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P R E F A C E.

ANOTHER half-yearly Volume is concluded, and we are proud to say that, through the favour of our Subscribers, SHARPE not only still continues to support its ground, but steadily to increase in public estimation. The utmost attention has been given to maintain that moral and religious tone which renders it a safe and acceptable Journal for family perusal. The works of fiction that give life and interest to its pages are generally admired, and the biographical and miscellaneous articles have been considered by our contemporaries as equal to many in publications of higher pretension. For the only subject of complaint—the sudden cessation of the “Story of a Family”—we have endeavoured to make amends by two long and elaborate notices. Illness has unfortunately prevented the completion of “Lewis Arundel” in the present Volume; but our Subscribers will not have long to wait for the denouement of the story, which will be followed at no long interval by another of no less interest.

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SHARPE'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TRIUMPHS OF STEAM.

BY R.

PART I.

OUR readers will readily unite in a tribute of hearty thanks to the mighty locomotive power of the nineteenth century. During the past summer, unrivalled in the annals of travelling, which of them has not been indebted to the agency of steam for some invigorating change of scene, for mountain air or ocean breezes, for rural seclusion or city excitement? City denizens have no small cause to bless the memories of Watt and Stephenson, as emerging from a commodious carriage after an easy ride of fifty or sixty minutes, in less time, and with incomparably less fatigue, than they could walk from Tower Hill to Hyde Park Corner, they find themselves in a new world, amid corn-fields and hop-gardens; or within ten minutes' walk of rocks carpeted with sea-weed, foaming billows, and snowy sea-gulls. Nor are country residents behindhand to honour gratefully those master minds, and congratulate themselves on the existing facilities for exchanging sea-coast scenes for inland beauties, during a few weeks; or peaceful balmy valleys for the bracing breezes of our ocean shores; besides multiplied trips of pleasure and profit to "the great metropolis." Many of us who were mostly confined in our olden excursions to the precincts of our island home, now realize by personal inspection the marvels and the beauties of the Seine, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Bosphorus.

Nor does Britain alone participate in these benefits; Europe and America alike share and enjoy them. In River Navigation our Western brethren have greater advantages to boast of than ourselves, and Jonathan may well praise the memory of Fulton—though he neglected him during his life, and left him to die in penury—as he navigates his stupendous lakes and rivers, revelling, amid their wondrous wilds in every comfort, on board the luxurious steam-boats of the Hudson and the Mississippi. He likes railroads too, as well as steam-coats, and his recorded preference will find an echo in many a bosom on this side of the Atlantic. "I like railroads," says Jonathan; "anybody may hate railroads, despise railroads, or rail at railroads, but I like railroads. I like, when I arrive at the station a quarter of an hour before starting, to be shown into a nice warm room, where the quarter of an hour passes quicker than five minutes in a dirty coach-office or a coffee-room, where the waiters try to look you into a glass of brandy-and-water for the sake of the house,

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or out of a sixpence for the sake of themselves. I like the ample room of a steam-carriage, where there is no necessity for your neighbours to dig holes in your sides with their elbows, or lay their soft heads upon your soft shoulders. I hate to wait for anything; men must wait, and so must horses, but steam-coaches know no dependence, and are never in love. I like to have to do with porters who charge nothing for being civil, and haven't time to put their hands into their pockets, which is a vulgar and idle habit. I like to travel fast. I dread vicious horses, and feel for distressed ones. I don't like going down-hill—drag-chain breaking—coach upsetting—coachman dying, leaving a wife and twelve children—myself doubled up in a ditch with a broken leg, when I'm going to be married the next week, and no threepenny assurance offices to pay the doctor."

Though far from wishing to depreciate the high advantages of the personal pleasure and health promoted by our "fire-caravans," the benefits conferred by them are seen in an infinitely more important and imposing aspect, when viewed with reference to the substantial results of the wonderfully facilitated intercourse between men and nations in every variety of relationship. Rapidly to glance at the multiform advantages, commercial, social, and civilizing of this puissant locomotive agent, would be to elicit grateful acclamations from peer and peasant, nabob and navy, purseful and poor, traveller and trader, retrospective excursionists of 1850, and expectant Industrial Expositionists of 1851, together eliminating a whirlwind of praise from the thirty-six cardinal points of the compass.

Such as have not before explored the early history of the great discovery of the power of steam, and its application to locomotion, must, in their late journeyings in pursuit of business or pleasure, have burned to know all that can be learned of the past history, the origin, rise, and progress of its wonderful machinery. It is possible some unthinking mortals may step time after time into a railway train without a thought about the origin of railroads or steam-engines. The first might be the effect of the Noachian deluge, and the second, the natural product of some South Pacific Island, with directions for use wrapped up in the boiler, for anything they know or care about, to the contrary. But in this educated age, such *cygni nigri* must be very rare birds indeed. Few must be the number of those who have not thought o'er the past, replete with the most ingenious and successful inventions and rapid improvements, before the present high state of perfection in our means of travelling

B

has been attained. Ay, and penetrated, too, the distant future in their speculations and provisions of what the further unfolding of the mighty powers of steam and engineering talents will achieve in the world's history. To these the following memorabilia of steam, its existing effects, and gigantic promises, cannot prove wholly uninteresting.

PART II.

OUR first impulse is to look around, and gazing with wonder on the contrast presented between *now* and *then*—meaning by the latter adverb the middle of the last century—to explore with ever-increasing admiration the details of the mighty engineering works sounding and abounding in all directions.

But, as our object is rather to sketch the prominent achievements of steam in the history of locomotion, we shall touch very lightly upon the mechanical and scientific, and confine ourselves chiefly to resultant facts in connexion with travel. And as practical water transit, by the impulsion of steam, dates from an earlier period than land traffic by the same agency, we propose (prefixing a very brief outline of the early history of steam and the steam-engine) to treat, first, of aquatic triumphs, and, secondly, of the rail and its grim-headed caravans; subsequently indulging in speculations on the future mighty effects which the power of steam may be expected to impress upon the habitable globe.

Our readers are aware that water increases its bulk about seventeen hundred times, when evaporated under the weight of the atmosphere at the earth's surface. The increase of volume which water thus undergoes by its conversion into steam, is of course diminished or increased in proportion to the amount of pressure under which it may be confined. "A pint of water may be evaporated by two ounces of coals. In its evaporation it swells into two hundred and sixteen gallons of steam, with a mechanical force sufficient to raise a weight of thirty-seven tons a foot high. The steam thus produced has a pressure equal to that of common atmospheric air; and by allowing it to expand, by virtue of its elasticity, a further mechanical force may be obtained, at least equal in amount to the former. A pint of water, therefore, and two ounces of common coal, are thus rendered capable of doing as much work as is equivalent to seventy-four tons raised a foot high." Two hundred feet of steam can be condensed in one second, by four ounces of water, and their expansive force reduced to one-fifth.

The power exerted by steam appears to have been known to some extent at a very early period, although the ancients did not at all comprehend theoretically its source. They had no idea of the expansive force exerted by water in the state of vapour, but imagined that the air expelled from water by heat, exercised in its expulsion that immense power, the existence of which under these circumstances they had discovered. It was left for Dalton and Mariotte to evolve the laws of pressure common to all elastic fluids, though

the fact of the elasticity of steam was known in the seventeenth century.

It is interesting to have ascertained that the Greeks and Egyptians derived some practical benefits from their acquaintance with steam; the latter in adding to the imposing effect of their stupendous monuments of industrial labour—the former, in administering to their voluptuous refinement. But the swarthy worshippers of Isis and Osiris, whatever their obligations to steam, would hardly feel flattered while contemplating their great pyramid, five hundred feet in height, standing upon a base measuring seven hundred feet each way, and weighing twelve thousand seven hundred and sixty millions of pounds; requiring for its erection the labour of one hundred thousand men for twenty years, according to Herodotus—could they be made aware of Dr. Dionysius Lardner's calculation that "the materials of this pyramid would be raised from the ground to their present position by the combustion of about four hundred and eighty tons of coals:" which reflection, mathematically expressed, would present to the indignant Pharaohs a rather odd and depreciatory equation. If gratified to know that men of yore profited by their knowledge of steam, there is yet more cause to lament over the abuse of that power in their hands, for it appears to have been pressed chiefly into the service of superstition, and to have aided in promoting the delusions of heathen idolatry.

Dr. Wm. Bell, in a learned and interesting paper on "Æoliophiles, or the Earliest Application of Steam to the Purposes of Superstition," suggests that this jugglery in the use of steam, this prostitution of its power to the designs of infamous pretenders, might have caused its powers, though well known, to remain undeveloped through the series of ages which elapsed before it was shown to the world in its practical application as an agent in arts and manufactures. He believes that a considerable knowledge of the powers of steam was possessed so early as two centuries and a half before the Christian era; and how many centuries might then have elapsed since the first reasoner on the subject had given his discoveries to the world, was hidden in an impenetrable veil of obscurity. Several drawings of human and animal figures have been exhibited by Dr. Bell, showing that each was only a sort of steam-boiler cast in that shape, with one hole for pouring in the water, and another out of which the oracular sounds were to proceed. These figures had been found in England, (the Cauld Lad of Hilton, Staffordshire, and at Basingstoke, Hants,) in Norway, Scandinavia, Germany, the Crimea, and other parts. The priests, it would seem, used them to strike terror into the hearts of their devotees, by the unearthly sounds they emitted, and the mode of use was to stop up one aperture and to raise the steam inside the figure until it attained sufficient power to force out the stopper; the confined steam rushing out with a whistling screeching sound, and filling the place where the devotees were assembled, their minds were soon

impressed with the belief that they were in the presence of a supernatural being; and of their fears the priests were not slow to take advantage. Many learned quotations are adduced in support of Dr. Bell's opinion, and reference is made especially to accounts which have come down of a German figure of this kind which, even so late as the sixteenth century, was looked upon as a deity possessed of strange powers.

The Cauld Lad of Hilton, in connexion with which the Manor of Essington, in Staffordshire, was held of the feudal lord of Hilton, was a figure of this kind, the use of which had been converted from paganism to suit the times, when another form of worship prevailed.

The feudal service was, that the lord of Essington should, at a certain period, take a goose into the great hall at Hilton, and drive it three times round the fire, while Jack of Hilton (the image) blew the fire; that then the goose became the property of the lord of Hilton, and the lord of Essington received a mess of meat from the lord of Hilton's table. Now, this was clearly an old Saxon custom, applied as a bond for feudal service. The goose was a bird sacred under the Saxon Edda; the image was the idol of the same heathen system; the fire was the altar; the goose was brought to sacrifice; and the subsequent feasts were but parts of the same pagan rite. One curious figure of this kind is cast in the form of a knight, armed at all points, seated on horseback.

It was known that, in the time of the Crusades, Christian knights who were captured were made to suffer the cruel torture of being roasted to death in their armour, on horseback, and it is very possible that the form of this image might be suggested by the desire to have some imitation of the horrid sport, when the barbarians who practised it had not the means of providing the reality. It has been said that the oracular noises which are reported to have proceeded from the head of the Memnon were caused by water in the interior raised to a high temperature by an Egyptian sun; but these sounds appear more probably to have arisen from the peculiar vibrations excited in the particles composing the granite by the sudden change of temperature at sunrise; for it is well known that some kinds of granite, especially when cleft, emit sounds like those described by Pausanias and Philostratus as emanating from the statue in question.

The earliest detailed record we possess of a veritable steam-machine is that constructed by Hero the philosopher of Alexandria, who collected the science and inventions of the ancients along with some of his own into a systematic treatise written in Greek, more than 120 years before the Christian era. His work on *Pneumatics and Steam Machinery* was one of the first and finest specimens yielded by the printing-press. Thus the press made the first advances in the interchange of benefits between printing and steam: that steam has fully repaid the attention may be satisfactorily ascertained by a visit to "Captain Hoe's last

fast press," which, with four men to supply the blank sheets, and four more to bear away the printed ones as they are issued, works off *twelve thousand* impressions an hour. The construction of this machine is as beautiful as it is complete, and, notwithstanding its rapidity of motion, it cannot be heard at work in an adjoining room. That nothing may be wanting to secure expedition, it may be added, that Captain Hoe has produced other machinery by which in one hour 3,600 of these newspapers are folded.

Attention was attracted to the power of steam shortly after the printing of Hero's work, and steady progress has attended the prosecution of the study until the present high pitch of efficiency has been attained in steam machinery.

One of the first names appearing in the annals of steam after this period is that of Blasco de Garay, a Spaniard, whose experiments were made about the year A.D. 1543, and of whom we shall again have occasion to speak. Solomon de Caus, a French architect and engineer, a native of Normandy, prosecuted his researches about A.D. 1614. He was evidently ignorant of the elasticity of steam, for his theorem is "that the parts of the element water mix for a time with the parts of the element air; that fire causes this mixture, and that on removing the fire, and dissipating the heat, then the parts of the water mixed with air return to their proper place, forming again part of the water."

In January 1618, David Ramsay, a page of the king's bedchamber, obtained a patent "to exercise and put in use divers new apt formes or kinds of engines, and other pitiable inventions, as well to plough grounds without horse or oxen, and to make fertile as well barren peats, salts, and sea-sands, as inland and upland grounds within the realmes of England, &c. As also, to raise waters, and to make boats for carriages running upon the water as swift in calmes, and more safe in storms, than boats full-sailed in great winds." The water-raising engine, and water-carriages, have long been perfected; and Sir Willoughby d'Eresby has lately added the steam-plough.

A curious æoliphile was constructed by Giovanni Brasca, an Italian, in 1629. It consisted of a close copper vessel, in the shape of a negro's head, which was filled with water, and furnished with a small tube proceeding from the mouth. Steam was generated within, and issuing from the tube, was directed against the vanes of a horizontal flat wheel, turning it round, and thus imparting motion to a pestle and mortar, employed in the alchemist's laboratory.

But the honour of inventing and constructing the first steam-engine at all analogous to the present method of applying the power of steam, is certainly due to Edward Somerset, Marquis of Worcester. If Newton's grand discovery originated in his observation of a ribstone pippin, the Marquis was under equal obligations to an Irish stew. The downfall of an apple attracted the notice of the astronomer; and the upstart of a pot-lid arrested the attention of the

mechanician. During his imprisonment in the Tower, as a Royalist agent, the Marquis observed the lid of the saucepan, in which his dinner was preparing, to fly off; and rightly conjectured that the moving power might be applied to a rather more useful purpose. On regaining his liberty, he pursued the idea, and succeeded in constructing a high-pressure steam-engine. Of his work he has left a record, couched in mysterious language, in the well-known volume entitled "A Century of the Names and Scantlings of such Inventions as at present I can call to mind to have tried and perfected, which (my former notes being lost) I have, at the instance of a powerful friend, endeavoured now, in the year 1655, to set these down in such a way as may sufficiently instruct me to put any of them into practice."

It was not, however, until thirty years after the death of the Marquis of Worcester, that the first *practical* steam-engine was made. This was the condensing engine, invented by Captain Thomas Savary, in the year 1697. Eight years subsequent to Savary's invention, an immense improvement was effected by Thomas Newcomer, an ironmonger, jointly with J. Cauley, an ingenious glazier: Newcomer being the inventor of the principle of the atmospheric engine. Dr. Papin, a Frenchman, introduced about this time the floating piston, and safety-valve, and indicated indeed the atmospheric principle. His countrymen have sought to attribute to him the honour of having invented the steam-engine; but he has no just pretensions to the discovery. The Landgrave of Hesse employed Dr. Papin in 1698, to exert the agency of steam for the purpose of raising water, and his machinery was constructed upon the principle which had been indicated by the Marquis of Worcester. His efforts were unsuccessful; but Leibnitz, who was then residing in England, forwarded to him a description and plans of the engine constructed by Captain Savary; and the Doctor published no account of his own experiments until ten years after Savary had obtained his patent.

Henry Beighton and James Brindley both effected improvements on Newcomer's engine before the giant genius of James Watt appeared to exhibit the vast resources with which the steam-engine was endowed by his unparalleled ingenuity. Before his inventions this mighty machine was still comparatively in its infancy: though it may be said to have been weaned from its juvenile nurses, the cock-boys, and taught to help itself, by one of these attendants, Humphrey Potter, whose duty it was to open and shut the cocks at the required intervals; but a taste, not confined to the sunny shores of Italy, for the *dolce far niente*, led him to add *scoggan*, as he called it, (derived from the verb *scog*, to *skulk*;) which consisted in a series of strings, by which the cocks were so connected with the moving parts of the machine, that they were opened and shut by its own movements, independently of all outward attention, and with a precision and regularity far superior to that attained by the most attentive of cock-boys. This contrivance was much

improved by Brighton, and was the first in that series of inventions which has since rendered the steam-engine so pre-eminent as a self-acting machine.

We must not stay even to mention all Watt's ingenious and most important improvements, among which the *Separate Condenser*, the *Condenser Pump*, the *Double-acting Engine*, the *Parallel Motion*, and the *Governor*, are most conspicuous. He obtained his patent in 1769, for the invention of the "Double Impulse" engine by which the steam was made to act above, as well as below, the piston, and which constituted the first great improvement, by which the steam-engine could be successfully employed as the motive power in the propulsion of vessels.

PART III.

This leads us to the next branch of our subject,—the triumphs of steam in the art of Navigation, and affords us the opportunity to redeem our promise of further reference to Blasco de Garay. On the 17th of June, 1543, this Spanish sea-captain experimented before Charles V. at Barcelona, with an engine he had constructed, by which "ships and vessels of the largest size could be propelled even in a calm, without the aid of oars and sails." The ship selected for the experiment was the *Trinity*, Capt. Peter de Scarza, a vessel of 200 tons burthen, which was made to travel at the rate of three miles an hour. Revolving wheels were attached to the side of the ship, and a prominent part of his apparatus appeared to be a huge kettle of boiling water. No further particulars are known, as the inventor never disclosed the construction of his engine, nor did he make any practical use of it, as it did not find favour in high places, though the Emperor suffered him not to go altogether unrewarded.

Whatever merit Blasco de Garay may have deserved is lost to him, through his selfish taciturnity, and the recognised original inventor of steam-boats is Jonathan Hulls, who obtained a patent for a boat of this description in December 1736, and published an account of his machine in the following year, under this title "Description and Draught of a new-invented Machine, for carrying Vessels or Ships against wind and tide, or in a calm, &c." The "Draught" represents a strong boat, with a smoking chimney, towing a two-decker; wheels are depicted on each side of the stern, to the axis of which six paddles are attached; and motion, originating in a steam-engine, is imparted by ropes passing round the circumference of the wheels. Thomas Paine succeeded Hulls in the study of steam navigation, and sought, indeed, to obtain the credit of having invented steam-boats, but their plans were not reduced to practice. In France, the Comte d'Auxiron, in 1774, and after him J. C. Perrier, conducted experiments on the Seine, but though the latter employed superior machinery, both must be considered to have failed.

A steam-boat was constructed on the Saône, at Lyons, in the year 1781, by the Marquis de Jouffroy. His boat was 147 feet in length. The result of his

experiments at this time was far from satisfactory; but more successful on the Rhone and the Seine, in the early part of the present century. It was about this period that Suratti sought in Italy to succeed in the production of practical steam-boats.

We now arrive at an important epoch in our history; the period when Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, launched the first successful steam-boat in the world. This gentleman, a man of great enterprise and genius, had devoted considerable attention to wheel-boats, and had constructed a twin-boat, with a wheel in the centre, which had safely voyaged to Sweden and back, in the year 1789. The application of wheels to the propulsion of boats was by no means a new invention, for they had even been employed by the Egyptians, the wheels being moved by oxen working in a gin on the deck of the vessel. Such boats also were used by the Romans as transports, men or horses driving the wheels. Mr. Miller was so deeply impressed and affected by the sufferings of sailors from shipwreck, that he spared no energy or expense in his attempts to improve the art of navigation. He was materially assisted in his experiments by Mr. James Taylor, a gentleman engaged as tutor in Mr. Miller's family. Mr. Taylor indeed was the first to suggest the application of steam as the motive power in the wheel-boats; the practicability of which proposal was at first much doubted by Mr. Miller, but he subsequently determined upon making the trial, leaving to Mr. Taylor the chief superintendence of the work. The aid of Mr. William Symington, an Edinburgh engineer, was now sought, who undertook to construct the engines required for the boat.

All preparations for the trial were completed in October 1788, and the boat selected was a twin (or double) pleasure-boat, twenty-five feet in length, and seven feet in breadth: the engine, the cylinders of which were four inches in diameter, was fixed on one side in a strong oak frame; the boiler was placed on the opposite side, and the paddle-wheels were situated in the centre. The experiment was tried at Loch Dalswinton, in Dumfriesshire, and was attended with complete success, the speed obtained being five miles an hour. Encouraged by the very prosperous results of this first attempt, Mr. Miller proceeded to conduct experiments on a larger scale, and accordingly purchased a *gabert* at the Forth and Clyde Canal, for which Mr. Symington constructed a double engine, at the Carron Foundry, with cylinders eighteen inches in diameter. This vessel was submitted to trial in November 1789, on a level reach of the Canal at Lock Sixteen, about four miles in length, and was witnessed by many spectators, but the insufficient strength of the paddle-wheels precluded a fair experiment. In a memorial to the Chairman of the select committee of the House of Commons, appointed in 1824 to investigate the subject of steam navigation, Mr. Taylor gives the following account of this voyage, and of the more successful one in the following month.

"After passing Lock Sixteen, we proceeded cau-

tiously and pleasantly for some time, but, after giving the engine full play, the arms of the wheels, which had been constructed too slight, began to give way, and one float after another broke off, till we were satisfied no accuracy could be obtained in the experiment, until the wheels were replaced by new ones of a stronger construction. This was done with all possible speed, and upon the 26th of December we again proceeded to action. This day we moved freely without accident, and were much gratified to find our motion nearly seven miles per hour. Next day, we repeated the experiment with the same success and pleasure. Satisfied now that everything proposed was accomplished, it was unnecessary to dwell longer upon the business; for indeed, both this, and the experiment of last year, were as complete as any performance made by steam-boats even to the present day."

The canal was too narrow to admit of this boat working freely, and the banks being injured by the great undulation which the action of the wheels occasioned, it was found necessary to lay it aside.

Satisfied with his success, Mr. Miller relinquished these pursuits in favour of certain branches of agriculture, especially the cultivation of clover grass. He expended in his experiments no less a sum than thirty thousand pounds. The subject was not, however, abandoned by Symington, who commenced business at Falkirk, and received powerful and effective support from Thomas, Lord Dundas of Kerse. This nobleman, a large shareholder in the Forth and Clyde Canal Company, was desirous of introducing steam tug-boats to supersede the use of horses, for towing vessels on that canal, and accordingly engaged W. Symington in a series of experiments for this purpose, in January 1801. A vessel was launched the following year in the month of March, named the "Charlotte Dundas," in honour of the late Lady Milton, the daughter of Lord Dundas; and his lordship, accompanied by Mr. Symington, and other gentlemen, went on board the vessel at Lock Twenty of the canal, which, Mr. Symington tells us, "took in drag two loaded vessels, (the *Active* and *Euphemia*,) each upwards of seventy tons burden, and with great ease carried them through the long reach of the Forth and Clyde Canal to Port Dundas, Glasgow, a distance of nineteen miles and a-half, in six hours, although the whole time it blew a very strong breeze right ahead."

To Symington therefore belongs the honour of having produced the "first practical steam-boat." The use to which it was applied had been recommended sixty years before, as we have seen, by Jonathan Hulls, but had never previously been carried into execution. The engine employed was constructed on the principle of Watt's "double-acting engine," to which was united the connecting-rod and crank invented by James Pickard in 1750, and his own patented invention, the union of the crank to the axis of Miller's improved paddle-wheel. "Thus," says Mr. Bennet Woodcroft, to whom we are indebted for other inte-

resting details—"Thus had Symington the undoubted merit of having combined together, for the first time, those improvements which constitute the present system of steam navigation." The ingenuity and perseverance of this engineer seemed likely to obtain the reward he merited of personal advantage, by the successful introduction of steam-boats; for he received from the Duke of Bridgewater an order to build eight boats to ply on his canal, such as that he had built for Lord Dundas. His experiments for the latter nobleman occupied him till April 1803; and the expenses incurred amounted to upwards of 7,000*l*. Alas for the vanity of human expectations! Disappointment was to be the lot of Mr. Symington. The Forth and Clyde Canal Company feared the destruction of the canal banks if steam-vessels were introduced; and "on the same day that Symington was informed by Lord Dundas of the final determination of the committee not to allow steam-boats to be employed on the canal, he received intelligence of the death of the Duke of Bridgewater."

But let us turn our attention to our transatlantic friends, and we shall find that they have not been backward to lend their aid in promoting the accomplishment of navigation by steam. The aspect of the physical features of the United States of America must itself have been a strong incentive to the prosecution of this art. There was the spectacle of their majestic rivers, which ought to have been (and now are) such valuable instruments of internal intercourse, then comparatively useless for such a purpose. The navigation of these noble waters was beset with difficulties, for it was only with extreme labour that boats could return against the stream; the voyage up the river Mississippi from New Orleans to Pittsburgh, a distance of 2,000 miles, only being accomplished by many efforts of rowing, and warping by successive lines fixed to the trees, and occupying a period of from four to nine months—a distance now achieved in a few days. One class of boatmen, indeed, on the Mississippi, dropped down to New Orleans from the interior with their produce in arks, fastened only by wooden bolts, which they unbuilt at the end of the voyage, and after selling the timber, they returned home slowly overland.

As early as the year 1783, James Rumsey and John Fitch conducted experiments on steam-ships in America. Rumsey explained his project of steam navigation to General Washington in 1784, and shortly afterwards Fitch exhibited a model of his proposed boat to the general. Not long after this period, Oliver Evans prosecuted the same study, but John Fitch undoubtedly produced the first steam-boat in the United States. He was born at East Windsor, Connecticut, where he was apprenticed to a watch-maker, and before the revolutionary war he had established himself in the business of clock-making, and engraving and repairing muskets, at New Brunswick, in New Jersey. When this state was overrun by the British troops, he retired to the interior of Pennsylvania, where he employed himself in repairing

guns for the American army. He himself states that when the idea first occurred to him of propelling boats by the force of condensed vapour, "he did not know that there was such a thing as a steam-engine in existence." In 1788, he obtained a patent for the application of steam to navigation in the states of Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, &c., and succeeded by unwearied exertion in interesting about twenty persons in his plan, and inducing them to take shares of fifty dollars each. The company was formed under his state patents, the proceedings of which have been recorded by Dr. Thornton, a principal shareholder. He says: "We worked incessantly at the boat to bring it to perfection, and some account of our labours may be seen in the travels of Brissot de Warville in this country; and under the disadvantages of never having seen a steam engine on the principles contemplated, of not having a single engineer in our company, or pay, (we made engineers of common blacksmiths,) and after expending many thousand dollars, the boat did not exceed three miles an hour." Many of the shareholders were discouraged, and wished to abandon the project, but Dr. Thornton and a few others undertook to attain a speed of eight miles an hour within eighteen months, or forfeit all the expenditure on failing.

These terms were accepted, and a second experiment was made. Dr. Thornton says: "I was among the number who proceeded, and in less than twelve months we were ready for the experiment; a mile was measured in Front-street (or Water-street), Philadelphia; every precaution was taken before witnesses, the time was shown to all, the experiments were declared to be fairly made, and the boat was found to go at the rate of eight miles an hour, or one mile within the eighth of an hour." This boat was built in 1787, and subsequently accomplished eighty miles in one day. Governor Miffling, attended by the council of Pennsylvania, came in procession, and presented to the company a superb silk flag, prepared expressly for the occasion, and containing the arms of Pennsylvania. About this time Mr. Fitch visited France, hoping to introduce his invention into that country. This hope was disappointed, owing to the unhappy state of France, then plunged in the horrors of the revolution. On his return to America he made improvements in his boat, but was unable to obtain the necessary means for perfecting his invention. Disheartened and impoverished, he abandoned himself for the temporary alleviation of his distresses to excessive indulgence in strong drink, and "retiring to Pittsburg, he ended his days by plunging into the Alleghany."

Rumsey, a native of Virginia, came to London, where he was backed by a wealthy American merchant, and obtained the support of some enterprising citizens, who defrayed the expenses of his experiments. Unfortunately, the death of Rumsey occurred when his steam-boat was nearly completed, after two years spent in preparations, but his supporters launched the vessel in February 1793, when she was found capable, by repeated trials on the Thames, of attaining the

speed of four knots an hour against wind and tide. A boat constructed in 1804, by John Cox Stevens, propelled by a screw, on the principle of the common smoke-jack, travelled with equal velocity, and for a short distance maintained even seven miles an hour. Mr. Stevens, jun. conducted this vessel from the Hudson to the Delaware, thus performing the first sea-voyage that was made in any steam-boat. Although Mr. Stevens spent sixteen years of his life, and 20,000 dollars upon his experiments, they never yielded him any personal advantage; and Robert Fulton died in embarrassed circumstances, though his name is the one chiefly associated with the practical introduction of steam-boats, and he it was who constructed the first vessel of that class employed for public accommodation.

Fulton's father was a native of Ayrshire, but he was himself born in America. "He was brought up," Mr. Bell says, "in the line of a painter, and was an excellent hand-sketcher, and likewise a good miniature painter. He was not brought up an engineer, but was employed to come to this country to take drawings of our cotton and other machinery; that led him to become a civil engineer, and he was quick in his uptake of any thing." Chancellor Livingstone was his great patron, and aided him in building his first boat, which was named the Clermont, after the chancellor's country-seat. His success drew from his biographer, Cadwallader Colden, the following magnificent poetical peroration:—

"A bird hatched on the Hudson will soon people the floods of the Wolga; and cygnets descended from an American swan will glide along the surface of the Caspian Sea. Then the hoary genius of Asia, high-throned upon the peaks of Caucasus, his moist eye glistening while it glances over the ruins of Babylon, Persepolis, Jerusalem, and Palmyra, shall bow with grateful reverence to the inventive spirit of the Western World."

The first "American swan," whose metaphorical progeny were to curl their smoke, if not their necks, above the Caspian waters, first sought its native element on the Hudson River, from the building-yard of Charles Brown, in August, 1807. After some improvements in the arrangement of the paddles, the steam-boat built by Livingstone and Fulton was advertised to start for Albany from New York on a certain afternoon. Fulton's narrative to Judge Story, in his own words, will best describe this voyage. "When I was building my first steam-boat," he said, "the project was viewed by the public at New York either with indifference or contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet—

"Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land,
All shun, none aid you, and few understand."

"As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the

building-yard while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered, unknown, near the idle groups of strangers gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh rose at my expense; the dry jest, the wise calculation of losses and expenditure; the dull but endless repetition of '*the Fulton folly!*' Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish cross my path.

"At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be made. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I wanted many friends to go on board and witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favour to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest they did it with reluctance, fearing to be partakers of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware that, in my case, there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new, and ill-made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unacquainted with such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent and agitation, and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you so,—it is a foolish scheme. I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, and examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight malformation of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was put again in motion; she continued to move on. All were still incredulous;—none seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the Highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; yet even then imagination superseded the force of fact. *It was doubted if it could be done again, or if, in any case, it could be made of any great value!*"

Perhaps the severest struggles of genius are the contentious with unsympathising and unreasoning incredulity which the sons of science have continually to undergo. On his return to New York, Mr. Fulton published the following account of his voyage in "The American Citizen," addressing the editor of that journal.

"SIR,—I arrived this afternoon at four o'clock in the steam-boat from Albany. As the success of my experiment gives me great hopes that such boats may be rendered of great importance to my country, to prevent erroneous opinions, and give some satisfaction to the friends of useful improvements, you will have the goodness to publish the following statement of facts:—

"I left New York on Monday at 1 o'clock, and arrived at Clermont, the seat of Chancellor Livingston, at 1 o'clock on Tuesday;—time, 24 hours; distance 110 miles. On Wednesday, I left the Chancellor's at 9 in the morning, and arrived at Albany at 5 in the afternoon;—distance 40 miles; time 8 hours; equal to nearly 5 miles an hour, &c.

" (Signed) R. FULTON."

Thus this journey of 150 miles was accomplished in the space of thirty-three hours, a distance now occupying considerably less than ten. The Clermont, or North River, as she was also called, was 130 feet in length, and 16½ feet in breadth. The engine, made by Boulton & Watt, was of 18-horse power; the boiler of which was 20 feet long, 7 feet deep, and 8 feet broad; the cylinder being 24 inches in diameter, and the stroke of the piston 4 feet. She continued to run between New York and Albany, and was soon crowded with passengers; but the Clermont was not suffered to navigate the Hudson unmolested; for the boatmen plying on the stream, fearing that the intruder would ultimately supersede their slower craft, purposely ran foul of her, seeking to inflict damage; and so persevering were these attempts, that the legislature found it necessary to enact a law "to punish, by fine and imprisonment, any person who attempted to destroy or injure her." Perhaps the boatmen sought also to retaliate for the alarm they suffered on her first appearance, which is thus related by C. Colden:—

"On her passage from New York to Albany, the Clermont excited the astonishment of the inhabitants of the shores of the river, many of whom had never heard even of an engine, much less of a steam-boat. She was described by some, who had indistinctly seen her passing in the night, as a monster moving on the waters, defying the winds and tides, and breathing flame and smoke. She had the most terrific appearance from other vessels which were navigating the river when she was making her passage. The first steam-boat (as others yet do) used dry pine-wood for fuel, which sends forth a column of flame several feet above the flue; and whenever the fire is stirred, a shower of sparks fly off, which in the night have a brilliant and beautiful appearance. This uncommon light first attracted the attention of the crews of other vessels. Notwithstanding the wind and tide were adverse to its approach, they saw with astonishment that it was rapidly advancing towards them; and when it came so near as that the noise of the machinery and the paddles was heard, the crews, in some instances, shrank beneath their decks from

the terrific sight, and others left their vessels to go on shore; others, again, prostrated themselves, and besought Providence to protect them from the approach of the horrible monster, which was marching on the tides, and lighting its path by the fires which it vomited."

Fulton was by no means the *inventor*, but he was the successful *introducer* of steam-boats. He had frequently inspected the Charlotte Dundas of Symington, while she was lying at Lock Sixteen; and had adopted Symington's invention. The engine itself he purchased of Messrs. Boulton & Watt, it is said under an assumed name; and for the forms and proportions of his vessel, he was indebted to the calculations of Colonel Beaufoy. After the Clermont there followed in succession from Brown's Yard, the Rariton, the Car of Neptune, the Paragon, and the Fire Fly. Before his death, which took place in 1815, Fulton had the satisfaction of seeing steam navigation introduced in both the old and new hemispheres. Thirty years after his first experiment on the Hudson it was computed that 1,300 steam-boats had been built in the United States, of which 260 had been lost by various accidents. The first explosion, an example since so widely and fearfully followed in America, is believed to have occurred in the Washington on the Ohio River, in the year 1816.

A profound thought, issuing from the secluded study of some deep thinker, oftentimes has conferred more benefits upon the world than the life-performances of its most energetic actors. Yet to a casual observer the quiet scholar would be an object of incomparably inferior interest to the successful practitioner. So Symington's Charlotte Dundas, layed up at Lock Sixteen, might have been regarded by careless spectators as a useless abortion. This vessel was, however, the germ of steam navigation in America as well as in Europe. We have seen that the first practical American steam-vessel, the Clermont, originated in Fulton's inspection of the Charlotte Dundas, and in like manner the first boat of this description used for the service of the public in Great Britain, was built by Bell, after the same model. Indeed, Symington's vessel is pronounced "*superior* in its mechanical arrangements to either Fulton's Clermont, or Bell's Comet."

It would appear that the American was indebted to Mr. Bell for the attraction of his attention to his successful pursuit. The latter had fruitlessly endeavoured to excite the interest of the British Government in his experiments; first in 1800, afterwards in 1803, and again in 1813. Conscious of the valuable results which would accrue from the employment of steam as a ship-propelling power, he explained his object to many foreign governments, including that of the United States; and the last-named government, when he explained the great utility that steam navigation would be to them on their rivers, they appointed Mr. Fulton, as he states in a letter written, in 1824, to John Macneil, Esq., of Glasgow, to correspond with him; "so in that way," he concludes,

"the Americans got their insight from your humble servant, Henry Bell."

This gentleman, a native of Helensburgh, completed his first vessel on the 18th of January, 1812. He built it of 40 feet keel, and 10½ feet beam, and fitted it with an engine of three horse power. She was named the Comet, (because a comet had appeared that year, in the north-west part of Scotland,) and was established on the Clyde as a passage-boat between Glasgow and Greenock. At first the speculation did not prove very profitable to the proprietors, the expenses being scarcely cleared during the first year; "for so great," says Bell, "was the prejudice against steam-boat navigation, by the huc and cry raised by the fly-boat and coach proprietors, that for the first six months very few would venture in her. But in the course of the winter of 1812, as she had plied all the year, she began to gain credit; as passengers were carried twenty-four miles as quick as by the coaches, and at a third of the expense, besides being warm and comfortable. But even after all, I was a great loser that year. In the second year I made her a jaunting boat all over the coasts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, to show the public the advantage of steam navigation over the other mode of sailing." The voyage was accomplished in three hours and a half, and the fares demanded were three shillings for the second, and four for the best cabin.

After the efficiency of the Comet became apparent, the number of travellers speedily increased; for whereas previously eighty up and eighty down formed the average number of passengers, four years afterwards, as Stuart informs us, "it was not unusual for five or six hundred persons daily to enjoy the healthful amusement of a water excursion, and the enchanting beauties of the Clyde." Emulation was soon excited by this success in many parts of the kingdom: the efficacy of steam-boats was fully established, and they quickly multiplied. In 1812 there was "but one in the United Kingdom, the solitary Comet: in 1820 there were 43; in 1830 there were 315; in 1840 they numbered 824, and in 1848 they had increased to 1,100; when their aggregate length, it has been calculated, was 125,283 feet; their aggregate breadth 19,741 feet, their aggregate tonnage 255,371 tons, and their aggregate of horse-power 92,862. Among other enterprises, Mr. Lawrence of Bristol introduced a steam-boat on the Severn, which he afterwards conveyed to London, to ply on the Thames; but met with so much opposition from the watermen, who dreaded such a powerful rival, that he was compelled to withdraw his vessel, which was subsequently sent to Spain. Obstacles of this nature could no more be tolerated on the Thames than on the Hudson; and accordingly Mr. Dawson, who had previously experimented in Ireland, established a steam-boat on that river in 1818, to run between London and Gravesend. She was named the Margery, and started daily from the Dundee Arms, Wapping. Her wheels were uncovered, and afforded a famous subject of ridicule to the watermen by their tremendous splashing.

Sometimes by collision these wheels were broken, and the vessel was delayed for an "hour or so," "before a jury duck-foot could be fitted, and, perhaps, before another mile was done, there was another break and another stoppage." This steamer was not well supported; she had many disadvantages in her construction, not the least of which was "shooting off," not only steam but *boiling water*, which inflicted severe scalds; and after a short trial she was abandoned as a failure. The Old Thames, and afterwards the Majestic, succeeded the Margery, and river steam-boats soon became general.

These earlier ones occupied, it is true, from five to seven hours in their transit from London to Gravesend, but even this speed was an improvement upon the rates achieved by the sailing-boats, which occupied four-and-twenty hours, and sometimes a day and a half in effecting the voyage. The old "tilt-boats" are still remembered, which were exactly like the present Trinity House ballast-lighters. These "were succeeded by the Dundee boats," as quoted in Porter's Progress of the Nation, "which, as fast sailers, were the wonder and admiration of all who witnessed the improvement. They were, however, of the most inconvenient nature, as the passengers were frequently not only called upon to embark in the middle of the night, in order to have the first of the flood, and after tacking and beating about, together with sometimes too much wind, sometimes too little wind, or none at all, besides being huddled in a low inconvenient cabin, were frequently, after being six or eight hours on the water, compelled to land at Woolwich, Blackwall, or Greenwich, and then have to find their way in the best manner they could to the metropolis." The distance (thirty-one miles) is now performed in less than an hour and a half. The rate of increase in the number of river-steamers has been as follows:—In 1820 there were only four; in 1835 they equalled forty-three in number; and in the present year (1850) they have increased to sixty-nine. We learn from a correspondent of the Morning Chronicle that these steamers perform 120 trips daily up and down the river, the average number of passengers each run being 1,280, and the average amount paid during the season in transit by river steamers exceeding 255,170*l*. These boats have conveyed during the six months this year of "the season," which is supposed to begin on Easter Monday, no fewer than 27,955,200 passengers; the amount thus expended, as we have seen, exceeding a quarter of a million sterling. Nearly 800 persons are now employed in the steam navigation of the Thames, and it is calculated that on this river no less than 8,280 miles are performed daily by river steam-boats.

In the meantime steam navigation has not been confined to rivers. Steam-vessels were soon adventured, and with complete success, upon the performance of dangerous coasting voyages, connecting all the chief ports in the kingdom; and were boldly and safely steered across Dover Straits and the Irish and St. George's Channels. But the noblest triumph

is the successful navigation of the Atlantic Ocean, realizing to some extent that bridge of nations which lends such material aid in uniting all countries into one nation, one kindred, one tongue. The details of this and other very interesting portions of our history must be reserved for a future number.

THE ROSE.

BY R. M. W.

Live like the rose. So bud, so bloom,—
In growing beauty live;
So sweeten life with the perfume
That gentle actions give.

Die like the rose; that when thou'rt gone,
Sweet happy thoughts of thee,
Like fragrant rose-leaves, may be strewn
Upon thy memory.

MRS. DAY OF COMB HILL.

BY J. M. W.

"Who is Mrs. Day?" and "Where is Comb Hill?" asks the impatient, go-a-head reader, gifted with the new spirit of progress, which desires to arrive at a journey's end before starting, and will, in no wise, be contented with the old fashion of beginning all things at the beginning. Patience! patience! my volatile friend. You shall learn the answer to both those questions in due time. It is, indeed, the express business of this present article to enlighten you on the subject.

To begin with the second question—"Where is Comb Hill?" You know, I suppose, the quiet village of Linley. No? You astonish me! Well then, of course, you know the post-town of Topham. No? How very extraordinary! What would the Topham people think, I wonder, if they heard of such ignorance? You don't know the town of Topham! You never heard of it in your life! Well, well! I would advise you to keep that ignorance to yourself whenever you chance to walk through the said town. Why, the very children would point the finger at you, in scorn, and say, "There's a fellow that never heard tell of our town. Ain't he a bit outlandish, I expect!"

As your geographical knowledge is so very limited, I am compelled to take a wider range at once, and ask you if you ever heard of an English county called Kent? Oh! you *have* heard of that—have even been into it? Now then, be pleased to take a map of the said county, and somewhere between Greenwich and Dover, and between Herne Bay and Seven Oaks, you will find the small town of Topham, within six miles of which is Linley; and two miles to the north of Linley stands Comb Hill. Though the map will show you the latitude and longitude of the place, it will give you no idea of what it is like. That, I must endeavour to do. It will be a pleasant task; for I love

Linley and Comb Hill, and I should like to make other people love them, too.

Linley is a small village quite unknown to tourists; it is six miles off a turnpike road. The old by-roads leading to it are scarcely worthy to be called roads at all. I don't suppose they have been mended for the last fifty years. They remind me of the famous Scotch couplet, which we give in plain English—

"If you had seen these roads before they were made
You'd hold up your hands and bless General Wade."

And they also convince me that there is nothing of the nature of an Irish bull in the said couplet, for the roads all about Linley are roads *before* they are made. They want making terribly. Any wheeled thing lighter or more elegant than a farm waggon, feels the shock of the journey to Linley very much. In dry weather, they consist of century-old ruts and large flint stones, bristling up, thick as children in St. James's Park on a Sunday evening; in wet weather, of mud a foot thick, and innumerable pools formed by drippings from the over-hanging boughs of the hedges, which are rarely cut, and when they are cut, the boughs are left lying over the road till they rot away. You may get over the ground tolerably well on horse-back, but in a chaise or light carriage, or on foot, progress through the Linley lanes is not easy. To add to the difficulty of these lanes, they are all up or down hill; for there is no level ground about Linley. The pretty village itself lies on a hill in a broad valley. Its situation is very beautiful, and reminds those familiar with the scenery in the north of England of some places in Westmoreland and Cumberland, only the hills are less lofty than the *fells* there. The great characteristics of the place are its secluded, old-world look, its perfect quiet, and extreme simplicity. The valley of Linley is broad and winding—no river passes through it; the hills are high and have the most beautifully bold and varied outlines, occasionally gliding imperceptibly one into another, and forming new folds in the valley at every turn. The soil hereabouts is not rich; there is little wood and no water; the chalky soil is, however, prolific in wild flowers, which throng all the hedge-rows, and every uncultivated patch of ground, of which there are many on the tops of the hills, mingled with gorse and broom, heath and briars; while the finely sweeping sides of the hills are covered with corn-fields, at this season (the end of July) yellowing to the harvest. The barley and wheat on these upland ranges do not grow quite so thick and rich as in the lower part of Kent, but they are as beautiful to look at; indeed, more beautiful, because you can see the wind rush up or down the whole of the side of a steep hill, and bend the graceful cars before it. It is a pleasant thing to stand on the top of a hill, planted from top to bottom with oats, and see the slightest breeze ripple their surface like the waters of a lake on a calm day. This Linley Valley is all one farm, of about nine hundred acres. It belongs to Mr. Richard Chester, who manages it himself, and lives in the old Linley Court-House, with his family. Linley Court is

a strange old place, half farm and half manor-house. Straight, ugly, and convenient on one side—ivy-grown and ruinous on another—straggling, picturesque, snug, and home-like on a third. The bosky, old-fashioned garden lies on this side of the house; and, separated from it by a low stone wall, is the churchyard, in the midst of which, right opposite Mrs. Chester's parlour-window, rises the ivy-mantled tower of the church. When I first went down on a visit to Linley Court, I was particularly struck with this arrangement of things, and was very fond of sitting on the said stone wall, under the shade of the huge old yew-tree, in the corner of the churchyard. The advantages of this position were obvious. I commanded the old garden, with its thickets of sweet-smelling flowers—roses, lilies, honeysuckles, jessamine, sweet peas, and clove pinks, which seemed to spring up of themselves, in all corners, in the greatest luxuriance. I could see into the parlour—even see myself reflected in the high looking-glass over the mantelpiece, if I were disposed to lean forward for that purpose. I could hear the merry voices and sweet laughter of Mary and Carey Chester as they went about the house engaged in their ordinary domestic employments. I could hear the younger ones, at the far end of the garden, engaged in their childish games. Then, I had but to turn my head half round, and, from the spacious house, ringing with the sounds of life, I was transported, in a moment, to the narrow silent houses of the dead. Beneath the long, green, sunny grass,

"Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

I loved in those days to "muse on graves, and worms, and epitaphs;"—all young people are inclined to be "sad as night for very wantonness." When they grow older they find that the sadness of night will come unbidden, unwished for; and that it is no pleasure, any more, to be very wretched. Still, even now, that I have grown older, I love to sit on the churchyard wall at Linley and listen to the domestic sounds from the house mingling with the full, solemn, imaginary music sent up from the silent graves so close at hand. And while I listen and muse, (for I can't call it thinking,) my eye wanders away to the north, where Comb Hill rises, capped by what, in this chalky district, is a respectable sweep of wood. From this seat under the yew-tree you have a very good view of Comb Hill: and a very fine, bold elevation it is, with its great sides rich with waving crops.

One morning, during a July spent at Linley, I rose early, intending to finish a water-colour sketch of Comb Hill from my favourite seat, before the heat of the day came on. By six o'clock I had established myself, my book, and my colour-box, to my satisfaction, and was beginning to work, when I thought I heard a sob near me. Somewhat startled, I looked round, (without rising,) first in the garden and then in the churchyard, and could see nothing. Again the sob came; and other sobs, deeper and more convulsive,

followed. This time I was sure the sound came from the churchyard;—from the other side of the yew-tree. I shifted my position a little, and then I saw a woman on the other side of the tree. She knelt beside a grave—a child's grave—which I had often noticed, because it was so carefully trimmed. The woman had her back turned towards me. She was bowed down, with her head nearly resting on the grave; occasionally she uttered parts of her prayer aloud, and her voice sounded touchingly pathetic. She was poorly dressed. Though I did not recognise her, I concluded she was one of the villagers, and, feeling that involuntary respect which deep grief always inspires, I moved away gently, and did not return to my place till an hour afterwards, when she was gone. At breakfast I mentioned the circumstances, and asked if any one could conjecture who the poor woman was. I was told at once that it was "Mrs. Day, of Comb Hill."

"Is that her child," I asked, "that is buried under the yew-tree?"

"Yes. It is fifteen years ago since it died," said Mrs. Chester.

"Her grief is long-lived. Has she any other children?" I asked.

"No; and she never had any but this one. Little Alice Day was nine years old when she died. She was an intelligent little creature, and the prettiest child in these parts. Her mother almost broke her heart when Alice died; and though she has become externally cheerful again, and resigned to her loss, yet I have always thought she has not forgotten the child. It was about this time in the year she died. Indeed, I think this day, the twenty-fourth of July, is the anniversary."

"If it is so, mother," said Carey Chester, "we had better put off our intention of going up to Comb Hill to-day. We were all going there to show J—the prospect from Day's cottage, and we had promised the children they were to go too, and have tea with Mrs. Day under the great walnut-tree."

"I certainly think you had better defer your visit for a day or two, after what J—tells us she saw this morning. Go on Monday; Mrs. Day will be glad to see you all, especially the little ones."

When the important Monday arrived, I was up in the history of the Days. John Day was the owner of a small farm on Comb Hill, called by that name. Sixty acres of freehold elevated him above the rank of labourer, though he laboured hard enough, nearly all the year round, on his little estate. He was very industrious, and chose for his wife a young woman who had lived as a housemaid with Mrs. Chester when she was first married. Sarah was a jewel of a wife, as John Day soon discovered. She was affectionate, good-tempered, and sensible; thrifty, active, and a capital manager. When they had a thriving, healthy girl, there were no people in all Kent happier than John Day and his wife; now, though they were a much sadder couple than formerly, they were believed to be contented. They lived alone in their cottage upon Comb Hill Farm, far away from any habitation;

they seldom saw any one but the two men who worked for them, and the girl who helped Mrs. Day in her dairy and house work.

It was a fine afternoon when we set off to go to Comb Hill Farm. The sky was cloudy, which was a great relief from the burning heat of the sun. I and one of the little girls, who were not considered capable of walking so far, without being knocked up at the end of the journey, were mounted upon ponies. The others, Mary and Carey, William and Richard, Phœbe and Jack, with their eldest brother Charles armed with a thick stick, to keep us all in order, as he said, were to walk. We were a merry party, and the elder portion soon got into some pleasant talk about travelling, and foreign countries, and celebrated mountains and lakes. I, however, did not take part in it long, for my attention was irresistibly attracted to the beautiful scene around. When we left Linley Court, the old road first went down a hill, and then began to ascend again; which the reader will not think very surprising, as I have already informed him that the place was built on a hill in the midst of a valley, and that consequently every road from it must first go down a hill, and then up another. This ascending road was overshadowed by tall, impending hedges, for the first half mile; and nothing could be seen but the lovely greenery on each side, and the profusion of wild flowers, which the children, as usual, stopped to gather by handfull. At last we came out on the edge of a wide piece of upland common, from which there was a beautiful view of part of the valley. Over this common our grass-grown road lay. Even a stranger in these parts could have found out the road, by the deep cart ruts in it; but in nothing else did it differ from the rough stony grass land of the common. Higher and higher we went, and every five minutes I gave my pony a rest that I might look behind me, over the gradually widening landscape. Hills behind hills seemed to be piled up in every direction, as far as the eye could reach. Near at hand, just below us, lay Linley village, with its church and court-house, nestling, as it seemed, in the deepest part of the valley. At last we had reached the edge of the wood which skirted the top of the fine hill; and before we plunged into the narrow road which led through part of it, to the house which was our destination, we all turned to look back again. All the Chester family, unlike many people born and bred in the country, had a full appreciation of the beauties of nature which surrounded them, and I heard little Kitty, who was ten, tell little Jack, who was nine years old, that she liked this prospect better than the famous one from Blue Bell Hill between Maidstone and Rochester, which she had seen the week before. When I asked her why she liked it best, she said, "Oh! for a great many reasons." First, because "home was in it;" then again, "because it did not look as if any one had tried to make it look pretty, as the Blue Bell Hill view did." Then "she liked this best because there were so few houses to be seen;" she "liked to see nothing but beautiful hills like those, with

sheep on them, or great fields of corn." Lastly, "she liked this view because she always saw it when she went to see dear Mrs. Day."

I did not think Kitty's reasons so bad;—although Charles patted her on the shoulder compassionately, and said, "Well, well, Kitty! Let us live in hope that you may be able to give something like a reason for a preference some day."

Kitty was quite satisfied with her reasons;—and pushing her pony close to mine, said she hoped I was so too. This Comb Wood, although in nothing like an American primeval forest, gave me the idea of great antiquity. The trees were none of them lofty or large; they were, for the most part, of stunted growth, gnarled and fantastic, sending out all their strength on one side, and leaving the other withered and twigless. Their knotted entangled boughs, their moss-covered trunks, and roots half bare of earth, looked very old; as if they had lived in their deformed state, beyond the length of life of more favoured, full-grown trees. Ferns grew in profusion, and to a good height here, "muffling the feet" of the old oaks and elms. The wood was very dark and cool, and the smell of the ferns and the underwood was delicious, as we went slowly through it. No sound of birds was heard; it was too early in the afternoon, and too late in the year. No sound of brook or bubbling stream was there;—all was still, solemnly still, in that old wood;—and as we pass through, we look on this side and on that, in silence; or, if we spoke, we spoke in a subdued tone, as if there were a sort of sanctity in this leafy solitude. We had gone on for a quarter of a mile when the trees became fewer, it was lighter, and the air blew on our faces again more freely.

"Here we are, at the beginning of Day's farm," said Charles Chester, who led the way, and my pony, lest it should stumble in the dark wood.

We were now fairly out of the wood; but its still seclusion was not gone. There were some fields of corn, a small meadow with some pretty cows feeding, a fine old orchard full of apple and cherry trees; and in the midst of this little farm stood a little house, sheltered by a large tree;—the very walnut tree under which we were to take tea, and of the fruitfulness of which I had heard such marvels. How, last year, John Day had gathered forty sieves for pickling, and then left more than as many again to ripen. It was famous through all the country round, was John Day's walnut tree. Our party made for the house. Some of the younger ones ran on first, to give notice of our coming, and brought out Mrs. Day to meet us. She was the same person I had seen weeping in the churchyard. Now she looked somewhat different. Her gown, instead of being of cotton, was of black stuff, her cap and muslin kerchief were as white as soft water and pure air would make them; she had a little black and grey shawl pinned crosswise over her breast, and over the ends of it was tied a white holland apron. Her dress was highly characteristic. Neat, clean, and without any shadow of adornment, or of indication that any changes in fashion came under her notice.

Now that I could see her face, I admired it. She was upwards of fifty, and though she looked older, there was a great deal of activity and vigour about her. Her blue eye was dimmed, but was full of intelligence; the hair was grey, and the face was pale, but not much withered;—and the mouth had nothing of the coarseness which I had observed among the older men and women of the labouring class in this part of Kent. Mrs. Day had a pure Saxon look and expression. She did not abound in words, which is also another Saxon point of character;—but it is very likely it was a habit acquired from living so much alone, in a situation where nothing new ever happened;—and so there was nothing to talk about. She looked pleased to see her “young mistresses,” as she called Mary and Carey; and brightened all over with pleasure when she was surrounded by a group of clamorous children.

“How do you do?”—“Did you expect us?” “Mamma sent a cake—has it come?” “We want to have tea under the walnut-tree, Mrs. Day.” “Ah! may we make a fire and boil the kettle out here?” “Oh! Mary, Mary, she says we may; and that we may have the little tea-things out.” “Oh! what a dear, kind old creature she is!” And the little things fell to jumping round Mrs. Day, and kissing her after the manner of young human beings when they have got what their hearts are set on.

Mrs. Day welcomed me with the courtesy of a kind heart, and led me into her house, that I might sit down to rest. There was a small garden immediately round the cottage, and this was literally crammed with flowers. They were not of rare kinds, but they were fine, and so closely planted, that the garden looked like a small flower show,—one variegated mass of colour. Mrs. Day seemed pleased to have her garden commented on.

“I wish you had come up here a week ago, ladies. Now, all my best flowers are going off. Here is one damask rose-tree, ma’am; isn’t that a fine one? I can’t count the roses; and see what a many more buds there are to come out. I shall have some very fine carnations out in a day or two.”

As I looked round, I cast my eye upon a small square piece of ground under one of the windows, which was more brilliant than the rest; in the midst was a white rose-tree, still in flower. Carey Chester stopped me as I was about to make some remark on this.

“Don’t say anything about that. It was her little girl’s garden, and she still takes more pains with that than with all the rest of the garden put together. If she likes you, she will, perhaps, give you a rose from Alice’s tree. It will be a great mark of favour.”

Mrs. Day led the way into her cottage. There was a passage paved with red-brick, which led straight through the house. On one side of this passage, a door opened into what Mrs. Day called her best room, and on the other side was a door which opened into the kitchen. As there was an old sofa in the best room, and as it *was* the best room, I was made to go

there to rest. Not that I was in the least tired, but everybody chose to fancy I was. When Mrs. Day had established me to her satisfaction on the sofa, the children came tumbling over the uneven bricks of the passage, asking where they were to put their hats and gloves, and what they could do towards getting tea ready. A door in the best room was opened, which I had thought was a closet-door, and displayed an upward staircase. As the children expressed a wish to go up stairs, and see what there was new, since they were there last, Mrs. Day took them up; and I heard their little feet and their merry voices over head for some moments; then they came down again, and Mrs. Day in the midst of them, carrying Kitty in her arms.

“Now, you must get out the playthings, dear Mrs. Day,” said Kitty—“I know where they are. They are in that thing,” pointing to an old walnut-wood book-case. “We only want to look at them, you know; and then you must tell us about little Alice again. I love to hear of her.” And the pretty over-indulged darling pointed her little white finger at the book-case, and then looked coaxingly in Mrs. Day’s face. Mrs. Day could not resist that look; but began feeling in her pocket immediately for a bunch of keys, and selecting one, she put it into the lock of the book-case. The door was opened, and displayed, carefully arranged, the mother’s treasure—her dead child’s playthings. There were the little ten-things all in a row. These were taken out, and put on a table, to the great delight of the children. There was a wax doll all discoloured, and with its face sadly cracked, that lay in a doll’s cradle. The children looked at this with reverent, half-dismayed faces. They did not quite understand what it was *to die*; but they knew that Alice had been like themselves, a great many years before; that she took great pride and pleasure in her doll; and that she had never lived to be a woman; but had died when she was nine years old, and was buried under the yew-tree. Then there was a little wooden cart she had had given her, when she was two years old, by their own mamma; and a box of Tonbridge-ware toys. Mrs. Day took the lid off, for them to see, but she would not let them touch one of the things inside, because little Alice had last put them in, with her own hands. There was a little tumbler and a housewife and a pair of scissors; and there was a Bible and prayer-book. All these things Mrs. Day held in her own hands, while the children stood in a group round her, and asked their simple questions about how long Alice had this or that, in a whisper. It seemed as if they half fancied she was near, and might hear them. At last everything had been seen and talked of;—Mrs. Day closed the book-case once more; and they all went slowly out into the garden, leaving me to meditate on what I had seen. In less than ten minutes I heard a loud shout of young voices under the walnut-tree, and, peeping out at the window, I saw Mrs. Day giving little Jack a ride on her back. She looked as if the presence of children could always make her gay. Finding that my

proper companions had disappeared, I got up and stole into the kitchen, which I liked much better than the best room. It was small, low, and scrupulously clean. It had a wide, projecting chimney, in which no fire was, nor had been all that summer, if I was to judge by the brightness of the bars, and the gorgeous beau-pot of double poppies, which filled up the space within them. There were two old arm-chairs, beside the fire-place, under the chimney. I had to stoop my head to sit down in one of these chairs; beside it was a little round table, on which lay an old Bible, Mrs. Day's spectacles, a thimble, and some thread; and in a little recess in the wall, beside the fire, a few old books of a religious nature,—“The Whole Duty of Man,” “Blair's Sermon's,” “Hervey's Meditations.”

I got out from the chimney-ingle again, and examined one or two plants in pots, which stood in the room. These were a small orange-tree, a fine geranium, a calceolaria, and a cineraria. These looked as if she had bestowed much pains upon them. On the walls were some strange, old, coloured engravings, representing Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, as female figures, in the most wonderful costumes, and with singular attendants, selected from the wildest beasts. There was an old telescope supported by two iron nails in the wall; there was also a tall, narrow looking-glass, hung, *slantingdiagonal*, on the wall. Over the low-browed chimney was a shelf, and on this were ranged a few bright brass candlesticks, a spice-box, a tobacco-box, and a flour-dredger. The floor was covered with a patched carpet, the windows had little dimity curtains; there was a walnut-wood bureau, and a table of the same wood. I could see no signs of any kitchen work ever being performed there. Upon further investigation of the premises, I found Ann, a stout girl who was Mrs. Day's maid, domesticated in the washhouse, which was a much larger apartment than any other in the house, and did duty as kitchen, and dairy, and scullery. I had scarcely got back to my place on the sofa in the best room, when Carey and little Kitty came to fetch the cups and saucers, and to tell Ann to carry out the large table from the best room. In a few moments we were all actively engaged in setting out the evening meal, under the walnut-tree. I must not forget to state that there was a small table as well as a large one; and, that at the small table the small folks sat, and drank tea out of the small cups and saucers which had once belonged to little Alice. These playthings Mrs. Day always brought out when any well-behaved children came to see her, though she never allowed any one but herself to handle anything else which had belonged to her darling. It is said that little Alice used to have the little cups placed on a table beside her bed during her last illness, and would play at having a party to tea; and that just before she died, when she knew that she was dying, she told her mother to be sure and let any little girls, who came to the house when she was dead and buried, make tea in those pretty cups; “for you know, mother dear, it will remind you of the happy times I spent with them,

when you would pretend to be a lady come to take tea with me. You must play at that sometimes when I am gone.”

And Mrs. Day played at pretending to be a lady come to take tea with Kitty that evening, and though she looked pale at first, and the tears were in her eyes, yet Kitty and Jack played such odd tricks, and said so many droll things, that her bitter recollections passed away. Mary Chester presided at the large tea-table, and made tea for us grown-up people, while Mrs. Day sat with the children.

“Look at her,” whispered Charles; “is Pascal's aphorism applicable to her, ‘*Peu de chose nous console parceque peu de chose nous afflige?*’” or would you say rather, ‘Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning?’”

“I would say neither. Pascal's *mot* is a little too contemptuous of human nature, and the ‘weeping that endureth for a night’ designates a sorrow of a short and violent nature; not one like this, which has endured for fifteen years. It is out of the very depths of the grief which has endured so long, that Mrs. Day can take part in the joy of children, and this joy is indeed but the inversion of her grief. She is evidently a woman whose heart would have been ‘too happy in its happiness,’ had she been the mother of many children. God saw fit to deprive her of her only one, and she has learned to be resigned to His will, even while the sorrow has clouded her life. Let us go and talk with her. It must be good for all of us to converse with such a being. She looks like a truly good woman.”

“She is what she looks like,” said Charles; “her husband told my father once, that ‘her price is above rubies,’ and that ‘he verily believed God had taken her child away from her to try her spirit, and see whether it would become rebellious; that there never was a woman who put more control upon her feelings; not even before him, in the first year after her loss, would she weep aloud for little Alice.’”

I thought of the passionate sobs and the fervent prayers which I had heard uttered under the yew-tree over the grave, a few days before, and I could not but respect the woman whose heart was so steadfast, that even the sorrow of years long passed by, lived within her, and became a bond of union between her and God.

When our evening meal was finished, we sent the little ones to play in the orchard, while we sat round our hostess, under the walnut-tree, and she told us many a simple tale, stored in her mind during the fifty years of her life; tales of which she knew the actors; often, indeed, she was an actor in them herself. They were all, or chiefly, about Linley folks; and many of them were about children who died young. Children seemed ever dearer to her heart than adults. With what tenderness she spoke of them; how she loved to repeat their clever sayings and descant on their pretty ways! She was a real “Children's Friend,” and was in high favour with all

(1) A little thing consoles us because a little thing affects us.

the young folks for five miles round. About eight o'clock she rose and said, "Now, ladies, I must go and see that my John's supper is ready. Ann sometimes forgets it, and he will be home soon, I expect. He's had a long day over the hill getting in the oats."

"We had better think of returning, now," said Mary, when she had gone. "Old Day and his wife go to bed at half-past eight; and we will not infringe on their habits. William, will you see about the ponies; and you, Richard, will you bring the children to the house?"

The children grumbled a little, after their childish fashion, at being obliged to go away so early. They are wont to believe that pleasure will or ought to last for ever. Before we left, John Day came home; a hale, fresh-coloured old man, with a steady, pleasant countenance. He greeted us all heartily and respectfully, said he was "glad we had kept his old woman company while he was away;" that "the days was long and lonesome to her, biding all day in the house by herself."

"But I don't bide in the house all day, John," replied his wife; "or how would we have such a garden?" and she looked at her flowers with pride.

"Ah! that's true; she's a fine hand at a garden, isn't she, Mr. Charles? She's so uncommon fond of it, that I mind one day last summer, coming home, as I have now, after a tired day, she'd been trimming that white rose-tree, and she had clean forgot my supper. But that's the only time she ever neglected her duty to me," and he smiled and looked at her affectionately. Mrs. Day turned away with a pleased smile, and gathered one or two beautiful roses from the said tree,—*Little Alice*, as she called it,—and gave one to each of the ladies, with a kind "God bless you!" and a whispered word, "If ye ever have a little one, put the dried leaves of this flower under its first pillow, and think of Sarah Day, of Comb Hill. It may bring you good luck, and can do you no harm."

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"What a singular request!" I said to Mary, as we went through the dark wood on our way home. "She is not at all a person I should have suspected of having strong feelings, a poetical temperament, and a pet superstition. She looks so quiet, calm, and jog-trot. If I had not seen her in the churchyard, and afterwards in her own garden, and in the midst of these children, I should have said she was nothing at all remarkable."

"Do you think her remarkable now?" inquired one of the young men.

"Yes, I do; and I begin to think the Linley Valley and the surrounding hills have none but remarkable inhabitants. I have seen only a glimpse of Mrs. Day, and out of that glimpse Wordsworth could have made a poem. She is a strong, pure, gentle woman. How far superior to a dozen women of her age who pass through my mind at this moment! votaries of the world, whose only object in life seems to be to keep up a semblance of a foolish youth! who have done nothing useful—whose mind is frittered away in

vanity—and who would probably look down upon Mrs. Day as upon an inferior. Yet they go to church on Sundays as she does. Oh! not as she does. She goes there to look on the face of the living God, and she sees it; they go there to look at the congregation and hear the preacher; and that is all *they* see and hear."

Charles Chester quoted from George Herbert's "Temple"—

"He that desires to see
The face of God, in his religion must
Sincere, entire, constant, and humble be."

"That is it," I said. "It is because she has led an active, useful life in the sphere in which she was born; and in her religion is 'sincere, entire, constant and humble;' it is on this account that she is better than many women, than most women; it is on this account that she gains love and honour from all; for, indeed, virtue is the only noble, honourable, and lovely thing."

"There are not many Mrs. Days in the world!" exclaimed Carey, as we emerged from the wood upon the open space on the top of the hill, and looked down upon Linley village, half hidden in mist.

"No; but that is the very reason why we should all do our best to increase their number. Precept and example have not lost their efficacy in human nature," said Charles, gravely.

"We may increase the number of women like Mrs. Day, perhaps; but we cannot increase the number of hills like this, Charles," said I. "As I have been here once, and seen both Mrs. Day and Comb Hill, you may be sure I shall find my way up hither again."

"See how slowly the mist is curling up from that end of the valley, and how fast the sun seems to be going down," said Mary. "We must not linger, or it will be dark before we get home."

"Come, children, now for a run," cried Richard; and away they all went down the hill, leaving Mary, Kitty and me with Charles. We went on slowly but steadily, and talked of Mrs. Day and her unassuming character, and her uneventful life, all the way home.

Ever since that evening, when I read or hear of simple goodness in a woman, which makes itself *felt* in the mere presence, and brings a blessing with it, on all occasions, I remember Mrs. Day of Comb Hill, and try to recall her still eyes and her peaceful, unworldly look; and I say to myself, "So looked this or that woman" whose goodness has become famous. She is sister in spirit to Mrs. Day of Comb Hill.

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In the sciences every one has so much as he really knows and comprehends; what he believes only, and takes upon trust, are but shreds; which, however well in the whole piece, make no considerable addition to his stock who gathered them. Such borrowed wealth, like fairy money, though it were gold in the hand from which he received it, will be but leaves and dust when he comes to use it.—*Locke on the Understanding*, book i. c. iv. § 23.

LEGENDS OF THE MONASTIC ORDERS.¹

Mrs. JAMESON has written much and ably on ancient Art,—on that portion of it, at least, which is associated with the past ages of Christianity; her knowledge has been acquired by very extensive reading, and she has become intimately acquainted with the most curious and the best works of art, by frequent visits to the most famous collections throughout Europe. She writes not only learnedly, but eloquently; takes a broad, comprehensive, and liberal view of the subject in hand, and irresistibly compels her readers onward in the pursuit of a theme, which, under less pleasant and skilful guidance, would possibly possess little attraction, even in these days of almost universal erudition.

And when we consider the intimate relationship that formerly existed between Christianity and Art,—how, notwithstanding the obscurity which surrounded both, they progressed together, and, we will go so far as to say, assisted each other through a long period of darkness, till the light of the Reformation showed a new starting-point for their future career, and each pursued a course distinct from, and independent of, the other;—when this, we say, is considered, it does seem strange that men should regard the records of those periods, even with all their superstition and fanaticism, as little better than “old wives’ tales,” and unworthy the notice of thinking and rational beings. It should, however, always be borne in mind, that, in the days when the followers of a pure religion—debased as it undoubtedly too often was by ignorance and imposition—evoked the aid of art to promulgate its tenets and enforce its practice, there was scarcely any other channel through which this object could be attained: education was restricted to the cell and the cloister; books were unknown beyond the walls of the monastery and the convent; oral teaching, even when exercised, had little power to convert, because the minds of the multitude were unprepared for its reception; there remained then no other means by which they could be so effectually taught the charities of life, and see exemplified the virtues of the religion they professed, as by symbolical representations; for the eye may be easily made the medium of communication to the understanding and the heart, when they can comprehend and feel no other. Hence the priesthood of former ages were glad to avail themselves of the assistance of the artist in working out their objects; and hence their churches and ecclesiastical edifices were filled with pictures of saints, and martyrs, and holy men, undergoing the trials and afflictions which gave them a title to the crown of immortality. It was just the same spirit that led the most polished nations of antiquity—the rulers of Greece and Rome—to place their heroes on the roll of heathen mythology, and summon the worshippers to temples reared to the honour of *mortal divinities*;

where the deeds of the mighty were sung in poems, and offerings were exultingly laid on the altars of sacrifice. And thus the ministers of the simple, unostentatious religion of Christ, while openly rejecting Polytheism, unquestionably favoured its practice—in many cases without any unworthy or insincere motive—by appealing to the senses of a rude and credulous people, and “making them gods who are not gods.”

We trust to be acquitted of all superstitious and irreverent feeling,—of all sympathy with the absurd uses and doctrines of the Romanists,—if we express our agreement with Mrs. Jameson’s opinion, that the poetical and traditional saints of the early ages of that church ought to have, even for those who dissent from it, a deep and lasting interest. For, she says, in speaking of them as they are represented in art:—

“Where the information has been, through ignorance or incapacity, most imperfect and inadequate, it is still consecrated through its original purpose, and through its relation to what we hold to be most sacred, most venerable, most beautiful, and most gracious, on earth or in heaven. Therefore the angels still hover before us with shining, wind swift wings, as links between the terrestrial and the celestial; therefore evangelists and apostles are still enthroned as the repositories of truth; the fathers and confessors of the Church still stand robed in authority as dispensers of a diviner wisdom: the martyrs, palm-sceptred, show us what once was suffered, and could again be suffered, for truth and righteousness’ sake; the glorified penitents still hold out a blessed hope to those who, in sinning, have loved much; the virgin patronesses still represent to us the Christian ideal of womanhood in its purity and its power. The image might be defective, but to our forefathers it became gracious and sanctified through the suggestion, at least, of all they could conceive of holiest, brightest, and best. The lesson conveyed, either by example or pictured parable, was always intelligible, and, in the hands of great and sincere artists, irresistibly impressive and attractive. To us, therefore, in these later times, such representations are worthy of reverent study, for the sake of their own beauty, or for the sake of the spirit of love and faith in which they were created.”

There is, we should presume, nothing in this argument to excite controversy, and yet we can readily imagine it might prove a cause of offence. But the religious faith of any community, however, in one’s own opinion, removed from the right path, is entitled to respect, simply because it is a religious faith, and therefore an acknowledgment of a superior Being whose attributes are wisdom and goodness. We may reject their creed, we may deplore their errors, we may deride their nummeries, we may labour earnestly for their conversion; but we have no right to doubt the honesty and sincerity of their hearts, nor should we refuse them the testimony of admiration for their zeal, though that zeal be “without knowledge.” It must moreover be borne in mind, that if the outward religious ceremonies of the Romish church glittered with vain and empty pageantry so as to become almost a religion of sights and sounds, there were, at the successive periods of which Mrs. Jameson writes, thousands who knew little of its outward show, and worshipped at lowly and very humble shrines. These had little else to support

(1) Legends of the Monastic Orders, as Represented in the Fine Arts. Forming the Second Series of Sacred and Legendary Art. By Mrs. Jameson. London, Longman & Co.

them in their faith than the testimony of their consciences to truths taught by men as humble as themselves, and as far removed from the pomp and splendour of vast ecclesiastical establishments. What would be the purpose here of imposition? And is there nothing to be learned from the examples which have come down to us, of their patience, and meekness, and gentleness, and purity of life? It seems a great pity that writers of the present day—a day whose watchword is “liberty” in all things—should be called upon to defend themselves from the charge of discipleship, even when writing a history of facts almost without a comment. Mrs. Jameson’s former work on “Sacred and Legendary Art”—to which, by the way, the volume now under review is a necessary sequel—has subjected her to the accusation of having spoiled her book by making it *Roman Catholic*. This is her reply:—

“But I am not a Roman Catholic:—how, therefore, could I honestly write in the love of thought, feeling, conviction, natural and becoming in one of that faith? I have had to tread what all will allow to be difficult and dangerous ground. How was this to be done safely, and without offence, easily given in these days? Not, surely, by swerving to the right and to the left;—not by the affectation of candour;—not by leaving wholly aside aspects of character and morals which this department of the fine arts, the representations of monastic life, necessarily place before us. There was only one way in which the task undertaken could be achieved in a right spirit—by going straight forward, according to the best lights I had, and saying what appeared to me the truth, as far as my subject required it; and my subject—let me repeat it here—is artistic and æsthetic, not religious. This is too much of egotism, but it has become necessary to avoid ambiguity. I will only add that, as from the beginning to the end of this book there is not one word false to my own faith—my own feelings; so I truly hope there is not one word which can give offence to the earnest and devout reader of any persuasion:—if there be, I am sorry;—what can I say more?”

Mrs. Jameson’s volumes have been written, not with the view of offering an apology for monachism, but to show how the works of the great masters of art who owe their fame to this often vilified system may be rightly interpreted. Painting, as we have before observed, was one of the means employed to bring the mind of man into obedience to the rule of faith, and a powerful engine it became, when proceeding from a mind enthusiastically imbued with the spirit of its theme. Every one knows, by his own experience, what impression a fine picture, whatever its subject, leaves on the memory, and how the recollection of it will cling to us—imperfect it may be, like some fitting shadow—long after it has passed before the eyes. It is not to be wondered at then, that nations who were sitting in comparative darkness while yet removed but a short distance from the great fountain of light which broke forth at the Christian epoch, and whose ears had heard some faint echoes of the miracles then performed, and of the persecutions and martyrdoms which the intervening periods had witnessed, should regard with awe and veneration the pictured representations of those who had “fought the fight of faith,” and of their actions. And if monachism had

done nothing more than record these deeds, and preserve them from perishing, it would be entitled to the gratitude of every succeeding generation of Christian men—certainly of every lover of art. But monachism did more than this: there is not a blessing which we of the enlightened nineteenth century enjoy—there is nothing of which we are proud—that we do not owe, either directly or indirectly, to it. We are no apologists for this system; we should grieve—heartily—to see it prevailing again; but we cannot shut our eyes to facts, and we must speak justly of these facts. The mental darkness which covered the civilised world after the barbaric hordes of Alaric and Attila had passed over its surface, might have existed until now, had not the few followers of Christianity, forming themselves into monastic institutions—at first “no bigger than a man’s hand,” but afterwards swelling and spreading over the earth—kept alive some sparks of intelligence and vitality. True, they were for a long period concealed; the gems lay hid in obscure and far-away places; there was “neither voice nor language,” for many years, to tell of their existence; the Goth and the Hun, like the lava from the fiery mountain upon Herculæum, had overspread all that was beautiful, and bright, and excellent; but they were still living, and ready to come forth with renewed splendour when the fitting time had arrived for their reappearance. Let us see how eloquently Mrs. Jameson writes on this subject.

“Monachism in art, taken in a large sense, is historically interesting, as the expression of a most important era of human culture. We are outliving the gross prejudices which once represented the life of the cloister as being from first to last a life of laziness and imposture: we know that, but for the monks, the light of liberty, and literature, and science, had been for ever extinguished; and that, for six centuries, there existed, for the thoughtful, the gentle, the inquiring, the devout spirit, no peace, no security, no home but the cloister. There, learning trimmed her lamp; there, contemplation pruned her wings; there, the traditions of art, preserved from age to age by lonely and studious men, kept alive in form and colour the idea of a beauty beyond that of earth—of a might beyond that of the spear and the shield,—of a divine sympathy with suffering humanity. To this we may add a stronger claim on our respect and moral sympathies. The protection and the better education given to women in these early communities; the venerable and distinguished rank assigned to them when, as governesses of their order, they became in a manner dignitaries of the Church; the introduction of their beautiful and saintly effigies, clothed with all the insignia of sanctity and authority, into the decoration of places of worship and books of devotion,—did more, perhaps, for the general cause of womanhood than all the boasted institutions of chivalry.”

There is, however, a dark side to this glowing picture, but we do not care to hold it up; nor is our authoress, with all her respect for these institutions and the dwellers in them, slow in acknowledging their errors and failings. She relates a legend to show how eager the monks often showed themselves to be—in a sly way too—to exalt their own particular Order, and to advance their own objects, more than those of the religion or the morality they professed. It is, as she

says, "a specimen not unworthy of John Bunyan, if John had been a Dominican friar instead of a Puritan tinker:"—

"A certain scholar in the university of Bologna, of no good repute, either for his morals or his manners, found himself once (it might have been in a dream) in a certain meadow not far from the city, and there came on a terrible storm; and he fled for refuge until he came to a house, where, finding the door shut, he knocked and entreated shelter. And a voice from within answered, 'I am Justice; I dwell here, and this house is mine; but as thou art not just, thou canst not enter in.' The young man turned away sorrowfully, and proceeding further, the rain and the storm beating upon him, he came to another house; and again he knocked and entreated shelter: and a voice from within replied, 'I am Truth; I dwell here, and this house is mine; but as thou lovest not truth, thou canst not enter here.' And further on he came to another house, and again besought to enter; and a voice from within said, 'I am Peace; I dwell here, and this house is mine; but as there is no peace for the wicked, and those who fear not God, thou canst not enter here.' Then he went on further, being much afflicted and mortified, and he came to another door and knocked timidly, and a voice from within answered, 'I am Mercy; I dwell here, and this house is mine; and if thou wouldst escape from this fearful tempest, repair quickly to the dwelling of the brethren of St. Dominick; that is the only asylum for those who are truly penitent.' And the scholar failed not to do as this vision had commanded. He took the habit of the Order, and lived henceforth an example of every virtue."

With the exception of the last, the extracts we have made have been selected from the introduction to the volume, in which is traced the rise and progress of monastic institutions from their earliest establishment, till the period when they may be said to have covered the whole of Christian Europe, and to have had no small influence in the political affairs of every country where they prevailed. It was about the seventh century after the death of St. Benedict, or in the thirteenth of the Christian era, that the spirit broke forth which has left us—mouldering, and time-worn, and despoiled as they are—some of the grandest productions of human genius that the world ever saw, or most probably will see;—cathedrals, abbeys, monasteries, massive in their proportions, exquisite in their rich and delicate carvings;—sculptures, rude perhaps in comparison with the finished works of the classical epochs, but noble, nevertheless, and full of dignity;—pictures, produced indeed in the twilight of art, yet evincing the depth of human feeling and the fervor of human faith. To understand fully the character of these conceptions, it is necessary to know something of the causes and results of the state of spiritual excitement at the period referred to.

"There had been nearly a hundred years of desolating wars. The Crusades had upheaved society from its depths, as a storm upheaves the ocean, and changed the condition of men and nations. Whole provinces were left with half their population, whole districts remained uncultivated; whole families, and those the highest in the land, were extinguished, and the homes of their retainers and vassals left desolate. Scarce a hearth in Christendom be-
lie which there wept not some childless, husbandless, hopeless woman. A generation sprang up, physically predisposed to a sort of morbid exaltation,

and powerfully acted on by the revelation of a hitherto unseen, unfeared world of woe. In the words of Scripture, 'men could not stop their ears from hearing of blood, nor shut their eyes from seeing of evil.' There was a deep, almost universal, feeling of the presence and the burden of sorrow; an awakening of the conscience to wrong; a blind, anxious groping for the right; a sense that what had hitherto sufficed to humanity would suffice no longer. But in the uneasy ferment of men's minds, religious fear took the place of religious hope, and the religious sympathies and aspirations assumed in their excess a disordered and exaggerated form. The world was divided between those who sought to comfort the afflictions, and those who aspired to expiate the sins of humanity. To this period we refer the worship of Mary Magdalene, the passion for pilgrimages, for penances, for martyrdoms, for self-immolation to some object or some cause lying beyond *self*. An infusion of Orientalism into Western Christianity added a most peculiar tinge to the religious enthusiasm of the time, a sentiment which survived in the palpable forms of art long after the cause had passed away. Pilgrims returned from the Holy Land, warriors redeemed from captivity among the Arabs and Saracens, brought back wild wonders, new superstitions, a more dreamy dread of the ever-present invisible, enlarging in the minds of men the horizon of the possible, without enlarging that of experience. With a more abundant food for the fancy, with a larger sphere of action, they remained ignorant and wretched. As one, whose dungeon-walls have been thrown down by an earthquake in the dead of night, gropes and stumbles amid the ruins, and knows not, till the dawn comes, how to estimate his own freedom, how to use his recovered powers,—thus it was with the people. But what was dark misery and bewilderment in the weak and ignorant, assumed in the more highly endowed a higher form; and to St. Francis and his Order we owe what has been happily called the mystic school in poetry and painting: that school which so strongly combined the spiritual with the sensual, and the beautiful with the terrible, and the tender with the inexorable; which first found utterance in the works of Dante, and of the ancient painters of Tuscany and Umbria. It has been disputed often whether the suggestions of Dante influenced Giotto, or the creations of Giotto inspired Dante; but the true influence and inspiration were around both, and dominant over both, when the two greatest men of their age united to celebrate a religion of retribution and suffering; to solemnize the espousals of sanctity with the self-abnegation which despises all things, rather than with the love that pardons and the hope that rejoices; and which, in closing 'the gates of pleasure,' would have shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

But it is time that we passed on to the immediate subject-matter of this highly interesting volume, and among the numerous "legends" therein narrated we could extract, did our limits permit, many equally beautiful, affecting, and characterised by the noblest motives that actuate humanity. Mrs. Jameson arranges her book into three divisions, according to the founders of the three great monastic Orders, including under each head the various minor Orders that sprung from them. The Benedictines, as the earliest, are placed first on the list, with their followers, the Camaldolese, the Vallambrosians, the Carthusians, and the Cistercians: next come the Augustines, with their off-shoots—mostly of minor importance; and then the Franciscans, Dominicans, Carmelites, and Jesuits, each of which claims its own separate and distinct founder, whose laws and precepts were implicitly obeyed by

their respective disciples, so far at least as to avoid any separation or secession. The founders of these various religious establishments were all remarkable men—men of genius, of deep insight into human character, of determined will, of large sympathies, of high aspirations, and of unquestionable piety; differing as much from each other in character, as their respective communities differed from each other in aim and purpose. The Benedictine Order, as the earliest, the most interesting and important—the great civilisers, in fact, of the modern world—claim a few words at our hands. The pictured effigies of the saintly personages of this renowned and widely-spread Order offer to the reflective mind associations of no common interest, and are suggestive of a multitude of thoughts,—some painful and humiliating, such as wait on all institutions springing out of the temporary conditions of society and our imperfect human nature; yet, predominant over these, feelings of gratitude, sympathy, and admiration; if not in all cases due to the individual represented, yet belonging of right to the community whose great and glorious privilege it was to raise up the half-savage serfs of Europe to a sentient and intelligent being, and to build and endow a new world, of comparative order and beauty, out of the ruins of the old. The post of honour thus assigned to them they are entitled to,—

“First, as the early missionaries of the north of Europe, who carried the light of the Gospel into those wilds of Britain, Gaul, Saxony, and Belgium, where heathenism still solemnized impure and inhuman rites;—who with the Gospel carried also peace and civilization, and became the refuge of the people, of the serfs, the slaves, the poor, the oppressed, against the feudal tyrants and military spoilers of those barbaric times.

“Secondly, as the sole depositaries of learning and the arts through several centuries of ignorance; as the collectors and transcribers of books, when a copy of the Bible was worth a king’s ransom; . . . we are indebted to them for the preservation of many classical remains of inestimable value; for instance, of the whole or the greater portion of the works of Pliny, Sallust, and Cicero. They were the fathers of Gothic architecture; they were the earliest illuminators and limners; and to crown their deservings under this head, the inventors of the gamut; and the first who instituted a school of music, was a Benedictine monk, Guido d’Arezzo.

“Thirdly, as the first agriculturists who brought intellectual resources, calculation, and law to bear on the cultivation of the soil; to whom we owe experimental farming, and gardening, &c.; wherever they carried the cross, they carried also the plough.”

Of the Carthusians it is remarked:—

“The sumptuous churches and edifices of this self-denying Order date from the sixteenth century; about that period we find the first application of their increasing funds to purposes of architecture and artistic decoration. They had previously been remarkable for their fine libraries, and their skill in gardening. They were the first and the greatest horticulturists of Europe; of them it may be said, ‘that wherever they settled they made the desert blossom as the rose.’ When they built their first nest amid the barren heights of Chartreux, they converted the stony waste into a garden. When they were set down amid the marshes at Pavia, they drained, they tilled, they planted, till the unhealthy swamp was clothed for miles around with beauty and

fertility: it is now fast sinking back to its pristine state, but that is not the fault of the few poor monks who, after years of exile, have lately been restored to their cells, and wander up and down the precincts of that wondrous palace-like church and once smiling garden, like pale phantoms come back to haunt their earthly homes.”

But we must bring both our quotations and our remarks to a close, trusting that we have shown and said enough to induce a perusal of Mrs. Jameson’s learned and interesting volume;—learned as regards the research and artistic knowledge she displays in it; interesting in the tales and facts related of those whose names figure therein. Making every allowance for the fictions with which many of these histories are surrounded, there is nevertheless a large portion of truth at the foundation; and a sensible reflective mind will be able, easily, to separate the gold from the alloy. It is astonishing how ignorance, or prejudice, or indifference blind the understanding and warp the judgment: men wander over the earth to seek out and admire the works of their fellow-men, but they know little, generally, and care less, for those who created them. They gaze upon the noble ruins of some old abbey or monastery, heedless that secluded monks caused those grey columns to rise and those lofty arches to spring, and that other generations of studious men were silently employed within their walls in working out the regeneration of mankind. They pace up and down the aisles and cloisters of some cathedral, yet standing in its beauty and its power, forgetful that it was reared to the honour of God by these self-same devoted ministers of his temple. They admire the varied hues which the sunlight sheds through painted windows, from apostles, and saints, and martyrs,—too often regarding the pictured representations as only handing down to us the memories of fanatics and imposters. They stand before a portrait of a St. Boniface or a St. Clara, ignorant that the one abjured the world on account of its wickedness; and perhaps associating the other—one of England’s earliest martyrs to the faith—with much that is sensual. Let us not, however, be misunderstood; we are no advocates for saint-worship or image-worship, but we would that the lives and characters of those who are designated as “saints” should be well understood ere they are passed by as unworthy of notice, or subjected to ridicule. Ours is an age of reason and of realities, it ought not the less to be an age of faith;—faith in our own pure and more enlightened creeds, which have sprung from those beliefs for which the heroes and heroines, if we may be permitted to use the term, of Mrs. Jameson’s book “endured a great fight of afflictions.” In closing the volume—a most valuable addition, by the way, to the art-literature of our country—we do so with this reflection, that, while we regard such histories and such representations as only the “types and shadows of good things,” worthy of being known, and imitated up to a certain point, it ought to be matter of consolation and thankfulness to each one of us that Christian art is not now needed to enforce Christian charity or induce religious belief.

THE BRAZILIAN BRIDE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

AMONG the nobles who suffered most from the invasion of Portugal, and who followed John VI. across the Atlantic, in search of a safer home in another hemisphere, was the Marquess de Gonsalva. He had married a young and lovely woman, to whom he was tenderly attached. She suffered much at the separation from her home and family, and her health failed under the fatigue and privation of the voyage; she had scarcely reached Brazil, ere she died in giving birth to a son.

The Marquess remained a widower, devoting himself to the care of his child, and the reparation of his ruined fortune.

Alonzo was a fine, generous-spirited boy; grateful and affectionate in his disposition, and very handsome in his person; his clear, dark complexion, laughing eyes, and white teeth, were united to a form remarkable for its just proportions and natural grace. It was of the subject of his education that his father felt, most severely, the change of his circumstances; he could not afford to send him to Europe, but all the scanty means that Rio de Janeiro supplied were put in requisition, and in every respect made the most of.

"What a pity it is," thought the good Marquess, "that my boy, who is beyond all doubt the finest and most talented boy in the country, should lose any advantage that *money* could procure. Money, money, where are you to be had?" cried the father, impatiently pacing the room; he suddenly stopped, and appeared for a full half-hour wrapped in thought; then, starting from his reverie, ordered his horse, rode in great haste to the convent of —, had a long conference with his sister the Abbess, returned home, declined an invitation to a ball, and wrote letters the remainder of the evening.

A large and important looking packet was addressed to a Portuguese merchant, well known as a man of great wealth at St. Paul's. About the time an answer might be expected the Marquess became anxious and impatient; it arrived at length; Alonzo took it to his father, who shut himself up in his room to read it.

Presently, Alonzo was called. "My boy," said the Marquess, rubbing his hands in great glee, "how would you like to be *married*?" Alonzo was just turned seventeen, and therefore answered without a moment's hesitation, "Very much indeed, sir!"—and as he spoke, the bright eyes of Donna Clara, the little peeping foot of Donna Julia, and the separate perfections of half a dozen other donnas, glanced in delightful confusion across his mind. "Then married you shall be," replied his father; "sit down, my son; I have an important communication to make. I need not inform you that we have lost almost the whole of our property, with but very little hope of regaining it; in fact, we are very poor. I wish you to go to Europe, and for the next few years to have every advantage that travel, study, and an introduction to the first society can give. I wish you, in short, to take your

station in the world—that station for which your birth and talents so eminently fit you; but this wish cannot be accomplished without *money*; and money, as we are situated, cannot be procured, except by—marriage." A pause; the blood receded from the cheek of Alonzo, but, bowing his head, he replied, "I understand you, sir." The Marquess proceeded, "Senhor Josef Mendcz owes his rise of life to my father, and much also to me; he is, as you well know, considered the richest individual in Brazil; he has only one child, a daughter, the sole inheritor of his wealth. I have proposed a marriage between you and her, frankly offering the fair barter of rank on one side for wealth on the other. I believe it to be the secret wish of his heart that his daughter should be ennobled by marriage; gratitude unites with pride, and he has accepted my offer with the utmost eagerness. It is arranged that we instantly proceed to St. Paul's, where the ceremony will take place—from thence you start for England. My worthy friend, Mr. Mordaunt, will meet you at Falmouth. I write to him by this next packet, offering him so handsome an income, that I have no doubt whatever he will become your tutor, guide, and companion, during your five years of travel and study. At the expiration of that time you will return to your home, and friends—your bride, and father. I pray only that I may not be snatched away before that happy moment arrives; I shall then die in peace!" The father and son embraced with emotion. "But—" said Alonzo, hesitatingly; "but—the lady, sir?" "True—the lady," replied the Marquess; "why—your *lady* is but a child at present; she has not yet completed her thirteenth year, and I regret to say" (the Marquess tried to look grave) "her health is considered delicate; however, in all that personally regards *her*, I confess I am rather deficient in information."

Preparations were speedily made for their departure. Alonzo, who was a universal favourite, took leave of all his young friends with a heavy heart; they merely knew he was going to St. Paul's and from thence to Europe; his intended marriage was a secret.

His last visit was to his aunt, the Abbess. "May the saints protect you, son of my brother!" cried the good lady. "Alonzo, thou art the last support and representative of our ancient and noble house; blessed be the chance that brings it back to wealth and independence! But remember, Alonzo, thou takest upon thee a duty most delicate and most difficult towards the hand that bestows these blessings. There is no good in this world without its attendant evil; may thy golden chains lie lightly on thee!"

They embarked, and in a few days reached St. Paul's. They were met on board by Senhor Josef, a little elderly man, shrewd and active—with a long queue, cocked-hat, brown dress-coat, and flowered waistcoat. His joy and pride were almost too great for words; and, for once in his life, natural feelings swept away his whole routine of compliment—which is saying a great deal for an old Portuguese.

The house of Senhor Josef was situated in the centre of the town, and was not at all distinguished from its

neighbours, either in its outside or inside appearance; comfort had made less progress here than even at Rio. A heavy, dull-looking building, with large whitewashed rooms, a few of them only matted; rows of old-fashioned chairs ranged round the wall, or projecting in two stiff rows from the ends of a venerable-looking sofa; a couple of small tables, to match, looked at each other from exactly opposite sides, and were ornamented with artificial flowers somewhat faded, in vases; a French clock in a glass case; old, massive, silver candlesticks, with candles ready to light, decorated with wreaths of white cut paper; such was the appearance of the grand *sala* of the wealthiest man in Brazil.

They were met at the entrance by a little dark, fat, good-humoured Senhora, arrayed in stiff flowered satin, whom Senhor Josef introduced as his sister Theresa. She gave Alonzo a hearty smack on each cheek, and led him into the *sala*, where presently a small table was brought in, by two neatly dressed black damsels, covered with cakes and very fine fruit. While Alonzo was paying his compliments to these delicacies, the two fathers were talking apart. "The ship sails to-morrow," said the Marquess; "it is very soon," and he sighed; "but, as you observe, we had better not lose the opportunity."

"Much better not," replied Senhor Josef; "every thing is arranged; licence from the bishop, the priest, and the witnesses; all can be completed in an hour from this time."

"And your daughter?"

"Why, my lord, you know Isabella is but a child, and a sickly child; she has been sadly spoiled and petted; and, in consequence of her ill health and my numerous avocations, her education has been somewhat neglected; however, we must begin to make up for lost time."

"Well, Senhor," said the Marquess, with a sort of effort, "the sooner the business is finished the better." Senhor Josef whispered to his sister, and they both left the room. The Marquess then informed Alonzo that the ceremony would take place instantly, and that to-morrow he would leave for Europe. The Marquess also thought it prudent to prepare his son for the appearance of his bride, and, after having repeated what her father had stated, he continued: "Promise me, Alonzo, to conceal as much as possible any unfavourable emotion she may excite; remember we have set our fate upon this cast!"

"We have, indeed, sir!" said Alonzo, gravely; "but the sacrifice is great." By this expression, Alonzo did not mean that he or his rank was sacrificed, although his more worldly father put this interpretation on his words; no—the natural integrity, and yet unsullied freshness of his youthful feelings, told him that he was selling his honour and independence, and, what youth prizes so much in perspective, free choice in his wedded love.

They retired to their separate half-furnished bedrooms to make some alteration in their dress; which was scarcely completed when a request arrived that they would meet Senhor Josef in his private room.

Thither they went, and found him with a notary, a priest, and two witnesses. A deed was handed over to the Marquess to read, by which a very handsome settlement was made on his son; the Marquess expressed his gratitude, and Alonzo kissed the hand of his new father; the deed was signed and sealed, and copies put in their possession. Senhor Josef's will was next read, in which, after providing for his sister, and bequeathing to her the only house he had (their present residence), the rest of his immense fortune he settled exclusively on his daughter. He also expressed his intention to make all fixed and sure by winding up his mercantile concerns before the return of Alonzo; but no land would he purchase; he was aware that a large hereditary estate in Portugal belonged by right to the Marquess, which in all probability he would possess in peace before he died.

These interesting arrangements being completed, the party were requested to proceed to the oratory, where the marriage ceremony was to take place.

Both the father and son felt sad misgivings on the subject of the bride herself, and it was with a throbbing heart that Alonzo, especially, approached the oratory; his father, yet apprehensive of the final events, whispered emphatically, "Senhor Josef has performed his part nobly; oh, my son! for *my* sake struggle to support yours." Alonzo pressed his father's hand, but his heart was too full to answer.

Although the day shone brightly through the arched and small-paned windows of the oratory, it was, as usual in Catholic chapels on occasions of ceremony, lighted with a great number of huge wax candles, which produced a most disagreeable effect. Two rows of slaves, male and female, were drawn up on each side; the priest and witnesses took their stations, as did Alonzo and the Marquess. Senhor Josef had gone for his sister and daughter.

A few painful minutes elapsed. At length a scuffle was heard in the passage, and "*Non quero! non quero!*" was shrieked out by a weak but shrill female voice. A moment afterwards, Senhor Josef appeared with his sister, actually dragging in a thin, dark, lanky form, that was making all the opposition it was capable of, by biting, scratching, and screaming. The father and aunt were assisted by four young mulatto females, whose disordered white dresses, and flowers falling from their heads, showed but too clearly in what desperate service they had been engaged. The girl herself was dressed in thickly-worked Indian muslin, trimmed with rich lace, but which, according to the Portuguese taste, was nearly as yellow as her own complexion; in her ears, and round her neck, were clumsily set diamonds of great value; her hair they attempted to dress in vain, and it fell over her shoulders, long, straight, and black. Anger and mortification were deeply impressed on the countenances of her father and aunt; and all present looked dismayed. But poor Alonzo! his blood ran cold; he actually sickened—and nothing but the imploring look of his father prevented him rushing from the oratory. When fairly placed in the centre of the circle, the

girl shook herself free, and threw back her disordered hair; she was panting with rage and exertion, evidently beyond her strength; she glanced first on the Marquess, and then turned her eyes steadily on Alonzo. Every one was wondering what would happen next; when to their surprise and relief, after a long and childish stare, she stepped up quietly and placed herself beside him. The priest, who knew her well, lost not the favourable moment, and instantly commenced the service. She went through it with perfect composure, every now and then turning round to look at her companion. Once did Alonzo raise his eyes to meet hers—but *his* fell, as if avoiding the gaze of a basilisk; he visibly shrunk, as he touched her cold and skinny hand—in short, he could not conceal the agony he suffered. Nevertheless, the ceremony came to its conclusion, and with a sort of convulsive effort he turned to salute his bride. But she had already reached the door (no one thought proper to prevent her)—there she stopped, and once again fixed her very large, black, and fearfully brilliant eyes upon Alonzo; their expression was changed, it was no longer the same as at the altar; but what that expression was Alonzo, though haunted by it for years after, could never make out.

The party left the oratory. The Marquess was the first to recover his composure, and conversed freely on indifferent topics until dinner was announced. Senhora Theresa made an apology for her niece, who, she said, was too unwell to join them. They sat down to a repast more abundant than elegant; and the gloom quickly disappeared from every countenance but one.

In the evening, the fathers had a long conference over their coffee; and Alonzo, availing himself of the excuse his intended early embarkation provided, retired for the night to his chamber.

After a light and hurried breakfast on the following morning, he prepared to depart. The Senhora expressed her deep regret that Isabella was not sufficiently recovered, after the agitating scene of the preceding day, to take leave of him personally; but,—and the good Senhora was proceeding with a string of apologies, when Alonzo impatiently interrupted her by placing in her hand a morocco case, containing a set of pink topaz of the latest London fashion, which he had brought from Rio as a present for his bride. He mumbled something about the Senhora presenting it in his name as it appeared he could not have the honour of offering it himself. Away went the aunt with her prize, and returned in a few minutes with a ring, containing one deep yellow diamond, of value enough to purchase a dozen of his pink topaz sets, and this was given with many fine speeches from his bride, made up by the Senhora, with the felicity of her sex on such occasions.

After receiving the blessing of his new relatives, he went on board, accompanied by the Marquess, who took leave of him with the greatest affection; giving him, of course, much wise counsel, mixed with the heartiest congratulations on his good fortune; but not one word was breathed, by either, concerning her who was at once the maker and marrer of all, the rivet to those golden

links, without which, indeed, they would have lain lightly enough. The Marquess was a man of much tact; he felt that anything he could say on this delicate subject *must* be wrong.

A few weeks brought Alonzo to Falmouth, where he was met by Mr. Mordaunt, his tutor. They proceeded together to the continent, where it was arranged they should spend three years in travel and study; the two remaining years were to be devoted entirely to England.

Mr. Mordaunt was admirably calculated for the office assigned to him, and soon became affectionately attached to his pupil.

Three delightful years flew rapidly by. The most interesting spots in France, Germany, and sacred Italy were visited. The study of the best authors in each language; that of the history, government, manufactures, and works of art of each country; together with the acquaintance of the most eminent men—all contributed to exalt and enrich the highly gifted mind of Alonzo, and to fill his heart with the noblest sentiments of benevolence and patriotism. During this time, he might have been pronounced among the happiest of mortals; but in his overflowing cup one black and bitter drop was mingled.

Mr. Mordaunt had been made aware of Alonzo's marriage, and of all the circumstances attending it, by the Marquess. In the first letter Alonzo received from his aunt the Abbess, were these words:—"The only chance you have of domestic *peace* (happiness is perhaps out of the question), in your peculiar circumstances, is to *guard your heart* with the most vigilant care; if once that treasure pass into the possession of another, guilt and misery will attend you through life. I repeat to you again and again—*guard your heart!*" This letter was handed to his tutor, who, pointing to the last sentence, said emphatically, "Let that be your watchword."

During his residence on the continent, his time and attention were too much occupied, his change of residence too frequent, to allow of his affections being at any time in danger. And, besides the observing eye of Mr. Mordaunt, and the watchword of the reverend Abbess, it must be noticed that the young Don was not of that lightly inflammable nature, which the sparkle of an eye, the smile of a rosy lip, or the touch of a delicate hand, could ignite in an instant. But Mr. Mordaunt perfectly agreed with the Abbess in opinion that, if ever he *loved*, it would be deeply, passionately, and therefore to him—*fatally*.

At the appointed time they arrived in England; and a year and a half had been passed with the highest advantage and improvement, in travelling through that extraordinary country, and in visiting Scotland. The last six months they were to spend in London; and, alas! the dreadful evil, from a quarter so little suspected that even Mr. Mordaunt appeared to be thrown off his guard, approached; and the god of love was, as a poet would say, amply avenged for the sacrilege that had been perpetrated in profaning the sacred band of Hymen.

Alonzo was at the Opera with his friend, the Brazilian *Chargé d'Affaires*. He thought, as he looked round, that he had never been in any public place of amusement where the *sex* showed to so much advantage as at the English Opera; the absence of crowd, the light not too glaring, the superb dresses, contributed, he supposed, to produce this effect. He observed the *Chargé* attentively viewing through his glass some person in an opposite box, and he fancied many other glasses were pointed in the same direction; he looked, also, and his eye immediately rested on one of the most beautiful young women, he thought, he had ever seen; there was that peculiar *something*, however, in her complexion, style, and dress, which marked her as a foreigner. "Who is that?" said he to the *Chargé*; "she looks French or Spanish."

"Neither," said the *Chargé*, exultingly; "she is one of us—Brazilian!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Alonzo, in an accent of surprise and pleasure.

"Have you not heard of her?" asked his friend; "she is called *the beautiful Brazilian*, and is the novelty of the season, making sad havoc in the hearts of her English admirers. She has come out under the auspices of the Countess of Godolphin, the lady next her."

"What is her name?"

"Donna Viola de Montezuma."

"The name is noble," observed Alonzo, "but I do not recollect it at Rio."

"Her family is settled in the north of Brazil; she herself, however, has just come from Rio, with her duenna and suite, to finish her education. She is an heiress, and is reported to be *engaged* in Portugal. Would you like to go round? I will introduce you."

"If you please;"—and away they went.

The *Chargé* first introduced Alonzo to the Countess, and then presented him as a fellow-countryman to the beautiful Brazilian. She received him with the most marked pleasure, and made a seat for him beside her.

"I am indeed most happy to become acquainted with you, Don Alonzo," said she, "if it were only to express to you the affection I feel for your dear aunt, the Abbess, in whose convent I have been some time a resident, and from whom I have received all the care and love of a mother—indeed, I owe her *very* much."

"Her love and care, at least, seem to have been well bestowed," replied Alonzo; "did you also know my father?"

"Intimately; and I may also venture to say that I know *you*, so much have I heard of you from the Marquess and your aunt. I am sure no son or nephew was ever so beloved."

Alonzo sighed, as he recollected that neither of them had mentioned this lady in their letters; the reason was obvious—and he felt a pang more acute than usual when he looked on her lovely and intelligent countenance—glanced over a figure that appeared to him perfection, and listened to her lively and

natural remarks—then compared her with that one of whom he could scarcely endure in any way to think.

The next morning, he mentioned to Mr. Mordaunt, as carelessly as he could, his introduction of the preceding evening.

"I have heard of that lady," observed Mr. Mordaunt. "She is a good specimen of your countrywomen, does great credit to Brazil, and would make, I dare say, an excellent English marriage, if she were not already engaged."

"She is really then engaged?" inquired Alonzo.

"Decidedly—to a Portuguese nobleman; this has been published as much as possible, to keep lovers at a distance."

"Well," thought Alonzo, "as *she* is engaged, and *I* married, there *can* be no danger;" and that very evening (for the lady, he understood, was not permitted to receive morning visitors) beheld him at the Countess's.

An intimacy soon sprang up between them, as was natural between persons of the same age and station in a foreign country. There was no one that Viola was, or appeared, half so pleased to see as Don Alonzo. She had always a new song to sing to him, a new drawing to show to him, or a new book to recommend. She was fond of chess, and many a happy moment did he spend while the Countess was engaged at her whist. But never, in his eyes, was she so fascinating as when, passing the black ribbon of her guitar over her shoulder, she accompanied herself in *their* own beautiful national melodies; her voice was exquisitely sweet and clear; the execution finished and graceful. At those moments an exclusive affinity appeared to exist between them; although there might be, and often were, numerous other listeners and admirers, it was *his* eye only that she sought for approval.

They met frequently at public places, and also at other houses. Viola was a beautiful dancer, and he felt proud (he knew not why, for it was nothing to him) of the admiration she excited. Sometimes he waltzed with her, and with a beating heart caught here and there a half whisper from the spectators; "The two Brazilians—an interesting couple, are they not?"

It was thought better that Viola, on account of her peculiar situation, should continue to observe, although in England, the strict form of her own national manners. Immediately after dancing, she returned to the side of the Countess, or her chaperone; she never went out for exercise except when so accompanied, and she never received any visitor except in such presence. These arrangements gave great satisfaction to Alonzo, (he did not know why, for it was nothing to him,) although he frequently suffered by them.

"Guard your heart!" conscience whispered to Alonzo. Alas! his heart had escaped,—but he guarded his manners, and they were the next best security; he tried to watch even his very eyes; he never flirted, he never complimented; in fact, he succeeded so well that

the Countess and Mr. Mordaunt appeared to have no suspicion; but he could not deceive himself, and he was not quite so sure that he deceived Viola.

BIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.¹

PART I.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

WE have noticed with some pleasure the completion of a biography which, apart from its literary value, may be regarded as an appropriate tribute rendered by filial affection to the memory of a good and great man. Such a work is deserving of more than a common welcome, and challenges from us a few remarks. We take it for granted that all who are familiar with the works, or any portion of the works, of the late poet-laureate, will peruse with some gratification the details of his personal history which are to be gleaned from these volumes; and, although the lives of literary men are but rarely diversified by startling incidents or romantic adventures, we believe that we shall be able, from the ample materials before us, to weave a narrative not altogether devoid of interest.

On the position which Southey filled among the literary celebrities of the generation to which he belonged, it would be idle for us to dwell at any length. As a critic and historian, he was unrivalled for depth and variety of information, and for his skill in imparting that information to others. His prose style was lucid, perspicuous, and always admirably adapted to the subject-matter. He managed to hit the happy medium between the appearance of haste and slovenliness, on the one hand, and of pedantic stiffness, on the other. In his *Life of Nelson*, and in his other popular prose productions, we are charmed as much by the easy flow of the narration and the absence of all appearance of effort, as by the chastened elegance and correctness of every sentence and expression. His claims as a poet are more equivocal. Comparatively speaking, his poetical works have made but little impression on the reading public, and it may be safely predicted that only a small proportion are destined to achieve an enduring popularity. Other and abler critics have pointed out the faults of his more ambitious essays in verse; the only one to which we think it necessary to allude is his tendency to diffuseness, and want of that power of condensation, which is the grand secret of poetical excellence. We can scarcely wonder at, though we have often regretted, the neglect to which some of his longer poems have been consigned, abounding as they do with images of grandeur and sublimity. It must be admitted that the subjects which Southey selected, as well as his versification and mode of treatment, were not calculated to remove the prejudice which existed, and still exists, against all modern epics. And when the shafts of ridicule were directed against his eccentric productions,—when a

noble satirist adroitly applied to them Porson's bitter sarcasm—that they would be read when Homer and Virgil were forgotten, *but not till then*,—a general disposition to depreciate them began to prevail, and it was only by a select few that their merits were fairly acknowledged.

The biography of Robert Southey now presented to the world, commences with some brief recollections of his early life, written by himself, in a series of letters to his friend, Mr. John May. Before we make any extracts from this interesting piece of autobiography, we may inform our readers that the laureate was born at Bristol, where his father carried on the business of a linen-draper, on the 12th of August, 1774. The recollections of his childhood commence at the third year of his age, and are thus playfully introduced in one of the before-mentioned letters:—

“The popular saint of the democratic cantons in Switzerland, St. Nicholas de Iluz, (to whom I paid my respects in his own church at Saxeln) remembered his own birth, knew his mother and the midwife as soon as he was born, and never forgot the way by which he was taken to be christened, nor the faces of the persons who were present at the ceremony. But he was an extraordinary child, who, though he neither danced, nor sung, nor preached before he was born, (all which certain other saints are said to have done,) had revelations in that state, and saw the light of heaven before he came into the light of day. It has pleased the metaphysico-critico-politico-patriotico-phoolo-philosopher, Jeremy Bentham, to designate me, in one of his opaque works, by the appellation of St. Southey, for which I humbly thank his Jeremy Benthamship, and have in part requited him. It would be very convenient if I had the same claim to this honour, on the score of miraculous memory, as the aforesaid Nicholas—but the twilight of my recollection does not begin till the third year of my age.”

Some of the poet's earliest years were passed under the roof of a maiden aunt, named Tyler, who possessed a small independent property. This lady lived on terms of intimacy with the daughter of the proprietor of the Bath and Bristol theatres, and being herself passionately fond of dramatic representations, and plentifully favoured with free admissions, she often went to the play with her little nephew, upon whose mind, as might be expected, the performances made a strong impression. Long before the child could comprehend the meaning of what passed upon the stage, he acquired a keen relish for the drama, which ultimately became the passion of his boyhood. At the age of six he was sent to a day-school in Bristol, kept by a Baptist minister, where he remained about twelve months, when the death of the master caused his father to remove him. It was then decided that he should be sent from home, and placed as a boarder in a school nine miles from Bristol. The sensitive child keenly felt the pang of departure, and when, for the first time in his life, he saw his mother weeping, the effort which he made to subdue his own emotions long haunted his remembrance, and is alluded to in one of his poems, as—

“The first grief he felt,
And the first painful smile that clothed his front
With feelings not its own.”

“The little exile” felt truly wretched in the change

(1) “The Life and Correspondence of the late Robert Southey,” 3 vols. Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey. London: 1849, 50.

made in his condition, and the misery of the first night which he passed at school is thus described in the same poem:—

“ Sadly at night
I sat me down beside a stranger's hearth,
And when the lingering hour of rest was come,
First wet with tears my pillow.”

The school to which he had been transferred was a very indifferent one, and the master, though a man of considerable attainments as a mathematician, utterly unfit for his profession. But little attention was paid to the pupils, either in or out of school, and the domestic arrangements were most defective. One of the discomforts of the place made a strong impression upon poor Southey, and is thus spoken of in the letters to his friend May. “ I dreaded nothing so much,” he says, “ as Sunday evening in winter; we were then assembled in the hall, to hear the master read a sermon, or a portion of Stackhouse's History of the Bible. Here I sat at the end of a long form, in sight but not within feeling of the fire, my feet cold, my eyelids heavy as lead, and yet not daring to close them, kept awake by fear alone, in total inaction, and under the operation of a lecture more soporific than the strongest sleeping dose. Heaven help the wits of those good people who think that children are to be edified by having sermons read to them !”

At this school Southey remained another twelvemonth, when he was removed, and sent on a visit to his grandfather at Bedminster. This was a delightful change. A large garden was attached to his grandfather's house, which appeared to the emancipated school-boy quite a paradise, and in which he spent some of the happiest days of his childhood. The poet has favoured us with a minute description of this magic spot, in the course of which he refers to a constitutional peculiarity in his friend Wordsworth which may not be generally known:—

“ The side of the house,” he says, “ in the forecourt also was covered with an apricot-tree, so that every luxury of this kind which an English sun can ripen, was there in abundance. Just by the orchard-gate was a fine barberry-bush; and that peculiar odour of its blossoms, which is supposed to injure the wheat within its reach, is still fresh in my remembrance. *Wordsworth has no sense of smell.* Once, and once only in his life, the dormant power awakened. It was by a bed of stocks in full bloom, at a house which he inhabited in Dorsetshire, some five-and-twenty years ago; and he says it was like a vision of paradise to him; but it lasted only a few minutes, and the faculty has continued torpid from that time. The fact is remarkable in itself, and would be worthy of notice, even if it did not relate to a man of whom posterity will desire to know all that can be remembered. He has often expressed to me his regret for this privation. I, on the contrary, possess the sense in such acuteness, that I can remember an odour and call up the ghost of one that is departed.”

After staying at Bedminster some time, Southey was taken home, and placed as a day-boarder at a school in Bristol, kept by a Welshman named Williams, where he remained between four and five years, “ which, if not profitably, were at least,” he says, “ not unhappily spent.” For the first two years of this period he lived at his father's; but his holidays were always spent with Miss Tyler at Bath. Upon that lady, however, coming to reside at Bristol, he took up his abode with her altogether; and his early taste for literature was naturally directed into a dramatic channel from the associations he formed at this period. Shakspeare was put into his hands as soon as he could read, and before he was eight years old he had gone through all the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. He was likewise, as in the days of his childhood, frequently taken by his aunt to the Bristol theatre; and in imitation of what he had seen passing on the stage, he soon began to compose dramas of his own. The first subject he attempted was the Contineuce of Scipio, in which battles were plentifully introduced, because the battle in Cymbeline was then one of his favourite scenes. Of this production, his patience only enabled him to finish about an act and a half; but he set to work upon other subjects, and whilst his dramatic passion lasted, teased his play-mates to engage in the same occupation, and was much surprised to find they were not able “ to write plays as well as to do their lessons.”

It had been decided by Southey's uncle, the Rev. Mr. Hill, that he should be sent to Westminster, as soon as he was old enough to enter a public school; but the following incident led to his leaving Williams's seminary somewhat earlier, perhaps, than he might otherwise have done. “ Williams,” he says, “ who read well himself, and prided himself upon it, was one day very much offended with my reading, and asked me scornfully who taught me to read. I answered, ‘ My aunt.’ ‘ Then,’ said he, ‘ give my compliments to your aunt; and tell her that my old horse that has been dead these twenty years could have taught you as well.’ I delivered the message faithfully, to her great indignation. It was never forgotten or forgiven, and perhaps it accelerated the very proper resolution of removing me.” Upon being taken from the guardianship of Williams, he was placed for a twelvemonth, under a clergyman named Lewis, at whose house he attended for a few hours every day as a private pupil. The profit he derived from this year's tuition was very small, and it was found at the end that Lewis's assistance had enabled him to add but little to his stock of school-learning. On the other hand, aided by solitary and congenial studies, he became conscious of the growth of his intellectual nature, and the poetical spirit, which, like a plant, “ required no forcing, nor artificial culture, only air and sunshine, and the rains and the dews of heaven,” was gradually maturing itself within him. In the thirteenth and fourteenth years of his age, the frequent perusal of Tasso, Ariosto, and Spenser, had filled his mind with visions of romance, which entirely super-

seded his dramatic *furor*. At this period, also he wrote some heroic epistles in rhyme, and made translations from Virgil, Ovid, and Horace, besides projecting more ambitious works in imitation of his new models.

-In his fifteenth year, Southey was placed at Westminster, being at the time, as he confesses, in every way ill qualified for the discipline of a public school. Nor was his career there very fortunate. He formed, it is true, many valuable friendships, which were of signal service to him in after life, but his stay was shortened by a disagreeable occurrence which attended his first appearance in print. With some of his school friends, he had joined in the publication of a little periodical, called "The Flagellant," which had reached its ninth number, when a sarcastic article appeared, on the subject of corporal punishment. This paper gave great offence to Dr. Vincent, the head-master of Westminster, who proceeded so far as to prosecute the printer for a libel. Upon this, Southey promptly acknowledged the authorship of the article, and offered to make an apology; but Dr. Vincent was inexorable, and he was in consequence compelled to quit the school.

On leaving Westminster, Southey returned to Bristol, and for some months resided with his aunt, Miss Tyler. It had been long resolved to send him to Oxford, with the view of his entering the church, and accordingly, after some delay, arising out of family troubles, he was entered at Balliol College, having been previously rejected by the Dean of Christ Church, (Cyril Jackson,) on account, it is said, of the part he had taken at Westminster in the publication of the "Flagellant." In January, 1793, he began his residence at the University, with an ardent thirst for knowledge, and a genuine taste for literary pursuits, but with little prepossession in favour of college discipline. Almost immediately on his arrival, he thus wrote to a Westminster friend, Mr. Grosvenor Bedford. "Behold me, my friend, entered under the banners of science or stupidity, which you please, and like a recruit got sober, looking to the days that are past, and feeling something like regret. . . I feel myself entered upon a new scene of life, and, whatever the generality of Oxonians conceive, it appears to me a very serious one. Four years hence I am to be called into orders, and during that time, (short for the attainment of the requisite knowledge,) how much have I to learn! I must learn to break a rebellious spirit, which neither authority nor oppression could ever bow; it would be easier to break my neck. I must learn to work a problem, instead of writing an ode. I must learn to pay respect to men remarkable only for great wigs and little wisdom."

At this period of his life Southey was an ardent and sincere republican. The French Revolution had excited in his young mind feelings of enthusiastic sympathy and admiration, and although its excesses served to moderate his democratic views, he could not easily forget his early dreams of human perfectibility. His religious views were also unsettled, and

were far too widely removed from strict orthodoxy to permit him sincerely to entertain the notion of becoming a minister of the Church of England. Under these circumstances, with little practical knowledge of the world, he began to look around for some occupation which might furnish him with the means of subsistence, without requiring the sacrifice of his opinions. Whilst he was making inquiries upon this subject, and meeting with disappointment at every turn, he made the acquaintance of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, then an undergraduate of Jesus College, Cambridge; and this incident led to some of the most important events of his life.

At the time that Southey was introduced to Coleridge, the latter was on a visit to an old school-fellow at Oxford. A marked similarity in their religious and political views made them close friends from the beginning; and whilst they were declaiming together on the abuses in the social system, and on the misery and injustice that prevailed in their native country, Mr. Coleridge started the idea of a new scheme of colonization, to which he proposed to give the name of "Pantisocracy." The writings of English and foreign socialists have made us familiar with similar Utopias, and their pretensions would now appear trite and stale, but in the days of Southey's early manhood such schemes were well calculated to attract the attention of the earnest visionary. The details of the plan were soon arranged, and the co-operation of some congenial spirits readily promised. Among the first converts were Mr. Robert Lovell, the son of a rich Quaker, and three of Southey's fellow-collegians, of good family, named Burnett, Allen, and Seward. Mr. Lovell, it may be necessary to state, had married a Miss Fricker, of Bristol, and to one of that lady's sisters Southey had recently engaged himself. For a time the young enthusiast contrived to prevent the news both of his intended marriage and of the scheme of Pantisocracy from reaching the ears of his aunt; but at length all was discovered, and a storm ensued which rendered him a homeless adventurer.

The Pantisocratic scheme soon failed, from the vulgar want of funds to carry it into execution, and Southey and Coleridge found themselves under the necessity of doing something for a livelihood. Some literary engagements were at length obtained, and a course of historical lectures delivered at Bristol by the two friends, which proved, it appears, highly successful. In his own words, the young poet had "cut his cable, and was drifting on the ocean of life." Whilst engaged in this manful struggle, the death of his friend Seward plunged him into the deepest distress, and the mode in which he lamented his loss, both in poetry and in prose, will convey some idea of the intensity of his sufferings. "Bedford—he is dead; my dear Edmund Seward! after six weeks' suffering. . . In that room where I have so often seen him, he now lies in his coffin! It is like a dream, the idea that he is dead—that his heart is cold—that he, whom but yesterday morning I thought and talked of as alive—as the friend I knew and

loved—is dead! . . . There is a strange vacancy in my heart. The sun shines as usual, but there is a blank in existence to me." From the beautiful poem in which, four years later, he commemorated his loss, we will extract two stanzas, which from their intrinsic excellence are well worthy of quotation:—

“ Often together have we talk'd of death;
 How sweet it were to see
 All doubtful things made clear;
 How sweet it were with powers
 Such as the cherubim,
 To view the depth of Heaven!
 O Edmund! thou hast first
 Begun the travel of eternity!
 I look upon the stars,
 And think that thou art there,
 Unfetter'd as the thought that follows thee.
 * * * * *

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
 Follow thy friend beloved!
 But in the lonely hour,
 But in the evening walk,
 Think that he companies thy solitude;
 Think that he holds with thee
 Mysterious intercourse;
 And though remembrance wake a tear,
 There will be joy in grief.”

The arrival in England of Southey's uncle, Mr. Hill, who had been long resident in Portugal, and who has been mentioned as taking so much interest in his nephew's education, occasioned a fresh change in the poet's fortunes. Southey had looked forward with dread to an interview with his uncle, but the good man treated him with exemplary and unexpected forbearance. Finding that his nephew had determined not to enter the church, he proposed to him to return with him to Lisbon for six months, and then, if he saw no objection, prepare for the legal profession. The generous offer was promptly accepted; but on the day fixed for his departure, the poet was united to Edith Fricker, at Redcliffe Church, Bristol. The young couple parted after the ceremony, and the bride wore her wedding ring hung round her neck, and kept her maiden name, till the report of the marriage rendered concealment useless.

On his return from Portugal, Southey began to think seriously of devoting himself to the study and practice of the law. Without abandoning literature, he was sanguine enough to hope that he might master the drudgeries of his new profession. Having for a short time established himself at Bristol, with his young wife, he thus writes to his friend, Mr. Bedford:—“ I have told you what I am about; writing letters to the world is not, however, quite so agreeable as writing to you, and I do not love shaping a good thing into a good sentence. . . . Then for a volume of poems, and then for the Abridgment of the Laws, or the Lawyer's Pocket Companion, in fifty-two volumes folio! Is it not a pity, Grosvenor, that I should not execute my intention of writing more verses than Lope de Vega, more tragedies than Dryden, and more epic poems than Blackmore? The more I write, the more I have to write. I have a Helicon kind of drowsy upon me, and *crescit indulgens sibi*.”

The letters alluded to in the foregoing extract were the “ Letters from Spain and Portugal,” which contained the impressions of his recent tour in those countries. At the beginning of 1797, (in the twenty-third year of his age,) Southey left Bristol, and came up to London to pursue his legal studies. Having paid the necessary fees, he was admitted a student-at-law at Gray's Inn; and, though hating the metropolis with an intense hatred, he made up his mind for a time to reside there with his wife. His mornings he resolved to devote to law, and his evenings to his poem of *Madoc*, on which he was then hard at work. With noble self-denial, he determined to resist the attractions of literary society;—paying more regard to the happiness of the woman who was to share his home than many in his position might have done. “ I have declined,” he says, in a letter written at this period to Mr. Joseph Cottle, “ being a member of a Literary Club which meets weekly, and of which I have been elected a member. Surely a man does not do his duty who leaves his wife to evenings of solitude; and I feel duty and happiness to be inseparable. I am happier at home than any other society can possibly make me.”

The poet's detestation of London increased with the length of his acquaintance. Green fields were his delight, and bricks and mortar his abhorrence. He adopted, as his favourite quotation, the emphatic words of John Donne:—

“ Sir,—I do thank God for it—I do hate
 Most heartily that city.”

He found also, after a time, that he could pursue his studies with equal or greater advantage in the country. It is not surprising, therefore, that he soon withdrew from the metropolis, residing in various country places which suited his convenience or pleased his fancy. In a metrical letter to Mrs. Southey, dated June 4, 1798, he thus emphatically expresses his horror of London life:—

“ To dwell in that foul city,—to endure
 The common, hollow, cold, lip-intercourse
 Of life; to walk abroad and never see
 Green field, or running brook, or setting sun!
 Will it not wither up my faculties,
 Like some poor myrtle that, in the town air,
 Pines on the parlour window!”

As may be imagined, the study of the law became more and more distasteful to him, and, as his literary avocations increased, Coke and Blackstone were almost wholly thrown aside. About this time, also, he began to suffer severely from the results of mental labour; and, by way of necessary relaxation, he made a pedestrian excursion into Wales, and spent a few weeks in Herefordshire. In a letter from Hereford to Mr. Wynn, he encloses a curious specimen of epistolary correspondence, being the copy of a genuine note from a west-country farmer's daughter to a female acquaintance, which we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing:—

“ Dear Miss,—The energy of the races prompts me to assure you that my request is forbidden; the idea

of which I had awkwardly nourished, notwithstanding my propensity to reserve. Mr. T. will be there; let me with confidence assure you that him and brothers will be very happy to meet you and brothers. Us girls cannot go for reasons; the attention of the cows claims our assistance in the evening.

“Unalterably Yours.”

As literary occupation flowed in upon him, and engrossed all his time, Southey felt himself placed in a position of some embarrassment. All his tastes and wishes disposed him to prefer the peaceful cultivation of literature to any other employment, and he felt, moreover, that his delicate constitution was unfitted to sustain the wear and tear of a lawyer's life. But he still, says his son, thought it right to continue to keep his terms at Gray's Inn: though every day he became more convinced of his peculiar inaptitude for the legal profession. On the 21st of December, 1799, he thus writes from Bristol to his friend Mr. Bedford: “Grosvenor, I have nothing of what the world calls ambition. I never thought it possible that I could be a great lawyer; I should as soon expect to be the man in the moon. My views were bounded—my hopes—to an income of 500*l.* a-year, of which I could lay by half to effect my escape with . . . I am not indolent; I loathe indolence; but, indeed, reading law is laborious indolence—it is thrashing straw. I have read, and read, and read; but the devil a bit can I remember. I have given all possible attention, and attempted to command volition. No! The eye read, the lips pronounced, I understood and re-read it; it was very clear; I remembered the page, the sentence,—but close the book, and all was gone! Were I an independent man, even on less than I now possess, I should long since have made the blessed bonfire, and rejoiced that I was free and contented.”

His health continuing “in a most, unsatisfactory state,” he now made up his mind to try the air of Lisbon for a short time. Meanwhile his hands were full of work, and his brain constantly employed. He had commenced his poem of Thalaba—the most original and successful of his poetical productions—and was rapidly proceeding with it. He also found time for some nobler speculations. Willing to lend his aid to any project of practical benevolence, he meditated, at the suggestion of a friend, “an essay upon the state of women in society; and its possible amelioration by means, at first, of institutions similar to the Flemish *Beguinages*.” . . . “The object,” he says, (writing to his friend Mr. John May,) “is to provide for the numerous class of women who want employment the means of respectable independence, by restoring to them those branches of business which the men have mischievously usurped or monopolised, when they ought only to have shared. Oh! what a country might this England become, did its government but wisely direct the strength, and wealth, and activity of the people! Every profession, every trade is overstocked; [this was in February 1800] there are more adven-

turers in each than can possibly find employment; hence poverty and crime. Do not misunderstand me as asserting this to be the sole cause, but it is the most frequent one. A system of colonization, that should offer an outlet for the superfluous activity of the country, would convert this into a cause of general good; and the blessings of civilization might be extended over the deserts that, to the disgrace of man, occupy so great a part of the world! Assuredly poverty and the dread of poverty are the great sources of guilt.” This extract—which is as full of good feeling as of good sense—shows that the poet was still actuated by the same philanthropic ardour and the same earnest anxiety for the welfare of his species which, in early life, had hurried him into some extravagances.

In the spring of 1800, Southey departed with his wife for Lisbon. A series of letters written during his residence there to friends in England, are included in the present biography, and abound with lively and interesting descriptions of the place and people. The following characteristic passages are from a letter to Lieutenant Southey, written May 23d, 1800: “Lisbon has twice been clean since the creation; Noah's flood washed it once, and the fire after the earthquake purified it. . . . Government will neither cleanse the city themselves, nor suffer any one else to do it. An English merchant applied lately for permission to clear the street in which he lived, and it was refused. . . . No doubt this is a regular government; it is an old monarchy, and has an established church. . . . An acquaintance of mine (Tennant, well known for some famous chemical experiments on the diamond) met an Irishman in Switzerland, who had been at Rome. He said it was the most *laineant* government in the world; you might kill a man in the streets, and nobody would take the *laisist* notice of it. This also is a *laineant* government: a man stabs his antagonist, wipes the knife in his cloak, and walks quietly away. It is a point of honour in the spectators to give no information. If one servant robs his master, it is a point of honour in his fellow-servants never to inform of him. Both these points of honour are inviolable from prudence, for a stab would be the consequence. One method of revenge used in the provinces is ingeniously wicked: they beat a man with sand-bags. These do not inflict so much immediate pain as a cane would do, but they so bruise all the fine vessels, that, unless the poor wretch be immediately scarified, a lingering death is the consequence.” In another letter to Lieutenant Southey, he thus describes some of the drawbacks to the fine climate of Lisbon. “The warm weather is come; we shut our windows to exclude the heated air, and our shutters to darken the room: if half the money expended upon the souls in purgatory were employed in watering the street, we should be relieved from the torment of burning. Yet is the heat more endurable than the intense light; this is insufferably painful: the houses are white, the stones in the street white, the very dust bleached, and all reflect back upon us the scorching sun; the light is like the quivering of a furnace fire; it dazzles and makes the

eyes ache, and blindness is very common. . . . Everlasting noise is another characteristic of Lisbon. Their noonday fireworks, their cannonading on every fool's pretext, their bells to every goat in a flock, and every mule in a drove, prove this; above all, their everlasting bell-ding-donging,—for bell-ringing would convey the English idea of music, and here it is only noise."

Having afterwards removed to Cintra, the poet began to feel the good effects of the climate; and though "longing to see the faces of friends, and hungering after the bread-and-butter comforts and green fields of England," he was thoroughly enraptured with the luxuries and beauties of this favoured soil. "The spot I am in," he says, in a letter to his friend Wynn, "is the most beautiful I have ever seen or imagined. I ride a jackass, a fine lazy way of travelling; you have even a boy to beat old Dapple when he is slow. I eat oranges, figs, and delicious pears,—drink Colareswine, a sort of half-way excellence between port and claret,—read all I can lay my hands on,—dream of poem after poem, and play after play,—take a siesta of two hours, and am as happy as if life were one everlasting to-day, and that to-morrow was not to be provided for."

Attributing the degraded condition of the mass of the Portuguese nation to the blighting effect of superstition, Southey often dwelt, in his letters to absent friends, on the absurdities of the Romish faith, and the ignorance and indolence both of the laity and clergy. In a letter to his mother, he gives the following sketch of a religious drama, designed for the amusement and edification of the faithful, which appears to us unparalleled by anything we have seen for ingenuity and blasphemy:—

"You like the Catholics; shall I give you an account of one of their Lent plays upon Transubstantiation which is lying on the table? It begins by the Father turning Adam out of doors. 'Get out of my house, you rascal!' Adam goes a-begging, and bitterly does he complain that he can find no house, no village, nobody to beg of. At last, he meets the Four Seasons, and they give him a spade, and a plough, &c., but nothing to eat. Then comes Reason, and tells him to go to law with his Father, who is obliged to find him in victuals. Adam goes to law; an Angel is his counsel, and the Devil pleads against him. He wins his cause: and the Father settles upon him oil—for extreme unction; *lamb*; and bread and wine. Up comes the Sacrament, and there is an end of the play. This is written by a priest, one of the best Spanish writers, who has written seventy-two of these plays, all upon the body and blood, and all in the same strain of quaint and pious blasphemy."

To return, however, to the events of Southey's life. In June 1801, he returned to England, and once more took up his residence at Bristol. Thalaba had been finished by him during his stay in Portugal, and the copyright of the first edition was purchased by Messrs. Longman for 115*l*. He had given up all thoughts of the law, and his hopes were now fixed on obtaining some permanent appointment in a southern climate. A prospect was opened to him by his friend Wynn, of becoming private secretary to a gentleman who had been nominated ambassador to Palermo, and who was thence to proceed to Constantinople. A very small salary was attached to the post, but it was thought it

might lead to a consulship. Southey was pleased with the idea; and, in his usual cheerful and playful style, wrote to Coleridge to express his satisfaction, and to tempt his friend to expatriate himself likewise. "I feel here," he says, "as a stranger. . . . What tie have I in England? My London friends? There, indeed, I have friends. But if you and yours were with me, eating dates in a garden at Constantinople, you might assert that we were in the best of all possible places; and I should answer, Amen: and if our wives rebelled, we would send for the chief of the black eunuchs, and sell them to the Scraglio. Then should Moses learn Arabic, and we would know whether there was anything in the language or not. We would drink Cyprus wine and mocha coffee, and smoke more tranquilly than ever we did in the Ship in Small Street."

This scheme, however, came to nothing; but in the autumn, Southey proceeded to Keswick in Cumberland—destined to be his residence for so many years in after life, and the place of his final repose—on a visit to his friend Coleridge. On leaving the Lake district,—of which, it appears, his first impressions were by no means favourable,—he received intelligence that he had been appointed, through the influence of his friend Wynn, private secretary to Mr. Corry, then Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, at a salary of 350*l*. a-year. He immediately repaired to Dublin, where he remained only for a short time, as the duties of his office required him to reside in London during the winter. His position in life was now altered, and he found many new friends eager to hail the dawn of his prosperity. "The civilities which have already been shown me," he says, in a letter to Mr. William Taylor, "discover how much I have been abhorred for all that is valuable in my nature; such civilities excite more contempt than anger, but they make me think more despicably of the world than I could wish to do. As if this were a baptism that purified me of all sins—a regeneration; and the one congratulates me, and the other visits me, as if the author of Joan of Arc and Thalaba were made a great man by scribbling for the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer."

At the beginning of the following year, the poet's feelings sustained a severe shock from the death of his mother, the last remaining friend of his infancy and childhood. A short time after this sad event, he resigned his secretaryship. It appears that the specific duties of his office were not sufficient to find him employment, upon which Mr. Corry suggested that he should undertake the tuition of his son, to fill up the time. This Southey refused to do, and gave up his appointment, "losing thereby," in his own words, "a foolish office and a good salary." In the autumn his first child was born to him, a daughter, whom he named Margaret. Naturally enough, this event made him more anxious to settle himself in some permanent residence, which he might reasonably call a *home*. At one time his attention was turned to Wales, and he was actually in treaty for a house in Glamorganshire, in the Vale of Neath, when he considered "one of

the loveliest spots" in Britain; but the negotiation was broken off. A twelve-month passed, and his child, to whom he was tenderly attached, sickened and died. This circumstance drove him from Bristol, and Coleridge being still resident at Keswick, he was attracted thither in his hour of bereavement. The grandeur and loveliness of the lake scenery soon began to exercise an influence on his poetical tastes, and we find him, on the 8th of September, 1803, thus writing to Lieutenant Southey: "Edith suffers deeply and silently. She is kept awake at night by recollections, and I am harassed by dreams of the poor child's illness and recovery; but this will wear away. Would that you could see these lakes and mountains! how wonderful they are! how awful in their beauty. All the poet part of me will be fed and fostered here. I feel already in tune, and shall proceed to my work with such a feeling of power as old Samson had when he laid hold of the pillars of the temple of Dagon."

In the congenial seclusion to which the poet had prudently withdrawn, he appears to have occupied himself with more zeal than ever in his varied literary pursuits. Few events occurred to vary the even tenor of his life, and his letters breathe a spirit of cheerful contentedness. Another daughter was born to him in April, 1804, whom he named, after her mother, Edith. In the spring of 1805, the poem of Madoc, on which he had been employed at intervals for years, at length made its appearance, in an expensive style of typography. Its success was rather dubious. The critics of the Edinburgh were unfavourable, and the poem was not calculated to fix popular admiration. But the great merits of the work were admitted by a discerning few, among whom it is refreshing to find the great literary giant of the north, Sir Walter Scott. In a letter to Miss Seward, Sir Walter thus speaks of Southey's epic: "I think Southey does himself injustice in supposing the Edinburgh Review, or any other, could have hurt Madoc, even for a time. But the size and price of the work, joined to the frivolity of an age which must be treated as nurses humour children, are sufficient reasons why a poem on so chaste a model should not have taken immediately. We know the similar fate of Milton's immortal work in the witty age of Charles II., at a time when poetry was much more fashionable than at present."

The intelligent reader will find many passages to interest him, in the letters written by Southey at this period, to his various private friends. Many shrewd and humorous remarks are interspersed, and various opinions are expressed, which curiously illustrate the character of the man. We will make one, and but one, more quotation from this portion of the work, as a specimen of the material of these familiar epistles. Our extract is from a letter to John Rickman, Esq., March 22, 1805.

"The abuses, or main abuses, of printing spring from one evil,—almost immediately makes authorship a trade. —er-sheeting was in use as early as Martin Luther's time, who mentions the price—a

curious fact. The Reformation did one great mischief; in destroying the monastic orders, it deprived us of the only bodies of men who could not possibly be injured by the change which literature had undergone. They could have no *peculium*; they laboured hard for amusement; the society had funds to spare for printing, and felt a pride in thus disposing of them for the reputation of their Order. We laugh at the ignorance of these Orders, but the most worthless and most ignorant of them produced more works of erudition than all the English and all the Scotch universities since the Reformation; and it is my firm belief that a man at this day will find better society in a Benedictine monastery than he could at Cambridge; certainly better than he could at Oxford."

Having now traced the poet to his comfortable retreat at Keswick, it will be convenient for us to pause. In a future number we will proceed with our Biography, and in as brief a compass as possible present the reader with the remaining incidents in the life of Robert Southey.

AN EDITORIAL VISIT.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

I WAS passing from my office one day, to indulge myself with a walk, when a little hard-faced old man, with a black coat, broad-brimmed hat, velvet breeches, shoes and buckles, and gold-headed cane, stopped me, standing directly in my path. I looked at him. He looked at me. I crossed my hands before me patiently, forced my features into a civil smile, and waited the development of his intentions; not being distinctly certain, from his firm, determined expression, whether he was "a spirit of health or goblin damned," and whether his intents were "wicked or charitable"—that is, whether he came to discontinue or to subscribe, to pay a bill or present one, to offer a communication or a pistol, to shake me by the hand, or pull me by the nose. Editors now-a-days must always be on their guard. For my part, I am peaceable, and much attached to life, and should esteem it exceedingly disagreeable to be either shot or horsewhipped. I am not built for action, but love to sail in quiet waters; cordially eshewing gales, waves, water-spouts, sea-serpents, earthquakes, tornadoes, and all such matters, both on sea and land. My antipathy to a horsewhip is an inheritance from boyhood. It carried me across Cæsar's bridge, and through Virgil and Horace. I am indebted to it for a tolerable understanding of grammar, arithmetic, geography, and other occult sciences. It enlightened me not a little upon many algebraic processes, which to speak truth, presented, otherwise, but slender claims to my consideration. It disciplined me into an uniform propriety of manners, and instilled into my bosom early rudiments of wisdom, and principles of virtue. In my maturer years, the contingencies of life have thrust me rather abruptly, if not reluctantly, into the editorial fraternity, (heaven bless them, I mean them no disrespect,) and in the same candour

which distinguishes my former acknowledgments, I confess that visions of this instrument have occasionally obtruded themselves somewhat forcibly upon my fancy, in the paroxysms of an article, dampening the glow of composition, and causing certain qualifying interlineations and prudent erasures, prompted by the representations of memory or the whispers of prudence. The reader must not fancy, from the form of my expression, that I have ever been horsewhipped. I have hitherto escaped, (for which heaven be praised!) although my horizon has been darkened by many a cloudy threat, and thundering denunciation.

Nose-pulling is another disagreeable branch of the editorial business. To have any part of one pulled is annoying; but there is a dignity about the nose impatient even of observation or remark; while the act of taking hold of it with the thumb and finger is worse than murder, and can only be washed out with blood. Kicking, cuffing, being turned out of doors, being abused in the papers, &c. are bad, but these are mere minor considerations. Indeed, many of my brother editors rather pique themselves upon some of them, as a soldier does on the scars obtained in fighting the battles of his country; they fancy that, thereby, they are invested with claims upon their party, and suffer indefinite dreams of political eminence to be awakened in their bosoms. I have seen a fellow draw his hat fiercely down over his brow, and strut about, with insufferable importance, on the strength of having been thoroughly kicked by the enemy.

This is a long digression, but it passed rapidly through my mind as the little, hard-faced old gentleman stood before me, looking at me with a piercing glance, and a resolute air. At length, unlike a ghost, he spoke first.

"You are the editor?"—&c.

A slight motion of acquiescence with my head, and an affirmative wave of my hand, a little leaning toward the majestic, announced to my unknown friend the accuracy of his conjecture.

The little old gentleman's face relaxed—he took off his broad-brimmed hat, and laid it down with his cane carefully on the table, then seized my hand and shook it heartily. People are so polite and friendly when about to ask a favour.

"My dear sir," said he, "this is a pleasure I have long sought vainly. You must know, sir, I am the editor of a theatrical weekly—a neat thing in its way—here's the last number." He fumbled about in his pocket, and produced a red-covered pamphlet.

"I have been some time publishing it, and though it is admitted by all acquainted with its merits, to be clearly the best thing of the kind ever started this side of the Atlantic, yet people do not seem to take much notice of it. Indeed, my friends tell me that the public are not fully aware of its existence. Pray let me be indebted to you for a notice. I wish to get fairly afloat. You see I have been too diffident about it. We modest fellows allow our inferiors to pass us often. I will leave this number with you. Pray, pray give it a good notice."

He placed in my hands the eleventh number of the "North American Thespian Magazine," devoted to the drama, and also to literature, science, history, and the arts. On reading over the prospectus, I found it vastly comprehensive, embracing pretty much every subject in the world. If so extensive a plan were decently filled up in the details, the "North American Thespian Magazine" was certainly worth the annual subscription money, which was only one dollar. I said so under my "literary notices," in the next impression of my journal; and, although I had not actually read the work, yet it sparkled so with asterisks, dashes, and notes of admiration, that it looked interesting. I added in my critique, that it was elegantly got up, that its typographical execution reflected credit on the publishers, that its failure would be a grievous reproach to the city, that its editor was a scholar, a writer, and a gentleman, and was favourably known to the literary circles by the eloquence, wit, and feeling of his former productions. What those productions were, I should have been rather puzzled to say, never having read, or even heard of them. This, however, was the cant criticism of the day, which is so exorbitant and unmeaning, and so universally cast in one mould, that I was in some tribulation, on reading over the article in print, to find that I had omitted the words, "native genius," which possesses a kind of common-law right to a place in all articles on American literary productions. Forth, however, it went to the world, and I experienced a philanthropic emotion in fancying how pleased the little, hard-faced, old gentleman would be with these flattering encomiums on his "Thespian Magazine."

The very day my paper was out, as I was sitting "full fathom five" deep in an article on "The Advantages of Virtue," (an interesting theme, upon my views of which I rather flattered myself,) I was startled by three knocks at the door, and my "Come in" exhibited to view the broad-brimmed hat of the hard-faced old gentleman, with his breeches, buckles, gold-headed cane, and all. He laid aside his hat and cane with the air of a man who has walked a great way, and means to rest himself a while. I was very busy. It was one of my inspired moments. Half of a brilliant idea was already committed to paper. There it lay—a fragment—a flower cut off in the bud—a mere outline—an embryo; and my imagination cooling like a piece of red-hot iron in the open air. I raised my eyes to the old gentleman, with a look of solemn silence, retaining my pen ready for action, with my little finger extended, and hinting, in every way, that I was "not i' the vein." I kept my lips closed. I dipped the pen in the inkstand several times, and held it hovering over the sheet. It would not do. The old gentleman was not to be driven off his ground by shakes of the pen, ink-drops, or little fingers. He fumbled about in his pockets, and drew forth the red-covered "North American Thespian Magazine," devoted to the drama, &c., number twelve. He wanted "a good notice. The last was rather general. I had not specified its peculiar claims upon the public. I had copied nothing.

That sort of critique did no good. He begged me to read this *carefully*—to analyse it—to give it a *candid* examination." I was borne down by his emphatic manner; and being naturally of a civil deportment as well as, at that particular moment, in an impatient, feverish hurry to get on with my treatise on the "Advantages of Virtue," which I felt now oozing out of my subsiding brain with an alarming rapidity, I promised to read, notice, investigate, analyse to the utmost extent of his wishes, or at least of my ability.

I could scarcely keep myself screwed down to common courtesy till the moment of his departure; a proceeding which he accomplished with a most commendable self-possession and deliberate politeness. When he was fairly gone, I poked my head out, and called my boy.

"Peter."

"Sir."

"Did you see that little old gentleman, Peter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Should you know him again, Peter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if he ever come here again, Peter, tell him I am not in."

"Yes, sir."

I re-entered my little study, and closed the door after me with a slam, which could only have been perceptible to those who knew my ordinary still and mild manner. There might have been also a slight accent in my way of turning the key, and (candour is a merit!) I could not repress a brief exclamation of displeasure at the little old gentleman with his magazine, who had broken in so provokingly upon my "essay on virtue." "Virtue or no virtue," thought I, "I wish him to the d—."

My room is on the ground-floor, and a window adjoining the street lets in upon me the light and air through a heavy crimson curtain, near which I sit and scribble. I was just enlarging upon the necessity of resignation, while the frown yet lingered on my brow, and was writing myself into a more calm and complacent mood, when—another knock at the door. As I opened it, I heard Peter's voice asserting, sturdily, that I had "gone out." Never dreaming of my old enemy, I betrayed too much of my person to withdraw, and I was recognised and pounced upon by the little old gentleman, who had come back to inform me that he intended, as soon as the increase of his subscription would permit, to enlarge and improve the "North American Thespian Magazine," and to employ all the writers in town. "I intend also," said he, and he was in the act of again laying aside that everlasting hat and cane, when a cry of fire in the neighbourhood, and the smell of the burning rafters attracted him into the street, where, as I feared, he escaped unhurt. In many respects fires are calamities; but I never saw a more forcible exemplification of Shakspeare's remark, "There is some spirit of good in things evil," than in the relief afforded me on the present occasion. I wrote, after that, with my door locked. This I knew was, from the confined air, prejudicial to my health;

but what was dyspepsy or consumption to that little hard-faced old gentleman—to those breeches—to that broad-brimmed hat—to those buckles—to that gold-headed cane?

"Remember, Peter," said I, the second morning after the foregoing, "I have gone out."

"Where have you gone?" inquired Peter, with grave simplicity. "They always ask me where you have gone, sir. The little man with the hat was here last night, and wanted to go after you."

"Forbid it heaven! I have gone to Albany, Peter, on business."

I can hear in my room pretty much what passes in the adjoining one, where visitors first enter from the street. I had scarcely got comfortably seated, in a rare mood for poetry, giving the last touches to a poem, which, whatever might be the merits of Byron and Moore, I did not think altogether indifferent, when I heard the little old gentleman's voice inquiring for me.

"I *must* see him; I have important business," it said.

"He has gone out," replied Peter, in an under tone, in which I could detect the consciousness that he was uttering a bouncer.

"But I *must* see him," said the voice.

"The scoundrel!" muttered I.

"He is not in town, sir," said Peter.

"I will not detain him a single minute. It is of the greatest importance. He would be very sorry, *very*, should he miss me."

I held my breath—there was a pause—I gave myself up for lost—when Peter replied firmly,

"He is in Albany, sir. Went off at five o'clock this morning."

"Be back soon?"

"Don't know."

"Where does he stay?"

"Don't know."

"I'll call to-morrow."

I heard his retreating footsteps, and inwardly resolved to give Peter a half-dollar, although he deserved to be horsewhipped for his readiness at deception. I laughed aloud triumphantly; and slapped my hand down upon my knee with the feelings of a fugitive debtor, who, hotly pursued by a sheriff's officer, escapes over the line into another county and snaps his fingers at Monsieur Bailiff. I was aroused from my merry mood of reverie by a touch on my shoulder. I turned suddenly. It was the hard-faced little old gentleman, peeping in from the street. His broad-brimmed hat and two-thirds of his face were just lifted above the window-sill. He was evidently standing on tiptoe; and the window being open, he had put aside the curtain, and was soliciting my attention with the end of his cane.

"Ah!" said he, "is it you? Well, I *thought* it was you, though I wasn't sure. I won't interrupt you. Here are the proofs of number thirteen; you'll find something glorious in that—just the thing for you—don't forget me next week—good-bye. I'll see you again in a day or two."

I shall not cast a gloom over my readers by dwelling upon my feelings. Surely, surely, there are sympathetic bosoms among them. To them I appeal. I said nothing. Few could have detected anything violent or extraordinary in my manner, as I took the proofs from the end of the little old gentleman's cane, and laid them calmly on the table. I did not write any more about "virtue" that morning. It was out of the question. Indeed, my mind scarcely recovered from the shock for several days.

When my nerves are in any way irritated; I find a walk in the woods a soothing and agreeable sedative. Accordingly, the next afternoon, I wound up the affairs of the day earlier than usual, and set out for a ramble through the groves and along the shore of Hoboken. I was soon on one of the abrupt acclivities, where, through the deep rich foliage of the intertwining branches, I overlooked the Hudson, the wide bay, and the superb, steeped city, stretching in a level line of magnificence upon the shining waters, softened with an overhanging canopy of thin haze. I gazed at the picture, and contemplated the rivalry of nature with art, striving which could most delight. As my eye moved from ship to ship, from island to island, and from shore to shore—now reposing on the distant blue, then revelling in the nearer luxuriance of the forest green, I heard a step in the grass, and a little ragged fellow came up and asked me if I was the editor of the ——. I was about replying to him affirmatively, when his words arrested my attention. "A little gentleman with a hat and cane," he said, "had been inquiring for the editor, &c. at the adjoining hotel, and had given him sixpence to run up into the woods and find him." I rushed precipitately, as I thought, into the thickest recesses of the wood. The path, however, being very circuitous, I suddenly came into it, and nearly ran against a person whom it needed no second glance to recognise, although his back was luckily toward me. The hat, the breeches, the cane, were enough. If not, part of a red-covered pamphlet, sticking out of the coat-pocket, was. "It must be number thirteen!" I exclaimed; and as the little old gentleman was sauntering north, I shaped my course with all possible celerity in a southerly direction.

In order to protect myself for the future, I took precautionary measures; and in addition to having myself denied, I kept the window down, and made my egress and ingress through a door round the corner, as Peter told me he had several times seen the little old gentleman, with a package in his hand, standing opposite the one through which we usually entered, and looking at the office wistfully.

By means of these arrangements, I succeeded in preserving my solitude inviolate, when, to my indignation, I received several letters from different parts of the country, written by my friends, and pressing upon me, at the solicitation of the little old gentleman, the propriety of giving the "Theatrical Magazine" a good notice. I tore the letters, each one as I read them, into three pieces, and dropped them under the table. Business calling me, soon after, to Philadel-

phia, I stepped on board the steamboat, exhilarated with the idea that I was to have at least two or three weeks respite. I reached the place of my destination about five o'clock in the afternoon. It was lovely weather. The water spread out like unrippled glass, and the sky was painted with a thousand varying shadows of crimson and gold. The boat touched the shore, and while I was watching the change of a lovely cloud, I heard the splash of a heavy body plunged into the water. A sudden sensation ran along the crowd, which rushed from all quarters towards the spot; the ladies shrieked and turned away their heads; and I perceived that a man had fallen from the deck, and was struggling in the tide, with only one hand held convulsively above the surface. Being a practised swimmer, I hesitated not a moment, but flung off my hat and coat, and sprang to his rescue. With some difficulty I succeeded in bearing him to a boat and dragging him from the stream. I had no sooner done so, than to my horror and astonishment I found I had saved the little hard-faced old gentleman. His snuff-coloured breeches were dripping before me—his broad-brimmed hat floated on the current—but his cane (thank heaven!) had sunk for ever. He suffered no other ill consequences from the catastrophe than some injury to his garments and the loss of his cane. His gratitude for my exertions know no bounds. He assured me of his conviction that the slight acquaintance previously existing between us would now be ripened into intimacy, and informed me of his intention to lodge at the same hotel with me. He had come to Philadelphia to see about a plate for his sixteenth number, which was to surpass all its predecessors, and to which he would let me have an early copy, that I might notice it as it deserved.

INVASION OF ENGLAND BY THE FRENCH.¹

ENGLAND, we are assured, is in a defenceless state. All Europe menaces her safety; France, in particular, burning with hereditary hatred of the British Lion, is perpetually meditating an invasion of our crowded shores. We meanwhile stand in our unarmoured innocence, indulging in deep dreams of peace, and ready to be devoured by our gigantic enemy. Sir Francis Head, however, has been favoured with a vision, and no doubt most people will consult his pleasant volume to learn the particulars of their approaching fate. The imagination has magical power, and will create for us the picture of England invaded by a French army, of our great roads filled by columns of Gallic cavalry, our capital occupied by foreign troops, and ourselves overwhelmed in the sack and slaughter that would desolate our wealthy city.

Suddenly, on a fine May morning, the sails and smoke of a strange fleet are observed on the horizon. Steamer after steamer, under convoy of mighty leviathans, appears in view. A vast armament displays its formidable length along the English coast. It ap-

(1) "The Defenceless State of Great Britain." By Sir Francis Head, Bart. London. Murray. 1850.

proaches. The scared dwellers on the shore betake themselves to flight; the bells ring; stacks are set on fire; beacons blaze from cliff to cliff; the alarm runs along the country; and darkness arrives again, while the whole land is in commotion, and French columns are formed on English soil.

Some thoughtful patriots fly to the railway station. By "a few quivering motions of two little black needles," there appear simultaneously upon "the white dials of all the electric telegraphs in the United Kingdom the three words—*MENE, Tekel, Upharsi; Angliæ, THEY ARE COMING!*"

What sensations would thrill the nerves of all peaceful people! The great fearing for their property; the bishops for their revenues; the fundholders for their dividends; the landlords for their rents; the placemen for their salaries; the farmers for their crops; the parsons for their tithes; the tradesmen for their stocks; and the women for all but themselves. Then would the country, in unavailing sorrow, repent its niggardly economy. Had the proposition of Sir Francis Head been adopted, what a splendid result! Had we raised and paid a standing army of 150,000 men, we might set up the British banner, spread its folds to the blast, and meet the force of invasion by a shock of tenfold power. Our author draws a richly-coloured picture of the scenes that would ensue after the alarm was spread through England.

In our dockyards every ship of war would swarm like an ant-hill with labourers. Masts, yards, sails, and riggings, would assume their places as if by magic. Guns and powder-barrels would be rolled on deck. Trains of hardy tars, ready primed for battle, would pour on board; ship after ship would weigh anchor, and soon a mighty fleet, with the British flag displayed, would sail forth in search of the impudent invader. Next day the town would blaze with placards;—"**LATEST INTELLIGENCE—HALF-PAST FIVE.—GLORIOUS NEWS—BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH. DESTRUCTION OF THE FRENCH FLEET OFF THE COAST OF KENT.—ROUT OF THE INVADERS AND TRIUMPH OF THE BRITISH ARMS!!!**"

With proper deference to the military science of Sir Francis Head, we imagine that if ever our neighbours should be so mad as to attempt an invasion of our shores, the newspaper-proprietors might print such placards beforehand, and rest certain of the receipt of such news. He, however, confides little trust to the navy—the sole and sufficient bulwark of our island. From all parts of England he would have the red-coated gentry issue in swarms out of their barracks to crowd down and defend their coasts. Soldiers, rammed, crammed, and jammed by thousands into first, second, and third-class carriages, bullock, ballast, coal, and luggage-trucks, "would, in silent joy, through the verdant fields of merry England be seen flying along every railway in the kingdom towards the metropolis." Cheers would welcome them as they passed; the clink of arms; the roll of drums, the tramp of feet, and "horses to battle going," the exciting shout, and all the varied notes of war would

perpetually strike the ear. All day and all night cannon would rumble through our streets, bayonets glimmer by myriads along our roads, every ray of sunlight be reflected from a sword, and the land quako under the ceaseless tramp of cavalry. The end of all this is most comfortable. The invaders, we are told, would be caught in the awkward position of having one leg on sea and the other on shore. The French officers would have to excite their troops, the English to restrain theirs. Ultimately, the Gallic host is to be smitten with the edge of the sword, routed, scattered, and driven back into the sea with awful and unsparing slaughter.

Next day the enemy would send by electric telegraph apologies and proposals of peace. London would be illuminated; John Bull would shed tears of joy. Pewter medals would be distributed among the soldiers of the line; stars and pensions among the officers. The army would then go comfortably into peace quarters, and be paid thirty millions a-year for standing between the people and their liberties. The nation could then express its thanks to Sir Francis Head by creating him field-marshal, giving him ten thousand a-year, erecting him a monument five hundred feet high, and getting the great sculptor Baily to execute a bust of him for the British Walkhalla.

But supposing the French come now, says Sir Francis, before my plan is adopted! Ay, there's the rub! The Queen, he tells us, is to be packed off to a fortified dockyard, in a safe conveyance, marked,—"Royalty; with care. This side up." The army is to follow her into close quarters, and abandon the palaces, the Houses of Parliament, the bishops' castles, the Bank, the wealth, the property, not to mention the people of London, to their fate. What would that fate be? Sir Francis will explain presently. Meanwhile, he tells the reason why the useless and costly army we already have should not fight. If it fought and were destroyed, "the British nation would be ANNihilated; whereas, if London only were to be captured, the nation would be RUINED, but not ANNihilated." The country must wait three years to stir its blood up for an assault on the invader!

As for defending London by an entrenched line of positions, it would take a long time, and cost, at least, two millions, which Sir Francis hardly hopes will be expended on it. Holding it unfortified, would be impossible. The cities of Spain, containing massively-built convents, with flat roofs and covered balconies, can resist no siege, therefore London could not. The reasoning is cogent; but we pass it by. The French army is on the march! It sweeps the country as it goes. Farmhouses, villages, towns, and cities, are devastated by the way, and foreign troops are quartered under every English roof on the road. Sir Francis shall carry on the narrative:—

"The French army, after leisurely marching towards London, through—say Maidstone, Tunbridge, and Chatham, its right resting on the Thames, would probably encamp on and in the neighbourhood of Blackheath, and here Woolwich, OUR MAIN AND ALMOST ONLY ARSENAL, in which *all* our brass guns are made,—the great dépôt

of guns and ordnance preparations for our navy, as, also, for the preparation of our shells, rockets, fireworks, and cartridges,— would fall into his hands!

"Remaining here for a few days, until his rear, filled up by successive reinforcements from France, had increased his force to, say 200,000 men, he might then safely inform the French admiral that he and his fleet being no longer required, might quietly return to Cherbourg; for it is evident that if the French army, after reaching Blackheath, were to be conquered, they would neither as corpses, nor as prisoners of war, require their own fleet, and that if they were not conquered, the ships and navy of England would be but too happy to take them back to France the instant they were disposed to return there.

"About a month after the French ships had arrived at Cherbourg, there would probably arrive in the Channel in a state of profuse perspiration, caused by eager and excessive haste, the British Mediterranean fleet, the admiral of which would be apprised by a communication, possibly dated, 'Admiralty, London,' that any damage he might do to French coasts or to French shipping would, by the French army in England, be duly placed to the Dr. side of its account with Great Britain."

Though the French general might from Blackheath dictate terms of submission to the English nation, he would probably prefer to imitate that great bully Napoleon, and do so in a conquered capital. Accordingly, with drums beating, trumpets braying, and banners flying, he would march into London, and there, we are informed, would fix his camps at various points. Those that Sir Francis indicates are:— St. James's and the Green Parks, Hyde Park, under shelter of Paxton's glass palace, Regent's Park, any open ground about Hackney and Bow, Deptford Dockyard, Clapham, Camberwell, Brixton and Battersea, Highgate, Primrose Hill: he might emulate the ancient Roman camps, and look down upon London in all a conqueror's pride. It behoves, therefore, the dwellers in these localities to consider, whether they would not incur the certainty of having their taxes doubled rather than run the risk of an event like this.

All large buildings, warehouses, public offices, &c. would be occupied as barracks or hospitals. It would be necessary to provide shelter for the horses, and Sir Francis considers churches peculiarly fit for the purpose. So all parsons, whether Popish or Puseyite, would have to yield their places and preach in the open air. Next to the horses, the officers would claim attention. Each of these delicate animals would be billeted in a good house, requiring from four or five rooms, according to his rank, and insist upon living on free and easy terms with the family.

"The interior of the city would, of course, be strongly watched by powerful guards and numerous patrols, supported by detachments occupying strong buildings, either commanding useful positions, or in open places such as the squares. For these purposes and for the important object of maintaining a communication with the main forces in the outskirts, a precaution always of vital importance, the Millbank Penitentiary, the New Houses of Parliament, the Horse-Guards, Whitehall, the Admiralty, up to the National Gallery and barracks adjoining, and all the other great buildings round Trafalgar Square, as well as all the club-houses about Waterloo-Place and Pall Mall, would be strongly

occupied, and to secure a communication from these points to Regent's Park, and also to interrupt any hostile communication between the eastern and west positions of London, the whole of Regent-street would probably be occupied. Lastly, to command the line of the Thames, which would, of course, be considered of great military importance, troops would hold, in considerable force, Hungerford Market, Somerset House, the Tower, St. Katherine's and the London Docks, the buildings of which are admirably adapted for barracks."

Having caught his fish, the French General would next proceed to dress it. Sir Francis describes this process in the language of a true tory. He endeavours to damage the liberal cause in this country by insinuating that it is allied with the national enemies, and declares that among the "humiliations" England would be compelled to suffer, would be "Parliamentary Reform," an equalisation of public burdens and public benefits, and the natural adjustment of the social machine. The French would, as he terms it, "lubricate the lower orders"¹ first, and then proceed to provide for themselves. They would employ bands of renegade citizens (of course, reformers) to work out their views. These detestable individuals would make the round of the town, visit every "respectable" house, and force from every family, say half its wealth. Furniture, wine, plate, pictures, horses, carriages, merchandise, &c., would be taken in pledge of payment. Tax-gatherers, with bayonets fixed, would ransack all our dwellings, and a few refractory citizens would be hanged by way of example. And the newspapers? they would fare terribly! To every editor a message would be sent that he should print nothing disagreeable to the invaders.

If these orders were not complied with, the unhappy editor, says Sir Francis, would have his coat pulled off, his whiskers clipped, his hair cut short, his face covered with plaster, and daubed with pitch. He would be tortured by the soldiery, perhaps with thumb-screws, and those delicate inventions of cruelty employed by the Dutch against the English at Amboyna. Should he remonstrate or cry out, his mouth might be filled with small pica, or visited by the end of a brush dipped in hot turpentine. The presses would be broken, the types confused and scattered, the forms dashed to fragments, the offices burned. Probably, every blank cheque found on the premises would be filled up, and presented at the banks by men with good means of enforcing payment. With thousands of riotous soldiers in its streets, London would then be a fine place to live in. You could not move without being watched—could not cross Regent-street unless under surveillance—and would probably be lightened of your purse every time you attempted to carry one. Should you wish to save your money by hiding it at home, you run the risk of being shot in revenge by a French sentinel. Meanwhile, the invaders would make their quarters comfortable. To supply the scattered camps, regular forage parties would parade the town. Butchers, bakers, grocers, wine-dealers,

(1) The "lower orders" are indebted to Sir Francis for this graceful compliment, which we hope our readers of that class will appreciate. They would sell themselves to the French, we believe, for a promise of Parliamentary Reform!

and venders of provisions in all variety, would be laid under contribution. London must support its conquerors. Scenes of debauch, carried to the highest point of excess, would multiply in every direction; and the ancient metropolis of the British Empire, given up to rapine, would suffer the penalty of refusing to support an idle army of fifteen myriads of men. We must be annually ruined to provide against an impossible contingency.

When he had firmly established himself in London, the French general, armed with full powers by his grateful and exulting government, would consider what fruit should be reaped after so fine a season of success. In the first place, he would seek to balance the heavy humiliations France has, in the course of time, received at the hands of England. Every banner won on victorious battle-fields would be seized and "trophied in triumphal show;" all the spoils of Trafalgar and Waterloo would be resumed; exulting songs would be sung under roofs that never before echoed but to the sound of English rejoicing; our public buildings, our records, our House of Commons—all that we are proud of—would be filled by French soldiers, and guarded as the possessions of an enemy. Above all, the venerable flag, rendered sacred by a thousand years of glory, would flap its drooping folds under the triumphant colours of an invader. Insulting proclamations, vaunts, and threats, would be placarded on the walls, and messages would be sent to our statesmen, such as would make the blood tingle in their veins. The queen, cooped up in a dockyard, with Lord John and Sir Peter Laurie, would tremblingly await the turning of the tide. Meanwhile, Sir Francis Head, being called on to serve his country, would prepare a great dose of soldiers for the French, and Carlo Napier would exhibit that perfection of naval skill to which he so frequently calls our attention.

Having in every possible way enjoyed the rich feast of English humiliation, the French would next think about the solid advantages to arise from their achievement. In the first place, a small slice of India would be acceptable—perhaps that little territory called Bengal, with all forts, guns, and munitions of war belonging or appertaining thereto. Then their general would suggest that a certain small white column, set up, one fine morning, by General Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, in Canada, should be removed, and the possessions restored. Thus would France be compensated for the shame and loss she suffered on that memorable day. The frowning fortress of Quebec, with all the fair and wealthy provinces it guards, must be delivered over. After that, an island or two in the West Indies would be acceptable. Then the little settlement at the Cape, and some good port on the Australian coast, might be ceded. When we had surrendered these, France might let us retain the rest of our possessions, if we would only quietly give up Gibraltar and Malta, with Singapore, Labuan, and Hong-kong, in the oriental seas. As a supplementary stipulation, we must recall Sir James Brooke, whose

influence in the Indian Archipelago is rendering the English name so popular there that our neighbours fear to be wholly forgotten in that quarter.

Thus shorn of our colonies—for Sir Francis hints at no resistance to these demands—we might proceed to stipulate as to the amount of ransom to be paid for London. Computing its population at two millions, and valuing the personal interest of each individual at 25%, the sum would amount to 50,000,000%. Add to this an equal payment from the public coffers, and France might consent to spare London for 100,000,000%. When we consider that every citizen has already lost half his goods, and been compelled to contribute towards the support of the invaders, it may be imagined the cockneys would have to pay rather dearly for the privilege of entertaining such lively visitors. To be sure, a few young ladies, sociably inclined, might learn French from the foreign soldiers, and save their parents the expense of a boarding-school education. We doubt, however, whether this advantage would compensate for the evils of the transaction.

In addition to these demands, there would be certain treaties required to be signed with respect to commerce, slavery, the right of search, the limitations of the English colonial empire, and favourable terms of trade for the French. At length, should we gracefully yield, all would be arranged, and the invader would return to his capital after a three years' residence in the British metropolis. Of course we must pay his fare back to Paris.

Such are the humiliations—indicated rather than described—which Sir Francis declares we must suffer when the French choose to invade our shores. But should we be refractory,—should the English spirit burst forth, and Englishmen fly to arms in defence of their capital city! Invention faints, fancy is cold, and imagination is barren, when required to depict the scene that would ensue. London must expiate in ruin the fanaticism of its citizens!

At the signal of havoc, the army would close on the devoted city. A storm of martial music would sound around it, and troops would pour in on every side, to consummate its destruction. Soldiers, frantic with rage, would throng its streets; they would set the houses on fire, burst open the stores of wealth, ransack the dwellings, rob the churches, spoil the altars, sack the banks, burn the shipping, invade the palace, and trample down the throne. Crown, coronet, mitre, and cardinal's hat, with all the frippery of greatness, would be tossed into bonfires,—no place, no thing would be spared; no person, from sex, age, or station, would find respect. The more splendid the building, the brighter blaze it will make; the more "exalted" the individual, the better object of sport; the fairer and more tender the woman, the richer the prize for a savage and drunken soldiery. Children spitted on the bayonet; men hewed to pieces, or burned; women insulted and tortured—all these, and worse, are the horrors suggested by Sir Francis Head to accompany his view of the sack of London and the slaughter of its inhabitants: we cannot enlarge the

sketch. Most readers are familiar with the ideas of a city in such a situation; to those who are not, we recommend a perusal of the recent work by General P  p  , on the Revolution in Italy. There we have, graphically painted, the most vivid pictures of the atrocities committed, by command of the Austrian Emperor, upon the brave republicans of Brescia. That will faintly suggest the idea of such a city as London in the hands of invaders, thirsting for blood and plunder.

At the end of about three years, when England had been ruined, an army and fleet might be gathered sufficient to revenge its wrongs. A poor consolation! At any rate, however, when the French had annihilated our commerce, stricken our industry with paralysis, stopped all the wheels of government, and brought eternal infamy on the nation's name, it would be some satisfaction to rout their armies, drive them from London, chase them to the borders of the sea, hunt them into their ships, and then, with our navy, to sweep their fleets off the water, and overwhelm them with ruin at a blow! If this be cold comfort, it is all Sir Francis Head affords us.

Now, however, that we have awakened from this broken dream of terror, we may leave speculations, and examine some of the facts which alarm Sir Francis Head. Europe, he reminds us, is concentrating enormous masses of armed men, which menace the peace of the whole world. In the event of a general war, our poor armies would stand but a small chance with the gigantic hosts of France and Russia. Let us first see what is the force of the English army, and then compare it with those of foreign nations. In England we have about 37,000 men; in Ireland about 24,000; in the Mediterranean, 8,000; in Asia, 30,500 "royal troops," with, perhaps, 100,000 in the pay of the East India Company; in Africa, nearly 4,000; in the rest of our colonies, 20,000;—making a total of about 230,000, besides 30,000 pensioners, more or less worn out; 8,000 dock-yard men, occasionally drilled; 13,000 yeomanry (why not 300,000?) and in the Channel Islands, nearly 9,000 effective militia. The standing army in England, in fact, is too small to protect, too large to be supported, and might well be replaced by a comparatively costless, and infinitely more dignified defence, in the shape of a national militia.

In France there is a regular army of 488,000 men, with a national guard numbering 2,630,000. In Austria, during peace, there are 378,552 soldiers under arms; but during war, the Landwehr, or reserve of the regular army, would raise the total to nearly 600,000. In Prussia, the regular army, on its war footing, is composed of 546,670 men, besides 100,000 above forty years of age, who could be summoned on great emergencies. The military forces of Russia amount to 950,000 men, so that about three millions of enemies may be supposed—according to the prophets of civil—to threaten the sanctity of our seagirt isle. But, as we have terrified our friends, let us appease their fears by a few facts borrowed from an able and well-informed contemporary—the *United*

Service Magazine. They show the strength of those floating fortresses—the sole and sufficient defence of England—which place us beyond the danger of invasion. At the present moment, when war hangs like a thunder-cloud on the horizon, such an account is peculiarly interesting and valuable.

The naval force of Great Britain consists of about 688 vessels, of from 1 to 120 guns each, employing 45,000 able-bodied seamen, 2,000 lads, and 14,000 royal marines. This fleet contains 165 war-steamers. Our mercantile navy and our fishing marine supply additional stores of strength, perfectly inexhaustible, and ready trained.

The French navy consists altogether of about 400 vessels, manned by 25,000 men.

The Russian fleets are composed of 180 ships, manned by 42,000 men. The navy of the prosperous American Republic, of which England need fear nothing, since it is our best friend, contains 80 ships, manned by some of the finest sailors in the world.

We have no space to review, as our contemporary has done, the causes which contribute to maintain the absolute supremacy of Great Britain on the sea. No foreign navy approaches hers in power. As for a standing army, we want none. Sir Francis Head's proposal of a military force of 150,000 men quartered in the country is monstrous. The experiment would sink the country into bankruptcy, or drive it into revolution. The English fleets, in case of attempted invasion, will protect the English shores. No armament could ever leave the French coast with less than a year's preparation. Napoleon, with all his genius, was compelled to give up the darling scheme. He knew the heart of England was impregnable; and what he could not attempt, what man in France could now accomplish? By the time the invading armament was ready, our seas would swarm with ships, our shores would be covered with men, ready to defend their hearths and homes. At the signal, "They have set sail!" the whole country would awake. Every man would leave his fireside, every mother would send her son, every forge in the island would glow, and every anvil bear the strokes of hammers, shaping iron into pikes and swords. The railways would pour myriads on myriads of armed men to the scene of danger; the fleet, recruited from the merchant navy, would throw itself between our cliffs and the enemy's armament, and, in the words of the *United Service Magazine*, "the sixty thousand men would probably thank their stars if we left them a cockboat to paddle back to their native coasts."

If we have jested with Sir Francis Head, it has been with all courtesy, and with very good humour. We relished his book very much. We advise our friends to read it. It is full of a novel and fascinating interest, pleasantly written, and, in some parts, absolutely romantic. The ladies, to whom it is dedicated, must acknowledge Sir Francis to plead well for their protection. He is anxious for their safety. So are we. But all the fair ones in the country may rest assured, that if we decline to vote for an army of

150,000 men to guard them, it is not from a carelessness of their safety. On the contrary, we beg all terrified damsels to believe us to have such an opinion of Englishmen, that, when the occasion occurs, we would trust to their impromptu valour the defence of those who form the richest treasures of the land!

MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

I HAVE a peculiar affection for old clocks; especially that sober race of puritanical clocks, with long, lank bodies, that stand so primly in the corners of rooms, slowly and discreetly ticking away the hours, as if it were a sober, solemn business, this disposing of time, as in truth it is: and that keep their hands always before their pious faces, as if to shut out the frivolous forms and fopperies of their later days. How impertinently your new-fangled clocks appear beside them! With what a rattle-headed jerk they tick off the minutes, as if they were impatient to come to the striking, and hear themselves jingle in their folly! You see none of this in the good old-fashioned time-pieces. I think they abominate striking: it gives them such spasms, and they strike so slowly and fearfully, that I am sure they dread it. Then how pertly these new clocks put their hands before their faces, like silly school girls, tittering at everything they see! Give *me* the good old-fashioned clocks, in their rich mahogany casings, that smack of the olden time: the quaint old clocks, that look as if they had innumerable stories to tell me of my great-grandfather, who died an hundred years ago at Salem, in "the witch time." I hope I am not blinded by family prejudice, but I *did* use to think that my grandfather's clock was the worthiest clock that ever ran up and down in the race with Time.

I sat by the fireside one December night, looking full in the face of this old clock, counting its slow tickings, and wondering if it never got tired and stiff, standing there so straight and prim, and wishing all the while that my grandfather would begin his promised story. But he seemed in no haste; for he sat in his accustomed corner, quietly smoking his pipe, and looking steadily into the glowing coals; peering, as I thought, into the changing embers to recognise the familiar forms and faces of old comrades and friends. I ventured to express this idea in a whisper to a little urchin whom my grandfather had undertaken to "bring up," and who now sat before the ruddy fire, trying on for the fiftieth time his first pair of boots. He said he "thought it probable that he was;" and further, he "thought it sensible in the old gentlemen to look there, as he knew no other place than the fire where my grandfather would be likely to find the forms of those old soldier 'nobs' with whom he had caroused in the wars." Having relieved himself of this opinion, he carefully shut one eye for the space of half a minute, then opened it with a jerk, and went into the leather business with renewed energy. I was not a little scandalized at the

impudence of the fellow, so I sat perfectly still, and relinquished my idea.

As I said before, my grandfather seemed in no hurry to commence his story, so I sat quite quiet, communing with my old friend the clock. I don't know but I might have continued to gaze at its honest face until this time, had it not suddenly stopped ticking, and distinctly winked at me! Yes, "Old Knick," that old clock *winked at me*; not lewdly, as is but too common now-a-days, but solemnly and drowsily; not once, but twice, thrice, four times; and then it nodded; and what with nodding and winking, at length I lost sight of it entirely.

When I opened my eyes again, methought I saw a long baronial hall, with a polished oaken floor, and quaint oaken panelling, and thick oaken cornices round the ceiling; and then there were huge antlers nailed upon the walls, and prim, stately pictures starting out from the oaken wainscotting, and a great fireplace on one side, with a roaring fire in it, that sent dancing and flickering lights and shadows upon the polished panels, and played fantastic tricks with the old paintings, making them wave and quiver, and nod to one another in the most familiar and friendly manner. I assure you, Sir, I could hardly believe the evidence of my own senses when I saw that there was a goodly company of old-fashioned clocks assembled there. There were fat old oaken clocks, plethoric gentlemen, who wheezed and talked with difficulty, and there were slim mahogany clocks, prim stately ladies of the old school, who tossed their haughty heads, and "bridled up," and made sweeping courtesies, when the old gentlemen saluted them and facetiously asked "how time went with 'em." And then there were brazen-faced, and solemn-faced, and wooden-headed looking clocks; but they all bustled about, and chatted, and gossiped, in a truly wonderful manner for such ancient people. My grandfather's clock was there, and a gallant sprig of a beau he was. His puritanical manner had quite disappeared; he talked a great deal, and cut a great many jokes, and paid such pointed attentions to a blooming widow of a clock, that he kept her breast in a continual flutter. Ah! his attentions were almost scandalous; such as I never should have suspected of the staid old clock who used to stand in my grandfather's kitchen and tell the church time on Sunday mornings!

Just at this moment there was a great bustle at the further end of the hall, and in stalked a gentleman whom I knew immediately by his scythe and grey beard, for I had seen a picture of him in the primer only the day before. He bustled into the centre of the hall, and said, in quite a cheerful voice for so old a man, "The company mustn't lose time!"—at which pleasantry all the clocks smiled. Then he took a bunch of keys from his girdle, and stepping up to one of the clocks, thrust it into his breast and turned it for some time: at which liberty the clock looked indignant, and made a chuckling noise, and seemed as if about to strike; but he thought better of it and didn't. When the old gentleman had visited all the

company in like manner, he stepped to one side of the room and cried out that "now they were wound up they could go:" at which all the clocks smiled again, as if old Time had "come a good turn" on 'em. And now there was a great bowing and scraping among the clocks, and finally they all took their places on the floor and moved slowly off—"tick, tick, tick"—in the measure of the contra-dance. Forward and back, slowly, up and down, stately, *vis-à-vis*, this wheezy old gentleman balancing to that tim matron opposite, and that sleepy-looking clock at the farther end of the room hob-nobbing to himself, forgetting time and tune. Tick, tick! Mahoganies change; my grandfather's clock and the blooming widow down the middle; bless her! how her heart palpitated, and how amorously the old fellow eyed her! Ah, I fear he had but a sorry character in his youthful days, when he was nothing but a watch! Still, up and down, over and back (they kept wonderful time for such old people), until the Oaks got out of breath and the Mahoganies looked red in the face. Then they stopped and gathered into little groups, and began to be facetious and witty. One old fellow remarked that he felt nearly "run down;" at which the gentlemen smothered their laughter, and the ladies grew redder in the face, and looked out of the window; for it reminded them of "running down at the heel," and "heel" wasn't exactly a proper word to use in the presence of high-born dames.

After a little time they took their places for a Scotch reel, and my grandfather's clock was just swinging his partners off in gallant style, when the hall-door burst open, and in rushed a jaunty rabble of modern clocks! They came in laughing and chattering like magpies. They all had short bodies and slim legs, which they dangled about curiously, looking like a troupe of modern ballet-dancers. The old clocks were quite shocked at the indecent spectacle, and with a haughty step they all moved out of the room, except my grandfather's, who stood looking angrily at them. Zounds! what a clatter and bustle there was there! How the young clocks hopped and danced through the cotillion. Right and left, hurry and tumble, short bodies and slim legs—how they flew round one another and round themselves! Up and down, and off in tangents; and how they giggled and tittered, and couldn't have stood still if they were going to be burnt. And then, when they came to the jig, whew! how they "went it!"—rat-a-ta-tat! each one "going in to win"—and how the merry bells of each one jingled and rattled, keeping time to the clattering feet on the oaken floor! My grandfather's clock could stand it no longer, so he strode firmly up to the dancers and exclaimed, "One!"

When I looked up, my grandfather had his hand on the bed-room door-latch. He had told his story, and I had missed it. Reader, so have you; but if I'm so sleepy another time, you may call my grandfather a tory!—*N. Y. Knickerbocker.*

THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

AMONGST all compositions, these alone deserve the name of sacred lyrics. These alone contain a poetry that meets the spiritual nature in all its moods and in all its wants, which strengthens virtue with glorious exhortations, gives angelic eloquence to prayer, and almost rises to the seraph's joy in praise. In distress and fear, they breathe the low, sad murmur of complaint; in penitence, they groan with the agony of the troubled soul. They have a gentle music for the peace of faith; in adoration, they ascend to the glory of creation, and the majesty of God. For assemblies or for solitude, for all that gladdens and all that grieves, for our heaviness and despair, for our remorse and our redemption, we find in these divine harmonies the loud or the low expression. Great has been their power in the world. They resounded amidst the courts of the tabernacle; they floated through the lofty and solemn spaces of the temple. They were sung with glory in the halls of Zion; they were sung with sorrow by the streams of Babel. And when Israel had passed away, the harp of David was still awakened in the church of Christ. In all the cras and ages of that church, from the hymn which first it whispered in an upper chamber, until its anthems filled the earth, the inspiration of the royal prophet has enraptured its devotions, and ennobled its rituals.

And thus it has been, not alone, in the august cathedral or the rustic chapel. Chorused by the winds of heaven, they have swelled through God's own temple of the sky and stars; they have rolled over the broad desert of Asia, in the matins and vespers of ten thousand hermits. They have rung through the deep valleys of the Alps, in the sobbing voices of the forlorn Waldenses; through the steepes and caves of Scottish highlands, in the rude chantings of the Scottish covenanters; through the woods and wilds of primitive America, in the heroic hallelujahs of the early pilgrims.

Nor is it in the congregation, alone, that David has given to the religious heart a voice. He has given an utterance, also, for its privacy,—for the low-lying invalid,—soothing the dreariness of pain, softening the monotony of heavy time, supplying the prayer or the promise, with which to break the midnight or the sleepless hour: for the unhappy, to give them words of sadness, by which to relieve their disquieted and their cast-down souls; by which to murmur between themselves and God, the holy sorrow that heaven alone should hear: for the penitent, when the arrows of conviction rankle in his breast, when the light of grace would seem departed, and the ear of mercy closed,—then David gives the cry of his own impassioned deprecation, in supplication and confession. And when contrition has found repose, and the tempest of lamentation been stilled by the assurance of peace, he gives the hymn of his exultant and of his grateful praise.

LEWIS ARUNDEL;¹

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEIGH."

CHAPTER LI.

TREATS OF A METAMORPHOSIS NOT DESCRIBED BY OVID.

WE must now request our readers to draw on the seven-leagued boots of their imaginations, and, thus accoutred, to stride remorselessly over the space of two years. 'Tis soon done;—a slight mental effort, an agile hop, skip, and jump of the fancy, and the gulf is passed—time is annihilated. Let us raise the curtain, and mark the changes the destroyer has wrought. The world goes round much the same as it did before; two years make little difference in the personal appearance of the fifty-eight-centuries-old planet—no lack of births, deaths and marriages, to regulate the average supply of the human race; if the cholera creates a deficiency one year, more poor curates marry, and starving Irishmen take unto themselves wives, the next, and those "beautiful" babies, who contrive to turn out such very plain adults, multiply upon the face of the earth, and the thinned ranks are replenished. And yet two years cause strange alterations, when we dive beneath the surface of society, and become cognisant of the fortunes of individuals;—smiles have given place to tears, and the grief of the mourner has turned to joy; poor men have grown rich, and rich men poor, and the bad (with but few, very few, exceptions to prove the rule) have become worse, and the good advanced in righteousness; and the mass of the half-hearted, clinging yet more closely to this earth of which they are so enamoured, where their grave is awaiting them, see heaven afar off, and wish feebly, and for a shorter time each seventh day, that they were good enough to reach it. Thus the passenger train, with its cargo of hopes, and fears, and wishes, speeds along the RAILROAD OF LIFE.

In a magnificent apartment in one of those Arabian-night-like edifices, a Venetian palazzo, which,—having belonged to one of the great historical families of the middle ages, whose chief was, by virtue of his position, a petty sovereign, was now let for the season to a wealthy Englishman,—lounged Charles Leicester, whose own surprise at the change of fortune which could render such a description of him appropriate, had not even yet ceased. On a sofa opposite sat his wife, on whose knee was perched a very young gentleman, to whom we could scarcely sooner have introduced our readers, for the excellent reason that he had not made his appearance at the Cradle Terminus of our Railroad when last we treated of his amiable parents. The present phase of this extremely young aristocrat was, so to speak, one of ex-babyhood; he was in the very act of ceasing to be "the most beautiful creature in the world," and, as yet, retained enough of his pristine loveliness to deserve the epithet

of a really pretty child. He exhibited in his proper person an instance of that strange phenomenon which (why, we have either *no* idea, or, we hope, for the sake of morality, a *wrong* one) always excites such extreme astonishment in the minds of all nurses, maiden aunts, and female acquaintance,—he was decidedly like his own proper papa and mamma. For the rest, when placed on the carpet, he preferred a quadrupedal to an erect method of progression,—had a strange habit of making the rashest experiments in gastronomy, by putting everything wrong and dangerous into his mouth,—never sat still for two minutes consecutively,—would, in the same breath, laugh heartily and bewail himself piteously, from exciting causes, which may be expected to remain a mystery throughout all time, and confined his conversation to two substantives and a colloquial hieroglyphic—*viz.* "Pap-pa," "Mam-ma," and "gib-Tarley," which last was believed to be an infantine-English compound of his proper name and the verb "to give," and signified an insatiable desire to render himself monarch of all he surveyed by a process of general self-appropriation. At the moment in which we shall introduce the reader to the party thus assembled, a servant entered, bearing a packet of letters on a silver waiter, and, handing them to Leicester, withdrew.

"Letters from England, by Jove!" exclaimed Charles, untying the string which encircled them.

"Any for me, Charley?" inquired Laura, who, in her position of wife and mother, looked the prettiest little matron conceivable.

"Two for me, and one for you, from Annie Grant, if I may judge by the writing," replied her husband, as he rose to hand it to her.

"Gib-Tarley, pap-pa! gib-Tarley," vociferated that individual in the prettiest of infantine trebles, making insane plunges at the letters.

Laura, raising her hand above the curly pate of her acquisitive offspring, gained possession of the interesting missive, then, holding "Tarley" out at arm's length, she exclaimed:—

"Here, take your boy, papa, he is in a troublesome humour, and I wish to read my letter in peace."

Leicester meekly obeyed, muttering as he did so, "Wide-awake young woman, knows a thing or two, that mamma of yours, master Tarley:" then taking the child on his knee, he continued, "now Tarley means to be a good boy, and sit quite still, because papa is going to be busy with the affairs of the state."

The effect of this exhortation appeared to be to excite, on the part of the young gentleman to whom it was addressed, a sudden and violent determination there and then to convert his father into an extempore high-mettled racer, which equine transformation he strove to accomplish by placing himself astride on the paternal knee, clutching a fragile and delicate watch-chain by way of bridle, kicking the sides of his fictitious Rosinante with immense juvenile vigour, and vociferating at the top of his small voice, "Pap-pa, gee-gee! pap-pa, gee-gee!"

Charley cast an appealing glance at his wife; she

(1) Continued from p. 351.

appeared hopelessly immersed in her letter, so resigning himself to his fate, he murmured faintly,—“The thermometer stands at 75° in the shade, that’s all,” and started at a brisk canter. The progress of the ride, however, served to exhilarate both horse and jockey to such a degree that, ere long, a violent game at romps was established, which ended in papa’s perching his youthful son on his shoulder, and, still influenced by the equestrian hypothesis, galloping round the room with him, and clearing the sofa at a flying leap in the course of their rapid career, to Laura’s undisguised terror.

“There, my dear Charles, that will do, you will break the child’s neck and your own also, to a certainty if you do such wild things; now ring for nurse to take him, I want to talk to you about this letter.”

“Tarley,” however, by no means approving of this arrangement, and insisting strenuously upon a prolongation of his ride, his father, who it must be confessed rather spoiled him than otherwise, complied with his demand for “Gee-gee more!” by again dashing round the room with him, and continuing his headlong course till he had deposited his rider within the august precincts of the nursery, where the precocious Ducrow, falling under the baleful glance of an autocratic nurse, subsided into a state of infantine depression, and was heard no more.

Leicester, having returned to the apartment in which he had left his wife, flung himself, in a state of apparent exhaustion, upon the sofa he had lately jumped over, exclaiming—“That child will be the death of me, I’m certain of it; where he can get all this dreadful energy of character from I can’t conceive: it must come from the Peyton side, for I’m certain that even at his early age, I had a much more clearly defined idea of the *dolce far niente* than that unnatural little essence of quicksilver possesses; by Jove if he should turn out as fast when he grows up as he appears now before he has begun growing at all, it will be an awful look out for our grey hairs.”

“Nonsense, Charley, you’ve energy enough when you care to exert it; in fact it is all your own doing, you know you delight to excite the child. But now be sensible, and sit up and listen to me, for I really want to consult you about this letter.”

“As to listening to you, my love, I’m only too happy to do so at all times and seasons, and I’ll promise to be as sensible as is compatible with my general mental capacity, but in regard to the sitting up, you really must excuse me. I have a strong idea I sprained something in jumping over this sofa just now, my back or my shin, I forget the precise spot, but I can assure you it requires rest.”

“Oh, you idle man,” was the laughing answer, “how incorrigible you are!” and as Laura pronounced this condemnation she seated herself on a footstool by her husband’s side, drew out her letter and handing it to him, said, “They have consented to my plan, and are coming here in the course of the next fortnight; but I do not like the tone of Annie’s note, she must be much more really ill than I was at all aware of,

and there appears throughout a spirit of depression, which is so completely foreign to her nature,—I cannot understand it.”

“I have a despatch from the General,” began Leicester, leisurely breaking the seal, “perhaps that may tend to elucidate the mystery; what a fist the old fellow writes; the letters all hold up their heads as if they were a regiment of soldiers, and his signature bristles like a stand of bayonets. Oh! he ‘hopes to be in Venice by Friday week, if his daughter’s health, which has given him some little uneasiness lately, should permit them to travel with the degree of swiftness and punctuality which has appeared to him expedient in laying out their intended route.’ I’m very sorry dear Annie is ill, what can be the matter with her, think you?”

“Who is your other letter from?” inquired Laura, avoiding his last question.

“From Bellefield,” returned Leicester, opening it; “he can’t come with the Grants, but he’ll follow them before long. He has backed the Dodona colt for the Derby, and has got a heavier book on the race than he likes; he was hit hard at the last Newmarket meeting, and if anything were to go wrong with the colt, and he not on the spot to hedge, on the first hint, the consequences might be more unpleasant than people in general are aware of. Well! thank heaven, with all my follies I always contrived to keep clear of the betting ring. I don’t like that note of Belle’s; he’ll get into some awful scrape if he does not take care.”

“For which I shall not pity him one bit,” rejoined Laura; “born to a high position, gifted with a princely fortune; if he chooses to disgrace the one, and squander the other by gambling with a set of blacklegs, he deserves whatever he may meet with. I hope I have not pained you, Charley dearest,” she continued, observing a slight shade of annoyance on her husband’s good-humoured face; “but truth is truth; I cannot like that man; I wish he were not your brother, and, oh! how I wish he were not to be the husband of our darling Annie. I say, Charley, how came it you never fell in love with her yourself? do you know—don’t be conceited now—I think I was very lucky to get you under the circumstances?”

A gay laughing answer rose to the lips of Charles Leicester, and then the memory of the empty heartless life he had led before his marriage, and the deep true happiness he had enjoyed since, came across him, and drawing his wife towards him, he imprinted a kiss on her smooth forehead as he replied, “If I am, indeed, worthy of your affection, darling, it is you alone who have rendered me so, for before I knew you, I was a mere conceited, idle, frivolous butterfly, spoiled by the world, and with just sense enough (like most spoiled children,) to despise my spoiler, without sufficient manliness of nature to free myself from its trammels by any unassisted efforts of my own.”

What reply Laura made to this speech, if indeed she made any, we do not feel ourselves called upon to chronicle; suffice it to say that she did not, by word, look, or deed, evince the smallest symptom of

having repented of her bargain. A pause ensued, which was broken by Leicester, who exclaimed,

"By Jove! I was very nearly forgetting all about it—what's o'clock?" then drawing out a small enamelled watch, one of the relics of former days of dandyism, he continued, "half-past three; there is just time. I have procured an order to see the pictures Cardinal d'Ancona was telling you about last week."

"Oh, the two paintings from Lord Byron's *Giaour*, by the young artist about whom no one knows anything, and who is said to be a genius? I'm so glad; when shall we go?" inquired Laura.

"Why, it's a case of Hobson's choice," returned Leicester, "for it seems the painter was so tormented by idle people coming to his studio, that he has been forced to lay down a rule only to admit visitors on two days in the week, from three till five; but the oddest part of the business is that he chooses to be absent on these occasions, leaving an old attendant to play cicerone—in fact, there appears to be some kind of mystery about the man; however, to-day is *the day*, so the sooner we're off, the better, more especially as I must be with the Consul by half-past four."

"I shall be ready in less than five minutes," rejoined Laura, "so order round the carriage, and let us prosecute this wondrous adventure by all means—a mystery is such a rarity in these matter-of-fact days, that even so small a one as that of a man who prefers avoiding one's notice instead of seeking to obtrude himself upon it, is interesting."

"When will women cease to be curious?" soliloquised Leicester, elongating his body in order to reach the bell-rope without the trouble of rising.—Another quarter of an hour saw them *en route*.

In obedience to Leicester's directions the carriage stopped at the door of a small house, at the corner of a street turning out of the square of St. Mark's. On presenting the order, an old man with grey hair came forward, and ushered the visitors into a room lighted by a sky-light, beneath which were arranged various pictures, some finished, others in a less forward state of preparation. After examining several of the smaller sketches, which displayed unusual talent, both Leicester and his wife paused with one accord before a large painting. The old cicerone approached them, "That is the picture," he said in Italian, "about which every one is talking; it is very grand, but the companion picture is finer; the Signore has refused 800 guineas for the pair. They are taken from your Lord Byron's poem the *Giaour*; here is the passage, *ecco lo!*"—As he spoke he pointed to the following stanzas:—

"With sabre shiver'd to the hilt,
Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;
Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand
Which quivers round that faithless brand;
His turban far behind him roll'd,
And cleft in twain its firmest fold;
His flowing robe by falchion torn,
And crimson as those clouds of morn
That, streak'd with dusky red, portend
The day shall have a stormy end;

A stain on every bush that bore
A fragment of his palampore,
His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,
His back to earth, his face to heaven,
Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclosed eye
Yet lowering on his enemy,
As if the hour that seal'd his fate
Surviving left his quenchless hate;
And o'er him bends that foe with brow,
As dark as his that bled below."

The artist had, indeed, well represented the fearful tragedy; the principal light in the painting fell upon the figure, and especially the face of the prostrate Hassan, which, convulsed by the death agony, yet glanced with an expression of "quenchless hate" upon his destroyer. The features of the *Giaour*, owing to the position in which he stood, with one foot planted on the breast of his fallen enemy, were not visible, but his figure was tall and commanding, and his attitude in the highest degree expressive of triumphant power. Leaning against the same easel stood the companion picture—it contained but a single figure, but it was one which having seen, it was scarcely possible to forget, such a living embodiment did it present of hopeless despair. The stony eye, the sunken cheek, the stern yet spiritless mouth,—all spoke of one who had indeed "nothing left to love or hate," all realized the painful description of "the vacant bosom's wilderness," that paralysis of the soul in which

"The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind."

In this painting, also, the features of the *Giaour* were partially concealed by the hood of a monk's frock, which threw a deep shade across them, and the drooping nerveless figure served in great degree to tell the tale. The two pictures were entitled "Revenge and its fruits." Laura and her husband gazed at them long and silently; at length Leicester observed, with the air of a man who tries to dissipate a sentiment akin to superstitious fear, by listening to the sound of his own voice,—

"'Pon my word, they are very extraordinary pictures; there's I don't know what about them—a kind of uncomfortable fascination—they're very horrible, but they're very clever, eh?"

"Oh! they are most wonderful," returned Laura, in a subdued voice, as if she almost feared to trust herself to speak; "particularly the second. I never saw anything express such utter hopelessness as that face and attitude; one feels that active pain even would be a relief to the monotony of that dull despair. What an uncommon person the artist must be; the execution is good, but it is the *mind* in the pictures that is so extraordinary."

Leicester, who, during this speech, had been attentively examining the face of the prostrate Hassan, suddenly exclaimed, "Yes! of course, now I see who it is; look here, Laura, do you perceive a likeness to anybody you know in the face of this floored individual?"

Thus accosted, Laura, after a moment's scrutiny, replied, "It is like your brother."

"Just what struck me," returned Leicester; "what

a quaint coincidence! I've seen some one somewhere, of whom the other fellow reminds me too."

"The figure bears a shadowy resemblance to the Signor Luigi himself, Eccellenza," observed the old attendant; "at least I have always thought so."

"He must be rather an alarming, sanguinary kind of personage, at that rate; he has not flattered himself, I must say."

"The Signore is tall and dark, but handsome as the Belvidere Apollo—he is not sanguinary as you say, Signore, but of a kindness which touches the heart. I am bound to love him, for he saved me from ruin."

"How was that?" tell me, asked Laura in a tone of interest.

"My dear Laura, I am grieved to prevent your hearing this worthy man's recital, but unfortunately it only wants five minutes of the time at which I promised to be with the Consul."

"How long shall you be obliged to stay with him?" inquired his wife.

"Less than half an hour, perhaps twenty minutes would suffice," was the reply; "shall I leave you here and come back for you before five o'clock?"

"There are several pictures the Signora has not yet examined," suggested the old man. Thus urged, Laura consented to remain: an idea which she would not confess even to her husband, so wild and fanciful did she feel it to be, had taken possession of her, and her curiosity in regard to the mysterious artist had become redoubled.

"You were going to tell me some anecdote," she observed, as Leicester quitted the studio.

The Ciccone, who was a venerable looking old man with grey hair, and a thoroughly Italian cast of features, placed a chair for the lady before a view in Venice, at which she had not yet looked, and then resumed—

"*Favorisca di sedersi la prego Signora.* I was going to relate how the Signore, whom I serve, generously rescued me from ruin; but to do so I must trouble the Eccellenza with a few particulars of my own history. I was originally educated as a painter, but although I was a correct copyist, and possessed some skill in mixing colours, I had not the *afflatus*, the inexplicable, the divine gift of genius, which cannot be acquired. Look at these pictures," he continued, warming into enthusiasm as he pointed to the paintings from the Giaour; "in my prime I could execute better than that, my colouring was richer and smoother, my shades less hard and abrupt, though to acquire that skill had cost me fifteen years constant study; but alas! the mind was wanting. I could execute but I could not conceive—my pictures would never have entranced any one as you were entranced before those great soul-creations!" He paused, sighed deeply, then resumed, "So I grew poor, I had a wife and children to support, and I bent my pride to become a scene painter at the Fenice Theatre. I worked there twenty long years, and then from over use my eyesight grew dim, and they discarded me. After that I was employed by the great painter of the

day, Signore B—elli, to prepare canvasses and mix colours for the young artists whom he instructed. A year and a half ago a pupil came to study with him—he was a stranger—"

"Of what country?" inquired Laura, eagerly.

"I cannot inform the signora. He speaks French, German, Italian, and very rarely English, equally well, but I think he is not a fellow countryman of mine. The other young artists, who frequented B—elli's studio, would often tease me for sport, but the Signore was always kind, and would not permit them to do so when he was present. One day a pupil who was finishing the drapery of a Madonna and child, of which picture all the more important parts had been painted by B—elli himself, called to me to bring him some particular colour which he required—in my haste I stumbled, and overthrew a flask of oil, which fell upon the not yet dry painting, entirely obliterating the features of the Madonna. Irritated at the difficulty into which I had plunged both him and myself, the student sprang up and seized me by the throat; in a moment the Signore Luigi interfered, and compressing the youth's arm in his powerful grasp, forced him to release me.

"Remember, Carlo," he said, gently, "Antonelli is an old man."

"He has ruined himself and me!" exclaimed the other, clasping his hands in despair; "B—elli will discharge him without doubt, and me he will refuse to instruct any longer."

"Perhaps there is yet an alternative," urged the Signore Luigi; "B—elli will not return till to-morrow morning; much may be done in eighteen hours; I will strive to restore the face."

"He immediately set to work; fortunately he paints with as much quickness as skill. When night drew near he dismissed us; through the long hours of darkness he laboured incessantly, pausing neither for sleep nor refreshment. With the earliest ray of dawn I was again at the studio; he was painting still, calm, earnest, grave, as is his wont, only appearing a little paler than usual; but such a work of art had grown beneath his hand, such a marvellous creation! the Madonna herself could not have appeared more lovely than was that heavenly face. It was completed ere B—elli arrived; when he beheld it he was amazed.

"What inspired hand has traced those features?" he demanded.

"The history was related to him. He once more examined the picture, then turning to the Signore, who stood near, with folded arms, gazing on the other's excitement with an air of cold indifference, he exclaimed, in a tone of mingled admiration and rage, 'Go, I can teach thee no longer; it is thou shouldst be the master.'

"The Signore took him at his word. He engaged these painting rooms, arranged with B—elli that I should accompany him, and is now the first painter in Italy as to talent, and when his execution is a little more perfected,—ah! *se ne saprà qualche cosa*, we shall see men will talk of him!"

"And the head was very lovely, was it? what style of face was it?" inquired Laura.

"How can I tell you? it was perfection, *vi bisognava vederla*," was the enthusiastic reply. "Stay," he continued, glancing at the clock, which now wanted only ten minutes of five; "I have an idea; there is yet time, but you must never say that you have seen it. Here, follow me;" and drawing out a key, he unlocked a door leading into a small apartment, comfortably though simply furnished, and fitted up with bookshelves somewhat after the fashion of an English study; "*Ecco!*" resumed Antonelli, "he has again sketched the head, but the subject is different. He will not allow me to place this picture in the studio, though it is such a gem I could sell it for a large price."

As he spoke, he drew back a curtain, and the light fell upon a small picture, painted with greater care, and more elaborately finished than any which Laura had yet seen. It represented a girl of exquisite beauty, in a kneeling attitude, with her arms flung sportively around the neck of a magnificent dog, her golden tresses falling over and mingling with the waves of his shaggy coat.

As Laura gazed, her colour went and came quickly and her eyes seemed to grow to the canvass: both girl and dog were portraits done to the life, and she recognised each of them immediately—her wild conjecture was then the truth!—her determination was instantly taken. Seating herself, as if to examine the picture more nearly, she contrived by one or two artful questions, to set the garrulous old man talking again; and, forgetful of the flight of moments, drew him on to relate to her how the Signore had discovered that his youngest born, the son of his old age, possessed a talent for painting, and how the Signore was giving him lessons, and the talent was daily developing under such favourable circumstances, until the old man had begun to hope that the boy might succeed better than his father had done, and retrieve the shipwrecked fortunes of the Antonellis.

While he was yet in the midst of his recital the clock struck five, and almost at the same moment a quick active footstep was heard bounding up the staircase, and the deep tones of a man's voice exclaimed:—

"*Antonelli, Antonelli, dove sei buon' amico?*"

With a horror-stricken glance at his companion, the old man was about to rush precipitately out of the room, when Laura, quietly laying her hand upon his arm said:—

"There is nothing to be alarmed about! *bisogna ch'io gli parli*.—tell the Signore that an old friend is waiting to see him."

As she spoke a tall graceful figure appeared at the door of the study, and stopped in amazement on perceiving how it was tenanted. In no way embarrassed by the situation in which she found herself, Laura rose from her seat with the same degree of quiet, courteous, self-possession, with which she would have received a guest in her own drawing-room, and advancing towards the new comer, said, holding out her hand:—

"Your kindness will pardon the little stratagem by which I have sought to verify my conjecture that in Signor Luigi I should have the pleasure of recognising an old friend."

"Leave us, Antonelli," exclaimed his employer sternly; then carefully closing the door, he turned towards his guest, and, bowing coldly, inquired, "To what am I indebted for the honour of a visit from Mrs. Leicester?"

"To the fact that I was vain enough to fancy the pleasure I feel in meeting an old friend might be mutual; and that Mr. Arundel would not resent the liberty I have taken in disregarding the regulations of the famous Signor Luigi: if I am so unfortunate as to have committed a mistake, it is soon remedied," she continued quickly, finding that Lewis (as we have not intended say but the most transparent mystification in regard to the identity of the painter and our hero, we may as well call him by his proper name,) remained silent,—as she spoke she rose and advanced towards the door. Her look and words recalled Lewis's wandering thoughts; he took her hand, reconducted her to her seat, and then, in a tone of deep feeling, said:—

"Forgive me! but you do not, can not know the train of overpowering memories your sudden appearance called up; indeed I am glad again to look upon the face of an old friend, since you accord me the privilege of so considering you, glad as a two-years' exile from all who ever knew or cared for him, can make a man."

"Is it so long since you quitted England?" inquired Laura.

"It is," was the reply. Lewis paused, and then continued, "I left England under circumstances which caused me great mental suffering—suffering, which time and a complete change of scene could alone render less bitter. I travelled for five months, passing through Greece and visiting Constantinople; at the expiration of that period I wandered thither, my vigour of mind and body in great measure restored. The wonders of this country revived my enthusiasm for art; this, and the necessity of following some profession, led me to the idea of adopting the career of a painter. For a year I worked for ten hours daily in the studio of Signore B—elli, at the end of that period I quitted him and commenced painting on my own account; hitherto my success has surpassed my most sanguine expectations, so that I trust I have at last hit upon my true vocation."

"I am so delighted to hear it!" exclaimed Laura, warmly; "but how is it we have seen nothing of you before—did you not hear of our arrival? we have been here more than a month!"

Lewis coloured, bit his lip, and then replied, "My recollections of England were so painful that I resolved, partly for that reason, partly that I might keep my mind free from any anxieties which could interfere with my devoting my faculties fully and entirely to art, to avoid the society of the few English who were likely to come in my way; indeed, my only associates have been the young artists with whom I became ac-

quainted in the studio of B——elli, and the family of the worthy old man who acts as my assistant."

"But you will make us exceptions to the rule," pleaded Laura; "Charles will be really hurt if you refuse to come to us." Lewis paused, his impulse was to refuse, but there was a genuine kindness in Laura's manner which vouched for her sincerity; had she been a man he would have adhered to his resolution, but it was not easy to say no to Laura.

"Forgive my apparent churlishness," he began, "but may I ask whether you have any of—of your English friends staying with you?"

"Not at present; Charles and I are leading a quiet humdrum Darby and Joan life, which need not alarm even your hermit-like habits. You must promise to dine with us to-morrow at six."

"You are most good-natured to humour what must appear to you my absurd caprices," replied Lewis, touched by her thoughtful kindness.

"But you will come," she said, holding out her hand to him.

Lewis took it in his own and pressed it warmly as he replied, "Nobody could resist such gentle pleading."

At this moment the door was flung open, and Charles Leicester burst in, looking more puzzled, excited and angry, than he had ever been known to do in the previous course of his existence; while Antonelli, vociferating eagerly in Italian and broken English, was vainly endeavouring to detain him.

CHAPTER LII.

IS DECIDIBLY ORIGINAL, AS IT DISPLAYS MATRIMONY IN A MORE FAVOURABLE LIGHT THAN COURTSHIP.

THE Honourable Charles Leicester was, take him all in all, about as easy tempered a fellow as ever breathed; but when old Antonelli informed him that his young and pretty wife was closeted with a mysterious stranger, at the same time positively refusing to allow him to enter the apartment in which they were shut up together, even he considered that it was time to exert himself; so seizing the old man by the arm, and swinging him round with a degree of energy which greatly discomposed that worthy cicerone, he threw open the door, and staring with an angry and bewildered gaze into the dimly lighted room, discovered, to his horror and disgust, Laura, quietly sitting with her hand clasped in that of a handsome young Italian, for such did Lewis at first sight appear. The period which had elapsed since Leicester had last seen him, had produced so marked a change in his appearance, that meeting him for the first time under circumstances so utterly disconnected with all former associations, he might well deem he was addressing a total stranger. Lewis's pale features had regained in a great degree their look of health, and exposure to a southern sun had converted the delicate complexion into a manly brown, while, having allowed his moustaches and even a short curly beard to grow, the lower part of his face was enveloped in a mass of

glossy black hair, this, and the stern thoughtful expression of his countenance, caused him to look at least five years older than he really was. He rose as Leicester entered, and advanced a step towards him; then, seeing that the other did not in the slightest degree recognise him, he paused and exchanged a smiling glance with Laura as he marked Charley's puzzled angry expression.

Laura, entering thoroughly into the absurdity of the situation, determined to improve it to the uttermost; returning Lewis's glance with a look into which she contrived to throw an amount of tenderness that by no means soothed her husband's irritation, she began,—

"Ah, Charles, let me introduce you; you will be delighted to hear that Signor Luigi has kindly promised to dine with us to-morrow."

"The deuce he has!" muttered Leicester to himself, "he might have waited till I had asked him, I think;" then acknowledging the introduction by a freezing little bow, he continued aloud,—

"Now, my dear Laura, the carriage is waiting;" then crossing to the place where his wife was seated, he held out his arm with the evident intention of linking hers with it and walking her off forthwith.

But Laura clearly disapproved of such precipitation; for, without showing the slightest disposition to move, she replied,—

"Restrain your impatience a few minutes longer, Mr. Leicester;—having formed so agreeable an acquaintance," she continued, glancing at Lewis, "you really must allow me time to prosecute it."

It was not in Charles Leicester's nature to be angry with any one for five minutes consecutively; with his wife, whom he idolized, it was utterly impossible; so, making up his mind that Luigi was a kind of lion, to be regarded in the light of an exhibition, and stared at and fed accordingly, and that Laura's sudden fancy for him was only an instance of womanly caprice,— "women always went mad about celebrities," he knew,—he made a short, penitent, civil speech, and then flung himself lazily into a chair, with a look of half-bored, half-sulky resignation, which, under the circumstances, was perfectly irresistible.

That his two companions found it so, was evidenced, by their simultaneously bursting into a hearty fit of laughter, increased to an alarming degree by the look of utter astonishment that came over Leicester's face, at their incomprehensible conduct.

As soon as Laura could recover breath she began, "Why, Charley, you dear, good-natured, stupid old thing! don't you see who it is yet?"

At the same moment, the Mysterious One approached him saying, "Have you quite forgotten the existence of Lewis Arundel?"

For a moment Charley gazed in half-sceptical astonishment, and then seizing his hand, and shaking it as if he was anxious to make up for his dulness by dislocating his friend's shoulder, he exclaimed, "My dear fellow, I'm delighted to see you—I really am quite ashamed of myself—but 'pon my word you've

made yourself look so particularly unlike yourself; and the whole thing altogether is so very strange and unexpected, and more like an incident in a novel, than a real *bona fide* transaction of every day life—that you must hold me excused. My dear Laura, I began to think you were gone out of your senses, and that I should have to procure a keeper for you. Why, Arundel, then you've turned out a genius after all, a second Michael Angelo, eh! I said you would, if you remember, that day when you painted the cow?"

As he spoke, he stooped to pick up his cane and gloves, which in the excitement of the discovery, he had allowed to drop; consequently he did not perceive the effect his words had produced upon Lewis. *Did* he remember the incident to which Leicester had alluded?—would to heaven he could forget that which was branded on his memory, as with a red-hot iron, the fact that on the day in question, he had for the first time beheld Annie Grant! He turned pale—the blood seemed to rush back upon his heart, and oppress him with a feeling of suffocation,—he was forced to lean against a table for support.

These signs of emotion were not lost upon Laura's quick eye, and rising at the moment to divert her husband's attention, she observed, "Now I have at length succeeded in enlightening your understanding, Charley dear, I am quite at your service, and that of the horses."

"Come along then," was the reply; "you'll dine with us to-morrow without fail, Signor Luigi, *alias* Arundel, you polyglot mystery. 'Pon my word it's the oddest coincidence I ever knew, exactly like a thing in a play, where everybody turns out to be somebody else—come along, Laura; I must try and conciliate your old friend the cicerone too, for I swung him round in my wrath most viciously; I hope I have not dislocated any of his venerable joints; I got the steam up to no end of a height, I can tell you, when I fancied I had lost my love. Bye-bye, *al piacere di rivederla, Signor.*" Thus running on, Charley Leicester tucked his wife under his arm, and having handsomely rewarded Antonelli, departed.

In the course of their drive home, Laura, after her husband had again and again expressed his astonishment at the denouement which had just taken place, inquired,—“You never clearly made out the reason why Mr. Arundel quitted Broadhurst, did you, Charley?"

"No! Bellefield hinted in his way, which gives one an impression without one's exactly knowing what grounds one has for taking it up, that Arundel had misconducted himself in some manner; but the General's letter quite contradicted such an idea, and spoke of him in the very highest terms. I thought nothing of what Bellefield said, for they never liked one another, and, *entre nous*, I consider Belle behaved shamefully to him on one or two occasions."

Laura paused for a minute in thought, and then inquired, "What did the remark you made about sketching a cow, refer to?"

"Oh! did I never tell you that?" returned Charles, laughing; "the incident occurred on the occasion of his first introduction to the Grant family;" and he then proceeded to give her a full, true, and particular account of the interesting adventure, with which the reader is already acquainted. As he concluded, Laura observed,

"In fact then, he beheld for the first time Annie Grant. Now I can guess why he turned pale when you referred to it: Charley, you must be very careful how you say anything about the Broadhurst party before him."

"Eh? and wherefore, oh wise little woman, endowed with an unlimited power of seeing into mile-stones?" was the bantering reply.

"Well, if I tell you, you must promise never to mention the idea, for it is only an idea, to anybody till I give you leave," returned Laura.

Charley compressed his lips, and went through a pantomimic representation of sewing them together.

"Nay, but I'm serious," resumed Laura; "if I tell you, you must be careful, and not blunder it out in any of your absent fits; do you promise?"

"I'll do more than promise," returned her husband energetically; "I'll swear by all

"The heathen gods and goddesses,
Without skirts and bodices,

never to reveal to mortal ear the fatal secret—so let us have it!"

"Well then, if you must know, I suspect Mr. Arundel to have had better taste than you, and not to have escaped with a whole heart from the fascinations of Annie Grant."

"Phew——!" replied Leicester, giving vent to a prolonged whistle indicative of intense surprise; "that is the state of the case, eh? then my allusion to the cow was just about the most unlucky topic I could have hit upon. I certainly have a genius for putting my foot in it, whenever circumstances afford an aperture for the insertion of that extremity. I should not wonder if that idea of yours, always supposing it to be correct, might explain his sudden departure from Broadhurst, and account for this strange freak of expatriating himself, and starting as a second-hand modern Michael Angelo. I say, Laura, suppose the fancy should happen to be mutual, Bellefield may have had more cause for disliking Arundel than people were aware of."

"She would never have accepted your brother, if she knew that another loved her, and felt that she returned his affection; Annie is too good and true-hearted for that," returned Laura, warmly.

"Time will show," replied Leicester. "I only hope it may not be so; for, between Arundel and Belle, I should not know how to act. Belle is my brother, and to Arundel's good advice I shall always consider I am in great measure indebted for a certain plague of my life—(without whose plaguing the said life would't be worth having, all the same);—the

only course I can take, if our suspicions prove true, will be to preserve a strict neutrality."

"And how would you wish me to act, Charley dear?" inquired Laura, taking her husband's fingers caressingly between her own soft, white little hands. "You know, I can't recommend Annie to marry your brother if she does not love him."

"Follow the dictates of your own good sense and kind heart, darling, and you will be sure to do rightly. I have the most perfect confidence in you, and would not influence you one way or another, if I could."

The tears rose to Laura's eyes at this fresh proof of her husband's affection; and as she reflected on what he had said in regard to Lewis's share in bringing them together, she inwardly vowed that if ever it lay in her power to do him a similar good turn, she would not be slothful in advancing his interests.

True to his promise, Lewis dined with them the next day; by mutual consent, all reference to the past was avoided, and no allusion made to any of the Broadhurst party. As soon as Lewis found this to be the case, a certain proud embarrassment, observable in his manner, disappeared; and, yielding to the delight of again finding himself in congenial society, he unconsciously displayed his brilliant conversational powers,—relating, with playful wit, or forcible and striking illustration, the adventures which had befallen him and the scenery he had beheld in his late pedestrian tour, till Charles and Laura, who had only been acquainted with him when the cloud of his dependent position at Broadhurst hung over him and concealed his natural character beneath a veil of proud reserve, were equally delighted and astonished; and when, late in the evening, he took his departure, they vied with each other in performing a duet to his praise.

"He talks so well!" exclaimed Charley.

"He knows so much!" cried Laura.

"He has been everywhere," continued the former.

"And done everything," resumed the latter.

"He is so clever and epigrammatic," urged the gentleman.

"And his descriptions of scenery are so poetical," put in the lady.

"His figure is so striking," said the master.

"And his face so handsome," rejoined the mistress.

"What a pair of eyes he has."

"And such a smile."

"Then his moustaches and whiskers are irreproachable."

"And his hands whiter than mine."

"In fact he is a stunner!" declared the baritone.

"Though I detest slang, I must confess that he is," chimed in the soprano.

"If I were a woman I should be over head and ears in love with him," suggested Charley.

"I am both the one and the other," responded his wife, casting an arch glance at her spouse, as much as to say, "how do you like that?" which rebellious speech her lord and master punished by stopping her mouth with—the only remedy we believe ever to have been found effectual in such a case.

From that time forth Lewis became a constant visitor at the Palazzo Grassini, and at last completed his triumph over Laura's affections, by asking, as a favour, to be allowed to take a sketch of "Tarley;" "he wanted a study of a child's head so much;" then the sketch was pronounced so successful, that nothing would serve but that it must be perpetuated in oils, and as the possibility of making "Tarley" sit still long enough for such a purpose, did not exist unless Laura sat also, Lewis consented to paint them together, although he had hitherto steadily refused to take a portrait, in spite of large sums which had been offered him to do so.

Laura received a second epistle from Annie Grant, postponing their visit for another fortnight. Her father had all along expected Miss Livingstone would accompany them, as a matter of course; but when it came to the point, that redoubtable spinster broke into open revolt, asserted her independence, nailed her colours to the mast, and determined upon death or victory. So resolute was she, that after a most obstinate engagement with sharp tongues, which followed upon two days of sulky silence, the General was forced to make terms, and yield his own will to that of a woman; so Minerva remained behind to garrison Broadhurst. As, however, the General by no means approved of his daughter travelling without some female companion, the journey was very nearly being given up, when at the last moment, a lady, the wife of an Austrian officer quartered at Venice, was discovered, who, seeking for an escort to enable her to join her husband, was only too happy to be allowed to accompany the Grant party. These delays, however, would necessarily retard their arrival for at least a fortnight. Days passed away; the picture (and a very pretty one it was,) of the fair young mother, and her little, rosy, merry child, advanced towards completion, and Lewis began to look forward with a feeling almost akin to regret, to the time when the sittings, and the agreeable friendly conversations to which they gave rise, would be at an end.

Since he had quitted England his thoughts and feelings had undergone various and considerable changes: at first he had striven, in the excitement of active adventure, to banish recollection, and after a time he succeeded so far as to take a lively interest in all he saw. The revolutionary spirit, which has since produced such changes in modern Europe, was then beginning to show itself, and he witnessed the outbreak of a rather serious *émeute* in one of the German States, in which he contrived to get mixed up, and by these means he came in for a couple of days' hard fighting, and a week of intense fatigue and excitement. This, paradoxical as it may appear, was of the greatest psychological assistance to him; it roused him effectually, and took him completely out of himself. The excitement was kept up for some little time longer, for, owing to the part which his old student associations had led him to take in the affair, he brought upon himself the suspicions of the Prussian government, and the next event of his tour was, in fact, a flight to save

himself from arrest. During this period he was accompanied by a young German, who, much more deeply implicated in the affair than Lewis had been, dreaded that his capture might lead to his execution; and, unwilling to atone for his patriotism with his life, he and his companion hurried from the scene of their exploits, experiencing innumerable dangers, difficulties, and hair-breadth escapes, ere they arrived at that sanctuary for political refugees, the city of the Sultan. Having by these means regained his energy and vigour of mind, Lewis applied himself heart and soul to the study of his new profession, and in the interest of the pursuit kept his powers, mental and bodily, so fully employed as to hold memory at bay, and to require neither society nor sympathy; but now a change had again come o'er him; he had in great measure mastered the difficulties of his art, he had solved the problem whether by his talent he could secure a competency for himself and those belonging to him; constant and indefatigable labour was no longer an obligation, and ere the Leicesters discovered him, he had begun to feel, though he would scarcely acknowledge it even to himself, the want of those social ties from which, in his first frenzy of grief, he had voluntarily separated himself. In the society of the Leicesters he obtained exactly the amount of relaxation which he required,—Laura appreciated and understood him, Charles, without understanding, liked him—while on his part, the lady's society interested and soothed him, and that of her husband afforded him amusement and companionship.

As the day approached on which the Broadhurst party were expected to arrive, Laura became considerably perplexed as to how she might best break the matter to Lewis: she had once, by way of experiment, mentioned to her husband in Lewis's presence, the fact that she had received a letter from Broadhurst, and the start he gave at the name, the death-like paleness which overspread his countenance, the quivering lip, and clenched hand, told of such deep mental suffering, that, frightened at the effects she had produced, Laura immediately changed the subject and had never again ventured to allude to it.

The last sitting for the picture chanced to be fixed for the very morning before that on which the Grants were expected to arrive. Laura consulted her husband as to the affair: Charley stroked his chin, caressed his whiskers, gazed vacantly at himself in the chimney-glass, and then, putting on a look of sapient self-confidence, in regard to the reality whereof it was clear he entertained the strongest misgivings, he began in a thorough master-of-the-family tone,—

"Why, it seems to me, my love, that the present is exactly one of those emergencies in which a woman's tact is the very thing required. I should advise you to feel your way with great caution, very great caution, and when by this means you have ascertained the best method of breaking it to him, I should speak at once without any further hesitation, and—and—"

"I think you had better undertake the business yourself, Charley dear, as you seem to have such a

clearly defined idea how to set about it," interrupted Laura, with a roguish smile.

"Not at all; by no means, my dear," replied Charley, speaking with unwounded energy. "A—in fact, so strongly do I feel that a woman's tact is the thing required, and that any interference of mine might ruin the whole affair, and in short, bring about something very disagreeable, that I have made arrangements which will keep me from home during the whole morning, so as to leave you a clear field."

"Oh, you dreadfully transparent old impostor! a child of five years old could see through you," exclaimed Laura, laughing heartily at the detected look which instantly stole over her husband's visage. "Now, if you don't honestly confess that you have not an idea how to get over the difficulty," she continued, "that you dread a scene with a true degree of masculine horror, and yet have not the most remote notion how to avoid one, I'll 'make arrangements which will take me from home all the morning,' and leave you to flounder through the affair as best you can."

"There is a vixen for you," exclaimed Charley, appealing to society at large. "Poor Socrates! I always had a deep commiseration for his domestic annoyances when I read of them at school, but I little dreamed that I should live to have personal experience of the miseries of possessing a Xantippe;" then throwing himself into a mock-tragic attitude, he ejaculated, "ungrateful woman! I leave you to your fate," and shaking his fist at her, pressed his hand to his forehead, and rushed distractedly out of the room—in less than two minutes he lounged in again drawing on his gloves. "What a bore time gloves are!" he murmured feebly—"here, Laura!"—sitting, he seated himself by his wife's side, languidly holding out his hand, while with the most helpless and unimaginable he allowed her to pull on the refractory gloves for him, which she did with a most amusing display of energy and perseverance.

"*Voilà, Monsieur!*" she said; "that Herculean feat is accomplished. Have you aught else to command your slave?"

Charley regarded her with a look of affection as he replied, "What a blessing it is to have a good, clever little wife to do all the horrid things for one! Good-bye, my own! When you have done victimising Arundel with your alarming intelligence, ask him to dine with us to-day; I want particularly to talk to him. He knows the people here better than I do; but it strikes me the politics of the place are getting into a mess."

So saying, he imprinted a kiss upon her brow, admired his hand in the new well-fitting glove, and sauntered out of the apartment as listlessly as though he were walking in his sleep.

Punctual to his appointment, Lewis arrived, looking so handsome and animated that Laura felt doubly grieved at having to make a communication which she was persuaded would tend to renew the memory of a grief against which he appeared to have struggled

with some degree of success. Her task was rendered the more difficult from the conviction that Lewis's intercourse with her husband and herself had been of great service to him, by insensibly overcoming his misanthropic distaste to society. This intercourse, she feared, the tidings she was about to impart to him would effectually interrupt.

"Where is 'Tarley?'" inquired Lewis, after exchanging salutations with "*La Madre*."

"In the nursery, adorning for the sacrifice of his personal freedom during the period you may require him to remain *en position*," answered Laura; "shall I ring for him?"

"May I fetch him myself? I promised him a ride on my back for good conduct at the last sitting, and he must not be disappointed," urged Lewis, in reply.

"Agreed,—always premising that you take great care not to tumble the clean frock," returned Laura, with a gratified smile. "Who could believe that that man was the same creature who used to look so stern, and cold, and proud?" she added, mentally, as Lewis departed on his mission; "he has as much tenderness of nature as any woman. If he really does love Annie, and she can prefer Lord Bellefield, she deserves all the unhappiness such a choice will inevitably bring upon her;—her greatest enemy can wish her nothing worse. Well, 'Tarley,' are you going to sit still, and be good?" she continued, as that self-willed juvenile entered, seated in triumph upon Lewis's shoulder, and grasping a lock of his horse's ebony mane, the better to preserve his balance.

Tarley having signified in the very smallest broken English, his intention to keep the peace to the best of his feeble ability, the sitting began in good earnest, and terminated, as far as that young gentleman was concerned, in less than an hour, during which period, he not only tore his mamma's gown once, made a hole in the sofa-cover, and had one violent fit of kicking, he may, comparatively, be considered (all things are comparative,) to have kept his word. A few finishing touches still remained to complete Laura's portrait, and these Lewis hastened to add. The conversation (originating in Tarley's *escapades*) turned on education.

"The theory which I hold to be the true one is simple enough," remarked Lewis; "the first thing to inculcate is—oblige me by turning a little more to the light—implicit obedience; that once acquired—rather more still—you may, as the mind develops, occasionally give a reason for your commands—you see my object is to get a clearer light on the left eye-brow—thank you; don't move."

"But that obedience, to be of much avail, should be founded on other feelings than mere fear of consequences," returned Laura; "for that in sturdy minds produces obstinacy, in weak ones deceit and falsehood, and in both cases necessarily loses its effect as the pupil advances towards maturity. It always appears to me, that in our conduct towards children, we should strive to imitate (with reverence be it spoken,) God's dealings towards ourselves. We

should teach them to love and trust in, and obedience based on affection and faith, will surely never fail for time or for eternity. Then," she continued as Lewis, bending over his work, failed to reply; "I should endeavour to make their punishments appear as much as possible the natural consequences of their faults; for instance, I should allow them to experience to the uttermost the mental suffering caused by pride and anger, and in their cooler moments point out to them that it may be wise, as well as right, to suffer even injustice mildly, rather than bear the distress of mind a contrary line of conduct is sure to entail. I should impress upon them the evil of coveting, by denying them the thing they so eagerly sought. In fact," she added, hastily, fancying from her companion's silence, that, for some reason, her conversation was distasteful to him; "I have a great many sapient theoretical ideas in regard to education, but how they may turn out when I come to put them in practice, remains to be proved."

Lewis, who during the conclusion of this speech had been painting away as zealously as if his life depended upon his exertions, though a close observer might have remarked, by his downcast eye and quivering lip, the effect Laura's words produced on him, replied earnestly,

"Would to heaven all mothers felt as truly and wisely as you do about education; were children taught such principles of self-government as you propose, there would be fewer aching hearts among us."

Having uttered these words, and sighed deeply, he spoke no more until he had finished Laura's portrait.

"There," he said, "I need detain you no longer; with the exception of a few touches to the drapery, which I can do at my own rooms, the picture is completed."

Laura approached and duly admired it, declaring the likeness of Tarley to be perfect; but feeling quite certain Lewis had flattered her terribly, at which little touch of woman's nature, the young artist smiled as he denied the accusation. And now the moment had arrived, when Laura must break her intelligence to him as best she might. Her straightforward simple nature disdained all subterfuge, and she began accordingly,

"There is a topic which, from a fear, perhaps uncalled for, of giving you pain, Charles and I have avoided, but which I am now compelled to mention to you;—you asked me at our first meeting whether we were alone; after to-day, we shall be so no longer, and the guests we expect are none other than your former pupil Walter, General Grant, and his daughter." Laura had purposely placed herself in such a position that she could not see her companion's features, as she made this communication, and the only sign of agitation which met her ear, was the sound of his quick and laboured breathing.

After a moment's pause, he said in a hurried, stern tone of voice,—“I cannot meet them! it is impossible, I must leave this place, directly.”

"Nay, that surely is unnecessary, no one here knows you but ourselves; you have only to resume your incognito, and in Signor Luigi the Venetian Painter, no one will recognise Lewis Arundel. We will keep your secret inviolably."

"Can I rely on the discretion of Mr. Leicester?"

"Perfectly: if he knows you consider the matter important he will remain silent as the grave."

"Be it so, then," returned Lewis, after a pause. Having paced up and down the room, he threw himself on a sofa, and covering his eyes with his hand, remained buried in painful thought.

Laura watched him with deep interest, till at length she could restrain the expression of her sympathy no longer.

"I *must* speak that which is in my mind," she said, earnestly. "I know that you are good and true-hearted, you *can* have done no wrong that you have cause to be ashamed of, why then do you fear to meet these people?"

Lewis started, raised his head, and flinging back his dark hair, exclaimed, almost fiercely,—“Did you say fear? I fear no living being! There is no man who can accuse me of evil-doing; my name is as spotless as your own pure soul.”

"Then why refuse to meet them?"

"Because I fear my own heart," was the vehement reply, "because I have sworn never to meet her again till I have learned to look upon her with the indifference her weak fickleness deserves, and that," he added bitterly, "will not be till grey hairs bring insensibility to woman's love and such-like gilded toys, or till she has crushed out the last germs of my lingering madness by marrying the heartless scoundrel to whom she is engaged;" he paused, then continued more calmly,—“You ask me why I refuse to meet these people; hear the truth, and then judge for yourself whether I can meet them; nay, for me, if you will, for I am half-frenzied by the anguish I have suffered, and am as incapable to decide for myself in this affair as a child,” (such puppets are we to our loves and hates);—and then, in eager hurried accents, he told her of his love for Annie Grant, his struggle for self-conquest, his signal failure, his fearful hope that she returned his affection, the parting, his confession to the General, the strange tidings he had learned in London, and then the cruel paralysing blow of Annie's engagement, renewed the very day after he had left Broadhurst, believing, on no slight grounds, that she loved him and him only. All the burning sorrow, pent for two long years within his secret soul, he poured forth before her; and Laura listened with glowing cheeks and tearful eyes, and a growing resolve in her brave, pure heart, to set aside all conventionalisms, and every hollow form of society, and if Annie should but prove worthy of him, to labour with all the energy of her earnest nature to bring these young, sad, loving hearts together again.

(To be continued.)

MISS STRICKLAND'S LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND. 1

THIS first volume of Miss Strickland's New Series of Royal Biographies will be gladly welcomed by the readers of the Lives of the Queens of England, to whom the authoress inscribes the work. The merits of her previous book are too generally known to require specification here. When a book has attained so much popularity,—when it has met with such complete success (as the phrase is) among all-classes of general readers, they constitute themselves its critics; and the writer of such notices as the following, would be wasting his own time and that of the readers of SHARPE, by entering into an elaborate account of what they are as well acquainted with as he is. Saying, therefore, little or nothing, on the present occasion, concerning Miss Strickland's qualities as an authoress,—leaving her very extensive public to recall to mind the diligent research, the persevering industry and skill in selecting her materials from heaps of rubbish, the thorough earnestness with which she throws her whole mind into her subject, and the cleverness with which she presents it to others,—we pass, at once, to what is new to most of our readers, and will be undoubtedly interesting to them; viz. the contents of this first volume of the "Lives of the Queens of Scotland," recently published. Of its outward appearance a word may be said. It is a handsome looking, red volume, with the royal arms of Scotland emblazoned on the cover; and is in size, type, and general appearance, uniform with the volumes of the "Queens of England." Like them, it is embellished with two engravings,—the one a portrait of Magdalene of France, the first wife of James V.; the other a vignette, representing the marriage, by proxy, of that monarch to his second wife, Mary of Guise.

In her preface, Miss Strickland says, that the Life of Mary Stuart will occupy two volumes of this forthcoming series; and she mentions some facts in connexion with the subject, calculated to arouse the attention and stimulate the curiosity of those who are her fellow students in that double puzzle, the life and character of the thorough woman and thorough prince,—Mary Queen of Scots. Miss Strickland promises to publish "several unedited letters" of Queen Mary which have "escaped the research of Prince Labanoff;" and she also tenders thanks to the Honourable John Stuart for favouring her "with the use of Mary's secret correspondence, recently discovered in the family archives of the House of Murray." A secret correspondence of Mary Stuart!—and,—“found in the archives of the house of Murray!” “Surely, something must come out of *that*!” say the lovers of revealed secrets. But they must bate their curiosity, and bide their time; Miss Strickland's "Life of Mary Stuart" is not published yet. In the meantime, those who are much excited on the subject, and have not before heard of this secret correspondence, may find favour

(1) "Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses. By Agnes Strickland." Author of "Lives of the Queens of England." Vol. I. Blackwood and Sons: Edinburgh and London.

with the Honourable John Stuart, and get sight of these letters of the "fairest qucen on ground," if they can.

The present volume contains the complete biographies of two Queens, and the unfinished life of a third.

The first biography is that of Margaret Tudor. She was the daughter of Henry VII., and the sister of Henry VIII. She was married at the age of thirteen to king James IV. of Scotland, at that time in his thirty-first year. It could scarcely be expected that this should be a happy marriage. Margaret's education had been neglected, and even if it had been very carefully attended to, it was impossible she could at that age be a companion, in any sense of the word, to such a husband as James IV. He was an accomplished man,—a man of high intellect and fastidious taste;—he was capable of the strongest love for a woman of corresponding nature, and he could brave many perils to place her on the throne;—as he had shown in the case of the Lady Margaret Drummond, the love of his boyhood, and of his manhood too. Her cruel murder left James in "a distraction of grief such as dispositions at once impetuous and affectionate alone can feel," says Miss Strickland. His daughter by this private marriage, was brought up at "Edinburgh Castle under the appellation of 'the Lady Margaret, the king's daughter,' and finally married John, Lord Gordon."—Our authoress goes on to say:—

"She can scarcely be classed as an illegitimate child; neither can her unfortunate mother, a devoted wife to a loving husband, be ranked in the meretricious sisterhood of royal favourites. James the Fourth, after his heart-strings had been rent by the tragical death of his wedded love, became reckless, and unhappily formed illicit ties which were productive of much evil both to himself and his descendants. But had his second spouse, Margaret of England, been nearer the age of her hapless predecessor, or had assimilated with his temper and pursuits when she grew into companionship with him, perhaps his memory would be freer from such reproach."

"The great abilities of James as a ruler, the success which attended his plans for civilizing and enriching his people, the formidable position assumed by his country as a naval power, all obtained for him the admiration of contemporary statesmen. There was likewise enough of romance connected with him to attract the attention of the classes delighting in the picturesque and marvellous. The beauty of his person, the variety of his attainments, his skill and taste in music and poetry; the wonderful facility with which the hand that struck the lute and clavichord tastefully, could sway the adze of the ship-wright when building his mighty war-ship at Falkirk, captivated every one. Likewise, the singular penance he enjoined himself (for having been brought in arms against his father) by wearing an iron chain about his waist, to awake his remembrance of his sin when it hurt him, was appreciated as a most edifying action in that era."

A very proper sort of husband to be married, at thirty-one, to an ignorant, passionate tempered, spoiled young lady of thirteen, whose only recommendations were that she promised to be very handsome, and "danced with great activity!" He, a sovereign, too, accustomed to have every thing made easy for him; and, one can imagine, not much used to the society of

boys and girls, seeing that he could command that of the flower of manhood and womanhood in his dominions. Yet he seems to have behaved with great kindness and consideration to this mere child. Their first meeting, after her arrival in his dominions, (she had previously been married, by proxy, in her father's court,) was one planned by him, on purpose "to relieve his young bride from the anxiety of a formal introduction to him, in the midst of tedious state ceremonies, with the eyes of a multitude fixed upon them." Miss Strickland proceeds thus:—

"He wished to make acquaintance with her before such ordeal commenced; and if his bride had a heart worth the winning, it was evident the King of Scotland thought it most likely to be won when they were disencumbered of the stiff stateliness ever surrounding royalty on public days. He entered the presence of Margaret Tudor with his hawking-lure flung over his shoulder, dressed simply in a velvet jacket; his hair and beard, curling naturally, were rather long, his complexion glowing from the manly exercise he had just been engaged in. He was the handsomest sovereign in Europe;—the black eyes and hair of his elegant father, James III. being softened in his resemblance to the blonde beauty of his Danish mother.

"Sir Walter Scott has drawn James IV.'s portrait *con amore*, and has not exaggerated the likeness.

"For hazel was his eager eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye
His short-curl'd beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And oh! he had that merry glance
Which seldom lady's heart resists."

"The young qucen met her royal lord at the doorway of her great chamber. The King of Scotland uncovered his head and made a deep obeisance to her, while she made a lowly reverence to him. He then took her hand and kissed her, and saluted all her ladies by kissing them. It was noticed that he welcomed the chivalrous Earl of Surrey with especial cordiality. Then the King of Scotland took the qucen on one side, and they communed together for a long space. *She held good manner*, (was unembarrassed,) and the king remained bare-headed during the time they conversed, and many courtesies passed between them. Incontinent (immediately) the board was set and served. The king and qucen washed their hands with humble reverence, and after that sat them down at table together.

"After supper they washed again *with the reverences*," which we opine to have been an elaborate series of bows and genuflections, performed with due solemnity. "The minstrels began to blow, then Qucen Margaret danced, accompanied by my Lady Surrey."

This meeting took place at Dalkcith Palace, August 3d, 1503. The account of it quoted here is given by John Young, Somerset Herald, who formed part of the English cortège that brought Margaret to her husband. Soon after this they were married; and after due merry-makings, public and private, her English escort returned home, leaving, however, twenty-four of their nation as attendants on the young qucen in her new home. Poor child! in spite of all the kindness, and flatteries, and amusements provided for her by the Scottish king and his court, she sends a very discontented letter to her father by one of the returning ladies. The following is a portion of it. The spelling of Margaret's many letters (for

she became a great letter-writer in after life) is almost very bad—so is the hand-writing—and so the grammar, very often. The first paragraph is dictated to one of her ladies, the other is in her own hand, "mine evil hand" as she herself calls it:—

"Sir, as for news, I have none to send, but that my Lord of Surrey is in so great favour with this king here, that he cannot forbear the company of him at no time of the day."

It is scarcely to be wondered at that the king should very much prefer the company of such a man as my Lord of Surrey to that of his childish wife; or that she being perfectly unable to comprehend in what my Lord Surrey's attractions consisted, should be displeased at the preference. She goes on with her very natural grumbling:—

"He and the Bishop of Murray ordereth everything as nigh as they can to the king's pleasure: I pray God it may be for my poor heart's ease in time to come. They call not my chamberlain to them, who, I am sure, would speak better for my part than any of them that be of that council. But if he speak anything for my cause, my Lord of Surrey hath such words unto him that he dare speak no further. God send me comfort to his pleasure, and that I and mine, that he left here with me, may be well entreated."

In her own hand is the rest:—

"For God's sake, Sir, hold me excused that I write not myself to your Grace, for I have no leisure at this time; but with a wish I would I were with your Grace now, and many times more. And for this that I have written to your Grace, it is very true; but I pray God I may find it well for my welfare hereafter. No more to your Grace at this time; but our Lord have you in his keeping. Written with the hand of your humble daughter.

"MARGARET."

Miss Strickland says elsewhere, "Had Margaret Tudor reached one half the age of her spouse, she might have had more success in disputing his heart with the matured beauties of her court; as the case was, it could only be expected that she would grow up to womanhood with the passions of anger and jealousy in a perpetual state of exercise."

As she grew older, Margaret became a handsome woman, indeed,—a brilliant beauty, as far as a fine figure, regular features, a complexion *à la* Tudor, (all lilies and roses,) and a profusion of the finest golden hair can make *beauty*; she had also the additional attraction of a clever, quick mind, and great vivacity and warmth of manner. She was in many respects strikingly like her brother Henry VIII. She is at times childishly absurd and wilful—always covetous and passionate—full of cunning to gain her ends, yet imprudent in the extreme,—a woman of strong impulse and no principle; running headlong after the gratification of her own passions of the moment, with no regard of consequences, and at other times deceitful and calculating for petty ends. She is by no means an uncommon character; only the generality of such women are not so much exposed to public scrutiny, or indulged with so much power as queens were in those days.

After making a tremendous fuss about the legacy which her brother Henry withheld from her, and urging her husband to engage in a war with England, the war was no sooner actually declared than

"Queen Margaret began to be excessively full of lamentations for the measure she had urged on. Her jealousy was excited by the correspondence Anne of Bretagne, Queen of France, commenced with James IV., urging him to do his devoir as chevalier-errant, by invading England, and marching three days, with banners displayed over the Borders. In token that she had chosen him as her knight, Queen Anne sent him a ring of immense value, taken off her finger.

"James was eager to make a diversion in favour of his ally by invading England, but soon found that his wedded partner meant to let him have little quiet in consequence, either by day or by night; the cause of grievance being that the Queen of France had written him '*ane love-letter*.' Common sense might have represented to her that the Queen of France was a woman dying of decline. She was withal old enough to be her mother. King James, however gallantly disposed to the French Queen, had never seen her; neither was he likely so to do. The ideas of the disputed jewels, and the message of the Queen of France, working together in Margaret's irritable brain, either produced some uneasy visions or led her to feign some. The tragical events that soon after occurred caused her to give them forth as prophetic, in which representation she was supported by certain grave chroniclers."

The dreams, omens, and other supernatural occurrences which preceded the fatal battle of Flodden Field, are supposed by many to have originated with Queen Margaret; being devised by her to deter her husband from the expedition on which he was bent. They failed to do so; and he set off with his fine army for the invasion of England, having appointed his queen regent of the kingdom during the minority of their son, in case of his death. If she married a second time, she was to forfeit that dignity. All our readers are familiar with the dreadful result of the battle of Flodden Field. Margaret was left a widow and guardian of the well-nigh ruined kingdom in her four-and-twentieth year;—a terribly difficult position for the wisest and best of women to maintain, and one which it was not possible such a woman as Margaret Tudor could maintain long without doing much mischief. The powerful Douglas faction soon secured her to themselves by means of their young and handsome chief, the Earl of Angus, with whom Margaret fell in love, and contracted a second marriage. From that moment there was no peace in Scotland, until James the Fifth was able to assume the government, for Margaret would not yield to the supreme authority, or the guardianship of the young king, and the great nobles would not let it remain with her, but invited the Duke of Albany to be regent. In a short space of time Margaret grew tired of the Earl of Angus, (as Mary Stuart did Darnley, and for the same reason; he was weak-minded,) and wished to obtain a divorce from him that she might marry the said Duke of Albany, one of the best intellects of the age. After many years she obtained the divorce, but instead of marrying Albany, who would have nothing to do with so perilous a match, she married Henry Stuart, a young

lieutenant of her son's guards, afterwards created Lord Methven. Nothing can exceed the moral indignation of her brother Henry at Margaret's flirtations, marriages, and continual attempts to obtain divorce. The royal Blue-beard is quite shocked at Margaret's conduct, and writes edifying remonstrances to her, which contrast strangely with his own matrimonial career.

Margaret Tudor left another child besides James V., viz. her daughter by the Earl of Angus, the Lady Margaret Douglas, who was brought up at the English court, and whose descendants were again blended with our royal family.

This Margaret Tudor, the first of Miss Strickland's Queens of Scotland, is a very important person in our history, being the one from whom the subsequent sovereigns of Great Britain claim their right to rule over the two kingdoms. Her life was a remarkable one, and, in consequence of her unprincipled character and imprudent conduct, she caused much domestic disturbance in Scotland, during the two or three next reigns. She contrived to keep both England and Scotland in a state of political ferment as long as she lived. She was a bad wife, a bad mother, and a foolish wicked woman. In reading her life we are forcibly reminded of Solomon's words, "As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman that is without discretion;" "Every wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands." But, though it is impossible not to condemn Margaret Tudor, let us not do so without considering what sort of education she had had, for the situation she was called upon to fill at so early an age; what sort of life she was obliged to lead among flatterers in her husband's court; the numerous temptations that beset her, and that were double temptations to a weak, lively mind, and undisciplined feelings. Let all mothers and fathers beware lest they indulge their darlings too much, and forget that each one of them will be called in time to rule over some kingdom in this world, great or small, and must be taught *in infancy* to "rule their own spirits." The history of this queen is a moral lesson to all women of undisciplined nature; such as she is, such (let them not be too incredulous at the comparison,) in corresponding circumstances would they be, perhaps; for Margaret is by no means a woman of extraordinary natural endowments, good or bad. If "history be philosophy teaching by examples," then is this example one that we should consider heedfully, for wisdom calls aloud to us through it.

Of a very different nature is the next biography,—that of Magdalene of France. She was the first wife of James V., the son of Margaret Tudor, and the daughter of the chivalric Francis I. of France, and had the advantage of being brought up by one of the best and most accomplished women of that age, the celebrated Margaret, Queen of Navarre, that pearl of womanhood, the noble sister of Francis I. "Those whom the gods love die young," and the fair Magdalene, good as she was fair, was one of the

many illustrations of that classic axiom. She was carried off by consumption about a year after her marriage, at the age of seventeen. Strange as it may seem, amid the stern and hard details of history and state policy, the intrigues and conventional forms of a court, one comes now and then upon a sweet little bit of romance; and very refreshing it is to the historic student to do so, especially if the student be a woman. We can see that Miss Strickland has written the touching story of this young princess *con amore*. Women, even when they are historical and biographical writers, and therefore strive to be impartial, are always made partisans by their feelings. It is easy to perceive that our amiable authoress has a strong dislike to the character of the uneducated, severely tried Margaret Tudor, but her best sympathies are at once roused by the romantic story of the carefully nurtured, untempted Magdalene de Valois. "Youth, beauty, and death, when found together, are always interesting," we heard some one say apropos of this princess. But they are of tenfold interest when we find them adorning a royal love tale. Let us repeat this tale for the benefit of such of our readers as are unacquainted with it.

When James V. was a boy, his mother, Margaret Tudor, entered into a treaty for the hand of this princess for her son. Her brother Henry offering at the same time to give his own daughter, the princess Mary, to the young King of Scots, Margaret dared not openly refuse that alliance, but kept up negotiations with both France and England, intending all the time that James should marry Magdalene, because she knew that Henry was endeavouring to divorce Katharine of Aragon, and in that case the princess Mary would be illegitimate. James was nine years older than his unknown affianced bride, and was in love many times before he saw her; he had had, indeed, several illegitimate children. But when it came to a question of his marriage, he determined to see the lady before he decided. He travelled to Paris incognito, somewhat in the style of his great grandson Charles I., when he wanted a wife. The results to a certain extent were the same. Each fell in love with the daughter of the reigning king of France, and married her. There is not, we believe any reason for supposing that Henrietta Maria "did love for love allow;" at all events, not to the same extent that the gentle young Magdalene did. She had had the advantage of a noble, pious, loving training, up to the moment when she saw the handsome prince whom she had been taught from infancy to consider as her future husband. She was an invalid, and probably spent half her days in a dream of love for him whose praise was always being sounded in her ears, and when all the circumstances of his visit to France are taken into consideration, it is not to be wondered at that Magdalene "surrendered her heart, at once, to the accomplished sovereign to whom her hand had been pledged in her unconscious childhood."

"The advent of a sovereign like James V., under such circumstances, created a wonderful sensation among

the nobles and ladies of the French court, more especially the latter. They marvelled at his boldness in undertaking so perilous a voyage, in stormy weather, considering the roughness of the seas and the danger of the coast; that he should have ventured upon such an expedition without asking for a safe conduct from either the King of England or the King of France; and that he should have travelled in a strange land, not only without a military escort for the protection of his person, but attended by so few servants. There was no court in Europe where the spirit of knight-errantry was so highly appreciated as in that of the chivalric Francis I., no man better qualified, both by nature and inclination, to enact the part of a royal hero of romance than the fifth James of Scotland. Gay, gallant, beautiful, and fascinating, he excited the most enthusiastic feelings of admiration in every breast, but in none more ardently than in that of the young delicate invalid, who had been accustomed to regard him from her earliest recollection, as her affianced husband."

That she was not too much depressed by illness to have strong feelings, and a strong will of her own, is indicated by these words of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount. "Yet, notwithstanding all her sickness and malice (mal case), fra the time she saw the King of Scotland, and spake with him, she became so enamoured of him, and loved him so well, that she would have no man alive to be her husband, but he *allunerlie*," meaning him alone. Miss Strickland proceeds thus:—

"There are instances where sickness, instead of marring, adds a touching charm to female beauty, especially in early youth when the malady is of a consumptive or hectic character. This was the case with the Princess Magdalene of France, who is described by contemporaries as a creature too fair and exquisite for this work-day world, in which she was to have but a brief continuance. King James, beholding in her the realization of his *beau ideal* of feminine loveliness and grace, determined to break through all contracts, treaties and entanglements that might prevent their union, and to woo and win her for his queen."

It was in vain that the French king spoke of James's recent attentions to Magdalene's cousin, the Lady Mary of Vendome, whom he ill-treated by thus seeking the hand of his daughter; in vain he urged the opinion of physicians that a residence in so cold a climate as Scotland would kill her, "and offered to bestow her younger sister Margaret on him instead."

"The royal lover would not hear of the exchange; but persisted in his suit for Magdalene, who was, according to the report of a quaint Scotch chronicler, 'ane young lady of pleasant beauty, goodly favour, and comely manners, above all others within the realm of France.' King James would have no one but her, sick or well, strong or weak; the Lady Magdalene was the mistress of his heart, and the more difficulties that were made, the more eager he was to call her his own."

"As to Magdalene, she was deaf to all warnings. She had made up her mind to be queen of Scotland, were the climate more ungenial than Lapland, and the people greater barbarians than Muscovites. She would be content to leave her own vine-clad hills, and all the refinements and luxuries of her native land, to share the fortunes of King James. Love, and the happiness of finding herself beloved by the object of that first sweet passion that prevailed in her young heart over every other feeling, did that for the fair invalid which the skill of the physicians had failed to do—it recalled her apparently to life, and all the hopes and blissful

expectations from which she had been previously cut off in the spring-tide of existence."

The lovers carried all before them, and were soon married, at the French Court. James was twenty-five, and Magdalene was sixteen. For the express delectation of our female readers, we proceed to quote Miss Strickland's description of the portrait of Magdalene, prefixed to this volume. It has been "carefully reduced from the whole-length figure of that Queen, in the curious contemporary painting of her marriage with James V., in Lord Elgin's collection at Broomhall in Fifeshire."

"Magdalene is very lovely; her features are small regular, and delicate; her complexion fair, with light brown hair, which is simply and becomingly arranged in curls and plaits. She wears a small round cap, formed of a network of pearls and jewels. She is tall, slender, and graceful in stature, with a long throat, elegantly moulded. Her countenance is indicative of feminine sweetness and sensibility, and there is something very maidenly in her attitude, as she stands with downcast eyes, bending her head slightly forward, and extending her hand to receive the nuptial ring. Her dress is white damask, embroidered with gold, fitting closely to her shape, finished at the throat with a small quilled doubled ruff, parted with a collar of gems. The upper part of her sleeves is formed of three full double frills or puffings rising a little above the shoulders; below these epaulettes the sleeves are tight to the arms, and finish with small ruffles and bracelets at the wrists. It is impossible for anything to be more chastely elegant and becoming than this costume, which would not be at all unsuitable for a royal or noble bride of the present day."

The royal couple spent several months after their marriage at the court of France; but, at length, it became necessary for James to return to his kingdom, and they parted from Francis I. with genuine sorrow on both sides. That monarch loved his daughter, and must have had sad forebodings concerning her health; he, however, dismissed her with feasting and magnificent presents. James, whose marriage had infuriated Henry VIII. because his daughter had been rejected, and because he dreaded the alliance of Scotland and France, which had been always dangerous to England, could not expect that his uncle would give him a safe passage through his dominions. The poor delicate girl was therefore obliged to make the long voyage from Dieppe to Edinburgh, and in tempestuous weather. She had to remain in a storm all one night, tossing at anchor off Scarborough; for James dare not land even for a night—the rage of the sea was better to bear than the rage of the Tudor lion. At length, on the fifth day after embarkation they arrived at Leith.

"They landed at the pier amidst the acclamations of a mixed multitude of loving lieges of all degrees, who came to welcome their sovereign home, and to see their new queen. Magdalene endeared herself for ever to the affections of the people by the sensibility she manifested on that occasion; for 'when she stepped on Scottish ground, she knelt, and bowing herself down, kissed the moulds thereof for the love she bore the king, returned thanks to God for having brought the king and her safely through the seas, and prayed for the happiness of the country.' This was, indeed, entering on her high vocation, not like the cold state-puppet of a public

pageant, but in the spirit of a queen who felt and understood the relation in which she stood, both to the king and people of that realm. A touching sight it must have been to those who saw that young royal bride thus obey the warm impulse of a heart overflowing with gratitude to God, and love to all she then looked upon."

The "sweet flower of France" lived but forty days after this event. Her gracious behaviour, her youth and beauty, the king's love for her, and the fact that she was likely to bring an heir to the kingdom, all conspired to make her death deplored throughout the length and breadth of the land. Brantôme says of this princess, (as quoted by our authoress,) "The Princess Magdalene married the King of Scotland, from which destiny her friends had vainly tried to turn her. 'Not, certes,' said they, 'but he is a prince both brave and beautiful; but then to have to go and live in such a barbarous country, and among a rude people!' 'Nevertheless, while I live I shall be a queen, which has always been my wish,' she replied." Miss Strickland thinks we should read "*his* Queen."

"When the Princess Magdalene was Queen in Scotland," pursues Brantôme, "she found the country first as she had been previously told, and altogether different from our *douce* France. But Queen Magdalene gave no sign of regret, unless in this one exclamation, 'I would be a Queen!' She covered her sadness and the fire of her ambition with such ashes of patience as she best might. M. de Ronsard told me this, and he went with her to Scotland, leaving his service as page to the Duke of Orleans, who gave him to her, and he went to see the world."

Brantôme also says that "she was very deeply regretted not only by James V., but by all his people, for she was very good, and knew how to make herself truly beloved. She had a great mind, and was most wise and virtuous."

"The first general mourning ever known in Scotland was worn for her, and her obsequies were solemnized with the greatest manifestation of sorrow of which that nation had ever been participant. The lamentations for the premature death of the youthful queen, and the hopes that perished with her, of an heir to Scotland, appear to have been of a similar character to the passionate and universal burst of national sorrow, which in the present century pervaded all hearts in the Britanic empire, for the loss of the noble-minded Princess Charlotte of Wales and her infant.

"How many hopes were borne upon thy bier,
O stricken bride of love!"

Those who know much of human nature generally, and of the Stuart family in particular, will not be astonished to hear that, sincerely as James V. mourned for Magdalene, he married again, eleven months after her death. Nor will such persons refuse to believe that *that* second was a love match, too, on his side at least.

We have now come to the third biography in this volume, that of Mary of Lorraine, or as she is more commonly called, Mary of Guise. Miss Strickland begins thus:—

"Of all the ladies James V. of Scotland had seen in France, with the exception of his lovely and beloved Magdalene, he had admired Mary of Lorraine, Duchess of Longueville, the most. Indeed, there is reason to believe that an impression was made on the susceptible

heart of the errant monarch by the charms of this fair duchess, previous to his introduction to the royal flower of Valois. Drummond of Hawthornden says, 'Whilst James disported himself in France, he had made acquaintance with a lady rich in excellences, who, next to Magdalene, had the power of his affections, Mary of Lorraine, sister to Francis, daughter of Claude, Duke of Guise, and widow of the Duke of Longueville.'

But Mary was not the widow, but the very happy wife of the Duke of Longueville at the time; and was present with him at the marriage of Magdalene. She became a widow a month before the death of that queen, and very soon after that event, James V. seems to have turned his thoughts to her, as a second wife. Poor Mary, who was sincerely attached to her late husband, by whom she had two children, (one born after his father's death,) was by no means disposed to listen to any overtures of marriage, and desired only to devote herself to her children. But women in so elevated a rank, could not, in those days, dispose of themselves. About this time Henry VIII. was a widower, by the death of Jane Seymour; and "having communicated to Francis I. his desire of choosing a princess of his lineage of his next queen, that monarch politely replied, 'that there was not a maid or widow of suitable degree in France, but should be at his choice.'" The royal lady-killer was about fifty-eight years of age at that time. No "maid or widow" of France would he accept, but the young Duchess of Longueville; partly, it seems, because she was *tall* and finely proportioned, and he was pleased to admire tall women, and partly out of envy and perversity against his nephew James V., to whom Francis I. had promised the lady. Henry was not contented with that king's information that she was engaged to the King of Scotland, but sent a proposal in due form, to the poor duchess herself. She did not reply as that other Italian Princess did on a similar occasion, "that if she had *two* heads she would be most happy to place one of them at the disposal of his majesty, but that having only one she thought it best to keep it on her shoulders;" she simply declined "the great honour he was willing to confer on her," and soon after obeyed the commands of Francis, and was married to the King of Scots:—

"That Mary had any choice in the matter is doubtful; but it appears probable that having previously expressed an insuperable reluctance to enter into a second marriage, and her acceptance of the King of Scotland being made public early in the new year, (1538,) she entered into that engagement at last, not only in compliance with the will of her own sovereign, but to avert the possibility of being, by any change of politics, consigned as a state victim to the royal wife-killer of England, who had a daughter two years older than herself, and was already provided with a male heir to his dominions.

"James entered into a lover-like correspondence with the fair widow of Longueville, and after many letters of princely love and affection had been exchanged between them, the articles of marriage were agreed on."

This marriage could not be without pain to Mary of Guise, for she was obliged to leave her darling and only child, the little Duke of Longueville, behind her, and (Frenchwoman as she was,) to go to a cold, semibarbarous country, where everything was strange

to her. However well-disposed she might be to her new home, and anxious to do her duty there, we are not surprised to hear that when some of the English Court asked Madame de Montrieux "How the new queen liked Scotland?" that lady somewhat smiled as she answered, "The Queen of Scotland loved France the best."

James V. and his second wife led a very happy life as far as conjugal affection is concerned, for he was passionately devoted to her; but their felicity lasted only for a brief period. The loss of his fine army in the Solway turned the king's brain, and brought him to his death-bed, at Falkirk, at the same time that his wife, in a state of great anxiety for him, gave birth, at Linlithgow, to a daughter—the celebrated Mary, Queen of Scots. All their other children were dead. Here ends Miss Strickland's first volume; and here begin the trials and troubles of Mary of Lorraine as Queen Regent of the distracted kingdom of Scotland. The next volume will contain much interesting matter.

THE LAND'S END.

HERE then we stood, the waves thundering below, and before us the Atlantic, without a shore nearer than America; the horizon line, not straight, but appearing, as it really is, the section of a circle, and blending softly with the summer sky;—here, amid a convulsion of rocks and precipices that form an irresistible barrier to the raging waters, we were impressed with the feeling of a position amidst a vast solitude, which some speak of experiencing in deserts. It is true there were no arid sands here; for the richest heaths, dwarf furze, almost all bloom, only three or four inches high, and several kinds of wild flowers, of which we did not know the names, enamelled the ground beneath our feet; but there was an overpowering loneliness, a sense of our own insignificance compared to what was around us, amidst a silence only broken by the hollow booming of a restless sea, that broke into the orifices of the cliff far beneath our feet, or now and then by the shrieking of a cormorant, or the rushing wing of a sea-mew.

There is a tale related, with the customary exaggerations, respecting the fall of a horse over the rocks here, and of the narrow escape of the rider, which, as no name is mentioned, every one thinks he may tell in his own way. The officer's name whose horse thus fell over was Captain Arbuthnot, about forty years ago, upon the staff of the western district, accompanying his superior officer, General Wilford, who also had a command in the same district, to see the Land's End. The general dismounted on the brow of the descent; but Captain Arbuthnot, who did not know the nature of the ground, rode down some way, when, the grass being slippery, and his horse alarmed, he dismounted, and flinging the bridle over his arm, led on the animal, which, startled most probably at the roar of the sea in front, backed himself over the cliff which was near in another direction, and dragged

Captain Arbuthnot to the edge, before he could disengage his arm, thus narrowly escaping being pulled over with him. We must again remark that the Land's End is a low headland, not more than sixty feet in height, as the ground is all the way a descent to its extremity, and the headlands on both sides rise to four and five times the elevation; its Cornish name is "*Penwith, the Headland,*"—or "*Antyer Deweth, the Land's End.*"

THE PAST YEAR AND THE PRESENT.'

WE gladly welcome a second series of the Illustrated Year Book of Wonders, Events and Discoveries, the design and execution of which we had occasion to commend last Christmas. The present volume is fully as well executed as its predecessor, and the occurrences of the past year which it describes, as well as those of the coming one of which it heralds the advent, confer on it, if possible, a more exciting interest.

Imagine for a moment a year-book during the reign of the Plantagenets, and such in fact are the romantic pages of Froissart. War must have needs been its sole burden, science and literature a mere blank. In 1357 we should have had a lively chronicle of the campaigns of the Black Prince in France. In 1850 we have Prince Albert establishing the apotheosis of peace, by setting on foot a grand exhibition of the works of all nations. Henceforth it must ever be one of the principal functions of a year-book to record the great feature of our own day—the astounding progress of science, and its application to the purposes of human life, and to the amelioration of our social condition. A few years back, and who would have believed in marvels that are now of everyday familiarity? The difficulty seems now to prescribe any bounds to the progress of discovery. Every season brings its wonder with it: last year it was the erection of the Britannia Bridge, this season it is the Electric Telegraph, and what it may be next year Heaven only knows.

But we will not delay our readers with reflections that must arise in every thoughtful mind; but proceed at once to the facts collected in the volume before us, and that pretty much in the order in which they are narrated, dwelling first on the lighter and more fugitive topics. The first popular rarity of the year was unquestionably the first appearance in England of a living hippopotamus from the remote shores of the Upper Nile. And here it may be remarked that among the many interesting problems that have been left for their solution to the science and enterprise of the present age, is that of the source of this patriarch of rivers, and there is at length every reason to believe that its discovery is near at hand. In a pleasant abridgement of the recent and arduous journey of Dr. Krapf to the mountains of Central

(1) "The Year-Book of Remarkable Occurrences and Discoveries: Edited by John Timbs." Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co.



Africa, we find that he succeeded in penetrating to the vicinity of the snow-covered peaks of Kilimanjaro, in which the head-waters of the Nile are to be sought for. The animal brought to this country was taken from its waters, as we learn, at a distance of *two thousand miles* above Cairo.

"The Zoological Society had long been anxious to obtain a living specimen of this great amphibious quadruped for their Menagerie. Several attempts with this object have been made within the last twenty years, but uniformly with ill success; so that the offer of an American agent at Alexandria to give 5,000*l.* for an animal of this species, delivered to him at the above city, entirely failed to induce any speculator to encounter the risk and labour of an expedition to the White Nile for this purpose. The desire of the Zoological Society was communicated to Abbas, Viceroy of Egypt, by the Hon. Mr. Murray, our excellent Consul at Cairo, and an energetic advocate of the interests of science everywhere. The Pasha was deaf to Mr. Murray's hint; doubtless, seeing the difficulty of gratifying the Society's wishes. Hasselquist, on the authority of 'a credible person,' who lived twelve years in Egypt, states it to have been impossible to bring the living animal to Cairo; and Cuvier remarks, the French savans attached to the expedition to Egypt, who ascended the Nile above Syene, did not meet with one Hippopotamus; but M. Caillaud asserts that he saw forty in the Upper Nile; though, their resort lay some fifteen hundred miles, or more, from Cairo. Here they are often shot with rifle balls; but to take one alive was a much more difficult matter. However, the requisite commands were given by the Viceroy, and the proper parties sent in search of the animal.

"This was in August, 1849, when the hunters having reached the island of Fobaysch, on the White Nile, about 2,000 miles above Cairo, shot a large female Hippopotamus in full chase up the river. The wounded creature turned aside and made towards some bushes on the island bank, but sunk dead in the effort. The hunters, however, kept on towards the bushes, when a young Hippopotamus, supposed to have been recently brought forth, being not much bigger than a new-born calf, but much stouter and lower, made a rush down the bank to the river; it had nearly escaped, owing to the slipperiness of its naked skin, and was only secured by one of the men striking the boat-hook into its flank, while another lifted it into the boat. The scar of the wound is still visible on the left side; but it was much nearer the haunch when the animal first arrived at Cairo, its relative position having changed with the growth of the body.

"The wound was of course dressed as soon after the capture as circumstances would admit, and the captors started with their charge down the Nile. The food of the young animal was their next anxiety; he liked neither fish, flesh, fruit nor grass, and, failing in these three courses, the hunters were fairly puzzled. They must, however, have been indifferent observers; else milk would at once have suggested itself as the best sustenance for a newly-born mammal. At length the thought came; the boat was stopped at a village, all the cows were seized and milked, and the young charge lapped up the produce with alarming celerity. They then took with them a stock of milk, but it would not keep; so they were compelled to 'take it in' new from the cow; or rather they took with them a good milch cow, just as that useful animal is taken on board an Indiaman, where, by the way, a large number of infantine passengers has made milk as scarce as would our Hippopotamus. But in this case, he had all the supply to himself; and in this 'milky way' he reached Cairo on the 14th of November, 1849. The colour of his skin at this time was a dull reddish brown. He was, of

course, first shown to the Pasha, (an honour claimed by royalty in all cases of prodigies,) the Hon. Mr. Murray was apprised of his arrival, and to his residence the young animal was conveyed, with a military escort, and the due form of imperial present-making. So far is the Hippopotamus now removed from the observation of men, that the present specimen created intense wonder and interest in Cairo; gaping crowds filled its narrow sandy streets, and a whale at London Bridge would not excite half so much curiosity.

"It being thought safer for the animal to winter in Cairo than to proceed forthwith on his journey, the Consul had duly prepared to receive the young stranger, for whom he had engaged a sort of nurse, Hamet Safi Cannana. An apartment was allotted to the Hippopotamus in the court-yard of the Consul's house, leading to a warm or tepid bath: his milk-diet, however, became a troublesome affair; his craving for milk whilst under Mr. Murray's care actually created a scarcity of that article at Cairo, for the new comer never drank less than from twenty to thirty quarts daily.

"By the next mail after the arrival of the Hippopotamus, the Consul despatched the glad tidings to the Zoological Society; and great was the joy at No. 11, Hanover Square, and at the Regent's Park. Preparation were then made for shipping the animal for Alexandria. The chosen vessel was the *Ripon*, one of those well-appointed steamers which resembles a luxurious hotel rather than a sea-going vessel. On the main deck was built a house from which were steps down into an iron tank in the hold, containing 400 gallons of water; the whole being constructed and fitted up at Southampton, from a plan by Mr. Mitchell, the able Secretary to the Zoological Society. The tank, used by the Hippopotamus as a bath, was filled with *fresh* water every other day; for which purpose, in addition to the supplies from time to time taken on board, was used the condensed water of the ship's engines, which amounted to 300 gallons per day. It was proposed to use sea water; but Mr. Mitchell foresaw that should the Hippopotamus take to salt water, how would he be affected by the change on his arrival in the Regent's Park, where the supply of the ocean draught might not be compatible even with the prospectus of the last new Water Company.

"Early in May the Hippopotamus left the Consul's hospitable quarters, and was conveyed in the canal-boat with Hamet Safi Cannana to Alexandria. Here his debarkation was witnessed by 10,000 spectators. The Consul accompanied his four-footed friend, and, for safety, applied to the governor of Alexandria for an escort; and a strong body of the Pasha's troops accompanied the animal and Hamet to the spot where the *Ripon* was moored. Here he embarked. There were on board his Excellency General Jung Bahadur Ramagee, and the Nepaulese princes, his brothers. The *Ripon* also took to the Zoological Society a collection of quadrupeds and birds, among which were an ibex from Mount Sinai, a lion, a leopard, two lynxes, an ichneumon, some civet cats, and a variety of serpents, lizards, and desert rats. A young giraffe was also to have formed part of the collection, but it was unfortunately drowned in the canal after reaching Alexandria.

"The Hippopotamus bore the voyage so well as to increase in fatness; he lived exclusively on milk, of which he consumed daily about forty pints, yielded by several cows on board. He was very tame, allowed himself to be freely handled by his Arab attendant, Hamet, whom he followed like a faithful dog; and who was seldom away for more than five minutes without a summons to return in the sound of a loud grunt. Hamet slept in a berth with the Hippopotamus, strange bed-fellow as he was; and thus they arrived in the *Ripon* at Southampton, on Saturday, May 25. He was landed early in the morning, sent by special train by the South Western Railway to London, and was safely housed at ten o'clock

at night in the comfortable quarters prepared for him in the Regent's Park. Thus the whole of the arrangements for his transport from Cairo were most successful, and reflect the highest credit on the energy and ability of those concerned in them. It will readily be understood that no ordinary difficulties had to be surmounted in his maintenance at Cairo, in the first instance; and afterwards in getting him down to Alexandria, shipping him on board the *Ripon*, supplying him with the vast quantities of fresh water necessary for his bath, transferring him from the steamer to the railway, and thence to the Gardens. It appears, however, that throughout the whole of this eventful journey, from the island where he was captured, everything contributed to a favourable issue to the Viceroy's liberal desire to assist the Zoological Society in the most interesting and important enterprise which they have ever undertaken.

"On arriving at the Gardens, Hamet walked first out of the transport van, with a bag of dates over his shoulder, and the Hippopotamus trotted after him; now and then lifting up his huge grotesque muzzle, and snuffing at the favourite dainties; with these he was duly rewarded on entering the apartment, adjoining which had been prepared for him a bath.

"Next morning, the Hippopotamus was first seen by the members of the Society, when his healthy condition, his docility, and attachment to his Arab attendant, and the evident enjoyment with which he plunged and gambolled in the water, gave satisfactory testimony of the care which had been bestowed on him, and the foresight with which the Society's arrangements had been laid for his reception. Although yet under a twelvemonth old, his massive proportions indicated the enormous power to be developed in his maturer growth; and the grotesque expression of his physiognomy far exceeded all that could be imagined from the stuffed specimens in museums, and the figures which had hitherto been published from the reminiscences of travellers."

Scarcely inferior to the excitement caused by the Hippopotamus, was the nine days' wonder caused by the arrival among us of the Nepalese Ambassador, who came from the remotest recesses of the Himalaya to pay his respects to Queen Victoria. Of the origin and antecedents of this prince we are also furnished with a pleasant account, of which we shall give an abridgement. We have no space, however, to enter into a detail of the intrigues and chances which have elevated him to his present position, and must content ourselves with a brief chronicle of his doings while in this country:—

"Within the past year we have had a distinguished claimant of this class in Jung Bahadur, the Prime Minister of Nepal, and Regent of the minority in the government of that country. In a letter from Calcutta, written on April 7, the very day of his embarkation for England, he is thus introduced:—

"The visit of the Nepal Minister will be, I imagine, the most remarkable one you have received this century. Rammohun Roy was a clever, quiet, intellectual Bengalee Hindoo gentleman, who, I believe, turned Unitarian, and died in England. Dwarkanath Tagore, whom the good folks at home appeared to think a very great man, was a humbug; in fact, he was rich only—or thought to be so. The Pasha of Egypt was comparatively next door to you, and a Mahomedan; but our "Minister and Commander-in-Chief of the Nepalese," fresh from his mountains, is a genuine and most strict Hindoo—a nobleman of the Rajpoot caste and the Goorka tribe—the most valiant, and now nearly sole independent, of the native states. As he will probably remain in England two or three months, you may perhaps see,

and will, I am sure, be interested by, him. He is thirty-two years of age only; rather slight in figure, but neatly formed; strong, firm, and agile as a hart; forming a strong contrast with his two stout, or rather fat, brothers, who accompany him. His features are of the Tartar cast. He appears to have great physical courage. On his way down to Calcutta in the steamer, passing through the jungly shores of the Sunderbunds, some object of game exciting his attention, regardless of tigers and alligators, and to the great alarm of his followers, he jumped overboard into the water or mud, but returned equally safe and unsuccessful."

"Then we read of another extraordinary feat performed by His Excellency, during his stay at Patna. The exploit consisted in riding to the summit of a large masonry granary on the back of a hill pony, which animal is famous for its sure-footedness; still, a more trying experiment, both to the rider's nerves and to the pony's paces can scarcely be conceived; the height of the dome is about 200 feet, with two most peculiarly awkward and dangerous staircases leading to the summit. . . .

"His Excellency, General Jung Bahadur Koorman Ramagee, arrived in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Ripon*, at Southampton, on Saturday morning, May 25. The Prince's suite consisted of twenty-four persons, amongst whom were his brothers, Colonel Jugget Shumshere Koorman Ramagee, and Colonel Dheer Shumshere Koorman Ramagee. The General came to this country as Ambassador Extraordinary from the Government to the Queen of England; and he was charged with a complimentary letter and costly presents for her Majesty; the embassy being also accompanied by Mr. McLeod, private secretary to his Excellency, and Captain Cavanagh, political agent at Nepal.

"Jung Bahadur and his suite are Buddhists; and, on account of their strict notions respecting their religion, diet, and ablutions, and their dread of having their food, or the vessels which contain it, touched by Christians, they were compelled to engage the whole of the fore-cabins and saloons of the *Ripon*, in which they fitted up a cooking apparatus, constructed out of a large square box made of planks and paddle-floats, filled with mud and sand. The fuel they used was charcoal. Their principal food on board was poultry, kids, eggs, rice, and vegetables. They took in themselves, at each port they touched at, whatever water they used.

"Jung Bahadur was treated with great distinction by the Governor-General of India, having been received in full Durbar at Calcutta, and saluted with nineteen guns on his arrival and departure. Although so young, he has already proved himself a successful warrior, and is one of the most perfect marksmen ever seen. He used repeatedly to fire at and strike a bottle from the mast-head of the *Ripon* during the voyage from Alexandria. He was sea-sick after he left Egypt, and so ill that it was determined to land him at Marseilles, in order that he might reach England through France. He, however, through the kindness and attention of all on board, got better, and was enabled to enjoy the voyage. He was very fond of all the amusements and games entered into by the passengers during the voyage, and cordially joined in them. He was particularly delighted with the music of the *Ripon's* band, and rewarded the musicians most munificently. . . .

"The Embassy was welcomed in truly magnificent style by the Hon. East India Company entertaining Jung Bahadur and his companions at a grand banquet at the London Tavern, on Saturday the 15th of June. The company included some of the principal functionaries of state, members of both houses of parliament, and a number of gentlemen of eminence connected with India and the East India Company."

Jung Bahadur was now presented to the Queen,

and his dusky but handsome face, and his magnificent costume studded with diamonds, were eagerly sought for among the fashionable world. He appeared at public dinners, frequented the opera, and even attended the conversaciones of the Royal Society. When the season was over, he made a tour to our principal dock-yards and cities, where he exhibited an intelligent appreciation of our national resources, gave large orders to our manufacturers, and scattered his cash and jewels pretty freely about him. It is fair to presume that he left our shores deeply gratified with his reception among us. He next visited Paris, where he was entertained with a grand review, and every one has heard of his fastening a superb diamond bracelet around the arm of the danseuse Cerito. With this exploit vanishes the dusky ambassador from our view; and whether we shall next hear that he is sovereign of Nepal, or that he has been killed in some intrigue of the palace, remains to be unfolded.

Another Indian marvel, destined to make a more abiding stay, is the great diamond, Koh-i-noor, or the mountain of light, which after glittering on the brows of a whole series of Eastern potentates is destined at last, through the fortune of war, to adorn the diadem of Queen Victoria. The story of this gem is a perfect romance, very pleasantly narrated by our author; but with our limited space we prefer to turn to, as a notice of the crowning achievement of the year, the submarine electric telegraph:—

"The greatest miracle of modern science—the Electric Telegraph—has, within the past year, acquired a grand extension of its working in the first interchange between England and France, destined to form the future key for instant communication with the European continent. This achievement is illimitably suggestive of great and glorious results to the entire human family. It will do more to calm its dissensions than a century of Peace Congress sittings; and its increase of international benefits approximates to the promises of inspired prophecy.

"One of our most profound electricians is reported to have exclaimed, 'Give me but an unlimited length of wire, with a small battery, and I will girdle the universe with a sentence in forty minutes. Yet this is no vain boast; for so rapid is the transition of the electric current along the lines of the telegraph wire, that, supposing it were possible to carry the wires eight times round the earth, it would occupy but *one second of time!*' . . .

"In 1842, Morse conceived his subaqueous plan, which, in December 1844, he submitted to the United States' House of Representatives. In the autumn of the former year, the Professor, at the suggestion of the American Institute, undertook to give the public in New York a demonstration of the practicability of his plan, by connecting Governor's Island with Castle Garden, a distance of one mile. For this purpose, he laid his wires, properly insulated, beneath the water. He had scarcely begun to operate, and had received only two or three characters, when his intentions were frustrated by the accidental destruction of a part of his conductors, by a vessel which drew them up on her anchor, and cut them off.

"In the moment of mortification, he immediately devised a plan for preventing such an accident in future, by so arranging his wires along the banks of the river, as to cause the water itself to conduct the electricity. Morse tested this arrangement across a canal with success; and the law of its passage was next ascertained,

showing that electricity crossed the river, and in quantity in proportion to the size of the plates in the water; the distance of the plates on the same side of the river from each other, affecting the results. It was further demonstrated that there might be situations in which the arrangements for passing the electricity across rivers might be useful; although experience could alone determine whether lofty spars, on which the wires may be suspended, erected in the rivers, might not be deemed the most practical. The principle has since been applied by Professor Vail, one of Professor Morse's assistants, across the Susquehanna river, at Havre de Grace, a distance of one mile, with complete success. This plan was next successfully put in practice by the Electric Telegraph Company and Captain Taylor, in the submarine telegraph, laid across the English Channel, by which an instantaneous communication is made from coast to coast, across the harbour of Portsmouth, from the house of the Admiral in the Dock-yard, to the railway terminus at Gosport. By these means, there is a direct communication from London to the official residence of the Port-Admiral at Portsmouth.

"Schemes for telegraphing across the Atlantic and the Pacific were triumphantly expounded to the wondering public, soon after Morse's success. It was, however, urged that great difficulty must, unquestionably, attend the construction of any telegraph over the comparatively moderate extent of rivers or lakes, owing to the impediments presented by anchorings, and the passage of vessels; but these became next to insuperable, when looked at in connexion with the stupendous experiment of reading off continuously wires over thousands of miles of sea, or even of the reading them through channels.

"The chief obstructions that present themselves (said the objectors) occur in the physical configuration of the sea itself—its rocks, and currents, and the agitation of its waves; albeit it is contended by philosophers, that at certain fixed fathoms down, the ocean is tranquil; and that the water, from its superincumbent weight, becomes almost solid, so that a wire, when sunk, might be looked upon as literally lodged or imbedded in a sort of oceanic cement. Independently, moreover, of the physical, let us look at what we may designate the conjectural side of the affair. Fancy a shark or a sword-fish transfixing his fins upon the insulated wires, in the middle, perhaps, of the Atlantic, interrupting the magic communication for months. Granted that minor fishes would be scared away by shocks of electricity through their scales; but what would all this avail against the headlong plunge of a whale! What is to be done against the tides, when they deposit their floating debris of wrecks and human bodies? Even supposing you could place your wires at the lowest depth—say thirty thousand feet—ever reached by the plumb-line, would your wires even then be secure?"

The first experiment in England was made by Mr. C. V. Walker, superintendent of telegraph to the South Eastern Railway, by sinking a portion of tubing in the sea, near Folkestone, on the 10th of January, 1849. At forty-nine minutes past noon, the first telegraph despatch was successfully forwarded to London. Application being shortly afterwards made to the French government, they gave their sanction to the scheme of an international telegraph. Meanwhile Mr. Brett, the inventor of the Patent Printing Telegraph, had obtained permission to apply his scheme to a submarine communication.

"At length, the arrangements for the solution of the great problem were completed. The points of communication selected by Mr. Brett, were from the beach at Dover, nearly opposite the railway terminus, to Cape

Grinez, at a short distance from Calais; at both which places temporary stations were provided.

"In the week previous to the experiment, the *Goliath* steam vessel, a very appropriate name for so gigantic an undertaking, arrived at Dover, having on board about thirty miles of the submarine wire, destined to form the connecting link, which was coiled 'midships' upon an immense reel or drum, 15 ft. by 7 ft. The copper wire was coated with gutta percha, was 9-16ths of an inch in diameter; it weighed about five tons, and the cylinder two.

"The preliminary arrangements of laying down the connecting wires from the coast at Dover and Cape Grinez, which for better protection from the chafing of shingle is, to the extent of about 400 feet, encased in lead tubing, having been made, preparations were commenced on Tuesday to complete the undertaking; but in consequence of the boisterous weather it was postponed until the following day.

"On Wednesday, the weather being moderately fair, the *Goliath* was moored off the Admiralty Refuge Pier, and was provisioned for the day, having on board a crew of thirty men. There were also on board Mr. Jacob Brett; Mr. J. C. Wollaston, C. E.; Mr. F. Edwards, and other scientific gentlemen. The *Goliath* rode out to the Government pier with her telegraphic tackle and apparatus on board, under a calm sea and sky, and a favouring wind; and then being fully under weigh, she steamed out at the rate of about three or four miles an hour into the open sea, in a direct track for Cape Grinez, twenty-one miles across channel, the nearest landmark to the English coast, and lying midway between Calais and Boulogne. The vessel was preceded by Capt. Bullock, R. N., of H. M. steam-ship *Widgeon*, who accompanied the experimenters as a pilot; and who had caused the track of the navigation to be marked out by a succession of buoys surmounted with flags on the whole route between the English and French coasts.

"There was an anxious crowd assembled on the pier to witness the departure of the convoy. About half-past ten o'clock, the end of the wire on board was securely fastened to the end of that from the shore, encased in lead, which was connected with a telegraph apparatus temporarily fitted up in a horse-box at the railway station, by which the uninjured state of the wire during the progress of submersion was tested.

"The operation of paying out the thirty miles of wire commenced on a signal to the sailors to 'go ahead with the wheel' and 'pay out the wire,' which was continuously streamed out over a roller at the stern of the vessel; the men, at every sixteenth of a mile, being busily engaged in riveting on to the wire square leaden clumps or weights, of from 14 lbs. to 24 lbs. weight; these had the effect of sinking the wire in the bottom of the sea, which, on the English coast, has a depth of thirty feet, and varies from that to 100 and 180 feet. . .

"Various interesting salutations were kept up hourly during the progress of submerging the wire, between the gentlemen on board and Mr. J. Brett. The only conjectured difficulty on the route was at a point in mid-channel, a ridge (called by the French *Le Colbart*), between which and another inequality called the Varne (both well-known and dreaded by navigators) there is a deep submarine valley, surrounded by shifting sands: the one is seventeen miles in length and the other twelve, and in their vortex, not unlike the Goodwin Sands, ships encounter danger, and part from their anchors and drifts; and trolling-nets of fishermen are frequently lost. Over this physical configuration, however, the wire was successfully submerged, below the reach, it was believed, of either ships' anchors, sea animals, or fishing-nets, though it will be curious to know that it withstands the agitation of the wild under-currents and commotions that are supposed to be the characteristics of such localities. The remainder of the route, though

rougher on approaching the coast of France, was accomplished cleverly but slowly.

"On nearing Cape Grinez, the soundings become very rugged, and the coast dangerous; but by steady and cautious manipulation, the *Goliath* delivered her cargo of wire to be safely connected with the end of the tubing which had been laid at Cape Grinez, and run up the cliff to a temporary station at its summit. This was completed the same evening, and every accommodation was afforded by the persons at the lighthouse, in the use of lanterns and lamps, so that at nine o'clock the same evening (the 28th of August) the following message was printed, in legible Roman letters, upon a long strip of paper, by telegraph, in the station on the French coast; in the sight of a numerous audience of the French officials and others, amidst tremendous cheers of all present at the success; three times three resounding on all sides for the Queen of Great Britain, and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and the French nation.

THE MESSAGE.

"CAPE GRINEZ, COAST OF FRANCE, half-past eight, P.M.
" [By Submarine Telegraph.]

"The *Goliath* has just arrived in safety; and the complete connexion of the underwater wire with that left at Dover this morning is being run up the face of the cliff. Complimentary interchanges are passing between France and England under the straits, and through it for the first time. The French mail, *ut mos est*, may not arrive at Dover at the time of going to press, but, in a short time, on the necessary arrangements being complete, Paris news and closing prices at the Bourse will be communicated by a mail that sets time and detention at defiance. . . .

"The Electric Telegraph appears to us more like a miracle than any scientific discovery or mechanical achievement of our time. Assume the steam-engine, and railroads are a mere question of finance. Even so magnificent an operation as the completion of the tubular bridge across the Menai Straits does not affect the mind with a sensation of wonder. What power was requisite to raise a given weight? What material could best endure the strain of the traffic? How could it be most effectually laid down?—how best supported by the single arch or from above? Such a work is in its way no doubt astounding from the combination of forces brought to bear in order to obtain a certain result, but they are all forces with which we are perfectly familiar. Now, the introduction of electric communication is but of the other day. We had scarcely taught ourselves to acquiesce in the idea that instantaneous communication between two points on solid land was a mere matter of course than it was gravely proposed to drop the communicating line and transmit intelligence along the bottom of the ocean. The jest or scheme of yesterday has become the fact of to-day. The wildest exaggeration of an Arabian tale has been outdone by the simple achievement of modern times. The consequences of the electric telegraph must be as important as the agency by which they are obtained is wonderful. Great excitement prevailed throughout Europe when the first balloon carried up an adventurer into the skies. But there was no comparison between such an achievement and the present. Even the most enthusiastic projectors must have entertained certain doubts as to the practical value of their aeronautic expedition. In the case of the submarine electric telegraph, the first and obvious effect of this instantaneous communication between the two most civilized and powerful nations of the world will be to unite them so closely in community of interests as to secure their co-operation in all designs that may promote the advancement of humanity and maintain the peace of the world. In a great measure this had been already effected by a mode of communication which required at least a certain number of hours. But with the electric telegraph across the

Channel, communication with Paris is not even a question of seconds. At present, no doubt a message must be first forwarded to Dover; at Dover a delay will take place, another at Cape Grinez, and so on through France; but these are mere points of detail now that the chain of communication has been carried across the bed of the ocean. Some few arrangements are all that is requisite in order to render a sustained conversation between two persons, the one in London, the other in Paris, not merely a possibility but a fact."

Every one has heard of the breaking of the wire in consequence of its casing not being sufficiently strong; but this is a defect which will be easily remedied in future. The success of this marvellous experiment is complete, and it will no doubt be applied to an extent which it might at present seem visionary to anticipate.

The present year too will be memorable to the Londoners as that in which the new building for the British Museum was brought to a conclusion. The heavy old chateau which we all knew so well, has vanished for ever, and its place is supplied by a magnificent edifice of the Ionic order, elaste and severe in style, and on a scale commensurate with the ever-widening circle of acquisitions in every department of science. Perhaps the most striking recent accessions have been the Nineveh marbles, some of the most remarkable of which have been recently added to the collection. Here we may remark that of late years antiquarian research has fully kept pace with science, and opened to our investigation vast fields of interest both in the eastern and western world. The whole of North America as well as its central and southern portions are found to contain almost innumerable traces of early occupants, while ancient Assyria has been disinterred from the obscurity of ages.

Another pleasing feature of our times, is the popularization of literature by means of cheap publications—a work in which the finest geniuses, a Dickens or a Hunt, do not disdain to co-operate. Simultaneously with this has grown up a taste for instructive pictorial representations. Time was when there was but one panorama in London; now, their name is legion. Thousands have travelled up the Mississippi into the far west, and gazed upon the monuments of Ancient Egypt, or tracked the course of their countrymen to the burning clime of India, after this cheap and easy fashion. Of these panoramas, our Year Book contains some lively and instructive sketches.

But the great subject of anticipation, during the latter end of the past year, was the Great Industrial Exhibition of the coming; and to this, as the brief months hasten away which intervene before its fulfilment, the public attention is devoted with an intensity which, like Moses's rod, swallows up all inferior matters. Received at first by a practical people with some degree of doubt and hesitation, and by many with sneers of incredulous foreboding, it is rapidly becoming a *fait accompli*. Even as we write, the vast palace, destined to receive the stupendous gatherings of a world's industry, rises like an exhalation; and already, from the east and the west, from the north and from the south, the eager nations are preparing, to

flock to it. While the continent of Europe resembles a volcano about to burst forth into destructive fury it is our glory—and may it ever remain so—to cultivate the spirit and the arts of peace, not in the narrow spirit of selfish aggrandisement, but with a generous regard for the interests of the whole humanrace.

A sketch of the rise and progress of this great scheme cannot but be acceptable to our readers:—

"It is right that the credit of originating our grand scheme should be given where it is due. Its first announcement will be found in the *Journal of Design*, for September, 1849, wherein the Editor observed.—'Whilst almost every European nation has held exhibitions of its industrial products, England, as a nation, has not yet adopted this beneficial mode of encouraging its manufactures, and instructing its people to understand and appreciate them.' But public opinion in our country is at last awakening to a sense of the importance of such exhibitions, and its convictions are likely to be converted into a practical result by the active intelligence of his Royal Highness Prince Albert. From all we hear, we believe that his Royal Highness, as President of the Society of Arts, is engaged in organizing the means of forming a great collection of the works of industry of all nations, to be exhibited in London in 1851; and that measures are in active progress for ascertaining the willingness of our manufacturers to assist in this gigantic undertaking. With this view, we believe, his Royal Highness has authorized two or three gentlemen to proceed to the manufacturing districts, and collect the opinion of the leading manufacturers, and evidence of their desire to assist his Royal Highness, in order that the results of this inquiry may be submitted to Her Majesty's Government.'

"In the *Journal of Design* for October, the royal proposal is stated to have assumed thus early the aspect of a certainty. The Editor then repeats that the particular idea was the Prince's own: 'Now is the time,' said his Royal Highness, 'to prepare for a great exhibition—an exhibition worthy of the greatness of this country; not merely national in its scope and benefits, but comprehensive of the whole world; and I offer myself to the public as their leader, if they are willing to assist in the undertaking.' This is true patriotism.

"On the 30th of June, the Prince summoned Mr. T. Cubitt, Mr. H. Cole, Mr. F. Fuller, and Mr. J. S. Russell, members of the Society of Arts, to Buckingham Palace, when his Royal Highness proposed that the exhibition should consist of raw materials of all kinds, mineralogical, agricultural, &c.; of machinery and mechanical inventions; of the results of these, namely, manufactures; and, lastly, of sculpture and plastic art generally; and that the exhibition should be opened to all nations.' At the second meeting, held at Osborn, on July 14, the President of the Board of Trade was also present, at which the appointment of a Royal Commission was decided on; and at the third meeting Mr. Cole, Mr. Fuller, and Mr. Russell, were empowered by the Prince to travel through the manufacturing districts of the country, in order to collect opinions.

"It was at this meeting also, June 30, that Prince Albert gave to the proposed Exhibition that great feature of universality which has ever since formed the chief characteristic of his plan. His Royal Highness 'considered that whilst it appears an error to fix any limitation to the products of machinery, science, and art, which are of no country, but belong as a whole to the civilized world, particular advantage to British industry might be derived from placing it in fair competition with that of other nations.' . . .

"Not the least wonderful part of the Exhibition,' says the *Times*, 'will be the edifice within which the specimens of the industry of all nations are to be col-

lected. Its magnitude, the celerity with which it is to be constructed, and the materials of which it is to be composed, all combine to ensure for it a large share of that attention which the Exhibition is likely to attract, and to render its progress a matter of great public interest. A building designed to cover 758,984 superficial feet, and to have an exhibiting surface of about 21 acres, to be roofed in and handed over to the Commissioners within little more than three months from its commencement; to be constructed almost entirely of glass and iron, the most fragile and the strongest of working materials, to combine the lightness of a conservatory with the stability of our most permanent structures—such a building will naturally excite much curiosity as to the mode in which the works connected with it are conducted, and the advances which are made towards its completion. Enchanted palaces that grow up in a night are confined to fairy-land, and in this material world of ours the labours of the bricklayer and the carpenter are notoriously never-ending. It took 300 years to build St. Peter's at Rome, and 35 to complete our own St. Paul's. The New Palace of Westminster has already been 15 years in hand, and is still unfinished. We run up houses, it is true, quickly enough in this country; but if there be a touch of magic in the time occupied, there is none in the appearance of so much stucco and brick-work as our streets exhibit. Something very different from this was promised for the great edifice in Hyde Park. Not only was it to rise with extraordinary rapidity, but in every other respect is to be suggestive of "Arabian Nights" remembrances. In its favour, the window law has been ignored, and 900,000 superficial feet of glass, weighing upwards of 400 tons, used in its construction. Not a stone or a brick has been employed throughout the spacious structure, which rests upon 3,800 cast-iron columns, and is strengthened and kept together by 2,224 girders of the same material. The plan of it comprises a basement, and two upper tiers diminishing in area as they ascend, and thus securing a graceful variety of outline; while the monotonous effect of a façade 1,848 feet long is broken by a spacious transept. This transept, 408 feet long and 72 feet wide, is arched, and rises to the height of 108 feet, inclosing within it, as in a glass-case, certain trees, which respect for the Park timber has induced the Commissioners to spare. The roof of the entire building, resting on the cast-iron girders, is what is technically called "ridge and valley," and looks like an undulating sea, the whole being covered with canvase to exclude the rays of the summer sun and prevent any inconvenience arising from excessive heat; except the transept, where the presence of trees renders light necessary, and where, therefore, the arched glass roof will remain uncovered. When closed in and completed, the view presented by the interior will, it is anticipated, be wonderfully graceful and splendid. The central avenue, with rows of pillars shooting off from it on either side, and so arranged that the eye can traverse freely to every part of the building, must have a very grand appearance. Care has been taken to have the columns upon which the whole fabric rests distributed with such regularity, that no confusion or forest-like effect can be produced by them. It will be the same in all the avenues as in the central one; although there, from its proportions and the entire absence of galleries or upper flooring to break the perspective, the view presented will be most imposing."

Our space is more than occupied, and we can say but a few words in conclusion. The years 1850-1 will be memorable in the pages of history for the great impulse given to the arts of peace and the progress of civilization by this stupendous Exhibition; and for the national protest against the feeble attempts of the Papacy to fasten about us the chains which we had

already broken and cast aside for ever. On one hand we hail the victorious progress of science and philanthropy; on the other, we behold in full retreat the routed forces of priestcraft and superstition. - Would that the correction of our social evils kept pace with this encouraging prospect; yet even here are cheering signs of improvement. The dark places of the earth are being explored, the haunts of misery and crime laid open to the light of day. Men of all ranks are becoming anxious to set their shoulders to the wheel of social improvement. Let us hope that our religious differences may no longer retard the establishment of a system of education for the people. Above all, let us look up with thanksgiving and with hope to that Great Being, the march of whose beneficent providence is so evident even among the clouds that sometimes overcast our limited horizon, and commit to his wise and paternal keeping the advancing destinies of our beloved country.

THE BILLET DOUX.

ANOTHER charming specimen of the peculiar style of Newton. A girl receiving her first *billet-doux*; a moment of no small interest, it must be confessed, and treated by the painter with exquisite refinement and delicacy. The beauties are such as the reader must detect for himself, for they elude any attempt at formal description. No one knew so well as this accomplished and unfortunate painter, how "to catch a grace beyond the reach of art."

"OLIVE;" a novel, by the author of the "Ogilvies," 3 vols. (Chapman and Hall). We have perused with much pleasure, and we hope some profit, this second effort of the authoress of the "Ogilvies." Her former work contained, as it appeared to us, in addition to a degree of performance evincing high talent, delicate taste and deep feeling, a promise of better things to come. The faults were essentially those of an inexperienced writer—the head and front of her offending being a bigotted faith in the creed, that "love's young dream" is the aim and end of existence for all and sundry,—a theory comprising the whole duty of man and woman in a blind worship of the sightless god. "Olive" has not disappointed us; and in no particular does it more clearly indicate advance, than in the abandonment of this Thekla-like philosophy; although it contains good measure of amateness, and sufficient sighing to meet the requirements of the boarding-school public. "*Ich habe gelebt und geliebet*," is no longer the motto; to have "lived and loved," no more the *one* thing needful; and poor humanity is allowed to eat, drink, and sleep, discourse on art, paint pictures, indulge natural affection towards parents, and cultivate friendship, without the constant intrusion of Cupid. The great and especial merit of "Olive" lies in the beautiful development of a true woman's nature, portrayed in the character of the heroine, whose lively instinct of goodness, strengthened and directed by a deep sense of religion, conducts her



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through the changes and chances of a life of self-renunciation, with a cheerful calmness, of which the sanctifying influence falls like a blessing upon all who come within its sphere. Yet is she neither idealized into an impalpable abstraction, which we admire, but feel to be impossible, nor made to appear a parson in petticoats, whose sermonizing strikes us as equally wholesome and unpalatable; but with all her excellence and superiority, she still remains "a very woman," a being loving, and to be loved. The main fault of the book is a want of self-consistency in the character of the hero, who, described as a moral Hercules, and placed in an equally original and striking position, conducts himself with a very "lady-like" degree of unreasoning vacillation, which in real life would have lost him the respect, though it might not have deprived him of the love of his innamorata. Of the other characters our limits merely enable us to point out the grand old artist, Michael Vanbrugh, in himself a picture well conceived and ably executed; his good little sister, in whom affection supplies the want of a mind; "Harold's mother," a haughty matron, whose clear head and cool heart render the deep love which she really feels for her son, a most uncomfortable blessing; to whom no greater contrast can be imagined than that which we find in Olive's silly, fascinating, child-like mamma, who, beginning her career by a dislike scarcely natural to her slightly deformed, plain little girl, lives to acknowledge in that daughter's tenderness her only consolation. For the rest (with the exception of an episode regarding a certain Christal Manners, with which we could willingly have dispensed,) we give "Olive" our warm approval, and cordially recommend it to our readers.

"Imagination: an Original Poem," by Spero. This production (which is dedicated by permission to Mr. Charles Dickens) is evidently the work of an unpractised writer, who is, however, endowed with a considerable share of the divine faculty which forms his theme. Many sweet descriptions and passages of great poetical excellence might be selected from the poem which he has presented to the public, whilst the frequent occurrence of harsh and rugged lines seems to prove that it has been written in haste, in the midst of uncongenial pursuits, and that little time or care can have been bestowed in polishing or correcting it. The poet tells us in his preface that his life has been passed "in the cold city's crowd;" that his view of nature's works has been contracted

To the same dull walk at morn, at eve—
Then morn and eve again; t./r

that lakes, mountains, and forests are strange to him, and that the "grasp of active, busy life" has held him back "from the bright longings of his aspiring soul." These circumstances are calculated to bespeak the indulgence, and excite the interest of the reader; but the work itself is one of considerable merit, and indicates a power of fancy and faculty of observation which may, in the course of time, achieve still better things.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

OUR readers will be glad, perhaps, to have a few words recommendatory of such annuals as we have already seen; and we shall, accordingly, give our modicum of advice, beginning with the more costly, and ending with the more economical, so that every one may choose what likes him best. For handsome engravings on a large scale, and a world of miscellaneous matter connected with the fine arts in general, the volumes of the Art Journal are, after all, by far the fullest and cheapest that are published; and to those who have not the work already in numbers, they constitute as handsome a present as can be made. For novelty and peculiarity of design, two publications by Mr. Bogue, of Fleet Street, are also well worthy of remark:—they are, "Sketches after English Landscape Painters," by Louis Marvy, with short notices by W. M. Thackeray; and another entitled "Christmas with the Poets." The first is an elegant volume of coloured engravings from the works of our best landscape-painters, many of which are exceedingly beautiful. They are accompanied by short notices by the accomplished author of "Vanity Fair," who has most admirably discriminated the styles of the respective painters. The second is a volume still more to our taste,—novel in design, and happy in execution, consisting of a series of engravings on wood in the very highest style of the art, to illustrate poems, both ancient and modern, on the subject of Christmas. The typography and binding are really gorgeous, and the originality of the design must secure to these books a large share of the patronage bestowed on works of their class.

Much lower in price, and less expensive in getting up, but full of sterling and valuable matter, is "Mrs. Hall's Pilgrimages to English Shrines," written with great ease and felicity, and accompanied by a host of woodcuts, from the clever pencil of Fairholt. The design of this work, reprinted from the Art Journal, and published at a surprisingly cheap rate, is to collect the scattered remnants connected with the memories of great and good men, and its execution is every way successful.

Those who delight in foreign, rather than domestic subjects, may turn to "Gleanings in the Overland Route," by the author of "Forty Days in the Desert," for a correct picture of our possessions of Malta and Gibraltar, and other matter connected with the interesting and popular subject of which it treats. This book also abounds in illustration, and is very handsomely got up.

Still cheaper than this is the "Year-Book of Remarkable Occurrences," of which the liberal use we have made in this number is the best eulogy we can pronounce. For an elegant present to children we may recommend Miss Meteyard's work, "The Doctor's Little Daughter." This unpretending story abounds in exquisite little episodes and passages of description, its fault being, perhaps, the redundancy of matter; which, duly diluted by the regular bookmaker, is equal

to a whole catalogue of common-place stories. From these stores of art and poetry, historical illustration foreign and domestic, fact and fiction, there is abundant room to make a selection.

SCRAPS.

GUIZOT.

OUR present business is with M. Guizot as a historian and philosopher; a character in which he will be remembered long after his services to humanity, as a statesman and a minister, have ceased to attract the attention of men. In those respects we place him in the very highest rank among the writers of modern Europe. It must be understood, however, in what his greatness consists, lest the readers, expecting what they will not find, experience disappointment when they begin the study of his works. He is neither imaginative nor pictorial; he seldom aims at the pathetic, and has little cloquence. He is not a Livy nor a Gibbon. Nature has not given him either dramatic or descriptive powers. He is a man of the highest genius; but it consists not in narrating particular events, or describing individual achievement. It is in the discovery of general causes; in tracing the operation of changes in society which escape ordinary observation; in seeing whence man has come, and whither he is going, that his greatness consists; and in that loftiest of the regions of history he is unrivalled. We know of no author who has traced the changes of society, and the general causes which determine the fate of nations, with such just views and so much sagacious discrimination. He is not, properly speaking, a historian; his vocation and object were different. He is a great discourses on history. If ever the philosophy of history was embodied in a human being, it is in M. Guizot.—*Mrs. Alison's Essays.*

DINNERS AND DIPLOMACY.

PEOPLE possessing but a slight knowledge of diplomatic affairs, can have but an imperfect idea of the importance of a dinner in arranging international difficulties. The enormous salaries paid to our ambassadors and consuls have recently been subjected to a severe overhauling, with a view to their reduction. A committee of commoners was appointed, before which Lord Palmerston, and several of the most distinguished *diplomats* in London underwent a cross-examination as rigid as that adopted towards equivocating witnesses on a criminal trial. From the facts elicited, it would appear that *dining* his rivals is the most important and arduous part of an ambassador's duty. We know that in olden times "wretches were hung that jurymen might dine." That is passed; indecisive juries are no longer starved into a decision, but the principle is carried into a higher sphere, and now nations are taxed that their representatives may outshine rivals in the splendour of their *cuisine*.

Sir Richard Pakenham, the late minister to Washington, averred that good dinners were all-powerful agents of diplomatic success, and boasted, with bad judgment and worse taste, that when there, his dinners were the admiration of all, and that he gave better dinners than the President of the United States. He might have seen that it is both extravagant and invidious for any country to allow its ministers incomes that enable them to eclipse in splendour the first magistrate of the state to which they are accredited. Sir George Seymour, who has had thirty-three years' experience in diplomacy, said boldly,—“I consider that giving dinners is an essential part of diplomacy. I have no idea of a man being a good diplomatist who does not give good dinners!”

Well, if by feeding ministers national quarrels can be accommodated, why should they not be well fed? History tells from what trivial causes great wars have arisen, and why should they not be averted by means equally insignificant? Who shall tell how much canvas-backs and Champagne had to do with the settlement of the Oregon question? “Fifty-four forty or fight” was a very good cry before dinner, but no man with a Christian-like digestion feels like fighting in his calm post-prandial moments. We understand that some ill-feeling has arisen in Washington towards Sir Richard Pakenham on account of his boastful confession; but his candid avowal will probably be one chief cause of removing the evil. Palmerston and Pakenham both allowed that “American ministers are most successful in diplomacy, though unprovided with the means of giving sumptuous entertainments;” and their cross-questioners refused to believe that the poor bribe of a dinner can influence state affairs. Besides, say they, “if their excellencies be freely regaled overnight, they may think next morning, and with a bitterness aggravated by previous indulgence.” They can see no reason, in short, why the British diplomatist should be better paid or give better dinners than an American minister, who does his work equally as well; and the consequence is, they recommend a sweeping reduction of the enormous salaries now paid.

STATISTICS OF TRADES.

DIFFERENT trades and professions seem to suit the inhabitants of different countries. In London all the milkmen are Welsh; all the sugar-bakers are German, and a great many of the tailors. The vast majority of the bakers are Scotch, but there is not a Scotch butcher to be found. While no theatrical performer ever came from Scotland, we have had considerable success in medicine and in law. To the literature of the country, I trust, it will be allowed that we have brought at least our fair contribution, when it is considered that there are less than 3,000,000 of inhabitants in Scotland, while there are 8,000,000 in Ireland, and 14,000,000 in England.—*Lord Campbell—Lives of the Chief Justices, Vol. II.*

TRIUMPHS OF STEAM.¹

PART IV.

HAVING traced the progress and successful establishment of river steamboats in a former paper, let us next glance at the early ocean voyages of these connectors of continents and contractors of seas: it would scarcely seem extravagant to add, annihilators of time and space—when comparing records of voyages made less than a century ago, with those effected by steam-ships in the present day. During Fielding's voyage to Lisbon in 1754, *thirty days* elapsed between embarkation at the Tower Wharf, London, and anchoring at Torbay, in Devonshire. Compare this fact with the performance of an American merchant last year, and judge if the above epithet is not almost justified. On the 4th of April, 1849, this gentleman left New York for Canton, and arrived at his destination on the 15th of June, after accomplishing a distance of nearly *fifteen thousand miles*. Thus, "in little more than *two months*, he traversed the Atlantic and Indian oceans, and the Mediterranean, Red, and China Seas. Starting from the United States of America, he called at England, Gibraltar, and Malta, in Europe; Alexandria and Suez, in Africa; and at Aden, Ceylon, Penang, Singapore, and Hong Kong, in Asia. With the exception of passing through England and Egypt, the whole of his journey was performed by water in British ships."

Long after Fielding's time such a change in the affairs of travellers was beyond mortal ken or credit. Sailors and savans alike decried the feasibility of sea-voyages in steamboats. When first it was proposed to employ them on the Forth and Tay ferries, Admiral Sir Philip Durham declared, "I have viewed the matter with a seaman's eye, and am certain that a steamboat can never live on the Forth;" and Dr. Lardner, penetrating a kindred subject with a philosopher's eye, staked his "reputation and knowledge as a man of science," on the impossibility of any steamer crossing the Atlantic Ocean. In 1820, however, steamboats attempted those very ferries; yet their lives escaped the sacrifice considered due to their temerity; and, cruelly regardless of the Doctor's "reputation," steamers whistle at "men of science," and paddle across from New York to Liverpool in spite of the demonstrated impossibility of the thing. Let us seek out and proclaim the daring insolent, who first ventured to set at nought the fiat of the wise. Bring her forth trembling,—not from contrition for opposing philosophy, but from the pulsations of that iron heart within, which gave her might to brave and overcome,

" . . . on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,"

and the raging waves it lashes into being.

The success of ocean-navigation was confidently predicted by Fitch; and it has already been mentioned that to another American, Mr. Stevens of Hoboken,

the honour is due of performing the first sea-voyage with a steamboat, in transferring his vessel by sea to Philadelphia, for the navigation of the Delaware, from the River Hudson; in consequence of the exclusive privilege then enjoyed by Fulton of navigating this river.

Deep-sea communication by steam-vessels, and the establishment of Post-office steam-packets in Great Britain, originated with Mr. David Napier. The *Rob Roy* was built for this gentleman in 1818, by Mr. Denny of Dumbarton, a vessel of 90 tons burden, with an engine of 30-horse power, with which he established regular communication between the ports of Greenock and Belfast. Subsequently she plied between Dover and Calais. Messrs. Wood shortly afterwards built for Mr. Napier the *Talbot*, 120 tons, which was fitted with two of his engines, each of 30-horse power, supplied from the celebrated Vulcan Foundry, Glasgow. "This vessel," says Mr. Scott Russell, "was in all respects the most perfect of her day, and was formed on a model which was long in being surpassed." The *Talbot* ran between Dublin and Holyhead; and steam-packets connecting Liverpool, Greenock, and Glasgow, were established by the same enterprising gentleman.

In the following year to that which witnessed the successful efforts of the *Rob Roy*, the Americans achieved another triumph by building and equipping the *Savannah*, the first steam-vessel that dared to breast the billows of the Atlantic; which, after a passage of twenty-six days from the port whose name she bore, and without stopping at any intermediate station, arrived safely at Liverpool on the 20th of June 1819. She was of 350 tons burden, and her hold between the main and fore-masts was entirely occupied by the coals and the machinery. The consumption of coals by this engine amounted to nearly ten tons daily. The construction of the paddle-wheels was such as to admit of their easy removal in adverse weather. They were fitted when in use to a cast-iron axle-tree fixed through the sides of the vessel; and it does not appear that it was ever found necessary to shelter them from the too-rough treatment of the waves. The following most amusing account of her first voyage was given in the "New York Tribune:"—

"For fourteen days the *Savannah* on her passage to Liverpool went without canvass, depending entirely on her steam-power for propulsion, and never using sails and steam at the same time. Her engine was a low-pressure, one of only 80 or 90-horse power, with which she could generally make eight knots in the hour. When the ship arrived off Cape Clear, she was immediately telegraphed to Liverpool as a 'ship on fire,' and the British Admiral then lying at Cork, despatched a king's cutter to her relief; but the officers and crew were struck with astonishment in being unable to overhaul a vessel *under bare poles*. However, after several shots had been fired from the cutter, the engine was stopped, and they were permitted to come on board, and were greatly gratified as well as astonished at the marvellous craft.

(1) Continued from p. 10.

"As she approached Liverpool great numbers met her in boats, and during this time she wore all her colours, when a boat from a British sloop of war came alongside and hailed the sailing master, then on deck, demanding, 'Where is your master?' 'I have no master,' was the reply. 'Where is your captain, sir?' 'He is below, sir.' The captain then came on deck. 'Why do you wear that pennant, sir?' says the officer. 'I wear it,' says Captain Rogers, 'because my country permits me to do so.' 'My commander,' answered the officer, 'thinks that it was done to insult him, and if you don't take it down he will send a force that will do it.' Captain Rogers made no reply to this threat, but gave orders to the engineer to 'get ready the hot-water engine.' Now there was no such thing on board, but, *n'importe*, the order answered the object. John Bull evacuated, and no more was heard of him.

"The reception in Liverpool was a wonderful one; the whole city and country crowded to see the strange craft; and during her stay she was visited by noblemen from London, by naval officers, and other *distingués* in great numbers.

"The *Savannah* then left for Copenhagen and Stockholm, where she was visited by the royal family and thousands of persons of the highest rank; and at the latter place took on board Lord Lyndock, then on his travels through the north of Europe, and proceeded to Saint Petersburg, where she was received with the greatest *éclat* by all classes, and a rich service of plate presented to her officers.

"The ship reached Savannah after a pleasant passage of twenty-five days, and afterwards went to Washington city, where she laid up. Captain Rogers tells us that the rule was to carry sail while the ship would make five knots an hour; and when that speed could not be reached, to take in sail and use the engine, there being no difficulty of getting fully eight knots out of her."

The passage of a steamer across the Atlantic was a rare feat for the next twenty years. In 1828 the *Curaçoa* voyaged direct from Holland to Surinam, occupying twenty-four days from off Dover. A British steamboat, the *Sir Lionel Smith*, crossed from St. Thomas to New York in 1837; and before this the *Royal William*, a Quebec boat, and the *Cape Breton*, built at Greenock, had both crossed the Atlantic. The *City of Kingston* effected also in 1837 a British passage: she put in, however, at Madeira on her way. But the following year witnessed a new era in Transatlantic navigation. The *Great Western* and *Sirius* were the practical pioneers of the Cunard and Collins fleets.

On the 4th of April, 1838, the *Sirius*, commanded by Captain Roberts, sailed from Cork, in the face of the supposed proof that no steamer could carry sufficient coals for above two-thirds of the voyage. Alas for those cumbrous coals!—to which timid theorists have since pointed as abundantly sufficient to make another noble enterprise of travel end *in smoke*: we rejoice to say, with exactly the same success. "The

coals!" said the East India Company, in opposition to Lieutenant Waghorn's plan for the "Overland Route,"—"At Suez they will cost us twenty pounds a ton!" "You are mistaken," said the Lieutenant; and by the means he conceived coals were transferred from the pit to the steamer for £4 3s. 6d. per ton: and the overland route *was* established "in spite of the India house," as he himself declared it should be, at the moment of his indignant resignation of the appointment he held in their pilot service, in consequence of the Company's illiberal opposition to his most skilfully devised and nobly executed projects. We may well regret the failure of Davy, Faraday, and Brunel, in their attempts to employ carbonic acid gas as a mechanical agent, and thus supersede the use of steam,—so immense would have been the saving in space and in expense, had the scheme proved practical.

But we must not leave the *Sirius* alone on the Atlantic. The merchants of Bristol did not leave her alone, for they fitted out a second steamer, and three days after the sailing of her Cork rival, the *Great Western* started from that port where Sebastian Cabot was born in 1467, and whence he sailed 344 years before upon that voyage rendered so memorable by its resulting in the discovery of the North American Continent; for, on the 24th of June, 1494, having pursued his course with favourable winds, he first saw upon the horizon the land to which he gave the name of *Prima Vista*, since called Newfoundland.

So the *Sirius* had the start: she "ran the race, and won it too, for she got first to"—New York. Nineteen days after she had left the Emerald Isle, the smoke of her funnel is descried in the distance by the hopeful and the disbelieving—both alike anxious—denizens of that Western capital; presently her hull is visible; and at length she gallantly rides into the centre of their beautiful harbour. Was the *Great Western* far behind? Performing her voyage in *sixteen* days, (thus beating the *Sirius* considerably in speed,) she arrived at New York on the evening of the *same day*, St. George's Day, the 23d of April.

We can imagine that the successive arrivals of these two famous vessels were regarded by the throngs who crowded the wharves to greet with hearty welcome, and gaze upon the half-expected—yet more than half-despaired of—strangers, with feelings somewhat akin to those which animated the inhabitants of the town of Palos de Moguer, on that rejoicing day when the *Nina*, Captain Christopher Columbus, and, on the evening of the same day, the *Pinta*, Captain Martin Pinzon, returned to that port after their first most adventurous voyage, from which so little success was predicted, so much achieved.

One of the American Journals thus proclaimed the advent of this new era in the intercourse of Great Britain and America:—"The permanent establishment of steam-ship lines between New York and England, is now placed beyond a doubt. The physical difficulty has been solved, and the vast accession of patronage, already crowding upon both these steamers,

almost proves, in advance, that the trade and intercourse of the two countries will be doubled in less than five years. England and the United States are but parts of the same great empire of mind, peopled by the same great and wonderful race, talking the same language, thinking the same thoughts, and"—(now for the climax)—"steaming on the same principle!"

The following spirited narrative of the arrival of these two ships is extracted from a journal of one of the passengers by the *Great Western*, which was furnished to the *Quarterly Review*:—"From the time of crossing the bar of the harbour," says the writer, "all her 'poles' were set aloft, and flags gaily streaming at each,—the foreign ensign at the gaff, and at the fore a combination of the British and American; and at three P.M.," the narrative continues, "we passed the Narrows, opening the bay of New York, sails all furled, and the engines at their topmost speed. The city reposed in the distance—scarcely discernible. As we proceeded, an exciting scene awaited us: coming abreast of Bradlow's Island, we were saluted by the fort with twenty-six guns (the number of the States);—we were taking a festive glass on deck. The health of the British Queen had just been proposed, the toast drunk, and, amid the cheers that followed, the arm was just raised to consummate the naming, when the fort opened its fire. The effect was electrical: down came the colours, and a burst of exultation arose, in the midst of which the President's health was proposed. The city now grew distinct: masts, buildings, spires, trees, streets, were discerned; the wharves appeared black with myriads of the population hurrying down, at the signal of the telegraph, to every point of view; and then came shoals of boats—the whole harbour covered with them; and now the new-comer reaches the *Sirius*, lying at anchor in North River, gay with flowing streamers, and literally crammed with spectators—her decks, paddle-boxes, rigging, mast-head high. We passed round her, giving and receiving three hearty cheers; then turned towards the battery. Here myriads again were collected; boats crowded around us in countless confusion; flags were flying, guns firing, and bells ringing. The vast multitude set up a shout—a long, enthusiastic cheer—echoed from point to point, and from boat to boat, till it seemed as though they never would have done."

The *Great Western* was fitted with two engines, each of 225-horse power: her burden was 1,340 tons. She is now employed in traffic among the West India Islands. The *Sirius* ran for some time between Dublin and Cork, and was wrecked on this passage in January 1847. In heavy weather, and a dense fog, she struck on a reef of rocks in Ballycotton Bay; and though she was got off, the damage she sustained was so great, that the water rushed into the engine-room, and extinguished the fires. The vessel was then run ashore, the crew escaping in the boats, but the ship went to pieces immediately.

All honour to her memory for the part she played

in that great stride of facilitated intercourse with our Western neighbours! Till then the proud old *Liners* rode the seas supreme; and gallantly and well they did their work, performing their passage home, on several occasions, in the short space of fifteen days. Their average passage was thirty-seven days homewards: outwards, twenty-one. But the length of the voyage in these first-class ships—till 1838 the pride of merchant navigation—was extremely uncertain. In the winter preceding the first passage of these steamships, thirty *Liners* out of fifty belonging to New York, were supposed to be toiling homewards across the Atlantic, and eighteen were due at that city at one time. One ship from Liverpool was spoken, fifty-five days after sailing, at a distance of 1,000 miles from her destined port: and some of these vessels were *seventy days* on the voyage. With sailing ships those accidents of wind or stream make the most essential difference, which would retard to a very immaterial degree the progress of a steam-packet. Two ships, of equal sailing powers, starting even at the same moment, may make the most unequal passages. The *Inconstant* frigate sailed from Cork on the 4th of January, 1838, voyaged to Halifax, and returned to Plymouth, in forty-nine days; the *President* left Portsmouth six days later, and was fifty-seven days before reaching New York; while the *Samson*, starting on the 5th of January, occupied sixty-two days on the same passage.

Steam-ships supply no such records,—

"Nought heedest thou the wind or tide; but onward,
night and day,
Unwearied as the waves around, thou marchest on thy
way,
Where mighty ships lie all becalm'd, with sails that
flap the mast—
What boots to thee their thousand guns? thou mildest
and walkest past."

Thus it happened to the old *Liners*; they were an easy triumph;—soon were their services doomed to be discarded. "Presently," prophesied the "Quarterly," "they will cease to be named at all. Look at the *Great Western*, the inhuman monster, on her first three days out, *overhauling* a brave old *Liner*—*seven* days from Liverpool—with the black ball, 'the badge of all her tribe,' in her fore-topsail, under top-gallant sails—careering and plunging to a lively foam and a fair wind." Her defeat, and the touching sympathy of the narrator, is thus recorded in the passenger's Journal referred to above. "This new comer is none of your old sort. See how she comes vapouring up, flapping her huge wheels like an eagle's wings, and snorting, as it were, with the thought of victory and the sight of game. She comes on apace. All her colours are strung out. The ship is almost caught, but she leaps ahead and escapes once more. The steamer, with a dignified air of conscious supremacy, disdaining pursuit, wheels round windward, and passes the *Liner* on the other side, with three 'heartly cheers.' Then dashing a-head, as if satisfied, she hauls in her *toggery*, and presses her helm hard a-starboard, and the *Liner*—the brave old *Liner*—is seen no more. Her

owners will scarcely know her when she reaches port at last. She brings no news. She will soon bear no letters—no specie. Nobody will watch for her, nor speak of her. Alas! her day is gone by. Who can think of her sufferings without a sigh?"

Hopeless, indeed, would be her race with this new rival. Compute the powers of the *Great Western* by an average of five years' performances. In this time she ran twenty-seven voyages to America, at a speed averaging on her outward passage, 193½ miles a-day; and homeward, 233 miles a-day;—thus averaging, in 787 days' steaming, a speed, per day, exceeding 211½ miles.

Let it be remembered that this is the very voyage on which ships have been upwards of six weeks coping with easterly winds, yet compelled at last to return to the port from whence they sailed. An Irish vessel in 1838, after having been out *two months*, was thus driven home again, though she had reached within 100 miles of New Brunswick, for which port she was bound; and another craft, sailing from Demerara for Halifax, was blown instead into *Liverpool*! Imagine the gratification of captain, crew, and especially of passengers, at finding themselves separated from their desired haven—only by the breadth of the Atlantic Ocean! But these misfortunes were not the worst which befell travellers across those seas. During the preceding year, one ship, the *Diamond*, was exactly *one hundred days* on her passage from Liverpool to New York. She carried 180 passengers, and the scarcity of provisions was such, that before the vessel reached land, a sovereign was offered and *rejected* for a roasted potato; and seventeen passengers perished from starvation.

Turn now to the doings of the Royal Mail Steamships only ten years later. These magnificent vessels accomplished eighty-eight voyages across the Atlantic in 1848, carrying 3,995 passengers. Of these voyages that of the *Britannia*, in boisterous March, was the longest, occupying eighteen days and a half; while the shortest passages were those of the *Europa*, in October, from Liverpool to Halifax in eight days eighteen hours, and to New York in ten days twenty-three hours; and those of the *America*, in June, from Liverpool to Boston in ten days six hours, and from New York to Liverpool, in November, in eleven days eleven hours.

The *Europa* excelled in June, 1849, her best passage in 1848, making the run from Liverpool to New York in ten days twelve hours and a half, still bearing the palm for speed; but was herself eclipsed this year (1850) in September, by both the *Asia* and the *Pacific*; the former effecting the quickest passage yet performed from New York to Liverpool, occupying only ten days seven hours; and the latter, (one of the six packets comprising the *Collins* line,) the swiftest outward voyage between those ports, accomplishing the passage in the short space of ten days and a quarter. The wear and tear of these vessels—not borne on, but *driven through*, the waves of the Atlantic—is tremendous. A passenger has compared his voyage in one of

them to "crossing in a diving-bell," the cabin being more than half the time under water.

But the last new ship, and the ninth of the *Cunard* fleet, the *Africa*, will beat them all; and we may confidently predict that in the wonderful year commencing the last half of the nineteenth century, A.D. 1851, the pleasure trips of brother Jonathan to our palace of crystal will detain him under ten days in his floating palace of steam.

The *Africa* may bear eastward or westward some of those very gentry who modestly volunteered, not many years ago, to eat that British steam-vessel, her cargo, engines, and coals, which should first show her figure-head in an American port. It is believed that this promise was never literally fulfilled; but that instead of feeding upon the coals, these were reserved to feed the engine; and in place of eating the engines, they ate something more unlikely to lie heavy on their stomachs, (being of considerably less weight)—their words.

Already the *Africa* has shown us somewhat of her powers. Why, on the 5th of November last, while busy hands were poking with might and main at the appalling bonfires which blazed around the unlucky Pope, the stout stoker of the *Africa* stirred his fires to a different purpose,—not for the separation of sects, but for the union of nations; and the mighty engines and beautiful ship, travelled *three hundred and twenty-nine miles* that day, the greatest distance yet performed in twenty-four hours. The river steamers of the Hudson and Mississippi can of course attain higher speed, and have exceeded twenty-five miles an hour, though neither "butcher's trays," nor "skimming-dishes," which alone, the "Quarterly" declared some years since, could attain the velocity of *sixteen* miles an hour. "*Credat Judæus!*" said they to an account of such an achievement.

Communication with our transatlantic neighbours will be yet further expedited by the establishment of a contemplated Atlantic station on the western coast of Ireland—say Galway, or Valentia—the construction of a railroad to the selected port;—and, of course, the electric telegraph.

Meanwhile, let us turn our attention to what steam has effected for us in Eastern intercourse.

Distant steam voyages were no doubt very much discouraged by the ill success of the *Enterprise*, which steamed to Calcutta in 1826. Future enterprises were more successful. The *Memnon* of 400-horse-power and 1,140 tons, despatched to India in 1842, steamed to the Cape of Good Hope in 42 days—356 years subsequent to the first discovery of the extreme southern promontory of Africa by Bartholomew Diaz, in his caravel of 50 tons burden; and 345 years after Gama first rounded the Cape, 133 days from the time he first weighed anchor in the Tagus. He occupied six months on that part of his return voyage from India, two years later, between the Cape and Lisbon. Now we have a regular mail established to that colony by screw steam-ships; and *thirty days* only are required for the voyage from Southampton.

Here let us glance briefly at this particular class of steam-vessels,—the screw-propellers; which are of especial advantage in long sea voyages. Bramah patented a submerged propeller so early as 1785; and after him Lyttelton and Shorter took out patents for inventions of a similar description. But Captain J. Ericsson, a Swedish officer, by an original arrangement of his own, first successfully employed the application of the screw-propeller to practical purposes. He was assisted in his experiments by Mr. Francis B. Ogden, of New Jersey, and their first boat, named after this gentleman, was launched from the banks of the Thames.

In conjunction with Captain R. F. Stockton of the United States' navy, a line of screw steamers was established between Philadelphia and Baltimore, *via* the Chesapeake and Delaware canal, to the great discomfiture of the Railway Company, who had united those cities at an enormous expense.

The most magnificent vessel that has been constructed on this principle is the *Great Britain*, which is one-third longer than any line-of-battle ship in the service. Her length aloft is 322 feet; main breadth, 50 feet 6 inches; depth of hold, 32 feet 6 inches; tonnage, 3,444 tons. Her engines are of 1,000-horse power; and are connected with the screw, which revolves at the rate of 25 miles an hour, by an immense chain. This screw is made of wrought-iron, and has six arms, each fifteen feet and a half in diameter, pitched at an angle of 28 degrees. She is rigged with six masts, and fitted with water-tight bulkheads, which stiffen the vessel and increase her safety.

The first voyage of the *Great Britain* across the Atlantic was made in July 1845, and in September 1846 she was stranded in Dundrum Bay, where she remained till the following August, when she was brought safely into Liverpool by Mr. Bremner, of Wick, after nearly twelve months' exposure to the waves; sheltered however, by a breakwater, from the terrific surge of the Irish Sea. Since that time she has remained inactive.

There are many advantages derivable from the application of the Archimedean screw to steam-ships; nor are such vessels deficient in speed. Her Majesty's tender yacht *Fairy* surpasses in rapidity all the steamers on the river. The apparatus can be made to ship or unship at pleasure, and can be applied to sailing vessels without requiring that they should undergo any alteration in their original construction. Screw-propellers are particularly adapted for canal boats, and—we regret to add—for war vessels. We may have reason to regret this circumstance, if we are to credit Captain Stockton's boast that "with 20 steam frigates, on the plan of the *Princeton*, he would take possession of the British Channel, and blockade London itself." Captain Halsted, R.N. describes the advantage of screw over paddle-wheel war steamers to consist in the absence of all impediments to the traditional full-armed broadside; the employment of machinery entirely protected from shot; the economy of

using sail power or steam power at option; and that the ship herself is a fully furnished and independent sailing ship. There are now on the roll of the Admiralty, 164 screw, or paddle-wheel, steam-vessels; in value about eight millions sterling.

Her Majesty's steam-sloop *Driver* has performed the circuit of the globe; starting from England in 1842. She left the British shores in March, and called at the Cape, the Mauritius, Singapore, and Hong Kong. From this island, after steaming from port to port in China, and voyaging to Borneo, Bombay, and other ports, she essayed the eastern passage to New Zealand; but, encountering a typhoon, was compelled to make for Singapore. When the damages she had sustained were fully repaired she steamed to Pyon; and thence to Swan River, Hobart Town, Sydney, and the Bay of Islands in New Zealand, which she reached in 1846. She left New Zealand for Rio in January 1847, which she gained in 51½ days; and arrived from that port in England after a further voyage of 48 days: having travelled 75,696 miles during the five years and nine months in which she was in commission.

Round the "tempestuous Cape," where Diaz lost his life, has long since ceased to be the best route to India, except for heavy merchandise. A few years more, and we shall as soon dream of "doubling the Cape," and so more than doubling the distance to our Eastern possessions, as of adopting the footsteps of Alexander for our pathway to those regions. For upwards of 300 years the high-road to India, opened up by Vasco di Gama, was the unquestioned course pursued, till Lieutenant Waghorn schemed and effected his "overland route." The Portuguese, *via* the Cape, arrived at Calicut in 1498. The British Officer, in 1830, reached Bombay *via* the Red Sea. No comparison is attempted to be instituted between the discoveries of these navigators; but each established a new path to the Indies; and the Lieutenant's voyage down the centre of the Red Sea was scarcely less personally hazardous than that of Vasco—ignorant as he was of its dangerous navigation; without map or compass; and performing it in an open boat, manned by six mutinous Arabs. Not the most remote analogy can be detected certainly in the respective rewards of these men. The grateful Portuguese made Vasco a viceroy and loaded him with honours; Waghorn with difficulty obtained the conferment of a Lieutenant's rank: he died in debt, incurred in the public service, and left his widow destitute.

The "overland route" is a beautiful development of steam agency. A weary voyage was the old passage of 12,450 miles, and several months in duration. The present line of travel is 5,238 miles in length, requiring less than one month for its accomplishment. Francis Xavier was eleven months on the seas between Lisbon and Goa—(though we need not go back to him for a contrast, as that is sufficiently supplied by our own East Indiamen)—the overland mail of the 8th of July, 1850, reached Bombay by the steam-packet

Feroze, in the unparalleled short space of twenty-five days, seventeen hours. This interesting journey is now so familiar to the public that we need not pause to describe its details. The East India Company first despatched steam-ships at regular intervals between Bombay and Suez in 1834: and the combined exertions of the French and Egyptian governments and the Peninsular Steam Navigation Company, completed the route in its present excellence: but they have not yet exhausted its capabilities of improvement. From London to Marseilles the distance is now reckoned to be traversed in four days; from Marseilles to Alexandria in seven; thence to Suez in three; and from Suez to Bombay in fifteen: making in all twenty-nine days; though, as we have seen, it has been performed in less. The contemplated railway across the isthmus will convert the days occupied in that portion of the transit into hours; and we may expect the time is not far distant, when within three weeks of quitting our metropolitan home, we shall land on the shores of *neighbouring* India.

But the grand achievement essential to the perfection of this route is the Suez ship-canal, which *must* soon be constructed. England, France, and Austria, are combined in the performance of this great undertaking. M. Negrelli is appointed by the last-named country for the survey of this work: France is represented by M. Paulin Tclabot; and our own government has commissioned Mr. R. Stephenson to unite with the two other gentlemen in preparing evidence which shall lead to the final determination of the track to be adopted.

The course indicated by the country as most suitable for this canal appears to be the junction of Suez and Pelusium at the eastern extremity of lake Menzaleh. This is the narrowest part of the isthmus, which does not here exceed seventy miles in width. The land is low and level between these points, and, from the nature of the surrounding country, could be easily supplied with water. It is not to be supposed in this engineering age that physical obstacles will prevent the accomplishment of this long-desired union of the seas: nor could it fail to succeed as a commercial speculation. Some difficulties, or at least, misgivings exist from want of faith in the Turkish government, to which that country is subject; but this combination of the three great European Powers for the promotion of the enterprise will surely guarantee the fairness and stability of the stipulations and contracts founded upon their united negotiations. This work completed, all merchandise will be conveyed by the same route as the letters, instead of dawdling in their wake months after the goods are announced to the consignees. No transshipments will delay the passenger and damage the cargo: and, as waiting for the Bombay steamer will be unknown, neither pyramids, petrifications, nor the egg-hatching dépot, will be in request as a solace for impatient travellers during sometimes days of detention. The Mahmoudieh canal; the Boulac omnibuses, with their Arab horses, and reckless drivers; the "city

of Victory;" the journey across the Desert; all will be superseded. The pack-camels of the sea, (our merchant-ships,) and the outstripping *heiries* of that element, marked by their curling "black banners" longer than their hulls,—ever new, and ever ugly—will alike voyage down the ship-canal to Hindostan: and "round the Cape to India" will soon become a legend of ancient logs.

Thanks to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, in forty days we may now exchange *chin-chins* (how d'ye do's) at Hong Kong, with our fellow *fan-quis*, (foreign devils,) as all barbarians are styled in the polite language of the celestials. This company may be regarded as the chief Steam Navigation Company in the world. They possess a noble fleet of twenty-five steamers. Two vessels are now building on the Clyde, to be called the *Ganges* and the *Singapore*, which will rival the best employed in the celebrated Cunard service, and will still further expedite communication with India. Computing the Peninsular Service, the Italian, Constantinople, Alexandria, Black Sea, India, and China Services, it is found that in October last, the aggregate mileage performed by this Company's vessels extended to 570,867 miles *per annum*. Some notion of their expenses may be gathered from the fact that repairs alone last year (1849) cost them considerably upwards of £100,000. Mails are conveyed by these packets three times a-month from Southampton to Madeira, Gibraltar, Lisbon, &c.; once a-month to Malta, Greece, the Ionian Islands, &c.; and in conjunction with three vessels of the Indian Navy, once a-month to India, China, and Ceylon. By separating the line to Bombay from the contract line to Calcutta, at the suggestion of Mr. Henderson, the present bi-monthly mail was established.

The packets of the General Steam Navigation Company, the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, and the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, convey the mails respectively to Holland and Hamburgh twice a-week; to the West Indies and Gulf of Mexico twice a-month; to New Granada, Chagres, Panama, &c., twice a-month; to Valparaiso, and all places south of Panama, once a-month.

The system adopted for the rapid distribution of the mails in the West Indies must not be overlooked. Several steamers are engaged in this operation which take different directions, the Barbadoes, Trinidad, Antigua, and other routes, meeting at Grenada, the trysting place where the mails are exchanged. The collected mails are brought from Havannah, *via* the Bermudas to Southampton. Mails are conveyed to France twice, and to Dublin three times daily. From every important port in the world we receive intelligence in London within two months—excepting the Australian colonies. Newspapers have arrived from California, in October last, only seven weeks after publication. But with Australia we have no steam communication at all; we have not even a regular ship-mail; for the Government contract with Mr. H. Toulmin expired in 1848, and has not since been

renewed, nor has another been substituted. This contract was abandoned two years ago, that a steam-packet mail might be established; but, though colonists are clamorous, Government is ever tardy in its operations. The delay is occasioned, and the difficulty comprised, simply in the selection of one out of three rival routes:—that by Singapore, that by Panama, and the route direct by the Cape of Good Hope.

Early in 1850 the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty called for tenders for the monthly conveyance of H. M. mails between Singapore and Sydney, intimating their willingness to entertain tenders for other routes. The response which has found most favour with the Government is the offer of the Peninsular and Oriental Company to establish a line between Sydney and Singapore in connexion with the Indian mail service. The average time in which they would contract to perform the voyage would be 72 days and a half outwards, and 79 days homewards, the distance, *via* Galle, Singapore, Swan River, and Adelaide to Sydney,—the contemplated route,—being 12,779 miles. There are two modifications of this route, embracing different ports, each of which have their advocates. They are briefly as follows:—

VIÀ TORRES STRAITS.

	MILES.
Southampton to Batavia (calling at intermediate ports)	8,801
Batavia to Copang	1,000
Copang to Cape York	1,110
Cape York to Sydney	1,800
	12,711

VIÀ GALLE AND WESTERN ROUTE.

	MILES.
Southampton to Galle (calling at Intermediate Ports)	6,657
Galle to Swan River	3,046
Swan River to Sydney (calling at Intermediate Ports)	2,320
	12,023

Portions of the Singapore line are already occupied by this Company's vessels: and from the facilities it affords for navigation and coaling, the chances of delay are not great. The advantages that would be secured by steam communication between Australia and Bengal are of important consideration, but there are, nevertheless, grounds of solid objection to this route that must not be overlooked.

An essential condition of the Oriental Company's tender is the transfer to themselves of the Bombay and Aden line now worked by the East India Government; but these opposite neighbours refuse to abandon their present contract; and not without reason. They have incurred heavy expense in the construction of large and powerful steamers, and in forming extensive establishments at Bombay. Moreover, that service is valuable to them in the regular routine of duty it affords to their naval force: and should they yield their consent ultimately to the desired arrangement, they would simultaneously re-

quire to be relieved from the burden of maintaining Aden; from which cost the British Government is unwilling to absolve them.

But there are cogent reasons in opposition to this route, apart from all interference with the East India Company. As it involves a passage through Egypt, and, in some measure, through France or Austria, it would always be exposed to the contingency of difficulties which might arise from misunderstandings with the Governments of those countries. In addition to this contingency there is the actual inconvenience of several trans-shipments before the passenger arrives at his destination; the needless exposure to the risks of a tropical climate; and lastly, and perhaps chiefly, the necessarily heavy expense of the passage.

The Panama route has been tendered for by the "Pacific Steam Navigation Company," who offer to perform the distance in 68 days out and 66 days home. This is slightly the longest voyage of all, as will appear from the annexed table.

PANAMA ROUTE.

	MILES.
Southampton to Chagres (calling at St. Thomas's)	4,753
Across the Isthmus	60
Panama to Sydney, calling at Albemarle's Island, Tahiti, and New Zealand.	8,103
	12,916

This route would be chiefly advantageous as assisting to maintain a good direct line to the Gulf of Mexico, and in affording easy intercourse between North America and the Australian colonies. Serious obstacles, however, exist to its adoption. As with the Eastern route, the Isthmus trans-shipments oppose their inconveniences: and the climate of the Caribbean Sea and Mosquito Coast is perhaps, of all climates, the most fatal to Europeans. Then the space to be traversed across the Pacific Ocean without suitable coaling-places renders the punctuality of the voyage extremely dubious; while no ports of importance would be connected by the last 8,000 miles of travel. Only the Galapagos, the Society Islands, perhaps the Sandwich Islands, would benefit by this portion of the voyage.

It only remains for us to notice the third route, *via* the Cape of Good Hope, for which the "General Screw Steam Shipping Company" have offered to contract, and to perform the journey in seventy days each way, including a stoppage of five days at the Cape. Most of the objections urged against the other two rival schemes are inapplicable to the third. The Cape route would involve no transshipments, no dangerous vicissitudes of climate, no dependence upon friendly relationship with foreign powers, and is in all respects best adapted for facilitating emigration. Other colonies of importance, Cape Town, Natal, and the Mauritius, besides those of Australia, will participate in the benefits of such an arrangement. Still it must be borne in mind, that this plan necessitates the navigation of the most boisterous seas, and that the return passage is especially one of

considerable difficulty and danger. In point of distance, it stands below both the Singapore and Western ways to Sydney, as the following summary exhibits:—

CAPE ROUTE. (DIRECT.)

	MILES.
Southampton to Madeira	1,294
Madeira to St. Helena	2,983
St. Helena to Cape of Good Hope	1,710
Cape of Good Hope to Port Phillip	6,104
Port Phillip to Sydney	590
	12,681

One or other of these schemes must speedily be selected. Government is so strongly urged upon this subject that indecision or inactivity will not long be endured. Emigration to Australia and New Zealand is eminently on the increase; the population of those colonies already including half-a-million of English residents: and that the outward tide flows freely may be gathered from the fact, that considerably upwards of 30,000, during the last year, have joined them from the British Isles. At all events, under existing circumstances, physically, politically, and economically, the Cape route will be the most immediately advantageous, and measures cannot be delayed until a Suez Canal, or a Panama Canal, shall obviate the Isthmus difficulties alleged in objection to those contending tracks; though neither of these great works can be considered as a very remote contingency. The Egyptian Ship-Canal has already engaged our attention, and we must not neglect to notice the corresponding design contemplated in Central America.

Before any aquatic junction is effected between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, they will in all probability become connected by a railroad traversing the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Grants have been obtained for the construction of this work by a citizen of the Mexican Republic, from the government of that country, under which certain citizens of the United States have engaged to carry forward the enterprise. The government of Mexico are not perfectly agreed with this company in all the preliminary stipulations which it will be necessary to enforce; but the advantages they will derive from the accomplishment of this undertaking, and the interest with which it is regarded by the United States' government, as expressed in the President's message of December last, justify the belief that the negotiation will soon be carried to a successful issue.

Valuable as the fulfilment of this scheme will prove to the commerce of all nations, it is still second in importance to the noble project of an Isthmus Ship-Canal—a project that in its scientific, commercial, and cosmopolitan bearings, has long occupied the minds of men of genius, of enterprise, and of world-wide philanthropy.

One glance at the globe reveals the tantalising position of that "narrow neck of land which unites North and South America," in width so comparatively insignificant, that in childhood we wondered how it was the southern continent had not broken away from so slender a suspension. There we find it, however, in our maturer days; and the

conviction has grown upon us that the union will continue to subsist till a human arm severs the "narrow neck" of that obstacle to which we have so long succumbed at the expense of an additional and often dangerous voyage round Cape Horn, of 8,000 miles, in sailing to our colonies of the North Pacific. The present aspect of Western America has given fresh impulse to investigations having for their object to dispense with this costly addition to such voyages. Gold-washers of California, agriculturists of Oregon, miners of Vancouver's Island—all clamour for oceanic intercommunication separating the American continents. Valparaiso, Chili, Oahu, New Zealand, and the South Sea Islands, lend their voices to swell the polyglot demand. The vast advantage that our extending trade with China would derive from this realization of the original scheme born in the mind of Columbus—a western route to the Indies—urges on the enterprise. The world's verdict on the subject is, "If practicable, the work *shall* be accomplished." It is practicable according to the best evidence we possess on the subject—nay, more,—a water-way between the oceans *has been* effected. Some natives of Central America were induced by a monk in 1783 to construct a boat canal, which unites the River San Juan de Chirambira with the River Atrato, and thus channelled the only break of communication by boat from the Eastern to the Western Ocean: a track still available to boatmen in the wet season.

If practicable, *this* is not the germ even of the *practical* canal which will assuredly become the avenue for those future fleets destined, ere long, to steam upon the placid waters of the Pacific. Difficulties there are, and those far from trivial, which oppose the completion of such a path, navigable for ships of several hundred tons burden: but apparently none that are insurmountable by the skill, the labour, the unprecedented richness of resource, now commanded by our engineers. There are the *physical* difficulties of high tracts of land, and the liability of these districts to the disturbance wrought by volcanic agency. Then there are the *political* difficulties of native opposition, and the uncertainty of local governments. And, in addition, the *negative* difficulties arising from the local absence of the requisite supply of manual labour. These, and other obstacles to success, have been fairly considered, and the decree is still, that we have here no exception to the well-known axiom of the ancient sage *Μελέτην τὸ πᾶν*. Do we need encouragement from precedents? Where shall we find a precedent for a Britannia Bridge? Yet examples of great hydraulic works are not wanting. The Languedoc Canal is constructed. The Caledonian Canal is in full operation. There, in the very neighbourhood, exists that monument of human industry and skill, the Mexican "Desagué," described so fully by Humboldt, a work some miles in extent, for three of which it is 200 feet in depth, and at the surface, 300 feet in width. Surely we need not be appalled, deterred, or delayed in the accomplishment of the desiderated Mid-Columbia Ship-Canal.

Which is the most judicious route? occurs as the primary question: and answers various and conflicting have been proposed. Even the Geographical Society are the reverse of unanimous in their opinions, as the discussions over the paper furnished by Captain Fitzroy sufficiently display. All decisions must be arrived at with reference to such leading considerations as,—the best ports afforded on both sides of the Isthmus, the climate of the country, the most advantageous situation as regards the chief marts of trade, and the intrinsic facilities of construction. Five principal routes have been suggested. Two distinct channels taking their rise from the Gulf of Darien; that crossing the Isthmus of Tehuantepec; another traversing the Isthmus of Panama; and the fifth, and intermediate route, through the Lake of Nicaragua.

The proposals for uniting the Gulf of Darien and the Atrato River are in the minority, and are virtually abandoned.

Several important advantages appear to be offered in the course suggested by Don Jose de Garay, who obtained in 1842 a grant of privilege to construct a canal across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. In direct width the land extends to 150 miles; but the plan of his surveyor was to take advantage of the facilities presented by the Coatzacoalcos, a river to some extent navigable for 160 miles, and providing at its embouchure a safe port for shipping. A canal of 50 miles in length, 20 feet deep, and 122 feet wide, was to unite this river with the Pacific, and was to ascend to the table-land of Tarifa, 525 feet above the level of the Atlantic; from whence a descent to the Pacific would be required of 660 feet, for which it would be necessary to construct 150 locks. Abundance of excellent timber, fertility of soil, salubrity of climate, and the activity of the population, besides reputed mines of the precious metals among the mountains,—all speak greatly in favour of this scheme. The high levels of this country, the absence of any good Pacific port, and the length of the passage, must be placed on the opposite side of the account. The Tehuantepec route is not, therefore, most in favour for a canal; though for a railroad it is now the selected line.

A map-survey points at once to Panama as most worthy of choice; for this isthmus at the narrowest does not exceed 20 miles in width: but maps on their smooth surfaces fail to indicate that heights forbid what width or narrowness appears to invite. Here a mountain-ridge 1,000 feet above the level of the sea has written in legible and gigantic characters—"No thoroughfare." That part of the isthmus which would really admit of transit is wider by 14 miles. Messrs. Salomon & Co., merchants of Panama, have surveyed and advocated this fourth route. Their canal was proposed to be 22 feet in depth, 160 feet wide, and extending to the length of 25 miles, requiring to ascend only 33 feet to its highest point of land. It would unite the rivers Chagres and Trinidad with the Farfan, which communicates with the Pacific Ocean by the Rio Grande. Less expense would be incurred by the Panama Canal than by any of its

rivals; but nothing can be said in favour of the surrounding country: the climate is extremely unhealthy, and the situation lies too far to the south.

The last passage proposed, by which those mighty bodies of water are sought to be connected, which lave almost within sound of each other the rival shores of the western continents, is the route through the State of Nicaragua. In 1830 the King of Holland favourably entertained this project, but was prevented from pursuing it by the Belgic Revolution; and Prince Louis Napoleon subsequently took measures for the prosecution of the undertaking. Ascending from the Gulf of Mexico the river San Juan, whose mouth forms an excellent harbour, the Nicaragua Lake is reached after a course of 100 miles. This lake is united to Lake Leon by the Tipitapa, a river 20 miles in length. An isthmus little more than 10 miles wide alone divides Lake Leon from the River Tosta, which falls into the Western Ocean, and at the point of communication forms the port of Rialejo. Of the 278 miles thus traversed, 82 would require works. Shallows would require to be deepened; rapids to be overcome by locks; and drainage (from the flow of waters into the Colorado) must be remedied by dams. The highest summit-levels do not exceed 51 feet above the surface of the lakes; but the country is said to be volcanic, a contingency against which it would puzzle our most ingenious engineers to provide. Not only does this country enjoy a more healthy climate, but a saving of 900 miles is effected in this route to California as compared with Panama; and it is calculated that, when fully organized, the transit may be achieved in 24 hours. Yes! the cause of Nicaragua *versus* Cape Horn is equivalent to 24 hours contrasted with from 1,500 to 2,000, with incomparably less uncertainty, less risk, less fatigue, less expense, less—everything that can be imagined as a point of inferiority in rival routes of travel. Surveys have been made, and are still in active progress under Mr. W. O. Childs, lately Chief Engineer of the State of New York. Accurate information has been obtained, deserving of complete reliance; and the result is an absolute determination in favour of the project last described. A New York Company is formed which has appointed two commissioners for entering into negotiations with British merchants who may desire to participate in the enterprise, which is estimated to require an outlay of £4,000,000 sterling. Warmly have our principal mercantile firms responded to the invitation thus frankly offered, and Sir J. H. Pelly, the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, has lent his valuable assistance to the promotion of this grand and noble project, fraught in its successful issue with changes in the world's history too vast to be yet clearly contemplated. Treaties are already entered upon between the New York Company and the Government of the State of Nicaragua. Ratifications have been exchanged by the contracting parties, as President Fillmore announced in Congress. Progress has been made in the preliminary arrangements, and little more appears to

be required than the designation of the free ports on either side of the isthmus, and an agreement which shall fix the limits of this neutral ground, within which it shall be incompetent to all to carry on operations of war.

According to the terms of the charter, in twelve years the canal will be completed, which is to bring Cantón within five weeks steaming of London, and to shorten voyages from the United States to China and the East Indies by 10,000 miles, and by 14,000 miles to the western coast of Mexico and California.

The tide of immigration flowing into this last-named State of yesterday, the population of which will soon number half a million, adds vastly to the importance of the channel. At least 50,000, it is reckoned,—some say 70,000—crossed the isthmus on their way to share the precious deposits so lavishly spread in those regions of almost fabulous wealth. Added facilities for reaching *El Dorado* must be attended with an increased rush of colonization; and Nicaragua and the adjoining States would soon receive a vast influx of settlers to cultivate their fruitful soils.

None can presume to describe or limit the magnificent results that must accrue to universal man from these highly accelerated means of intercourse, among which steam-ships stand forth pre-eminent. Nor is it only as mere economists of time that they are to be regarded, for these abbreviations *create* some branches of commerce which could not exist without them. Thus, in the conveyance of perishable provisions, fruit, &c., and live stock, between distant ports, delays would ruin such cargoes. Observe the importance of the steam-tug to sailing-vessels in towing them out of land-locked harbours, and down winding rivers, into the very breeze which is needed to waft them to their destinations; where, otherwise, they might have been lying wind-bound for an indefinite time.

A remarkable use of the steam-tug in fisheries demands a brief notice. The shoals of fish which pass the English shores on their southward migrations, sometimes within a short distance, do not at other seasons approach sufficiently near for the rude termination of their travels by the fishing-boats; as these vessels could not, in such cases, return in time to dispose of their cargoes while fresh. This difficulty is obviated by the steam-tug. Sometimes fifty or more smacks are towed out by a steamer, left during the night to net their harvest, and towed to shore again in the morning, where the fish are landed: and this course is repeated for successive days, till their finny prey becomes too scarce to recompense the trouble of capture.

Our slight sketch of Steam Navigation must speedily receive its final touch, though its intimate connexion with the topic of our succeeding paper on Railways will lead necessarily to fresh incidental allusions. The innumerable collateral subjects of interest to which it leads, heighten its intrinsic claim to study and attention. That the steam-ship is appreciated among nations, the rapid increase of their

steam-fleets will exhibit. Our own registered vessels of this class, in 1849, numbered 1,118: the burden of which is reckoned at 151,429 tons. Comparisons with earlier dates have already been made. Less than three years ago the new Steam Basin in Portsmouth Harbour was opened: a magnificent work; the area of water in the basin and inlets being 8½ acres: and this is but the first of several such, in different parts of the kingdom, now required by the increasing importance of our Steam Navy. France, in 1835, possessed 75 steamers: 279 are now owned by that nation. In America the fresh and fresh lines of steamers, chiefly for river traffic, follow one another with amazing swiftness, in all senses of the expression.

Among the secondary sources of the striking changes, gradually, but with an ever accelerating rapidity, developing themselves upon the surface of our globe, the fleet intercourse attained by the medium of steam power must rank foremost in importance. How inter-communications among men are multiplied by this agency, a glance at commercial statistics will reveal. This in detail is not our province, but we will present one comparison in illustration of the fact. In 1835, the letters and newspapers that passed between England and Ceylon, Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta, was 274,120; as we learn from Mr. Porter. Ten years later, after steam power had been extended to the climes of the East, that number was increased to 1,795,028. When the vast numbers of emigrants who annually quit our shores to gain a surer livelihood in newer lands are considered—and who can avoid the consideration when the population of the United States alone is augmented yearly by nearly 300,000 from the British Isles, and when every individual is more or less connected with the inhabitants of our colonies?—then the vast value of easy access to these colonies will be readily apparent. It is only by means of a vigorous and increasing population, that the varied resources can be exhibited of these accessions to our wealth, and advances towards the entire civilization of the world. It is a point of view not to be overlooked, which regards the relief of anxiety afforded by a speedy interchange of communication among friends and families. The commercial importance of all things tending to this end is too obvious to require enlargement.

But there is one aspect of yet more vital consideration, which cannot fail to impress emotions of the liveliest hope upon the faithful student of human progress. We cannot continue to organize our "pleasure trips" to France, and Norway, and America (as spoken of this year), mingling among all peoples; and amid these visitings made and returned, still retain old national animosities. We cannot establish the "floating bridge between remote lands," and bind all countries in contiguity, without lessening by every advanced step, and ultimately destroying, the liability of the scourge of war with all the hideous sins and sorrows inseparable from its ghastly train. Steam ships, truly, have been pressed into the service of

slaughter; they are so desecrated, and will be, for a time; but the end is not yet.

"Oh! thine might be a blessed power among the sons of men!

A vanguard leader, like the guide of Israel on their way,
A living fire to cheer the night, a moving cloud by day.
Could man's ambition know control, could angry passions cease,

Or, were thy venturous course confined within the reign of peace,

Swift in thy flight, from shore to shore, from dark to sultry skies,

Welcomed wert thou, in every port, with shouts and glistening eyes.

A pledge of amity renew'd each voyage then would be,
As though the nations stretch'd and shook their hands across the sea!"

But the "reign of peace" has already commenced on the earth. We point with heartfelt gratitude and strengthened hope to that first neutral territory, from which the pledge of nations has abolished strife: that stipulation in the Nicaragua charter, to which allusion has before been made, and which of all others shines forth most radiant with bright promise for all nations, and kindreds, and tongues. This little bit of ground, won from the world's battle-field, and whence the furies of war, of rapine, and of slaughter, are banished for ever, is but the first fruits of extending civilization, and spreading Christianity. As a merely commercial question, wheat-fields and vineyards must no more be abandoned to the tender mercies of a revengeful soldiery. We shall have no room for "cock-pits;" we want to build "Treasuries" in their stead, as we have already done in Downing-street. We shall all have our glass-houses soon: England, this year; next year the United States: so we must not throw stones—much less bomb-shells—at our neighbours. We cannot afford to waste our precious metals on cannon and shot, which are not worth the powder they consume—they are needed for rails, and aqueducts, and viaducts. Mortars must be elaborated into steam-boilers: and twenty-four pounders converted into Archimedean screws, for the China Express boats, and the California mails. Inch by inch—nay, district by district—the powers of this world, under the influence of Power Divine, will agree to narrow the field of belligerent operations. So shall the "reign of peace" be perfected. All mankind will become united into one nation, speaking one universal language—one family, enjoying in harmonious intercourse the fruits of universal peace. "Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us. God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him." B.

THE VALUE OF A WIG.

I HAVE somewhere read of a traveller who carried with him a brace of pistols, a carbine, a cutlass, a dagger, and an umbrella, but was indebted for his preservation to his umbrella; it grappled with a bush when he was rolling over a precipice. In like manner,

my friend W——, though armed with a sword, rifle and hunting knife, owed his existence to his wig. He was specimen hunting (for W—— is a first-rate naturalist) somewhere in the backwoods of America, when, happening to light upon a dense covert, there sprung out upon him—not a panther or a catamount—but, with a terrible whoop and yell, a wild Indian—one of a tribe then hostile to our settlers. W——'s gun was mastered in a twinkling, himself stretched on the earth, the barbarous knife, destined to make him halder than Granby's celebrated Marquis, leaped eagerly from its sheath. Conceive the horrible weapon making its preliminary flourishes and circumgyrations; the savage features, made savager by the paint and ruddle, working themselves up to a demoniacal crisis of triumphant malignity; his red right hand clutching the shearing-knife, his left, the frizzle top-knot; and then the artificial scalp coming off in the Mohawk grasp! W—— says, the Indian Catchpole was, for some moments, motionless with surprise; recovering, at last, he dragged his captive along, through brake and jungle, to the encampment. A peculiar whoop soon brought the whole horde to the spot. The Indian addressed them with vehement gestures, in the course of which W—— was again thrown down, the knife again performed its circuits, and the whole transaction pantomimically described. All Indian sedateness and restraint were overcome, the assembly made every demonstration of wonder, and the wig was fitted on rightly, askew, and hind part before, by a hundred pair of red hands. Captain Gulliver's glove was not a greater puzzle to the Hounhym. From the men it passed to the squaws, and from them down to the least of the urchins; W——'s head, in the meantime, frying in a midsummer's sun.

At length the phenomenon returned into the hands of the chief—a venerable greybeard; he viewed it very attentively, and, after a long deliberation, maintained with true Indian silence and gravity, made a speech in his own tongue that procured for the anxious, trembling captive very unexpected honours. In fact, the whole tribe of women and warriors danced around him with such unequivocal marks of homage that even W—— comprehended that he was not intended for a sacrifice. He was then carried in triumph to their wigwams, his body coloured with their body colours of the most honourable patterns; and he was given to understand that he might choose any of the marriageable maidens for a squaw. Availing himself of this privilege, and so becoming, by degrees, more proficient in their language, he learned the cause of this extraordinary respect. It was considered that he had been a great warrior; that he had, by mischance of war, been overcome and tufted; but that, whether by valour or stratagem, each equally estimable among the savages, he had recovered his liberty and his scalp. As long as W—— kept his own council he was safe; but trusting his Indian Delilah with the secret of his locks, it soon got wind amongst the squaws, and from them became known to the warriors and chiefs. Then a solemn sitting was held at midnight, to consider the propriety of knocking

the poor wig-owner on the head; but he had received a timely hint of their friendly intention, and when the tomahawks sought for him, he was far on his way, with his life-preserver, towards a British settlement.

RECENT RESEARCHES IN NORTH AMERICA.

OUR readers may not be aware that the antiquities of the Indian tribes of North America have acquired, within the last half century, an immense and increasing interest. The earlier historians of the continent were ignorant or incredulous as to the existence of any such mementos of the past, although the chroniclers who followed in the wake of Cortez and other conquerors, had described them in the most glowing terms. At length, by the researches of Humboldt and other travellers in Mexico and Peru, especially of Stephens and Catherwood in Central America, it has been found, that those portions of the continent abound in the most magnificent remains. Immense pyramidal mounds crowned with gorgeous palaces, or sacrificial altars adorned with elaborate sculptures, tablets covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions, as yet undecipherable, generally rude, but sometimes elegant in idea and execution; sculptures, and paintings, and ornaments,—are met with in increasing numbers among the depths of the tropical forests, the gorgeous vegetation of which invests them, as it were, with a funereal shroud, and embraces them in the death-grasp of final obliteration. It is fortunate, that some records of these precious memorials are preserved to us by recent explorers. They attest the former existence of a race which had attained a fixed state of civilization, a considerable knowledge of the arts and sciences, with a religious system, of which terror appears to have been the great principle, human sacrifices forming its conspicuous feature; a state of things indeed in all respects identical with the condition of Mexico at the period of its invasion by Cortez, when some of the temples were doubtless destroyed, while others of more ancient date probably were at that period already fallen into ruin. In North America, during the period of its first settlement, which was confined almost exclusively to the seaboard, no discoveries whatever were made; but as the stream of emigration, crossing the ridges of the Alleghanies, poured down upon the Mississippi and the Ohio, and the dense forests and boundless prairies of the west were gradually opened and explored, another and very interesting class of antiquities began to be disinterred from the oblivion of centuries. It was but slowly, indeed, as the forest fell beneath the axe of the back-woodman, that they came to light; they were for a long time but partially uncovered, or so imperfectly explored, that, even until a very recent period, they were regarded by many as being only peculiarities of geological formation, which credulous imagination had converted into fortresses, and temples, and sepulchres. The recent researches of Squier and Davis,

accompanied as they are by elaborate surveys and drawings, have left no further room for scepticism, and have established, beyond dispute, the interesting fact, that the interior of the North American continent, as well as the southern, was once inhabited by an immense and settled population, who have left behind them almost innumerable memorials of their occupation.

These remains extend almost continuously over the whole interior, from the great lakes on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and from the sources of the Alleghany in western New York, far above a thousand miles up the Missouri, and into Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa. They are found in far greater numbers in the western than in the eastern portion of this immense district. They may be traced too along the seaboard from Texas to Florida, but are not met with any further along the north-eastern coast. They are generally planted in the rich valleys of the western rivers, or elevated above them on commanding natural terraces. In the neighbourhood of the upper Lakes they assume the singular form of gigantic relievos of earthen walls, often covering several acres, tracing out upon the soil outlines of the figures of men, birds, beasts, and reptiles. Southward of these appear, on the banks of the Ohio and its tributaries, mounds and truncated terraces of immense extent, sustaining earthen enclosures and embankments extending for entire miles. Of these extraordinary earth-works many were evidently fortifications, exhibiting no small constructive skill, defended by numerous bastions, having covered ways, hornworks, concentric walls, and lofty mounds intended as observatories, and numerous gateways giving access to the immense line of fortified enclosure, with graded roadways to ascend from terrace to terrace. Of these defences there appears to have been a chain, extending from the head of the Alleghany diagonally across central Ohio to the river Wabash.

Not all, however, of these earth-works were intended as fortresses; many are evidently designed for religious purposes. One of the most extraordinary of these is called the Great Serpent, on a projecting tongue of high land in Adams County, Ohio. The head of the reptile points toward the extremity, his form is traced out with all its convolutions, and its jaws are opened as it were to swallow a large egg-shaped enclosure occupying the extreme point of the promontory. Its entire length, if stretched out, would be a thousand feet. The serpent and globe was a symbol in Egypt, Greece, Assyria, and Mexico; and those familiar with English antiquities will no doubt remember a similar and still more gigantic instance of a serpent, sacred enclosure, and mound on the downs of Avebury in Wiltshire. Of the earth-works some are square, some perfectly circular, others of intricate and curious outline, while many appear to have something symbolical in their arrangements. It is necessary also to correct a popular mistake with regard to their materials, which, it has been affirmed, consist exclusively of earth, whereas both stone and

unbaked brick have occasionally been made use of. The mounds scattered over the western valleys and prairies are almost innumerable, and of infinitely various dimensions, one of the largest covering six acres of ground. These also appear to have been appropriated to different purposes, some to sustain sacrificial altars or temples, others intended for sepulchres, containing skeletons, with pottery and charcoal for consuming the bodies. A remarkable instance of the latter class is the great mound at Grave Creek, which was penetrated by a perpendicular shaft opening into two sepulchral chambers, containing several skeletons with pottery and other articles. Within these enclosures and mounds have been discovered numerous stone sculptures of the heads of men, or of human figures in crouching attitudes; of the beaver, the wild cat, and the toad; of the swallow and other birds; of the heron striking a fish, the last very beautifully executed; and of the sea cow, an animal peculiar to the tropical regions. Ornamented tablets have also been dug up, and in some places sculptures of men, eagles, and elks can be traced on the face of the rocks, with rude attempts to represent hunting scenes. There have also been found instruments of silver and copper, axes, drills, and spear heads, stone discs, and instruments for games, with beads, shells, ornaments, and pipes, as well as decorated pottery.

Respecting the whole of these monuments it may be remarked, that they are evidently far ruder than those in Mexico and Central America, to which as they approach in locality they appear to approximate in their character and arrangements; and it is thus an interesting question whether we are to regard them as the original and more ancient works of a race who afterwards reached a higher degree of civilization further to the south, or whether, on the contrary, they present to us traces of a migration from the south towards the north. "It is not impossible," observes Squier, "that the agriculture and civilization of Mexico, Central America, and Peru, may have originated on the banks of the Mississippi." Whatever may be the result of further researches, one thing is abundantly evident, that the great valley of that river and of its tributaries was once occupied by a population who had advanced from the migratory state of hunting to the fixed condition of cultivators of the soil, that the population who raised these great defensive and sacred structures must have been dense and widely spread, in order to execute works for which prolonged and combined efforts were so obviously necessary, and that their customs, laws, and religion must have assumed a fixed and definite shape.

THE BRAZILIAN BRIDE.¹

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

Time glided by unheeded; the London season was near its close, when, one morning at breakfast, Mr.

Mordaunt observed, "Well, Alonzo, time gets on; we are now in July, and before the end of October you must be safely landed at Rio. We must secure your passage in the next month's packet."

All this was well known and fully expected, yet did the intimation astound Alonzo. "So soon! can it be possible?"

The same evening they were *en famille* at the Countess's; the whist and chess tables were arranged as usual. "What are you thinking of, Don Alonzo, to make such a move as that?" inquired Viola; "you are a little absent—out of spirits this evening."

"I ought not to be so," said Alonzo, trying to rally, "for we have been busy all day planning and arranging about our voyage home."

"Indeed!" said Viola. Alonzo thought she sighed; certainly, she in her turn made a false move. Soon after, a servant entered with a case of jewels belonging to Viola, which had returned from being repaired; while looking at them Alonzo observed, that she was not a little envied by the London belles for the splendor of her jewels.

"How comes it," said she, "that I never see you wear any ornaments, not even a ring? Our young Brazilian beaux are naturally so fond of these decorations!"

"I assure you," said Mr. Mordaunt, looking off his cards, "Don Alonzo has one of the most superb rings I ever saw—a single yellow diamond, of great value."

Alonzo felt irritated, he scarcely knew why, and replied, in a bitter sarcastic tone, quite unusual with him: "Yes, I have a yellow diamond, indeed, that I never wish to see, or to show to any one else."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he felt their impropriety. "Draw your card, my lady, if you please," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Check!" cried Alonzo, and with an effort looked at Viola. She was leaning on her hand; and her large, black, and brilliant eyes, with their long up-turned lashes, were fixed on his. He started at the look—why or wherefore he could not imagine. The eyes were withdrawn, and the game continued.

A few evenings after, he was leading her from a dance to place her, as usual, by the side of the Countess; they had to traverse three or four crowded rooms before they could reach the one where her ladyship was seated at whist; they moved very slowly and loiteringly along, seemingly in no great hurry to arrive at their destination.

"Are you *really* going to leave us next month, Don Alonzo?"

"Really; and you, Donna Viola, what becomes of you?"

"I go to Portugal."

"And *there*?" said Alonzo in an inquiring tone.

"Oh, there we shall not remain long; our Brazilian property will require our presence."

"Then we shall meet again," said Alonzo, eagerly.

"I hope so—I dare say, in a few months."

"Well, that is some comfort!"—and he seemed to

(1) Concluded from page 24.

respire more freely; then, after a pause—"but, I shall never again meet *Viola!*"

"But *Viola*, Don Alonzo," she replied, firmly, "will meet you as she has always met you; what she has been, she will continue to be—your sincere and affectionate friend."

"Thank you, *Viola*, thank you!—but pray do not speak another word to me just now." He placed her in her seat, and without looking at her, turned away and left the house.

Mr. Mordaunt had accepted the pressing invitation of Alonzo to accompany him to Brazil; their passage was taken, and their preparations well forward. Alonzo paid his farewell visits, and did all that was necessary on the occasion with the most perfect composure.

A passage was also taken for *Viola* and her suite in the Lisbon packet, and the day was fixed for her leaving town for Falmouth. The day following was decided on by Alonzo for the same purpose, but this he managed to conceal from her.

The morning before her departure, he called on the Countess. "You are come to take leave of *Donna Viola?*" said her ladyship.

"No, I am not; I am come to take leave of *you*, (for I also am on the eve of quitting London,) and to thank you for all your kind attention."

"But why not of *Viola?*" said the Countess; "she will be so disappointed."

"It is better I should not."

"But what am I to say to her?" inquired she.

"Precisely what I have just said—that it is better I should not."

The Countess returned no reply; and, with all good wishes on each side, they parted.

The weather was beautiful, and Mr. Mordaunt appeared to enjoy his journey exceedingly; but Alonzo was absorbed in thought, and it was only now and then, when Mr. Mordaunt touched upon his approaching meeting with his father, and his old Rio friends, that Alonzo could be roused for a moment. At the inns, too, he occasionally heard something that attracted his silent attention, of the beautiful young foreigner who had passed the day before.

They arrived at Falmouth in the morning to breakfast. With a beating heart, Alonzo inquired concerning the foreign lady and the Lisbon packet; the lady had gone on board the evening before, and the Lisbon and Rio packets were to sail early on the following morning.

After breakfast, the two gentlemen were engaged superintending the embarkation of their servants and baggage, and having taken an early dinner went on board.

It was a lovely evening. Alonzo glanced at the merry and busy town of Falmouth, the numerous vessels, and the broad Atlantic, which lay stretched out before him; then his eye fixed, as though there were nothing else worth looking at, on the small vessel that lay nearest to him. He suddenly left his station, descended into a boat, and was in a few minutes on board.

In the outer cabin he met the duenna, who looked very much surprised at seeing him; but, without speaking, threw open the door of the after-cabin—he entered, and the door closed behind him.

Viola lay on a couch, apparently absorbed in reading; the noise startled her, and she looked up; but nothing can express the astonishment painted on her countenance at the sight of Alonzo, who stood fixed as a statue before her. She sprang from the couch, and evidently her first feeling was to run towards him, but probably the strangeness of his look and demeanour arrested her; for she checked herself, and exclaimed, "Don Alonzo!"

"*Viola!*" said he seizing both her hands, and gently forcing her to return to the seat she had left; "*Viola!*" (the word seemed to choke him,) "I cannot live without you—you are yet free, have pity on me!"

"Alonzo," she asked, in a tremulous voice, "are you free?"

"I am not *irrevocably* bound."

In a moment she seemed to recover her self-possession, and replied, "Then I must tell you, that *I am*. You are labouring under a fatal error; you think I am but engaged—I *am married*. But stay!" she exclaimed, alarmed at the effect of her communication—"stay!—one moment!—Alonzo!—I beseech you!"

It was in vain; he almost shook her off, rushed to his boat, and in a few minutes was on board of his own vessel; he pushed by Mr. Mordaunt, and everybody and everything that impeded his way to his cabin, where, locking the door, he threw himself on his bed, in a state of mind not to be described.

Mr. Mordaunt took possession of the boat Alonzo had quitted, went on board the Lisbon packet, and had an interview with *Donna Viola*.

At day break, the following morning, Alonzo, wrapped in a cloak, and his hat slouched over his brow, stood on the deck, watching, with gloomy composure, the Lisbon packet getting under weigh; she soon began to move—a few minutes more, and she was dashing through the water close beside him. Desperate thoughts for an instant darkened his mind; a feeling of revenge and despair beset him, and he felt a strong temptation to plunge into the wake of the flying vessel—when one of the latticed windows of the after-cabin was suddenly thrown open; he saw a waving handkerchief, and then the form of *Viola* herself, her eyes streaming with tears, kissing both her hands, and waving them to him. He had just time to return the salutation; his dark purpose vanished, the weakness of his mother came over him, and he wept. "She loves me!"—that thought alone, single and abstracted, brought back the blood in a rush of transport to his heart—"she loves me! and nobly sets me the example of a virtuous submission to our fate!"

A friendly hand at that moment was laid on his; Mr. Mordaunt drew him to his cabin. "Alonzo," he said, "I have been sadly to blame—I ought to have foreseen and guarded against all this. *Donna Viola*,

whom I saw last evening, bade me give you this note," putting one into his hand.

Alonzo tore it open:—"Alonzo, I conjure you, for the sake of your father—for *my* sake—struggle against your fatal and hopeless passion! We shall very soon meet again—let us meet in peace, in innocence, and friendship! Heaven bless you, and Heaven forgive us both, for we have been much to blame!—Viola."

Viola was very inexperienced, and Mr. Mordaunt knew very little about love, otherwise Alonzo had never received this note, which only added fuel to the flame; he kept it next his heart, and read it every day during the passage. He questioned Mr. Mordaunt closely concerning his interview with Viola the preceding evening, and especially inquired whether he could give him any information concerning her husband. "I am told," he said, "that he is a man of high rank, very rich, old, and infirm. He has married the orphan daughter of his friend, merely as a safeguard to her and her property in these dangerous times." At this intelligence, Alonzo's heart bounded with secret joy; he became comparatively tranquil, but he would not analyse his feelings—he dared not.

A few weeks brought them to Rio. On entering its superb harbour, Mr. Mordaunt was struck with admiration at the magnificent and beautiful scenery that surrounded him; but to the heart of Alonzo it spoke yet more feelingly, entwined as it was with all his dear and early associations. He could have kissed the black and barren rock of the Sugar-Loaf; it was passed, and threw open the graceful sweep of the Bay of Botafogo, surrounded with its wooded and lofty mountains; this too was passed, and the harbour of Rio appeared. Great political changes had taken place, and the Imperial flag waved upon every fort and hill. The visiting boat approached, and by the side of the officer sat Alonzo's watchful and expecting father, who in a few minutes more was locked in the arms of his son. On their landing, friends crowded round them; in the afternoon they visited the good, kind Abbess; and the evening was employed in renewing Alonzo's recollections of his young female friends, most of whom had now become wives and mothers; and those whom he had known as children, had started up into young women, a process remarkably rapid in that country. He was pleased to observe the vast improvement that, even during the short period of his absence, had taken place at Rio, as far as concerned the comforts and refinements of domestic life. On the following morning he was presented at court;—in short, for two or three days, he had not leisure even to *look* melancholy.

But one morning after breakfast, (a time universally agreed upon for making disagreeable communications,) his father informed him that, in about a month, Donna Isabella might be expected, with her father and aunt. "I have taken a temporary residence for you, which I think you will like, at Botafogo, (I say *temporary*, for you will soon be offered, what you most desire, a diplomatic mission to Europe;) and the furnishing and arranging this residence has been

my hobby for the last six months. If you and Mr. Mordaunt have no objection we will ride to see it this afternoon." "If you please, sir," was the only reply; and, accordingly, at the appointed time they set out. The house and situation were both delightful; the furniture tasteful and costly. The apartment peculiarly appropriated to Donna Isabella, and called her garden-room, opened into a delicious parterre; it contained tables for needle-work and drawing, book-cases filled with a collection in English, French, and Italian; there were also a piano, harp, and guitar.

"Is Donna Isabella such a proficient in music?" asked Alonzo, with a sarcastic smile.

"She is, I believe, very fond of it," quietly replied the Marquess. Alonzo, with much warmth and sincerity, thanked his father for the kind pains he had taken; then sighed, and thought how happy he could be here with—certainly not with Donna Isabella.

After the first novelty of his arrival had worn off, Alonzo relapsed into sadness; a settled gloom was gathering on his youthful brow, a sickening indifference to all around was gradually stealing over him. His father and Mr. Mordaunt did all they could to arouse and distract his attention. Excursions into the country were frequently made, especially to the botanical garden, about six miles from the city. It is arranged with exquisite order and good taste, encircled by bold and rugged mountain-scenery, opening towards the ocean—reposing in all its richness of floral beauty, with its shady and stately trees, its leafy bowers and gushing streams, like a gem in the wilderness—like the decked and lovely bride of a dark-browed warrior in those stern days of "auld lang syne," of which one loves to dream in spots like these. Water-parties to the many beautiful islands—society and study—were all tried, and in vain! every day, every hour, seemed to increase the despondency of Alonzo; but he never complained, never even touched in any way upon the subject that caused it. Upwards of three weeks passed in this manner.

Alonzo was fond of the society of the Abbess; with the unerring tact of her sex, she managed his present mood; she would sit opposite to him, employed at her old-fashioned embroidery frame, for an hour without speaking; this was just what he liked. One afternoon he had ensconced himself in his accustomed seat in her little grated parlour; he scarcely observed her entrance, but instead of seating herself at her frame, she stepped towards him.

"Alonzo, I am glad you have come, for I was just going to send for you."

"To send for me?" repeated he, listlessly.

"Yes, a friend of yours has arrived at the convent, and wishes to see you."

"A friend of mine!"

"You recollect, I suppose, Donna Viola de Montezuma?"

He started from his seat—the shock was electric.

"Viola, did you say?—Donna Viola;—recollect her!—what of her?—what of her?"

"She has become a widow."

"Go on!"

"She arrived at Lisbon just in time to receive the last breath of her expiring husband. After the funeral, she consigned her affairs there into proper hands, and delayed not a moment in returning to this country, where they demand her instant attention. She arrived yesterday, and remains here for a short time. She wishes to see you."

"I am ready," said Alonzo.

The Abbess left the room. "This is too—too much!" he exclaimed aloud, as he paced the little parlour with hurried steps. A slight rustling near the grate arrested him; it was Viola, in deep mourning, looking more lovely and interesting than ever. She presented him her hand through the grate—he knelt, and pressed it to his lips, to his heart, to his burning forehead. "Alonzo," she said, in the kindest and most soothing tone, "I have heard from the Abbess of your marriage, and I fear that I have innocently contributed to render that, which might have proved the highest blessing, a source of bitter misery. What can I do but to entreat you to arm yourself with the resolution of acting right? I confess that your forcing me to lose my esteem for you, would be the greatest pain you could inflict, even although your affection *for me* were the cause. Promise me, Alonzo—"

He hastily interrupted her: "I will promise nothing—nothing! Heaven grant that I may do what is right, but in the present state of my mind, I will pass my word for nothing."

Viola sighed. "Well," she resumed, "I shall see whether Alonzo be really what I believed him, or not. I shall see whether he be capable of sacrificing the happiness of his young and innocent wife, and of his dotting father—his own honour and principles, to the shadow of a shade; for such is all hope of *me*. Heaven bless you, Alonzo! and support you through this trial! You have my prayers, my best, my warmest wishes; *deserve* to be happy, and leave the rest to Providence."

She disappeared; he still remained kneeling at the grate, apparently wrapt in thought. At length, a ray of light seemed to break through the darkness that surrounded him; a single spark of hope saved him from utter despair. He decided that, in his first interview with Donna Isabella, he would reveal every secret of his heart; he would conjure her, as she valued their mutual happiness, to assist him in breaking the tie that had been made between them. He would recall to her recollection the fatal hour of their union, when reluctance on his side, and the necessity of absolute force on hers, formed but an evil omen of future concord. Since that moment they had never met, had never even corresponded; he had formed elsewhere a deep and serious attachment, and so perhaps had she. As to the debt he had incurred towards her and her family, with a little time and indulgence it would be cleared, as the property in Portugal was on the eve of being restored to his

father. Thus, if they acted with determination, and in unison, there could be no doubt of their succeeding in breaking the galling fetters in which the mistaken zeal of their relatives had bound them. "If," he exclaimed, "she be not utterly devoid of the common pride and delicacy of her sex, there is but one step to take; she will—she must take it—and I shall become free and happy!"

Full of this thought he left the convent; and, on his return home, sought Mr. Mordaun, and laid his project before him. Mr. Mordaun listened with the utmost kindness and sympathy. He saw but one objection to the attempt: if Donna Isabella, in spite of all he could urge, should refuse to enter into his views, how much wider would it make the breach between them! how much would it diminish their chance of happiness! But to this side of the picture Alonzo absolutely refused to turn; and Mr. Mordaun, seeing him perfectly resolved, gave up the point; glad, at all events, that Alonzo had even this slight support to lean upon until the crisis arrived.

At the top of the Marquess's small and rather inconvenient abode was a room in which, on account of its height and airiness, and the view of the harbour it commanded, the gentlemen preferred to breakfast, and to spend the morning in; a spy-glass was fixed here, to which, of late, the eye of the Marquess had been often and anxiously applied. One morning, about a week after the scenes just described, the Marquess seemed more than usually on the alert, watching the approach of a fine Brazilian merchant-ship. "Is she near the fort?"—"here she comes"—"she is abreast of it"—"now for it!" and as he spoke, up flew a private signal. The Marquess clasped his hands, and exclaimed in a half-whisper, to Mr. Mordaun, "Thank heaven, there they are at last!" and the two gentlemen instantly left the room.

"Well," thought Alonzo, "I am not bound to know that there they are at last, until I am informed of it;" and he tried again to rivet his attention to his study. Three intolerably long hours passed away; a note was then brought to him from the Marquess: "Donna Isabella, her aunt, and father have arrived, and are now at Botafogo. The two ladies are somewhat fatigued, and prefer not receiving you until the evening; therefore, between seven and eight, Mr. Mordaun and the carriage will be at your door."

Alonzo sent away his untouched dinner; he dressed *en grande toilette*; and, taking down Walter Scott's last new novel, strove to fix his attention on its delightful pages. Alonzo had generally the power of exercising great mastery over his mind; to an indifferent observer he would appear rather cold, reserved, and not easily acted upon in any way; but, when his feelings once burst their barrier, it was with a violence proportioned to the restraint he had thrown over them.

At half-past seven, the carriage drew up to the door, and Alonzo immediately descended to it. "I am glad to see you are quite ready," said Mr. Mordaun, as he entered; the door closed, and they drove off.

"You have seen Donna Isabella?" inquired Alonzo.

"Yes, I have," was the laconic reply, with evidently a wish of saying no more. After a considerable pause, Mr. Mordaunt asked whether he still kept to his purpose.

"Certainly," said Alonzo firmly, and no further conversation passed.

Half an hour brought them to their destination; with a throbbing heart Alonzo descended from the carriage. They were shown into the grand *sala*, brilliantly lighted. Here were assembled Senhor Josef and Senhora Theresa, the Marquess, and the Abbess, with an attendant nun; the old lady had not left her convent for many years, but on this occasion she was determined to be present.

Alonzo saluted Senhor Josef and his sister with gravity, but perfect and sincere kindness; he kissed the hand of his aunt; then, turning to his father, begged to know where he might find Donna Isabella.

"She waits for you in her garden-room," replied the Marquess; Alonzo bowed, and left the *sala*.

He struggled successfully to continue the same appearance of composure, as he passed along the corridor which led to the garden-room; the door was ajar, he entered and closed it.

The room was only lighted by a single Grecian lamp, suspended from the centre; the latticed doors leading to the garden were thrown open, and the moonbeams quivered brightly on the rich festoons of flowers and foliage that twined around them. Leaning on the harp near the furthest door, stood a lady magnificently dressed as a bride; one hand hung listlessly at her side, in the other were gathered the folds of her veil, in which her face was buried. Alonzo advanced, and although somewhat prepared for a favourable alteration, he was struck with astonishment at the exquisitely fine and graceful form that stood before him. "Donna Isabella, I believe;"—no reply, and no change of position. He approached a little nearer, and ventured to take the unoccupied hand, whose slight and delicate fingers were covered with gems, but on the arm was only a single bracelet, and that was of *pink topaz*. "Donna Isabella, I venture to claim a few minutes' private conversation with you, on a subject that deeply concerns the happiness of us both; permit me to lead you to a seat." He paused—the emotion that visibly pervaded her whole frame convinced him that at least he was not addressing a statue. Suddenly, she raised her head, clasped her hands, and sunk on her knees at his feet. Alonzo recoiled, as though a supernatural appearance had presented itself, while, with a tone that thrilled through heart and brain, she exclaimed—

"Alonzo, can you forgive me?" It was Viola! "Can you forgive me, for all the deception I have practised, and caused others to practise? May the prize I strove for—my husband's heart—plead my excuse! I know it will!"

While she spoke, Alonzo in some degree recovered himself. He raised up the beautiful suppliant, and

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folding her in silence to his breast, kissed her with pure, intense, and devoted affection. He could not speak; he thought not, and cared not how it had all been brought about; he only knew and felt that his wife was in his arms, and that—that wife was Viola.

The party in the drawing-room, to whom the duenna was now added, were in an agony of impatient expectation. The Marquess at length led the way, and they all crept softly along the passage: "May we come in?"

"Come in!" said Alonzo; the first words he had spoken since the denouement.

Their entrance dispersed, in a great measure, the concentrated feelings of Alonzo, and he became attentive to learn the mechanism by which his present happiness had been effected. It appeared that the prepossession Isabella had conceived for her husband at the altar, had produced a striking change on her, as love did on Cymon. Ill health, the absence of the usual means of education at St. Paul's, the ignorance and weak indulgence of those with whom she resided, had allowed weeds to spring up and choke the rich treasures of her mind. However, she accompanied the Marquess from St. Paul's, and was placed by him under the charge of the Abbess, where, in three years, her improvement in health, beauty, and mental attainments astonished all those who observed her. The two years she passed in England, under the most judicious care, had brought her to that point of perfection to which she had now arrived.

Alonzo had not the slightest recollection of any of her features except her eyes, which on the day of their union had that large size and troubled expression which usually attend ill health. He could now account for the startling recollection that had passed over him one evening at the chess-board: the look she then gave, and that with which she had impressed him on her leaving the oratory, were the same.

"And you, my grave and worthy tutor," said Alonzo, addressing Mr. Mordaunt, "did you join in this powerful league against me?"

"I confess," replied Mr. Mordaunt, "that I was in the service of the enemy; so much so that, on the evening you first met Donna Viola, and were introduced to her at the Opera, I knew beforehand that such a meeting and such an introduction would take place. I take this opportunity, however, of hinting, that you may thank your own impetuosity that the discovery was not prematurely advanced on board of the Lisbon packet; for Donna Viola, terrified at your vehemence, would have revealed the whole truth, could she but have prevailed upon you to stay and hear it."

"Alas, for my vehemence!" exclaimed Alonzo; and trying to collect his puzzled thoughts, he turned to the Abbess. "And you too, my dear aunt—you too, my Lady Abbess! it is well you have the power of absolving yourself for all those little fibs you told me the other day."

"May Our Lady grant me absolution," replied the good Abbess, devoutly, "for whatsoever stain of sin

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I may have contracted by playing a part in this masque!"

"Supper! supper!" cried out the Marquess, as he marshalled them the way. Alonzo seized his Viola (for thus he ever after named her,) as if he dreaded that some magical delusion would again snatch her from his sight—and never did a set of happier creatures meet than those which now encircled the sumptuous banquet prepared in honour of his Brazilian wedding.

BIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.¹

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

PART II.

WE resume with pleasure the thread of a narrative which want of space compelled us to break off rather abruptly in a former number. Our readers will recollect that we had traced Southey to his quiet abode among the mountains of Cumberland, where he was destined to pass the remainder of his life. The situation of his secluded dwelling-place was well suited to his habits and pursuits. The beauty of the scenery by which he was surrounded offered an inducement to out-door exercise, which his laborious literary occupations rendered absolutely necessary; and being thoroughly domesticated in his habits, he fully appreciated the advantages of retirement, and the peaceful attractions of his home. Having reached the prime of manhood, he gave himself up to literature, and laboured at it with all his heart, and soul, and strength. "Habitually an early riser," says his son, "he never encroached upon the hours of night; and finding his highest pleasure and his recreation in the very pursuits necessary for earning his daily bread, he was probably more continually employed than any other writer of his generation." By a careful appropriation of each moment of his times, and by assigning to himself different tasks for each portion of the day, he was able to get through a stupendous quantity of work, in reviewing, translating, and independent original composition in verse and prose. It may here also be observed that his opinions, social, religious, and political, which, to use his son's words, had been "for many years in a transition state," were now gradually settling and sobering down. His republicanism had fled with the enthusiasm of his youth; he had ceased to believe in human perfectibility; and his views of religious truth had gradually assumed an orthodox form.

We have remarked that Southey's bodily constitution was originally weak, and the course of his life had been marked, in an unusual degree, by trouble and anxiety. The responsibilities which he had somewhat imprudently incurred at an early period of his life, and the harassing nature of his occupations, had told upon his nervous and excitable frame. "Many things," he says, writing to his friend Wynn, "make me feel old;—ten years of marriage; the sort of fatherly situation in which I have stood to my brother

Henry, now a man himself; the premature age at which I commenced author; the death of all who were about me in childhood; a body not made of lasting materials, and some wear and tear of mind." On the other hand, he possessed what he felt to be the best and bountifullest gift of heaven,—a happy, buoyant spirit,—ever gay and cheerful, and ready to be amused by the veriest trifles. "O, dear Light-foot," he says, in a letter to the Reverend Nicholas Lightfoot, (a college friend,) "what a blessing it is to have a boy's heart! it is as great a blessing in carrying one through this world, as to have a child's spirit will be in fitting us for the next."

Having encountered many difficulties in the course of his career, it must be mentioned to Southey's honour, that he always regarded the literary aspirant with feelings of genuine sympathy and kindness, and was ever ready at the proper time with a word of encouragement or advice. Among those in whose welfare he had taken a peculiar interest, was Henry Kirke White, a volume of whose poems had appeared in 1804. The *Monthly Review* had noticed this little work in the most cruel and insulting manner. "I was provoked," says Southey, in a letter to Mr. Duppa, "and wrote to encourage the boy, offering to aid him in a subscription for a costlier publication." Soon after this, however, by the kindness of friends whom he had won by his talents and piety, Kirke White was sent to Cambridge, where he literally killed himself with study. "His life," says Southey in another letter to Duppa, "will affect you, for he fairly died of intense application. Cambridge finished him. When his nerves were already so over-strained that his nights were utter misery, they gave him medicine to enable him to hold out during examination for a prize!" After his death a boxful of his papers was sent to Southey for inspection, "the sight of which," says the poet, "literally made my heart ache, and my eyes overflow, for never did I behold such proofs of human industry." From these papers he was enabled to construct two admirable volumes of "Remains," accompanied with a short Memoir. As may be imagined, it was a labour of love; his services (though it was a sacrifice of time he could then ill afford,) were given to the family of the deceased gratuitously; but he felt an interest in the undertaking far beyond that of mere literary taskwork, and the success of the publication was an ample recompense for his toil.

In the spring of 1807 a pension of 200*l.* per annum was conferred upon Southey by the government of the day. As a timely recognition of his literary services and distinguished talent, it will not be denied that this was a proper and graceful proceeding. In a pecuniary point of view, however, the only advantage it conferred on the poet was to relieve him from an obligation which must have been rather galling to his independent spirit. Up to this period he had received from his friend Wynn an allowance of 160*l.* per annum, being about the sum which the pension, deducting fees and income-tax, actually realized. Such acts of friendship

(1) Continued from p. 30.

are of rare occurrence in the world, and deserve to be recorded. Without this generous assistance, it is probable that Southey would have severely felt the pressure of pecuniary embarrassment; for his literary exertions were, in general, but poorly requited, and his expectations of inheriting anything from wealthier branches of his family had been wofully disappointed. The first edition of *Madoc* produced him the insignificant sum of 25*l.*, and though consoled with the idea that the merits of the poem would procure him some posthumous renown, he had been convinced by experience that "drafts upon posterity would not pass for current expenses." He had also found—and the discovery was not very agreeable—that "his poems had sold exactly in an inverse ratio to their merit," and that he could not put himself upon a level with the taste of book-buying readers. Under these discouraging circumstances, in order to increase his scanty income, he was compelled to give up the principal portion of his time to the more profitable employment of writing for reviews and periodicals,—an occupation for which he was admirably qualified by his varied information and excellent taste, although he felt it to be somewhat irksome.

The establishment of the *Quarterly Review*, in the autumn of the year 1808, exercised a considerable influence in the direction of Southey's literary labours. Since its establishment, the renowned "*Edinburgh*" had assumed a kind of literary dictatorship, which, from its open avowal of Whig sentiments, and its decided party tone, had become most distasteful to some of the leading spirits of the time. It was now resolved to contest the ground with a Tory periodical of a similar character, and Gifford, the translator of *Juvenal*, had been appointed editor. Southey, who had formerly refused an offer to become a contributor to the *Edinburgh*, from a dislike to its principles, was solicited, through his friend Mr. Bedford, to co-operate in the new undertaking. To this request, without pledging himself to any particular political views, he willingly acceded. Announcing to Lieutenant Southey the expected appearance of the new *Review*, he says, "I think we shall do good, and will do my part with a hearty good-will. What I said to Bedford was, that as long as this government-caravan was travelling my road I was content to travel with it. . . . One good thing is, that I shall be pretty sure of civil treatment here, and the *Review* will carry great weight with it." The anxiously-expected periodical by no means, however, met with his unequivocal approval. "I could have wished," he says in a letter to Mr. Gifford—and many of our readers will sympathise, we hope, with the good feeling of these remarks,—"that this *Review* had less resembled the *Edinburgh* in the tone and temper of its criticisms. That book of Miss Owen-son's is, I dare say, very bad, both in manners and morals; yet, had it fallen into my hands, I think I could have told her so in such a spirit that she herself would have believed me, and might have profited by the censure. The same quantity of rain which would clear a flower of its blights, will, if it falls heavier

and harder, wash the roots bare, and beat the blossoms to the ground. I have been in the habit of reviewing more than eleven years; for the lucre of gain, and not, God knows, from any liking to the occupation; and of all my literary misdeeds, the only ones of which I have repented have been those reviews which were written with undue asperity, so as to give unnecessary pain."

We have always considered some of Southey's familiar poems to rank among his most successful efforts in verse. Of this class we would particularize the "*English Eclogues*," which, in addition to their other merits, display considerable dramatic power. They were founded upon incidents which fell under the writer's observation, and have an air of truthfulness about them which attracts and fixes the reader's attention. The subject of one of them—"The Alderman's Funeral"—is thus alluded to in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, dated July 30, 1809:—"The *Eclogue* which I have sent Ballantyne has suffered a little by having all its local allusions cut out. . . . The thing was suggested by my accidentally crossing such a funeral some years ago at Bristol; and had I been disposed to personal satire, the hero of the procession would have afforded ample scope for it. As soon as he knew his case was desperate, he called together all the persons to whom he was indebted in his mercantile concerns; 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I am going to die, and my death will be an inconvenience to you, because it will be some time before you can get your accounts settled with my executors; now if you will allow me a handsome discount, I'll settle them myself at once.' They came into the proposal, and the old alderman turned his death into nine hundred pounds' profit."

The sketch of this keen tradesman's character in the above-mentioned *eclogue*, is a favourable specimen of Southey's vigorous style, and contains some wholesome truths:—

—“This man of half a million
Had all those public virtues which you praise:
But the poor man rung never at his door;
And the old beggar at the public gate,
Who, all the summer long, stands hat in hand,
He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
To that hard face. Yet he was always found
Among your ten and twenty-pound subscribers,
Your benefactors in the newspapers.
His alms were money put to interest
In the other world, . . . donations to keep open
A running charity account with heaven.

* * * * *
Who should lament for him, sir, in whose heart
Love had no place, nor natural charity?
The parlour spaniel, when she heard his step,
Rose slowly from the hearth, and stole aside
With creeping pace; she never raised her eyes
To woo kind words from him, nor laid her head
Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.
How could it be but thus? Arithmetic
Was the sole science he was ever taught;
The multiplication-table was his Creed,
His Pater-Noster, and his Decalogue.
When yet he was a boy, and should have breathed
The open air and sunshine of the fields,
To give his blood its natural spring and play,
He in a close and dusky counting-house
Smoke-dried, and sear'd, and shrivell'd up his heart.

So from the way in which he was train'd up
His feet departed not; he toil'd and toil'd,
Poor muckworm! through his threescore years and ten;
And when the earth shall now be shovell'd on him,
If that which served him for a soul were still
Within its husk, 't would still be dirt to dirt."

In 1810 "the Curse of Kehama," upon which Southey had for some time laboured most assiduously at such intervals as he could spare from other engagements, was presented to the public. Notwithstanding the great merits of this production, like most of his other poems it was but coldly received. The oriental grandeur of the subject, its pomp of language, magnificent imagery, and occasional passages of sublimity and tenderness, were fully appreciated by the critical few; but the incidents were in general too wild and unnatural to please the ordinary readers of verse.

Among the most enthusiastic admirers of Southey's poetry at this period was the celebrated and unfortunate Percy Bysshe Shelley. He had made a pilgrimage to Keswick in the winter of 1811-12, and the boldness and extravagance of his sentiments forcibly reminded the author of "Wat Tyler" and "Joan of Arc" of the views and opinions which he had himself entertained in his early days. The following description of Shelley occurs in a letter to Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, and is too characteristic for us to omit:—

"Here is a man at Keswick who acts upon me as my own ghost would do. He is just what I was in 1794. His name is Shelley, son of the member for Shoreham; with 6,000*l.* a-year entailed upon him, and as much more in his father's power to cut off. Beginning with romances of ghosts and murder and with poetry at Eton, he passed at Oxford into metaphysics; printed half-a-dozen pages, which he entitled 'The Necessity of Atheism;' sent one anonymously to Coplestone, in expectation, I suppose, of converting him; was expelled in consequence; married a girl of seventeen, after being turned out of doors by his father; and here they both are in lodgings, living upon 200*l.* a-year, which her father allows them. He is come to the fittest physician in the world. At present he has got to the pantheistic stage of philosophy, and in the course of a week I expect he will be a Berkleyan, for I have put him upon a course of Berkeley. It has surprised him a good deal to meet, for the first time in his life, with a man who perfectly understands him, and does him full justice. I tell him that all the difference between us is that he is nineteen and I am thirty-seven; and I dare say it will not be very long before I succeed in convincing him that he may be a true philosopher, and do a great deal of good with 6,000*l.* a-year; the thought of which troubles him a great deal more at present than ever the want of a sixpence (for I have known such a want) did me. . . . God help us! the world wants mending, though he did not set about it exactly in the right way."

The "Life of Nelson," which may be fairly designated the most popular production which proceeded from Southey's pen, made its appearance in 1813. "It originated," says his son, "in an Article in the fifth number of the Quarterly Review, which was enlarged at Murray's request. My father received altogether 300*l.* for it; 100*l.* for the Review, 100*l.* when the 'Life' was enlarged, and 100*l.* when it was published in the Family Library."

Although the subject was not of his own choosing,

Southey had executed his task *con amore*, and a more delightful piece of biography was never penned. Writing to his uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, on the occasion of its completion, the poet says, "This is a subject which I should never have dreamt of touching, if it had not been thrust upon me. I have walked among sea-terms as carefully as a cat does among crockery; but, if I have succeeded in making the narrative continuous and clear—the very reverse of what it is in the lives before me—the materials are in themselves so full of character, so picturesque, and so sublime, that it cannot fail of being a good book."

We now come to an event of some importance in Southey's life. The office of Poet-laureate having become vacant by the death of Henry James Pye, Esq., the dignity (?) was in the first place tendered to Sir Walter Scott, and afterwards, upon his refusal, to Mr. Southey. In a letter to "his elder brother in the muse," Sir Walter explained that he had not refused the office "from any foolish prejudice" against it; but rather because being already in the receipt of official emoluments, he was unwilling to incur censure by engrossing another of the very few appointments "proper to be filled by a man of literature, who had no other views in life." Upon its being understood that the birth-day and occasional odes usually exacted from the laureate, were to be dispensed with, Southey signified his consent to accept the post, and, after some delay, received the appointment, and was duly sworn in at the office of the Lord Chamberlain. "I swore," said the new Laureate, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, "to be a faithful servant of the king, to reveal all treasons which might come to my knowledge, to discharge the duties of my office, and to obey the Lord Chamberlain in all matters of the king's service, and in his stead the Vice-Chamberlain. Having taken this upon my soul, I was thereby inducted into all the rights, privileges, and benefits which Henry James Pye, Esq., did enjoy, or ought to have enjoyed."

We may here state that the net emoluments of the office did not exceed 90*l.* a-year, and we believe that they have not since been raised beyond that sum. "The original salary," says Southey, "was 100 marks. It was raised for Ben Jonson to 100*l.* and a tierce of Spanish Canary wine, now wickedly commuted for 26*l.*, which said sum, unlike the Canary, is subject to income-tax, land-tax, and heaven knows what taxes besides."

Upon being actually installed, Southey announced the event to his wife in the following choice lines, composed in St. James's Park, on his way from the Chamberlain's office, after the gentleman-usher, "a worthy sort of fat old man, in a wig and bag, and a snuff-coloured full-dress suit, with cut steel buttons and a sword," had administered the oath before described:—

"I have something to tell you, which you will not be sorry at,

'Tis that I am sworn in to the office of Laureat,
The oath that I took there could be nothing wrong in,

"Twas to do all the duties to the dignity belonging.
Keep this, I pray you, as a precious gem,
For this is the Laureat's first poem."

Contrary to his expectations, however, he found, after his appointment, that official verses were frequently required from him, and most reluctantly, as many of his letters show, did he execute his allotted task. "When did this fool's custom begin?"—he writes to Mr. Bedford. "Before Cibber's time? I would have made the office honourable if they would have let me. If they will not, the dishonour will not be mine." And again, after the lapse of two years, he thus addresses the same gentleman. "I have not been well used about the Laureateship. They require task verses from me,—not to keep up the custom of having them befiddled, but to keep up the task,—instead of putting an end to this foolery in a fair and open manner, which would do the court credit, and save me a silly expense of time and labour."

On the subject of the protracted contest with France, Southey had for some time felt and expressed himself most strongly. When the uselessness of the war was insisted on by some, and its hopelessness by others, he had not ceased to recommend vigorous measures, and to prophesy final success. He appears to have regarded the character and policy of Buonaparte with the most intense abhorrence, and to have watched with eager solicitude for the hour of final retribution. When the news of the battle of Waterloo reached England nothing could exceed his exultation. He considered it "the greatest deliverance that civilized society had experienced since the days of Charles Martel." In honour of the event he kindled bonfires on the summit of Skiddaw, "roasted beef and boiled plum-puddings there," sang "God save the king," fired cannons, and indulged in other manifestations of delight. Before his enthusiasm was sufficed to cool, in the autumn of 1815, he started off to behold the scene of the portentous struggle, taking with him two dear companions.

"So forth I set upon this pilgrimage,
And took the partner of my life with me,
And one dear girl, just ripe enough of age
Retentively to see what I should see;
That thus, with mutual recollections fraught,
We might bring home a store for after thought."

It was about the end of September when they visited the field of Waterloo, and though so short a time had elapsed since the battle, the "fields were cultivated again, and wild flowers were in blossom upon some of the graves." To quote his more elaborate description of the scene is verse:—

"The passing season had not yet effaced
The stamp of numerous hoofs impress'd by force,
Of cavalry whose path might still be traced.
Yet Nature everywhere resumed her course;
Low pansies to the sun their purple gave,
And the soft poppy blossom'd on the grave."¹

In the spring of the following year the poet was overtaken by a severe domestic calamity. His only

(1) Pilgrimage to Waterloo.

boy Herbert, "in all respects a child after his father's own heart," and who had given many promising indications of intellectual ability and love of study, was taken from him by the hand of death, in the tenth year of his age. It was long before the fond father recovered from the effects of this blow, and many of his letters indicate the severity of his sufferings. "You more than most men," he writes to his friend Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, "can tell what I have lost, and yet you are far from knowing how large a portion of my hopes and happiness will be laid in the grave with Herbert. For years it has been my daily prayer that I might be spared this affliction. . . . In his desk are the few letters which I had written to him, in the joy of my heart. I will fold up these and send them to you, that they may be preserved when I am gone, in memory of him and of me." As time wore on, he endeavoured by religious meditations and constant occupation to assuage the violence of his sorrow—practising, as he observed, what he had preached in his poem of Roderick:—

"Nature hath assign'd
Two sovereign remedies for human grief;
Religion.—surest, firmest, first, and best;
And strenuous action next."

As soon as he was able to treat the subject with sufficient calmness he commenced the composition of a tributary poem to his boy's memory; but the mournful task was never completed, and the few fragments that remain possess but slight interest.

It was unfortunate for Southey's peace that his connexion with the "Quarterly," and the exigencies of the period converted him into a political writer. As a politician he had an evident tendency to fall into extremes, which arose perhaps from a natural ardour of disposition and warmth of temperament. He was emphatically a "good hater," and a warm partisan. Living in strict seclusion, rarely mixing with the world, and scarcely ever brought into personal contact with a political opponent, his views and opinions were never modified by the notions of convenience and expedience which influence the conduct of more worldly-minded men. On the other hand, the violent tone of the political articles attributed to him in the "Quarterly" will sufficiently account for the rancour of his opponents, especially when we remember that he was regarded by them as a seceder and a renegade. His early professions of republicanism had been too publicly made to be soon forgotten; and whilst party spirit was at its height an opportunity of annoying him occurred, of which his political foes gladly availed themselves. In the spring of 1817, to his great surprise, he found that "Wat Tyler, a poem by Robert Southey," had been advertised as "just published," in the newspapers. The history of this production belongs, perhaps, more properly to an earlier period of his life. It had been thrown off in the summer of 1794, when he was in his twenty-first year, and in the height of his democratic enthusiasm. The MS. was taken to London by his brother-in-law Lovel, who placed it in the hands of a

bookseller named Ridgeway then imprisoned in Newgate; but the work was not published at that time. For three-and-twenty years the author had not heard of it, and great therefore was his astonishment and indignation, at seeing it after the lapse of such a period, and after such a complete change had taken place in his opinions, thus unscrupulously given to the world. Of course the publication attracted attention, and called forth many remarks. One of Southey's most persevering opponents drew attention to it in the House of Commons, and quoting from it the following lines, (which we cite as a specimen of its style and matter,) inquired why the author was not prosecuted for sedition:—

“ My brethren, these are truths, and weighty ones:
Ye are all equal; Nature made ye so.
Equality is your birthright; when I gaze
On the proud palace, and behold one man,
In the blood-purpled robes of royalty,
Feasting at ease and lording over millions;
Then turn me to the hut of poverty,
And see the wretched labourer, worn with toil,
Divide his scanty morsel with his infants,
I sicken, and, indignant at the sight,
Blush for the patience of humanity.”

To this attack Mr. Southey replied in a spirited pamphlet, and by the advice of his friends applied to the court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain the sale of the poem. The application, however, was refused by the Lord Chancellor (Eldon) on the ground, “that as the work was calculated to do an injury to society, the author could not reclaim his property in it.”

We pass rapidly on to such other events of Southey's secluded life as appear to us to require notice. The Laureateship continued for many years to be no sinecure. He was still required to furnish occasional odes, and this task-work was the more laborious, as unlike his predecessors, he was unable to satisfy himself with mere repetition and commonplace. The death of George III. in January, 1820, seemed, says his son, to call for some more particular effort on his part than his previous official verses, and the event having been for some time expected, he had planned a poem of altogether novel structure and design.

More than once, it will be remembered, he had attempted to reconcile the English language to the classical metres. His early *Sapphics* having been received with ridicule are now only remembered from Canning's witty and admirable parody on them in the *Anti-Jacobin*, but notwithstanding this failure, the poet held firm by his theory, and had frequently indulged the idea of making the experiment on a grand scale. Accordingly, having been for some time closely engaged on the work, in 1821 he produced the *Vision of Judgment*, in English Hexameter verse, which, notwithstanding the labour it cost him, we must fain pronounce the most objectionable and least meritorious of all his poetical performances. It must always be regretted that he imported the violence of party

politics into the most solemn speculations which the human mind can entertain; and making all allowances for warmth of disposition, and the circumstances of the period, it cannot be denied that he laid himself open to grave animadversion. Having made these remarks on the poem itself, we may add that its publication brought him into fierce collision with one of his most celebrated contemporaries. In the preface to his *Vision*, Southey had gone out of his way (though certainly not without provocation, as the early cantos of *Don Juan* prove,) to attack Lord Byron, and what he designated the *Satanic* school of poetry. “The school,” he said, “which they have set up may properly be called the *Satanic* school, for though their productions breathe the spirit of Belial in their lascivious parts, and the spirit of Moloch in those loathsome images of atrocities and horrors which they delight to represent, they are more especially characterised by a *Satanic* spirit of pride and audacious impiety, which still betrays the wretched feeling of hopelessness wherewith it is allied.” This strong language extorted from Lord Byron a reply of a virulent personal character, which called forth a rejoinder from Southey in the shape of a letter addressed to the editor of the *Courier* newspaper, which contained the following among other equally vehement expressions:—“Of the work which I *have* done it becomes me not here to speak, save only as relates to the *Satanic* school, and its *Coryphæus*, the author of *Don Juan*. I have held up that school to public detestation, as enemies to the religion, the institutions, and the domestic morals of the country. I have given them a designation to which their founder and leader answers. I have sent a stone from my sling which has smitten their Goliath in the forehead. I have fastened his name upon the gibbet for reproach and ignominy, as long as it shall endure. Take it down who can!” Upon the appearance of this letter, Lord Byron despatched a hostile message to his opponent, which was, however, prudently suppressed by the gentleman to whom it was entrusted for delivery; and thus ended the affair.

The productions which during the next few years followed each other in quick succession from Southey's pen, were for the most part in prose, and secured a wider circle of readers than his poetry had done. The *Life of Wesley*, the *History of the Peninsular War*, and the *Book of the Church*,—all of them being more or less tinged with his political and religious views—belong to this period, and were received with rapture and applause by a considerable portion of the public. His prose style—originally formed by a careful study of the best masters—had attained an unusual vigour and polish from the constant practice of composition, and in the trick of writing pleasantly on a given subject he was certainly excelled by no contemporary scribe.

With regard to his personal history at this time, we find few incidents worth narrating. He passed his days amidst his books, (taking, for health's sake an occasional country stroll,) and it was only at

(1) See the “*Knife-grinder*.” “*Weary knife-grinder, whither art thou going!*” &c.

intervals, few and far between, that he permitted himself to be drawn from his seclusion. His letters, indeed, are full of interesting information on literary and other topics; but we must content ourselves with very brief extracts from them. During a visit to London in the winter of 1823-24, in a letter to Mrs. Southey, he thus sketches one of the most remarkable men of the period—the celebrated Rowland Hill:—

“Rowland, a fine tall old man, with strong features, very like his portrait, began by reading three verses for his text, stooping to the book in a very peculiar manner. Having done this, he stood up erect and said, ‘Why, the text is a sermon, and a very weighty one too.’ I could not always follow his delivery, the loss of his teeth rendering his words sometimes indistinct, and the more so because his pronunciation is peculiar, generally giving *e* the sound of *ai*, like the French. His manner was animated and striking, sometimes impressive and dignified, always remarkable; and so powerful a voice I have rarely or never heard. Sometimes he took off his spectacles, frequently stooped down to read a text, and on these occasions he seemed to double his body, so high did he stand. He told one or two familiar stories, and used some odd expressions, such as—‘A murrain on those who preach that when we are sanctified we do not grow in grace!’ and again, ‘I had almost said that I had rather see the devil in the pulpit than an Antinomian!’ The purport of his sermon was good; nothing fanatical, nothing enthusiastic, and the Calvinism which it expressed was so qualified as to be harmless; the manner that of a performer, as great in his line as Kean or Kemble; and the manner it is which has attracted so large a congregation about him, all of the better order of persons in business.”

At the end of the year 1824, Mr. Gifford retired from the editorship of the Quarterly Review, and it was then placed under the management of Mr. John Taylor Coleridge, (now Mr. Justice Coleridge,) of whose judgment and ability Southey entertained a high opinion. Writing from Keswick in January 1825, he thus counsels the new editor on the conduct of the Review:—

“The Quarterly Review has been overlaid with statistics, as it was once with Greek criticism. It is the disease of the age—the way in which verbose dulness spends itself. The journal wants more of the *literæ humaniores*, and in a humaner tone than it has been wont to observe. I think a great deal of good may be done by conciliating young writers who are going wrong, by leading them with a friendly hand into the right path, giving them all the praise they deserve, and advising or insinuating rather than reprehending. Keats might have been won in that manner, and perhaps have been saved. So I have been assured. . . . Do not overwork yourself, nor sit up too late, and never continue at any one mental employment after you are tired of it. Take this advice from one who has attained to great self-management in this respect.”

In the summer of 1825 Southey was enabled to carry into execution a design which he had long entertained of paying a visit to Holland. Having reached Leyden, his further progress was for some time delayed by a troublesome wound in his foot, which proved to be one of those disagreeable occurrences that he could hardly regret, as it introduced him to the household of an amiable and accomplished man of letters whom he ever afterwards held in high

esteem,—by name Bilderdijk. Some time before, Southey had received a Dutch translation of his poem of Roderick, from the pen of Madam Bilderdijk, accompanied by a Latin letter from her husband, and he had visited Leyden principally for the purpose of seeing them. Upon his arrival, finding that he was an invalid, they insisted on his taking up his abode with them. He availed himself of the offer, and remained under their hospitable roof three weeks, treated with marked attention, and becoming every day more attached to them. So great was the impression which their kindness made upon him, that the next year, as he could not prevail on them to visit him at Keswick, he undertook another journey to Leyden. In communicating this intention to his friend Dr. Jebb, (Bishop of Limerick,) in April 1826, he thus speaks of the attention he had received in Bilderdijk's house. “Here I was nursed,” he writes, “as if I had been their brother; and thither, as they cannot come and visit me, I am going to see them once more. Were Leyden ten times as distant as it is, I would take the journey, for the pleasure which I shall give and receive. I knew him only by letter till I was cast upon their compassion. But Bilderdijk is one of those men whose openness of heart you perceive at first sight; and when I came to know them both, if I had sought the world over, it would not have been possible for me to have found two persons with whom I should have felt myself more entirely in unison; except indeed that my host stands up, like a true Hollander of the old stamp, for the Synod of Dort.” Bilderdijk was at this time upwards of seventy years of age, and of weakly constitution. His only means of subsistence was a pension of about 140*l.* a-year, and his wife, a woman of great talent, was twenty-four years his junior. They had one son,—a poor sickly boy of twelve,—but a happier family, according to the Laureate's testimony, the world never saw.

During his second absence in Holland a curious circumstance took place, which might have had an important influence on Southey's fortunes. As he passed through Brussels, on his return home, he learnt that he had been put in nomination, and elected a Member of Parliament for the borough of Downton in Wiltshire. The strange occurrence was partially explained by the following note, which he found awaiting him in London, and which was afterwards discovered to have been written by Lord Radnor:—

“July 10th. 1826.”

“A zealous admirer of the British Constitution in Church and State, being generally pleased with Mr. Southey's ‘Book of the Church,’ and professing himself quite delighted with the summary on the last page of that work, and entertaining no doubt that the writer of that page really felt what he wrote, and, consequently, would be ready, if he had an opportunity, to support the sentiments there set forth, has therefore been anxious that Mr. Southey should have a seat in the ensuing Parliament; and having a little interest, has so managed that he is at this moment in possession of that seat under this single injunction:—*Ut sustineat firmiter, strenue et continuo, quæ ipse bene docuit esse sustinenda.*”

This unexpected honour Southey had the good sense to decline, being well aware that it was a position for which his habits and feelings entirely unfitted him; and to this resolution he firmly adhered, though his friends seriously proposed to purchase a qualification for him, in the shape of an estate of 300*l.* a-year.

As we approach the concluding years of Southey's life, we cannot refrain from quoting, as a proper introduction, the following summary of his personal character by his friend Mr. Henry Taylor, the accomplished author of "Philip van Artevelde:"—

"His sixty summers—what are they in truth?
By Providence peculiarly blest,
With him the strong hilarity of youth
Abides, despite grey hairs, a constant guest.
His sun has veer'd a point towards the west,
But light as dawn his heart is glowing yet,—
That heart the simplest, gentlest, kindest, best,
Where truth and manly tenderness are met
With faith and heavenward hope, the suns that
never set."

His industry at this period, we may remark, was most exemplary. All his life long he had leaned on literature as his main support; but in the autumn of his days his assiduity was greater even than in their spring-time and summer. Although "his whole pleasure and happiness was centred in his home,"—notwithstanding his thoroughly domestic habits—"his family," observes the Rev. Mr. Southey, "necessarily saw but little of him. He could not, however he might wish it, join the summer evening walk, or make one of the circle round the winter hearth, or even spare time for conversation after the family meals. . . . Every day, every hour had its allotted employment; always were there engagements to publishers imperatively requiring punctual fulfilment; always the current expenses of a large household to take anxious thought for: he had no crops growing while he was idle. 'My ways,' he used to say, 'are as broad as the king's highroad, and my means lie in an inkstand.'" It is pleasant to know that he went about his daily tasks in a cheerful and unrepining mood, and that he regarded a life of toil as a fair payment for the many blessings by which he was surrounded. His library, which consisted at his death of something like 14,000 volumes, contained nearly all the works which he required in the course of his varied reading, and it was especially rich in Spanish and Portuguese books and MSS. The room which he constantly occupied was filled with his handsomest and most precious volumes, "arranged," says his son, "with much taste, according to his own fashion, with due regard to size, colour, and condition; and he used to contemplate these, his carefully accumulated and much prized treasures, with even more pleasure and pride than the greatest connoisseur his finest specimens of the old masters: and justly, for they were both the necessaries and luxuries of life to him; both the very instruments whereby he won, hardly enough, his daily bread, and the source of all his pleasures and recreations—the pride of his eyes and the joy of his heart."

We will not attempt to touch on the various topics embraced by his correspondence in these later years. It is enough to say that some of his letters to his intimate friends display his usual playfulness and buoyancy of disposition; whilst others abound with shrewd remarks on the politics and literature of the period. As a specimen of his later epistolary style, we are tempted to find space for the following sketch of Barry the painter, from a letter addressed to Allan Cunningham, who was then engaged on his "Lives of the Painters," for Murray's Family Library:—

"I know Barry, and have been admitted into his den in his worst (that is to say, in his maddest) days, when he was employed upon his Pandora. He wore at that time an old coat of green baize, but from which time had taken all the green that incrustations of paint and dirt had not covered. His wig was one which you might suppose he had borrowed from a scarecrow; all round it there projected a fringe of his own grey hair. He lived alone, in a house which was never cleaned; and he slept on a bedstead with no other furniture than a blanket nailed on the one side. I wanted him to visit me. 'No,' he said, 'he would not go out by day, because he could not spare time from his great picture; and if he went out in the evening the Academicians would waylay him and murder him.' In this solitary, sullen life he continued till he fell ill, very probably for want of food sufficiently nourishing; and after lying two or three days under his blanket, he had just strength enough left to crawl to his own door, open it, and lay himself down with a paper in his hand, on which he had written his wish to be carried to the house of Mr. Carlisle (Sir Anthony) in Soho Square. There he was taken care of; and the danger from which he had thus escaped seems to have cured his mental hallucinations. He cast his slough afterwards; appeared decently dressed and in his own grey hair, and mixed in such society as he liked. I should have told you that, a little before his illness, he had with much persuasion been induced to pass a night at some person's house in the country. When he came down to breakfast the next morning, and was asked how he had rested, he said, remarkably well; he had not slept in sheets for many years, and really he thought it was a very comfortable thing."

During a visit to London in the autumn of 1830, tempted partly by the stirring nature of the times, Southey mixed more in general society than he had been accustomed to do on similar occasions, and was introduced to many distinguished personages. Amongst other engagements he dined with the Duchess of Kent, and was much gratified, says his son, "by her bringing forward the Princess Victoria, then eleven years of age, to tell him she had lately read with pleasure his 'Life of Nelson.'" Political friends and political opponents whom he had never seen flocked around him, and hastened to do him honour. "The Duke of Wellington," he says, in one of his letters, "sent me a card; but I could not accept the invitation. But the oddest thing that befel me was that as I rose from my knee at the levée, my hand was unexpectedly caught hold of and shaken by Lord Brougham." With the latter learned lord, who was then Lord Chancellor, he had afterwards some interesting correspondence on the expediency of extending a more liberal government patronage to the profession of literature.

Before we draw this biography to a conclusion, a few words may be said respecting the last great work, and certainly not the least celebrated, which proceeded from Southey's pen: we allude to "The Doctor." This production formed at once the chief recreation and employment of his declining years, and was intended as a receptacle for all the "odd knowledge and playful fancies" which he had been unable to embody in any of his former works. The first two volumes were published anonymously in 1834, and although the secret was known to a few of his most intimate friends, Southey took great pains to conceal it even from the members of his own family; and in order that his well-known handwriting (which, by the way, was neatness and elegance itself) might not be detected by the printers, the manuscript was copied by a friend's hand before it went to press.

The poet was enjoying the surprise created by the appearance of this strange book, and smiling at the comments of his friends, when he was stunned by the occurrence of a domestic calamity which summoned up all his fortitude. His faithful partner, who, in his own words, had been for forty years the life of his life, was separated from him by a visitation worse than death itself, and his happy home was rendered desolate.

How acutely he felt this calamity, we need not say. For many months he laboured under the deepest despondency. His mind was unstrung; he was "shaken to the root," and knowing that his income mainly depended on his own exertions, he became seriously anxious about the future. At this juncture, he received by the post one morning an official letter from Sir Robert Peel, who was then Prime Minister, offering him a baronetcy, as a reward for his literary exertions, accompanied by a private epistle from the same distinguished minister, enjoining him to state unreservedly whether there was anything that could be done for him by the Government which would be serviceable or acceptable to him. In reply to this communication, Southey made a frank statement of his circumstances and prospects. He drew attention to the only certain sources of income which he possessed, and to the provision which he had made for his family by means of life-assurances. He stated—and truly stated—that the main dependence of his family had been, and must still continue to be, on his daily industry. As a literary man he had been hitherto not unsuccessful. "But the confidence I used to feel in myself," he went on to say, "is now failing. I was young, in health and heart, on my last birthday, when I completed my sixtieth year. Since then I have been shaken to the root. It has pleased God to visit me with the severest of all domestic afflictions, those alone excepted into which sin enters. My wife, a true helpmate as ever man was blest with, lost her senses a few months ago. She is now in a lunatic asylum; and broken sleep and anxious thoughts, from which there is no escape in the night season, have made me feel how more than possible it is that a sudden stroke may deprive me of those faculties by

the exercise of which this poor family has been hitherto supported." The baronetcy he, of course, entirely declined.

About three months afterwards, Southey received another letter from Sir Robert, in which he informed him that he had had the gratification of attaching his name to a warrant which would add 300*l.* per annum to the amount of his existing pension. This munificent act was rendered still more graceful and more pleasing to the poet's feelings by the concluding words of the letter which communicated the welcome intelligence.

"I trust you can have no difficulty," wrote the premier, (whose kindness to men of letters must be numbered amongst the many virtues for which he is held in honour,) "in sanctioning what I have done with your consent, as I have acted on your suggestion, and granted the pension on a public principle—the recognition of literary and scientific eminence as a public claim. The other persons to whom I have addressed myself on the subject are—Professor Airy of Cambridge, the first of living mathematicians and astronomers,—the first of this country, at least,—Mrs. Somerville, Sharon Turner, and James Montgomery of Sheffield."

After three years of mental alienation, Mrs. Southey breathed her last in December 1837. In the following summer, to recruit his health and spirits, a short tour on the Continent was proposed to the bereaved husband; and in the company of several friends he made an excursion through some of the most interesting parts of the north of France. Only one more event of his life remains to be noticed. On the 5th of June, 1839, he was married to Miss Bowles, a lady of some literary celebrity. His reasons for taking this step are thus detailed in a letter to his friend Walter Savage Landor. "I have now," he writes, in March, 1839, "only one daughter left, and my son divides the year between college and home. . . . Reduced in number as my family has been within the last few years, my spirits would hardly recover their habitual and healthy cheerfulness, if I had not prevailed upon Miss Bowles to share my lot for the remainder of our lives. There is just such a disparity of age as is fitting; we have been well acquainted with each other more than twenty years, and a more perfect conformity of disposition could not exist; so that, in resolving upon what must be either the weakest or the wisest act of a sexagenarian's life, I am well assured that, according to human foresight, I have judged well and acted wisely, both for myself and my remaining daughter."

From this period, however, his faculties failed him, or at any rate, their vigour and activity no longer remained. A few melancholy signs of his approaching disorder had long excited the apprehensions of his friends. A loss of memory, "a confusion of time, place, and person, the losing his way in well-known places," were too faithful indications of the sad blank which was doomed to follow. He sank at last into a hopeless mental lethargy, which is thus described by

his son and biographer. "In the earlier stages of his disorder, (if the term may be fitly applied to a case which was not a perversion of the faculties, but their decay,) he could still converse at times with much of his old liveliness and energy. When the mind was, as it were, set going upon some familiar subject, for a little time you could not perceive much failure; but if the thread was broken, if it was a conversation in which new topics were started, or if any argument was commenced, his powers failed him at once, and a painful sense of this seemed to come over him for the moment. His recollection first failed as to recent events, and his thoughts appeared chiefly to dwell upon those long past, and as his mind grew weaker, these recollections seemed to recede still further back. Names he could rarely remember, and more than once, when trying to recall one which he felt he ought to know, I have seen him press his hand upon his brow, while he sadly exclaimed,—'Memory! memory! where art thou gone?'"

Such is the gloomy picture presented by his son of Southey's last days. At length, on the 21st of March 1843, a brief attack of fever ended his mortal career. He was buried in Crosthwaite churchyard; Mr. Wordsworth being the only intimate friend who, besides the members of his own family, followed his remains to their last resting-place.

BUSH WEDDINGS AND WOOINGS,

BY MRS. TRAILL.

Author of "Letters from the Backwoods of Canada, by the wife of a British Officer."

I REMEMBER being greatly amused by the description of a remarkably juvenile wedding among the Yankees, which was sent me by my friend M. — some years ago, shortly after her emigration to Canada; the parties alluded to being mere boys and girls, of thirteen and fifteen, who took into their wise heads to show their special love of independence, by marrying and setting up for themselves. But in our portion of the province the picture is often reversed; affairs matrimonial frequently wear a different aspect; many of our Bush marriages being more remarkable for the antiquity of the bride and bridegroom than their juvenility.

It is no unusual thing to see venerable grey-beards or ancient grandsires, without a tooth in their heads, hobbling to church, not as might be supposed, to bestow their countenance and advice upon their blooming descendants on such an occasion, but on their own accounts, and, I am concerned to say, I cannot bear high testimony to the disinterested motives that govern many of these unions.

If a woman happens to be left in a state of widowhood, with a few acres of land cleared and cropped, a yoke of oxen, two or three cows, a little poultry, and a fat hog in the sty, there is sure to be a general race among the widowers, with or without families, and needy bachelors, for her hand and worldly possessions.

Great and assiduous is the court paid to the owner of these same goods and chattels; be she ever so old or so ugly, it matters not a rush. The most vixenish old scold that ever tormented a worthy, meek-spirited spouse to death, will be sure to receive plenty of offers of marriage. The more important her worldly goods, the more numerous and importunate her suitors; every cow, or pig, or sheep, outbalances some notorious flaw in her temper, age, or reputation.

It is in fact the age and disposition of her yoke of oxen, the size and beauty of her swine, not her own size or beauty; the good character of her cows, not her own fair name, that is the matter under consideration. I heard of one old lady who received four offers in one week, on the reputation of a fine thrifty sow of a particular good breed; but, however gratified they may be by the flattering preference shown to their antiquated charms, they in their turns are apt to become cautious, and those who bid up the highest are sure to carry the day, unless the old fool should take it in her head to give the preference to some among her younger wooers, and take to herself a youthful spouse to tyrannize over her for the remainder of her days.

One buxom widow that I knew actually feigned to forget how many months she had been wearing her weeds for her poor dear husband; she could not tell whether she had been a widow *six* months or *four*, but she thought it must be *six*. It was barely *four*; but then her new suitor was so urgent to make sure of her hand against a host of rivals, and he was young and strong, and she thought would carry on the labour of the farm for her and her two children so nicely, without any trouble on her part, that she married forthwith. Like many such speculations, hers proved a failure; and she only secured to herself a lazy, selfish tyrant, who came like a locust to devour the produce of her land, and lay his clutches upon her little property to the disadvantage of her children. This, however, he finds he cannot do. The law not allowing the children's property (and female children inherit on equal terms when the father dies intestate) to be alienated from them by a second marriage, nor can it be shared by the children of the widow by another husband. Small harmony, as you may imagine, exists between such a couple, and as a house divided against itself cannot stand, this most amiable husband contemplates leaving his wife to scratch for her two chickens as she best can, and returning from whence he came.

I was once the unintentional witness to two weddings on the same day. It chanced that I was spending the morning at the house of the clergyman of —, when two parties of young people came to be married, accompanied by their parents and friends.

The marriage ceremony took place in the sitting-room where the family were assembled. I knew something of the first couple that were introduced. The bride was a good-humoured, ignorant Wiltshire lass of seventeen, adorned with blushes and grins, and

a neat cotton gown and black bonnet lined with pink. By some unaccountable stupidity the young woman was placed next to her own brother, a tall sheepish lout of eighteen, while the bridegroom stood on the opposite side of the room, lost amongst a throng of old people and bridesmaids, where he stood twirling his hat and looking as if he was marvelling what he came there for. This arrangement had the effect of producing some ridiculous confusion. The clergyman, mistaking the bridesman for the bonny bridegroom, proceeded with great solemnity to exhort the young people on their duties, and by-and-by to scold the aforesaid lout for his backwardness in making the proper responses; matters had gone as far as that most important question "Wilt thou take this woman," &c., when the embarrassment of the parties increased to a ludicrous degree. Nancy cast an imploring look at her lover, but finding the minister was growing positive, and convinced by this time that all was not right, she began to blush deeper than ever, and at last stammered out,

"Bless ye, zur, but that an't he that should be married to L. That's brother!"

Having said this, she danced across the room, and, pulling her discomfited spouse cleft by the sleeve, shoved him into the place her brother occupied, and stuck herself by his side, with an air of self-satisfaction at her own management that caused even the grave features of the matron of the house to relax into a smile, and brought my risible muscles into play more decidedly than strict decorum warranted. I had, in truth, much ado not to laugh outright;—I only needed, I assure you, one glance from your own mischievous black eye to have set me off—the scene was so truly comical; for the clergyman, who was a little deaf at times, grew confused, and could not at first comprehend where the mistake lay. And then the poor brother of the bride looked so rueful at being nearly forced into a marriage with his own sister, and cast such sheepish looks at a tall, gawky lass opposite to him, dizened out in a fine green-striped gauze frock, (some second-hand piece of ball finery,) with flounces innumerable, a dirty splashed dimity petticoat, short enough to display thick homespun worsted stockings, and clouted shoes, inch thick with mud.

"Why did you not place the bridegroom next your daughter?" said Mr. —, rather sternly, to the bride's father.

"Lawk, zur! vy, it's zuch a toime zince voife and I ztood up together afore the parzon to be married, that I wholly vorgot all about un," said the old man "but I promise your vurzhip I'll remember better next toime."

Methought his old dame looked a little sour at this declaration of her simple spouse, though, I am sure, he meant no offence to his worthy partner.

So ended the first wedding; and, as soon as they had departed, in came the second couple. They were not quite such a set of nimmies as the former party; but the bride looked sad, and the groom grave; and they were united without a gleam of the sunshine of

true love glancing over their faces. I felt melancholy as I contemplated the sorrowful faces of the bride and the mother who stood near her; and argued but little for her happiness, when I saw the air of indifference with which the husband left his newly-made wife to tread her way through the deep miry streets alone; while he stalked on at a quick pace before her, apparently unmindful of her, for he never once turned his head to see how she made her way along the wet rough road.

I remember, a few months before my own marriage, I found a wedding-ring lying on the threshold of the church porch at Waltham Abbey. I tried, without effect, to discover the owner of the lost ring;—the curate could throw no light on the mystery,—the clerk of the parish only answered, with a facetious wink and nod,—“Oh! well, Miss, I suppose it is a sign you won't be long without a ring on your finger. You may say, you are already provided for;” and he cast a sly glance towards the curate as he spoke, who chanced to be a single man, and one of the beaux of the place, and who, I dare say, was as much annoyed as myself at this witticism of the clerk's. The sexton, with a grave shake of his head, on being shown the ring, observed,—“She was a careless wife that dropped that ring; depend upon it, her husband will have little good of her.”

The history of the lost ring haunted my imagination for a long time. I often wondered if it had been dropped accidentally by some faithful wife, who would long deplore its loss, and vainly seek it. Or had it been cast away in high disdain by some indignant and heart-wounded bride? I could suppose a high-spirited young woman treated in the contemptuous manner of the bride whose nuptials I witnessed, tearing the fetter from her finger, and casting it from her in bitterness of spirit.

There is an evil that is not of unfrequent occurrence in this country, and is a source of much domestic infelicity, besides having a demoralizing tendency. It is this: Many men coming to the colony, having previously deserted their wives, or been deserted by them, pass themselves off for unmarried persons; and, after having induced some unconscious or thoughtless girl to marry them, forsake their victim, on the plea of illegality in the marriage. I have met with instances in which the young women, with blind infatuation, refused to listen to the warning of friends, and have shut their eyes to proofs of the most startling nature; and there are not wanting instances of clandestine marriages where you would least expect to hear of such romantic proceedings—among the humbler class of settlers.

It is not very long ago since a farmer in a neighbouring township, early one morning, saw at his door a steed waiting with a side-saddle, and found to his utter astonishment it was to convey away his eldest daughter,—his housekeeper and handmaid, for he was a widower. The bride was all dressed for a start, when her angry sire intercepted her on her way to her lover. The bonny bridegroom contrived, how-

ever, to mollify the resentment of the old man, and he even accompanied them to church, and gave away the bride. So, in this instance, the course of true love *did* run smooth; but it is a solitary instance, for I could record several runaway matches where the wrath of the parents was scarcely less than that of the father of fair Ellen, the lost bride of Netherby, in Scott's ballad.

Our young people generally marry on pretty equal terms. The lass brings for her tocher cows or sheep, and often a portion of wild land, or the prospect of it. The husband has generally a lot of land, say a hundred acres, a log house or a good roomy shanty, a yoke of oxen with which to work the land; and if he be active and sober, the axe soon hews them out a strait path in the world; and the wife clothes her young family, her husband and herself, in warm and comfortable homespun garments, dyed by her own hands, and often the web is woven in the house, or at a neighbour's. The loom is frequently seen in the dwellings of the emigrant, many of whom had followed the craft of weavers in the old country. I have had female servants in my house who could card and weave both. As to knitting, it is an accomplishment learned by all classes; here our ladies think it no disgrace to bring their balls of yarn, and ply their fingers while they chat away. For my own part, I envy and admire their skill and usefulness, whilst I find myself too stupid to imitate their good example. I fancy I could sooner learn to spin than shape a stocking.

No wonder the old-established families of the middling class thrive and become prosperous. The Canadian housewife turns every thing to account. They so contrive to gather up all fragments that nothing be lost: even the snips and shreds of worn-out garments are not wasted, but are cut in strips about an inch wide and sewed together. If white, these rags are dyed with arnotto, Spanish brown, butternut bark, the bark of the oak, or with indigo, and many other dyes of native vegetables and earths. These are then wound up in large balls and sent to the loom, where they are manufactured into very decent carpeting. I have seen them in bedrooms, and even parlours, where they looked very neat and even gay; besides these economical coverings for the floors, the settlers' wives sometimes spin a coarse sort of yarn, which is dyed grey, or some sober colour, and is then woven into very respectable carpeting, which resembles a coarse drugget, and looks quite as well. They also have bed-covers made of the same material, but it is more gaily coloured, and woven in patterns.

The inferior wool is pulled and washed clean, and made up into thick warm quilts, one of which, containing from five to six pounds of wool, will be equal in warmth and comfort to two pairs of blankets. The winter sheets are often composed of a mixture of flax, thread, and wool, such as is usually worn by the men as shirts, and the women as petticoats, or dyed for outer garments. When intended to be worn as gowns,

the wool is either dyed blue, grey, brown, or red, or woven in stripes or checks. Sometimes you see them made of the native grey of the sheep, which, when mixed with white, and striped, looks very well, and never changes its colour.

The country flannel sells from three to four shillings a yard. It is full a yard wide; the frilled cloth is half the width, but, being much finer and thicker, is nearly double the price. Sheep are the greatest source of comfort the settler can possess. Let him get the length of keeping a small flock, and he will never need to go to the store for comfortable and decent clothing for his family. Besides the wool, he can have fresh meat and plenty of candles; a luxury which those who cannot kill sheep or beef must either forego, or pay at the enormous rate of a shilling a pound for candles half made of lard: if he buys the tallow, he must give sevenpence and eightpence per pound for it, and then be at the trouble of making them at home. This last, however, is the cheapest plan, and I would recommend it as most economical to the housewife.

The resinous knots of the pine and hemlock are often the only light the poorest settlers have to do their evening work by; a good store of these laid by for winter use is no bad thing. I have often been glad to avail myself of this substitute for candles; in the parlour and in the kitchen no other light is used excepting on particular occasions. This is one of the many expedients which necessity and want of money teaches the emigrant to adopt.

Many indeed are the useful acquirements of the settler's wife in this country. The young women are brought up in the practice of every kind of domestic thriftiness; they make the soap soft and hard; the candles, the sugar; they spin, they knit, they card the wool, they dress the flax, they dye the yarn and thread—to say nothing of the usual feminine accomplishments of pickling, preserving, making butter and cheese. They are their own mantua-makers, and their husbands' tailors; while the men by turns follow the various crafts of weaver, shoemaker, boat-builder, and carpenter; in short, they can generally turn their hands to any thing that necessity requires them to make or mind, besides the ordinary occupation of the farmer.

With such habits of industry, no wonder if our young couples set poverty at defiance, and become independent in every sense of the word, and after a few years of honest struggles and toil acquire those substantial comforts that are less frequently to be seen in the dwellings of those of the higher order of emigrants,—I mean, families of the well-educated but poor gentlemen.

I have told of the weddings and woolings of some of the lower class among us, but you must not take them as general pictures, but only as individual portraits. As to the young people of the better sort, they usually marry and are given in marriage at a much earlier period than is customary at home, from sixteen to twenty being the common age for our

young ladies to be wooed and won. I must confess I am rather an advocate for early marriages, while the young heart's affections are warm and untainted by interested motives; while they are yet unspotted by the world, or corrupted by the worldly and mercenary spirit that now walks this fair earth amidst the haunts of fashion and wealth. There is a spring and elasticity in the youthful mind that leads it to conform to circumstances, however adverse they may be, which enables the young wife and mother to struggle more cheerfully against trials which would break the spirit of those more advanced in age. Her hope is more lively, she looks forward to those years to come when the trouble and sorrow of youth shall have disappeared or been overcome, and she does not despond. The bright light of youth and health and joy gilds the edges of the dark cloud that hovers over her; she hopes to emerge from its obscurity like the moon walking in light in the clouded sky.

Whatever may be the arguments used by the wise and prudent against early marriages in Britain, I uphold them as wise and prudent measures in British America; and so, wishing the single married and the married happy, I close my chapter on Weddings in the Backwoods.

A TRANSATLANTIC OPINION OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

(ENDORSED BY MANY ON THIS SIDE THE WATER.)

THE chief defect of Thomas Carlyle is his lack of practicality when writing on practical subjects. In a world constructed on different principles he might be a very available man; but the planet Earth has been set spinning in space, subject to certain conditions on the part of its mixed population, which, upon the whole, merely for the sake of existence, it is as well, perhaps, to obey. In fact, under obedience to the great laws of the universe, there is considerable social trimming and shifting of position to be done before the complicated mechanism of society can move at all. Pure autocratic humanity is at the mercy of inferior powers. We live dependent upon our own weaknesses or infirmities, and upon the weaknesses or infirmities of others. We are sophisticated; and to accomplish any good in the world we must remember this, else we are apt to dwell in abstractions, to be mere isolated speculators upon human affairs, arrogating some diviner intelligence than the working men around us; while thinking we are gods, accomplishing ourselves in the purest vices of devils, unmitigated selfishness. The moralist separating himself from the problems of active life, with their relative conditions, becomes simply a grumbler. In this world we must do the best we can, and take what we can get; for the greatest misery is to do nothing, and to receive something is essential to life. The common sense of mankind has bestowed a vulgar epithet upon the philosophers whose chief occupation is railing at the world, even from the steps of the temple. They are Croakers, Scolds; and at common law, which sup-

posed them to be confined to the feminine gender, when they became insupportable in old English villages, they were liable to an ignominious ducking in a horse pond. You do not alter the character by changing the gender, or giving it the use of type or the freedom of the London Press. The more conspicuous the stage the greater the nuisance. We can only see a difference in degree between the virago who annoys a village, or the self-styled philosopher who bores the world with his fault-finding: if the one should be dipped in a puddle, the other should be drowned in the Atlantic.

Now Carlyle, a Scotchman, of very proud and lofty instincts, undoubtedly, is not exempt from a certain resemblance to the *communis rixatrix* of Blackstone. He is for ever huffing and snarling at the world, quarrelling with everything but his bread and butter. The politics of the world are all wrong; the kings are wrong; the democrats are wrong; civilization is all on the wrong track,—its manufactures, railways, its thousand means; the Church is all wrong,—a mere shabby priestcraft, a system of fraud and delusion.

Now it is very easy to get one's opinions unsettled upon any of the positive institutions of the world, and we are willing to admit the constant law of change which governs them, but, for the time being, they are our homes and shelter; and a wise man, we think, will accomplish his reforms through them, not waste his efforts in unprofitably railing against them.

Take the representative system in politics, to which the world is universally tending in some democratic form: it calls for the wisest counsel, the best head, and the purest aims to guide it. It is worse than idle at this time to prate of the superiority of a strong usurpation of a kingcraft, or talk of a theocracy. Undoubtedly, you may find virtues in the latter systems, and evils in the existing ones, and you may ring the changes to the end of time. As there is a vice of too much confidence in forms, there is equal evil in a contempt for them. It is a grand defect of the railer in snatching after some imaginary good to lose the benefit in his way. So Carlyle attacks the Church of England as an undisguised mass of insincerity, though he cannot discover a real evil which is not denounced by its liturgy and pulpits daily. The difference between the two is that the Church is a uniform, steady, both conservative and reforming institution, striking at the roots of abuses as they arise, constantly invigorating society, involving the truest and purest system of ethics, and the highest culture of the individual, while the new philosophers who affect to see the world from a loftier point of view, are driven about in a sea of uncertainty, without guide or landmark, save their individual will. If it rested with these various opponents of Christianity, how long should we see marriage preserved, or the Family, or the State, or a Church? What would be the state of the world under their government or no government of individual intuitions?

In writing this we are by no means desirous of undervaluing the force and literary ability of Carlyle's

style, or even of his pungent and frequently well-applied satire; but we would warn our readers against the direct destructive tendencies of his writings. That he is not an ordinary vulgar destructive matters little; or that he has certain far-fetched substitutes, in his own mind, for he gives us nothing definite in his writings, to propose for what he would destroy; he may be on that account the more dangerous. He deals with truths to be sure, but truths are keen edged weapons, which may wound the handler; and the most treacherous falsity, perhaps, is a misapplied truth.

YOUNG'S BERANGER.¹

To reproduce the lyrics of Beranger in English verse, is a hard task; as hard as the translation of the "Pickwick Papers" into French prose, or Burns's Songs or Elliott's Corn Law Rhymes into French poetry. It is a difficult matter for any one who has not been born and bred under the same sunshine with the author of the "Roi d'Yvetôt" and "Le Violon Brisé," by any process so thoroughly to acclimate himself to his peculiarities of style and felicitous idioms of expression, as to understand their full sense and spirit, much more to clothe them in a foreign dress. It is as hard a matter to make English verse of his songs as it would be to make an Englishman of Beranger himself, that Poet of Grisettes, of *La Grande Nation*, of French Democracy and Parisian gaiety, folly and love *au Sixième*. Classic authors of almost any country, who indulge in an elaborate style, and write for posterity and academic honours, for aught that appears to the contrary in their works, might easily be translated, physically and bodily, as well as in their writings, into foreign parts, without doing much violence to their habits of thought or nationality of association. But Beranger out of France,—away from the vineyards and the vintage—from the tri-colour—from the village *filles* of Passy and Tours—from the bachelor convivialities of Paris—would be Beranger no longer. His nationality and his individuality are the life of his poetry and his poetic fame. At home he is universally known; abroad, hardly at all; nor can his genius be properly estimated from the point of view which our standards of criticism adopt in judging of the merits of works of poetic art.

In fact, there was hardly ever an author whose literary eminence has been so entirely owing to his popularity, in the strictest sense of that much abused term, as Beranger. Without a liberal education, without literary connexions, or any profound study or appreciation, apparently, of the resources of poetry, his natural wit, his lively perceptions of the ludicrous, his strong sympathies with humanity, as such, irrespective of caste or class, and his vivid imagination, have infused into his lyrics the truest poetic spirit,

and made them genuine, powerful productions of genius. Their appeal is not to the judgment of critics, but to the sensibilities of every man who reads them. This is a test to which few poets would choose to bring their works; but with Beranger it has been the only test to which he has cared to bring his. He sings to amuse himself, to entertain the public, to please the people; and, strange to say, he succeeds not only in amusing himself, but also in entertaining the public, and pleasing everybody. To object to his morals, or rather his want of them—to criticise his style, or rather his neglect of style—to lament that he should have wasted his life in writing so much that is witty, and so little that is wise—all this makes him none the less the most popular song-writer of the present age.

In spite of his popularity at home, all the greater since the last Revolution, which the whole political tendency of his writings helped to bring on, Beranger has been but little studied or appreciated out of France. One principal reason has been the extreme difficulty, already adverted to, of adapting inflexible English to the necessities of his peculiar and very independent style, which generally derives half its point and beauty from the use of happy expressions in the vernacular, which it is almost impossible to render effectively in a foreign tongue. The few translators who have ventured on the work hitherto, have succeeded very imperfectly, and none have attempted more than partial selections. We remember but three volumes of such translations:—one by William Anderson, published in Edinburgh; one from the press of Pickering, by the "Author of the Exile of Idria," a poem which never took refuge, to our knowledge, in this country; and another, a Philadelphia collection, issued in a neat volume, in 1844, by Carey and Hart.

In point of fullness and faithfulness the present translations by Mr Young far surpass the previous attempts. He has laboured evidently to reproduce Beranger as he really is; and to present the poems which have made him famous, as nearly as possible, as they really are. The work shows much diligence, discrimination, and poetic power. It is uniformly careful in execution, and in the main very successful. By way of comparison with its predecessors, take that charming song, "Ma Vocation," which opens with this simple, compact, and touching stanza:—

"Jeté sur cette boule,
Laid, chétif et souffrant;
Etouffé dans la foule,
Faute d'être assez grand;
Une plainte touchante
De ma bouche sortit,
Le bon Dieu me dit: 'Chante,
Chante, pauvre petit!'"

This the author of the "Exile of Idria" expands into English verse as follows:—

"Squalid, faint, and suffering, hurl'd
Up and down this wheeling world,
Crush'd amongst the crowd of men,
Myself too weak to press again;

(1) "Beranger: Two Hundred of his Lyrical Poems done into English Verse." By William Young. New York: Putnam. 1850.

*I breathed a deep and bitter sigh,
That spoke my spirit's misery :
Some God that heard, suggested, 'Sing,
And Song shall consolation bring.'*

The Philadelphia translator goes beyond this, and undertakes to make a real lyrical affair of it, *e. g.* :—

"Cast on this ball, despised, oppress,
No giant at the very best,
I'm stifled by the throng ;
Whilst in distress for aid I cry
*A voice within me bids me try
The powers of Lyric song ;
Yes ! 'tis a voice that sweetly cries,
Rise, hapless Beranger, arise,
And strike the lyre !*"

Mr. Young catches the true spirit of this simple ode for the first time amongst these translators of Beranger :—

"Plain, sorry, and sickly
Adrift on this ball,
Trodden down by the masses
Because I'm so small ;
To my lips when a murmur
Will touchingly spring,
God whispers me kindly,
'Sing, little one, sing !'"

A few selections from the volume will give the better idea both of the spirit of Beranger and the style of the translations. The following version of the "Roi D' Yvetôt," one of the most famous of all the poet's productions, in which, under a lively ballad, a satire upon the extravagant magnificence and expense of the imperial court is indulged in, is well done :—

"LE ROI D'YVETÔT.

"There was a King of Yvetôt once,
But little known in story ;
To bed betimes, and rising late,
Sound sleeper without glory :
With cotton night-cap, too, instead
Of crown, would Jenny deck his head—
"Tis said,
Rat tat, rat tat, rat tat, rat tat,
Oh, what a good little king was that !
Rat tat.

"Snug in his palace thatch'd with straw,
He eat four meals a day ;
And on a donkey, through his realm,
Took leisurely his way,
Frank, joyous, from suspicion free,
One dog alone his guard to be,
Had he.
Rat tat, rat tat, rat tat, rat tat,
Oh, what a good little king was that !
Rat tat.

"One single onerous taste was his—
A somewhat lively thirst ;
But the king who heeds his subjects' good,
Must heed his own the first.
A tax at table to allot,
Direct from every cask he got
One pot,
Rat tat, rat tat, rat tat, rat tat,
Oh, what a good little king was that !
Rat tat.

"Since maidens of good family
With love he could inspire,
His subjects had a hundredfold
Good cause to call him sire.

Four times a year the roll was beat ;
His men at targets to compete,
Would meet
Rat tat, rat tat, rat tat, rat tat,
Oh, what a good little king was that !
Rat tat.

"He sought not to enlarge his states,
To neighbours kindness show'd,
And, model for all potentates,
Took pleasure for his code.
Thus had his people shed no tear -
Till, dying, they in grief drew near
His bier.
Rat tat, rat tat, rat tat, rat tat,
Oh, what a good little king was that !
Rat tat.

"And still of that right worthy prince,
Oft is the portrait shown,
The sign of a famous drinking house,
Through all the province known,
And many a fête-day crowds will bring
To tipple there before the 'The King,'
And sing
Rat tat, rat tat, rat tat, rat tat,
Oh, what a good little king was that !
Rat tat."

In a different strain, and with an equal spirit of sympathy with the masses, Beranger often sang the glories of the Empire, the great qualities of Napoleon, and the souvenirs of his splendid career. As a contrast to the satirical ballad of the King of Yvetôt, we extract :—

"THE PEOPLE'S REMINISCENCES.

"Ay, many a day the straw-thatch'd cot
Shall echo with his glory !
The humblest shed these fifty years
Shall know no other story.
There shall the idle villagers
To some old dame resort,
And beg her with those good old tales
To make their evenings short.
What though they say he did us harm,
Our love this cannot dim ;
Come, Granny, talk of him to us,—
Come, Granny, talk of him.

"Well, children : with a train of kings
Once he pass'd by this spot ;
'Twas long ago,—I had but just
Began to boil the pot.
On foot he climb'd the hill, whereon
I watch'd him on his way :
He wore a small three cornered hat :
His overcoat was grey.
I was half frighten'd till he spoke,—
'My dear,' says he, 'how do !'
'Oh, Granny, Granny, did he speak ?
What, Granny ! speak to you !'

"Next year, as I, poor soul, by chance,
Through Paris stroll'd one day,
I saw him taking, with his court,
To Notre Dame his way.
The crowd were charm'd with such a show
Their hearts were filled with pride :
What splendored weather for the fête !
Heaven favours him ! they cried.
Softly he smiled, for God had given
To his fond arms a boy.
'Oh, how much joy you must have felt ;
Oh, Granny ! how much joy.'

"But when, at length, our poor Champagne
By foes was overrun,
He seem'd alone to hold his ground—
Not dangers would he shun.
One night—as might be now—I heard
A knock,—the door unbarr'd,
And saw,—Good God!—'twas he himself,
With but a scanty guard.
Oh, what a war is this, he cried,
Taking this very chair—
'What! Granny, Granny, there he sat?
What! Granny, he sat there?'

"'I'm hungry,' said he: quick, I served
Thin wine and hard brown bread,
He dried his clothes, and by the fire
To sleep droop'd down his head.
Waking, he saw my tears:—'Cheer up,
Good dame,' says he, 'I go
'Neath Paris walls to strike for France
One last avenging blow!
He went; but on the cup he used
Such value did I set—
It has been treasured, 'What! 'till now?
You have it, Granny, yet?'

"Here 'tis; but 'twas the hero's fate
To ruin to be led.
He, whom a Pope had crown'd, alas!
In a lone isle lies dead.
'Twas long denied: No, no, said they,
Soon shall he reappear;—
O'er ocean comes he; and the foe
Shall find his master here.
Ah, what a bitter pang I felt
When forced to own 'twas true!
'Poor Granny! heaven for this, will look,
Will kindly look on you."

The "Violon Brisé," another of Beranger's most popular songs, is in something of the same style, and is in the original one of the most touching and interesting poems of its class ever written. It loses much in translation, but Mr. Young gives it with much effect:—

"THE BROKEN FIDDLE.

"Come here, my poor dog, honest beast;
Munch away, never mind my despair,
Here's a morsel of cake for to-day, at the least,
If to-morrow black bread be our fare.

"Last night in our valley the foe
Victors only by trickery—spoke:
'Play a tune, we would dance;' but I boldly said,
'No!
So my fiddle in anger they broke.

"'Twas the villagers' orchestra; now
Happy days, pleasant fêtes, are no more!
In the shade who can get up our dances? or how
Shall the Loves be aroused as of yore?

"Its strings, they we lustily plied—
At the dawn of the fortunate day,
To announce the young bridegroom awaiting the
bride,
With his escort to show her the way.

"Did the priest give an ear to its touch
If our dance without fear would allow;
The gladness it spread all around it was such,
It had smoothed even royalty's brow.

"What, and if it has preluded strains
That our glory was wont to awake!
Could I dream that the foeman invading our plains
His revenge on a fiddle would take?

"Come here, my poor dog, honest beast;
Munch away, never mind my despair,
Here's a morsel of cake for to-day, at the least,
If to-morrow black bread be our fare.

"How long will the Sundays appear,
In the barn, or beneath the old tree!
Will Providence smile on our vintage this year,
Since silent the fiddle will be?

"How it shorten'd the toils of the poor!
How it took the chill off from their lot!
For the great, and for taxes, and tempests, a cure
All alone it enliven'd the cot.

"What hate it hath served to suppress!
What tears hath forbidden to flow!
What good—all the sceptres on earth have done less
Than was done by the scrape of my bow.

"But my courage they warm—we must chase
Such pitiful foes from our land!
They have broken my fiddle—'tis well—in its place,
The musket I'll grasp in my hand!

"And the friends whom I quit—a long list—
If I perish some day will recall,
That the barbarous hordes I refused to assist
In a dance o'er the wreck of our fall.

"Then come, my poor dog, honest beast;
Munch away, never mind my despair,
Here's a morsel of cake for to-day, at the least,
If to-morrow black bread be our fare."

The beautiful illustrations which embellish this volume, struck off from the plates prepared for the illustrated Paris edition, by Perrotin (which is the edition of the poet's works), and the handsome style in which it has been published, makes the book very attractive. It will be best appreciated by those who best understand Beranger and his position, social, poetical, and political, and who can enjoy his humour and pathos in the original as well as in the translation. To others it is an introduction to a man of great and peculiar genius, which ought to be followed up by an acquaintance with his works in their vernacular.

INSTINCT IN A BIRD.

ONCE when travelling in Tennessee, Wilson was struck with the manner in which the habits of the pennated grouse are adapted to its residence on dry, sandy plains.—One of them was kept there in a cage, having been caught alive in a trap. It was observed that the bird never drank, and seemed rather to avoid the water; but a few drops one day falling upon the cage, and trickling down the bars, the bird drank them with great dexterity, and an eagerness that showed she was suffering with thirst. The experiment was then made whether she would drink under other circumstances, and though she lived entirely on dry Indian corn, the cup of water in the cage was for a whole week untasted and untouched; but the moment water was sprinkled on the bars, she drank it eagerly as before. It occurred to him at once, that in the natural haunts of the bird, the only water it could procure was from the drops of rain and dew.

YEW TREES.

It is strange, but no less true, that the origin of some of the most widely extended customs is often enveloped in the deepest obscurity. Not the least remarkable of these is the practice of planting Yew Trees in localities devoted to the burial of the dead.

The custom appears to have been coeval with, if not prior to, the erection of churches themselves. It prevailed in Gaul, previous to the Roman invasion; and there are well-attested instances of trees in existence in this country, eight, ten, and twelve centuries old. There are several specimens in Kent of great size and antiquity; some of which, though still crowned with their chaplets of verdure, have become completely cavernous, the outward trunks being full of perpendicular interstices, the tree being sustained by a cluster of columnar supports, instead of its original wood. The churchyard of Upper Hardres, Kent, contains two very ancient yews; one of them, however, was nearly destroyed by the memorable November gale some years since; its companion measures twenty-one feet in girth, three feet above the soil.

Brabourne churchyard, in the same county, once contained, on the authority of Evelyn, a yew tree, fifty-eight feet in circumference; the tree has long since disappeared. It is a remarkable fact, however, that both Mrs. Somerville, and Humboldt, in their descriptions of the vegetable world, represent this tree as in actual existence. The latter writer, who quotes from Decandolle, assigns to this identical specimen, the *Taxus baccata*, an antiquity of thirty centuries. The age of trees has been a subject of much curious inquiry and speculation. Pliny speaks of a cypress which was planted at the foundation of Rome, and fell through neglect in the last year of the reign of the Emperor Nero. Ancient writers record the celebrated Lydian plane-tree, which Xerxes decorated with ornaments; and the ash at Ephesus, venerated by the Greeks.

The Banyan, *Ficus Indica*, attains an immense age, and as a particular specimen, we may refer to the sacred Banyan of Ceylon.

Yew trees, however, as individuals, are undoubtedly the most ancient trees of Europe. The Scotch yew of Fortingal was estimated to be from twenty-five to twenty-six centuries old, and those at Ripon, in Yorkshire, and at Crowhurst in Sussex, ranged from twelve to fourteen centuries. Stouting churchyard contains a yew tree which, at four feet from the ground, measures twenty feet in circumference. In Monk's Horton churchyard there is a tree seventeen feet six inches in girth; averaging the same from five to ten feet high. There is also a fine specimen in Elham churchyard.

Eulichen records a yew at Grassford, North Wales, fourteen hundred years old, and in girth, fifty-two feet, below the branches; and another tree in Derbyshire, is estimated to be two thousand one hundred years in age. The author of "Physical Geography" refers to a tree in Senegal, the Baobab,

which from the number of its concentric rings is calculated to be five thousand one hundred and fifty years old. Humboldt, however, throws some doubts upon the correctness of this mode of reckoning; still, in his "Aspects of Nature," in a discussion on the longevity of trees, he assigns to Michel Montagne the merit of being the first vegetable physiologist who noticed the relation of the annual rings to the duration of the tree. Malpighi also called attention to the same subject subsequent to Montagne. The longevity of the yew-tree is undoubted, and there are few, if any, species of the vegetable world which can equal it; hence, perhaps as a type of immortality, we may imagine why it has been planted near religious houses, and in the receptacles for the dead. It has been a generally prevalent opinion, however, that the cultivation of this tree was encouraged for the purpose of supplying the English yeomanry and archers with bow-staves; and that, for greater security and protection, it was planted in churchyards.

From the existence of many statutes on the subject, considerable importance was undoubtedly attached to the means for obtaining a constant supply of yew bow-staves. The attention of the legislature was actively engaged respecting the importation of these articles from the continent; although we have proofs that there were considerable forests of yew in Sussex, Buckinghamshire, Westmoreland, in Scotland, and in Ireland, where vast quantities of the wood have been found in a fossil state. By one of those absurd restrictions too, by which commerce was sought to be regulated in former times, a certain price was placed upon bow-staves, beyond which the owners were not allowed to sell them; and as if to increase the difficulties with which the ancient merchant had to contend, he was compelled to pay a sort of tax, towards the defences of the country, by supplying so many staves for every butt of bourdeaux or sherry that he imported. He was also obliged to import four staves of yew for every ton of goods shipped from places where these articles were procurable.

Although the practice of planting yew-trees in churchyards has been generally prevalent, we should rather trace the custom to superstitious ideas or to religious feelings, such as dictated the planting of cypresses in the cemeteries of the East.

The yew was a sacred plant among many nations. It had a supposed efficiency in keeping off evil spirits. As an evergreen it was a symbol of immortality, and consequently was not inaptly planted near the sepulchres of the dead. Even now, evergreens are borne at processions in some parts of England, and, as a type of hope and of eternity, a green sprig or branch is thrown into the grave.

On Palm Sunday, branches of the yew are often displayed instead of the palm, and Caxton in his "Directions for keeping Feasts all the Year," is decisive upon this point, alleging, that as we have not the olive for an evergreen, the yew is substituted in

its stead. There is something in the dark foliage of the yew, its perennial green, and the majestic mournfulness of its appearance, that especially befits it to illustrate the resting-places of the dead, and in the earlier ages of society, among a rude people, prone more to cherish appeals to the imagination than to the reason, and whose very religion was made up of passionate expressions, and imposing ceremonies, who selected the gloom of primeval forests for their temples, and worshipped their deities in mystery and seclusion,—this feeling would survive after the occasion that awakened it was gone. The Celt, or Teuton, when he had become a Christian convert, would dwell with fondness on the superstitions of his race; and as some of the early propagators of Christianity conformed to many innocent customs which fell in with the feelings of their disciples, perhaps this planting of the yew-tree by the remains of the dead was part of their traditional practice. If a superstition, its beauty and its gracefulness go far to excuse it, and we trust it may long survive many others of more equivocal character, engrafted at an early age upon our religious observances.

The planting of the yew as a sepulchral emblem may also be derived from the Romans, since Statius has recorded the fact that his countrymen carried garlands of this tree in funeral processions. At Sparta, soldiers who fell in battle, and women who died in childbed, were at their interment honoured according to the laws of Lycurgus, with a procession of green boughs. Thus was there ever something touching, though fantastic in these ancient ceremonies.

"The Greeks," as Philpot informs us, "strewed flowers over the urns and repositories of their dead, and adorned them with ribands, as they did the urn of Philopemen; but they more particularly affected the scattering of myrtle and amaranthus, as the Romans did that of the rose. Both these nations, however, concurred in the similar composition of the funeral pile, which was furnished and made up of rosemary, larynx, yew, cypress, and fir, wherein it is probable was couched some tacit hint of their surviving hopes, and in which mysterious hieroglyphics, as being trees which were perpetually verdant, were wrapped up the secret inferences of future resurrection."

Perhaps the wood of the yew might also have been used for coffins, as the Athenians, according to Thucydides, were accustomed, when burying their heroes, to employ cypress wood for the same purpose.

There is something deeply significant in the various uses to which the yew-tree has been dedicated. Now, as the emblem of mourning or immortality, holding its tenancy for ages in the burial places of our forefathers, as generation after generation sported around it in childhood, grew up to maturity, and at last slept beneath its shade; now, in the gardens of the ancient English gentry, in the quaint forms of goblins, monsters, and "paynins bold," presiding in gloomy state or fantastic humour over high terraced walls,

and neat clipped parterres; nay, even this practice may have been derived from our Roman conquerors. Whenever they planted a garden, they set up a god, and the Termini of their boundaries, or the Priapi or Hermi of their pleasure grounds, may after all have been the prototypes of those fantastic guardians of yew, or box, which seemed to watch in silence and precision over the destinies of the vegetable world. That world has indeed run somewhat wild, and quite outgrown them.

Opposed as our modern ideas may be to this monster peopling of our gardens, with pyramids, giants, birds, and dragons, we cannot look otherwise but kindly on these sports of the imagination. Though vestiges of the olden times, and types of an era of much mental darkness, they can never be without their interest to succeeding generations. Like the fossil remains of a former world, though they may appear at first sight to be but so many monstrosities, gentler reflections will recall something, even in the days of old, akin to what is graceful and beautiful still. They had human hearts, these said rough forefathers, gentle affections too, that *then* as *now* haunted the groves; love found its trysting-place, or mused upon its day-dream, beneath the seclusion of these garden deities, what time the Norman twanged his bow in the New Forest, or the startled deer glanced in light and shadow through the glades of Sherwood.

In spite of the innovations of the modern landscape gardener, who measures his skill by his power of optical deception, and thinks he has achieved an intellectual triumph when, by the appearance of a lawn of boundless extent, he tempts you to stumble over a *hà là* fence into a grassy moat, there are still many grounds kept up in the old-fashioned style.

Castles and antiquated halls, nay old trees too, call us back to the past, and in spite of the stern realities of which history is ever reminding us, that past always appears to us like a distant landscape, which, however barren and uninteresting on actual survey, is invested through the distance with a thousand beautiful hues and shadows. A fairy-like haze lies over it; tradition, like twilight, has its forms of illusion, its deepening gloom and darkness, streaked at times with gleams that shed back from the blue infinite of the past a thousand spells.

Virgil has sung of the "broad spreading beech," Gray has recorded the yew-tree in his "Elegy," and in the ancient British laws, the yew denominated "sacred" in all lists of trees, was computed to far exceed the oak itself in value. Much is it to be regretted that its beautiful wood is not more employed for furniture, and articles of domestic use. There is no indigenous tree, and few foreign ones, more excellent in grain or colour, and few which so readily conform to the direction of the turner's gouge.

It is to be lamented, too, that this tree is not more generally planted, and unless the ancient practice be revived, another age or two must see not only our churchyards, but our gardens, deprived of all successors

of this stately and venerable associate of the oak and the holly. As a tree, too, it has its individual interest, its early English recollections, and although from its boughs were fashioned the weapons that sped the shafts fatal to three kings of England, Harold, Rufus, and Cœur de Lion, it armed the prowess which raised the shout of victory on the memorable plains of Cressy, Agincourt, and Flodden.

The days of English archery are gone. From the reign of Elizabeth this pursuit ceased to be aught but a pastime, and the practice only remains to vary the sports of our boyish days, or to grace the festivities of some rural fête.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO^s. MORE.

LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE, QUINDECIM ANNOS
NATA, CHELSELE INCEPTVS.

“Nulla dies sine linea.”

Chelsea, June 18.

. . . On asking Mr. Gunnel to what use I s^d put this fayr *libellus*, he did suggest my making it a kinde of family register, wherein to note y^e more important of our domestick passages, whether of joy or griefe—my father's journies and absences—the visits of learned men, their notable sayings, etc. “You are smart at the pen, Mistress Margaret,” he was pleased to say; “and I woulde humble advise your journalling in y^e same fearless manner in the which you framed that letter which soe well pleased the Bishop of Exeter, that he sent you a Portugal piece. ’Twill be well to write it in English, which ’tis expedient for you not altogether to neglect, even for the more honourable Latin.”

Methinks I am close upon womanhood. . . “Humble advise,” quotha! to me, that hath so oft humble sued for his pardon, and sometimes in vayne!

’Tis well to make trial of Gouellus his “humble” advice: albeit, our daylie course is so methodicall, that ’twill afford scant subject for y^e pen—*Vitam con-
tinet una dies*.

. . . As I traced y^e last word, methoughte I heard y^e well-known tones of Erasmus his pleasant voyce; and, looking forthe of my lattice, did indeede beholde the deare little man coming up from y^e river side with my father, who, because of y^e heat, had given his cloak to a tall stripling behind him to bear. I flew up stairs, to advertise mother, who was half in and half out of her program gown, and who stayed me to clasp her owches; so that, by y^e time I had followed her down stairs, we founde ’em alreadie in y^e hall.

So soon as I had kissed their hands, and obtayned their blessings, the tall lad stept forthe, and who s^d he be but William Roper, returned from my father's errand over-seas! He hath grown hugelie, and looks mannish; but his manners are worsened insteade of bettered by forayn travell; for, insteade of his old franknesse, he hung upon hand till father bade him

come forward; and then, as he went his rounds, kissing one after another, stopt short when he came to me, twice made as though he would have saluted me, and then held back, making me looke so stupid, that I c^d have boxed his ears for his payns. ’Speciallic as father burst out a-laughing, and cried, “The third time’s lucky!”

After supper, we took deare Erasmus entirely over y^e house, in a kind of family procession, c’en from the buttery and scalding-house to our own deare Academia, with its cool green curtain flapping in y^e evening breezc, and blowing aside, as though on purpose to give a glimpse of y^e cleare-shining Thames! Erasmus noted and admired the stone jar, placed by Mercy Giggs on y^e table, full of blue and yellow irises, scarlet tiger-lilies, dog-roses, honeysuckles, moonwort, and herb-trinity; and alsoe our various desks, each in its own little retirement,—mine own, in speciall, so pleasantly situate! He protested, with everie semblance of sincerity, he had never seene so pretty an academy. I should think not, indeede! Bess, Daisy, and I, are of opinion, that there is not likelie to be such another in y^e world. He glanced, too, at y^e books on our desks; Bessy’s being Livy; Daisy’s, Sallust; and mine, St. Augustine, with father’s marks where I was to read, and where desist. He tolde Erasmus, laying his hand fondlie on my head, “Here is one who knows what is implied in the word ’Trust.’” Dear father, well I may! He added, “there was no law against laughing in *his* academia, for that his girls knew how to be merry and wise.”

From the house to the new building, the chapel and gallery, and thence to visit all the dumb kinde, from the great horned owls to Cecy’s pet dormice. Erasmus was amused at some of their names, and doubted whether Dun Scotus and the venerable Bede would have thoughte themselves complimented in being made name-fathers to a couple of owls; though he admitted that Argus and Juno were goode cognomens for peacocks. Will Roper hath broughte mother a pretty little forayn animal called a marmot, but she sayd she had noe time for such-like playthings, and bade him give it to his little wife. Methinks, I being neare sixteen and he close upon twenty, we are too old for those childish names now, nor am I much flattered at a present not intended for me; however, I shall be kind to the little creature, and, perhaps, grow fond of it, as ’tis both harmlesse and diverting.

To return, howbeit, to Erasmus; Cecy, who had hold of his gown, and had alreadie, through his familiar kindness and her own childish heedlessness, somewhat transgressed bounds, began now in her mirthle to fabricate a dialogue, she pretended to have overheard, between Argus and Juno as they stode pcareht on a stone parapet. Erasmus was entertayned with her garrulitic for a while, but at length gentlie checkt her, with “Love y^e truth, little mayd, love y^e truth, or, if thou liest, let it be with a circumstance,” a qualification which made mother stare and father laugh.

Sayth Erasmus, "there is no harm in a fabella, apologus, or parabola, so long as its character be distinctie recognised for such, but contrariwise, much goode; and y^e same hath been sanctioned, not only by y^e wiser heads of Greece and Rome, but by our deare Lord himself. Therefore, Cecillie, whom I love exceedingly, be not abasht, child, at my reproof, for thy dialogue between the two peacocks was innocent no less than ingenious, till thou wouldst have insisted that they, in sooth, sayd something like what thou didst invent. Therein thou didst violence to y^e truth, which St. Paul hath typified by a girdle, to be worn next the heart, and that not only confineth within due limits but addeth strength. So now be friends; wert thou more than eleven and I no priest, thou shouldst be my little wife, and darn my hose, and make me sweet marchpane, such as thou and I love. But, oh! this pretty Chelsea! What daisies! what buttercups! what joviall swarms of gnats! The country all about is as nice and flat as Rotterdam."

Anon, we sit down to rest and talk in the pavillion.

Sayth Erasmus to my father, "I marvel you have never entered into the king's service in some publick capacitie, wherein your learning and knowledge, bothe of men and things, would not onlie serve your own interest, but that of your friends and y^e publick."

Father smiled and made answer, "I am better and happier as I am. As for my friends, I already do for them alle I can, see as they can, hardlie consider me in their debt; and, for myself, y^e yielding to their solicitations that I w^d putt myself forward for the benefit of the world in generall, w^d be like printing a book at request of friends, that y^e publick may be charmed with what, in fact, it values at a doit. The cardinal offered me a pension, as retaining fee to the king a little while back, but I tolde him I did not care to be a mathematical point, to have position without magnitude.

Erasmus laught and sayd, "I woulde not have you y^e slave of anie king; howbeit, you mighte assist him and be useful to him."

"The change of the word," sayth father, "does not alter the matter; I shoulde *be* a slave, as completely as if I had a collar rounde my neck."

"But would not increased usefulness," says Erasmus, "make you happier?"

"Happier?" says father, somewhat heating; "how can that be compassed in a way so abhorrent to my genius? At present, I live as I will, to which very few courtiers can pretend. Half-a-dozen blue-coated serving-men answer my turn in the house, garden, field, and on the river: I have a few strong horses for work, none for show, plenty of plain food for a healthy family, and enough, with a hearty welcome, for a score of guests that are not dainty. The lengthe of my wife's train infringeth not the statute; and, for myself, I see hate bravery, that my motto is, 'Of those whom you see in scarlet, not one is happy.' I have a regular profession, which supports my house,

and enables me to promote peace and justice; I have leisure to chat with my wife, and sport with my children; I have hours for devotion, and hours for philosophie and y^e liberrall arts, which are absolutelie medicinall to me, as antidotes to y^e sharpe but contracted habits of mind engendered by y^e law. If there be anie thing in a court life which can compensate for y^e losse of anie of these blessings, deare Desiderius, pray tell me what it is, for I confesse I know not."

"You are a comicall genius," says Erasmus.

"As for you," retorted father, "you are at your olde trick of arguing on y^e wrong side, as you did y^e firste time we mett. Nay, don't we know you can declaime backward and forwarde on the same argument, as you did on y^e Venetian war?"

Erasmus smiled quietlie, and sayd, "What could I do? The pope changed his holy mind." Whereat father smiled too.

"What nonsense you learned men sometimes talk!" pursues father. "I—wanted at court, quotha! Fancy a dozen starving men with one roasted pig betweene them;—do you think they would be really glad to see a thirteenth come up, with an eye to a small piece of y^e crackling? No; believe me, there is none that courtiers are more sincerelie respectfull to than the man who avows he hath no intention of attempting to go shares; and c'en him they care mighty little about, for they love none with true tendernesse save themselves."

"We shall see you at court yet," says Erasmus.

Sayth father, "Then I will tell you in what guise. With a fool-cap and bells. Fish! I won't aggravate you, churchman as you are, by alluding to the blessings I have which you have not; and I trow there is as much danger in taking you for serious when you are onlie playful and ironical as if you were Plato himself."

Sayth Erasmus, after some minutes' silence, "I know full well that you holde Plato, in manie instances, to be sporting when I accept him in very deed and truth. *Speculating* he often was; as a brighte, pure flame must needs be struggling up, and, if it findeth no direct vent, come forthe of y^e oven's mouth. He was like a man shut into a vault, running hither and thither, with his poor, flickering taper, agonizing to get forthe, and holding himself in readinesse to make a spring forward the moment a door s^d open. But it never did. 'Not manie wise are called.' He had clomb a hill in y^e darke, and stode calling to his companions below, 'Come on, come on! this way lies y^e east; I am avised we shall see the sun rise anon.' But they never did. What a Christian he woulde have made! Ah! he is one now. He and Socrates—the veil long removed from their eyes—are sitting at Jesus' feet. Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!"

Bessie and I exchanged glances at this so strange ejaculation; but y^e subjectt was of such interest, that we listened with deep attention to what followed.

Sayth father, "Whether Socrates were what Plato painted him in his dialogues, is with me a great matter of doubt; but it is not of moment. When

so many contemporaries coulde distinguishe y^e fancifulle from y^e fictitious, Plato's object coulde never have beene to *deceive*. There is something higher in art than gross imitation. He who attempteth it is always the leaste successfull; and his failure hath the odium of a discovered lie; whereas, to give an avowedlie fabulous narrative a consistence within itselfe which permitts y^e reader to be, for y^e time, voluntarilie deceived, is as artfulle as it is allowable. Were I to construct a tale, I woulde, as you sayd to Cecy, lie with a circumstance, but shoulde consider it noe compliment to have my unicorns and hippogriffs taken for live animals. Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, magis tamen amica veritas. Now, Plato had a much higher aim than to give a very pattern of Socrates his snub nose. He wanted a peg to hang his thoughts upon——"

"A peg? A statue by Phidias," interrupts Erasmus.

"A statue by Phidias, to clothe in y^e most beautiful drapery," sayth father; "no matter that y^e drapery was his own, he wanted to show it to the best advantage, and to y^e honour rather than prejudice of the statue. And, having clothed y^e same, he got a spark of Prometheus his fire, and made the aforesayd statue walk and talk to the glory of gods and men, and sate himself quietlie down in a corner. By the way, Desiderius, why shouldst thou not submit thy subtletie to the rules of a colloquy? Set Eckius and Martin Luther by the ears! Ha! man, what sport! Heavens! if I were to compound a tale or a dialogue, what crotches and quips of mine own woulde I not putt into my puppet's mouths! and then have out my laugh behind my vizard, as when we used to act burlesques before Cardinall Morton. What rare sporte we had, one Christmas, with a mummerie we called the 'Triall of Feasting!' Dinner and Supper were broughte up before my Lord Chief Justice, charged with murder. Their accomplices were Plum-pudding, Mince-pye, Surfeit, Drunkenness, and suchlike. Being condemned to hang by y^e neck, I, who was Supper, stuf out with I cannot tell you how manie pillows, began to call lustilie for a confessor; and, on his stepping forthe, commenct a list of all y^e fitts, convulsions, spasms, payns in y^e head, and so forthe, I had inflicted on this one and t'other. 'Alas! good father,' says I, 'King John layd his death at my door;—indeede, there's scarce a royall or noble house that hath not a charge agaynst me; and I'm sorelie afrayd' (giving a poke at a fat priest that sate at my lord cardinall's elbow) 'I shall have the death of *that* holy man to answer for.'"

Erasmus laughed, and sayd, "Did I ever tell you of the retort of Willibald Pirkheimer? A monk, hearing him praise me somewhat lavishly to another, could not avoid expressing by his looks great disgust and dissatisfaction; and, on being askt whence they arose, confest he c^d not, with patience, heare y^e commendation of a man soe notoriously fond of eating fowls. 'Does he steal them?' says Pirkheimer. 'Surely no,' says y^e monk. 'Why, then,' quoth

Willibald, 'I know of a fox who is ten times the greater rogue; for, look you, he helps himself to many a fat hen from my roost without ever offering to pay me. But tell me now, dear father, is it then a sin to eat fowls?' 'Most assuredlie it is,' says the monk, 'if you indulge in them to gluttony.' 'Ah! if, if!' quoth Pirkheimer. 'If stands stiff, as the Lacedemonians told Philip of Macedon; and 'tis not by eating bread alone, my dear father, you have acquired that huge paunch of yours. I fancy, if all the fat fowls that have gone into it coulde raise their voices and cackle at once, they woulde make noise enow to drown y^e drums and trumpets of an army.' Well may Luther say," continued Erasmus, laughing, "that their fasting is easier to them than our eating to us; seeing that every man Jack of them hath to his evening meal two quarts of beer, a quart of wine, and as manie as he can eat of spice cakes, the better to relish his drink. While I . . . 'tis true my stomach is Lutheran, but my heart is Catholic; that's as heaven made me, and I'll be judged by you alle, whether I am not as thin as a weasel."

'Twas now growing dusk, and Cecy's tame hares were just beginning to be on y^e alert, skipping across our path, as we returned towards the house, jumping over one another, and raying 'emselves on their hind legs to sollicit our notice. Erasmus was amused at their gambols, and at our making them beg for vine-tendrils; and father told him there was hardlie a member of y^e household who had not a dumb pet of some sort. "I encourage the taste in them," he said, "not onlie because it fosters humanitie and affords harmlesse recreation, but because it promotes habitts of forethought and regularitie. No child or servant of mine hath liberty to adopt a pet which he is too lazy or nice to attend to himself. A little management may enable even a young gentlewoman to do this, without soyling her hands; and to neglect giving them proper food at proper times entayls a disgrace of which everie one of 'em w^d be ashamed. But, hark! there is the vesper-bell."

As we passed under a pear-tree, Erasmus told us, with much drollerie, of a piece of boyish mischief of his,—the theft of some pears off a particular tree, the fruit of which the superior of his convent had meant to reserve to himself. One morning, Erasmus had climbed the tree, and was feasting to his great content, when he was aware of the superior approaching to catch him in y^e fact; soe, quicklie slid down to the ground, and made off in y^e opposite direction, limping as he went. The malice of this act consisted in its being the counterfeit of the gait of a poor lame lay brother, who was, in fact, smartlie punisht for Erasmus his misdeede. Our friend mentioned this with a kinde of remorse, and observed to my father,—"Men laugh at the sins of young people and little children, as if they were little sins; albeit, the robbery of an apple or cherry-orchard is as much a breaking of the eighth commandment as the stealing of a leg of mutton from a butcher's stall, and oftentimes with far less excuse. Our Church tells us, indeede, of venial sins, such as

the theft of an apple or a pin; but, I think," (looking hard at Cecily and Jack,) "even the youngest among us could tell how much sin and sorrow was brought into the world by stealing an apple."

At bedtime, Bess and I did agree in wishing that alle learned men were as apt to unite pleasure with profit in their talk as Erasmus. There be some that can write after y^e fashion of Paul, and others preach like unto Apollos; but this, methinketh, is scattering seed by the wayside, like the great Sower.

'Tis singular, the love that Jack and Cecy have for one another; it resembleth that of twins. Jack is not forward at his booke; on y^e other hand, he hath a resolution of character which Cecy altogether wants. Last night, when Erasmus spake of children's sins, I observed her squeeze Jack's hand with alle her mighte. I know what she was thinking of. Having bothe beene forbidden to approach a favourite part of y^e river bank which had given way from too much use, one or y^e other of 'em transgressed, as was proven by y^e smalle footprints in y^e mud, as well as by a nosegay of flowers, that grow not, save by the river; to wit, purple loose-strife, cream-and-codlins, scorpion-grass, water plantain, and the like. Neither of 'em woulde confesse, and Jack was, therefore, sentenced to be whipt. As he walked off with Mr. Drew, I observed Cecy turn soe pale, that I whispered father I was certayn she was guilty. He made answer, "Never mind, we cannot beat a girl, and 'twill answer y^e same purpose; in flogging him we flog both." Jack bore the firste stripe or two, I suppose, well enow, but at length he heard him cry out, on which Cecy coulde not forbear to doe y^e same, and then stopt bothe her ears. I expected everie moment to heare her say, "Father, 'twas I;" but no, she had not courage for that; onlie, when Jack came forthe all smirked with tears, she put her arm aboute his neck, and they walked off together into the nuttery. Since that hour, she hath beene more devoted to him than ever, if possible; and he, boy-like, finds satisfaction in making her his little slave. But the beauty lay in my father's improvement of y^e circumstance. Taking Cecy on his knee that evening, (for she was not ostensible in disgrace,) he beganne to talk of atonement and mediation for sin, and who it was that bare our sins for us on the tree. 'Tis thus he turns y^e daylie accidents of our quiet lives into lessons of deepe import, not pedantically delivered, ex cathedra, but welling forthe from a full and fresh mind.

This morn I had risen before dawn, being minded to meditate on sundrie matters before Bess was up and doing, she being given to much talk during her dressing, and made my way to y^e pavillion, where, methought, I s^d be quiet enow; but beholde! father and Erasmus were there before me, in fluent and earnest discourse. I w^d have withdrawne, but father, without interrupting his sentence, puts his arm rounde me and draweth me to him, soe there I sit, my head on a shoulder, and mine eyes on Erasmus his face.

From much they spake, and other much I guessed,

they had beene conversing y^e present state of y^e Church, and how much it needed renovation.

Erasmus sayd, y^e vices of y^e Clergy and ignorance of y^e vulgar had now come to a poynt, at the which, a remedie must be founde, or y^e whole fabric w^d falle to pieces.

—Sayd, the revival of learning seemed appoynted by heaven for some greate purpose, 'twas difficulte to say how greate.

—Spake of y^e new art of printing, and its possible consequents.

—(If y^e active and fertile minds at present turning up new ground and ferreting out old abuses.

—Of the abuse of monachism, and of y^e evil lives of conventualls. In special, of y^e fanaticism and hypocrisy of y^e Dominicans.

Considered y^e evils of y^e times such, as that societie must shortlie, by a vigorous effort, shake 'em off.

Wondered at y^e patience of the laitie for soe manie generations, but thoughte 'em now waking from their sleepe. The people had of late beganne to know their physickall power, and to chafe at y^e weighte of their yoke.

Thoughte the doctrine of indulgences altogether bad and false.

Father sayd, that y^e graduallic increast severitie of Church discipline concerning minor offences had become such as to render indulgences y^e needfulle remedie for burthens too heave to be borne.—Condemned a Draconic code, that visited even sins of discipline with y^e extream penaltie.—Quoted how ill such excessive severitie answered in our owne land, with regard to y^e civill law; twenty thieves oft hanging together on y^e same gibbet, yet robberie noe whit abated.

Othermuch to same purport, y^e which, if alle set downe, woulde too soone fill my libellus. At length, unwillinglie brake off, when the bell rang us to matins.

At breakfaste, William and Rupert were earneste with my father to let 'em row him to Westminster, which he was disinclined to, as he was for more speede, and had promised Erasmus an carlie caste to Lambeth; howbeit, he consented that they s^d pull us up to Putney in y^e evening, and William s^d have y^e stroke-oar. Erasmus sayd, he must thank y^e archbishop for his present of a horse; "tho' I'm full faine," he observed, "to believe it a changeling. He is idle and gluttonish, as thin as a wasp, and as ugly as sin. Such a horse, and such a rider!"

In the evening, Will and Rupert had made 'emselves spruce enow, with nosegays and ribbons, and we tooke water bravelic;—John Harris in y^e stern, playing the recorder. We had y^e six-oared barge; and when Rupert Allington was tired of pulling, Mr. Clement tooke his oar; and when he wearied, John Harris gave over playing y^e pipe; but William and Mr. Gunnell never flagged.

Erasmus was full of his visitt to y^e archbishop, who, as usuall, I think, had given him some money.

"We sate down two hundred to table," sayth he:

"there was fish, flesh, and fowl; but Wareham onlie played with his knife, and drank noe wine. He was very cheerfull and accessible; he knows not what pride is; and yet, of how much mighte he be proud! What genius! what erudition! what kindnesse and modesty! From Wareham, who ever departed in sorrow?"

Landing at Fulham, we had a brave ramble thro' y^e meadows. Erasmus, noting y^e poor children a gathering y^e dandelion and milk-thistle for the herb-market, was avised to speak of forayn herbes and their uses, bothe for food and medicine.

"For me," says father, "there is manie a plant I entertayn in my garden and paddock which y^e fastidious woulde cast forthe. I like to teache my children y^e uses of common things—to know, for instance, y^e uses of y^e flowrs and weeds that grow in our fields and hedges. Manie a poor knave's pottage woulde be improved, if he were skilled in y^e properties of y^e burdock and purple orchis, lady's-smock, brook-lime, and old man's pepper. The roots of wild succory and water arrow-head mighte agreeable change his Lenten diet; and glasswort afford him a pickle for his mouthfulle of salt-meat. Then, there are cresses and wood-sorrel to his breakfast, and salep for his hot evening mess. For his medicine, there is herb-twopence, that will cure a hundred ills; camomile, to lull a raging tooth; and the juice of buttercup to cleare his head by sneezing. Vervain cureth ague; and crowfoot affords y^e leaste painfull of blisters. St. Anthony's turnip is an emetic; goose-grass sweetens the blood; woodruffe is good for the liver; and bind-weed hath nigh as much virtue as y^e forayn scammony. Pimpernel promoteth laughter; and poppy, sleep: thyme giveth pleasant dreams; and an ashen branch drives evil-spirits from y^e pillow. As for rosemarie, I lett it run alle over my garden walls, not onlie because my bees love it, but because 'tis the herb sacred to remembrance, and, therefore, to friendship, whence a sprig of it hath a dumb language that maketh it y^e chosen emblem at our funeral wakes, and in our buriall grounds. Howbeit, I am a school-boy prating in presence of his master, for here is John Clement at my elbow, who is the best botanist and herbalist of us all."

—Returning home, y^e youths being warmed with rowing, and in high spiritts, did entertayn themselves and us with manie jests and playings upon words, some of 'em forced enow, yet provocative of laughing. Afterwards, Mr. Gunnell proposed enigmas and curious questions. Among others, he woulde know which of y^e famous women of Greece or Rome we maidens w^d resemble. Bess was for Cornelia, Daisy for Clelia, but I for Damo, daughter of Pythagoras, which William Roper deemed stupid enow, and thoughte I mighte have found as good a daughter, that had not died a maid. Sayth Erasmus, with his sweet, inexpressible smile, "Now I will tell you, lads and lasscs, what manner of man I w^d be, if I were not Erasmus. I woulde step back some few years of my life, and be half-way 'twixt thirty and forty; I would be pious

and profounde enow for y^e church, albeit noe church-man; I woulde have a blythe, stirring, English wife, and half-a-dozen merrie girls and boys, an English homestead, neither hall nor farm, but betweens both; neare enow to y^e citie for convenience, but away from its noise. I woulde have a profession, that gave me some hours daylie of regular businesse, that s^d let men know my parts, and court me into publick station, for which my taste made me rather withdrawe. I woulde have such a private independence, as s^d enable me to give and lend, rather than beg and borrow. I woulde encourage mirth without buffoonerie, ease without negligence; my habit and table shoulde be simple, and for my looks I woulde be neither tall nor short, fat nor lean, rubicund nor sallow, but of a fayr skin with blue eyes, brownish beard, and a countenance engaging and attractive, see that alle of my companie coulde not choose but love me."

"Why, then, you woulde be father himselfe," cries Cecy, clasping his arm in bothe her hands with a kind of rapture, and, indeede, y^e portraiture was soe like, we coulde not but smile at y^e resemblance.

Arrived at y^e landing, father protested he was wearie with his ramble, and, his foot slipping, he wrenched his ankle, and sate for an instante on a barrow, the which one of y^e men had left with his garden-tools, and before he c^d rise or cry out, William, laughing, rolled him up to y^e house-door; which, considering father's weight, was much for a stripling to doe. Father sayd the same, and, laying his hand on Will's shoulder with kindnesse, cried, "Bless thee, my boy, but I woulde not have thee overstrayned, like Biton and Clitobus."

(To be continued.)

MALTA.

BY A FRENCHMAN.

THE islands of the Mediterranean present to the eye of the voyager as he floats past on some soft breezy day nearly every variety of natural scenery,—green valleys, cool forests and blue mountains, with here and there, as if to increase the effect of the beautiful, naked and arid rocks. Gibraltar, which has been often described, partakes of the latter character, and we propose in the present paper to condense the observations of a recent French traveller upon another rock in the same sea, not less remarkable for its physical peculiarities, the manners of its inhabitants, and the events of which it has been the theatre. As our title imports, we allude to Malta; and the remarks of a foreigner, upon what he heard and saw in the little British dependency, will perhaps possess more of piquancy and variety than could be expected from a native writer.

This island was first taken possession of by the Phœnicians 1519 years before the birth of Christ: they held it for 784 years, when the Greeks, who had just founded one of their most important colonies at

Syracuse, made themselves masters of the Phœnician settlement, to which they gave the name of *Malita*, because of the delicious honey obtained there. During the wars between Carthage and Rome, the former power took the island from the Greeks, and was afterwards in turn driven out by the Romans, who lost it for a time, but took permanent possession in the year 316 before Christ. Their domination lasted more than six centuries. In the year 58 of the Christian era, St. Paul, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, was wrecked at Malta, and embraced the opportunity to make the truths of the gospel known to the natives. And it is interesting to know that the catacombs yet to be seen at Cita-Vecchia, and which have survived the assaults of the Vandals, Goths, and others, who succeeded the Romans, are supposed to be places in which the early Christians devoted themselves to the practice of their religion.

In the year 833, Malta fell into the power of the Saracens. Two hundred years later it was annexed to Sicily, under the government of Roger, youngest of the twelve sons of Tancred, who conquered it on their return from the Holy Land. In 1194, Henry VI. of France took Malta and Sicily from the Normans; and afterwards, in 1226, Charles of Anjou subjugated the two islands, as part of the conquest of Naples. The Sicilian Vespers, on the 30th March, 1283, put an end to the French dominion in Sicily, which, with Malta, was seized by Pedro of Arragon, and made a dependency of Spain for 246 years. A common fate appears to have attended the two islands, but in 1526 a career of glory and independence opened for the rock of Malta, which thenceforth ranked among the most memorable places of the earth. In that year the Knights Hospitallers established themselves upon the island.

The Hospitallers was one among the many half-military, half religious orders, which originated in the fervour and enthusiasm of the middle ages. On the expulsion of the knights from Rhodes, they petitioned the emperor Charles V. to cede to them the island of Malta, promising to repress the audacity of the African corsairs who then infested the Mediterranean. Pope Clement VII. supported their request, which was granted after four years' delay; one of the conditions being that they should present a falcon every year to the viceroy of Sicily, in token of homage. During the 267 years that they held possession of the island, the chief authority was exercised by a succession of twenty-eight grand masters, under one of whom, Jean de La Valette, occurred the memorable siege of Malta by the Turks, of which it has been said that it only required a Homer to become as famous as that of Troy: never was human courage, or human vengeance, carried to a higher extreme.

In June 1798 Napoleon stopped at Malta, on his way to Egypt with the French fleet, and asked permission of the grand master, Ferdinand de Hompesch, to water the ships. The request was refused, and the next day the French took possession of the island, and the power of the Hospitallers was at an end.

Some of the aged knights remained to die on the scene of their former triumphs, others followed Napoleon's banner, and the greater number dispersed themselves over Europe. A few weeks afterwards, Malta was blockaded by Nelson. The result of this blockade is well known. The French garrison capitulated after having lost nearly one half of their number by disease and famine; from which period the Maltese have lived quietly under English rule.

Seen from a distance, Malta resembles a pedestal of white marble, broad oblong, slightly elevated above the surface of the waves, waiting as it were to receive some gigantic statue. On drawing nearer, the immense mass of stone assumes a definite outline, without losing any thing of its nakedness and angularity, and at length a city of white houses, without visible roofs or windows, appears as though excavated in the glittering rock. The sun's rays sparkle on the dazzling walls, whose upper lines cut the deep blue sky with a distinctness that excites a stranger's astonishment. The newly arrived traveller imagines himself approaching one of the often dreamed-of Eastern cities, and looks above the ramparts for the graceful and tapering stem of the palm-tree, an essential accessory of every oriental landscape; but not a tree is to be seen; no tint of spring relieves the dry and monotonous picture. After passing beneath some formidable batteries, you enter the port, and find yourself unexpectedly under the guns of several men of war, lying solemnly at anchor. Scarcely have you recovered from the effect of this first surprise than a new one awaits you—a nautical joust. At the sight of the packet entering the port, a hundred boats of elegant build and brilliant colours, manned by rowers in white vests, with scarlet girdles, put off from every part of the quays, and challenging each other to speed, seem to fly along the water to the vessel, round which they are soon congregated. Then begins an uproar of which it is scarcely possible to give an idea. The swarthy boatmen, with Arab eyes and pointed teeth, utter the most extraordinary cries, quarrelling all the while in their vivacious yet guttural language, offering their services on every side, careless of the unsparing use of a rope's end, and at last, in spite of opposition and Britannic gravity, carry you off to the shore with bag and baggage.

The quays are narrow, and to ascend to the city, rising in stages above your head, you are obliged to pass through a number of paved and vaulted posterns, to cross draw-bridges, and to mount the long stone stairs under a scorching sun; where at every step you encounter a tall, pale, lean, stiff, red-coated English sentry, or a handsome Highlander with bare legs, pacing gravely up and down, musket on shoulder and claymore on thigh. Every thing betokens the melancholy and sombre fortress; but, when on the platform, you are again in a street full of life, animation, and gaiety. The spectacle which presents itself is perfectly *unique*. In all that surrounds you, you perceive the most singular medley of English luxury and Italian misery; northern phlegm, and southern vivacity. The

street is broad, straight, and regular; the houses are all of the same height and colour, with gay shops thrown in here and there; and the pavement is thronged with people. In this crowd the Maltese ladies, with their thickly plaited black mantillas, glowing eyes, dark hair, and Andalusian feet, elbow the starched English dames, who walk with downcast eyes, flaxen hair, and feet on which you might sleep standing. Half-naked Sicilian sailors, with every species of arms and uniform, Levanters in oriental costume, busy merchants, splendid equipages rolling past, magnificent Arabian horses shaking their long manes as they gallop, *beaux* who strut and beggars who skulk,—all are mingled, crowded and confused around you. The multitude speaks all languages. With the English hiss you hear the lively voice of a Frenchman; and an Arab from Tunis discourses gravely by the side of an Italian who gesticulates. The shops are filled with merchandise from every country: tailors from London, perfumers from Paris, *cafetiers* from Greece, and porters from Smyrna live in mutual good understanding in the Grande-Rue. Stately hotels, excellent in appearance and well kept, display their rival signs on all sides to the eyes of the traveller. Life in Malta is easy, inexpensive, and carelessly elegant. A large number of young and rich English officers indemnify themselves there for their expatriation by all the enjoyments of luxury, and keep up the jovial customs which the knights, for their part, imported before them. A multitude of travellers arriving from every quarter of the globe, and obliged to sojourn in the island, either waiting for ships, or performing quarantine, create much stir at the hotels, and a great sale of all the little indulgences which compensate for privations and the *ennui* of a long voyage. An excellent course of geography and commerce might be constructed by following carefully the conversations, often peculiarly interesting, which take place round the *tables d'hôte* at Malta.

During the ten days that I stayed at Malta, waiting for the steam-boat in which I intended to continue my voyage to Greece, I passed all my time in riding about the island on pretty little Arabian horses, which may be hired in the city at a cheap rate. The country, if such it can be called, presents a most extraordinary appearance, being all artificial. On going out of the city for the first time, the stranger stands still for an instant with surprise, so singular and different from any other landscape is the scene before him. An immense plain of chalk stretches before you, shadowless and without vegetation. Not a tree, not a bunch of verdure, is to be seen on the white and desolate plateau, which the sea washes on every side. Endless repetitions of dwarf walls are the only objects that meet the eye, with the immense clouds of dust which the slightest breath of wind raises in every direction. Yet although so arid in appearance, the country is far from being unproductive; by dint of industry the inhabitants of this isolated rock have made it, as it were, give nature the lie. In certain places, now the most fertile of the

island, such as the Floriana, and the governor's garden, not a particle of vegetable earth existed; the Maltese borrowed soil from Sicily, fetching it from the environs of Syracuse, and spreading the productive layer over the polished surface of their rock. This process, which could only be successfully accomplished by rich proprietors for pleasure-gardens, was too costly for the poor peasants, who had neither money nor vessels, and they effected by ingenuity what could not have been realized by any other means at their disposal. After tracing out a regular section of the surface, they excavate and remove the rock to a depth of nearly two feet, with iron wedges; taking care to preserve the small portions of earth found in the fissures. When the excavation is complete, they spread alternate layers of this earth and of rock dust inside to a thickness of eighteen inches; the whole is then watered and left exposed for a year to the action of the sun and air. With the pieces of rock dug out of the opening they build a wall around it, and it is the number and appearance of these walls which present so extraordinary a spectacle to a stranger. The whole island is covered with them, and they protect the little artificial plots from the violence of winds and the inundations that frequently happen. At the end of the year the owner ploughs his land with a little plough worthy the primitive times; sometimes drawn by two oxen, but more frequently by two asses. Cotton, wheat, vegetables, and particularly melons, are cultivated with success.

The island supports about half of its population, which numbers 114,000, all Roman Catholics, except about 300 Jews and Turks, and the English: the latter are in a proportion of one in twenty-five to the other inhabitants. Although at first sight Malta is entirely bare, it is not altogether deprived of trees. Fig, lemon, and pomegranate trees grow here and there, half hidden by the walls of the inclosures: neither must the trees be forgotten on which grow the ruddy-coloured fruits known as Maltese oranges; these are said to be the result of a pomegranate grafted on an orange-tree. Without Sicily, the Maltese could not exist; and it is a delightful sight every morning to see the arrival of the *speronari*—little vessels—in the port, laden with Sicilian roses, fruits from Catania, or snow from Etna. Notwithstanding its barrenness, the Maltese call their island *Flora del Mondo*, "flower of the world." This affectionate, but somewhat boastful appellation, confirms an observation frequently made, yet difficult to explain; it is, however, certain, that the poorer a country the more is it beloved by its inhabitants. Numerous examples might be quoted in connexion with the wildest mountains of Scotland, of Switzerland, Auvergne, or Limousin, the most arid of the isles of Greece, and the most desolate of the steppes of Bulgaria; but Malta alone would be sufficient, for no place on earth inspires its inhabitants in a higher degree with this inexplicable attachment.

The commerce of Malta is considerable; the average annual amount of imports and exports being

53,000,000 francs, 32,000,000 of which are importations. This amount may be apportioned as follows:—England, 5,000,000; United States, 4,000,000; the two Sicilies, 3,000,000; Austria, 2,000,000; France, 2,000,000 only. Egypt, the Barbary States, the Ionian Islands, Russia, Spain, and Sardinia share the remainder. The industry of Malta consists principally in the preparation of cotton, and the manufacture of a prodigious quantity of cigars: the latter, which are excellent, sell at about five farthings per dozen. England collects 100,000*l.* yearly, in taxes and imposts at Malta, which sum is expended in the services of administration. In exchange, she has founded and continues to support several establishments for the benefit of the population. At the Lyceum, children receive an elementary education gratuitously. The university, long neglected, has been newly organized within the past few years, and the study of natural history facilitated by the establishment of a botanic garden. To confess the truth, however, these institutions have not as yet met with any marked success; education, much neglected in the towns, is still more so in the country. Of the 114,000 inhabitants, scarcely 25,000 know how to read and write.

The temperature at Malta is high, with but little fluctuation. In summer the mercury stands at 85°, seldom above 90°; rain and clouds are so rare as to be phenomenal; the sky is nearly always blue and cloudless. The greater part of the houses, built in the eastern style, open only on an inner court, often filled with flowers. In winter the temperature rarely falls below 50°. A white frost is a thing unknown, and would be looked upon as a public calamity. It is, however, related that one morning at the end of last century, a peasant came in great haste to the city to inform the grand-master that he had seen what his children called an *ice candle* in his field. The grand-master immediately mounted his horse and set out with his knights to see the phenomenon; but notwithstanding their diligence, before they reached the spot, the ice was melted. But the time of my stay drew to a close: my friend embarked for Italy, on board the *Mongibello*, and the next day I found myself on board another steamer, sailing in an opposite direction. Malta gradually disappeared behind me as a shadow, and after a pleasant voyage of three days, I forgot my momentary regrets, and uttered a cry of enthusiasm, on seeing for the first time on the horizon the blue mountains of the Peloponnesus.

THE PIMPERNEL.

LITTLE scarlet Pimpernel,
None but thou can tell so well
What the weather-change may be.
None can tell so well as thee,
All the roving one can see,
None so wisely half as thee,
When the welkin vapour's aroud
Telleth thee the passing cloud;
When in East the pallid dawn
Heralds the coming of the morn,

Then with joy thou spreadest out
All thy little flowers about,
Where in holt or upon wold
Smiles thy little eye of gold.
When with clouds the heavens frown,
Then thy little head bends down.
Little weather-prophet, say,
Fair or foul the coming day?
For thy eye on sun above
Is fix'd, like lover on his love,
Like supple courtier on his lord,
Like Parsee on his god adored.
Like kneeling Carib on the sun
Thou gazest till his course is run;
Ever, ever gazing on,
Never musing but of one.
Come what seasons there may be,
Still unchanged thy flower we see.
Like a pennon in the wind,
Fickle as a maiden's mind,
Ever veereth round thy head,
Till in western waves of red
Thy great monarch sinketh down,
Then, too, sinks thy tiny crown.
In thy little flower we see
Type of fix'd mobility.
Winds may blow, as they blow now;
Still for winds what careest thou?
Though with fury raging free
They may shake the giant tree,
Whatsoever be their power,
They will spare the little flower.
E'en the bud that gems the sod,
Overshadow'd is by God.
Little Persian songs of praise
Do thy flow'rets ever raise.
To thy God thou off'rest up
Drops of dew in ruby cup;
And when sinks the king of light,
Thy violet eyes with tears beam bright;
Till the stars, with softer beam,
Like the sun's fair children seem.
Thine upon the meadow ground,
Where thy blossoms most abound;
Or where trailing through the grass,
All thy snake-like sprays do pass.
Little scarlet Pimpernel,
None can tell us half so well
What the coming change shall be.
None but such a one as thee!

LEWIS ARUNDEL;¹

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLIGH."

CHAPTER LIII.

LEWIS ATTENDS AN EVENING PARTY, AND NARROWLY
ESCAPES BEING "CUT" BY AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

"Now listen to me, and be good, and sensible, and tractable, for once in your life," exclaimed Laura, when Lewis's agitation had in some degree subsided; "you appear to have acted with more than sufficient self-will and impetuosity all through this affair, and the result has not proved so satisfactory as to justify you in refusing a friend's advice and assistance. Excuse my plain speaking," she continued, with a frank smile which would have thawed the moroseness of the most churlish misanthrope who ever reversed

(1) Continued from p. 80.

the precepts of Christianity by hating his neighbour; "but I must either say all I think, or be wholly silent. Besides, it is no kindness to hide the truth from you."

"What would you have me do?" returned Lewis, sadly; "believe me, I reproach myself for my past folly more bitterly than you could do were you my worst enemy, instead of the gentle zealous friend you are."*

"I would not have you at present do anything, more especially anything rash," returned Laura, "but simply leave the matter in my hands."

"Promise me—," began Lewis.

"I promise you I will do nothing which can in the smallest degree compromise your honour, or even your pride," returned Laura, with the slightest possible degree of sarcasm in her tone, "beyond this I will promise you nothing; and if you have not sufficient faith to trust my friendship thus far, you are less worthy of it than I have deemed you."

Lewis glanced with mingled surprise and admiration at the animated features of his spirited confidante. Accustomed to Rose's calm, persuasive reasoning, and the half-carnest, half-playful, but wholly-bewitching manners of sweet Annie Grant, Laura's keen wit, and fearless bearing, surprised and pleased, while at the same time they insensibly influenced him. "I will trust you," he said; "you have the strong sense and bold energy of a man's mind, united with all the gentleness and refinement which are woman's especial attributes. I will, and do trust you fully;—but, alas! dear friend," he continued, sorrowfully, "neither you nor any one else can remove the cause of my unhappiness. I will not attempt to deceive you, or myself; despite my best endeavours to forget her, I cannot, and I am miserable;—I, who deemed myself so strong, am powerless to cast this affection from me; and though I despise her for her weak fickleness,—though I scorn her for allowing herself to be contracted to that man of whom I never can bear to think as the brother of your kind-hearted, liberal-minded husband,—I yet love her with the reasonless passion of an idiot."

"You take too gloomy a view of the affair; she may not be so much to blame as you imagine; she may yet prove worthy of your affection," urged Laura.

"Would to heaven it could be so!" exclaimed Lewis, vehemently. "You bid me consider the matter calmly and sensibly," he continued, after a pause; "by doing so I perceive the hopes with which you would fain inspire me, to be unreasonable and delusive. Facts speak for themselves; and as they remain unalterable, so must my grief. Either she cannot return my affection, and is attached to her intended bridegroom, or, loving me, she has, with the most culpable weakness, allowed herself to be persuaded into an engagement with a man every way unworthy of her, to whom she is, to say the least, indifferent; and this, not in consequence of a lengthened persecution, but within twenty-four hours after I have left her,

fondly deeming that had fate allowed me to ask her hand, she would not have refused it."

"It is very strange, very unaccountable," returned Laura, musing, "so much so, indeed, that I feel sure we do not yet know the whole truth, and that there must be some way of explaining her conduct satisfactorily."

Lewis shook his head mournfully.

"Farewell," he said; "you will soon be able to judge for yourself, and will find that the view I take of the affair, gloomy as it may appear, is indeed the only true one."

"You will dine with us to-day? Charles particularly wishes it. You must not refuse?—remember, it will be the last time for some weeks that I may have an opportunity of seeing you!" pleaded Laura.

"I do not know why I consent, except that it seems impossible to say no to you," returned Lewis, unable to resist the influence of Laura's sympathetic kindness. "You will find me a dreadful bore," he continued, with a deep sigh, "for your intelligence has completely unmanned me."

"We will take the chance of that," replied Laura, with an incredulous smile; and so, shaking hands, they parted.

The dinner passed off heavily enough. Lewis, despite his efforts to the contrary, appeared out of spirits and distrait. Charles, having been cautioned and tutored, to the utmost extent of female foresight, as to what he was to say, and what to avoid, grew nervous and puzzle-pated; called Laura, Annie, and asked Lewis why he did not send for Miss Grant (meaning his, Lewis's, sister Rose) to live with him and keep his house; by which blunders he provoked his wife to such a degree, that she could have found in her heart to box his ears for him, without the smallest compunction. The arrival of Tarley and the desert produced a marked improvement, that young gentleman being in the highest possible state of health and spirits, and influenced by a strong determination to partake of everything on table, wine included, to ignore all established precedents as to eating jam by the intervention of a spoon, to consider walnuts appropriate missiles to throw at the company generally, and the cut-glass decanters in particular, to set maternal authority at defiance, as evinced by a resolution to pull off his left shoe and imbed it in orange marmalade, and in fact, to do everything which appeared good in his eyes, and naughty in those of his elders, and then and there to make a night of it. These little antics, at first amusing, and secretly patronised and fostered by Charles and Lewis, soon becoming tiresome, and at length unbearable, Laura asserted her prerogative, and not without much kicking and an hysterical affection, which was neither laughing nor crying, but a compound of the two, succeeded in carrying away her unruly offspring. When the gentlemen were left to themselves, Leicester, filling his glass and handing the bottle to Lewis, began—

"Do you mix much with the young men of the place, so as to judge of their political bias at all?"

"I am acquainted with some dozen, or more, young artists, though I do not enter much into their pursuits, from want of inclination; although, at first, they pressed me to belong to their clubs;—I should say, however, judging from their conversation, that democratic principles were rife among them."

"I fear so; indeed, from information we have received, I should not be surprised if some attempt were likely to be made to throw off the Austrian yoke."

"Surely that would be great folly," returned Lewis; "with the troops and resources the Governor, Count Palffy, has at his command, any popular tumult might easily be quelled. It is only from cowardice or inaction on the part of the authorities, that any of these successes in Northern Italy have been achieved."

"Ay, but inaction is just what I fear," rejoined Leicester; "the Austrians will not believe in the amount of popular disaffection which exists; they will go on ignoring the danger, till the moment at which it could be most successfully combated has escaped them. Not that I care very much about the matter; I am neither Trojan nor Tyrian; but I am anxious to gain some certainty as to the chance of a popular outbreak, that I may take measures to provide for the safety of Laura and the child: besides, I think you are aware we have some guests coming to us; had I known this sooner, I should have written to them to postpone their visit till some more favourable opportunity."

"I will investigate the matter," returned Lewis, eagerly, "and will communicate to you any information I may obtain; women should never be exposed to the chance of witnessing the horrors of street warfare."

After conversing on this topic for some minutes longer, the gentlemen, being neither of them addicted to the practice of wine-bibbing, followed Laura to the drawing-room. Lewis appeared silent and depressed, and a gloom hung over the little party, which no effort on the part of the hostess could dispel.

Soon after ten o'clock their guest rose to take leave.

"I shall send Charles to you very often; and, if possible, without attracting attention, I shall occasionally come with him," observed Laura; "so mind, you are not to freeze up again into a marble misanthrope: I consider I have improved you vastly since you have been under my tuition, and I by no means desire to have laboured in vain."

"You have shown me kindness which I may never be able to repay," answered Lewis; "but to prove that I neither forget nor feel ungrateful for it, I will struggle against the faults you so justly reprobate; if I sometimes fail, you must remember that it is difficult to preserve a cheerful, easy manner, with an aching heart, and so pardon me."

Having taken a cordial leave of his host and hostess, and refused Charles's offer of walking home with him, partly because he knew it would be an act of self-denial in his friend to relinquish his wife's society,

partly because he wished to be alone,—Lewis quitted the Palazzo Grassini, and strolled on in the direction of his own abode. As he passed under the Piazza of St. Mark, a particularly beautiful effect of moonlight on the opposite buildings struck him, and leaning against one of the columns, he paused to observe it. The place where he was standing was in deep shadow, and to any one approaching from the left his figure was invisible, the massive column effectually concealing it. Having thoroughly fixed in his recollection the appearance which had attracted him, and which he proposed to transfer to canvass, he was about to quit the Piazza, when a figure wrapped in a dark mantle advanced with a quick yet stealthy tread. As the new comer approached the spot where Lewis was stationed, a low whistle pierced the air, and immediately a second figure, also disguised in a dark robe, appeared from behind a pillar which had hitherto concealed him, and, addressing the other, observed,—

"You are late; I have waited for you."

"The delay was unavoidable, Signor," was the reply; "I was forced to wait myself for Paulo, as until I had seen him, I could not bring you the pass-word."

"And what is it?" inquired the first speaker eagerly. The other glanced round with a suspicious air, as he replied, "*I Martiri di Coenza*."¹

"Good!" was the rejoinder; "and the place of meeting?"

"The great Hall of the Palazzo —iani," naming one of the many ruined palaces which are to be found in Venice.

"Wisely chosen," observed the first speaker, who appeared of a rank superior to that of his companion; "the time of meeting must be at hand?"

"If Vossignoria proceeds thither leisurely, the hour will strike as you reach the appointed rendezvous."

"'Tis well," was the reply. "Now leave me; we had better not be seen together."

The person addressed raised his cap as a token of respect, and turning, hurried from the spot,—his confederate paused a moment as if in deliberation, and then strolled leisurely away in the direction of the Palazzo —iani. Lewis waited till the echoes of his retreating footsteps died away in the distance, then starting in the direction of his own dwelling, he walked with rapid strides till he reached the corner of one of the less frequented streets; having done so, he struck down it, running at a pace which few could have kept up with, till he approached his own house, when he again moderated his speed. Letting himself in with a private key, he entered his sitting-room, took a brace of small pistols from a drawer, loaded them carefully, and concealing them in a breast-pocket, flung a dark cloak over his shoulders, and again quitted the room. His determination was taken. Accident having put him in possession of the time and place of some secret meeting, as well as the pass-word which he doubted

(1) The brothers Bandiera, two youths of high Patrician Venetian descent, were denounced to the Austrian government, and shot as conspirators at Coenza, June 25th, 1844.

not would ensure his admission, his love of adventure occasioned him instantly to resolve to be present at it. The assembly was doubtless of a political nature, and besides gratifying his taste for excitement, he might obtain some information in regard to the probability of a popular insurrection, and thus satisfy Leicester's anxiety for the safety of his wife and child—in which (though Lewis would not own the motive even to himself) might be involved that of Annie Grant. That the expedition he projected was a dangerous one he was well aware, but he trusted to chance and to his own tact and presence of mind to save him from discovery, and in case of these failing him, he possessed the pistols as a last resource. Twenty minutes brisk walking brought him beneath the walls of the Palazzo —iani.

Pausing under the shadow of the building, he waited till he had seen two or three persons, carefully muffled up, proceeding in a particular direction. Conjecturing from their appearance and evident desire to escape observation, that they were bound on the same errand as himself, he followed with a quick but noiseless step the next man who passed. This person walked on rapidly till he reached a small archway; here he stopped and looked round as if to assure himself that he was not followed, when, perceiving Lewis, he seemed embarrassed, and after a moment's deliberation, during which he scrutinised the young artist's figure narrowly, he stationed himself in the centre of the path as if to intercept Lewis's further progress. As he approached, the stranger advanced a step to meet him, observing in Italian,—

"The signor walks late, and chooses a strange path; may I venture to inquire his object in so doing?"

"The same as your own," returned Lewis sternly; adding in a tone of command, "We are too late already, lead the way."

The person thus addressed, in whom, from a slight peculiarity in his accent, Lewis recognised him who had appeared the inferior of the two speakers whose conversation he had overheard in the Piazza of St. Mark, seemed for a moment undecided how to act; and then, either deceived by Lewis's manner, or purposing to postpone any further investigation till he should obtain the assistance of the other conspirators, he passed through the archway, and turning abruptly to the right hand, ran up a flight of stone steps terminated by a low door closely studded with large iron nail heads. Giving a low whistle, some one from within partially opened the door, and the stranger entered, followed by Lewis. The moment he had done so, the door was shut and bolted behind him, and he found himself in total darkness, while at the same instant he felt his arms pinioned by a powerful grasp, while a gruff voice exclaimed,—

"Give the pass-word!"

"*I Martiri di Cosenza*," replied Lewis firmly.

"Proceed," was the rejoinder, as the grasp was removed from his arms, and the light of a dark-lantern was thrown along the narrow stone passage in which Lewis now found himself. Having traversed this, a second door opened at his approach, a rush of cold

air streamed upon him, and he found himself in a large dimly-lighted chamber, in which were assembled somewhere about thirty persons, who were gathered round a long table, at the upper end of which stood a man, who, with his arm extended, and his whole bearing indicative of strong excitement, was addressing the meeting. Drawing the collar of his cloak more over his face, and choosing a spot where the shadow of one of the heavy columns which supported the roof, served in some measure to conceal him, Lewis joined the group. As he did so, the speaker, glancing with flashing eyes round the assembly, exclaimed,—

"We are resolved, then—the cup is full to overflowing,—we will bow no longer beneath the yoke of foreign tyrants. Our brethren in Milan have set us a glorious example,—the accursed Austrian already trembles before their valour. Italy has shaken off her lethargy;—we have only to be true to ourselves and to the glorious cause, and liberty awaits our efforts."

A subdued murmur of consent and approbation ran through the assembly, and the speaker continued:—

"Thus agreed, then, it only remains for us to act, and our first duty is to succour those who have suffered for our sakes. Those heroes, those friends of the Venetian people, Daniel Manin and Niccolo Tommaseo, languish in an unjust imprisonment; we will demand their liberation, and that with a voice that shall force the tyrants to listen—the voice of an awakened and indignant nation."

As the speaker ceased, amidst a subdued buzz of approbation, a man in the dress of an artisan arose, and rolling his fierce bloodshot eyes around the assembly, exclaimed:—

"Yes, brothers, we will liberate our brave compatriots—Manin and Tommaseo shall be set free to aid in the struggle for our liberty; but we must do more, Venice must rise and cast out these foreign butchers. A blow must be dealt which shall strike terror into their coward hearts; a blow which shall prove to them the fate they may expect, if they dare to oppress and withstand a people struggling for their freedom.—And on whom can it so justly fall as on the arch-tyrant, sold hand and soul to Austria, thirsting only for vengeance and for murder—the base persecutor Marinovich?"

He paused; there was a moment's silence, and then a low whisper went round the assembly, "Death to Marinovich!" There was again a pause, and then men began to communicate with one another in deep muttered tones. After a short interval the first speaker, who had been writing rapidly, arose, and again addressing them, said:—

"We are, then, agreed; and our first act shall be the liberation of Manin and Tommaseo. It is time that we disperse as silently and cautiously as may be; we must creep now that we may soar hereafter."

In order not to interrupt the thread of our narrative, we have described the proceedings as they occurred;—we must now revert to Lewis. During the delivery of the first speech he observed that the man who had

addressed him as he entered, and who appeared a tall, muscular young fellow, had contrived to place himself by his side; and was regarding him from time to time with looks of mistrust and suspicion. At the proposal for the assassination of Colonel Marinovich, the Commandant at the Arsenal, a man who, though a strict disciplinarian, Lewis knew by report to be a brave and gallant officer, he had been unable to repress some slight sign of disapprobation. As he did so he perceived a scowl pass across the features of his watcher, who took the opportunity of drawing yet nearer to him, while an accidental movement revealed the unpleasant fact that he held in his hand a naked stiletto. As the president ended his final address, Lewis, who had kept his eye fixed on the features of his dangerous neighbour, felt convinced that the man only awaited the termination of the business proceedings, to denounce him to his fellow-conspirators. With his usual coolness and decision in moments of danger, Lewis saw that his only chance of safety lay in taking the initiative; accordingly, catching the man's eye, he fixed on him a piercing glance, as he said in a stern whisper—

"The first word you utter aloud, you are a dead man;" at the same moment he presented the muzzle of a pistol within an inch of his ear. The man started slightly, and attempted to increase the distance between them, but Lewis laid an iron grasp on his collar, and detained him; he then stood for a moment irresolute, at length he said, in the same low whisper,—

"You are an Austrian spy."

"I am not," returned Lewis; "I am an Englishman."

The other again started, regarded him fixedly, and then resumed,—

"Swear by all you hold sacred never to reveal that which you have learned to-night."

"I will swear nothing, except to blow out your brains if you attempt to speak, or move, without my permission," was the stern, uncompromising rejoinder.

The stranger's lip quivered, and his grasp tightened on the stiletto, but he caught the glance of Lewis's flashing eyes, and felt that he was in earnest, and that his life hung upon a thread. The members of the secret association were, by this time, noiselessly gliding away in parties of two and three, and Lewis, fearing if he remained too long he might attract the attention of the president, who still continued writing at the table, determined to depart; accordingly, he said in a low whisper,—

"Now we will go—precede me; but if I observe you attempt, by word or sign, to betray me, that moment I shoot you like a dog."

The stranger, who seemed by this time sullenly to have resigned himself to his fate, or, possibly, to be reserving his strength for the execution of some scheme which he had devised for the future, obeyed in silence, and left the vault, closely followed by Lewis, who still retained a firm grasp of the other's collar, although the ample folds of his cloak prevented the fact from being observed. In this manner they reached the door at the top of the stairs, and here were stationed two

brawny-limbed, ruffianly-looking fellows, who acted in the double capacity of porter and sentry. Their attention, however, appeared solely directed to prevent the intrusion of any unwelcome visitant, the advisability of refusing egress to any one who had already passed their scrutiny never seeming to occur to them. This Lewis felt to be the deciding moment of his fate; once outside the gate he would be in comparative safety. Pressing the muzzle of the pistol against the back of his companion's neck by way of a gentle hint, he muttered, "Remember!"

The young man shuddered slightly as the cold iron touched him, but made no reply. As they reached the gateway, the janitor stationed on the left side, addressing Lewis's companion, made some inquiry in a low voice. Glancing round appealingly as if to indicate that he was forced, even for their common safety, to reply, he spoke a few words in a dialect Lewis did not comprehend, when the gate-keeper respectfully held the wicket open, and they passed out. And now once again Lewis felt that he was a free man, and he inwardly congratulated himself on having escaped so great peril, which congratulations were, as the event proved, somewhat premature.

Having descended the steps, Lewis loosened his hold on the stranger's collar, saying carelessly, as he replaced his pistol in his breast,—

"There, young gentleman; thanks to your prudence, and my precaution of bringing a brace of pistols with me, I have drawn my head out of the lion's mouth without having it bitten off for my pains. But now I want to have a little serious conversation with you."

"Wait till we are further from the Palazzo—iani, then," was the reply, in a voice that yet trembled from excitement, or some other deep emotion; "we may be overheard; keep more in the shade of the buildings."

Suspecting no treachery, Lewis complied; scarcely had he done so, however, when he fancied he heard a stealthy footstep following him, and turning abruptly, found himself face to face with a tall savage-looking ruffian, who, armed with a naked stiletto, was evidently meditating mischief. Confused by his sudden motion, the fellow stood for a moment irresolute;—not so his intended victim. The path along which he had been proceeding, followed the course of one of the smaller *ris* or canals by which Venice is in so many directions intersected. Availing himself of this circumstance, Lewis rolled his cloak round his arm, and sprang upon his assailant, parrying, with the shield thus constituted, a hasty and ineffectual stab which the other made at him. Foiled in his attempt, the ruffian drew back to avoid Lewis's onset, thereby incautiously approaching too near the bank of the canal. His antagonist was not slow to perceive the opportunity thus afforded him. Following up his retreating foe so as to prevent him from turning to perceive his danger, he waited till the man reached the brink of the canal, then stretching out his foot, he tripped him up, and parrying a second stab as he

had done the former one, pushed him over the bank, which at that part was somewhat steep. A heavy fall and a loud splash in the water announced that his stratagem had succeeded, but at the same moment he felt his throat compressed by a powerful grasp, a naked stiletto flashed before him, and the eyes of the young conspirator, burning with hatred and revenge, glared at him through the darkness with the ferocity of those of some savage animal. Up to this point Lewis's courage and self-possession had never for a moment failed him, but now a strange wild idea occurred to him, and a horrible dread suddenly overwhelmed him: his senses reeled, his limbs trembled, and for the first time in his life he experienced the mental agony of fear. Instinctively he seized the uplifted wrist of his assailant, and gazed with starting eye-balls at his face, on which the cold moonlight streamed. Yes! there could be no doubt; in the features of the being with whom he was engaged in deadly conflict, he recognised a dark, shadowy, but most unmistakeable resemblance to Hardy the poacher. Was it incipient madness, or was he thus horribly to be convinced of the reality of tales which he had hitherto deemed the mere drivellings of superstition?—could the dead indeed rise from their graves to seek vengeance on their slayers?

As these thoughts flashed meteor-like through his brain, his antagonist made a violent but ineffectual effort to free his wrist, and this action in great measure restored Lewis's self-possession. Ghosts had not thews and sinews, and even in that moment of peril, a flush of shame at his childish terror spread over his brow, and the impulse seemed to lend redoubled vigour to his frame. Consequently the struggle, though severe, was short. Superior in strength to his assailant, Lewis, having succeeded in wresting the dagger from his grasp, hurled it into the canal, leaving him completely unarmed, and at his mercy. The stranger was the first to speak. Folding his arms across his breast with an air of dogged resolution, he said, speaking for the first time in English, and without the slightest foreign accent,—

"You were wrong to throw away that weapon; it would have done your work as effectually and more silently than the pistol."

"You consider your life as forfeit, then?" inquired Lewis.

"I expect you to do by me as I would have done by you," was the concise reply.

"I am no assassin," returned Lewis, coldly; "and that reminds me of your worthy associate. You engaged my attention, so that I am ignorant whether he sank or swam."

"Never fear for honest Jacopo," was the answer; "he follows the calling of a gondolier, when his stiletto is not in requisition, and can swim like a fish. Look yonder; he has gained the shore, and is even now watching us."

As he spoke, Lewis observed a tall figure crouching under a projecting portion of the bank of the canal.

"He will not molest you further," continued his late antagonist; "once foiled in his spring, like the

tiger, he will not renew the attack. Had he slain you I should have paid him five *zwanzigers*; as it is, the poor fellow will only get his ducking for his pains."

"Why did he follow us?" asked Lewis.

"As you entered, I gave him a hint not to let you pass on your return; had he attempted to stop you, however, I believed you would shoot me, therefore, thinking I could obtain your death or capture without losing my own life, I gave him a glance by which he knew he was not to interrupt you. He then asked me in the thieves' patois of this place, what he was to do, and I told him to *follow* us, as you were a spy. You know the rest."

Lewis paused for a moment, and then said abruptly, "You are an Englishman?"

"I am."

"You will accompany me to my rooms," rejoined Lewis, "I would question you further."

"For what purpose?"

"That you will learn at the fitting time," returned Lewis.

"What if I refuse?"

"I will summon the police, and if you attempt to escape, I will shoot you through the head," was the stern rejoinder.

"I will go with you," replied the stranger; "but I warn you I will not be arrested—my liberty is dear to me, my life I hold cheap—so cheap that even now, unarmed as I am, and unequal to you in muscular strength, I am tempted again to rush on you and try the chances of a death-struggle."

"I would advise you not to do so," returned Lewis, calmly; "besides," he added, "I may be more disposed to befriend you than you are aware of—it is with no hostile purpose I thus force you to accompany me, believe me."

"I will trust you," was the reply. "Your looks and words have, I know not why, a strange power over me—you must possess the gift of the *Malocchio*, which these Italians believe in—it was your glance, far more than your pistol, which kept me silent in the chamber of meeting."

During almost the whole of this conversation they had been walking side by side in the direction of the street in which Lewis's studio was situated, and in another five minutes they reached it.

"Have I your word of honour that you will not again attempt my life or seek to escape till our interview is concluded?" asked Lewis.

"You have," was the concise reply.

"Follow me, then," continued Lewis; and drawing a key from his pocket he unfastened the door, entered, closed it again, and accompanied by the stranger led the way through the painting-room into his study:—removing his hat and cloak, he signed to his companion to follow his example. As the other complied with his request, Lewis, having lighted a powerful lamp by the aid of which he was accustomed to paint at night, was enabled to take a more particular survey of his new acquaintance than circumstances had yet permitted. He was a tall, powerfully-built stripling, with

a dark complexion and handsome features, but although he could scarcely have numbered twenty years, his face wore a prematurely old expression, and there was a wild, reckless look in his eyes which told of a spirit ill at ease. He wore a sailor's dress, though the materials of which it was composed were of a finer quality than ordinary; he coldly refused the chair which Lewis offered him, and folding his arms across his breast waited to be questioned. Lewis in the mean time took his seat at the table, placed the pistols on the desk before him, and fixing his piercing glance on the face of his captive began:—

“My knowledge of you is this—I find you an active and zealous member of a conspiracy to overthrow the Austrian Government in this city—one of a set of conspirators whose first act is to be the assassination of Colonel ~~Marinovich~~ Marinovich, commandant of the Arsenal. As far as I am concerned, you first resolved to denounce me to your associates as a spy; foiled in that attempt, you incite an accomplice to murder me, and on his failure, use your best endeavours to stab me yourself; in the struggle I disarm you, and you find yourself in the power of the man for whose blood you have been thirsting. Even allowing, for the sake of argument, that you were justified in seeking the life of one who might betray your treasonous designs, you still remain the convicted conspirator, and my natural course would be to hand you over to the police; for your threat of never being taken alive is absurd, since, having lost your stiletto, I could have captured you at any moment I pleased; however, the fact of your being an Englishman interests me in your behalf, and if you will answer my questions frankly and truly, I may be induced to let you off. In the first place tell me who you are, and enough of your former life to enable me to understand how I find you thus plotting with foreigners with whom you can have no feelings in common, for an evil purpose.”

“I can soon satisfy you, if that is all you require,” was the reply. “My life has from its commencement been a curse to myself and to others. Wrong has produced wrong; I was badly brought up, and I have turned out badly; I am not the first that has done so, nor shall I be the last. At the age when most children are carefully trained to good, I was as sedulously instructed in evil. At twelve years old, I could swear, game, and drink, and my instructors laughed to see the boy aping the vices of the man. My mother died in giving me birth; my father, I know not why, never loved me: he used me harshly, and I hated him for it: so I left my home, and worked for four years on board a man-of-war. At the end of that time, the ship was paid off. Seeking pleasure, I fell into vicious company; squandered, and was robbed of my pay, and for some weeks I wandered a houseless beggar through London streets. The chance kindness of a stranger rescued me from that state of wretchedness”—a peculiar expression flitted across the features of his auditor as he mentioned the fact of his rescue from beggary; not observing it, he continued,—“I then entered the

merchant-service, and speedily rose to the rank of mate. The misery I had undergone rendered me more careful. I saved money; studied my profession; and hoped in time to become a captain of a merchant-man. I embarked the whole of my savings in a trading speculation, which would more than have doubled them, when the ship containing my property was wrecked. I was picked up by a vessel bound to this port, and was landed here again a beggar; and after trying in vain to procure any better situation, I have been forced to work in the arsenal as a common labourer to save myself from starvation. But even there my ill-fortune and the cruelty and injustice of men followed me. Peculation to a great extent was discovered amongst the workmen; I was examined before Colonel Marinovich; in vain I protested my innocence. God knows I have committed sins enough; but thieving and lying were never among them. However, I was condemned to receive forty lashes. Yes, sir; I, an Englishman, innocent of the crime of which I was accused, was beaten like a slave by the orders of a tyrannical foreigner; and now, perhaps, you can tell what took me to the meeting to-night? It was the hope of revenge, and there were others there with the same deadly purpose. The man who proposed the assassination of Marinovich was innocent as myself, and like me had smarted beneath the tyrant's lash. You by revealing this plot threatened to cheat us of our just revenge, and for that reason I would have sacrificed your life. And now you know my history, what will you do with me?”

There was a moment's pause ere Lewis, fixing his eyes on him with a clear penetrating glance, said, slowly and impressively, “There are a few minor particulars which appear to have escaped your memory; I will try to supply the deficiency. You were born in the village of B—, in H—shire. Your early instructors in evil were the worthless characters who accompanied your father on his poaching expeditions. You left home because in a drunken mood your father struck you, and would not confess afterwards that he was sorry for so doing. You would have run away sooner, but for your affection for your sister Jane. The stranger who rescued you from beggary was a young man who met you by chance at the door of a house in — Street, Russell Square, you begged of him in Italian; the merchant-ship in which you served, to whose commander he gave you an introduction, was the ‘Beauty,’ of Southsea, Captain Singleton, and your own name is Miles Hardy. Am I not correct in these particulars?”

When Lewis began speaking, his companion's attention became riveted. As he proceeded, his surprise grew deeper and deeper; but when he mentioned his name, he sprang forward, and, regarding him with wildly gleaming eyes, exclaimed, “Tell me, what are you? man or devil? who thus know every secret of my life.”

“I am no devil,” returned Lewis, smiling, “but a mortal like yourself; you have seen me before; look well at me; do you not recognise me?”

Thus appealed to, the young man carefully scanned his features, and then, in a low, hesitating voice, rejoined, "You are, or I am much mistaken, the gentleman who rescued me from beggary."

"You are right," was the reply; "we are both much changed since that night, but I knew you at the moment you seized me by the throat."

"Thank God, I did not succeed in taking your life!" exclaimed Miles Hardy, passionately; "you are almost the only person who has ever shown me disinterested kindness; and how have I sought to repay it! Oh, sir; can you forgive me?"

"The simple fact that you did not recognise me exonerates you from the charge of ingratitude, my poor boy," returned Lewis, kindly; "but now sit down. Ere I can explain to you how I gained the knowledge which has so much surprised you, you have a long tale to listen to, and one which will cause you much sorrow. You turn pale; wait, I will get you a glass of wine."

"It is nothing," was the reply; "I have fasted long; it will pass away in a moment;" but as he spoke he sank heavily into a chair which stood beside him.

Lewis produced from a cupboard food and wine, and placing them before him, he induced him to partake of some refreshment, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the light return to his eye, and the colour to his cheek. Lewis then filled for himself a glass of wine, replenished that of his companion, and seating himself, hastened to relate to Miles Hardy the strange train of events by means of which he had become acquainted with so large a portion of the young man's history.

CHAPTER LIV.

WALTER SEES A GHOST!

THE feelings with which Miles Hardy listened to the account of his unhappy father's career, and the mingled grief and anger with which he heard how the heritage of his mother's shame had descended to his unfortunate sister, may easily be imagined. Lewis strove with an amount of patient kindness, for which those who only knew the fiery side of his character would scarcely have given him credit, to soothe the passionate emotions which his tale excited in an auditor so nearly concerned in the fortunes of those to whom it related. After long perseverance his efforts were in some degree crowned with success—Miles became more calm, and agreed with Lewis that his first duty was to seek for, and endeavour to reclaim, his sister. His share of the legacy would furnish him with funds sufficient to enable him to live without the necessity of daily labour, and until his right to the money should be established, Lewis insisted on becoming his banker. The next question was not so easily arranged—Lewis informed Miles that in regard to the events of the evening he had arrived at the following determination, viz. to call on Colonel Marinovich, make him acquainted with

the plot against his life, beg him to inform his superiors that such a conspiracy was on foot, and explain the manner in which he had become aware of its existence—but as far as Miles was concerned in the affair, he would promise to preserve a total silence, on one condition; namely, that he, Miles, should withdraw from the conspiracy and engage to keep the peace in regard to the commandant of the Arsenal. To this proposition the young man demurred.

"What," he said, "give up my just revenge!—submit to undeserved chastisement like a beaten hound, and leave it to less tame and slavish spirits to punish the tyrant for his cruelty!—allow them to meet the danger and divide the glory, while I stand by inactive! Never!"

"Believe me, Miles," returned Lewis, earnestly, "revenge, even just revenge, partakes of the nature of sin, and brings upon him who obtains it the curse of an upbraiding conscience. But yours is not a just revenge; you have suffered wrong, and the sense of this blinds your judgment. I know by report the character of this Marinovich; I know him to be a just and honourable man, though a stern disciplinarian—great abuses had existed at the Arsenal, and it was in order to reform them that the command was bestowed on him; in your individual case he has acted unjustly, but in all probability, appearances were strongly against you, and he had not sufficient personal acquaintance with you to know that amongst such inveterate liars as are the majority of the lower order of Venetians, your word might be relied on—his only fault is, therefore, that he committed an error in judgment, and would you on this account take a man's life? Besides, conniving at assassination is a cowardly proceeding, unworthy any Englishman, and especially a brave young fellow like yourself."

It was evident that Lewis's reasoning was not without its effect on him whom he addressed, for his brow contracted, his fingers closed and relaxed, his mouth quivered convulsively, and his whole demeanour was that of a person struggling against some powerful temptation. At length he exclaimed abruptly—

"I know not how it is, you sway me like a child. I had resolved not to rest till that man had died, but I never before saw the matter in the light in which you have now placed it. I believed that his death would be an act of justice, and considered, that in order to obtain it, we must take the law into our own hands—but I feel the truth of what you say, that assassination is cowardly; I felt it when Jacopo was dogging your footsteps, and but for the cause that was at stake, could have found in my heart to warn you."

"Then you will agree to my proposal?" inquired Lewis.

"Yes, I will agree to withdraw from the conspiracy, but it is at the risk of my life that I do so; if I am found in Venice after my desertion is known, I am a dead man. Moreover, I will promise you to abstain from secretly attempting Marinovich's life; but if I should ever meet him face to face, and hand

to hand, I will teach him to remember having flogged an Englishman."

Lewis felt that in his new character of Mentor he ought to combat this openly declared resolution, but he abstained from doing so, partly because he felt it would be useless, and partly because he sympathised so completely in the sentiment, that he could not muster sufficient hypocrisy to reprove it. Accordingly he remained satisfied with the concession he had gained, and furnishing Miles with all the information he possessed in regard to his sister, which was but vague and unsatisfactory, (a rumour that she had passed some time in Rome, on her first arrival in that country, being the only trace he had yet been able to discover of her proceedings.) Lewis gave him an introduction to an agent whom he had employed to gain further tidings, and forcing a sum of money upon him more than sufficient to defray his expenses, hastened his departure, ere the brilliant rays of an Italian sun had spread the lustre of the coming day throughout the picturesque old streets and palace-crowned squares of Venice.

On the following morning, Lewis fulfilled his intention of calling on Colonel Marinovich, who heard his recital in silence, and when he had concluded, thanked him for his information, said he was aware great disaffection existed amongst the men employed at the Arsenal, and that energetic measures must be taken to prevent its spreading further. Promised to report the discovery of the secret meeting to the governor, took down Lewis's address, and politely bowed him out.

Having despatched a note to Charles Leicester, telling him he wished to see him, Lewis debated with himself how much of the previous night's adventure he should reveal to him, and at length decided that it would be more prudent to avoid mentioning his encounter with, and recognition of Miles Hardy, as although he had refused to reveal to him the name of the seducer of his sister, yet any reference to an affair in which Lord Bellefield had so singularly misconducted himself must necessarily be painful to Leicester. Moreover, although in his dealings with Miles Hardy, Lewis had acted justly according to the best of his judgment, he was by no means clear that the law might take the same view of the matter. Charley listened to his friend's account—yawned—wondered why he had such a strange predilection for putting his life in danger, prophesying that he would do it once too often and be sorry for it afterwards—expected there would be a shindy in Venice before long—wished Laura and the brat were safe in England, and that the other people were not coming—voted it all an awful bore—asked Lewis whether he liked foreign tailoring, into the merits and demerits whereof he entered at some length—yawned again, and patting him affectionately on the back, told him to take better care of himself for the future, and lounged carelessly out of the studio.

A week passed away. The Grant party had arrived;

Annie, although she made a great effort to appear in her former spirits, was evidently labouring under some ailment, mental or bodily, or both combined, which was wearing away her youth, and changing her whole character. Laura, who watched her closely, observed that she was unusually silent and abstracted, falling into long reveries, from which she would awake with a start, and glancing round with a half-frightened air, would immediately begin talking in an unnaturally excited manner, as if to do away with any suspicion to which her silence might have given rise. Her temper also, which had been remarkable for its sweetness, had now become uncertain, and she occasionally answered even the General with a wayward captiousness, which surprised Laura only one degree less than the preternatural meekness, with which that gallant officer submitted to her caprices and indulged her every whim; but the fact was, General Grant had sufficient acuteness to perceive, that for some cause, utterly beyond the scope of his philosophy to account for, his daughter was not the quiet, gentle, *will-less* creature she had been, and that if he required her to yield to him in great matters, he must allow her to rule in small. Moreover, he had lately become seriously alarmed about her health; a London physician, whom he had consulted on the subject, having plainly told him, unless great caution was observed she would go into a decline, and warned him that the seat of the disease appeared to be in the mind, and that anything like harshness or opposition should be avoided. Walter, too, was much changed during the two years which had elapsed. In appearance, he was now a young man, tall, and slightly, but gracefully formed, with well-cut regular features, though a want of intellectual expression marred what might otherwise have been considered a handsome countenance. But, considerable as was the alteration in his personal appearance, the change in his mental capacity was equally perceivable; his powers of mind had developed to a greater degree than had been anticipated, but alas! deprived of Lewis's firm, yet gentle rule, the improvement in his disposition had by no means kept pace with the extension of his faculties. For some weeks after Lewis had quitted Broadhurst, poor Walter could not be persuaded but that he would come back again, nor was it till the arrival of a tutor, recommended by Lord Bellefield, that he fully realized the fact of his friend having left him never to return. The first effect this conviction produced upon him, was a fit of deep dejection; he refused all attempts at consolation, could scarcely be persuaded to take nourishment, and sat hour after hour playing listlessly with the wavy curls of Faust's shaggy coat. At length, in order to rouse him, General Grant desired the dog to be taken away from him; the remedy proved only too effectual. The new tutor, a certain Mr. Spooner, who appeared as if he had been selected because he was in every respect the exact reverse of Lewis, was the person to whom the General entrusted this commission.

Absorbed in his own sad thoughts, Walter allowed

him to coax the dog from his side by the attraction of a plate of meat, but when he laid his hand on the animal to buckle a collar and chain round his neck, he started up, exclaiming,—

"What are you going to do with Faust? he is never tied up; let him alone." Finding that his remonstrance was not attended to, he continued, "Faust! Faust! come here, sir, directly."

The dog struggled to obey, but Mr. Spooner, having fastened the chain round his neck, endeavoured to force him out of the room, and in doing so, stepped accidentally on Faust's toes, who uttered a shrill yelp of pain. Walter's eyes flashed—

"You are hurting him," he cried; "how dare you!" and without waiting for a reply, he darted across the room, seized the astonished Mr. Spooner, who, unfortunately, happened to be a small, slightly-framed man, by the throat, and shook him till his teeth chattered; then suddenly releasing him, he snatched the chain from his grasp, and leading the dog away, muttered in a threatening tone,

"Never you touch Faust again; if you do, I'll strangle you."

The results of this scene were twofold: Walter had rebelled and gained his point, and the person whom he had thus conquered had lost all chance of obtaining that degree of ascendancy over him, without which his control must become merely nominal. This produced, as might be expected, the worst possible effect upon poor Walter's disposition. He became wilful in the extreme, and his tutor, partly to save himself trouble, partly to avoid any outbreak of temper, gave way to him, on every occasion; unless, indeed, he had any particular personal interest at stake, when he sought to gain his point by cajolery and manoeuvring, and being rather an adept in those ingenious arts, was usually successful.

One new and inconvenient caprice of Walter's was, a dislike which he appeared suddenly to have taken to Annie Grant, and which displayed itself in various ways: sometimes he would avoid all intercourse with her, even sulkily refusing to answer her when she spoke to him; at others he would seek her out and endeavour to annoy her by saying what he deemed sharp things to her. Occasionally, however, he would fall into his old habits, and confide in her as his playmate, from whom he was sure of sympathy and assistance; when suddenly, perhaps, even in the midst of some conversation with her, he would appear to recollect his new-born animosity, and his manner would entirely alter. One thing invariably excited his extreme indignation, and this was any attempt on her part to caress or notice Faust. The pain this altered demeanour caused Annie (perhaps in consequence of some theory which she had formed as to its origin), was known but to her own heart, and could be guessed at merely by her unwearying efforts to conciliate poor Walter. Laura, upon whose quick-sightedness nothing was lost, carefully noted these changes, and made her own private comments upon them. In pursuance of her design of befriending Lewis, she made

several attempts to penetrate the veil of reserve which hung around Annie Grant; but in vain: with her lightness of heart seemed also to have departed her openness of disposition, and Laura had too much good taste, as well as too much sympathy with her grief, to endeavour to force her confidence. At length one day, as Laura and Annie were sitting together, Laura working zealously at some article of juvenile finery, destined unconsciously to foster the seeds of incipient dandyism already apparent in that embryo man-about-town "Tarley," and Annie listlessly turning over the pages of a novel, from which her thoughts were far away, the elder lady suddenly broke silence, by observing,

"Tarley will be two years old to-morrow; how the time slips away, it really seems impossible!"

Annie's only reply was a deep sigh, and Laura continued—

"Why, Annie, you'll be of age in a month—four short weeks more, and you will actually have arrived at years of discretion. How wise you ought to be!"

Finding Annie still remained silent, Laura only waited till she had passed some interesting crisis in her stitching, and then looked up. To her alarm and surprise, she beheld the "big tears" silently coursing each other down her friend's pale cheeks: in an instant she was by her side,—

"Annie, dearest," she said, "you are weeping; what is it? Have I said or done anything to pain you?"

Annie slightly shook her head, in token of dissent; and made an effort to check her tears, which proving ineffectual, eventuated in a bitter sob. Laura could not stand the sight of her grief; throwing her arms round her, she said,—

"Annie, you are miserable; I see, I know you are; and your unhappiness is wearing you to death. Why will you not confide in me? Perhaps I might help you. What is it, darling? will you not tell me?"

She paused for a reply, but obtaining none, continued, "This marriage with Lord Bellefield, it is distasteful to you, I am afraid?"

A shudder, which passed through poor Annie's frame, as Laura mentioned the name of her intended husband, proved that on this point her suspicions had not erred. Fancying she now saw her way more clearly,—

"Dearest," she resumed, "do not afflict yourself thus; you must not, shall not marry him. I will speak to the General myself. Charles shall write to his brother; you shall not be sacrificed."

"Hush! hush!" interrupted Annie, struggling to recover composure; "you do not know what you say. I *must* marry him; there is no alternative."

"Do not say so, Annie," returned Laura, gravely; "marriage is a sacred thing, not lightly to be entered into; and in marriage one requisite alone is indispensable—love! Tastes may differ, faults of temper or disposition may exist; yet if man and wife truly love each other, they will be very happy; but to marry

without love is grievous sin, and it entails its own punishment—wretchedness.”

Laura spoke solemnly, and with feeling; and Annie, as she listened, trembled and turned pale. When she had concluded, however, Annie merely shook her head, repeating hopelessly—

“It *must* be—it *must* be!”

“And pray, why must it be?” asked Laura, quickly; for she was becoming slightly provoked at that which she deemed Annie’s childish weakness; the only fault, perhaps, with which her clear head, warm heart, and earnest zealous nature, unfitted her to sympathise—

“Why, if the thing is wrong in itself, and is to render you miserable, *must* it be? At all events, let us make some efforts to prevent it; suffer Charles and me—”

“Dearest Laura,” interrupted Annie, mournfully, “I assure you nothing can be done; any attempt to break off the match now would be unavailing, and end in making me still more wretched than I am at present.”

Annoyed alike at her perseverance in that which Laura could not but consider a culpable want of moral courage, and at the way in which she still withheld her confidence, while at the same time the idea occurred to her, though she was vexed with herself for admitting it, that one so feeble-minded was no fitting bride for the high-souled brave-hearted Lewis, the spirited little matron was about to utter a somewhat sharp reply, when, glancing at Annie’s pale beautifully-formed features, the expression of deep anguish she read there disarmed her, and merely saying, “We take different views of this matter, Annie, dear, and must talk of it again when we are both more composed,” she rose and left the apartment.

Annie waited until the sound of the closing door assured her that she was alone, and then murmuring, “She too is angry with me, and despises me—nobody loves me; oh, that I were dead!” she hid her face in the sofa cushion, and gave way to a passionate burst of grief.

Now, there is one of our dramatic personæ for whom we have reason to believe many of our readers entertain a warm regard, a regard in which we confess ourselves fully to participate, of whom we have lately heard but little—of course, we refer to that most “meritorious individual,” that dog of dogs, dear, honest old Faust. Since Lewis had quitted Broadhurst, Faust’s character, like those of his betters, (if mortals *are* better than dogs,) had in a degree altered. The blind unhesitating obedience he had been accustomed to pay to his master’s slightest signal, he accorded to no other person; if Walter called him, he would come, it is true, but he would do so in the calm, leisurely, dignified manner in which one gentleman would comply with the request of another; towards the General he conducted himself with a degree of respectful hauteur, which seemed to say, “We are not friends, there is no sympathy between us, but as long as I continue to reside in a family of which you are the head, I owe it to myself to render you the amount of courtesy due to your position.” For Mr.

Spooner, the usurper, who had dared to succeed his beloved master, he showed a most unmitigated contempt, utterly ignoring all his commands, and resenting any attempt on his part to enforce his authority by the utterance of a low deep growl, accompanied by a formidable display of sharp white teeth. Towards Annie alone did he evince any great affection, which he showed chiefly by attending her in her walks, and taking up his position under the sofa, or close to the chair on which she was sitting—demonstrations of attachment which, as we have already hinted, were, for some unexplained reason, a source of considerable annoyance to Walter. During the conversation between Laura and Annie, Faust had been lying unnoticed under the sofa, and now finding his young mistress alone, and for some cause or other unhappy, (he knew *that* quite well,) it occurred to him that the correct thing would be to come out and comfort her, which he attempted to do by laying his great rough head in her lap, wagging his tail encouragingly, and licking her hand. In her loneliness of heart, even the poor dog’s sympathy (endeared as he was to her by a thousand cherished recollections) was a relief to Annie, and stooping down she imprinted a kiss on his shaggy head, whispering as she did so, “Good Faust,—you have never forsaken me!” At this moment the door opened, and Walter entered hastily. As his eye fell upon Annie and the dog, his cheeks flushed, and he exclaimed lustily,—

“Annie, I wish you’d let Faust alone; how often have I told you that I won’t have him meddled with!”

With a start at this sudden interruption, Annie hastily raised herself, and pushing the dog gently from her, said,—

“Dear Walter, do not be angry; Faust came and licked my hand, you would not have me unkind to him?”

“Oh! it’s Faust’s fault, is it?” returned Walter crossly. “Faust, come here! Take him to our room, Mr. Spooner, and keep him there till I come; he shall not stay in the drawing-room if he is naughty. Faust, do you hear me, sir?”

“He will never follow me, Sir Walter; it’s no use calling him,” remonstrated Mr. Spooner.

“He will do as I tell him, and so will you too,” returned Walter, imperiously, and twisting his handkerchief, he tied it round the dog’s neck, led him to the door, gave the end of the leash thus formed to Mr. Spooner, and then fairly turned the pair of them out of the room; having accomplished this feat, he strolled listlessly to the fireplace, and amused himself by pulling about the ornaments on the chimney-piece for some minutes. At length a new idea seemed to strike him, and turning to his companion he said,

“Do you know why I was so angry with Faust just now?”

“Because I was petting him, I suppose, as you don’t seem to like me to do so,” returned Annie.

“Ah! that was not all, though,” rejoined Walter; “I wanted him particularly to have been with me when I was out walking to-day, very particularly.”

"Yes, and why was that?" inquired Annie, who always encouraged him to talk to her, in the hope of overcoming the dislike which he had taken to her, and which, for many reasons, pained her inexpressibly. Walter remained for a minute or two silent, and then coming close to her, he asked in a low whisper,

"Annie, do you believe in ghosts?"

"My dear Walter, what an odd question," returned Annie, in surprise; "why do you ask it?"

Walter glanced carefully round the room, to assure himself that they were alone, ere he replied, in the same low awe-stricken whisper, "Because, if there are such things, I think I've seen one."

"Silly boy," rejoined Annie, anxious to re-assure him, for she saw that he was really frightened; "you have fancied it—What was your ghost like, pray?"

"Promise you won't tell anybody."

Annie, half amused, half puzzled by the boy's earnestness, gave the required pledge; as soon as she had done so, Walter, stooping down so as to bring his mouth on a level with her ear, replied,—

"It was the ghost of Mr. Arundel!"

Overcome by so unexpected a reply, Annie was a moment or so before she could find words to inquire, "My dear Walter, what could make you imagine such a thing? Perhaps you were asleep, and dreamed it—when was it?"

"No, I was not asleep; and it was not fancy," returned Walter, gravely; "I was out walking this morning early with Mr. Spooner, and we lost our way, and after trying for some time to find it, Mr. Spooner hired a boat, and told the boatman to set us down near—near—well I forget, but he meant near here. When we got out, we had to go through some narrow passages between the different streets, and in one of them, which was very dark because of the high houses, we met a figure of a man, very tall and wrapped in a long black cloak; it drew back to let us pass, and just as I got close to it, it turned its head, and I saw the face; it was stern and dark, and wore a black beard, but the beautiful eyes were the same, and when I saw them I knew it was Mr. Arundel, or," he added, sinking his voice, "his ghost!"

As his companion remained silent, he continued, "When I saw who it was, I stopped and was just going to speak, but at that moment he stared hard at me, gave a violent start, and before I could do anything to prevent it, vanished through a dark archway."

"Oh! you must have mistaken some one for him," returned Annie, struggling for composure—"Mr. Arundel is probably in England, and ghosts are out of the question; besides, if there are such things, which I much doubt, they only appear after people are dead."

Walter considered for a minute, and then met the difficulty by consolatorily suggesting, "Perhaps dear Mr. Arundel is dead—perhaps he grew so unhappy that he could not live without ever seeing Faust and me, and—Ah! Annie, how could you be so cruel as to send him away?"

"I send him away, Walter! what can have put

such a strange notion into your head?" exclaimed Annie, astonished at the accusation.

"Yes, you did," returned Walter vehemently—"he went away because he loved you and you would not love him—it was very cruel of you, and I hate you for it whenever I remember how unkind you have been,"—and overcome by his feelings, the poor boy burst into tears.

A thousand confused thoughts flashed like lightning through Annie's brain. What could he mean?—was she listening to the mere folly of idiocy, or had he indeed any possible foundation for his assertion? Anxious to soothe him, she laid her hand caressingly upon his, while, replying rather to her own heart than to his last observation, she said—

"No, my poor Walter, he whom you so much regret never loved me."

"Ah, but he did, though," returned Walter, positively, drying his tears—"I know it." He spoke so decidedly, that Annie, despite her reason, could not but feel curious to hear more, and turning away her head to hide her agitation, she asked in a low voice—

"How do you know?"

"If I tell you, you must never tell the General or anybody," returned Walter—"people think I'm a fool, and I know I am not clever and can't learn like other boys, and sometimes I feel a weight just here," and he pressed his hand to his forehead, "and then all my sense goes out—I wonder where it goes to—Annie, do you think it finds wings and flies up to heaven among the white angels? I think so sometimes, and then I long to be a bird and fly with it." Too much interested to allow him to fall into a new train of thought, Annie recalled his wandering ideas by saying—

"You were talking about Mr. Arundel, Walter dear."

"Oh yes, and about you, I remember," resumed Walter. "I knew, at least I thought, he was very fond of you a long time ago, but I was not quite sure of it till one day when I dressed Faust up like a gentleman, with Mr. Arundel's watch, and you took it off the dog's neck, and then you threw your arms round him and kissed him as you did just now—that was what made me angry when I remembered about the first time—well, while you were hugging Faust, Mr. Arundel came to the door and saw you, though you did not see him, and his eyes danced and sparkled, and his mouth melted into such a sweet smile; he was so glad to see how fond you were of Faust, and then I knew he loved you, for if he had not, he would not have cared about it, you know. Then he went away, and left me Faust, and I thought because he had left Faust he was sure to come back, but I know now that he left him to comfort me, and went away himself all alone. Then that horrid Mr. Spooner came; he's a great friend of Lord Bellefield's, and one day they were talking together, and they fancied I did not attend to them, but I did though, for I knew they were talking about Mr. Arundel. Well, Mr. Spooner asked why he went away, and Lord

Bellefield replied, 'Why, if the truth must be told, he had the audacity (what does that mean?) to raise his eyes to my cousin Annie.' Mr. Spooner questioned him further, and he informed him that Mr. Arundel had gone boldly to the General, and said he loved you."

"Told my father so!" exclaimed Annie.

"Yes, so he said," resumed Walter; "and the General told him you loved Lord Bellefield instead, and meant to be his wife; and then poor Mr. Arundel said he would go away, and so he did, but of course if you had loved him he would have stayed, and we should all have been so happy together. So you see, Annie, it *was* you that sent him away, and since I've known that, I've hated you, and tried to keep Faust from loving you, only he will, and I can't hate you quite always;—but I never meant to tell you all this, and you must never tell Lord Bellefield, or he would be ready to kill me."

He paused, then, regarding her with a sad regretful look, he said, "But, Annie, is it really true that you don't love dear Mr. Arundel?"

Poor Annie! affected and excited as she had been by the foregoing scene, this last speech was too much for her, and throwing her arms about the boy's neck, and hiding her burning cheek against his breast, she whispered, "Dearest Walter, do not hate me! *you have no cause to do so!*"

(*To be continued.*)

THE BARONESS VON BECK.

"Who is the Baroness Von Beck?" inquires some simple-minded English lady or gentleman, not accustomed to travel in foreign parts, and having but vague and misty notions concerning "all people, nations, and languages," not British. It would be difficult to explain, all at once, who and what this famous Baroness is; and yet we think it very much worth our while to make an effort in that direction. Therefore, after an attentive reading of her book, we take pen in hand and proceed to tell the public what it is all about, and a bit of our mind on the matter, into the bargain.

The Baroness Von Beck is a noble Magyar lady. Her husband was killed on a barricade in Vienna, on the 28th of October, 1848, fighting on the popular side. Since that day, his widow has devoted herself, body and soul, to the cause of Hungarian independence; not with the ordinary, passive, indirect, and ornamental flag-working patriotism of her sex, nor with that more active kind of patriotism, which animated so many brave and generous women in the late European revolutions; and which has ever animated such women, in all national wars, since the Carthaginian ladies cut off their hair to make bow-strings, and gave their gold and silver ornaments to be made into weapons for use against the Romans. No, the Baroness Von Beck's patriotism has something in it

different from these, though inclusive of them; for she, too, presents colours to regiments, gives banquets and encouraging words to soldiers, tends the wounded, and gives her property to the government which she believes to be the only true and lawful one. Her patriotism exhibits itself in energetic deeds, such as would do honour to the courage, military knowledge, and undaunted resolution, of many a captain known to fame. Her state of mind is simply this. Now that her husband is dead, (having no children,) she has no personal tie to this life. She is ready to die at any moment; for her own sake, she cares not how soon. But there is one idea, for which she will sacrifice everything yet remaining to her; an idea which she firmly believes to be realizable, and which she can help to realize. Thus, having a distinct object in view, a grand and exciting object, (the national independence of her country,) and being freed utterly from that ignoble fear, the fear of death, it becomes easy to understand how she should desire to make herself essentially useful to the generals and political leaders in the Hungarian cause. The *desire*, it is easy to conceive; thousands of women, in a similar position, would have a similar desire; but not one in twenty thousand would have the ability to gratify it. Madame Von Beck has that ability. To the tact, acuteness, ready wit, and general cleverness of a clever woman, she joins the fearlessness, the persistency, and presence of mind of a clever man. Add to this an experience among soldiers and politicians, and a familiarity with the engines and the arts of war; and it ceases to be wonderful, that a woman, a high-born lady, should be mixed up with the details of a bloody war; passing from camp to camp—mixing in military councils—the confidante and adviser of Kossuth—the messenger from one general to another, across districts held by the enemy; it ceases to be wonderful, because you see that she is admirably calculated for the work, and that it has a strong charm for her. The active spirit within her could not rest quietly, while all that she held dear was being fought for by others. This masculine daring is accompanied by passionate, womanly enthusiasm. Had circumstances conspired to favour the external resemblance, all the world would recognise in this Magyar lady another Joan of Arc. Never was any feeling more thorough, more entire, than her love for Hungary, and her desire for the restoration of its ancient rights. It is a strong passion, which no amount of suffering in the cause will ever enfeeble. Her perfect faith in, and love for Kossuth, is only equalled by her scornful anger at Görgey, and her bitter hatred of the Austrian government and its generals.

This book of hers is remarkable in several ways. First, it does not read like a translation, (though occasionally we meet with foreign idioms,) but if it be written by the Baroness herself in English, it is deserving of high praise as a literary production, and we are puzzled to understand how a Magyar lady, who had never been to England till she was driven here the other day as an exile, should have learned

(1) Personal Adventures during the Late War of Independence in Hungary. By the Baroness Von Beck. 2 vols. post 8vo. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

to write English more correctly than many English authors. Secondly, though an extremely interesting book has been produced, there is clear evidence throughout, that "she had no such stuff in her thoughts" as literary notoriety. What she states, briefly, in her preface, as the reason for writing it, cannot be doubted by any one who reads the book.

"Although a woman," she says, "I have taken the most ardent interest in the contest, having enjoyed the confidence of the noble and heroic men who took the lead in that national movement. I have stood by their side in moments the most exciting—have heard their deliberations—have witnessed their actions; and now that the struggle has been terminated by treason, I feel it to be a sacred duty to impart to the public my own personal knowledge, both of the men, and of the object which they strove to accomplish." "Neither female vanity, nor a desire for notoriety, has induced me to become an author; it was to satisfy a heartfelt impulse, which warns me not to neglect the discharge of a solemn obligation." Thirdly, the personal adventures related in this book, are some of the most extraordinary that ever befall a woman; and they strike the reader the more that they do not happen by chance, but seem to be the result of her own strong, masterly will. She is not controlled by circumstances, but seems to rule her own fate, failing in nothing she undertakes, till Görgey's surrender; which, according to her view of matters, was a shameful act of treason, caused by a mortified, selfish ambition, and envy and hatred of Kossuth. Making due allowance for the strong, passionate feeling, which animates her when she describes actions, sketches characters, and attributes motives, a very good—in fact, a very truthful idea—of the Hungarian war may be got from this book. It is better worth reading than fifty *impartial* accounts by people who could not possibly have seen and known half as much as the Baroness Von Beck. Taken merely as autobiography, the volumes are very interesting. Here is the true account of the strange, romantic adventures of a woman of the present day, as strange and full of marvels as the lovers of marvels will find,

"Lone, sitting by the shores of old romance."

In their own time did these things occur. If ladies and gentlemen in England care to learn how their fellow-creatures in Hungary were spending their time in 1849—if they would like something startlingly new and exciting, and yet, full of the common newspaper talk—let them get this book.

We will now give a few extracts. The following will convey some notion to the reader of the *sort* of work the Baroness Von Beck was employed in by Kossuth and the Generals. Kossuth tells her, that he has an important and dangerous mission in which he can employ no one but herself:—

"I told him I was ready *by life and by death*. He then told me it was essential I should visit Görgey's camp, which was still at Tokay, though it was afterwards removed to Miskolcz; not for the purpose of commu-

nicating with Görgey, from whom the President had just returned, and who was expected on a visit to him in a few days. I was to remain at Tokay till the Hungarians had removed from thence, and the place had been taken possession of by the Austrians, who were already on their march. When they arrived, I was to ascertain their strength and disposition, with all particulars the knowledge of which would be likely to be advantageous to our cause; from thence I was to proceed to Pesth, and observe the proceedings of the enemy, and communicate from thence all the information I had acquired to Kossuth. 'In what manner you will be able to accomplish all this,' said he, 'I must leave altogether to your own resources; I know they will not fail you. Comfort our true-hearted brethren in Pesth. Tell them to bear their present difficulties with patience, and to look forward with assured confidence to better times, for the God of Hungary still lives and will not forsake his faithful people. From Pesth,' he continued, 'you must proceed to Vienna, and bear a letter to the ——— Ambassador, with whom you are already acquainted. I am convinced that your presence there will greatly animate and encourage all our colleagues. Tell the gallant Viennese not to despair of the firmness and bravery of the Hungarians. We will! yes, we will! make them yet share in that glorious freedom for which we are fighting. From Vienna you must go to Prague. There you will find a few members of the Austrian Diet, who are native Bohemians. Ascertain from them the disposition of the Bohemian people as regards Hungary, and the nature of the estimate they form of our proceedings. From thence you must visit successively, Dresden, Leipsig, and Breslau. I will give you letters relating to the purchase of arms and their transmission to us, which I entreat you to deliver carefully. It will be necessary also that you take 140,000 florins to pay for them, which will be a heavy and serious charge for you. The last subject upon which I wished to speak with you, refers to a matter recently brought under my notice by yourself. You have informed me, and I feel with truth, that we have been paying extravagant prices for many articles of clothing for the army, such as linen, cloth, ticken, and other materials. The army must have lighter clothing for the approaching summer, and I wish much to put your economical hints in practice, so that we may obtain the various articles at a more reasonable charge. You will, therefore, have the goodness to visit the manufacturers of such fabrics in Moravia on your return, and contract with them as you see most advantageous for the necessary supplies. The manufacturers must engage to deliver the various articles upon the Hungarian frontiers, where they shall be duly paid for in ready cash. I know not how the prices of such things range, but you will receive all such information from the Minister of the Commissariat. You have now my commission. I have named everything which is of the most pressing importance; but the whole shall be clearly drawn up in writing. It is a fearful undertaking; of that I am distinctly conscious; but our country requires the service, and if you cannot accomplish it, it is vain to ask any one else.'

"I thanked him sincerely for the distinguished confidence he had again placed in me, and promised faithfully to accomplish everything as he had directed. Indeed his slightest wishes were sacred to me, for I have never known him form a desire or a hope for himself alone; all was for the fatherland. I regarded him with a species of superstition, as I would look upon its guardian genius. At his command, I could at any time have joyfully laid down my life for the promotion of our great cause."

Her reverence for Kossuth is very strongly expressed throughout; and her opinions about the other leaders are clearly set down, except in the case of Klapka.

She speaks coolly of him, without strong blame or praise; thinks he ought not to have surrendered Komorn; and that if he did surrender it, that he should have made better terms. She was with him at Komorn; and, indeed, seems always to have been in every place, where anything of importance to the Hungarian cause was going on. Of course she does not speak with much gentleness of the Austrian generals. She is delighted when she tricks them, as she often does, and in the most daring manner. Her disguises and various *ruses de guerre*, are not a whit less amusing for being very dangerous. She tells the following anecdote of Jellachich, the celebrated Ban of Croatia, with manifest pleasure and contempt:—

“When he entered Pesth, he heard that the young Countess Karolyi possessed a palace there in which she was then residing. The fame of her beauty and amiability had been long known to him; and he thought this a favourable opportunity of recommending himself to her notice. He therefore quartered himself at her residence, and strove with all his power to make himself agreeable to her, without success.

“He had the most profound faith in his personal charms, and believed that such an Adonis as he must prove irresistible. He could not understand, therefore, why the young countess did not surrender at discretion; but he was utterly confounded when, wishing to have an interview with her one morning, he received a message that the countess was not at home to him. He went at once to the Tiger Hotel, bursting with mortification; and to revenge himself, sent for his ‘bill,’ that he might pay the beautiful Karolyi for his board and lodging. She saw his meaning, and instead of taking offence sent him actually an account, in which every thing he had had at her palace was charged for at a monstrous price. So far the exchange was, perhaps, only fair; but the Croat could not digest the indignity put upon his self-esteem, and all his love for Karolyi turned into a desire for vengeance, which he gratified by filling her palace with common soldiers. Thus ended the renowned Ban’s first love-adventure in Pesth, to the inextinguishable mirth of the worthy citizens.”

It is difficult to select passages from these pages that would give, in a short space, a fair idea of the real eloquence of the work. Out of the fulness of the heart her mouth hath spoken. Indignation sometimes makes verses, and good verses too; indignation has made an eloquent prose-writer in these pages. A noble indignation it is; there is nothing selfish in it. Never were the horrors of war more vividly depicted! She who holds war to be right in such a cause as that in which she is engaged, denounces it solemnly in any other cause. The truthful pictures she draws of the battles she has witnessed,—the awful misery of towns delivered up by Austrian generals to be pillaged for *six hours* by a brutal soldiery,—the havoc and ruin wrought in besieged and bombarded cities,—are all enough to make the reader’s blood boil or freeze as he reads. The following is one of the least horrible of these scenes from her every-day life. Buda had been taken at last, after a brave defence by Henzi, the Austrian general, whose fidelity to his treacherous government, and whose noble character, she records, as well as his dying words to herself, when she went to visit him, “*I was betrayed!*”. He had been commanded to

defend Buda till succours came, which were never to be sent.

“At seven o’clock, all was still; Buda had fallen. Couriers were issuing from the town to bear the intelligence in every direction. I was anxious to see the state of the fortress after so desperate a siege, and ordered my carriage to be driven thither. I entered at the Vienna Gate, where the battle had raged with exceeding fierceness. The scaling ladders by which our troops had mounted the walls and entered the fortress, were still in the positions in which they had been placed. Behind the gate the street had been barricaded, and the effect of this fresh obstacle was plainly visible in the heaps of Hungarian dead which lay before it. My carriage could not pass on account of the barricade. I, therefore sent it back, and determined to proceed on foot.

“I ascended the walls, but they had been so damaged that it was dangerous to walk on them. I persevered, however, till I got into a position in which I could neither go forward nor retire without danger; from this awkward predicament I was rescued by Colonel Reueti. It is impossible to form an adequate idea of the ruin and destruction which lay around on every side. It was horrible, thrice horrible! The smell which arose from the blood and the dead bodies that choked the streets, was the most fearful and unnatural sensation I have ever experienced. The Austrians had not had time to bury those that had fallen during the latter part of the siege, and the bodies lay about in every stage of decomposition, and were preyed upon by dogs and vermin. The Croats had crawled into the cellars, where numbers of decaying bodies had been hastily thrown, and, upon being discovered, I am sorry to narrate, were slaughtered without mercy. The hatred of the Hungarian soldiers against the Croatian troops was intense, and well had they merited it by the wanton cruelties and abominations of which they were guilty towards our people.

“Their officers were sent under an escort to a place of safety to save them from the fury of the populace, whom they had shamefully mishandled and dishonoured during their possession of the fortress; but the private soldiers fared, I fear, very dreadfully, for the crowd were infuriated beyond measure. They rushed up and down, armed with paving-stones and clubs, to wreak their long pent-up vengeance upon those heartless robbers and cold-blooded murderers. But the sight of so much unmitigated evil and terror was too much; I began to sicken at it, and departed to my lodgings with a feeling as if I myself had arisen from the dead, and carried with me still the odour and impression of mortality.”

All the adventures in the book are not so grave and heartrending as the above. Comedy mingles occasionally for a moment with the fiery epic, and softens its terror. Görgey’s surrender to the Russians, and his previous falling away from her party—that is, the Hungarian party, headed by Kossuth,—is told with every appearance of its being truth;—truth in that sense which means that which the speaker *troueth*. It will be easy for the reader to conceive her rage and disappointment, and her subsequent anguish, after reading the following account of the surrender of Görgey’s army at Villagos; she and the troops, all, or nearly all, *believing* firmly that if Görgey had allowed them, they could yet have retrieved the ill-fortune of the war. Nearly all the ill-fortune she attributes to Görgey’s treachery; but, by her own showing, the government, of which Kossuth was the actual head, caused a great deal of it by the nomination of inefficient commanders-in-chief in place of Görgey.

It was unsafe to irritate a vain and ambitious man. Madame Von Beck must have been a sharp thorn in Görgey's side during the few weeks preceding the accompanying scene. He had ordered her to quit his camp; but she seems to have been indifferent to the mandate, staying just as long as she chose, and going about in it as she chose. She treated him with contempt as a traitor; which was a daring thing to do before his overt act.

"At length, the 13th of August, the dark day of Hungary, arrived. The drums were beaten, and the troops got under arms. I hastened to see the last of my brave countrymen, who had so often scattered before them the very men to whom they were now about to yield. Görgey rode at the head of the column; his brow was still bound up, as he had not quite recovered from the wound he had received at Komorn. His staff rode with him, accompanied by a large number of Russian officers. I drove out too; I was determined to see the tragedy to an end, though my heart should break the moment after. The sky was cloudless and the sun shone brilliantly. I found our troops already drawn up before the encampment, between Villagos and Szölös. Near the latter place was a stream crossed by a bridge, on the other side of which the Russians were drawn up in order of battle. Our troops marched in companies to the bridge and laid down their arms, which were immediately taken possession of, and carried across the bridge by the Russians. It was a most piteous and affecting sight; our soldiers wept like children. The huzzar kissed his musket, pressed it to his heart, and laid it down like the rest. The huzzar dismounted from his horse, the beloved companion of his marches and his battles; the faithful friend that had never failed him in time of need, with whom he had shared his last crust, and his straw bed, in the wild bivouac. He knew not how to part with him; he embraced him and kissed his lips, he sobbed upon his neck, and wetted it with his tears; he repeated all the endearing names which he had given his charger, whilst the spirited and sagacious animal looked round as if trying to comprehend his master's agitation, and whined in response to his caresses. This was a scene painfully touching, and can be understood by those only who know the marvellous attachment that springs up between the huzzar, and his horse: to deprive him of his horse, was to take away from the huzzar a portion of his own existence. When he gave up the animal to the Russians, and returned to his ranks, he was a broken-down and disconsolate man.

"The artillery was next delivered up; the gunners speaking to the different pieces and bidding them farewell, as if they had been living creatures. Görgey stood by the bridge, surrounded with Russian officers. No tear fell from his eyes—no emotion was visible upon his countenance. He looked as cold and motionless as marble, betraying by no word or movement any sympathy with the manifest pain of the gallant warriors who had fought beneath his orders on so many battle-fields, and who were ever so fearless and devoted.

"A low murmur of rage and vengeance against him rose from the Hungarian ranks, which he pretended for a time not to hear; but by-and-by it became too evident to remain unnoticed, and he rode away with the Russians into their encampment. Those who up to the last moment had believed him true, now condemned him for a traitor. By two o'clock in the afternoon, ten thousand men had laid down their arms.

"The consequences are known to the world. Why repeat the often told tale of horror? the torrents of blood that were shed? the frightful violation of all the laws of heaven and earth? the bloody and dishonoured graves, and the long catalogue of crimes, which have

made Austria and Haynau words of reproach among all the nations of the earth."

Her subsequent adventures in Hungary and Austria are full of mournful interest. She makes her way to London—where she writes this book; and whence she hopes to make a journey to rejoin Kossuth. She closes her eloquent work with the following words; they come direct from the heart, and speak to it:—

"And the true children of my country, where are they? What nameless suffering do they endure because they were faithful to the last? Some have carried their sorrows to the primeval forests of America; there, at least, they will be free. Some, and amongst them him whose lofty soul, adorned with more than human excellence, should have called forth the reverence of all who admire genius adorned by goodness, receive from the hospitality of the Mussulman that refuge which Christian Europe denied, lest it should thwart the murderous instinct of a power claiming the name of the Redeemer. Some have gone to lay down their lives in the struggle against Scandinavian lust of power; others wander throughout the cities of continental Europe in misery and sorrow, or stalk through the streets of mighty London, wondering all day at its wealth, its power and liberty, and retiring at night to their miserable garrets, to dream of the past, and to die in anticipating the future.—Our sun rose brightly, it sunk in storms and blackness; yet it was but one day in the cycle of time. That sun shall rise again, though we are forgotten; and, in the consolation of this hope, I cease from complaining, and at length lay down my pen."

BARDS OF THE BIBLE.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

It is not long since a review of the "Literary Portraits" of this author appeared in the columns of our JOURNAL; he now essays a loftier and more perilous flight. In his present volume there is the same "merciless cleverness" that characterised the former; the same continued outpouring of glowing phraseology, the same want of simplicity and condensation of style. Both sentiment and expression are, to our thinking, often exaggerated; yet we think that our readers will acknowledge that none but a man of genius could have written passages like the following:—

THE HEBREW PROPHET.

"The Hebrew prophet, in his highest form, was a solitary and salvage man, residing with lions, when he was not waylaying kings, on whose brow the scorching sun of Syria had characterised its fierce and swarthy hue, and whose dark eye swam with a fine insanity, gathered from solitary communings with the sand, the sea, the mountains, and the sky, as well as with the light of a divine afflatus. He had lain in the cockatrice's den; he had put his hand on the hole of the asp; he had spent the night on lion-surrounded trees, and slept and dreamed amid their hungry roar; he had swam in the Dead Sea, or haunted, like a ghost, those dreary caves which lowered around it; he had drank of the melted snow on the top of Lebanon; at Sinai, he had traced and

trod on the burning footprints of Jehovah; he had heard messages at midnight, which made his hair to arise, and his skin to creep; he had been wet with the dews of the night, and girt by the demons of the wilderness; he had been tossed up and down, like a leaf, upon a strong and veering storm of his inspiration. He was essentially a lonely man, cut off, by gulph upon gulph, from tender ties and human associations. He had no home; a wife he might be permitted to marry, but, as in the case of Hosea, the permission might only be to him a curse, and to his people an emblem, and when (as in the case of Ezekiel) her death became necessary as a sign, she died, and left him in the same austere seclusion in which he had existed before. The power which came upon him cut, by its fierce coming, all the threads which bound him to his kind, tore him from the plough, or from the pastoral solitude, and hurried him to the desert, and thence to the foot of the throne, or to the wheel of the triumphal chariot. And how startling his coming to crowned or conquering guilt! Wild from the wilderness, bearded, like its lion-lord; the fury of God glaring in his eye; his mantle heaving to his heaving breast; his words stern, swelling, tinged on their edges with a terrible poetry; his attitude dignity; his gesture power—how did he burst upon the astonished gaze; how swift and solemn his entrance; how short and spirit-like his stay; how dreamy, yet distinctly dreadful, the impression made by his words, long after they had ceased to tingle on the ears; and how mysterious the solitude into which he seemed to melt away! Poet, nay prophet, were a feeble name for such a being. He was a momentary incarnation—a meteor kindled at the eye, and blown on the breath, of the Eternal.”

CHRIST'S SOLACE IN NATURAL BEAUTY.

“The manner of Christ's life, as he uttered his parables and other sayings, was in the highest degree poetical. It was the life of a stranger on this earth, of a wanderer, of one who had no home but the house not made with hands, which he had himself built. Hence we identify his image with nature, and ever see him on lonely roads, midnight mountains, silent or stormy lakes, fields of corn, or the deep wildernesses of his country. Every step trode by the old seers, was retrode by him, as if to efface their fiery vestiges, and make the regions, over which they had swept like storms, green again. He was only sent to the lost sheep of Israel, but he more than once approached to the very boundaries of his allotted field. We find him, for instance, in the neighbourhood of Tyre and Sidon, straying by a mightier sea than that of Tiberias, and lifting his eyes to a loftier summit than that of Tabar. ‘He must needs’ see Lebanon, as well as pass through Samaria. His were not, indeed, journeys of sentiment, but of mercy; and yet, why should he not have gazed with rapture upon the peaceful, the pure, and the lofty, in the works, while he did the will, of God? This was, peradventure, the chief source of his solace amid suffering and weariness.

He was not recognised by men, but the lilies of the field looked up meaningly in his face, the ‘waters perceived him—they saw him well,’ the winds lingered amid his hair, the sunbeams smiled on his brow, the landscape from the summit seemed to crouch lovingly at his feet, and the stars from their far thrones to bend him down obeisance. *He, and He alone, of all men, felt at home in nature, and able to see it, and call it, ‘My father's house.’* He felt not warmed by, but warning the sun—not walking in the light of, but enlightening the world, and could look on its great orbs as but the ‘many mansions’ for his spiritual seed. Of all men he only (mentally and morally) stood erect, and this divine uprightness it was which turned the world upside down. *The poetical point of view of nature, is not that of distant admiration or of cold inquiry, it is that of sympathy, amounting to immersion; the poet's soul is shed, like a drop, into creation; but this process was never fully completed, sure in one—in him who uttered the Sermon on the Mount.”*

THE PARABLES OF JESUS.

“Let us glance, first, at his parables, which are a poetry in themselves. Truth, half betrayed in beauty, half shrouded in mystery, is the essence of a parable. It is the truth wishing to be loved, ere she ventures forth to be worshipped and obeyed. The multitude of Christ's parables is not so wonderful as their variety, their beauty, their brevity, and the sweet or fearful pictures which they paint at once and for ever upon the soul. Here we see the good Samaritan riding toward his inn, with his wounded brother before him. There, lingeringly, doubtfully, like a truant boy at evening, returns the prodigal son to his father, whose arms, at his threshold, stretched out, seem wishing for wings to expedite the joyous meeting. In that field stalks the sower, graver than sowers are wont to be in the merry season of spring. On the opposite side, the fisherman, with joyful face, is drawing ashore his heavy-laden net. With yet keener ecstasy depicted on his countenance, you see the merchantman lighting on a pearl of pearls, while across from him is the treasure-finder, with circumspective and fearful looks, hiding his precious prize. And, lo! how, under the dim canopy of night, shadowing the barely-budding field of wheat, steals a crooked and winged figure, trembling lest the very darkness see him—the enemy—scattering tares in huddled abundance among the wheat. The morning comes; but, while revealing the rank tares growing among the good seed, it reveals also the large mustard-tree which has shot up with incredible swiftness, ‘so that the fowls of the air do build in the branches thereof.’ Here you see a woman mixing leaven with her meal, till the whole lump is leavened; and there another woman, sweeping the room, how fast, yet intensely, for her lost piece of silver. There the servant of the marriage-host is compelling the wanderers from the ledges to come in, his face all glowing with amiable anger and kindly coercion; and yonder,

in the distance, with anxious eye and crook in his hand, hies the shepherd into the twilight desert, in search of his 'lost sheep.' And, hark; as the marriage-feast has begun, and the song of holy merriment is just rising on the evening air, there comes a voice, strangely concerting with it, hollow as the grave—a whispered thunder. It is the voice of Dives, saying—'Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue, for I am *tormented in this flame.*' In such figures Jesus [has exhausted life, earth, eternity."

THE POLITENESS OF PAUL.

"An old poet has quaintly called Jesus 'The first true gentleman that ever breathed.' Paul's politeness, too, must not be overlooked, compounded as it was of dignity and deference. It appeared in the mildness of the manner in which he delivered his most startling and shattering messages, both to Jews and heathens; in his graceful salutations; in his winning reproofs—the 'excellent oil which did not break the head;' in the delicacy of his allusions to his own claims and services; and, above all, in the calm, self-possessed, and manly attitude he assumed before the rulers of his people and the Roman authorities. In the language of Peter and John to their judges, there is an abruptness savouring of their rude fisherman life, and fitter for the rough echoes of the Lake of Galilee than for the tribunals of power. But Paul, while equally bold and decided, is far more gracious. He lowers his thunderbolt before his adversary ere he launches it. His shaft is 'polished,' as well as powerful. His words to King Agrippa—'I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bounds'—are the most chivalric utterances recorded in history. An angel could not bend more gracefully, or assume an attitude of more exalted courtesy."

SHAKESPEARE, GOETHE AND THE BIBLE.

"Shakespeare—nature's favourite, though unbaptized and unconsecrated, child—has derived less from Scripture than any other great modern author, and affords fewer points of comparison with it. He was rather a piece of nature than a prophet. His real religion, as expressed in the words, 'We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep,' seems to have been a species of ideal Pantheism. He loved the fair face of nature; he saw also its *poetic* meaning; but did not feel, nor has expressed so deeply its under-current of moral law (?); nor the sublime attitude it exhibits, as leaning upon its God. Hence, while the most wide and genial, and one of the least profane, he is also one of the least religious of poets. His allusions to Scripture, and to the Christian faith, are few and undecided. He has never even impersonated a character of high religious enthusiasm. He never, we think, could have written a good sacred drama;

and had he tried to depict a Luther, a Knox, a Savonarola, or any character in whose mind one great, earnest idea was predominant, he had failed. The grey, clear, catholic sky behind and above, would have made such volcanoes pale. Had he written on Knox, Queen Mary would have carried away all his sympathies; or, on Luther, he would have been more anxious to make Tetzels ridiculous, than the Reformer reverend or great. Shakespeare was not, in short, an earnest man, hardly even—strange as the assertion may seem—an enthusiast; and, therefore, stood in exact contrast to the Hebrew bards. . . .

"Goethe, we know, admired the Bible as a composition, took great interest in its geography, and had his study hung round with maps of the Holy Land. But even less than Shakespeare did he resemble its poets. Universal genius bred in Shakespeare a *love* for all things which he knew, without much enthusiasm for any in particular. An inferior, but more highly cultured degree of the same power, led Goethe to universal *liking*, which at a distance seemed, and in some degree was, indifference. His great purpose, after the fever of youth was spent, was to build up his Ego, like a cold, majestic statue, and to surround it with offerings from every region—from earth, heaven, and hell! *He transmuted all things into ink; he analysed his tears ere suffering them to fall to the ground; his tortures he tortured in search of their inmost meaning; his vices he rolled like a sweet morsel, that he might know their ultimate flavour, and what legacy of lesson they had to leave him; his mental battles he fought o'er again, that he might become a mightier master of spiritual tactics;* like the ocean, whatever came within his reach was engulfed, was drenched in the main element of his being, went to swell his treasures, and generally 'suffered a sea-change,' into 'something' at once 'rich,' 'strange,' and cold. This was not the manner of the rapt, God-filled, self-emptied, sin-denouncing, impetuous, and intense bards of Israel. Could we venture to conceive Isaiah, or Ezekiel, entering Goethe's chamber at Weimar, and uttering one of their divine rhapsodies—how mildly would he have smiled upon the fire-eyed stranger—how attentively heard him—how calmly sought to measure and classify him—how punctually recorded in his journal the appearance of an 'extraordinary human meteor, a wonderful specimen of uncultured genius'—and how complacently inferred his own superiority!"

CHARACTER OF ABRAHAM.

"The great charm of Abraham's character, is its union of simplicity with grandeur. He rises like one of those great stones which are found standing alone in the wilderness, so quiet in their age, so unique in their structure, and yet on which, if tradition be believed, angels have rested, where sacrifices have been offered up, and round which, in other days, throngs of worshippers have assembled. His prayers pierce the heavens with the reverent daring of one of the mountain altars of nature. He is at once a

shepherd and a soldier. He is true to the living, and jealous of the honour of the ashes of the dead. He is a plain man, dwelling in tents, and yet a prince with men and God."

INDIVIDUALITY OF THE CHARACTERS IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

"The Book of Acts presents us with a great many characters, of whom, besides the apostles, the rapt Stephen, the Ethiopian Eunuch, the brave Cornelius, the most marked are unhappily evil. Barnabas, Ananias, Philip, Aquila, Mark, Silas, Timotheus, and Luke himself, have not much that is individual and distinctive. The sameness of excellence attaches to them all. It is very different with the others. Their shades are all dark, but all strikingly discriminated.

"There is, for example, Simon Magus, the begetter and name-giver to a distinct and dreadful crime (Simony), an original in wickedness, a genuine and direct 'child of hell.' No mistake about him. He thinks every thing, as well as every person, 'has its price,' and would bribe the very Spirit of God. You see him retiring from Peter's scorn and curse, blasted, cowering, half-ashamed, but unconverted. . . .

"Then there is Gallo, another great original in the world of evil, the first representative of a large class who, in all ages succeeding, have thrown the chill of their careless and cutting sneer upon all that is earnest and lofty in nature or man, in life or in religion.

"Then there is the town-clerk of Ephesus, one of those persons who substitute prudence for piety, and who find a sun in the face of a time-piece—who tell men when they are not to act, but never when the hour of action has fully come, and when delays are as contemptible as they are dangerous.

"Then there is Tertullus the tool, servile, wiry, accommodating, plausible; who talks, but never speaks; and whose character may be studied as representing, in a full and ideal manner, all courtly pleaders who have since appeared, as well as many who have pled in nobler causes.

"Then there is Felix, whom one trembling has immortalised. Rude the lyre; but a great master stood once before it, and it vibrated to his touch. Even nettleshade has sometimes been made musical in the blast.

"Then there is Agrippa, the 'almost Christian'—one of thousands who, were Christianity and the thrill produced by eloquence the same thing, would be believers; but who, as it is, will lose heaven by a hair's-breadth, and feel little sorrow!

"Then there is Festus, the emblem of the cool, intellectual man, who finds an easy solution for the problem of earnestness, or genius, or enthusiasm, or religion—a problem which, otherwise, would distress and disturb him—in the cheap cry, 'It is madness—Paul, Burke, Chalmers, and Irving, were mad.'

"We close this rapid glance at the more peculiar and striking of Scripture characters, by expressing our amazement: First, at their multitude; secondly,

at their variety; thirdly, at the delicacy with which they are discriminated; fourthly, at the manner in which they are exhibited—so artless, brief, and masterly—not by analyses or descriptions, but by actions and words; fifthly, at the great moral and emblematical lessons which they teach; sixthly, at the fact that the majority of these characters have left duplicates to this hour; seventhly, at the honesty of the writers who record them; and, lastly, at this significant fact, there is one character who appears transcendent above them all, at once in purity, power, and wisdom."

These extracts will enable the reader to form an estimate of the beauties and faults (if such, indeed, he consider them) of Mr. Gilfillan's volume.

THE BORE RUSHING UP THE HOOGLY.

This engraving, though small in scale, may be considered as one of the masterpieces of our English landscape school. It will bear the closest and most critical inspection. The subject is one which it required the hand of a master to treat. It represents the sudden rush of the tide up the Hoogley river to Calcutta, accompanied by a heavy gale. The effect is wonderfully striking; the ship almost on her beam ends, cutting the lurid streak of light; the waving trees, and the distressed boat in the foreground, are rendered in the highest feeling of art, and executed with a precision and power of the burin never, perhaps, surpassed.

"ACROSS THE ATLANTIC."

THIS is the taking title of a right lively and humorous little book, which will be perused, from beginning to end, with unflagging interest, and for the general truthfulness of which those of us who have visited America can personally vouch. Pitch where we may, we are pretty sure to light upon something clever, pointed, and characteristic. Take the following sketch, for example, of the "Great Barnum:"—

"Barnum is not an ordinary showman. He is not one who will be handed down to posterity, only on the strength of the objects which he has exhibited, or the curiosities which he has brought to light. He stands alone. Adopting Mr. Emerson's idea, I should say that Barnum is a representative man. He represents the enterprise and energy of his countrymen in the nineteenth century, as Washington represented their resistance to oppression in the century preceding. By 'going-a-head' to an extent hitherto unprecedented in his trade—devoid of any absurd delicacy as to the means by which the ends are to be accomplished—he has endeared himself to the middle and lower ranks of his countrymen, and seems to stand forth proud and preeminent as their model of a speculator and a man. I firmly believe that there are few commercial people in the United States who



would not look upon Barnum as a congenial, though a superior spirit; or at all events who do not feel a pride, albeit a secret one, in his exploits.

"The rise of this illustrious person, like that of some of his fellows, would seem to be veiled in obscurity. Whether he rose to fame on a fabulous griffin, or reached the wished-for goal on the back of an eight-legged horse, must remain matter of conjecture. His more recent exploits are well known. They are, Firstly.—The discovery of an extraordinary fish (if I remember aright). Secondly.—The production of a Quaker giant. Thirdly.—Of a giantess to match, who married the giant. Fourthly.—Of an old black woman, either a nurse or an attendant of some sort on General Washington, who related anecdotes of the patriot in infancy. Fifthly.—Of Tom Thumb. Sixthly.—Of Jenny Lind. Seventhly, Eighthly, and Ninthly.—Of a giantess and giant boy; some Chinese gentlemen and ladies of high rank; and a negro who has discovered a process of turning his skin from black to white by means of a herb, which process he is now undergoing. Independently of which, I have heard that Mr. Barnum has a third share of some ghosts, who are now showing off their 'mysterious rappings' to enthusiastic audiences."

Dinner in England and America is amusingly contrasted as follows:—

"Amongst the upper-middling, and mercantile and professional classes of English, dinner is the great event of the day; the hospitable port to which our morning and afternoon toils and labours are insensibly wafting us; the peaceful vale into which we descend after having borne the brunt of the mid-day sun. With it commences a new era. Papa returns from Westminster-hall or the city, Julia and Angelina from their drive with mamma in the Park, Cadwallader from his club. It is a mystery and a solemn rite, to the due celebration of which a total change of toilet, and the assumption of evening costume, are necessary. We devote the rest of the day, in a certain sense, to recreation, and banish business from our minds till the ensuing morning. So that the English merchant's, or lawyer's, day admits of these two principal divisions, to wit, the antepandial and the post-pandial hours.

"Dinner in the bosom of an American family can only be compared to a religious rite or ceremony in this respect, that every one is anxious to get through it as soon as possible. Occurring in the middle of the day, it is so far from being the *optata meta* of our daily exertions, the bar and hindrance to the transaction of all further business, that it may be looked upon merely as the connecting link between the writing of two commercial letters, the drawing up of two conveyances, the overhauling of two bales of goods. Papa rushes in from his office or his chambers, Homer and Otis from somewhere else; they all sit down in *statu quo*. In an hour the affair is over, and every one at his business again. It is fearful to see so great a meal made so light of, and divested of the halo of poetry, which more civilized nations have

succeeded in throwing over it. Of the two theories with regard to this, the prince of repasts, I own myself a humble adherent of the Cis-Atlantic or British."

Perhaps the reader would like to peep into a court of Law in New York:—

"Notwithstanding that I was a little sick of Blackstone and Fearné, I attended the Court of Common Pleas, whilst in New York, thinking that it would furnish me with as favourable a specimen of the superior law-courts of the country, as I could hope to find. It was a square, white-washed apartment, not much larger than a bar-room at one of the hotels. Under a red canopy, on a bench slightly elevated above the rest, sate the Judge, a respectable and intelligent-looking man. An insurance case was going on. A barrister was addressing the jury, with much earnestness and gesticulation, and, it must be owned, with that sharp nasal twang which is so universally prevalent in this country. Around him sate the members of the bar, some in brown holland blouses, some with huge imperials on their chins, some balancing themselves in their chairs against the railings which divided them from the spectators, and hanging their legs over the backs of other chairs, nearly all intent on getting rid of their saliva, and *imprinting the wet seal of the Republic on every object in their vicinity*. In this national pastime, (which is too well known to need further comment) *the Judge displayed a laudable proficiency*. Two gentlemen (apparently reporters) seated at a table to the left of the bench, the jury, and half-a-dozen idle spectators like myself, completed the assemblage. The jury were arranged in two rows, and before each row were placed two spittoons, so that *no gentleman had to expectorate a greater distance than past three of his fellow jurymen—a wise precaution, providing against the incapacity of a bad shol*.

"A glance at such a scene was sufficient to show that there was a total absence of dignity about it. A stranger would, indeed, have sought in vain for the stateliness of a Denman, or the melodious tones of a Thesiger, in an assembly where all appeared to be pretty much on a level (as, perhaps, in a Republic they should be), and you might have mistaken the crier of the court for the Judge, and the Judge for the crier. But to argue from this circumstance that a fair trial cannot be had in the United States, that the Judges are not sound lawyers, and the barristers great advocates, would be a 'most lame and impotent conclusion.'"

"Members and Government" in England and America:—

"By becoming Members of Parliament, we rise from our insignificance into public life; we become public men; we gain a *locus standi*, as well as a seat; it is our object to sit in the one, and to stand in the other, as long as we can. Our names soar up to the top of subscription lists, with the two magical letters tied to the end of them, like a tail. Good dinners are ours—not paid for by ourselves, but

given us by people in Baker Street and Finsbury Square,—and we like good dinners. Our appendage acts like Grimstone's eye-snuff upon the vision of some of our friends, who used always to be rubbing those organs with a pocket-handkerchief as we passed. They no longer rub them now; they see us. I should electrify my little chop-house in the Strand, where I now sit down to the joint without making any manner of sensation, if I were one day to stalk in as the Member for Guttleborough. 'Did you see that gentleman sitting at No. 7, sir?' the waiter would ask, as soon as I had left. 'That is none other than Mr. Such-a-one, the Member of Parliament.' And he would begin telling lies about me. These are the considerations which draw the sportsman from his hounds, the Scot from his manufactory, and the Irish prince (if he had his rights) from his mud castle, and pop them all down a heterogeneous mass within the walls of St. Stephens.

"In America, the case is entirely different. There, the rich merchant, or the barrister in good practice, or the man of wealth and influence, in such cities as New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, would, by accepting a seat in the legislature, be making as great a sacrifice for the good of his country as I should, by refusing one, for mine. To appreciate this, only consider the consequences which, in that great Republic, accrue to the victim who suffers himself to be dragged down from private into public life. He leaves his comfortable house in New York, or his villa on the Hudson, the elegant society by which he has been surrounded, and (dearer than all) the privacy which he has hitherto enjoyed. What does he get in exchange? He is compelled to reside in a miserable, unhealthy, unfinished town, for nine months in the year, without any objects of interest around him, without recreations of any kind, without any society to speak of. He is forced to drop his 'aristocratic' airs, and to stand up and drink a cocktail with any drunken constituent who pursues him to the bar of his hotel. He is forced to sit next to, and to converse familiarly with, persons whom he has hitherto only read of in newspapers and novels, as we read of the 'Tipperary boys'—savages from Iowa and Wisconsin, whom the unsettled populations of those districts have sent up to represent them—stump-orators, who have not won their places by underhand dealing, by bribery and corruption, but have rushed in upon their opponents, and gouged them, like men. When he goes back, he finds that his house is no longer his own. Nothing is his own. He himself no longer belongs to himself—he belongs to the people. All day long, he is employed in shaking hands with Generals and Judges, and other dirty persons. As for any credit attaching to the position of a member of the Lower House, I should think it must act rather as a bar to your introduction to decent society. You are a delegate, not a representative—a flunkey, not a man. A constituency of so many thousands meet and proclaim, by a majority of so many hundreds or thousands, that such and such are their opinions.

'Now, then, who'll carry our opinions up to Washington? Come, the place is vacant. Who offers himself for the pluck and shoulder-knot?' or, 'Who'll be our errand-boy?' 'Please, gentlemen, I will,' cry half-a-dozen. Homer Smith, or Artaxerxes Brown, or Nahum Robinson, as the case may be, is the chosen one. 'Now, sir, you go up and deliver this parcel, and mind what you are about, do you hear?' You have twenty-thousand masters. You are servant-of-all-work to a vast constituency, with every individual member ringing his bell for you at one and the same time. Respectable men will not, for the most part, accept this kind of position. They prefer looking on.

"It is worth observing, too—when a man gets upon political topics, there is no stopping him—it is worth observing the different impression produced in your mind, in England and America, by one and the same word, the word 'Government.' I am not about to indulge in a comparison between the Republican and the Monarchical forms of Government; such a discussion would ill suit these trifling pages, and, indeed, would be rather stale anywhere. What I mean to say is this. When you hear of Government doing so and so—Government is about to erect a Lunatic Asylum in Downing Street—Government is on the point of increasing our steam navy—Government will scarcely permit this and that—Bob has got a situation under Government, and so on, what do you understand? You lose, don't you, all idea of any particular person, such as Russell, or Wood, or Palmerston? They are merged in the notion of a collective body, solemn and mysterious, holding its deliberations somewhere—at Windsor, or in Downing Street, or in Chesham Place—perhaps, nowhere at all, but arriving at a determination, by communicating with each other through the medium of the penny post. Does the Queen say anything? What does H.R.H. do? Does he sometimes favour us with a law on real property or Irish affairs, on the sly, just as, openly, he has conferred upon us the boon of a national exhibition? When we, of the middling classes, have one of the ministers pointed out to us, rolling down Whitehall in his carriage, or rattling up Rotten Row on his cob, we look upon him with an undefined awe, as a being quite separated and apart from ourselves. What is he thinking about now? Pray, Heavens! he may not be about to tax me! A veil of mystery enshrouds that man. I shall, perhaps, never see him again—I shall only feel him. If I wished to see him, how many ushers, clerks, rods, wands, passages, and waiting-rooms, should I have to undergo, before looking upon his august face!

"Now, at Washington, the smallness of the town, and the absence of ranks and grades, and the tiny space in which business has to be transacted, brings home the idea of Government to the bosom of every one as a familiar and well-known object. We can almost see the ordinary springs by which the political machine is put in motion. We may sit next to the Secretary of War at dinner, every day at our hotel;

we walk about arm-in-arm with the Secretary of something else; we hob-a-nob with a third great man; we take our evening cigar with a fourth. We meet them at dinner in little back-kitchens, and see basins of broth sent out to them. They are but *men*. There is no more mystery hanging over their deliberations, than there is over those of the vestry in a country town. We are as familiar with the every-day life of the Prime Minister, as we are with that of the Mayor. If I want to talk on business with the highest personage in the country, I knock at the door, ask if Mr. Fillmore is at home, and, if he is, put down my pipe and walk in."

The following observations appear to be singularly judicious and impartial, and worthy of acceptance on both sides the Atlantic:—

"In adverting, however, to the absence of refinement, so clearly discernible in American men, it would be unpardonable to omit one consideration, which has not been sufficiently taken into account by English travellers. The Government of the United States is a popular Government, their institutions are popular institutions, the spirit which presides over the manners and customs of private life, is a spirit springing directly from the masses, and which looks to the welfare of the masses as its sole and legitimate end and object. If, then, there be wanting that highly refined and polished class of gentlemen, which is to be found in England, on the other hand, you would search in vain for anything corresponding to the semi-barbarian class of peasants, that some of our counties exhibit. Men are more upon a level; if there be very few who cultivate the graces of external deportment, on the other hand, (to their lasting glory be it said,) there are very few that cannot read and write. And while the English traveller is fully justified in enjoying a good-humoured laugh at their neglect of the forms and decencies of life, an American traveller would be equally entitled to dwell upon *our* shortcomings, which if not so ludicrous in their nature, are, perhaps, after all, more disastrous in their effects. The only difference would be in the result. Whilst the British Lion would snore contentedly (or, still better, rouse himself to effect some improvement,) under the influence of their remarks, the feathers of the American Eagle are ruffled by the slightest breath of censure. Such a touchy people surely never existed. When they have accomplished something of which they can reasonably be proud, this absurd thin-skinnedness will be no longer discernible.

"Talking of the touchiness displayed by our Transatlantic cousins, I may be permitted to advert, once more, with regret, to the circumstance that the works of Hall, Trollope, Dickens, and other travellers, are looked upon by them as studied and malicious libels upon their national character. I once heard an American, at Washington, make the following remark, 'I was in Cincinnati for six months, and I do not think, that throughout the whole of that time, I met with three *gentlemen*.' The New York Hotel, in New York, has been recommended to me by another

American, on the express ground, that 'it is not frequented by those vulgar Western people.' I have heard, over and over again, at Philadelphia, and elsewhere, that 'the Western States are inhabited by a fine population, but if you were to go there with the expectation of finding many men with gentlemanly manners, you would be disappointed. You would meet with some curious specimens, down there Sir.' Americans themselves have repeatedly begged me to wait and go West. 'You would be so much amused at the fellows you would meet with on the steamers, down there,' they have said. And yet, when Mr. Dickens, after passing through the Eastern cities, (the state of society in which, he, for the most part, eulogises,) comes to exhibit a good-natured portrait, or even caricature, of some of these peculiar personages of Ohio and Missouri, a hundred reviews and newspapers bristle up to fling the lie in his teeth. This is very absurd. Besides which, the Bostonian, or Baltimorean, who, in speaking of the Down Wester, tells you, very reasonably, that the same refinement cannot be expected in a new and unsettled country, as is to be found in cities of longer standing, (Boston and Baltimore for example,) should remember that the very same remark, though in a modified form, is applicable to the manners of his own city and state, when compared with those of Europe."

As full of light reading, but not without sterling sense, as well as playful humour, of pointed but not malicious satire, proof enough has been given that no one will be likely to yawn over this book, or lay it down until he has done with its contents.

Turning from prose to poetry, what say our readers to the following picture of a baby culled from a recent volume of poems by W. C. Bennett. Nothing more difficult, as painters know, than to catch on canvass the evanescent graces of childhood—to fix its rapidly fleeting and alternating images; nor does it require less the hand of a master to translate them into verse. From two or three, all equally beautiful, we take the following:—

"BABY MAY.

"CHEEKS as soft as July peachers:
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness; round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise;
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness;
Minutes just as brimm'd with sadness;
Happy smiles and wailing cries;
Crows and laughs with tearful eyes;
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on windwept Autumn corn;
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion;
Catching up of legs and arms;
Throwings back and small alarms:
Clutching fingers; straightening jerks;
Twining feet whose each toe works;
Kickings up and straining risings;
Mother's ever new surprisings;
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under;

Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
 That have more of love than lovings;
 Mischiefs done with such a winning
 Archness that we prize such sinning;
 Breakings dire of plates and glasses;
 Graspings small at all that passes;
 Pullings off of all that's able
 To be caught from tray or table;
 Silences—small meditations
 Deep as thoughts of cares for nations;
 Breaking into wisest speeches
 In a tongue that nothing teaches;
 All the thoughts of whose possessing
 Must be wooed to light by guessing;
 Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
 That we'd ever have such dreamings;
 Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
 And we'd always have thee waking;
 Wealth for which we know no measure;
 Pleasure high above all pleasure;
 Gladness brimming over gladness;
 Joy in care; delight in sadness;
 Loveliness beyond completeness;
 Sweetness distancing all sweetness;
 Beauty all that beauty may be;—
 That's May Bennett; that's my baby."

THE VINTAGE.

STOTHARD was certainly the prince of book illustrators, and his graceful and classic pencil never, perhaps, realized anything more beautiful than the group before us, conceived in the very spirit of Raffaele, yet with an originality peculiar to the painter. Stothard is not to be cited so much for the accuracy of his drawing, as for the *feeling* which runs through all his works. Others may surpass him in the correct rendering of mere form; but where, now that he is gone, shall we look for that living grace and beauty that gives a charm to even the humblest effort of his pencil?

SCRAPS.

DIFFICULTIES OF MARRIAGE IN GERMANY.

AMONGST the better classes in this country, such things as elopements are seldom or never heard of. No such thing as getting married here without the consent of parents! Certain prescribed forms must be gone through, or the marriage is null and void. The proposal being formally made and accepted, then comes the *verlobung*, or betrothal. This takes place, for the most part, privately; shortly after which, the father of the *bride* (as she is then called) gives a dinner or supper to the families and the most intimate friends on both sides, when the fact is declared, and leave given to publish it to the world, who, however, has generally been fortunate enough to anticipate the information. The cards of betrothal are then circulated amongst their friends and acquaintance, and, as it may interest some of my fair readers to see how

these things are managed in Germany, here follows one:—

THEODOR ROTH	ELISE HERRMAN
Pfarrer	
Verlobte.	

When the day is fixed, (and in this country they do not brook delay,) then follows the protocolling, or whatever else they call it; and the testimonials on both sides, required by the government, afford a beautiful specimen of ceremonious legislation. We copy from the printed form lying before us what these certificates are expected to show, and what must of necessity be established ere a marriage licence can be obtained. The king, as a careful father of his people, does not like to have unhealthy children. The first thing, therefore, is to prove that you have been vaccinated. Then comes the "week-day school ticket," in testimony of a regular attendance *there*; also a "Sunday-school ticket." A "certificate of attendance upon a religious teacher," and another of "confirmation" is also required. Then a "conduct certificate," a "service book," a "wanderbuch," (this refers to the compulsory travels of their Handwerks-burschen.) An "apprentice ticket" must also be exhibited, and a "statement made and substantiated as to property," which, if not considered to be satisfactory, according to circumstances, destroys the whole thing. The "permission from the parents, on both sides," must be likewise produced. A "residence permission ticket," a "certificate as to the due performance of militia duties," an "examination ticket," and also one as to "business, trade, or occupation" at the time. Those in a higher class of life, besides (with a few natural exceptions) the above, have yet other things to do, proofs to make, and cautions to give ere the knot of matrimony can be tied. As one instance, it may be mentioned that every Bavarian officer, without distinction, must deposit in the hands of Government such a capital (by way of guarantee) as, at 4 per cent., shall produce annually, at the least, 400 florins! Without this, or the king's dispensation, which is seldom, or now never, obtained, *the permission to marry is withheld*. The capital, once deposited, is intangible, being intended as some provision for the wife and family after his death.—*Pictures of Nuremberg.*

ON telling Socrates that such a one was nothing improved by his travels,—"*I very well believe it*," said he, "*for he took himself along with him.*"

The smallest and slightest impediments are the most piercing; and as little letters most tire the eyes, so do little affairs most disturb us.

There is no so good man, that so squares all his thoughts and actions to the laws, that he is not faulty enough to deserve hanging ten times in his life.

Aristo used to say that neither a bath nor a lecture did signify anything, unless they scoured and made men clean.

The want of goods is easily repaired; the poverty of the soul is irreparable.—*Montaigne.*



AFRICA.

THE past year has been remarkable as a year of progress. In many cases the results have not appeared, but great movements are ripening towards a catastrophe under the genial influence of an educated public opinion. Among the important achievements of the period are the plans maturing for a more complete conquest of the ocean, and the subjugation, for the use of man, of the three elements—fire, air, and water. We have just received accounts of the assembling of the forces, as we may term them, which are to hew down the great barrier between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. The Isthmus of Panama will soon be traversed by the railway train, and the Nicaragua canal will afterwards unite those mighty waters. The first sod of railway in India has been turned. A link of steam will also be laid down between England and her flourishing settlements in Australia. Active preparations are making for opening a channel for commerce from the Mediterranean into the Red Sea, and as a guarantee that these are not ideal projects, never to be realized, a great triumph has been actually accomplished, and arrangements made for a line of steamers between England and the Cape of Good Hope.

Great Britain and Africa will, within a few weeks, have approached within thirty days' journey of each other. A new bond has sprung up between them; a new era has opened on the dark old continent, for the more attention is bestowed on it, the sooner will the day of its deliverance arrive. The country has reason to be well satisfied with this plan. It is excellently conceived, and we confidently trust to its being well carried out. A new impulse will thus be given to civilization on the African coast; commerce will be extended; mutual relations strengthened; our colonies advanced, and the general sum of human prosperity increased. For whatever tends to bring countries, as well as individuals together, serves to subdue their barbarism, and to develop in the one instance the riches, as in the other the qualities, of which each may happen to be possessed. Therefore, as we look upon the establishment of steam communication with the Cape as the commencement of a new era in the history of Africa, we intend to devote a few pages to a subject which will henceforward possess an increasing interest.

Third in size among the great divisions of the globe, Africa has long been among them the least civilized, and least useful to the rest of the world. Regions discovered since this vast continent had lost in antiquity the account of its first intercourse with Europe, have risen to the first rank among civilized states. While their shores are covered with cities, their lands populous, and their ports crowded with commerce, hers are chiefly ruled by savage native kings or still more savage conquerors; her once fertile tracts are deserts, and many of her harbours receive and dismiss fleets laden only with slaves. It is as though a curse rested on the soil. Some geographers maintain that Africa,

exhausted and useless, will one day be engulfed among the united waters of the Atlantic, Indian and Southern Oceans, while the ever-growing islands of the Oriental Archipelago and the Pacific will gradually increase until the whole tract appears above water and forms a more fortunate and mightier continent, sitting above the line, in place of the sunken deserts of Sahara and Libya.

"But where is Africa? I seek in vain
Her swarthy shore along its native main!
Methinks I hear a wailing in the wild
As of a mother weeping o'er her child!
Her fate lies buried in mysterious night
Where the wide waters of the globe unite,
And where the moonlight paved her hills with
 smiles,
The billows moan amid a hundred isles!"¹

This theory, however originated by grave geographers and favoured by the fancy of the poet, should by no means place Africa beyond the sympathies of philanthropy. Whatever she may be now, she once enriched the world, and will again be received into the communion of civilization. Her situation is admirable for intercourse with all other countries. With the map of the world spread before us, we find Africa in the centre of the three other quarters. The Mediterranean, which bounds its northern coast for almost a thousand miles from east to west, separates it from Europe by a distance at one place of not more than ten, seldom a hundred, and never three hundred miles. The Red Sea, dividing it on the north-east from Asia, is one of the narrowest on the globe. By one slight neck of land, soon to be pierced by a canal, it is connected with Arabia and Palestine. To the west it is throughout its extent opposite America, while on the east, the richest shores in India may be reached within thirty days. England will shortly be within a month's voyage. What the north-west passage would give to Great Britain, Africa possesses as commanding the approaches from Europe to the "exhaustless east." Her mighty coast-line of fifteen thousand miles embraces an area of fourteen millions, extending from north to south 4,302 miles, and from east to west 4,127. Thus it stretches through the whole of the torrid zone, and includes within its borders 11° lat. of the southern, and 14° of the northern temperate zones, enjoying some of the finest climates and most productive soils on the face of the earth.²

When commerce flourished in its vigorous infancy at Tyre, ships sailed from that opulent city in search of the rich products of Africa. When Judæa was a wealthy kingdom, Solomon sent vessels to range the shores of Tarshish, once supposed to indicate a single province, but now admitted to have been applied to the whole continent. The gold of Ophir, believed by some to have been brought from the Malayan Peninsula, was collected on the eastern coast. Thus the most famous cities of ancient times opened the intercourse with Africa, which the Phœnicians, the mariners of Carthage, and the merchants of Greece

(1) T. K. Hervey.

(2) This is especially true of the Valley of the Nile.

continued to carry on, until the splendid republic declined, and left to Rome a task which she almost neglected to perform. We learn that the traders of Athens procured from the great Peninsula gold in dust and ingots, blocks of ebony and ivory from a country where it was so plentiful that the cattle-sheds were enclosed with palings made of elephants' teeth. Black slaves, linen, medicinal roots, perfumes and aromatic spices, dyes rivalling in depth and brilliance the purple of Tyre, kermes, dried locusts as materia medica, with alum, salt, cinnabar, and many precious stones, were brought to the marts of Greece. Ostrich feathers, to adorn the crests of helmets; slabs of citron-wood, for the making of tables; beautiful marbles, many gums, oils, roots, and other commodities, too various to enumerate, ministered to the wants and luxuries of wealthy Greece. Egypt was her granary; but that superb kingdom, with all others on the shores of Africa, was swallowed up by the enormous conquests of the Romans, and a vast blank in history succeeds this memorable period.

When the democratic institutions of the ancient republics degenerated into aristocracies, and, ultimately, were degraded by the change to imperialism, civilization appears to have sunk to sleep, and not to have awakened until the revival of letters in the fourteenth century. Commerce, under the same baneful influence, became inactive, and, although still carried on, displayed little of the lustre which once rendered Carthage, though an African state, the dangerous competitor of Rome.

The conquests of the Mohammedans, indeed, spread over Africa, and enterprises were undertaken by the adventurous to penetrate its mysterious depths, and lay down the outline of its enormous coasts; but the continent still stretched as though interminably to the south, and was lost in mystery. When printing was discovered, and men were opening their minds to knowledge, the Portuguese commenced the grand career of discovery, which adorned the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries with an un-fading lustre. The Cape, named "Non," from the belief that it forbade the sailor's advance, was at length passed. The mariners pursued the shore, still lengthening as they sailed, and Cape Bojador, 160 miles southward, was reached. Its aspect appeared to warn them from further adventure, but in 1433 the formidable promontory was doubled, and the navigators entered the tropics. Nearly forty years elapsed before they crossed the Line, and sailed into those seas supposed by the ancients to boil under the fervour of the sun. In less than thirteen years from that date they advanced fifteen hundred miles beyond the Equator. The Cape was discovered, hopes were excited of finding a passage to India, and at length, in 1497, Vasco di Gama reached the gates of the East, and steered through the stormy ocean that breaks round the Cape of Good Hope:—

"O'er India's sea, wing'd on by balmy gales,
That whisper'd peace, soft swell'd the steady sails."⁽¹⁾

(1) Camoens.

But after this happy discovery immense blanks remained on the map, and the enterprise of Europe was for ages engaged in tracing the course of rivers, laying down the windings of the coast, and exploring the kingdoms of Africa. America, indeed, possessing the powerful attraction of novelty, diverted the attention of the world, and long intervals elapsed between the fits of English enthusiasm. Many travellers, nevertheless, set out on journeys; some to explore the course of the Niger, others to traverse the desert, others to examine the resources of the coast. Many fell victims to disease, and were buried on the banks of the Black River; others were killed by the natives, and left their bones to bleach on the caravan-routes across the wastes of Sahara. The names of Jobson, Stibbs, Bruce, Ledyard, Lucas, Ben Ali, Houghton, Mungo Park, Hornemann, Nichols, Browne, Roentzen, Burekhardt, Tuckie, Peddie, Campbell, Stokoe, Gray, Ritchie, Lyon, Denham, Clapperton, Oudney, and the faithful Lander, are all those of famous wanderers through the African continent. Park, the solitary pedestrian, discovered the mysterious Niger, flowing through countries hitherto unknown, with a stream as broad as the Thames at Westminster; and Clapperton and Oudney, two unpretending young men, committing themselves in a frail canoe to its waters, were borne by a strange current through 600 miles of a savage region to its long-sought termination in the sea.

Clapperton was told by Bello, Sultan of the Fulahs, Filatahs, or Fellahs, that in the eastern part of Sudan dwelt a race so attached to the sound of the letter F that the names of ninety-nine mountains began with it. Three of them were Fazuglu, Faffuku, and Fandufu. Upon this, two recent travellers¹ indulged in the following extravagant but pleasant conceit:—

It is funny that these Fellahs are so fond of the letter F, but unfortunate for folly that they could not furnish fuller facts for the following frivolous flight of fancy:—

"Fish, flesh, and fowl, and fruitful fields,
For fortune's favourite, friend or foe,
Fazuglu finds, Fandufu yields.
Where Furzi, Furdo, Faff'klu flow,
They fecundate to furnish food
For far-famed Fellahs, first who fought
For fierce Dan Fodio;² free of thought,
Or fill full fast from foaming flood,
Foul feral Fitre fever fraught."

Gradually settlements were formed on the Western, Eastern and Southern coasts, where the English, Dutch, and Portuguese established themselves to carry on traffic with the native princes. They found the country to be inhabited by seven races of people; the Hottentots at the Cape, the Kaffirs their neighbours, the Abyssinians in their hilly country on the east, the Numidians, a race apparently created to be conquered, the Nubians inhabiting all the regions spread round Abyssinia, the Egyptians on the banks of the Nile, and the Negro family scattered over the vast

(1) Thompson and Allen.

(2) An allusion to an event in native history.

tracts stretching from the southern confines, of the Great Desert, as far as 20° of south latitude. In what numbers, however, these nations exist no one knows. That our ignorance is complete, may be shown by the fact, that one estimate allows sixty, another seventy, another more than a hundred millions as the population of the continent.

What the Europeans, however, looked for at first was ivory, with precious metals, and spices; they found elephants' teeth, gold, and other valuable commodities, which rendered the possession of an African colony important to a trading nation.

Into the details of vicissitudes suffered by Africa and the pretenders to the possession of her soil, our limits will not allow us to enter. They belong to general history, and the reader may look far to find them completely described in any single work. We want a history of Africa, as much as one of Insular Asia. At present, however, we may offer a sketch of the recent progress of discovery, and follow it by a view of the present aspect of the slave trade, the state of commerce, and the condition of the English settlements at the Cape and on the Coast.

Among the great problems which have perplexed geographers, the sources of the Nile and the Niger have been among the most interesting. The great river of Egypt is the traveller's Mecca. For the empire that flourished on its banks, for the beautiful relics of art, and the magnificent works of industry, bequeathed to us by the pride of that fallen power, it possesses a perpetual claim on our attention, but also for the mystery which still hides the remote springs that pour their tribute into its channel. The discovery of the source of the Blue River, by Bruce, was once accepted as the solution of the question; but the Western branch, or White Nile, which is an infinitely larger stream, still remains unexplored to its birthplace among the interior mountains. Traveller after traveller has complacently announced himself as the great discoverer, whose star had outshone that of Bruce, but further examination has, in all cases, shown that the main stream had not been traced to its fountain head. From the days of Alexander to our own time the inquiry has been carried on, and it is still incomplete. The last attempt was set on foot by Mohammed Ali, the late able and ambitious, but ferocious Viceroy of Egypt. The result of the expedition may be briefly described, to show that the honour is even now reserved for some future explorer, to connect his name for ever with the source of the Bahr el Abiad.

Ferdinand Werne commenced his journey in 1840. He was sent, not to find the source of the Nile, but to aid science in the interest of avarice, by opening an easy route to the famous gold countries beyond the Mountains of the Moon. From the junction of the Blue with the White Nile, he sailed with his company in large river vessels. The stream was broad and beautiful, bordered by an undulating woody country, and spangled with the brilliant white lotus. Vast tribes of barbarians inhabit the borders,

dwelling in villages, which follow each other in rapid succession along the course of the river. At times the stream contracted and rolled rapidly along; at times it expanded in vast lakes, and was lost to sight on either side, while in some places its broad surface, glittering with lotuses and studded with green islands, was bounded by low forests or broken lines of hills.

At sunset the travellers enjoyed a prospect almost equal in beauty to any presented among the islands of the East. The wide stream, glowing like liquid gold, rippled softly along, darkening as the sun hid itself behind the Araskol, and the slender sickle of the moon shone clearer in the west, with Venus in an unclouded sky. The islands stood out, with their thick groves, from the tranquil water; and, on the other side, the tapering peaks of the mountains grew dim in the deep blue, behind a line of dusky woods. On the shore the crews crowded round the bright fires; some cooking, some singing songs in chorus; others dancing or leaping in the glare of the flames. Long streaks of light fell from the rising blazes over the river, and the vessels lay under the shadow of the banks,—the only sign of civilization in the whole savage scene. Gradually the light thickens, the deep flush of sunset disappears, the white rays of the moon silver the hills, woods, and the stream; the revel ceases, and the landscape becomes as still as though its silence had never been disturbed since the day of creation.

Through such scenes the explorers proceeded for hundreds of miles, passing out of one kingdom into another, leaving the inhabited for the uninhabited, the woody for the naked, the level for the hilly country. From the "land swarming with gnats" they passed into the "Region of Lakes," peopled by a gigantic race of men. After many adventures, which we cannot now pause to describe, they reached the far-famed Mountains of the Moon, long supposed to lie beyond the sources of the Nile. Beyond these a bar of rocks obstructed their progress, and they were compelled to return. Here, however, they were beyond the Mountains of the Moon. The last map of Africa, constructed on a magnificent scale, "according to the latest authorities," traced the Nile within seven degrees of the Equator. Twenty years before it was carried within twelve degrees, so that although Werne failed in his great object, he actually visited the Mountains of the Moon, and has reported to Europe the important fact that within four degrees, or about two hundred and eighty miles, of the central line which encompasses the globe, the mighty and mysterious stream still flowed with majestic breadth, and was navigable for vessels of considerable size and burden.

Next to the Nile, the Niger is the most interesting of African streams. Like the great river of Egypt, it is influenced by a periodical rise, which, indeed, visits all the rivers of Abyssinia, the Blue and the White

(1) We reserve a detailed notice of the various attempts made to discover these mysterious fountains, with the numerous theories concerning them, for a separate paper, to be written by a gentleman now basking in the sun of Egypt, on the bosom of Old Nile.

Nile, the Senegal, with all its tributaries, the Joliba, the Congo, and the Zambazec.

For many ages the curiosity of the world was excited to discover the sources of the Niger, and some of the most famous travellers' names are associated with the enterprise. So lately, however, has any real information been obtained, that we find in a work written little more than fifty years ago that it is "a great river of Africa, supposed to have its original near that of the Nile." According to our present ideas, more than 2,000 miles of solid land, embracing many kingdoms, intersected by vast streams, and ridged by high chains of mountains, lie between. From the same account, published especially for the edification of geographers, we learn that this, the Black River of the ancients, rises near the confines of Upper Ethiopia. It then runs "a prodigiously long course," from east to west, some 3,000 miles, and after approaching within four miles of the "Western Ocean," turns to the south, flows some eighty miles in that direction, and enters the sea near the spot where the Senegal pays its tribute to the Atlantic. So much for the geography of fifty years ago.

But while this account was concocting, Mungo Park was wandering on foot through the kingdom of Bambara, where his hopes were crowned, and he saw "the long-sought majestic Niger, glittering in the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the eastward."

From that period discovery proceeded, but much in connexion with the mighty river remains still doubtful. From all that we know, it is supposed to rise in the Snowy Mountains, on the borders of Ganora, about two hundred and fifty miles from the Ivory Coast. It flows first to the north-west, thence to the north-east, continues in that direction as far as the long-sought and fallen city of Timbuctoo, makes a complete curve there, rolls in a broad and deep stream south-east, changes to due east, receives the waters of the Chadda, and then flows through many channels into the Gulf of Guinea, after a course of more than 2,500 miles.

For some of these details we still rely on the reports of native travellers and conjectures based on a comparison of their theories. There is still, therefore a great task unperformed, which it is left for some explorer to achieve. The last expedition to the Niger was singularly fruitless of results. It sailed in 1840, and proposed to explore the stream, to make treaties with the savage kinglings inhabiting its banks, to plant the influence of England in the interior, and establish a model farm; to discourage the slave-trade, and open a commerce with the native nations. The end was melancholy. The river fever struck great numbers of the adventurers, and many who had left England full of heart and hope, were laid in their graves under a lonely grove on the island of Fernando Po. The native kings, in some instances, accepted treaties, but afterwards exercised the royal prerogative of breaking faith. The model farm was abandoned, partly from the hostility of the people, but partly also

from the mismanagement of its founders. Altogether the expedition, which set out with flourishing auspices, accomplished little save proving the deadly nature of the climate at the borders of the Niger. Every precaution was adopted, but in vain. The steamers proceeded a few hundred miles, and were compelled to return, and in melancholy dejection our countrymen gave up the project.

A general view of the condition of our knowledge of Africa, though it must be of the slightest kind, may still be interesting. Few regions in their outward aspect offer so much to the curious observation of man. The great desert, whose hot and barren solitudes are traversed by the native traders in their annual caravans, presents an invincible barrier against the march of armies across its centre from west to east. A line of oases, indeed, refreshed by copious springs, lies like a chain along its arid surface, from the great Lake Shad to the foot of the Black Mountains. Scattered at intervals few and far between over the vast Sahara, are wells surrounded by small patches of green, to which the fancy, fainting after the weary travel of the desert, imparts a magical beauty. Eastward lie—

"The tufted isles
That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild;"

but with the exception of those happy spots—the stars, as it were, that lighten up the gloom of the desert—one mighty waste is spread from the Atlantic to the Valley of the Nile, and beyond it to the borders of the Red Sea. From the mountains which shut it in on the north, descend many rivers whose waters, after a course of from one to two hundred miles, are swallowed up by the thirsty sand.

Thus the mighty tract, beautifully compared by ancient poets to a leopard's skin, extends from north to south about eight hundred, and from east to west more than three thousand miles, varied only by the fertile valley of Egypt, the oases of Libya, and the "Isles of the Blessed," which form the only smiles on the frowning face of the Saharan desert. The most recent explorer of this region was Richardson, who is now engaged in penetrating to the centre, and acquiring a complete knowledge of the routes from one side of the continent to the other.

South of the desert lies an immense populous tract watered by many rivers, very fertile, but covered chiefly with woods. Several of the numerous territories into which it is divided, are ungenial to the European constitution, and all are inhabited by barbarous races of men. There is the great field of slavery. Over these two thousand miles the degenerate savages are scattered, in subjection to heathen kings,—curses of the earth—who revel in their subjects' blood, and draw their resources from the sale of the unhappy people. Here humanity is seen in its uncouthest form. Human sacrifices, of fearful extent, bloody slave hunts, abominable orgies in the name of religion, the lowest and the basest superstition, with customs too horrible and filthy to describe, prevail

among millions of beings. The earth is poorly tilled, and vast tracts of it are left totally wild. Mines remain unworked, and immense natural treasures wholly undeveloped. Rivers, towns, tribes, hills, lakes, and even kingdoms exist here unknown to Europeans, and only described in the reports of the barbarian traders. It is evident that civilization has found few resting-places on this "wild and swarthy shore"

On the borders of the Atlantic and the Eastern Oceans, the Red and the Mediterranean Seas, as well as around the Nubian Deserts, lie kingdoms which we cannot enumerate. At the extreme south is our flourishing and important colony of the Cape of Good Hope, whose prosperity will shortly receive such an impulse from steam communication with Great Britain. Rounding the famous promontory of Rams, and sailing northward, we reach the newly settled district of Natal. Of these settlements we shall have more to say, especially of the latter, which has recently been much misrepresented.

On the shores of the Mediterranean lies Algeria, the scene of French conquest, which presents some curious facts for our contemplation in another notice. At a few other points on the coast European flags have been fixed, but principally as naval stations. It will be remembered that Gordon Cumming, who displayed so much manly valour in his conflicts with the gazelles and giraffes of South Africa, penetrated further into the countries beyond Kaffirland than any previous traveller. He crossed extensive tracts north of the Bamangwato Mountains, among the boundless elephant forests. He found them inhabited by numerous tribes, and densely swarming with the nobler orders of the animal creation. Many other gentlemen have, within a few years, visited different parts of Africa, obtaining a knowledge of their resources and their social state. One has just returned with an interesting picture of life in Dahomey, another has described his visit to Algeria, another has accompanied a French expedition among the wild tribes of the Kabylie. Mr. Richardson, with several companions, is, as we have said, exploring the interior. Bayle St. John lately visited the little-known Oases of Garah and Siwahah, and is now prosecuting his researches on the banks of the Nile, though we know not whether he may be enabled to reach the White River and explore it even so far as Werner went.

With this slight glance at the aspect of Africa, and the recent endeavours to improve our knowledge of its geography, we conclude our first notice of the great continent. We shall next sketch, briefly, the present state of the slave trade, the foreign and domestic commerce, the condition of our settlements, and the French possessions. A plan has been proposed for extirpating by the roots the inhuman traffic in negroes. This we shall briefly describe and submit it to discussion. Many projects have been started, but all have, hitherto, failed, though our African squadron does good service by checking what it cannot destroy. It will be a melancholy day for Africa, if ever this check should be withdrawn. We

are advancing towards success in the great object which humanity has in view, and it will be poor policy now to abandon the African coasts to the undisputed reign of slavers, that they may run riot in their hideous occupation. The Americans are anxious to abolish the vile traffic. Let it be remembered we gave it to them. It is an inheritance they received from Great Britain, but their landed proprietors, the aristocratic lords of the soil, in the southern states, cling to it, and it is only by civilizing Africa that we can cut off their supply of slaves.

LOVE GIFTS.

(FROM THE ITALIAN)

BY S. LEY WOLMER.

Two gentle lovers to an absent friend
Some gifts of love's remembrance fain would send.
The youth an off'ring of a rose-bud bore,
The damsel on her breast a lily wore:
This rose, he said, her clustering hair shall deck,
And this fair gem shall sparkle on her neck.
And I this lily send, the girl replied;
My chaste'n'd flower shall be thy rose's bride.
Sweet love, the youth replied, Oh! never spare
From thy fair breast the lily—guard it there.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EMINENT MEN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

EVERYBODY has heard of Benjamin Franklin, how from a poor printer's boy he raised himself, by following out his own maxims of thrift and perseverance, to be one of the first citizens of Philadelphia; that he took an important part in the struggle which ensured the independence of America, became her representative in foreign courts, and died full of years and honours, embalmed in the hearts of his countrymen, and venerated by the whole civilized world. In the intervals of leisure he left behind him an Autobiography, certainly one of the most delectable as well as the most instructive ever penned by mortal. As the whole may now be bought for a shilling, we shall allow ourselves but a few racy extracts, which will serve however to convey a distinct idea of the moral idiosyncrasy of the man.

In proposing to write his memoirs, Franklin sets out in the peculiar vein of pleasantry that runs through all his writings:—

"In thus employing myself, I shall yield to the inclination so natural to old men, of talking of themselves and their own actions; and I shall indulge it without being tiresome to those who, from respect to my age, might conceive themselves obliged to listen to me, since they will be always free to read me or not. And, lastly (I may as well confess it, as the denial of it would be believed by nobody), I shall, perhaps, not a little gratify my own vanity. Indeed, I never heard or saw the introductory words, 'Without vanity I may

say, &c., but some vain thing immediately followed. Most people dislike vanity in others, whatever share they have of it themselves; but I give it fair quarter wherever I meet with it, being persuaded that it is often productive of good to the possessor, and to others who are within his sphere of action; and therefore, in many cases, it would not be altogether absurd, if a man were to thank God for his vanity among the other comforts of his life."—P. 2.

After tracing the events of his early youth—his engagement as a printer in his brother's office at Boston—we come to his departure for Philadelphia, with but few dollars in his pocket, but a fund of self-reliance whereon to draw for success. On his voyage, he tells us,

"Being becalmed off Block Island, our crew employed themselves in catching cod, and hauled up a great number. Till then, I had stuck to my resolution to eat nothing that had had life; and on this occasion I considered, according to my master Tryon, the taking every fish as a kind of unprovoked murder, since none of them had, or could do us any injury, that might justify this massacre. All this seemed very reasonable. But I had been formerly a great lover of fish, and when it came out of the frying-pan it smelt admirably well. I balanced some time between principle and inclination, till, recollecting that when the fish were opened I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs, then thought I, 'If you eat one another, I don't see why we may not eat you;' so I dined upon cod very heartily, and have since continued to eat as other people, returning only now and then occasionally to a vegetable diet. So convenient a thing it is to be a reasonable creature, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do."—P. 33.

Franklin, at first, got on but slowly in Philadelphia, and went over to England to try his fortune. While here he lets us a little into his religious views. Happening to meet with some arguments meant to refute infidelity, they produced in him the very opposite effect to that intended by the writer, and he became a confirmed Deist:—

"My arguments perverted some others, particularly Collins and Ralph; but, each of these having wronged me greatly without the least compunction, and recollecting Keith's conduct towards me, (who was another freethinker,) and my own towards Vernon and Miss Read, which at times gave me great trouble, I began to suspect that this doctrine, though it might be true, was not very useful. My London pamphlet, printed in 1725, which had for its motto these lines of Dryden:

'Whatever is, is right. But purblind man
Sees but a part o' the chain, the nearest links;
His eyes not carrying to that equal beam,
That poises all above;

and which, from the attributes of God, his infinite wisdom, goodness, and power, concluded that nothing could possibly be wrong in the world; and that vice and virtue were empty distinctions, no such things existing; appeared now not so clever a performance as I once thought it; and I doubted whether some

error had not insinuated itself unperceived into my argument, so as to infect all that followed, as is common in metaphysical reasonings."—Pp. 53, 54.

Uninfluenced by Christianity, as a vital principle, Franklin nevertheless strenuously endeavoured to regulate his life by the principles of *virtue*. In following out this plan, he went to work with that method and system that distinguished all his actions:—

"I made," he tells us, "a little book, in which I allotted a page for each of the virtues. I ruled each page with red ink, so as to have seven columns, one for each day of the week, marking each column with a letter for the day. I crossed these columns with thirteen red lines, marking the beginning of each line with the first letter of one of the virtues; on which line, and in its proper column, I might mark, by a little black spot, every fault I found upon examination to have been committed respecting that virtue, upon that day.

"I determined to give a week's strict attention to each of the virtues successively. Thus, in the first week, my great guard was to avoid every the least offence against *Temperance*; leaving the other virtues to their ordinary chance, only marking every evening the faults of the day. Thus, if in the first week I could keep my first line, marked T, clear of spots, I supposed the habit of that virtue so much strengthened, and its opposite weakened, that I might venture extending my attention to include the next, and for the following week keep both lines clear of spots.

	Sun.	M.	T	W.	Th.	F.	S.
Tem.							
Sil.	*	*		*		*	
Ord.	*	*			*	*	*
Res.		*				*	
Fru.		*				*	
Ind.			*				
Sinc.							
Jus.							
Mod.							
Clea.							
Tran.							
Chas.							
Hum.							

Proceeding thus to the last, I could get through a course complete in thirteen weeks, and four courses in a year. And like him, who, having a garden to weed, does not attempt to eradicate all the bad herbs at once, which would exceed his reach and his strength, but works on one of the beds at a time, and, having accomplished the first, proceeds to a second; so I should have, I hoped, the encouraging pleasure of seeing on my pages the progress made in virtue, by clearing successively my lines of their spots; till in the end, by a number of courses, I should be happy in viewing a clean book, after a thirteen weeks' daily examination."—Pp. 77, 78.

Although when tested by this arithmetical process he was surprised to find himself "so much fuller of faults than he had imagined," he made, on the whole, decided advance in virtue, though unable to attain unto absolute perfection. In one particular, as he deploras,—

"I made so little progress in amendment, and had such frequent relapses, that I was almost ready to give up the attempt, and content myself with a faulty character in that respect. Like the man, who, in buying an axe of a smith, my neighbour, desired to have the whole of its surface as bright as the edge. The smith consented to grind it bright for him, if he would turn the wheel; he turned while the smith pressed the broad face of the axe hard and heavily on the stone, which made the turning of it very fatiguing. The man came every now and then from the wheel to see how the work went on; and at length would take his axe as it was, without further grinding. 'No,' said the smith, 'turn on, turn on, we shall have it bright by and by; as yet it is only speckled.' 'Yes,' said the man, 'but I think I like a speckled axe best.' And I believe this may have been the case with many, who, having for want of some such means as I employed found the difficulty of obtaining good, and breaking bad habits, in other points of vice and virtue, have given up the struggle, and concluded that '*a speckled axe is best.*' For something, that pretended to be reason, was every now and then suggesting to me, that such extreme nicety as I exacted of myself might be a kind of foppery in morals, which, if it were known, would make me ridiculous; that a perfect character might be attended with the inconvenience of being envied and hated; and that a benevolent man should allow a few faults in himself, to keep his friends in countenance."—p. 81.

Few persons, it must be admitted, displayed equal candour in estimating their own character, and in listening to the strictures of others.

"My list of virtues," he says, "contained at first but twelve; but a Quaker friend having kindly informed me, that I was generally thought proud; that my pride showed itself frequently in conversation; that I was not content with being in the right when discussing any point, but was overbearing, and rather insolent, of which he convinced me by mentioning several instances; I determined to endeavour to cure myself, if I could, of this vice or folly among the rest; and I added *Humility* to my list, giving an extensive meaning to the word.

"I cannot boast of much success in acquiring the reality of this virtue, but I had a good deal with regard to the appearance of it. In reality there is, perhaps, no one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as *pride*. Disguise it, struggle with it, stifle it, mortify it as much as one pleases, it is still alive, and will every now and then peep out and show itself; you will see it, perhaps, often in this history. For, even if I could conceive that I had completely overcome it, I should probably be proud of my *humility.*" —Pp. 83, 84.

Franklin now conceived what he calls a *great and extensive project*. Observing that in human affairs everything is carried on by party interest, he proposed to raise a *United Party for Virtue*, a sort of moral freemasonry, to be called by the attractive title of "The Society of the Free and Easy." "Free," he observes, as being, by the general practice and habits of the virtuous, free from the dominion of vice, and particularly, by the practice of industry and frugality, *free from debt*, which exposes a man to constraint, and a species of slavery to his creditors." This plan, however, so promising for the interests of humanity, was never destined to be carried out.

From these specimens of Franklin's schemes, the reader may be apt to suspect that he was little better than a crazy visionary. So far from it, he was, perhaps, the most practical man that ever lived, and did most good in his day and generation. He was not of those, who, as they get wealthy, wrap themselves up in their own selfish comforts and conveniences. His mind was perpetually active in devising something for the benefit of his fellow citizens. He established the first library in Philadelphia—gave a tone to the public mind—founded a Philosophical society, to which his own experiments gave celebrity—was chosen representative for his city, and at last became so essential a portion of its economy, that, as he tells us, when any new plan was started, every one said to his neighbour—Have you consulted Franklin on the business, and what does *he* say to it?

It was whilst Franklin was thus at the zenith of popularity, that Philadelphia was visited by Whitfield. It would be difficult to hit upon two characters more strikingly contrasted. Whitfield's object was to collect money for an orphan asylum he was building in Georgia. Franklin thought that Philadelphia would have been a better place for it, and therefore refused to subscribe; but the enthusiasm of the preacher proved an overmatch for the caution of the philosopher.

"I happened," says the latter, "soon after to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all. At this sermon there was also one of our club, who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had by precaution emptied his pockets before he came from home. Towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbour, who stood near him, to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was fortunately made to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be

affected by the preacher. His answer was, 'At any other time, friend Hopkinson, I would lend to thee freely; but not now; for thee seems to be out of thy right senses.' * * *

"The following instance will show the terms on which we stood. Upon one of his arrivals from England at Boston, he wrote to me, that he should come soon to Philadelphia, but knew not where he could lodge when there, as he understood his old friend and host, Mr. Benezet, was removed to Germantown. My answer was, 'You know my house; if you can make shift with its scanty accommodations, you will be most heartily welcome.' He replied, that if I made that kind offer for *Christ's* sake, I should not miss of a reward. And I returned, 'Don't let me be mistaken; it was not for *Christ's* sake, but *your* sake.' One of our common acquaintance jocosely remarked, that, knowing it to be the custom of the saints, when they received any favour, to shift the burden of the obligation from off their own shoulders, and place it in heaven, I had contrived to fix it on earth."

One of Whitfield's disciples having soon after asked his advice how to go to work to get subscriptions for a chapel, Franklin advised him as follows:—and the hint, we are persuaded, will not be lost upon those who are meditating a similar appeal.

"In the first place, I advise you to apply to all those who you know will give something; next, to those who you are uncertain whether they will give anything or not, and show them the list of those who have given; and lastly, do not neglect those who you are sure will give nothing; for in some of them you may be mistaken.' He laughed and thanked me, and said he would take my advice. He did so, for he asked of *everybody*; and he obtained a much larger sum than he expected, with which he erected the capacious and elegant meeting-house that stands in Arch Street."—P. 117.

One of Franklin's difficulties as a public man, was to get out of the Quakers, who were a majority in the council, and who stuck, in name at least, to their peace principles, a vote of supplies for the war then waging with France. When pressed hard, and compelled to yield—they saved their consciences by voting a small sum *for the king's use*. On one occasion, as he tells us:—

"They would not grant money to buy powder, because that was an ingredient of war, but they voted an aid to New England of three thousand pounds, to be put into the hands of the Governor, and appropriated it for the purchase of bread, flour, wheat, or *other grain*. Some of the Council, desirous of giving the House still further embarrassment, advised the Governor not to accept that provision, as not being the thing he had demanded; but he replied, 'I shall take the money, for I understand very well their meaning; *other grain* is gunpowder;' which he accordingly bought, and they never objected to it.

"It was in allusion to this fact, that when in our fire company we feared the success of our proposal in

favour of the lottery, and I had said to a friend of mine, one of our members, 'If we fail, let us move the purchase of a fire engine with the money; the Quakers can have no objection to that: and then, if you nominate me, and I you, as a committee for that purpose, we will buy a great gun, which is certainly a *fire engine*:' 'I see,' said he, 'you have improved by being so long in the Assembly; your equivocal project would be just a match for their wheat or *other grain*.'"—Pp. 108, 109.

To which we may add this amusing story, communicated by one James Logan, who admitted the lawfulness of *defensive* warfare.

"He told me the following anecdote of his old master, William Penn, respecting defence. He came over from England when a young man with that Proprietary, and as his secretary. It was war time, and their ship was chased by an armed vessel, supposed to be an enemy. Their captain prepared for defence, but told William Penn and his company of Quakers that he did not expect their assistance, and they might retire into the cabin, which they did, except James Logan, who chose to stay upon deck, and was quartered to a gun. The supposed enemy proved a friend, so there was no fighting; but when the secretary went down to communicate the intelligence, William Penn rebuked him severely for staying upon deck, and undertaking to assist in defending the vessel, contrary to the principles of Friends; especially as it had not been required by the captain. This reprimand, being before all the company, piqued the secretary, who answered, 'I being thy servant, why did thee not order me come down? But thee was willing enough that I should stay and help to fight the ship when thee thought there was danger.'"—Pp. 107, 108.

Not long before the revolutionary war, Franklin was sent over to England as political agent for Pennsylvania. He had acquired a handsome fortune, and had attained to the highest post his countrymen had to bestow. His father, he tells us, when urging upon his children habits of industry and frugality, frequently repeated the proverb of Solomon, "*Seest thou a man diligent in his calling, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men.*" "I thence considered industry as a means of obtaining wealth and distinction, which encouraged me,—though I did not think that I should ever literally *stand before kings*, which, however, has since happened; for I have stood before *five*, and even had the honour of sitting down with one, the King of Denmark, to dinner." On his voyage he was very near being wrecked on the Scilly islands, of which incident he wrote an account, from Falmouth, to his wife, ending after this characteristic fashion—"The bell ringing for church, we went thither immediately, and, with hearts full of gratitude, returned sincere thanks to God for the mercies we had received. Were I a Roman Catholic, perhaps, I should on this occasion vow to build a chapel to some saint; but as I am not, if I were to vow at all, it should be to build a *lighthouse*."

Here, to the reader's great regret, terminates the Autobiography, with the philosopher's arrival in England. We cannot run through the subsequent events of his life, during and subsequent to the memorable struggle for the independence of America, in which he played so conspicuous a part. But having before us a volume of his letters, we are tempted to make a few quotations, to complete an idea of his character.

Franklin so thoroughly detested war, in a moral and economical point of view, that he bitterly deplored the long and sanguinary dispute between England and his native country. At last it terminated, and in a letter of congratulation to a friend he thus writes:—"I hope it will be lasting, and that mankind will at length, as they call themselves reasonable creatures, have reason and sense enough to settle their differences without cutting throats; for in my opinion, *there never was a good war, or a bad peace.*" In a letter to Dr. Priestley, he thus writes, in a tone of satirical bitterness:—

"In what light we are viewed by superior beings, may be gathered from a piece of late West India news, which possibly has not yet reached you. A young angel of distinction being sent down to this world on some business, for the first time, had an old courier-spirit assigned him as a guide; they arrived over the seas of Martinico, in the middle of the long day of obstinate fight between the fleets of Rodney and De Grasse. When through the clouds of smoke he saw the fire of the guns, the decks covered with mangled limbs, and bodies dead or dying; the ships sinking, burning, or blown into the air; and the quantity of pain, misery, and destruction the crews yet alive were thus with so much eagerness dealing round to one another; he turned angrily to his guide, and said, You blundering blockhead, you are ignorant of your business; you undertook to conduct me to the earth, and you have brought me into hell! No, sir, says the guide, I have made no mistake; this is really the earth, and these are men. Devils never treat one another in this cruel manner: they have more sense, and more of what men (vainly) call humanity.

"But to be serious, my dear old friend, I love you as much as ever, and I love all the honest souls that meet at the London Coffee-house. I only wonder how it happened that they and my other friends in England came to be such good creatures in the midst of so perverse a generation. I long to see them and you once more; and I labour for peace with more earnestness, that I may again be happy in your sweet society." I. 107—109.

In another letter to Priestley, he gives this striking illustration of the trite argument for contentment:—

"All human situations have their inconveniences. We feel those that we find in the present; and we neither *feel* nor *see* those that exist in another. Hence we make frequent and troublesome changes without amendment, and often for the worse. In my youth I was passenger in a little sloop descending the River Delaware. There being no wind, we were obliged,

when the ebb was spent, to cast anchor, and wait for the next. The heat of the sun on the vessel was excessive, the company strangers to me, and not very agreeable. Near the river side I saw what I took to be a pleasant green meadow, in the middle of which was a large shady tree, where it struck my fancy I could sit and read (having a book in my pocket), and pass the time agreeably till the tide turned. I therefore prevailed with the captain to put me ashore. Being landed, I found the greatest part of my meadow was really a marsh, in crossing which, to come at my tree, I was up to my knees in mire; and I had not placed myself under its shade five minutes before the mosquitoes in swarms found me out, attacked my legs, hands, and face, and made my reading and my rest impossible; so that I returned to the beach, and called for the boat to come and take me on board again, where I was obliged to bear the heat I had strove to quit, and also the laugh of the company. Similar cases in the affairs of life have since frequently fallen under my observation." I. 53, 54.

There are several letters in this book to Mr. Strahan, the king's printer, with whom Franklin appears to have lived upon a footing of most intimate friendship. The style of these letters is quite jocosé and playful; and the humour is frequently borrowed from the circumstance which begun their acquaintance, their common profession. Take the following specimen, which we give only for the curiosity of the thing; and as an instance of this great man, in his old age, (for he was eighty,) delighting to unbend in a strain of professional drollery with his ancient brother in trade. He is speaking of the evils which he is fond of deducing in our constitution from the number of profitable places under Government:—

"Those places, to speak in our old style, brother type, may be good for the CHAPEL, but they are bad for the master, as they create constant quarrels that hinder the business. For example, here are two months that your government has been employed in *getting its form to press*; which is not yet fit to *work on*, every page of it being *squabbled*, and the whole ready to fall into *pye*. The founts, too, must be very scanty, or strangely *out of sorts*, since your *compositors* cannot find either *upper* or *lower-case letters* sufficient to set the word ADMINISTRATION, but are forced to be continually *turning for them*. However, to return to common (though perhaps too saucy) language, don't despair; you have still one resource left, and that not a bad one, since it may re-unite the empire. We have some remains of affection for you, and shall always be ready to receive and take care of you in case of distress. So if you have not sense and virtue enough to govern yourselves, e'en dissolve your present old crazy constitution, and send members to Congress.

"You will say my *advice* 'smells of Madeira.' You are right. This foolish letter is mere chit-chat *between ourselves*, over the *second bottle*. If, therefore, you show it to any body (except our indulgent friends Dagge and Lady Strachan) I will positively *sollers* you. Yours ever most affectionately." I. 144.

It is a memorable proof of the force which his patriotism acquired during the American war, and of the strength of feeling excited in him by the sufferings of his country, that a letter is to be found in which he thus addresses this same dear and familiar friend, then a steady supporter in Parliament of Lord North's measures.

"Philadelphia, July 5, 1775.

"MR. STRAHAN,—You are a Member of Parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns and murder our people. Took upon your hands! They are stained with the blood of your relations! You and I were long friends: you are now my enemy, and I am yours, B. FRANKLIN."

The two following letters will show that Franklin had unconsciously imbibed, like many modern deists, much of the *spirit* of Christianity, while repudiating its distinctive doctrines. The first is to his old friend Whitfield, who, he tells us, "had often prayed for his conversion, though he never had the satisfaction of believing that his prayers were answered."

"For my own part, when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favours, but as paying debts. In my travels, and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men, to whom I shall never have any opportunity of making the least direct return; and numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefited by our services. These kindnesses from men I can therefore only return on their fellow-men, and I can only show my gratitude for these mercies from God, by a readiness to help his other children, and my brethren. For I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less those to our Creator. You will see in this my notion of good works, that I am far from expecting to merit heaven by them. By heaven we understand a state of happiness, infinite in degree, and eternal in duration: I can do nothing to deserve such rewards. He that, for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands, compared with those who think they *deserve* heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world are rather from God's goodness than our merit: how much more such happiness of heaven! For my part, I have not the vanity to think I deserve it, the folly to expect it, nor the ambition to desire it; but content myself in submitting to the will and disposal of that God who made me, who has hitherto preserved and blessed me, and in whose fatherly goodness I may well confide, that he will never make me miserable; and that even the afflictions I may at any time suffer shall tend to my benefit."

The other letter is to one who had asked his opinion of an irreligious work which he proposed to publish, and sent to Franklin in MS. We recommend the

great philosopher's answer to all those who, holding certain sceptical or infidel opinions with great sincerity, believe it to be a duty which they owe to truth, that they should advance them into public notice, and endeavour to unsettle the faith of the people. It is to be observed, however, that he founds his reasonings upon *expediency* alone.

"I have read your manuscript with some attention. By the argument it contains against a particular Providence, though you allow a general Providence, you strike at the foundations of all religion. For without the belief of a Providence that takes cognisance of, guards and guides, and may favour particular persons, there is no motive to worship a Deity, to fear its displeasure, or to pray for its protection. I will not enter into any discussion of your principles, though you seem to desire it. At present I shall only give you my opinion, that though your reasonings are subtle, and may prevail with some readers, you will not succeed so as to change the general sentiments of mankind on that subject; and the consequence of printing this piece will be, a great deal of odium drawn upon yourself, mischief to you, and no benefit to others. He that spits against the wind, spits in his own face. But were you to succeed, do you imagine any good would be done by it? You yourself may find it easy to live a virtuous life without the assistance afforded by religion; you having a clear perception of the advantages of virtue and the disadvantages of vice, and possessing a strength of resolution sufficient to enable you to resist common temptations. But think how great a portion of mankind consists of weak and ignorant men and women, and of inexperienced inconsiderate youth of both sexes, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and retain them in the practice of it till it becomes *habitual*, which is the great point for its security. And perhaps you are indebted to her originally, that is, to your religious education, for the habits of virtue upon which you now justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank with our most distinguished authors. For among us it is not necessary as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother. I would advise you, therefore, not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person; whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification from the enemies it may raise against you, and perhaps a good deal of regret and repentance. If men are so wicked *with religion*, what would they be if *without it*? I intend this letter itself as a *proof* of my friendship, and therefore add no *professions* to it; but subscribe simply yours." L. 279—281.

But we have gone to the utmost length of our tether, and must abruptly come to a conclusion. Though no *Christian*, Franklin was probably one of the best *natural* men that ever lived, the very incur-

nation of practical benevolence and worldly wisdom. Yet, to quote the expressive words of Leigh Hunt, "he is but at the head of those who think that man lives by bread alone. He was no more a fit representative of what human nature largely requires, than negative represents positive. He was, I allow, one of the cardinal great men of his time. He was Prudence."

ON SHAKSPEARE'S INDIVIDUALITY IN HIS CHARACTERS.

SHAKSPEARE'S LOVERS—(continued).

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

THE character of Orlando, in AS YOU LIKE IT, is, perhaps, the most perfect exemplar of manly gentleness and modesty that was ever drawn. He is so gentle-hearted, that the poet has endued him with a person of stalwart proportions, and a frame of great muscular strength, that no particle of effeminacy may mingle with the gentleness that distinguishes him. He has given him, too, a spirit as high and noble as it is modest,—the perfection of true gentleness. We no sooner learn that he is a neglected youth, blushing under a sense of his unworthy training, than we find him boldly remonstrating with his elder brother on the defective education to which he is doomed. We no sooner hear him speak with shame of his rustic breeding, than we see him step forth manfully to make his claim to treatment better befitting his birth. The action with which his words are accompanied is well contrived, also, to convey the idea of his personal strength and firmness. When Oliver advances upon him, exclaiming, "What, boy!" Orlando's "Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this;" and his subsequent "Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other hand had pulled out thy tongue for saying so;" gives us a complete picture of the powerful grasp in which he holds his elder, and compels him to listen to his appeal. And how truly in character is the appeal he makes.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes."

It is that "spirit of his father" burning within him, which teaches him to disdain such unseemly breeding, to throw it off, and to seek a mode of life more worthy his parentage and the name he bears. He has before alluded to this, in his own modest manner, where he says to the faithful old retainer, Adam:—"Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars

me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude."

This self-diffidence,—the result of neglected education,—blended with consciousness of high claims and higher powers, constitutes precisely the sort of character who would behave as Orlando subsequently does.

Shakspeare, with one of his favourite touches of art, puts into the mouth of Orlando's tyrannous brother, a testimony in confirmation of his good qualities. "Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device: of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised."

And then how subtly the poet goes on to strengthen our impression of the personal vigour and courage of Orlando, with each fresh instance of his gentleness of nature. See how ingeniously he lets us know beforehand the fatal prowess of Charles, the duke's wrestler, in that story which Le Beau, the courtier, tells of the old man and his three sons, broken-ribbed, bleeding, and overthrown, by the very man with whom Orlando is about to "try the strength of his youth." How well Celia's words picture him:—"Alas, he is too young—yet he looks successfully." In his replies to the two ladies, when they endeavour to dissuade him from venturing in so unequal-seeming a match, we still see the modest Orlando; concluding with that beautiful speech, profoundly touching in its youthful self-abnegation:—

"I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me: the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

Immediately after this speech,—almost womanly in its sweet spirit of resignation,—he wrestles with the strong man, throws him, and leaves him bereft of breath and motion on the earth: evincing, at the same time, how little he himself is affected by the contest, by answering the duke's exclamation of "No more, no more;" with "Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed."

Consistently the dramatist proceeds. When the Duke Frederick abruptly leaves the spot, in anger at learning Orlando's name and descent, the young man, true to his high nature, exclaims:—

"I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick."

But, next moment, when the ladies approach him, when they address him with words of courtesy and kindness, when Celia commends his prowess, and Rosalind bestows a token of remembrance, he has no

words in answer; he stands confused, embarrassed, silent:—

"Can I not say, I thank you? my better parts
Are all thrown down: and that which here stands up,
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block."

This is all wonderfully artistic. It no less pictures the diffident youth, trained in retirement, and conscious of inadequate breeding, than it serves to intimate the potent influence which has seized and vanquished him:—

"What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee."

In the very midst of his kindly cheering of old Adam, on their journey, while he is soothing him with almost feminine tenderness, and proving his gentleness of heart by the most affectionate care, we find the poet reminding us of his manly strength of limb and muscle, by making Orlando raise the old man in his arms, and carry him to a place of rest, while he goes to seek food. Shakspeare has marked this pointedly; for he has made Orlando say, in the course of that exquisite speech, almost unmatched for its cheerful sweetness, and kindly, sprightly comfort,—but which we abstain from quoting:—"Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter;" and afterwards, the duke says:—"Welcome; set down your venerable burden."

In making one so passing gentle as Orlando a hero and a lover, the poet has well kept the image of the man before our eyes in his tall proportions, and his athletic strength. He is gentle-hearted, but high-spirited; he is modest, but firm and manly; his is the gentleness of bravery and magnanimity. Orlando is an embodiment of the power—the all-prevailing might of gentleness. In the scene where he rushes in with his drawn sword, demanding food for his faithful old servitor, Adam, the whole dialogue goes to illustrate this. The courtesy of the forester-duke, who assures him that—

"Gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness;"

and Orlando's fine speech beginning, "Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you;" and ending with,

"Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword;"

equally prove the influence of gentleness; that entreaty is better than exaction; that suing commands where extortion might fail.

With like purpose, the poet has made Orlando's personal courage and power appear in rescuing his brother from the snake and the lioness; while in the same deed, he has shown his magnanimity and forgiving gentleness of disposition.

It may almost be said of Orlando, that we do not see him rightly as a lover. And yet, so skilfully is the character itself drawn, that this is scarcely felt. But from the position in which Orlando is placed throughout

the play with regard to his mistress, it is certainly the case. He is always at a disadvantage with her,—as a lover; she knowing who he is, he not recognising her in her boy-disguise. He never acts the lover; for the spectator sees him but in two short interviews with Rosalind in her own character; in the first of which, he is tongue-tied by the spell of his new passion; and in the second of which, he merely echoes the welcoming speech of her father. And yet, who does not feel that Orlando is one among the truest of Shakspeare's lovers? It is true, he hangs verses on the trees in his mistress's praise, instead of seeking herself; it is true, he does not know her face for her own, when he looks upon it. Yet, for all this, who does not think of Orlando as a genuine lover—as even one of the most genuine among lovers? We know it from his own character, not from his professions to his mistress. We know it from his own sincerity, his honest-heartedness, his gentle, yet manly nature. One straightforward word of his brings conviction, where fifty protestings of a man whom we know to be less simply true in character would fail. We know him to be earnest in every word and deed; therefore we find a world of meaning in his reply to Jacques, who says to him,—

"The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

"Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue."

And this same glory in his passion is again revealed by his answer to the banter of his disguised mistress, who undertakes to cure him of his love. "*I would not be cured, youth.*" He would not be without the secret ineffable pleasure that his love is to him; it is the one delight in his hitherto joyless, aimless, disappointed existence. He cherishes it as the source of all happiness he has known—of all happiness to come; his whole heart is given up to it with a deep and entire sincerity, that we know belongs to such natures as his. There is an exquisite touch occurs here; showing the apparent inconsistencies of a lover, which mostly spring from some unconscious, though deep-seated, emotion, more allied to constancy than the acted inconsistency seems to imply. He at first answers that he will not be cured; but upon the youth's urging:—"I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cot, and woo me;" he replies, "Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is." We may fancy his looking her in the face as she speaks, and that "some lively touches" he finds there of his Rosalind's "favour" influence him in yielding to the young forester's playful proposal. Besides, mark that he says "*by the faith of my love,*" feeling sure of its abiding any test unshaken, unradicated, uncured—as he would have it remain.

And in how charming a manner are we let to see that his love not only maintains its integrity, but increases and strengthens—as of course his mistress, with love's own cunning, intends that it should, when she artfully feeds his passion, while affecting to cure it, in contriving to retain him with her. How it grows from the enamoured fancy which contents itself

with the image of his beautiful mistress,—which derives comfort from the wearing of her gift about his neck,—which finds relief in breathing her name to himself, “But heavenly Rosalind!”—which bids him draw mysterious pleasure from his association with the supposed forest-born boy, and to humour his proposal of calling him Rosalind, “taking some joy” in it, “because he would be talking of her;” until at length it assumes the force and impatience of genuine passion. How true to the egoism of a lover—such egoism being a natural and essential element of genuine love,—is his exclamation, upon promising to obtain the duke's presence at Oliver's marriage. The approaching fulfilment of his brother's happiness, awakes him to a full sense of the requirements of his own passion.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. *But O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.*

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.”

The concentrated force of those few simple words is perfectly characteristic. There is all Orlando's gentleness of word and manner, with all his force of feeling; all his modesty of expression, with all his manly ardour.

The impression we have of the sincerity of Orlando's love is heightened by the qualities which constitute that of the other lovers in the play. There is more or less of extravagance in the love of all the rest. Oliver's is sudden; Silvius's desperate; Touchstone's whimsical. Oliver's affection offers no reason for its abrupt existence. “Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.”

In this paper we have, happily, nought to do with the character of Oliver excepting as a lover. Till he becomes one, he is tyrannous and treacherous; practising against the very life of his younger brother. Afterwards, he is in all things changed. It is as if the magnanimity of his brother's rescue began the touching of his heart, and prepared it for the gentle influence of a first love—a love at first sight; this, in its softening and refining monition, advances his cure, and his coming into the sweet atmosphere of Arden and its simple happiness completes his reform.

It is a fine tribute to the purity of a pastoral and out-door existence, the way in which this forest life subdues all things to its quality. It wins them all at once. The wandering princess, Celia, on her first arrival says:—“I like this place, and willingly could waste my time in it.” The duke's eloquent panegyric on its sylvan charms, beginning, “Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,” is as familiar to us all as the

reminembrance of our own childhood haunts; and he it remembered, that in the very moment of his restoration to his dukedom at the end of the play, this right tasteful gentleman exclaims,—clinging still to the life that has yielded him such delight,—

“Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.”

It inspires them all with better thoughts; happier feelings; more virtuous resolves. It leaves to Touchstone but enough of his court affectation to make him as pleasant as ever; while it teaches him to do justice to Audrey. It purges Oliver of his baseness, opens his eyes to his past unworthy conduct, and whispers his heart contentment to “love Aliena,” and with her “here to live and die a shepherd.”

The character of Silvius is in exquisite keeping with the pastoral romance and poetic beauty of this delicious play. He is first introduced to us, as to Rosalind and Celia, on their entrance upon the enchanted ground of Arden. We see him, as they do, fling himself upon the turf, in the languor and abandonment of his passion, beside the old shepherd, pouring forth his love-sick plaints. We see him break away abruptly; we hear of him when he is gone, as

“That young swain that you saw here but erewhile
That little cares for buying anything;”

in the all-engrossing care of his passion. Silvius is a desperate lover; but there is an earnestness in his devotion, a fervour in his attachment, which redeems it from absurdity in its excess. It is likewise so generous in its quality as to command our respect. He says:—

“O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.”

From all we learn of his character, we feel that he tells her this, as dreading she should suffer the pangs he knows by experience are in store for her, rather than as a threat. She bids him mock her when that time comes; but he does not.

Rosalind, in her sprightly way, rates him over and over for his constancy to one so scornful; and tells him “love hath made thee a tame snake;” but Silvius is too desperately in love to be moved by banter, or repulsed by his mistress's scorn and cruelty; nothing can shake his allegiance, or destroy his passion. He would have Phebe, “though to have her and death were both one thing.”

He is, in his own person, what he asserts a lover to be; his passion is, in its strength and devotion, what he describes love to be. He says:—

“It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
It is to be all made of faith and service;
It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance.”

Silvius is true to the very letter of his profession of

love-faith; he is himself a type of his creed; he is a worshipper in the spirit of the worship he avers to be the true one.

In extreme contrast with these lovers, who all, more or less, smack of the simplicity and "service of the antique world," we have the conventional, the calculating, the worldly-minded Claudio in *MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING*—emphatically a man of the world. He is profoundly selfish, essentially self-seeking. His friend is a prince; and—as we find him exerting himself to win the liking and patronage of this worthy gentleman, this influential and potential, as well as agreeable personage,—we are led to believe, from what we know of his character, that he has sought this friendship much in the spirit in which the wittiest writer of our own day recommends the choice of a friend to be made. He says:—"Choose your friend as you would choose an orange; for his golden outside, and the promise of yielding much when well squeezed." From all that we find actuating Claudio in his choice of a wife, we may conclude this to be pretty much his motive in attaching himself to his friend, the prince, Don Pedro. The first question he asks respecting the lady,—after, by the way, telling the prince he may do him a favour:—"My liege, your highness now may do me good,"—is an indirect one; but its import is revealed by the reply.

"*Claudio.* Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

"*D. Pedro.* No child but Hero. *She's his only heir.* Dost thou affect her, Claudio?"

On receiving this exceedingly satisfactory assurance, the young count proceeds to state in a gentlemanly, easy, self-complacent way, that he thinks she would suit him, and that he should like to have her. The speech is full of Shakspeare's elegance of diction, but it is instinct with the spirit of self and self-interest, which is Claudio's characteristic. There is also subtle indication of this young gentleman's habit of making use of his friend, in the prince's next rejoinder:—

"If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her, and with her father.
And thou shalt have her: *Was't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?*"

Claudio answers with more of his elegant words, couching more of his worldly-wise and selfish strategy:—

"How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
*But let my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.*"

However, he at once accepts his friend's offer of asking the lady for him, knowing that the advocacy of a prince will be no bad thing in helping him to obtain the governor of Messina's daughter; and then, his next act is to suspect this very friend of playing him false, by endeavouring to obtain Hero for himself.

It is marvellous how consistently the poet has drawn this character of Claudio. He has made him throughout a heartless fellow, with a constant eye to his own advantage; and yet so artistically as well as consist-

ently is he drawn, that he passes for a gallant young soldier, a pleasant companion, a gentleman, and a LOVER! We are made to hear of his bravery in the wars, we are made to see that his friends like him, and we find him polished in manner and accomplished in speech. But on scrutinising his character, we discover his nature to be radically mean and selfish. There are those who will think that Claudio, shown to be this, can be no lover; and, therefore, not qualified to come under the category of character we are at present discussing. But he ranks as a lover in the play; and is, in fact, a type of a large class of men who rank as lovers in the world. He loves the woman for his own sake, not for hers; for what she is worth to him, not for what she is herself. He was precisely the sort of man to act as Shakspeare has made him act, in the plot he had chosen; he fashioned him expressly for the purpose. No other than such a man as he has drawn Claudio, would have been so ready to give credence to the slander brought against his mistress. No nature less base and ungenerous than his, could have played off a hoarded revenge against the woman he had once thought to make his wife. We may here observe, that in such individual delineation, in such harmonious appropriateness of character as this, it is that Shakspeare transcends—as in all else—every dramatic competitor. A modern dramatist has made his plot turn upon a similar hoarded revenge. But his hero-lover is represented as magnanimous, intellectually-gifted, of a high moral nature,—and yet capable of such an act! Claudio is mean-souled, selfish, and a mere soldier in mind, though elegant and gentlemanly in manner; therefore from him comes but fittingly such a course of action. It is singularly in confirmation of the view we have taken of Claudio's character, that he is even more prompt than his friend to believe Hero's alleged disloyalty. His exclamation at once admits the possibility of her frailty;—"May this be so?" While the prince exclaims, confidently, "I will not think it." And Claudio's very next speech not only shows him ready to receive proof of her infidelity, but that he has actually conceived the mode of his revenge before he has received that proof:—"If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her."

In minor points, it is curious to note how consistently Shakspeare works out his individuality of character. That is quite the act of a worldly man, Claudio's asking Benedick, in the first instance, his opinion of Hero. A worldly man is apt to judge his mistress—or aught else he would appropriate—through the eyes of others. A worldly man likes to know the general estimate of a woman or a purchase he seeks to make his own. He rates them by the market-price of public opinion. If he discover that they stand high in the judgment of the world, they immediately rise in his own idea. To find that the lady he admires is thought a fine woman, is toasted as a beauty, is the prize sought by many suitors,—to find that the horse he has thought of for his own

riding has several other bidders,—to find that the lease of the house he has some notion of renting is likely to fall into other hands;—gives suddenly to each cent. per cent. additional value in his eyes, and excites his desire to become their possessor.

Claudio's suspicious nature is not only indicated by the circumstance already referred to,—his deeming his friend capable of trying to supplant him,—but by such a minute touch as this. When he first avows his liking for Hero to his friends, the prince and Benedick, Don Pedro says:—"Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy." And Claudio replies:—"You speak this to fetch me in, my lord."

His base nature is not only shown in his hoarded revenge, but in his telling a white lie—a masquerading lie, it is true—but still a lie; one of those social falsehoods, which men of honour and of the world permit themselves to utter. In so many words, when disguised in his domino, Don John accosts him as "Signior Benedick;" he says:—"You know me well, I am he." This is a paltry subterfuge, quite worthy of Claudio; for he does it to secure an opportunity for eaves-dropping, and for gaining underhand intelligence.

His heartless nature is plainly depicted in the unfeeling way in which he jests immediately after the disgrace and loss of his mistress; going so far as flippantly to joke upon the wrath of her own father and uncle: "We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth."

There is evidence of his worldliness, in the way in which (under pretence, too, of accepting any penalty Leonato may choose to inflict for the injury he has done his innocent daughter) he catches at the proposal of wedding another young lady—a niece—"heir to both" the old men.

It is remarkable that the very dirge-music, and mourning epitaph, which he brings to Hero's tomb are the result of *the father's suggestion*; and no inspiration of his own remorse, of his own sorrow for her loss, or of contrition for what he has done. The very way in which he acknowledges Leonato's generosity of treatment has something sneaking, calculating, and characteristic of the man about it. He says:—

"O, noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio."

Poor Claudio, indeed! Truly, we must come to the conclusion that Count Claudio is nothing less, or, rather, nothing more, than a pitiful fellow of rascal nature, although a nobleman, and an exceedingly gentlemanly young man—of the world.

Here are four individual lovers. Orlando, the impersonation of manly gentleness; Oliver, that of love at first sight, and reformation through love; Silvius, that of desperation in love; and Claudio, that of worldliness in love.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO^o. MORE.¹

LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE, QUINDECIM ANNO
NATA, CHELSEÆ INCEPTVS.

"Nulla dies sine linea."

THIS morn, hinting to Bess that she was lacing herself too straightlie, she brisklie replied, "One w^d think 'twere as great merit to have a thick waiste as to be one of y^e earlie Christians!"

These humourous retorts are ever at her tongue's end; and, albeit, as Jacky one day angrillie remarked when she had bene teasing him, "Bess, thy witt is stupidnesse;" yet, for one who talks soe much at random, no one can be more keene when she chooseth. Father sayd of her, half fondly, half apologeticallie to Erasmus, "Her wit has a fine subtletie that eludes you almoste before you have time to recognize it for what it really is." To which, Erasmus readilie assented, adding, that it had y^e rare merit of playing less on persons than things, and never on bodilie defects.

Hum!—I wonder if they ever sayd as much in favour of me. I know, indeede, Erasmus calls me a forward girl. Alas! that may be taken in two senses.

Grievous work, overnighte, with y^e churning Nought w^d persuade Gillian but that y^e creame was bewitched by Gammer Gurney, who was dissatisfyde last Friday with her dole, and hobbled away mumping and cursing. At alle events, y^e butter w^d not come; but mother was resolute not to have soe much goode creame wasted; soe sent for Bess and me, Daisy and Mercy Giggs, and insisted on our churning in turn till y^e butter came, if we sate up alle nighte for't. 'Twas a hard saying; and mighte have hampered her like as Jephtha his rash vow: howbeit, soe soone as she had left us, we turned it into a frolick, and sang Chevy Chase from end to end, to beguile time; ne'erthelesse, the butter w^d not come; soe then we grew sober, and, at y^e instance of sweete Mercy, chaunted y^e 119th Psalme; and, by the time we had attayned to 'Lucerna pedibus,' I hearde y^e buttermilk separating and splashing in righte earnest. 'Twas neare midnighte, however; and Daisy had fallen asleep on y^e dresser. Gillian will ne'er be convinced but that our Latin brake the spell.

Erasmus went to Richmond this morning with Polus (for soe he Latinizes Reginald Pole, after his usual fashion,) and some other of his friends. On his return, he made us laugh at y^e following. They had clomb y^e hill, and were admiring y^e prospect, when Pole, casting his eyes aloft, and beginning to make sundrie gesticulations, exclaimed, "What is it I beholde? May heaven avert y^e omen!" with suchlike exclamations, which raised y^e curiositie of alle. "Don't you beholde," cries he, "that enormous dragon flying through y^e sky? his horns of fire? his curly tail?"

(1) Continued from p. 103.

"No," says Erasmus, "nothing like it. The sky is as cleare as unwritten paper."

Howbeit, he continued to affirme and to stare, untill at length, one after another, by dint of straying their eyes and their imaginations, did admitt, first, that they saw something; next, that it mighte be a dragon; and last, that it was. Of course, on their passage homeward, they c^d talk of little else—some made serious reflections; others, philosophical speculations; and Pole waggishly triumphed in having bene y^e firste to discern the spectacle.

"And you trulie believe there was a signe in y^e heavens?" we inquired of Erasmus.

"What know I?" returned he, smiling; "you know, Constantine saw a cross. Why shoulde Polus not see a dragon? We must judge by the event. Perhaps its mission may be to fly away with *him*. He swore to y^e curly tail."

How difficulte it is to discern y^e supernatural from y^e incredible! We laughe at Gillian's faith in our Latin; Erasmus laughs at Polus his dragon. Have we a righte to believe noughte but what we can see or prove? Nay, that will never doe. Father says a capacitie for reasoning increaseth a capacitie for believing. He believes there is such a thing as witchcraft, though not that poore olde Gammer Gurney is a witch; he believes that saints can work miracles, though not in alle y^e marvels reported of y^e Canterbury shrine.

Had I bene justice of y^e peace, like y^e king's grandmother, I w^d have bene very jealous of accusations of witchcraft; and have taken infinite payns to sift out y^e causes of malice, jealousy, &c. which mighte have wroughte with y^e poore olde women's enemies. Holie Writ sayth, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live;" but, questionlesse, manie have suffered hurte that were noe witches; and for my part, I have alwaies helde ducking to be a very uncertayn as well as very cruel teste.

I cannot helpe smiling, whenever I think of my rencounter with William this morning. Mr. Gunnell had set me Homer's tiresome list of ships; and, because of y^e excessive heate within doors, I took my book into y^e nuttery, to be beyonde y^e wrath of fardarting Phœbus Apollo, where I clomb into my favourite silbert seat. Anon comes William through y^e trees without seeing me; and seats him at the foot of my silbert; then, out with his tablets, and, in a posture I s^d have called studdied, had he known anie one within sighte, falls a poetizing, I question not. Having noe mind to be interrupted, I lett him be, thinking he w^d soone exhauste y^e vein; but a caterpillar dropping from y^e leaves on to my page, I was fayne for mirthe sake, to shake it down on his tablets. As ill luck w^d have it, however, y^e little reptile onlic fell among his curls; which soe took me at vantage that I coule not helpe hastilie crying, "I beg your pardon." 'Twas worth a world to see his start! "What!" cries he, looking up, "are there indeede Hamadryads?" and would have gallanted a little, but I bade him hold down his head, while that with a twig

I switched off y^e caterpillar. Neither coule forbear laughing; and then he sued me to step downe, but I was minded to abide where I was. Howbeit, after a minute's pause, he sayd, in a grave, kind tone, "Come, little wife;" and taking mine arm steadilie in his hand, I lost my balance and was faine to come down whether or noe. We walked for some time, *jurta fluvium*; and he talked not badlie of his travels, inas-much as I founde there was really more in him than one w^d think.

— Was there ever anie-thing soe perverse, unluckie, and downrighte disagreeable? We hurried our after-noone tasks, to goe on y^e water with my father; and, meaning to give Mr. Gunnell my Latin traduction, which is in a book like unto this, I never knew he had my journalle insteade, untill that he burst out a laughing. "Soe this is y^e famous *libellus*," quoth he, . . . I never waited for another word, but snatcht it out of his hand; which he, for soe strict a man, bore well enow. I do not believe he c^d have read a dozen lines, and they were towards y^e beginning; but I sd lugelie like to know which dozen lines they were.

Hum! I have a mind never to write another word. That will be punishing myselfe, though, insteade of Gunnell. And he bade me not take it to heart like y^e late Bishop of Durham, to whom a like accident befel, which soe annoyed him that he died of chagrin. I will never again, howbeit, write anieling savouring ever soe little of levitie or absurditie. The saints keepe me to it! And, to know it from my exercise book, I will henceforthe bind a blue ribbon round it. Furthermore, I will knit y^e sayd ribbon in soe close a knot, that it shall be worth noe one else's payns to pick it out. Lastlie, and for entire securitie, I will carry the same in my pouch, which will hold bigger matters than this.

This daye, at dinner, Mr. Clement tooke y^e Pistoller's place at y^e reading-desk; and insteade of continuing y^e subject in hand, read a paraphrase of y^e 103rde Psalm; y^e faithfullenesse and elegant turne of which, Erasmus highlie commended, though he took exceptions to y^e phrase "renewing thy youth like that of y^e Phœnix," whose fabulous story he believed to have bene unknowne to y^e Psalmist, and, therefore, however poetically, was unfit to be introduced. A deepe blush on sweet Mercy's face leld to y^e detection of y^e paraphrast, and drew on her some deserved commendations. Erasmus, turning to my father, exclaymed with animation, "I woulde call this house the academy of Plato, were it not injustice to compare it to a place where the usuall disputations concerning figures and numbers were onlic occasionallic intersperst with disquisitions concerning y^e moral virtues." Then, in a graver mood, he added, "One mighte envie you, but that your precious privileges are bound up with soe paynfull anxieties. How manie pledges have you given to fortune!"

"If my children are to die out of y^e course of nature, before their parents," father firmly replied,

'I w^d rather they died well-instructed than ignorant."

"You remind me," rejoins Erasmus, "of Phocion; whose wife, when he was aboute to drink y^e fatal cup, exclaimed, 'Ah, my husband! you die innocent.' 'And woulde you, my wife,' he returned, 'have me die guilty?'"

Awhile after, Gonellus askt leave to see Erasmus his signet-ring, which he handed down to him. In passing it back, William, who was occupyde in carving a crane, handed it soe negligentlie that it felle to y^e ground. I never saw such a face as Erasmus made, when 'twas picked out from y^e rushes! And yet, ours are renewed almoste daylie, which manic think over nice. He took it gingerlie in his faire, woman-like hands, and washed and wiped it before he put it on; which escaped not my step-mother's displeased notice. Indee, these Dutchmen are scrupulouslie cleane, though mother calls 'em swinish, because they will eat raw sallets; though, for that matter, father loves cresses and ramps. She alsoe mislikes Erasmus for eating cheese and butter together with his manchet; or what he calls *boetram*; and for being, generallie, daintie at his sizes, which she sayth is an ill example to soe manic young people, and becometh not one with soe little money in's purse: howbeit, I think 'tis not niccetic, but a weak stomach, which makes him loathe our salt-meat commons from Michaelmasse to Easter, and eschew fish of y^e coarser sort. He cannot breakfaste on colde milk like father, but liketh furnity a little spiced. At dinner, he pecks at, rather than eats, ruffs and reeves, lapwings, or anic smalle birds it may chance; but affects sweets and subtilties, and loves a cup of wine or ale, stirred with rosemary. Father never toucheth the wine-cup but to grace a guest, and loves water from the spring. We growing girls eat more than either; and father says he loves to see us slice away at the cob-loaf; it does him goode. What a kind father he is! I wish my step-mother were as kind. I hate alle sncaping and snubbing, flowting, fleering, pinching, nipping, and such-like; it onlie creates resentment insteade of penitence, and lowers y^e miude of either partie. Gillian throws a rolling-pin at y^e turnspit's head, and we call it low-life; but we looke for such unmannerliuesse in the kitchen. A whip is onlic fit for Tisiphone.

As we rose from table, I noted Argus pearcht on y^e window-sill, eagerlie watching for his dinner, which he looketh for as punctuallie as if he c^d tell the diall; and to please the good, patient bird, till the scullion broughte him his mess of garden-stuff, I fetched him some pulse, which he took from mine hand, taking good heede not to hurt me with his sharp beak. While I was feeding him, Erasmus came up, and asked me concerning Mercy Giggs; and I tolde him how that she was a friendlesse orphan, to whom deare father afforded protection and the run of y^e house; and tolde him of her gratitude, her meekness, her patience, her docilitie, her aptitude for alle goode works and alms-deeds; and how, in her little

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chamber, she improved eache spare moment in y^e way of studdy and prayer. He repeated "Friendlesse? she cannot be called friendlesse, who hath More for her protector, and his children for companions;" and then woulde heare more of her parents' sad story. Alsoe, would heare somewhat of Rupert Allington, and how father gained his law-suit. Alsoe, of Daisy, whose name he tooke to be y^e true abbreviation for Margaret, but I tolde him how that my step-sister, and Mercy, and I, being all three of a name, and I being alwaies called Meg, we had in sport given one the significative of her characteristic virtue, and the other that of y^e French Marguerite, which may indeed be rendered either pearl or daisy. And Chaucer, speaking of our English daisy, saith

"Si douce est la Marguerite."

Since y^e little wisdom I have capacitie to acquire, soe oft gives me y^e headache to distraction, I marvel not at Jupiter's payn in his head, when the goddess of wisdom sprang therefrom full growne.

This morn, to quiet y^e payn brought on by too busic application, Mr. Gummell would have me close my book and ramble forth with Cecy into y^e fields. We strolled towards Walham Greene; and she was seeking for shepherd's purses and shepherd's needles, when she came running back to me, looking rather pale. I askt what had scared her, and she made answer that Gammer Gurney was coming along y^e hedge. I bade her set aside her scares; and anon we come up with Gammer, who was pulling at y^e purple blossoms of y^e deadly nightshade. I said, "Gammer, to what purpose gather that weed? knowest not 'tis evil?"

She sayth, mumbling, "What God hath created, that call not thou evil."

"Well, but," quo' I, "'tis poison."

"Aye, and medicine too," returns Gammer, "I wonder what we poor souls might come to, if we tooke nowt for our ails and aches but what we could buy o' the potticary. We've got noe Dr. Clement, we poor folks, to be our leech o' the household."

"But hast no feare," quo' I, "of an over-dose?"

"There's manic a doctor," sayth she, with an unpleasant leer, "that hath given that at first. In time he gets his hand in; and I've had a plenty o' practice—thanks to self and sister."

"I knew not," quoth I, "that thou hadst a sister."

"How should ye, mistress," returns she, shortlic, "when ye never comes nigh us? We've grubbed on together this many a year."

"'Tis soe far," I returned, half ashamed.

"Why, soe it be," answers Gammer; "far from neighbours, far from church, and far from priest; howbeit, my old legs carries me to your house o' Fridays; but I know not whether I shall e'er come agayn—the rye bread was soe hard last time; it may serve for young teeth, and for them as has got none; but mine, you see, are onlie on the *goe*;" and she opened her mouth with a ghastly smile. "'Tis not,"

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she added, "that I'm ungrateful; but thou sees, mistress, I really *can't* eat crusts."

After a moment, I asked, "Where lies your dwelling?"

"Out by yonder," quoth she, pointing to a shapeless mass like a huge bird's nest in y^e corner of the field. "There bides poor Joan and I. Wilt come and looke within, mistress, and see how a Christian can die?"

I mutelic complied, in spite of Cecy's pulling at my skirts. Arrived at y^e wretched abode, which had a hole for its chimney, and another for door at once and window, I found, sitting in a corner, propped on a heap of rushes, dried leaves, and olde rags, an aged sick woman, who seemed to have but a little while to live. A mug of water stode within her reach; I saw none other sustenance; but, in her visage, oh, such peace! . . . Whispers Gammer with an awfule look, "She sees 'em now!"

'Sees who?' quoth I.

"Why, angels in two long rows, afore y^e throne of God, a bending of themselves, this way, with their faces to th' earth, and arms stretched out afore 'em."

"Hath she seen a priest?" quoth I.

"Lord love ye," returns Gammer, "what coule a priest doe for her? She's in heaven alreadie. I doubie if she can heare me." And then, in a loud, distinct voyce, quite free from her usuall numping, she beganne to recite in *English*, "Blessed is every one that feareth y^e Lord, and walketh in his ways," etc.; which y^e dying woman hearde, although alreadie speechlesse; and reaching out her feeble arm unto her sister's neck, she dragged it down till their faces touched; and then, looking up, pointed at somewhat she aimed to make her see . . . and we alle looked up, but saw noughte. Howbeit, she pointed up three severall times, and lay, as it were, transfigured before us, a gazing at some transporting sighte, and ever anon turning on her sister looks of love; and, the while we stode thus agaze, her spiritt passed away without even a thrill or a shudder. Cecy and I beganne to wepce; and, after a while, soe did Gammer; then, putting us forthe, she sayd, "Goe, children, goe; 'tis noe goode crying; and yet I'm thankfulle to ye for your teares."

I sayd, "Is there aught we can doe for thee?"

She made answer, "Perhaps you can give me tuppence, mistress, to lay on her poor eyelids and keep 'em down. Bless 'ee, bless 'ee! You're like y^e good Samaritan—he pulled out two-pence. And maybe, if I come to 'ee to-morrow, you'll give me a lapfulle of rosemarie, to lay on her poor corpse. . . . I know you've plenty. God be with 'ee, children; and be sure ye mind how a Christian can die."

Soe we left, and came home sober enow. Cecy sayth, "To die is not soe fearfulle, Meg, as I thoughte, but shoulde *you* fancy dying without a priest? I shoulde not; and yet Gammer sayd she wanted not one, Howbeit, for certayn, Gammer Gurney is noe witch, or she woulde not soe prayse God."

To conclude, father, on hearing alle, hath given

Gammer more than enow for her present needes; and Cecy and I are y^e almoners of his mercy.

June 24.

Yesternighte, being St. John's Eve, we went into town to see y^e mustering of y^e watch. Mr. Rastall had secured us a window opposite y^e King's Head, in Chepe, where their M^{rs}. went in stata to see the show. The streets were a maryell to see, being like unto a continuation of fayr bowres or arbours, garlanded across and over y^e doors with greene birch, long fennel, orpin, St. John's wort, white lilics, and such like; with innumerable candles intersperst, the which, being lit up as soon as 'twas dusk, made the whole look like enchanted land; while, at y^e same time, the leaping over bon-fires commenced, and produced shouts of laughter. The youths woulde have had father goe downe and joyn 'em; Rupert, specialie, begged him hard, but he put him off with, "Sirrah, you goosecap, dost think 'twoulde befit y^e Judge of the Sheriffs' Court?"

At length, to y^e sound of trumpets, came marching up Cheapside two thousand of the watch, in white fustian, with the City badge; and seven hundred cressett bearers, eache with his fellow to supplie him with oyl, and making, with their flaring lights, the night as cleare as daye. After 'em, the morris-dancers and City waites; the Lord Mayor on horseback, very fine, with his giants and pageants; and the Sheriif and his watch, and *his* giants and pageants. The streets very uproarious on our way back to the barge, but the homeward passage delicious; the nighte ayre cool; and the stars shining brightly. Father and Erasmus had some astronomick talk; howbeit, methoughte Erasmus less familiar with y^e heavenlic bodies than father is. Afterwards, they spake of y^e King, but not over-freelie, by reason of y^e bargemen over-hearing. Thence, to y^e ever-vert question of Martin Luther, of whome Erasmus spake in terms of earneste, yet qualifide prayse.

"If Luther be innocent," quoth he, "I woulde not run him down by a wicked faction; if he be in error, I woulde rather have him reclaymed than destroyed; for this is most agreeable to the doctrine of our deare Lord and Master, who woulde not bruise y^e broken reede, nor quenche y^e smoaking flax." And much more to same purpose.

We younger folks felle to choosing our favourite mottoes and devices, in which y^e elders at length joyned us. Mother's was loyal—"Cleave to y^e crown though it hang on a bush." Erasmus's pithie—"Festina Lente." William sayd he was indebted for his to St. Paul—"I seeke not yours, but *you*." For me, I quoted one I had seene in an olde countrie church, "Mieux être que paroître," which pleased father and Erasmus much.

Poor Erasmus caughte colde on y^e water last nighte, and keeps house to-daye, taking warm possets. 'Tis my week of housekeeping under mother's guidance, and I never had more pleasure in it; delighting to

suit his taste in sweets things, which, methinks, all men like. I have enow of time left for studdy, when alle's done.

He hath beene the best part of the morning in our academia, looking over books and manuscripts, taking notes of some, discoursing with Mr. Gunnell on others; and, in some sorte, interrupting our morning's work; but how pleasantie! Besides, as father sayth, "varietie is not always interruption. That which occasionallie lets and hinders our accustomed studdies, may prove to y^e ingenious noe less profitable than their studdies themselves."

They beganne with discussing y^e pronounciation of Latin and Greek, on which Erasmus differeth much from us, though he holds to our pronounciation of y^e *theta*. Thence, to y^e absurde partie of the Cicero-nians now in Italie, who will admit noe author save Tully to be read nor quoted, nor anie word not in his writings to be used. Thence, to y^e Latinitie of y^e Fathers, of whose style he spake slightlie enow, but rated Jerome above Augustine. At length, to his Greek and Latin Testament, of late issued from y^e presse, and y^e incredible labour it hath cost him to make it as perfect as possible: on this subject he soe warmed, that Bess and I listened with suspended breath. "May it please God," sayth he, knitting ferventlie his hands, "to make it a blessing to all Christendom! I look for noe other reward. Scholars and believers yet unborn, may have reason to thank, and yet may forget Erasmus." He then went on to explain to Gunnell what he had much felt in want of, and hoped some scholar might yet undertake; to wit, a sort of Index Bibliorum, showing in how manie passages of holy writ occurreth anie given word, etc.; and he e'en proposed it to Gunnell, saying 'twas onlie y^e work of patience and industry, and mighte be layd aside, and resumed as occasion offered, and completed at leisure, to y^e great thankfullnesse of scholars. But Gunnell onlie smiled and shooke his head. Howbeit, Erasmus set forth his scheme soe playnlie, that I, having a pen in hand, did privilie note down alle y^e heads of y^e same, thinking, if none else wd undertake it, why sd not I? since leisure and industrie were alone required, and since 'twould be soe acceptable to manie, 'speciallic to Erasmus.

EXTRACTS FROM OLD BOOKS.

"Sono di tre generazioni cervelli: l'uno intende per se; l'altro intende quanto da altri gli è mostro; e il terzo non intende nè per se stesso, nè per dimostrazione di altri."—There are brains of three races: the one understands of itself; the second understands as much as is shown it by others; the third neither understands of itself nor what is shown it by others."
—Machiavelli's "*Principe*."

"It is difficult, excellent friend! to make any comprehensive truth completely intelligible unless we

avail ourselves of an example. Otherwise we may, as in a dream, seem to know all, and then, as it were, awaking, find that we know nothing."—Plato's "*Politicus*."

Conversation of a Philosopher with a Rabbi.—"Your God in his book calls himself a jealous God, who can endure no other god beside himself, and on all occasions makes manifest his abhorrence of idolatry. How comes it, then, that he threatens and seems to hate the worshippers of false gods more than the false gods themselves?" "A certain king," replied the Rabbi, "had a disobedient son. Among other worthless tricks of various kinds, he had the baseness to give his dogs his father's names and titles. Should the king show his anger on the prince or the dogs?" "Well turned!" replied the philosopher; "but if your God destroyed the objects of idolatry, he would take away the temptation to it." "Yea," retorted the Rabbi, "if the fools worshipped such things only as were of no further use than that to which their folly applied them: if the idol were always as worthless as the idolatry is contemptible. But they worship the sun, the moon, the host of heaven, the rivers, the sea, fire, air, and what not? Would you that the Creator, for the sake of these fools, should ruin his own works, and disturb the laws appointed to nature by his own wisdom? If a man steals grain and sows it, should the seed not shoot up out of the earth because it is stolen? Oh no! the wise Creator lets nature run her own course; for her course is his own appointment. And what if the children of folly abuse it to evil? The day of reckoning is not far off, and men will then learn that human actions likewise reappear in their consequences, by as certain a law as the green blade rises up out of the buried corn-seed."
—Coleridge's "*Friend*."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY MRS. BURBURY.

"How low-spirited papa is this evening," said Edith Conway to her sister, as they sat together knitting in the window of their father's lodgings in the Foregate-street of Worcester, on the second day of the assize; "something has annoyed him in court."

"Yes; I heard him tell mamma that a boy has been sentenced to transportation to-day upon evidence so weak that he cannot believe him guilty; and that his poor mother was in court, and when sentence was pronounced, she was taken out in convulsions."

"How dreadful! did papa defend him?"

"Yes, and that is why he is so low-spirited."

"No wonder. What a fearful responsibility is that of an advocate! I am almost astonished that any man should willingly undertake it."

"Undertake what, Edith?" asked the barrister, coming between his two daughters, and placing a hand caressingly upon each fair head.

"Defending prisoners, papa."

"Why?"

"Because it is such a terrible charge to accept, such an awful duty to perform. So much depends upon you; conviction or acquittal, life or death, may hang upon your words, your exertions; and it must be a frightful reflection when all is over, to think that you might have done more."

"You are right, Edith; it is a frightful reflection, and one that haunts us long after the case which excited it is forgotten by others. I remember one, which at the first threatened to leave this terrible memory to me as a legacy."

"What was it papa, may we hear it?" asked Margaret.

"Yes, but it is a story of old times, a tale which happened many years ago. It was on this very circuit, and in this town. I was young at the bar then, one of the least-known juniors, and very poor; anxious to work hard, but without either interest or connexion to bring me forward. I had been the circuit four times, and except twice had never held a brief, and those two were given to me by another man, who was summoned from the bar to his mother's death-bed. Still I did not despair; I had two incentives to courage and perseverance; the first was a firm trust in God's mercy; and the second my engagement to your mother. But it was hard work sometimes, losses, and needed all my resolution to endure; but I *did* endure, and the end came. Well, it was the *Leut Assizes*, and Lord Craustoun, the Lord Chief Justice, was on the criminal side. The calendar was unusually heavy, and we knew from his Lordship's charge that he came prepared 'to make an example' as he called it.

"The commission was opened late in the day, after which the court adjourned till the morrow. It happened that for some reason or other I remained in court a short time after every one else had quitted it. It seemed but an accident, although doubtless it was God's doing, and ordained by him. I remember that I was gazing idly on the empty benches, when I heard rapid footsteps approaching through the deserted passage, and a moment after was accosted by an attorney.

"'I beg your pardon,' he said, hurriedly, 'can you tell me where to find Mr. Ashley?'"

"'Indeed I cannot. Some mistake has occurred with his clerk, and when we came into town to-day we found that he had not procured lodgings as usual.'"

"'So I learn. I have been to the rooms Mr. Ashley usually has, and I hear that they are taken for Serjeant Keats. I wish to see him as soon as possible, and I am in the utmost perplexity.'"

"'I am very sorry I cannot help you, Mr. Paget—Mr. Ashley had some intention of going to Malvern this evening, in which case he offered to drive me over; therefore, if you will come to my rooms we may hear some tidings of him; although, perhaps, as I declined his proposal, he may not call; it is all a chance.'"

"'How did you know me?' asked the attorney as we walked together.

"'You are an Oxford man, I think; were you not at Magdalen?'"

"'Yes; and you? I do not remember you.'"

"'I was at Worcester. Do you not recollect that wine party in Lloyd's rooms at Oriel, when the chimney took fire, and the punch was spoiled? I met you there.'"

"'To be sure; how could I forget? And what have you been doing since?'"

"'Marvellously little.'"

"'Is this your first circuit?'"

"'No, the fourth.'"

"'I never saw you here before; did you read with Chantry?'"

"'No, with Monk; Why?'"

"'Because he had an Oxford man of your name with him a few terms since, and he married a cousin of mine. I wish I had seen you before, I should have asked you to hold this brief for me. But now—ah, here is Mr. Ashley.'"

"Ashley had been to my rooms, and not finding me there, had sallied forth in search of me, and now turned back with us. As soon as his eye caught the name upon the brief which Mr. Paget handed to him, he said, 'Sorry I can't take it, sir; I am retained to prosecute.' A short conversation ensued, which resulted in the brief being handed to me.

"'And now, Mr. Conway,' said the attorney, 'can you give me a conference? We must get an acquittal if possible; and I know that no efforts will be spared by the prosecution to convict my client, who is, I firmly believe, as innocent of the charge as you are—when can you see me?'"

"'Now; this moment.' The guineas were nestling comfortably in my waistcoat pocket, and the novel excitement caused me to forget the dignity I ought to have preserved.

"'Thank you; then if you will glance your eye over the case upon your brief, you will, at once be in possession of the names of the parties and the offence charged. When you have done so I will explain the prisoner's previous history, which it is material that you should know.'"

"'It was a prosecution for arson,—the prisoner an apprentice girl, and her master's premises those which had been destroyed.'"

"'Well,' said Mr. Paget when I had finished reading, 'now you must listen to a long story. Eighteen years ago a large basket, containing an infant apparently about six months old, was left at the door of a surgeon in this town. The child was handsomely dressed, and a letter enclosing a bank bill for twenty pounds, and stating that the infant's name was Miriam Lyndon, were found beside her.'"

"'The surgeon was a bachelor, an eccentric and strange man, although a very humane and charitable one, and in spite of all the scandal and jests of the world he kept the little stranger. But he had a housekeeper, Alice Sharpe. Yes,' he continued, seeing me turn again to my brief, 'that is the woman whose house has been burned, and she was so greatly enraged

at the prospect of any one sharing the influence she had obtained over her master, that after vainly trying to alter his determination, she revenged her disappointment upon the poor child by the most cruel usage. Ten years rolled on in this way; the old surgeon gave up practice and society, secluding himself in his house and garden. There were no servants beside Alice Sharpe and poor little Miriam, who was still unreasonably hated by the former, with a boy who worked occasionally in the garden. By the exercise of constant watchfulness and cunning, Alice Sharpe managed to keep her master and his little *protégé* almost entirely apart, and she continued so to fill the child's mind with apprehension and fears of her protector, that when by any chance they did meet, her terror was so great as to mortify and disappoint the kind old man. Still he loved the child dearly, and used to watch her pretty figure running about with great delight. Sometimes too, when Alice was absent for a few hours at meeting or market, he would try to conciliate and attract the little creature, and thus after a time she learned to love, and forgot to fear him. But all this was concealed from the housekeeper. Why, has always been a mystery to me; however, it was so, and Alice Sharpe lived in ignorance of the mutual attachment until her master was taken ill. Then, for the first time, the secret was betrayed by the uncontrolled grief of Miriam and the querulous anxiety of the invalid, who craved to have the child perpetually in his sight. To this after a time Alice was obliged to consent, and a little mattress was brought into the sick-room for her, while the manner and treatment of the wily artful woman changed from its usual harshness to a caressing oppressive kindness that was almost as offensive. But Miriam was too thankful to be allowed to remain with her protector to be fastidious, and she nursed him night and day until his death.

"He had no medical advice, Alice always ridiculing the idea of danger; but she prescribed for him herself, mixed up his medicines out of his own old stock of drugs, and administered them. Miriam observed that after taking them he was invariably worse, and that he often objected to do so; but the housekeeper always prevailed, and by dint of scolding and coaxing usually carried her point. Ten days before his death, Alice introduced into his room a cousin of hers, a lawyer's clerk, whom she told Miriam that her master had sent for; and a will was then made and signed. After this the woman became careless, and left the dying man almost wholly to the charge of little Miriam, who was alone with him when he died.

"The last act of his life was to give the child a packet, which, after his death, he bade her take to the Clergyman; it would explain who she was, he said. And Miriam positively asserts that his last words were, "Bless you, my own child, my darling niece!"

"The packet, however, was lost: whether the child in her exceeding misery mislaid it, or it was taken from her as she slept, there is no means of discovering. Alice Sharpe always asserted that the whole

tale was a pure invention, and that Miriam had never received any such article; she, however, remained positive, and so do I.

"Well, all was now changed. A will was produced, executed two days before the decease of the testator, bequeathing all his property to Alice Sharpe, and not one word was said about Miriam. People talked loudly, but the heiress heeded nothing; she took possession of the property, married her cousin, George Sharpe, (the man who made the will,) sent Miriam to the workhouse, and opened a milliner's establishment.

"Wheels roll within wheels; Mr. Sharpe was now a large rate-payer, and once or twice overseer; and when his wife applied to the parish officers, offering to take Miriam Lyndon as an apprentice without premium, those functionaries found it convenient to forget her previous cruelty to the child, extolled her liberality to the skies, and, without consulting the poor girl, bound her instantly.

"The life she led in that house was horrible. No African slave ever worked harder or was more cruelly treated; but she never repined; she had learned endurance from infancy, and the practice was familiar. At last, however, she had another and greater trial to bear: her beauty attracted the evil eye of her wretched master, and her misery was complete. The persecution she underwent from him, and the jealousy of his wife, made existence a burthen to her, and many a night she has gone to sleep with a prayer for death upon her lips.

"One night (that named in the indictment) Miriam was occupied in pressing some straw-bonnets, when her master entered the apartment, and after a great deal of impertinence attempted some familiarities. She resisted, and the noise of the struggle and her cries brought her mistress to the room; while the cowardly assailant, as soon as he saw his wife, slunk away, leaving the poor girl alone to bear the storm of her ungovernable rage. Blows, oaths, and every description of abuse were heaped upon Miriam by the infuriated woman, and she left her with a dreadful vow to be revenged. Five hours after, in the dead of the night, the house was discovered to be on fire, the fire originating in Miriam's room, from which she was absent. She was, however, soon found in a small outhouse at the top of the garden, where she was at work; as she says, by the order of her mistress, but which that woman denies. She was given into custody, and is prosecuted with a remorseless zeal that would do honour to a fiend. A subscription has been raised to defend her, and by God's help she shall be saved."

"Have you seen her?" I asked, after listening thoughtfully to this history.

"Yes, several times; she has been in prison nearly four months."

"And she persists in her innocence?"

"Yes, but there is little necessity to asseverate what to every one who sees her must be so plain."

"Your suspicion then lies—"

"Upon the prosecutor's wife, Alice Sharpe. And more than this, I am inclined to suspect her of using

unfair means with her late master, and of holding his property unjustly.'

"How?"

"I cannot exactly tell, but I firmly believe Miriam's assertion that the old man gave her a packet previous to his death, and that he called her his niece; and I also believe that in some way or other Alice Sharpe has become possessed of the secret, and a deeper motive than even jealousy urges her to destroy her victim.'

"But the will,—if *that* was fairly executed, she need be under no apprehension.'

"So it seems. Still my suspicions of foul play are very strong. Now let us go through the evidence. You see the principal witnesses are Alice Sharpe, Ann Jackson, the servant girl who discovered the fire, Edward Harris, the constable who apprehended the accused, and Louisa Jones, an apprentice, who swears that she heard Miriam vow to be revenged upon her mistress.'

"We perused carefully the evidence given before the committing magistrate: that of the servant and the constable was straightforward enough; there was no collusion or deception there; both spoke to facts within their own knowledge without prejudice or exaggeration. But it struck me upon a second examination that the testimony of Mrs. Sharpe and Louisa Jones was not genuine; there were several points that I did not like, and the language of both betrayed great acrimony and ill-feeling.

"You can make something of that?" suggested Mr. Paget, as he saw me musing upon the matter.

"I don't know. It is very strange they don't call the husband.'

"Yes, and therefore I have served him with a Crown-office subpoena, which has frightened them, and put them on a wrong scent, I think.'

"Is the letter found with the prisoner when she was left at the surgeon's door in existence?"

"I don't know; why?"

"Nothing—a vague idea as to the indictment, that's all. But I think if it is possible it will be as well to have it. By the bye, what brothers and sisters had this old doctor? how could this girl have been his niece?"

"Nobody knows. He came here about thirty years since, but he never visited, and so far as I know never said where he came from. Alice Sharpe followed him immediately.'

"I should like to read my brief over alone, and see you upon it afterwards—to-night if you are not engaged.'

"What time will suit you?"

"Eight o'clock."

"After the attorney was gone, I pored over those sheets again and again, and the more I did so, the more satisfied I was that Miriam was innocent, and that Mrs. Sharpe had some serious reason for wishing to get rid of her. But, unfortunately, this was only my own conviction; I could see no way of working it out, or of bringing a jury to so desirable a conclusion, and the more satisfied I became, the more uncomfortable I was also, because I knew that nothing that

was not very plain and unmistakable, would, except by a great chance, be accepted by Lord Craunstoun.

"One help I had, and next to common sense witnesses it is the greatest that a counsel can have—a shrewd; clever, practical attorney.

"It was afternoon before the trial came on. I shall never forget my sensations, as I saw the prisoner come up to the bar. She was not simply pretty, she was beautiful; fair, slight and delicate as a high born lady, and graceful exceedingly. There was a general murmur in court as she appeared, and even the old judge was softened. Oh, what I felt! knowing that under God her life was in my hands. I was very nervous; the pen I held, feigning to make notes, trembled in my hand, and I shivered from head to foot as if agestricken. The constable was the first witness called. His evidence was short and clear. He stated that he was sent for at twelve o'clock at night to apprehend Miriam Lyndon, the prisoner, who was accused of having set fire to her master's house: that when he reached the place he found it burning inside, in a room which he was told was the prisoner's bed-room, and in another immediately under the chamber of her employers. That upon searching the house the prisoner was not to be found, but that after a little delay she was discovered in an outbuilding, at some distance from the house, pressing bonnets.

"The man was turning to leave the box when it struck me that I might put a question or two with effect, and I therefore desired him to stay.

"When you reached Sharpe's house," I commenced, 'what had been done to extinguish the fire? was there any engine or people there?'

"No, sir, none; nothing had been done as I see'd, the fire was a dying out of itself—a few pails of water would have put it out altogether; the straw blazed a bit fierce at first, but there was nothing for it to catch hold on, there hadn't been no body of fire.'

"You say you found the fire burning in two rooms, the prisoner's and the one under her employer's; was there much light, much glare I mean through the windows, anything to attract attention?"

"No, sir."

"It was a light moonlight night, I think?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was the firelight then less visible from the moon shining on the windows, than it would otherwise have been?"

"Yes, sir."

"How far was the outhouse where the prisoner was working at the end of the Orchard, from the dwelling house?"

"About three hundred yards, more or less."

"In going in and out of the outhouse, as you have just told the Court the prisoner would often have occasion to do, in the course of her work, was there anything in the appearance of the house to draw her attention?"

"No, sir; I shouldn't have known there was a fire, outside of the house."

"Did the prisoner express any surprise at seeing you?"

"No, sir; it seems there was a bonnet of my mississes altering at the shop, and she thought I'd come for it, for she said, I'm sorry your wife's tuscany isn't done, Mr. Harris, but we've been so busy."

"Did she seem regularly at work, as if she had been at it some time?"

"Yes, sir, there was lots of bonnets about as she had been scouring and pressing."

"When you took her into custody, what did she say?"

"I told her nothing at first, only as she was suspected of setting fire to the house, and then she looked all amazed, dumbfounded as it were, but after a bit she said very steady like, 'I know nothing of it, I never had such a thought.'"

"The next witness was the servant girl."

"Her testimony was clear and short. She had seen Miriam go to her bed-room at the usual time, had retired herself immediately after, and slept soundly until aroused by her mistress, who told her that Miriam had set the house on fire, and had run away. She was very much frightened, and by her mistress's orders went to the constable. She did not see the burning rooms until her return with the man for whom she had been sent; she wished to do so, but her mistress refused to let her. She knew of the quarrel that had taken place in the evening between Mrs. Sharpe and Miriam, and heard the former say that her apprentice should 'rue the day she had set her cap at her master.' It was unusual to work at the bonnet-pressing and scouring at night, but once or twice before, Miriam had worked all night by her mistress's orders. Mrs. Sharpe was a regular Turk to her; and her master worried the life out of her; she led the life of a black slave between them. Never heard her swear to be revenged, or any such thing, and would not believe it. There wasn't much burned, only a cupboard door and shelves in one room, and an old bedstead in another; there was a lot of straw and matches under the bed; Miriam had no call with either."

"The apprentice was called next. She was a bold impudent-looking girl, dressed in a very showy style, and stared round the court in the most insolent manner. She took the oath with great flippancy, and when she turned round cast a look at Miriam which betrayed all the hatred of her heart, and its cause—she was jealous."

"She swore to many conversations with the prisoner on the day previous to the fire, in each of which she had declared her resolution to be revenged upon Mrs. Sharpe, although she did not say why. Never saw Mr. Sharpe pay her any attention, although she did all in her power to attract him. Considered her a great flirt, and a very artful girl. Purchased a tinder-box and sixpenny-worth of matches for her a few days before the fire. She said she wanted them for a particular purpose. Don't know where she got the money, unless it was from the young lawyer up the street, who was always after her. Would swear that on that very night before she left work, Miriam said,

'You'll hear something before morning as'll make you stare.' Asked what she meant, but got no answer, except a vow to be revenged on her mistress. This conversation took place at the garden-gate. There is an old-fashioned lodge at the gate, open to the road. People can sit and rest in it; anybody there would see all the people who came down the garden-walk. They could not help seeing."

"Cross-examination did very little with this witness, except to show the bitter feeling with which she regarded Miriam, to elicit the fact that the young lawyer had formerly been a lover of her own, but had deserted her for Miriam, and that her own character was far from stainless."

"Then came Alice Sharpe, the only witness from whom I had any hope; and what that hope was, was even to myself so vague and undefined an idea, that I could not shape it into any practical and tangible form. With a hesitating step and furtive glance Alice Sharpe now entered the box, and certainly I never looked upon a more cunning, ruthless, determined countenance than hers."

"She was evidently ill at ease, for she cast an anxious, apprehensive gaze round the court, and trembled visibly. My hopes rose as I saw this. There was something she wished to conceal, something she feared would come out, and I knew better than she did that there is no place like a court of justice to facilitate discoveries, or to unmask a lie."

"At first, while she was giving her evidence, I looked steadily at her, and she became confused and nervous, and hurried on, and I saw that if I hoped to succeed in eliciting anything from her, it must be by setting her at ease; so I buried my face in my hands, and feigned to read; but through the division between two fingers I managed unseen to keep a keen watch over her. The effect of this release from surveillance was immediately apparent. She thought that she had baffled me, and that I felt myself beaten; and this idea brightened her countenance, strengthened her voice, and unloosed her tongue. Thenceforth she spoke freely, and her evidence against the prisoner was, if it could be believed, perfectly conclusive of guilt. She positively denied having sent the girl to work in the outhouse, and swore to having found a tinder-box and matches concealed in Miriam's bed after the discovery of the fire, as also some of the same matches (which she recognised from being made of a different wood to that generally employed for the purpose) by the heap of straw which had been used to set the closet and bedstead on fire."

"She said all this in a flippant, malicious manner, every now and then casting her eyes furtively upon me, but receiving re-assurance by seeing how completely I appeared to be absorbed. While she was speaking, a note was passed over to me by one of the senior counsel, who had been watching her attentively. It ran thus:—'I am not quite sure—but I believe this woman was tried five-and-thirty years since at Liverpool, for aiding in the forgery of a cheque. Her accomplice was a cousin, a sort of

clerk in some office; but they were acquitted in consequence of an error in the indictment. I recognise her by that mark upon her right cheek and temple, which she was suspected of receiving upon the occasion of some disreputable quarrel, and by that singular pronounciation; but her name then was Martha Steele.'

"I turned round and handed this to the attorney, and in a few seconds the man who had written it came round and spoke to me. When I next turned towards the witness-box, I saw her displaying an old pocket-book of her husband's, which she said had been found among the articles in Miriam's box, and which had been missed for some days. It was an old book, with a green shagreen cover, and as I glanced at it I saw in silver studded nails the initials G. S. upon it. I resumed my seat carelessly, looking at her with the utmost indifference I could assume. I hoped to throw her off her guard, and all unconsciously Mr. Ashley played into my hands most admirably.

"At last the examination-in-chief was concluded, and I rose as Mrs. Sharpe was hastily quitting the box. 'Stop,' I said, 'I must have a little conversation with you now.'

"I cast one look at the prisoner. The misery of her face gave me new courage, and I mentally prayed for help to bring the truth to light. At first I put a few unimportant questions, and then said, 'You lived with your late brother,—master I mean—twelve years, or thereabouts, did you not?'

"Her face became livid white, and she muttered some indistinct reply. Whether wisely done or not, I felt that I had now thrown off the mask, and must be prepared to make the most of every word, or even change of feature. 'Why do you not answer me?' I said, sternly.

"Another muttered sentence.

"'Speak louder,' said the judge.

"'Yes,' replied the woman.

"'What did you do from the time of your trial for forgery at Liverpool in 18— till your appearance in Worcester as the late Mr. Steele's housekeeper?'

"She gazed helplessly at me.

"'Answer me, woman.'

"'I was living in different places; I can't exactly say where now.'

"'Were you not married in the name of Sharpe?'

"'Yes.'

"'How long previously had you ceased to bear your own name of Steele?'

"A frightened glance was all her answer.

"'Well, never mind; it was somewhere about the time that unpleasant business of the embezzlement in Mr. Pearson's office occurred. You were housekeeper then, I think. After that it would of course be disagreeable to bear the same name; and you did wisely to get rid of it as soon as you could, and I suppose your cousin was of the same opinion.'

"Her face worked convulsively as I went on thus coolly, but she said nothing. This rather perplexed me; I had depended upon discovering something from

her own incautions replies, and her wary cunning baffled me. At last I was obliged to let her go down without having produced any stronger effect than that of destroying her credit with the jury.

"Another witness, for whom we were not prepared, now came forward, and deposed that on the very day of the fire Miriam went to her house, and purchased a 'bolting' of straw, and a large bundle of matches, all of which she declared were for her mistress, but portions of which, as it turned out, had been found in the burning room. All my tact failed in shaking her testimony: it was evidently true; and she also proved having herself delivered the straw, which she took upstairs by Miriam's directions, and put under the bed in her room. She asked for what purpose it was wanted, and was told that Mrs. Sharpe was about to make some new mattresses 'unknown to her husband,' and therefore desired that it should be hidden out of his way. The girl, she said, was crying, and upon being asked why she did so, said that her mistress had been very cruel to her, and that she wished herself dead, drowned, or burnt, or poisoned, or anything.

"This closed the case for the prosecution; and I could see that, although the jury had been dissatisfied with some of the evidence, yet this last testimony had decided them against us. Their faces wore the hard resolute expression of men who have made up their minds to punishment. Oh, the agony of that poor girl as she saw it too!

"'I would not run the risk of calling George Sharpe,' whispered Mr. Paget; 'the jury are dead against us, and the judge, too, I think; and if he does you no good, as I fear he will not, he'll ruin the case wholly,—you had better trust to yourself.' But I dared not; one more look at that beseeching face, and the impulse to call Sharpe came so strongly upon me that I gave way to it. Very few, but as prompt as I could imagine, or utter, were the words I addressed to the jury, and then, urged I know not how, I called George Sharpe. He was a long time coming, and when at last he made his appearance, it was only by the help of the crier, and in a most pitiable state, that he could enter the box;—he looked like some one who had been suddenly stricken with death; he shook frightfully, his eyes glared, his teeth chattered, and his mind seemed wandering.

"'Your name is Steele, I think,—George Steele?' I said, quietly.

"He stared vacantly; then said, 'Yes, George Steele; you're right, sir, George Steele.'

"'You are a cousin, I think, of your wife, and of the late Mr. William Steele, the surgeon?'

"'Yes.'

"'Do you remember how long it was after your trial at Liverpool that you changed your name?'

"'No,' he answered helplessly.

"'Had not Mr. Steele another sister besides you, wife,—one who displeased him by marrying?'

"'Yes; Miriam's mother.'

"An exclamation from his wife, who stood in a box

behind, startled him a little, but he shook his head dismally, and said, as if to himself, 'It's no good!'

"What was her name—Mrs.—Mrs.—?" and I turned over my brief as if to look for it.

"Mrs. Blackwood, she married young Will Blackwood, the squire's son, as had been courting Martha afore Fanny left school."

"The whole thing was now plain,—legible to my mind as if I had it upon my brief,—but, as fact after fact rapidly followed, corroborated and explained each other, I began to fear that I should lose the connexion, and not shape my questions so as to bring out the truth for the jury.

"When was it that you first knew the child left at Mr. Steele's door to be his sister Mrs. Blackwood's child?"

"Not for a good while;—but Martha knew it soon after."

"That relationship is the reason, I suppose, why she dislikes the girl so much; her sister had captivated her sweetheart, eh?—and of course she did not like the child?"

"Yes, that reason, and another!" he answered, gloomily.

"George!" exclaimed a voice, which all recognised as that of his wife. He heard it, as he had before, but he took no heed.

"Ay, that was the will, I suppose!"

"The will?"

"Yes, that document which was contained in the letter which Mr. Steele gave to Miriam, you know."

"A document;—how came you to know anything about that?" he asked, as if suddenly awaking from his dreamy state to a consciousness of all that was going on around him.

"Oh, I know all about it!—You drew up the first will, you remember, ten days before Mr. Steele's death, but this deed, which altered that disposal of his property, and left it to his sister Fanny's child, was executed the very day of his death, and was stolen from Miriam while she slept."

"Oh, papa!" cried Edith Conway; "how did you know that?"

"I did *not* know it, Edith; I only thought it probable, and acted as if it were a certainty; but the man looked as surprised as you do, and said, 'He did not leave it all to her.'"

"No?—I've been misinformed, then!—How much did he leave?"

"George!" said the same warning voice.

"How should I know?" answered the frightened man.

"Take that woman into custody," exclaimed the judge, 'if she disturbs the court again!'

"The man was now thoroughly alarmed and perplexed.

"How much besides the house did he leave to her?" I asked, quietly, fixing my eyes steadily upon his quivering face.

"I don't know."

"That's a falsehood. Remember you're upon your

oath, man, and answer me truly: how much did Mr. Steele leave to his niece?"

"What's the good of bullying me? I tell you I don't know."

"Then came a moment's pause, and then I said suddenly:

"Who mixed up the medicines?"

The man's face was horrible to look at, as I asked this. White it had been all along; but now it was ghastly: the eyes started and glared, and white froth came out, fringing the blue livid lips. I shuddered as I looked. There was evidently some terrible mystery, and I almost dreaded to speak, lest it should overwhelm me.

"Who mixed up the medicines?" I asked again.

"A vacant stare of terror was all my answer.

"I must have an answer," I said, sternly, 'or I shall ask his lordship to commit you.'

"Oh Lord, Martha, it's come at last!" exclaimed the wretched man: 'I knew it would!' and uttering a hideous scream, he fell upon the floor of the witness-box in strong convulsions.

"After this witness had been carried out, and as soon as the confusion had subsided, Mr. Ashley rose to reply upon his evidence; but, as it was impossible to recall the man, and endeavour to set him right with the jury, or to remove from their minds the fearful impression he had made, the counsel confined his remarks to a few common-place observations, which he hurried over as quickly as possible.

"Lord Cranston then summed up; but the jury heeded him very little: they, in common with all the court, were gazing on the prisoner, who had fainted in the dock, and whose beautiful and sorrow-stricken face lay white and moveless before them. Her head was supported by one of the turnkeys, and a surgeon, who happened to be near, had entered the box to chafe her hands and bathe her face; but to those rough men in whose hands her fate reposed, this swoon appeared like death; and I knew, as I looked upon their pitying faces, that not the most obdurate among them would venture to pronounce the word which must, in the event of her recovery, doom her to die.

"And I was right. Almost without turning in their box, and quickly, as if glad to release her, and do their part towards comforting her, they returned their verdict, and she was immediately acquitted, and borne out of the dock, senseless."

"And the others,—Alice and George Sharpe?" asked Edith.

"She absconded during the confusion in court, and her husband, in the intervals of delirium, and just before his death, made a fearful confession, of which I can only give you the outline.

"Martha, Fanny, and William Steele were the three children of a tradesman living in a Yorkshire village. The son of the Squire, attracted by the bold beauty of Martha, paid her so much attention that she fully expected he intended to marry her, and therefore boasted of her conquest to all her companions; but

just when she had decided in her own mind that the proposal ought to be made, Fanny returned from school.

"From that time Martha lost her empire over her lover's heart; and, in her treatment of the unfortunate cause of her disappointment, showed the first symptoms of that innate cruelty of heart which afterwards worked so much evil to herself and others. In a few months, worn out with her sister's unkindness and taunting words, and urged by her lover, poor Fanny Steele eloped, only leaving behind her a vague note for her brother William, whom she dearly loved.

"Soon after this their father died, and Martha accepted a situation as housekeeper to a solicitor in Liverpool. There she became acquainted with her cousin George, and in a very short period attained so great a mastery over him as to persuade him to commit the forgery for which they were both subsequently tried and acquitted. After this she was of course homeless and characterless; her guilt had been too evident to admit of any doubt, and it was very well known that her life had only been saved by some flaw in the indictment: no wonder, then, she found it impossible to obtain any situation.

"In this position she thought of her brother. She knew that he was most merciful and forgiving, and thought that if she could only persuade him of her innocence of the crime for which she had been tried, he might receive her again. This after a time he consented to do, on condition that she changed her name, so that she might not be recognised as the heroine of the celebrated forgery case. This proviso, however, reasonable as it was, angered her greatly, but she affected to be grateful, and after her brother broke up his comfortable house in Yorkshire, and went to Worcester, she followed him in the capacity of housekeeper. Two years afterwards an anonymous letter, informing him of his sister Fanny's dangerous illness, reached the kind-hearted surgeon. Without saying anything to Martha, he went to the place to which he was directed, just in time to see his dear sister before she died, and to undertake the charge of her infant. He learned then, for the first time, that her husband was dead, and that his family had refused to receive her. After the funeral Mr. Steele entrusted the child to the care of the woman who had nursed her mother, and some weeks after, he received the infant from her in his own surgery; while, to baffle the suspicion of Martha (now called Alice Sharpe), to whom he had said nothing of Fanny's illness and death, and to whom he dared not entrust the secret, he deposited the baby, the bank note, and the letter at his own door.

"But Martha was not long deceived. The likeness to her sister was so strong in the child's infant features, that her suspicions were soon awakened, and her brother's tenderness to his protégée, although carefully concealed, speedily confirmed them. She was, however, too wary to suffer her knowledge of his secret to be discovered by the surgeon, and she revenged herself for the silence she was compelled

to maintain, and her previous disappointments, by harshness and cruelty to the unoffending Miriam. But after a time a new fear sprang up in her mind, and she dreaded lest Mr Steele, whose health had already begun to fail, should at his death bequeath all his property to the poor forlorn little child. This fear she communicated to her cousin George, who had followed her to Worcester, and, by the aid of a false reference, obtained employment in a lawyer's office; and then commenced that diabolical system of slow-poisoning which wore her brother's life away, atom by atom, and finally ended in destroying it.

"Previous to his death, however, she introduced George into his room as a stranger, and prevailed upon the dying man to make a will in her favour, which he willingly did, having another form ready prepared for his signature, which gave everything to his niece. This he contrived to execute during Martha's absence, the night before his death, in the presence of some stonemasons who were working in the yard, and it was this which he enclosed in a letter to Miriam, explaining her parentage, and which after his death was stolen from her by Martha. Of the fire, also, the miserable man gave a full account. It had been planned and executed by Martha, partly from revenge and jealousy of her husband's admiration of Miriam, and partly that she might, by her conviction, get rid of her for ever.

"All this, and much more, George Steele confessed upon his death-bed; and as, but for his sudden cowardice, which had caused so great a diversion in her favour, that poor girl must have been found guilty upon the strong circumstantial evidence brought against her, I have ever looked with fear and suspicion upon any verdict sentencing to death upon testimony so liable to interpolation, misconstruction, and falsehood."

"And what became of Alice, papa?"

"She was hanged a year after, for an attempt upon Miriam's life."

A FEW NOTES ON THE EDUCATIONAL QUESTION.

"O for the coming of that glorious time,
When, prizing Knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best possession, this imperial realm,
While she exacts obedience, shall admit
An obligation on her part to *teach*
Those who are born to serve her and obey."

MANY years have passed since these lines were written by the greatest of our recent poets, William Wordsworth, and during those years the question of national education has been continually and prominently before the English public. There is, perhaps, no subject on which so much has been written and spoken,—none on which greater diversity of opinion may be said to have prevailed. And, admitting, as most intelligent persons *now* do, the expediency of a more general diffusion of the rudiments of knowledge and of sound practical information, we have still to lament over the formidable

obstacles which prevent the adoption of a scheme of instruction available for all classes, and adapted to meet the necessities of the age.

What to teach, How to teach, and Whom to teach: Upon this text, which involves, we submit, the gravest political question of the day, a weighty and important discourse might be framed; but as an elaborate argument might be out of place in this magazine, we will simply draw attention, in our own way, to a few considerations that lie on the surface of the subject.

In the first place, it should be borne in mind that, in the present day, a certain amount of information is necessary to ensure worldly success, and even to secure the proper discharge of daily duties. Ignorance now operates as an absolute disqualification for every position to which men usually aspire, —as a bar to prosperity which it is impossible to overleap. In the battle of life mental activity has become equally requisite with bodily exertion, to ensure a victory. And since the value of educational training to all classes is so obvious—nay, its necessity so apparent—to bring it within the reach of all is emphatically both the duty and the interest of the more influential portion of society. The *duty*—for, as it has been beautifully written by Jeremy Taylor, “if the people die for want of knowledge, they who are set over them shall also die for want of charity:” the *interest*—because on the general well-being of all depends the security, the stability, and the prosperity of the state.

Fully impressed, then, with the importance of the inquiry, we anxiously ask, What are the real impediments which prevent the adoption of a system of popular education, of a character and on a scale worthy of a great nation? We find that the most obvious and important of them have been well considered and clearly stated in a recent pamphlet now before us, written by a clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. Foster Barham Zincke,¹ to which we will briefly direct the reader's attention.

1. The first difficulty (and one which we are especially called on to treat with delicacy,) is well characterised by Mr. Zincke as the result of the peculiar complications of our social system. In a country like ours, before any great question can be carried out, we have many opinions to take,—many different interests to conciliate and consult, and “if conciliation be impossible, the only engine that can be brought to bear is public opinion; and on all great questions, to awaken, and enlighten, and direct, public opinion is a work of time.” Whilst the paramount consideration without “great interests” is the prevalence of a particular principle, or the preponderance of a particular party, it is idle to expect a universal voluntary cooperation in any scheme of education which embraces the wants of the whole people. “The conflict of interests,” as Mr. Zincke well observes, “prevents anything being done. It is impossible to propose anything with which all parties will be satisfied; and any one of the great

parties which take an interest in this question, is sufficiently strong to hinder the adoption of any plan by which it considers that its position or its interests would be damaged. The cause of education, which ought to be entirely distinct from all party and sectional interests, and which every wise man, and every good man, ought to endeavour to promote and to perfect, has been made with us one of the great prizes in the battle for social and political influence.” In all the voluntary efforts of influential bodies for the promotion of education,—and it is far from our intention unduly to disparage their exertions,—there has been a certain alloy of the selfish principle, an ever-apparent endeavour “to turn the schoolmaster into a kind of recruiting officer,” and to make the school-house subservient to a sectarian purpose. Whilst we admit that voluntary effort has accomplished much, and whilst we admire the zeal and spirit displayed by many earnest partisans, it appears to us nevertheless that the cause of education ought not to be left to chance, or to spontaneous exertion. We are not sanguine enough to believe that any particular system, or specific scheme, could be adopted which would be perfectly unobjectionable to all parties,—in the present state of society this is impossible,—but we *do* believe that any system would be better than none at all; and we *do* hold that it is a duty to lay aside minor differences when a great object is to be attained, and a work of necessity fulfilled.

2. Another impediment to the spread of enlightened views on the subject of education is stated by Mr. Zincke to be “the nature of the education which the educated classes have themselves received.” He contends (and on this subject he has addressed the public in another able and thoughtful pamphlet²) that the system of instruction pursued in our higher schools and colleges is not adapted to prepare men for the active duties of life, and that, consequently, they are afterwards led to undervalue the practical importance of all education. “The system pursued,” he observes, “in the education of our upper class, and, to a great extent of our middle classes, is to this day much the same as that which the circumstances of the times made necessary more than three centuries ago. . . . Now it must be evident that persons who have been brought up under such a system—let us hope better things for the future—must have very inadequate ideas on the subject of education. When they recollect how slight in their own case was the bearing which education had upon the purposes of life; when they find how very little good moral effect resulted from it; and, when judged of by the wants of the age, how very small is the amount of intellectual improvement which they have received from it, we must not wonder that many have formed a very low estimate of the advantages which education is capable of conferring upon the people.” There is undoubtedly much truth in this. Many sensible men, before Mr.

(1) “Why must we educate the whole people? and what prevents our doing it?” by the Rev. F. B. Zincke. 1850.

(2) “How much longer are we to continue teaching nothing more than what was taught two or three centuries ago? or, ought not our highest education to embrace the whole range of our present knowledge?”

Zincke, have seen and lamented it; and we may, in passing, remind the reader of an admirable paper on the subject by the late Sidney Smith, in the *Edinburgh Review*, (and now reprinted among his collected essays,) entitled "Too much Latin and Greek." At a time when nearly all that was valuable in science or literature was locked up in the learned languages, and when an accurate knowledge of them was the distinctive boundary which separated the learned from the unlearned, we cannot be surprised that the education of the higher classes should have been principally directed to their acquisition. But under the changed circumstances of the present period, the question naturally enough arises whether we act well and wisely in giving such exclusive attention at our schools and colleges to the ancient literature.

We have not space at present to pursue the subject; but, in lieu of further remarks, we venture to quote a few lines from an almost forgotten poem on the subject of Education, by West, (the friend of Gray and translator of Pindar,) which appear to us to bear forcibly upon the point we are endeavouring to illustrate. Adopting the Spenserian style and stanza, the poet thus describes the Weird Sisters, who in *his* time claimed to preside "o'er every learned school:—

"In antique garbs (for modern they disdain'd)
By Greek and Roman artists whilom made,
Of various woofs, and variously disdain'd
With tints of ev'ry hue, were they array'd.

* * * * *

"And well their outward vesture did express
The bent and habit of their inward mind,
Affecting Wisdom's antiquated dress,
And usages by time cast far behind:
Thence to the charms of younger Science blind,
The customs, laws, the learning, arts and phrase
Of their own countries they with scorn declined;
Nor sacred Truth herself would they embrace
Unwarranted, unknown in their forefathers' days."

"Thus ever backward casting their survey
To Rome's old ruins, and the groves forlorn
Of elder Athens, which in prospect lay
Stretch'd out against the mountain, would they turn
Their busy search, and o'er the rubbish mourn."

"Then gath'ring up with superstitious care
Each little scrap, however foul or torn,
In grave harangues they boldly would declare
This Ennius, Varro, this the Stagwite did wear."

3. A third impediment "arises," to quote Mr. Zincke's words, "from our peculiar social condition. There is such an enormous distance in this country between the rich and the poor, that the rich, upon whom, of course, almost entirely devolves the duty of devising a proper scheme of education, and of carrying it out, cannot be brought to take that interest in the education of the poor which they would naturally take if there were a greater similarity in their habits and tastes."

4. Another impediment, of a ridiculous as well as mischievous character, is pointed out by Mr. Zincke, and is deserving of some consideration. It is the existence of what he calls "a strong aristocratic

feeling" (in the foolish and contemptible sense of the expression,) "pervading the whole of the middle classes." Among those who have become enriched in the ordinary callings of life, it is a common ambition to have their children educated with the scions of the aristocracy. And whilst the wealthy tradesman aspires to Harrow and Rugby, the smaller shopkeeper has also a strong feeling against sending his children to school where they would mix with the children of the poor. It is this feeling of pride or prejudice which prevents the establishment of a superior class of district schools, in which the children of the farmer, tradesman, artisan, and labourer might receive, at a small pecuniary cost, varying with their condition of life, a really good and useful education. This obstacle to the diffusion of knowledge is of a serious character, but we doubt not it may be gradually overcome. "The remedy," observes Mr. Zincke, "evidently is to make the schools for the lower orders so good that it will be impossible for the shopkeepers and farmers to avoid seeing that they are far better than the schools to which they are sending their own children, and that their children will incontestably be gainers, by being removed to the parochial school, while they will themselves be gainers by having less to pay for their children's education." In support of his position, Mr. Zincke has referred to the successful efforts of the present Dean of Hereford, to establish a superior class of schools in a pauperised and ignorant district. Having paid a visit to these schools, Mr. Zincke had the good fortune, in one instance, to meet with a direct proof, that self-interest is capable of conquering the repugnance entertained by the better classes towards the parish school; and he thus narrates the circumstance:—

"The following anecdote will show the process by which this principle has surmounted the old ideas and prejudices of those who lived in the immediate neighbourhood, and who were enabled to form an opinion of the schools from what they themselves saw. A farmer, living four or five miles from the parish, came to the Dean, and stated, 'that he had a family of children, and that he had been thinking of these schools, and reasoning the matter over with his wife for a whole year, and although they had prejudices at first about sending their children to school with the children of labourers, that he was quite convinced now, from what he had seen and heard, that he had been wrong in thinking this an objection; that the advantage was in the end greatly in favour of the farmer's child, because he could be kept at school for a much longer time than the labourer's child; and that he was quite persuaded that his farm, if in that parish, near the school, would be worth to him 50% a-year more, on account of the cheap and good education it would enable him to get for his children.'"

Having adverted to the principal obstacles which, in the opinion of Mr. Zincke, prevent the adoption of a liberal and reasonable scheme of popular instruction in this country, we will turn for a moment to a topic which appears to us to have an important bearing on

the whole question. Before we can have efficient schools, it will be necessary to have a sufficiency of efficient schoolmasters; and before we can secure the services of an adequate number of educated men, properly qualified for the instruction of the young, it will be requisite to concede to them the social position to which their acquirements and important functions fairly entitle them. We do not wish to be misunderstood. During the last few years, we are well aware that much attention has been paid to the *training* of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, and many well-informed men and women have been prepared for the due discharge of their important office, through the instrumentality of training-schools, for the establishment of which society has every reason to be grateful. Parish schoolmasters, as a class, are unquestionably improved, and instances of gross ignorance and inefficiency are of much rarer occurrence than they were ten years ago.¹ But whilst great efforts have been recently made for the improvement of the schoolmaster, and though gross examples of incompetence are not so common as they were, the position of those engaged in the work of instruction appears to us by no means satisfactory. With the establishment of a proper scheme of popular education, we should expect to see greater consideration shown to the *profession* of the instructor. We should expect to see a proper rank assigned him; and, the dignity and importance of the calling being fairly recognised, we have not the slightest doubt, that many accomplished men of quiet habits and studious tastes would be soon found engaged in the important duty of forming the minds and characters of a rising generation. For very many the task would have a peculiar attraction, if the prejudice against it were removed. The noblest minds would find in the district school a congenial sphere of usefulness. It has been said by Wordsworth, that,

"Strongest minds
Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least;"

and to such minds a career of unobtrusive usefulness has many attractions. For what are called the prizes of life, not a few educated and highly intellectual men have neither the energy nor the inclination to strive. Are there not many such who would willingly engage in the work of education, if proper inducements were held out, and proper facilities offered?

Before we conclude these desultory remarks, there is one consideration which forces itself on our attention, and appears to us to render the question of

(1) We have accidentally taken up an old newspaper, whilst preparing this article, and in a speech delivered in the House of Lords on the 15th July, 1839, by Lord Brougham, we find the following instances of the ignorance of schoolmasters. "The great majority of the schools in Manchester," said his lordship, "were also taught without order or system, and a great number of teachers were incompetent to their task. On questioning one of the teachers, he always answered in the affirmative. He was asked whether he knew Greek, and Latin, and Mathematics, to all of which questions he gave an affirmative reply, upon which one of the gentlemen observed, 'This is *multum in parvo*.' The teacher, observing they were taking notes, said, 'Put *multum in parvo* down too' . . . In another case, the schoolmaster was asked, whether he paid proper attention to the morals of the children? Upon which he replied, 'We don't teach morals, they belong rather to the girls.'"

National Education of peculiar interest and importance at the present time. Our social condition is about to be subjected to the scrutiny of a larger number of civilized strangers than the arts of peace have ever before attracted to our shores. Our habits and institutions will be exposed to criticism, not always of the most friendly character, and comparisons will be made between the circumstances of our own and other countries, which, in many instances, even to the most impartial mind, may not be altogether in favour of Great Britain. Our wealth and industrial energy will excite wonder and admiration; we may appear full even to fatness of all the *material* attributes of greatness: but there is a darker side to the glowing picture which will not escape the eye of the unfavourable critic. We may expect him to point with reproving exultation to the signs of popular ignorance which abound amongst us, and admit of no excuse. In what way can we palliate the scandalous neglect of duty in high places which the intellectual condition of our people seems to imply? Our goals are filled with the illiterate—the neglected and untaught; and whatever connexion there may be between ignorance and crime,—(a question on which we cannot enter here.)—one thing is clear, that the state which is prompt to punish is not equally prompt to enlighten and instruct. Wherever there is abject poverty, ignorance will be found its invariable concomitant, and generally its cause. Debasing habits and debasing vices flourish, because no intellectual tastes have been implanted or encouraged. When all this is noticed, and contrasted with our vast opportunities; when our great resources, our internal prosperity, our freedom from civil discord, and our professions of religious zeal are called to mind, will not the existence of so much heathen ignorance at our own doors, be a continual subject of reproach which will sound harshly and sorrowfully in our ears? Where so much wealth is ostentatiously displayed, who would have thought that its producers could have been so little cared for?

We are not indulging in mere vague declamation. If the testimony of intelligent observers is to be relied on, the intellectual condition of the English people is far below that of many countries over which we have been accustomed to vaunt our superiority. Other states have not left the education of the people to mere chance, and the adoption of an enlightened scheme of instruction has been, in most instances, followed by a corresponding improvement in physical and moral condition. A writer, in every way qualified to form a correct judgment on the subject, has, in a recent work,² emphatically stated, that "the moral, intellectual, and physical condition of the peasants and operatives of Prussia, Saxony, and other parts of Germany, of Holland, and of the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, and the social condition of the peasants in the greater part of France, is very much higher and

(2) "The Social Condition and Education of the People of England and Europe." By Joseph Kay . . . late Travelling Fellow of the University of Cambridge.

happier, and very much more satisfactory, than that of the peasants and operatives of England." And he goes on to give the reasons for this, which appear to us, under present circumstances, of sufficient importance to be inserted in this paper:—

"The great superiority of the preparation for life which a poor man," he observes, "receives in those countries I have mentioned, to that which a peasant or operative receives in England, and the difference of the social position of a poor man in those countries to that of a peasant or operative in England, seem sufficient to explain the difference which exists between the moral and social condition of the poor of our own country and of the other countries I have named. In Germany, Holland, and Switzerland, a child begins its life in the society of parents who have been educated and brought up for years in the company of learned and gentlemanly professors, and in the society and under the direction of a father who has been exercised in military arts, and who has acquired the bearing, the clean and orderly habits, and the taste for respectable attire, which characterise the soldier. The children of these countries spend the first six years of their lives in homes which are well regulated. They are during this time accustomed to orderly habits, to neat and clean clothes, and to ideas of the value of instruction, of the respect due to the teachers, and of the excellence of the schools, by parents who have, by their training in early life, acquired such tastes and ideas themselves. Each child at the age of six begins to attend a school, which is perfectly clean, well ventilated, directed by an able and well-educated gentleman, and superintended by the religious ministers and by the inspectors of the Government. Until the completion of its fourteenth year, each child continues regular daily attendance at one of these schools, daily strengthening its habits of cleanliness and order, learning the rudiments of useful knowledge, receiving the principles of religion and morality, and gaining confirmed health and physical energy by the exercise and drill of the school playground. No children are left idle in the streets of the towns; no children are allowed to grovel in the gutters; no children are allowed to make their appearance at the schools dirty, or in ragged clothes; and the local authorities are obliged to clothe all whose parents cannot afford to clothe them. The children of the poor of Germany, Holland and Switzerland acquire stronger habits of cleanliness, neatness, and industry at the primary schools, than the children of the small shopkeeping classes of England do at the private schools of England; and they leave the primary schools of these countries much better instructed than those who leave our middle class private schools. After having learnt reading, writing, arithmetic, singing, geography, history and the Scriptures, the children leave the schools, carrying with them into life habits of cleanliness, neatness, order and industry, and awakened intellect, capable of collecting truths and reasoning upon them."

It is not our wish—far from it—unduly to disparage

the circumstances and institutions of our own country, nor do we wish to see the military system of Prussia imported into Great Britain. Our people are not to be drilled into frequenting schools, or compelled, as our legislators know, by pains and penalties to accept instruction. We have many obstacles here which do not exist elsewhere, and which, as we have before admitted, it is difficult to overcome. We are also proud to confess that as a nation we have to be grateful for many peculiar blessings. But we trust that our patriotism will be considered not the less enlightened and sincere, because we endeavour, in a kindly spirit, to point out that other nations are doing *in their own way* what we have left undone. Whilst competing with them in the arts of industry, let us also emulate them in attention to the social and moral condition of our people. Let us endeavour to bring a wholesome educational training within the reach of all classes, and impress upon our legislators the important truth, that national institutions are never so stable and secure as when they rest on the safe foundations of intelligent sympathy and enlightened obedience.

JESUS.

"The disciples of Jesus wander about the scene of his sufferings.—The walk to Emmaus.—Appearance of Jesus to his disciples in the room where they met.—His reappearance on the shore of the Lake Genesareth."

A long and sunny tranquil afternoon
Had lured, with sweet enticement, from their toil,
Or festal games, a motley multitude.
Some pass'd with quiet steps the gate which led
Towards Siloam, and the pensive vale
Of fabled Jehoshaphat; while others roam'd
Along the banks of pleasant streams which ran
Through that broad verdant plain, whereon of yore
The mightiest of the sons of men abode.
Gardens and groves, and every breezy hill,
Had each its gladsome group. But there were those,
Though few, upon whose spirits still there lay
The gloom of Calvary. Of these, some sought
Gethsemane, or linger'd round the base
Of the dread mount. Others of quicker hope
Had met together in an upper room
To pray and meditate. But two there were,
Whose faith and sorrow had an equal part
In all they thought and spake; and with the strife,
Fever'd and sad, they took their lonely way
To Emmaus. The balmy breezes play'd
Freshly around them; and the mellow light
Pour'd evening's richest tints upon their path.
Fervent discourse employ'd them; but in vain
They strove to solve the fearful doubt which grew
Darker as waned the day, before whose close,
If Jesus spake aright, He should have stood
Again among his people.

As thus they thought,
And to each other told their fears, a voice
Of kindly greeting sounded by their side.
It was the voice of one whose look and garb,
Seen through the meshes of the golden veil
Of the bright evening, seem'd of nobler kind
Than wont to meet the eyes of such as loved
Lonc country walks. But with familiar tones
He follow'd in the train of their discourse;
And ever and anon a stream of light
Flash'd on their minds, as some strong word of his
Battled its way through gloomy fears, and roused

Thought to its higher consciousness. But soon,
 They reach'd the rustic lodge by the way-side,
 Where they had oft reposed on summer eves,
 And with a patient memory studied o'er
 The words of Jesus. Greeting them again,
 The stranger pass'd along; but when they press'd
 His hand, and with entreaties manifold
 Besought his stay, He yielded to their wish,
 And took his place to share the simple meal
 Soon spread before them. They had told what joy
 Flow'd from his words, and as He saw them weigh
 With still increasing earnestness his speech,
 So seem'd there more of gladness in its tone,
 And more of joyousness in every form
 Which hope or memory wore. But when He bless'd
 The bread and brake it, rapture, deep, intense,
 And trembling wonder held them. From their eyes
 A cloud had pass'd: reveal'd before them sat
 Their risen Lord. A ray of glory wreathed
 His calm, majestic brows; of fulgent grace
 Flow'd round about Him; but they saw no more;
 He had departed, as they bow'd their heads
 With that mute worship which is all the heart
 Can give when overladen with its love.

As men who sit and talk of one whose step
 They long have listen'd for, but now begin
 To doubt his promised coming, and to chide
 Those who still look for him, so sat and talk'd
 The little band of fond disciples, met
 In that secluded dwelling, where awhile,
 The doors fast closed, they felt they might be free
 From tyrant malice. Peace and silence reign'd.
 The broad full moon its silver lustre shed
 Through the tall latticed window, and dispersed
 The deepning twilight. Such an hour it was
 As forces on the mind the pleasant thought
 That every hour hath in itself a life,
 A spirit, which in passing us but speaks
 Of its own journey to another sphere,
 Where it will meet with us again, and be
 More powerful for good.

Each heart was now
 Fill'd with its own best hopes; unquiet dreams
 Pass'd silently away; a humble will,
 A readiness to wait and trust, proclaim'd
 The action of some wondrous power at work
 Among those new inquirers.

And when thus
 Sweetest repose prevail'd; and if a voice
 Was heard, 'twas that of one whose inward prayer
 Unwittingly moved the lips,—when thus the hour
 Gave trust signs of life, in what it wrought
 In faithful, patient hearts, lo! Jesus stood
 Amid his people. Even the air stirr'd not,
 Foretelling his approach. But never form
 Of more distinct, substantial, massive strength
 Had moved on earth. His voice, divinely sweet,
 Utter'd such accents as might best recall
 The days most precious to the soul, and yet
 Lend more of strength to hope than memory.
 He bless'd his worshippers, and with the word
 Which gave them peace, convinced them He was man,
 Man, and not spirit only: and though man,
 A traveller who had journey'd through the grave,
 And sought the world beyond, and had come back
 Replenish'd with the strength which he had drunk
 From gales and fountains there.

Another moon
 Was on the wane, and softly fell its light
 Upon the Galilean lake, where lay
 The fisher's bark which oft had spread its sail
 Obedient to Jesus, till the mists
 Of the grey morning rose upon the waves,
 The patient crew, with wonted toil and skill,
 Their nightly task pursued. But all within

Their hearts and minds was changed. Another life,
 Another work was theirs; and, hour by hour,
 They thought but of the promise of their Lord,
 And of that day when, gifted with the power
 To make his glory known, their voice should rouse
 A slumbering world, and bring its myriad tribes
 To worship at his feet.

Such visions fill'd
 Their souls: but now their bark had reach'd the shore,
 And, faintly visible through the dusky air,
 A stranger hail'd them. By his words he seem'd
 To know all depths and shallows of the lake,
 And all the fisher's art so well, that they
 Right gladly heard him, as a man grown old
 In that employ. But one among them saw
 With keener eyes, and soon his brethren heard
 That Jesus waited them. Their early meal,
 Prepared beside the sheltering rock—the fire
 Whose cheerful blaze dispers'd the chilly mist,—
 And friendly words as others came to land,
 Stiff with the cold and labour of the night,
 Brought back to many a heart what'er belong'd
 To pleasant recollections of old toil,
 Perils escaped, and hardships well endured.
 Nor fail'd there in the thoughts which thus arose
 Food for discourse with Him, their guest revered,
 Who sat among them, nor unasted left
 Their simple viands. When the morning shone
 Full on the lake, He vanish'd: but his form
 Hung as a shadow on the sparkling waves;
 And they who loved Him most still seem'd to trace
 His presence wheresoe'er they turn'd: sometimes,
 High on the rocks; at others 'mid the flowers,
 The crown'd and golden lilies, which o'erspread
 The sumptuous valleys: then again they thought
 He stood beside them, and his earnest gaze
 Made their hearts throb, as if it could not be
 A fancy of their own.

From "Jesus," a recent poem, by the Rev. H. Stebbing.

ITALY.

LA SANTA CASA, OR THE VIRGIN'S HOUSE, AT LORETO,
 BY S. LEY WOLMER.

THE traveller who passes through that part of Italy
 called the March, or Marquisate of Ancona, in the
 early spring time, when the feast of the Annunciation
 of the Virgin is celebrated, or in the autumn, when
 the Roman Calendar fixes the time of her birthday,
 will observe an unusual bustle in every part,—groups
 of travellers are all tending to one destination;
 bands of pilgrims, peasants, women, and children, are
 hastening to *Loreto*! to visit the Holy House of the
 Blessed Virgin.

Now this town of *Loreto* is, in itself, but a small
 place, situate on a hill, at a short distance from the
 Adriatic Sea, and a few miles from Ancona, the principal
 city of the district; but *Loreto* has become famous
 all over the world, from circumstances as extraordinary
 (if true) as ever happened to any city whatever.
 Who has not heard of the Image that fell down
 from Jupiter, of which the town clerk made mention
 at Ephesus after the messengers of the Apostle Paul
 had exclaimed against the superstitions of the inhabitants
 of that place?—but at *Loreto* there is a house of stone—a
 real chamber—said to have been built more than
 eighteen centuries ago in

(1) Acts xix. 35.

the Holy Land, and once inhabited by the most blessed of earth's daughters, and by her more blessed Son, but which was subsequently brought, "*upborne by angels' wings*," to Italy, and there deposited, and now, A.D. 1851, is there to be seen; such facts as these deserve a record, and demand scrutiny. They are not the shadowy and dim records of the times we are pleased to call dark ages—they appeal to the credence of the day. I shall embody much of the history of this strange prodigy, as well as offer the best authentication of the statements offered by the Romanists themselves in relation to it, by transcribing the Loreto edition of 1839, of the reprint of an old translation, most probably made especially for the benefit of English travellers and pilgrims, and certified thus:—

"I, Robert Corbington, Priest of the Society of Jesus, in the year 1684, have faithfully translated the *Premises*, out of the Latin, hung up in the said Church."

As the Jesuit, by his statement, appears himself to have a talent for *translating premises*, we may with greater satisfaction listen, (without altering his style, or correcting his orthography,) to his account of "the Miraculous Origin and Translation of the Church of our Blessed Lady of Loreto;" which is as follows:—

"The Church of Loreto was a Chamber of the Blessed Virgin, nigh Hierusalem, in the *City of Nazareth, in which she was born, and bred, and saluted by the Angel*, and therein conceived, and brought up her Sonne Jesus to the age of twelve yeares. This Chamber, after the ascension of our Saviour, was by the Apostles consecrated into a Church, in honore of our Blessed Lady. And *Saint Luke made a picture* to her likeness, extant therein, to be seene at this very day; it was frequented with great devotion, by the people of the country where it stood, whilst they were Catholicks, but when, leaving the faith of Christ, they followed the Sect of Mahomet, the Angels tooke it, and carrying it into *Scalonia*, placed it by a towne called *Flumen*, where not being had in due reverence, they *again transported* it over sea, to a wood in the territory of *Recanati* belonging to a noble woman, called Loreto, from whom it first tooke the name of our Blessed Lady of Loreto; and thence againe they carried it, by reason of the many robberies committed, to a mountain of two brothers, in the said territory; and from thence, finally, in respect of their disagreement about the gifts and offerings, to the *Common highway not far distant*, where it now remains *without foundation*, famous for many signes, graces, and miracles, where the inhabitants of *Recanati*, who often came to see it, much wondering, environed it with a strong and thick wall, yet could noe man tel whence it came oricinally til in the yeare M.CC.XC.VI. the Blessed Virgin appeared *in sleep*, to a holy devout man, to whom she revealed it, and he divulged it to others of authority in this province, who determining fordwith to try the truth of the vision, resolved to choose xvi men of credit, who, to that effect, should go all together to the city of Nazareth, as they did, carrying with them the measure of the Church, and comparing it there with the

foundation yet remaining, they found it wholly agreeable, and in a wall thereby ingraven, that it had stood there, and had left the place; which donne, they presently returning back, *published the premises to be true*, and from that time forwards it hath byn certainly knowne that this church was the Chamber of the Blessed Virgin, to which Christians begun then and have ever since had great devotion, for that in it daily she hath donne, and doth many and many miracles. One friar Pavi di Silva, an ermit of great sanctity, who lived in a cottage nigh unto this Church, whither daily he went to matins, said that for ten yeares space, on the viii of September, two houres before day, he saw a light descend from heaven, upon it, which he said was the Blessed Virgin, who there showed herself on the feast of her nativity; in confirmation of all which, two vertuous men of the said city of Recanati divers times declared unto me, prefect of Terremian and governor of the forenamed Church, as followeth:—the one, cald *Paul Renaldanci*, avouced, that *his grandfather's grandfather* saw when the angels brought it over sea, and placed it in the forementioned wood, and had often visited there; the other, called Francis Prior, in like sort affirmed that his grandfather, being c.xx. yeares old, had also much frequented it in the same place; and for a further proof that it had byn there, he reported, that his grandfather's grandfather had a house nigh unto it, wherein he dwelt, and that in his time it was carried by the angels from thence to the mountaine of the two brothers, where they placed it as above said."

"By order of the Right Reverend Monsignor Vincent Cassal of Bologna, Governor of this Holy Place, under the protection of

"The most reverend Cardinal Moroni,
"To the Honour of the ever-glorious Virgin."

It was on a fine day in Autumn, with the sun shining as it delights to do in Italy, and a glorious firmament without a cloud above me, when I entered the town of Loreto. I felt at once I was in no ordinary city—at the hotel, instead of serving my dinner, the pretty daughters of the host assailed me with trays and boxes full of the most tempting things in the shape of rosaries, necklaces, crosses, strings of beads, books, medals, all blessed in the House of Loreto—consecrated tapers, pictures of saints and saintesses, and other things forming a selection large enough for a bazaar, to which my attention was invited as being the most appropriate occupation for myself in the City of the Virgin, and possibly not less lucrative to the hotel than supplying the ordinary accommodations for the body. I made a selection of pretty toys, and afterwards visited the principal street of the town, of which it would be difficult to give a just idea. The business of Loreto was at its height there; the street, it is true, was full of shops, but shops, and materials in them, unlike those of any other commercial city, I should suppose, in Christendom. I was obliged again to remind myself of the Ephesian craftsmen, to whom "the making small shrines for Diana brought no

small gain." Every shop was a mart for variations of the rosaries, necklaces, crosses, strings of beads, books, medals, consecrated tapers, and the pictures of saints and saintesses; and outside every shop stood one or more of the damsels of Loreto to entice the worshipper within!

There was no lukewarmness in the worship here; no one, at least no stranger newly arrived, could pass these relic-marts in peace,—*Signore! entrate. Oh, che cosa da vedere!*—"Do come in, Sir! see my pretty things." Neither silence, nor assurances that I had already laid in a stock of Loreto ware, proved of any avail. *Non importa, non avete veduto la mia, non avete veduto la mia.*—"Never mind, you have seen nothing until you have seen mine." I passed on, with determination for awhile, running a complete gauntlet through the street; but human forbearance has its limits—human nature is weak—I yielded at last to the temptation; a pair of large black Loretan eyes, and a flattering tongue, seduced me inside the bottega or shop, and I then found I was not half provided for a visit to Loreto. I showed my already-bought stock, and found of course, what had not occurred to me before, that I had been charged "hotel prices," being about six times the current value. I solaced myself by thinking that the more select assortment of the hotel-keeper might have been blessed in a more orthodox way than the religious ware in such masses before me! I soon discovered that to be considered as a respectable visitor to Loreto I must add to my purchases:—I had no guide-book to the church, no account of the relics, no picture of the Madonna herself, no account of the wonderful cures performed, no box specially made to bring away some of the precious dust of the walls of the house, of which, by a little understanding with the keepers of the chapel, a small portion might be obtained; and then there was a better form of a rosary, and a little crucifix to open by a secret spring and show a little figure of the Virgin within. The result of course was that an exchange was made between the contents of my pockets, for the oddest assortment of things which had ever visited them. A valuable addition to the collection was afterwards made in the shape of a little bell, which, when blessed, I was informed, would be very useful, if properly applied, in frightening away the devil. Thus armed, I at last reached the principal church of the town.

It is a handsome edifice; a statue in bronze of the Pope Sixtus V. in pontifical robes, with the right arm raised in the act of benediction, stands before the front. Thus we enter the Loretan temple, and, instead of giving an account of the feelings of the solitary English traveller, who looked on with a cold and unimpassioned attention, let us suppose that the groups of travellers and pilgrims whom we observed on our way before reaching Loreto, are now assembling in the square before the church, and crowding round the doors on one of the great festive days. All is adorned to receive them—companies of visitors and pilgrims are arriving, with their banners bearing the blazonry of different

saints, and carrying large crucifixes and representations of the crucifixion; priests accompany them who chant and sing in unison, with loud and not discordant voices. Then follow other votaries, bearing in their hands their intended offerings, varying in value according to the quality of the person, and their feelings of devotion: these too are singing as they pass forward, and waving their coloured ensigns. A large crowd presses on all sides, and as the pilgrim groups come nearer and nearer to the object of their pilgrimage, some fall on their knees and call on the Virgin Mother, and some in joy, and others in grief, perform strange actions, divesting themselves occasionally of their own garments to put on sackcloth for their sins, and beating their breasts or their shoulders, perform voluntary penance. The priests within the church then meet the coming visitors, receiving them with instrumental music and vocal melody, whilst the church bells are merrily ringing. Entered within, and approaching the sacred precincts, again the devotees cast themselves on the ground, heartily saluting the Virgin, and this some do with so much ardour as to move many who witness them (so says a traveller of former days) even to tears.

At last the shrine is reached, the chamber itself, all resplendently illuminated, and there, as the aforesaid traveller observes, the visitors contemplate the effigy of the Madonna with such piety and such tears, with such sighs and such humility, as was quite wonderful to behold, and many become so fixed in contemplation of the place, and the actions which the Virgin has performed, that if they were not literally pushed out by others who are waiting behind, they would never leave at all. Many of the devotees present some gift at the altar, and those who bear precious things consign them to proper deputies, who duly record the gift and the name of the giver in the books of the treasury. By these means untold treasures had accumulated at Loreto, the image of the Madonna itself was literally a blaze of gems; these treasures, however, were very differently appropriated during the French possession of Italy, and the year 1797 is a deplorable remembrance for the temple at Loreto; in that year, "our Lady" being taken on a visit to Paris. The image was, however, restored to the Pope, in 1801, and shortly afterwards, readorned with jewels and encircled with a royal crown, after a triumphant entry into Loreto, it resumed its place in the sanctuary. Since that period new treasures have been pouring in to such an extent, that upwards of seventy cases full of various offerings are at present in the treasury. The image of the Madonna is again radiant with jewels—a robe of crimson velvet worked and fringed with gold, the gift of a convent of Ursuline nuns, forms a garment handsome enough for any lady's ordinary use. The care of the late beloved Ferdinand of Spain, as is well known, provided the Madonna with an embroidered robe, worked, as report says, by his own royal hands.

Let us enter the sanctuary. Behold some of the titles by which Roman Catholic devotion has eulogized it:—*Domus Aurea—Domus Sapientia—Vas insignia devo-*

tionis—Propitium altissimi—Civitas refugii—Puteus aquarum viventium—Terror demonum—Spes desperantium—Gloria Hierosolyma—Tabernaculum Federis—Sacrarium Divinitatis—and *Sacra Santa Casa* are amongst them, and others even more high-sounding might be quoted! The *Sacra Santa Casa*, however, consists of but one apartment, of about thirty-two feet in length, thirteen in breadth, and seventeen in height; the walls are composed of stones of varied form, cemented together, the interstices showing a kind of mortar, which can be in places broken away, the sight of which reminded me of the little boxes prepared at the relic-shops for its reception; I was informed that the supply was never wanting, for the holes soon became replenished with cement and ready for the next concourse of pilgrims. A different result, however, appears in reference to any interference with the stones of the walls; two instances are recorded of the danger of intermeddling with them. A Spanish bishop obtained permission of Pope Paul III. to remove one of the stones, of which he accordingly possessed himself, but not one day of peace or health could the bishop enjoy whilst he kept it, and at length becoming severely ill, he returned the stone to its place, and then immediately recovered. Now this is all duly attested by a letter from the aforesaid bishop, preserved amongst the records of the Holy House. The conduct of the other stone was still more surprising; having been taken without the Pope's, or any other proper permission, it returned to its place in the wall of its own accord.

The continual burning of lamps and incense within the confined space has made the whole interior nearly black in colour, by which the objects which formerly adorned the walls are almost entirely hidden, amongst which there were anciently several frescoes. On the western wall is the opening for the window, through which, tradition reports, the Angel Gabriel entered; above it is an ancient wooden cross, after the Greek manner, with a figure of the Saviour, and which are believed to have been brought with the House itself. There are some niches in the walls, which have a wonderful interest, for in them were discovered some earthen vessels, forming, as it is stated, an undoubted part of the culinary apparatus of the house at Nazareth: of these precious relics there are two cup-like vessels, which were broken and despoiled of their covering of gold during the French invasion; the Pope, however, has remounted and replaced them, but fortunately a small earthen cup was saved from the ravage, and though now covered with gold, is stated to be one of the vessels of Terra Cotta which served for the use of the Holy Family; and these sacred relics are sometimes produced for veneration by the faithful.

The House, as it will be remembered from the account, was said to have been consecrated as a church at a very early period; the original altar, we are informed, has been marvellously preserved, being found in the house after its translation. The ancient altaris at present covered by the one now in use, in which however there

is an opening, through which the square stones of the original altar can be seen. The Prince of the Apostles is said to have consecrated the altar, and to have celebrated the Mass upon it himself. Upon the present sumptuously adorned altar is the image of the Virgin, "Our Lady of Loreto;" and that Saint Luke may have the credit of having been a sculptor, as well as a painter and physician, the workmanship of it is ascribed to him. The interior of the Virgin's house is plain and unadorned; the exterior presents a striking contrast!

Art has shown her wonders, and genius has called upon skill, to form a casket for such a jewel. The Santa Casa is encased in marble! and prodigies still attend as if they were but common things in relation to it. The stones of the original building could not be united with other things less sacred, not even of marble, and perceiving this, the workmen desisted from the attempt, and the Holy House stands isolated, beneath the gorgeous covering, which encloses, but does not defile it by contact. The external covering, designed by Bramante, consists of richly-sculptured marbles, presenting four sides, corresponding to the walls within. The materials having been prepared, the building was commenced in the time of Leo X., and finished about 1538. The eastern and western fronts present magnificent bases, each supporting four Corinthian columns, and above the capitals is an ornamental frieze and balustrade-work, the compartments being all filled with sculptures. On the eastern side, the principal one, representing the Annunciation by the Angel Gabriel, is by the celebrated Sansovino; and according to the account of his biographer, Vasari, the Angel is so lovely that he appears not made of marble, but a real celestial. In the smaller compartments are represented the visit of the Virgin to Saint Elizabeth, and other scriptural subjects. The sides present a strange admixture of sacred and profane representations, for whilst the prophets Jeremiah and Ezekiel utter their sublime predictions as to the Messiah, two females, typifying the Libyan and Delphic Sibyls, are figured also with prophecies; the one bearing the inscription:—

"Æternus tempore Princeps,
Reginæ mundi gremio Rex membra reclinans;"

the other:—

"Virgine Matre satus
Ille, Deus castâ nascetur Virgine magnus."

The western part is adorned with sculptured compartments, one of which represents the death scene of the Virgin, and the Apostles carrying her on a bier to burial, whilst several Angels are hovering over the corpse. Another sculpture portrays the coming of the Santa Casa through the air to Loreto, and several of the attendant events, which are recorded in the history, and are all performing at the same time. In the niches are figures of Moses and Balaam, with passages of prophecy; and near them the Cumæan and Samian Sibyls, with their prophetic offerings. The southern and northern sides are of the same character of architecture and adornments, but, being longer in

extent, there are six Corinthian columns in each façade. The compartments are all likewise filled up with historical sculpturings, and the Prophets Isaiah, Daniel, Amos, Malachi, Zacharias, and King David, are strangely placed in company with an equal number of prophesying Sibyls, all of them bearing some oracular sentence.

Whilst viewing the exterior, we observed numerous devotees making their way around it, on their knees, and a circle might be traced, in which the very stones have been worn away by this species of penance. There were amongst these votaries many peasants in their picturesque costume, and some young girls, who, having just partaken of their first communion, were dressed in white, wore veils on their heads, and a crown of white flowers. Amongst the numerous visitors to the shrine, and who doubtless perform their kneepilgrimages with great fervour, are those from the places which the Santa Casa first visited. Many of such are known to enter even the church on their knees, kissing the very pavement as they approach the sanctuary, and bitterly lamenting their loss, pray the Virgin to return to them,—“*Ritorna, ritorna a noi, O Maria! Ritorna a Tersalla, O Maria! Maria! Maria!*” “What a grand testimony,” remarks a Catholic writer, “do such terms and tender lamentations as these offer to this admirable sanctuary!”

The pilgrims who visit Loreto are highly favoured also, not only by all the benefits which the place itself with all its associations affords, but by the substantial advantages which the liberality of Popes has annexed to a due reverence for it. There is the grant by the Pope Paul II. of seven years of indulgence to all the faithful, who being contrite, confessed and communicated, should visit the Holy House in the grand festival of the Virgin's Assumption; and on all the Sundays in the year. Julius II. with a more liberal hand offers *plenary* indulgence for another feast-day; Leo X. for another; Gregory XIII. for every day in the holy week, for all the feasts of the Virgin herself, and even for the octave or eighth day after them. Clement VIII. kindly remembers strangers and pilgrims, and gives them the opportunity of gaining indulgences every day in the week. Then Clement XI. not only ratifies the privileges so granted, but actually renders them applicable to souls in purgatory. Benedict XIII. concedes forty days' indulgence to all whom the rod of penitence shall touch, which consists of a very gentle tap on the shoulder; and it is no wonder that so many should make the tour of the sanctuary on their knees, for Clement VIII. has annexed an indulgence of seven years to the performance. The very keepers of the Holy House have virtue imparted to them by Pius VII., who so lately as 1806 granted to them the faculty to bless the crucifixes, and medals for dying pilgrims, and foreigners; and if such devoted beings should touch the sacred image of the Virgin, all the benefits of the indulgences of Saint Brigida herself should be theirs! After such treasures and such inducements, can it be a matter of surprise that the Holy House of our Lady

of Loreto should be one of the wonders of the world? not only to those who believe, but also to those who do not believe, in its facts or its offers! But enough of description, for were we to enter into details of the church itself, and of its varied riches, our sketch must swell into a volume. We will not, therefore, even give a *resumé*, interesting though it would be, of the rich property and possessions which are again accumulating in the treasury; but it would be unjust on leaving Loreto to be altogether silent as to the evidence, or the facts on which its claims to the belief of an enlightened world repose, or the judgments which wise and pious men have formed of such things. Let *Leandro Alberti*, who so gracefully described the fair land of Italy, say—so far at least as translation can convey his words—all that a devoted son of Loreto, a priest as well as historian, wished, when speaking of the Santa Casa. Thus he writes:—

“My very powers fail me, when I remember that most sacred chamber, and all the wonderful events which have passed within it. I know not how to express myself, so as to satisfy devout and curious readers, but yet I will write a little, and first I say, one ought to believe this to be the chamber where was born the Queen of the earth, because *independently of the authentic writings which we read of it*, and how it was conveyed by angels, *there is not a man so hard of heart*, nor so wicked, *who entering there, does not feel himself softened*, and disposed within himself to make his reverence to the Virgin, and humbly to pray her to be pleased to intercede for him, and obtain the remission of his sins from the Saviour! And *one feels in doing this, to be moved by a certain spiritual influence*. And also to confirm this there are *the miracles there shown*, and the favours granted to mortals who have thus had recourse to the Mother of the Lord, and which they continually do, as their writings credibly inform us, and *the statues of gold, and silver, and wax, and pictures, and other similar things, which are there continually brought through many ages*. I should be too long, were I to describe the great miracles performed, and great favours granted, in this place, which are such, that they would appear *incredible to those who do not believe the Lord* to attend to the petitions of his sweet Mother. And not only should I be long, but I want powers to do this properly, *so that I shall not proceed further*; praying that most amiable Mother to pardon me, if I have not praised her as I ought, and as it is my duty to do.”

Alberti wrote in 1550, and although Loreto since then may have lost some of its attractions, its character and claims remain to the present time unaltered. A mighty change was, however, in Alberti's time, coming over the spirit of Christendom, and we will put in opposition to the views of which he is the representative, those of one of the children of the Reformation, as presenting quite another construction; and the quaintness of the style may not diminish the interest of the observations, which I shall quote from

the work entitled, "A Briefe Inference upon Guicciardine's Digression," published in 1629; at the conclusion of which the Author thus writes:—

"There remains yet one other thing, wherein they of the Romane Church have much prejudiced the sinceritie of Christian religion, and that is *their miracles*. For, as they have beene too full of their canonick Constitutions, and too free of their philosophical conclusions, wherewith their great tomes, and volumes, are loaden, like Cardinal *Campegius's* Sumpters, (with much trash, and little or no treasure,) so have they beene too lavish, and vulgar in their hyperbolickall miracles. A great miracle, sure it is, (if it were true) that they should grow so thicke in the P'opish aire territories, and thrive so little in this moist climate of ours. For if we have one in an age, it is but of a straw, and yet not worth a straw when wee have it: a miracle, but of foolish fancie, and unsettled imagination, such a one as the eye of conceit may daily see, if it looke upon broken clouds; and the care of credulous fancie hourly heare, if it listen to the ring of bells. But, let them no longer scandalize the truth, nor thinke to cozen the world with this counterfeit kinde of coyne. Their golden legend, of leaden lies, is no more current. Men are no longer babes, to take such counters for good payment, or so simple to believe they see a man in the moone. Let them, if they be wise, stamp us no more miracles of this mint, lest while they endeavour to *make men* beleevv what *they see to be false, they be hardly trusted in what is true*. I dare undertake, there be more of these juggling miracles to be seen in the countries of Poperie, than there have beene houres since Christ wrought his first miracle at Cana in Galile: as appeareth by the crutches, armes, legs and other gambolls hung up for shew thereof in all the churches and chapells of *Italie*; some of which have beene so palpably forged, and so notoriously discovered, as all the figleaves in *Italy* and *Spaine* are not sufficient to cover their nakednesse, whereof the modester sort are much ashamed, confessing them to be *pia mendacia*, and the wiser sort laugh at them. Of this kind of stuffe Rome itself is stuffed, more than any place else; where for my part I beleevved very few, but onely this; that *it is a miracle God suffereth the pride and abomination of that See, so long unpunished*. But of such miracles as this, the whole earth is full: All the workes of God, from the great frame of the world to the most small and contemptible creatures, are *miracles of his power*, the stay and upholding them in their first being are *miracles of his providence*, the punishing of the wicked, and protecting his children, are *miracles of his justice*.

"What should I speak of those great *miracles of God's infinite mercie*? the sending of our Saviour into the world, his Incarnation, Resurrection, and Ascension, and all other workes of his, as raising the dead, curing the diseased, restoring the lame, and blinde, to their limmes and sight, registred to us in the sacred chronicle of his holy word? These indeed were truly miracles such as all Christians are bound to beleevve, and confesse."

After such contrasted opinions, we will take leave of the Holy House of Loreto. The facts and the feelings connected with it are perhaps best left, without other comment, to the reflection and judgment of the reader.

THE ENGLISH HOUSEWIFE.¹

NEXT unto her sanctity and holiness of life, it is meet that our English housewife be a woman of great modesty and temperance, as well inwardly as outwardly: inwardly, as in her behaviour and carriage towards her husband, wherein she shall shun all violence of rage, passion, and humour, coveting less to direct than to be directed; appearing ever unto him pleasant, amiable, and delightful; and though occasion of mishaps, or the mis-government of his will, may induce her contrary thoughts, yet virtuously to suppress them, and with a mild sufferance rather to call him home from his error, than with the strength of anger to abate the least spark of his evil, calling into her mind, that evil and uncomely language is deformed, though uttered even to servants; but most monstrous and ugly, when it appears before the presence of a husband: outwardly, as in her apparel and diet, both which she shall proportion according to the competency of her husband's estate and calling, making her circle rather strait than large: for it is a rule, if we extend to the uttermost, we take away increase; if we go a hair's breadth beyond, we enter into consumption: but if we preserve any part, we build strong forts against the adversaries of fortune, provided that such preservation be honest and conscionable: for, as lavish prodigality is brutish, so miserable covetousness is hellish. Let, therefore, the housewife's garments be comely and strong, made as well to preserve health as to adorn the person, altogether without toyish garnishes, or the gloss of light colours, and as far from the vanity of new and fantastic fashions, as near to the comely imitation of modest matrons. Let her diet be wholesome and cleanly, prepared at due hours, and cooked with care and diligence; let it be rather to satisfy nature, than her affections, and *apt* to kill *hunger* than revive *new* appetites; let it proceed more from the provision of her own yard, than the furniture of the markets; and let it be rather esteemed for the familiar acquaintance she hath without it, than for the strangeness and rarity it bringeth from other countries.

To conclude, our English housewife must be of chaste thoughts, stout courage, patient, untired, watchful, diligent, witty, pleasant, constant in friendship, full of good neighbourhood, wise in discourse, but not frequent therein, sharp and quick of speech, but not bitter or talkative; secret in her affairs, comfortable in her counsels, and generally skilful in the orthy knowledges which do belong to her vocation.

(1) From "The English House-Wife, containing the inward and outward Virtues which ought to be in a Complete Woman."—Ninth edition, 1683. By Gervase Markham.

LEWIS ARUNDEL;¹

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEIGH."

CHAPTER LV.

CONTAINS MUCH PLOTTING AND COUNTERPLOTTING.

It was the evening of the Tuesday in Epsom week, the day before the Derby. Lord Bellefield, though outwardly calm, was inwardly a prey to the most painful mental excitement. His Lordship had met with a continued run of ill-fortune latterly, everything he had attempted had turned out badly; if he betted on a race, the horse he backed invariably lost; if he played, cards and dice equally declared against him; he had lavished hundreds in presents to a new opera dancer, and at the moment in which he deemed his suit successful, she had cloped with a younger, richer, and handsomer man; his tradesmen began to mistrust him, and to dun him unpleasantly; several of his intimates to whom he owed money, grew cool, and eyed him suspiciously; his extravagance had reached his father's ears, and Lord Ashford had not only ventured to remonstrate with him, but apparently bent on adding insult to injury, had cited the example of his younger brother, Charles Leicester, (whom from his heart he despised,) and held him up as a pattern for his imitation, while Lord Bellefield was forced to bear this lecturing patiently; for although the estates were entailed, his father had been a careful man, and was possessed of a large personality which he could leave to whom he pleased. The only piece of good luck, to set against all this "monstrous quantity" of vexation, was the admirable promise displayed by the Dodona Colt. This exemplary quadruped, now individualized by the name of "Oracle," appeared to have been born with a metaphorical silver spoon in its delicate mouth, for from the moment in which its four black legs (suggestive of its future fleetness, for black-legs are invariably *fast*.) put their feet into this naughty world, everything had prospered with it. The breeder was astonished at it, the groom who watched over its infancy was delighted with it, Turnbull, the trainer, was so impressed by its merits that he never could speak of it without a volley of the strongest oaths in his vocabulary, by which expletives he was accustomed (transposing a certain poetical dictum), to *strengthen* his praise of anything which was so fortunate as to win his approval; and by the united kind regards of all these worthies, this favourite of nature had grown in public opinion until it now held the proud position of first favourite for the Derby. Lord Bellefield was by this time no new hand upon the turf; on the contrary, by dint of having been cheated, and associating with those who had cheated him, for several years, he had acquired, besides a sort of prescriptive diploma to *do* as he had been *done*, a considerable insight into the mysteries of the training stable, as well as the betting ring—he was therefore habitually cautious; but, in the present instance, all

his acquired knowledge and natural acuteness coincided with the opinions of his underlings, to prove to him that in the Dodona Colt he had, indeed, drawn a rare prize; and that if he could but ensure that which our sanguine country is popularly supposed to expect, viz. that "every man should do his duty," his horse, and none other, must be winner of the Derby. Accordingly all the powers of his intellect (which, although, not enlarged, was subtle and acute), were now directed to two points; viz. first to take all precautions to ensure that his horse should be fairly dealt by; and secondly, to make such a book on the event, as might retrieve his bankrupt fortunes. This last feat he had succeeded in accomplishing even beyond his utmost wishes; and accustomed as he was to hazard large sums upon the cast of a die, he began to grow alarmed at the magnitude of the stake for which he was about to contend.

Having dined in Town at his club, he returned to his luxurious bachelor *menage* in — Street, and, desiring that he might not be disturbed, drew out his betting book, examined it carefully, went through the calculations again and again, referred to the latest odds,—and then closing it with a sigh, muttered—"Yes, they are all safe men, men who will pay to the hour, and if Oracle runs true, this cursed load of debt will be wiped off and — I shall be rich enough to begin afresh and contract a new one!—if! aye there's the rub,—if!" He strode up and down the room. "I am wretchedly nervous to-night," he exclaimed, ringing the bell;—"bring brandy," he continued, as the servant appeared; then filling a wine-glass, he drank it off as if it had been water—"leave it"—he said; then resuming his walk, added,—"*It must go right*—there is not a horse that can come near him; Tartuffe was the only one that had a chance, and Turnbull swears he is safe to lose; he witnessed the private trial himself, and the colt won by a head, carrying 5 lbs. extra weight,—that amusement cost me 50*l.*, to bribe Austerlitz's trainer to allow the trial to take place.—True, Turnbull may have lied,—and yet why should he? he owes everything to me,—though that has nothing to do with it,—gratitude, if there be such a quality, is simply prospective,—men are grateful to those only from whom they expect favours. Well, even thus, Turnbull is bound to me hand and foot, besides I know he has backed the colt heavily himself: barring accidents then, against which no foresight can provide, and of which therefore it is useless to think, I stand safe to win.—And yet it is a frightful sum to hazard on the uncertainties of a horse-race.—If I should lose I must either blow out my brains like poor Mellerton, or quit the country, marry Annie Grant, and live abroad on her money till my father dies, and he's as likely to last twenty years longer as I am. I scarcely know which alternative is preferable. What an infernal fool I've been to bring myself into such a scrape; but when a man has such a run of ill-luck against him as I have been cursed with for the last year what is he to do?" He paused—stretched himself wearily, and then glancing

(1) Continued from p. 118.

at a gilt clock on the chimney-piece, muttered,—
 “Twelve o’clock, I must be up early to-morrow, and keep a clear head—I’ll smoke a cigar, and turn in.”
 At this moment the house-bell rang sharply, and Lord Bellefield started like a guilty thing. With an oath at this fresh proof of his nervousness, he filled and drank a second glass of brandy, then stood listening with a degree of eager anxiety, which, despite his efforts, he could not restrain. Doors opened and shut, and at length a servant appeared.

“What is it?” exclaimed Lord Bellefield, before the man could speak.

“A person wishes particularly to see your lordship,” was the reply.

“Say I am engaged, and can see no one; I thought I told you I would not be disturbed,” returned his master angrily; “stay,” he continued, as a new idea struck him, “what kind of person is it?”

“He desired me to inform your lordship that his name was Turnbull,” was the answer.

With an oath at the man’s stupidity, Lord Bellefield desired him to admit the visitor instantly.

“Well, Turnbull,” he exclaimed eagerly, as the trainer entered; “what is it, man?”

Thus adjured, Turnbull, a tall stout-built fellow, with a clever but disagreeable expression of countenance, glanced carefully round the room to assure himself that they were alone, and then approaching Lord Bellefield, began, “Why you see, my lord, I thought I’d better lose no time, for there ain’t so many hours between now and to-morrow’s race, so I jumped on to my ’uck, cantered over to the rail, ’ailed a ’Ansom’s cab, and ’ere I am.”

“Nothing amiss, eh? nothing wrong with the colt?” asked Lord Bellefield, with an affectation of indifference, though any one who had watched him closely might have seen that he turned very pale.

“No, bless his eyes, he’s as right as a trivet, and as playful and impudent as—as a brick,” continued Mr. Turnbull, rather at a loss for a sufficiently eulogistic simile; “it was only this morning he took up little Bill the ’elper by the waistband of his indispenionables, and shuk him like a tARRIER would a rat. It would have done your lordship’s ’art good to have seen him; he’ll come out to-morrow as fresh as paint, bless his bones.”

“Well, then, what is it, if Oracle is all right?” returned his employer, greatly relieved.

“Why unfortunatc/y there’s somebody else as has got a ’orse as is all right too, and I’m afraid we ain’t quite so sure of the race as we fancied we was,” was the dispiriting reply.

“Why I thought you had satisfied yourself that there was not a horse that could run near him. You tell me he beat Tartuffe carrying 5 lbs extra weight.”

“Aye, so I believed; but the sharpest of us is done sometimes. It’s a wicked cross-bred world to live in, and a man need be wide-awaker than—than one o’clock, to be down to all their moves.” So saying the discomfited trainer rubbed his nose as if to brighten his wits, and continued, “the truth is this,

my lord—one of my grooms cum to me this morning, and said if I would stand a sovereign between him and one of his mates, he would tell me something as I ought to know. Well, seeing as this race is rather a peculiar one, and as any little mistake might turn out unpleasant—”

“What do you mean, sir?” interrupted Lord Bellefield, drawing himself up with a haughty gesture.

“Nothing, my lord, nothing,” replied Turnbull obsequiously, “only as our colt stands first favourite, and as we’ve made our calculations to win, I thought the Californian farthing would not be thrown away. According/y he brought up his mate, as he called him, which was the hidentical boy as first rode the colt, and he confessed that him and the boy that rode Tartuffe had met one day when they was out a exercising, and just for their own amusement they give ’em a three mile gallop. They run very near together, but Tartuffe beat our colt by above a length; that he’d seen the trial afterwards, and that he knowed from the difference in Tartuffe’s running, that he was not rode fair, or was overweighted, or something. Well, my lord, this information bothered me, and made me feel suspicious that some move had been tried on which we was not up to, and while I was scheming how to cipher it out, the same boy cum again, and told me that the lad that rode Tartuffe at the second trial was a keeping company along with his sister, and that he thought she might worm something out of him if she could be got to try. According/y I sent for the gal, and between bribing, coaxing, and frightening her, persuaded her to undertake the job. She had some trouble with the young feller, but she is a sharp clever gal, and she never left him till she dragged it out of him.”

“Drew what out of him?” interrupted Lord Bellefield, unable to restrain his impatience; “can’t you come to the point at once? you’ll distract me with your prosing.”

“Well, the long and short of it is, as I see your lordship’s getting in a hurry, (and, indeed, there ain’t no time to be lost,) the long and short of it is, that they’ve bin and turned the tables upon us: while we put 5 lbs. extra weight on our horse, they shoved 8 lbs. on theirs.”

“Then Tartuffe ran within a head of the colt, carrying 3 lbs. extra,” exclaimed Lord Bellefield, “and of course without that disadvantage would again have beaten him.”

“I think Oracle is a better horse now than he was at the time the trial cum off,” was the reply, “but the race ain’t the safe thing I thought it. It’s rather a ticklish chance to trust to, if your lordship’s got at all a heavy book upon the ewent.”

As he made this uncomfortable acknowledgment, the trainer leered inquiringly with his cunning little eyes at his employer.

Lord Bellefield did not immediately answer; but, leaning his elbow on the chimney-piece, remained buried in thought; his pale cheeks and the eager

quivering of his under lip, which from time to time he unconsciously bit till the marks of his teeth remained in blood upon it, alone testifying the mental suffering he experienced. Ruin and disgrace were before him. Nor was this all. The Duc d'Austerlitz, a young foreigner who, bitten with Anglo-mania, had purchased a racing stud, and was the owner of Tartuffe, happened to be the individual before alluded to as Lord Bellefield's successful rival in the venial affections of the fascinating *danseuse*. He hated him, accordingly, with an intensity which would have secured him the approbation of the good-hater-loving Dr. Johnson. If anything, therefore, were wanting to render the intelligence he had just received doubly irritating to him, this fact supplied the deficiency. His lordship, however, possessed one element of greatness,—his spirit invariably rose with difficulties, and the greater the emergency the more cool and collected did he become. Having remained silent for some minutes, he observed, quietly, "I suppose, Turnbull, you, being a shrewd clever fellow in your way, scarcely came here merely to tell me this. You are perfectly aware that, relying upon your information and judgment, I have made a heavy book on this race, and can imagine that, however long my purse may be, I shall find it more agreeable to win than to lose. You have, therefore, I am sure, some expedient to propose. In fact, I read in your face that it is so."

The man smiled.

"Your lordship I always knew to have a sharp eye for a good horse, or a pretty gal," he said, "but you *must* be wide awake if you can read a man's thoughts in his face:—it ain't such an easy matter to say what is best to do; if your lordship's made rather too heavy a book on the race, I should recommend a little careful hedging to-morrow morning."

Lord Bellefield shook his head,—"Too late to make anything of it," he replied, "that is, of course, I might save myself from any very heavy loss, but I must have money—a—in fact, I stood so fair to win largely by this race, that hedging will be quite a *dernier ressort*. But you have some better scheme than that to propose."

"If your lordship is at a loss how to act it is not likely that any plan of mine will do the trick;" was the reply.

Whether or not Turnbull wished to provoke his employer, certain it is his speech produced that effect, for with an oath Lord Bellefield exclaimed:—

"What is it you are aiming at? if it be money you are standing out for, you have only to prevent Tartuffe from starting, and name your own price."

"Why you see it might be as well to let him start; men have been transported for interfering with a race 'orse to purvent his starting, but he need not win the Derby, for all that," was the enigmatical reply.

Lord Bellefield's lip curled with a sardonic smile; his knowledge of human nature had not then deceived him, Turnbull had some scheme *in petto*, and was only waiting to secure the best market for it.

"I suppose 1,000*l.* will satisfy you," he said; and

as the trainer bowed his gratitude, continued, "You are certain your plan cannot fail? what is it you propose?"

"Why, you see, my lord, 'orses is like 'uman creatures in many respects," replied Turnbull, "there's some things as agrees with their stummicks, and some as disagrees with 'em; the things that agrees with the hanimals makes 'em run faster, the things that disagrees makes them run slower, or if you give 'em too strong they comes to a stand still all together. Now, if so be as Tartuffe was to have a taste of a certain drug as I knows on, that ain't very different from hopium, give to him afore he goes to sleep to-night, he'll come to the starting post all right, and run very respectable, but if he beats our 'orse I'll engage to eat him saddle and all. I can't speak fairer than that, I expect."

"And who have you fixed upon to execute this piece of delectable rascality?" inquired Lord Bellefield, unable to repress a sneer at the meanness of the villainy by which, however, he was only too glad to profit.

"It was not a very easy matter to pitch upon the right man," rejoined the trainer; "but luckily I happened to remember a party that seemed as if he'd been born a purpose for the job, and who has been so thoroughly cleaned out lately that he was not likely to be particular about trifles. I saw him before I left home, showed him which way his interest lay, put him up to my ideas on the subject, and I hope when I see your lordship to-morrow morning I shall have some good news to tell you."

"I'll be with you early, before people are about," returned Lord Bellefield; "it is important that I should know the result of this scheme as soon as possible; the greatest caution must be observed lest the matter should transpire, and if anything comes out you of course must take it upon yourself. The man should go abroad for a time. And now I must try and get a couple of hours' sleep, or my head will not be fit for to-morrow's work. I breakfast at Epsom with a set of men; but I'll be with you first. You've acted with your usual zeal and cleverness, Turnbull, and I'll take care that you shall have no reason to repent your honesty to your employer; only let us win to-morrow, and your fortune is made. Good night."

As he spoke he rang the bell, and with many servile acknowledgments of his master's promised liberality, the trainer departed.

While this interview was taking place, a far different scene had been enacting in the premises occupied by the racing stud of the Duc d'Austerlitz. As the clock over the stables chimed the hour after midnight, a light ladder was placed against the wall of one of the outer buildings, and a slightly-framed agile man ran up it, and drawing it cautiously after him, laid it in a place of security, where it would remain unnoticed till his return; he then crept with noiseless cat-like steps over roofs, and along parapets, finding among rain-gutters and coping-stones a dangerous and uncertain footing, until he reached a

building, nearly in the centre of the yard; here he paused, and drawing from his pocket a short iron instrument, shaped like a chisel at one end, he cautiously chipped away the mortar round one of the tiles which protected an angle of the roof, and, by removing the tile, exposed the ends of a row of slating. Quietly raising one of the slates, he, by means of the instrument above alluded to, which is known to the initiated by the euphonious title of a "jemmy," snapped the nails which retained it in its place, and removed it. Having acted in a similar manner by two others, he produced a small cabinet-maker's saw, and cutting through the battens, opened a space sufficiently wide to admit the passage of a man's body. Replacing his tools, he crept through the aperture thus effected, and letting himself down by his hands into the loft beneath, dropped noiselessly on to some trusses of hay, placed there for future consumption. Part of his task was now accomplished, for he was in the loft over the horse-box in which Tartuffe was reposing his graceful limbs before the coming struggle; but the most difficult and hazardous portion of his enterprise remained yet to be accomplished. Crawling on his hands and knees, he reached one of the openings by which the hay was let down into the racks beneath, and cautiously peeping over, gazed into the interior of the stable itself, and noted the precautions taken to secure the safety of the race-horse, and the difficulties which lay before him. The box in which the animal was placed was secured by a strong padlock, the key of which rested at that moment under the pillow of Slagsby, the Duc d'Austerlitz's trainer, while in the next box, half-lying, half-sitting on a truss of straw, dozed "Yorkshire Joe," a broad-shouldered bow-legged lad some eighteen years of age, who had been a kind of equestrian valet to Tartuffe, during the whole "educational course" of that promising quadruped.

These particulars the intelligent eye of the tenant of the hayloft took in at a glance, while his quick wit decided as rapidly the exact degree in which they were calculated to tell for or against the object he sought to accomplish. The padlock was in his favour; for as he did not intend to enter the horse-box by the door, it would serve to keep Joe out without interfering with his design; but the presence of the stable-boy presented an insuperable obstacle to his further proceedings. This difficulty had, however, been foreseen and provided against. Stealing on tip-toe across the loft, he selected a long, stout straw, and thrusting it through the key-hole of the door by which the fodder was taken in, he suffered it to drop on the outside. Scarcely had he done so, when a low cough announced the presence of some confederate, and, satisfied that everything was in a right train, he noiselessly returned to his post of observation. In another moment his quick ear caught the sound of a modest tap at the stable-door. Honest Joe's senses not being equally on the alert, the knock had to be repeated more than once ere he became aware of it. As soon as he grew convinced that the sound was not the creation of his sleeping fancy, he rubbed his eyes,

stretched himself, and drowsily inquired, "Who's there?"

"It is I,—Mary;—and I want particularly to speak to you," replied a woman's voice.

"Thy want must wait till morning, lass; for I'm not a-going to leave this place to-night for nothink, nor nobody; so gang thee whoam agin," was the uncourteous reply.

"No, but Joe, dear Joe, you must hear me to-night; it is something very important indeed. You *must* hear me," pleaded the temptress.

"I woan't, I tell thee; gang whoam!" returned Joe, gruffly.

"Well, if I'd thought you'd have been so unkind, I would not have stayed out of my warm bed, trapesing through Hepsom streets at this time o'night, which ain't fit for a respectable young woman to be out in, and coming all this way to put you up to something as may lose you your place, and worse, if you ain't told of it. I didn't expect sich unkindness—and from you, too; that I didn't;" and here a sound akin to a sob, apparently indicating that the speaker was weeping, found its way to Joe's ears, and going thence straight to his honest unsuspecting heart, overcame his prudence and conquered his resolution. Rising from his seat, he approached the door and listened: the sobs still continued.

"Mary, lass, what ails thee?" he said, "I didn't mean to anger thee, wench! but thee knoas I dare na leave t' horse; besoids t' stable-door be locked, and maister's got t' key."

"And can't you come to the window in the further stable, where we've talked many a time before?" suggested the syren. "It's something about the horse I want to tell you, a dodge they're going to try, to prevent his winning to-morrow. You don't think I'd have come out at this time o'night for nothing, do you, stupey?" This intelligence chased away Joe's last lingering scruple, and muttering,—

"About t' horse!—why did na thee say so afore?" he lit a hand-lantern at the lamp which hung from the ceiling, and, assuring himself by a glance that his charge was in safety, quitted the stable by a side-door.

In the meantime, the occupant of the loft had not been idle. As soon as Joe became engrossed by the foregoing conversation, the sound of a fine saw at work might have been perceived by a more delicate organization than that of the sturdy groom; and at the moment in which he left the stable, two of the bars of the rack were silently removed, and through the opening thus effected, a man cautiously lowered himself, and, resting his feet for an instant on the manger, dropped lightly into the box occupied by Tartuffe. This feat was accomplished so quietly, that the horse which happened not to be lying down, but was standing, trying, through its muzzle, to nibble the straw of its bed, was scarcely startled, merely raising its head, and staring at its unexpected visitant. This individual now produced from his mysterious pocket a handful of oats, and holding them

out, allowed Tartuffe to smell and nibble at them; while the animal was thus engaged, he removed the muzzle, worn for the purpose of preventing it from eating its litter, or otherwise gaining access to any food of which the trainer might disapprove. His next proceeding was to draw out that ingenious instrument of torture yecept a twitch, which, for the benefit of those of our lady readers who do not happen to be gifted with "a stable mind," or to have encouraged sporting tendencies, we may describe as a short, thick stick, or handle, about two feet long, terminated by a loop of stout whipcord, or leather, into which the upper-lip, or, occasionally, the ear of the horse is inserted; then, by twisting the stick, the loop can be tightened so as to produce any amount of agony the inflicter may desire: the philosophy of the matter being, that the animal, finding his struggles exactly double his pain, soon has sense enough to choose the lesser of two evils, and therefore stands still while nasty things are being forced down his throat, and other liberties taken with him, which, but for the application of the twitch, he would actively resent. In the present instance, while the unfortunate Tartuffe was still chewing the oats by which his confidence had been betrayed, the twitch was fixed on his nose, tightened, and the nauseating ball which was to impair his strength and fleetness, and secure the victory to the Dodona Colt, and fortune to Lord Bellefield, was already in his mouth, ere he was aware that any incivility was intended him. To give a horse a ball, however, it is not only necessary to put it into its mouth, but to thrust it back as far as, if possible, the entrance of the gullet, and this operation, even when performed in the most skilful manner, is by no means easy to the operator, or agreeable to the patient. In this last particular, the victimized Tartuffe appeared to be entirely of our opinion; the blood of his noble ancestors stirred within him, and, tossing up his head indignantly, he became practically aware of the full virtues of the twitch; the pain, however, only served to increase his rage, and he attempted to rear; but his struggles were vain; his tormentor still clung to him, the ball was thrust further back in the mouth, and in another moment the desired object would have been attained, when suddenly the loop of the twitch, unable to bear the strain upon it, snapped. The first use the race-horse made of his freedom was to shake his head violently, and at the same time opening his mouth, the stupefying ball dropped from it.

We must now return to our friend, Yorkshire Joe, who, suspecting no evil, was engaged in interesting colloquy with the perfidious Mary; this seductive young lady having contrived, with a degree of ingenuity worthy a better cause, to prolong the interview by the following expedients. First, she assailed her admirer with coquettish reproaches for his unkindness and want of gallantry in refusing to speak to her; then she entered into a long account of how, and when, and where she had discovered the pretended design against Tartuffe, which she affirmed was to be put into execution two hours from that time.

"Eh! What! tie my hands behoid me, shove a gag into my mouth, and then and there lame t'horse afore my very eyes—dost thee say, lass? I'd only like to see the man, or men cither, that could do it!" exclaimed Joe, doubling his fist indignantly; "and thee heard this in the tap-room of the Checquers, dost thee say?—What was that noise?"

"Nothing. I dropped one of my pattens, that was all," returned the girl, stooping, as if to pick it up, though she was not sorry for an excuse to hide her agitation, for her quick ear had detected the sound of a horse's hoofs trampling on straw, and she knew that her accomplice was at work. "Why, you are quite startlish to-night, Joe!" she resumed, looking up at him, with a forced smile; "did you think it was a ghost?—but its no wonder you're nervous; its hard lines for you, poor fellow, sitting up at nights like this!"

"There it is agen!" interrupted Joe; "by—it's in t'horse's box," he continued, listening attentively. "Them—thieves can't be come a'ready, sure!" And heedless of Mary's assurances that it was nothing,—and her entreaties to remain only one moment longer,—the groom, now thoroughly excited, leaped down from the window, and rushed back into the stable.

With the speed of thought, the girl sprang to the door, at which she had previously tapped, and, stooping her head to the key-hole, listened eagerly. The first thing that met her ear was a volley of abuse from Joe, accompanied by heavy blows struck against wood or iron; then a noise, as of a door being burst open; next, broken curses, dull muffled strokes, ejaculations of rage or pain, the sound of trampling feet, a crushing heavy fall, and then total silence!

What had happened? She placed her eye to the key-hole, but could see nothing. She listened,—but the throbbing of her own heart was the only thing she could hear: for the first time, the fearful idea occurred to her, that by her treacherous dealing she might have occasioned her lover's death; and, regardless of consequences, she was about to start up and summon assistance, when a man's hand was laid on her shoulder, and a gruff voice exclaimed:—

"So this is the way my grooms are tampered with!—I was sure I heard talking going on;—hold up your head, you jade, and let us see what you're like; nay, it's no use to struggle,—I've got you fast enough, and see who it is I will."

So saying, Mr. Slangsby the trainer drew the girl towards him, and forcibly raising her head, threw the light of a bull's-eye lantern full on her features. "Ha! little Mary Williams," he continued, "and what brings you here, at this time of night, you artful hussey?"

"Oh! Mr. Slangsby, pray open the door, sir; I—I'm afraid they've been and murdered poor Joe," was the reply, and overcome by fear and remorse, the girl burst into tears—real ones, this time.

"They, and who are they, pray? There's some rascality going on here, I expect; it's lucky I got up."

As he spok, Slangsby drew a key from his pocket, opened the door, and still retaining his grasp on the girl's wrist, entered. The first object which met their sight was Joe, by no means murdered, although he bore evidences of a severe struggle, in a black eye and bleeding knuckles.

"Thorse is all right, meister, but I wor only jest in time though!" was his opening speech.

"In time for what?" inquired Slangsby, eagerly.

"In time to stop yon villian from pizonin the blessed hanimal," returned Joe, pointing to something which at first sight appeared to be a large bundle, but which proved on examination to be a human being most ingeniously tied hand and foot with haybands.

"Who the deuce are you, fellow?" asked the trainer, addressing the individual thus uncomfortably situated.

"It ain't o' no use talking to he, for a can't answer with a wisp o' straw stuffed atween his jaws," observed Joe sententiously.

"Take it out, then, and untie his legs so that he can stand up and answer my questions."

"Better shut the dour fust then, meister, for lie's a proper slippery customer, I can tell you," returned the groom; "he promised to gag me and tie my hands behind me, I do hear said, but he's found two can play at that trick,—get up ye warmint," he continued, applying a by no means gentle kick to the ribs of his prostrate captive,—“and show your ugly mug.”

The person thus uncomplimentarily apostrophized rose slowly, and stood sullenly awaiting the trainer's scrutiny. The latter holding the lantern, so that its light fell upon the stranger's features, recognised him immediately.

"Mr. Beverley," he said, in a tone more of contemptuous pity than of anger, "is it you, sir? I knew times had been getting very bad with you, but I did not think you had come to this."

The man's lip quivered—the reproach touched him more than the most virulent abuse could have done. His had been we fear no very unusual fate, at all events he had only fallen one step lower than many who have followed the same career as he had done:—well-born, rich, and with above average abilities, a taste for gambling and low company had caused him to sink lower and lower in the scale of society, till the depth of misery and degradation to which he had been reduced, and the extent of the bribe offered by Turnbull, had overcome his last feeling of honour or honesty, and he had consented to become the agent of another's villainy. Slangsby eyed him sternly for a moment, and then said,—

"You know what you have laid yourself open to, I suppose?" The other nodded in sign of assent.

"I don't wish to be hard upon you, sir," the trainer continued, "so if you will speak out, and tell me *all*, we may perhaps come to some better understanding:—what say you?"

The other reflected a moment, and then replied in a low voice, "I will do as you wish, but not here."

"Joe, you have distinguished yourself," observed his master, putting his hand into his pocket, "here is

a ten-pound note for you. Do not mention this night's work to anybody, and I will take care your wages are raised. Now, sir," he continued to Joe's late adversary, "I am ready to talk to you—by the way, about the girl; she was your accomplice, of course?"

The stranger nodded.

"Your swcetheart has deceived you, Joe," added Slangsby; "give her a good lecturing, and then lock her up for the night in the saddle room; she must not be at liberty till the race is over, upon any account."

Honest Joe scratched his head in deep perplexity—then a light dawned upon him, and he saw how Mary had beguiled him. Seizing her roughly by the wrist, he dragged her off, exclaiming "Come along, thee cheating jade, couldst thee foind nothing better to do than to go and deceive a poor lad that loved thee, and try to get him into trouble? If thee was but a man, I'd wollup thee till thou couldst not stand, and as it be, a little starving will do thee good, so cum along."

At the same moment, Slangsby and his companion quitted the stable, and adjourning to the trainer's private apartments, held there a long and solemn conference; the result may be gathered from the following speeches—

"And you feel sure Lord Bellefield is aware of the whole thing?" questioned Slangsby.

"I've not a doubt of it," was the reply. "Turnbull was too ready with the blunt to be acting on his own account, he has not got the money to do it. I am to have 200*l.* clear for this job, and my expenses paid to any part of the continent I may select."

"And we may trust you?"

"Why, of course you may, man; by doing as you propose I escape transportation, receive 200*l.* to start afresh with, and get sent over to Paris out of harm's way free of expense."

"And your conscience?" inquired Slangsby, with a sarcastic smile.

"Curse conscinccr," was the angry reply; "I began life with as much honourable feeling as any man, but the villainy of the world has crushed it out of me. Life is a struggle, and each one must take care of himself; while I had money I spent it liberally, and met my engagements honestly. Now I have none, I get it as I can:—I undertook to drug your horse, because I was deeply in debt, all but starving, and Bellefield's bribe offered me a chance. I failed through an accident, and fell into your power; your proposal regains me the position, and I embrace it now as I did before. True, I deceive him: fancying your horse is poisoned he will double his bets, which are very heavy already, and be ruined, as better men have been before him, but this only serves him right for his rascality, and — puts 200*l.* into my pocket. I have to thank you for your civility, Mr. Slangsby, and to wish you good morning." He turned to go, then, pausing, said,

"You have used me well in this affair, and to show you I am not all bad, I will give you a hint. Do not rely too much on the result of that trial; Bellefield's

colt was only recovering from the strangles then, and has since improved in speed and bottom, still Tartuffe can beat him *if he is made the most of*; everything therefore depends upon your jockey; if he is careless, or over-confident, Oracle may have it yet—*verbum sat*—so saying, he placed his hat on one side of his head, coolly ran his fingers through his hair, and departed.

CHAPTER LXI.

DESCRIBES THAT INDESCRIBABLE SCENE, "THE DERBY DAY."

"FAIR laughed the morn, and soft the zephyr played," as Lord Bellefield, having held an interview with his trainer, which had served in great measure to set his mind at ease, cantered back to the inn at Epsom, shaved the small portion of his chin which he saw fit to denude of hair, made an elaborate toilet in the best style of sporting dandyism, and then lounged down to breakfast, of which meal he had invited some dozen of his intimates to partake. Amongst the last comers was a tall, dark-whiskered man, who might be two or three years Lord Bellefield's senior. Pointing to a seat on his right hand, his entertainer began,—

"Well, Philips, how is it with you this morning? You've been wandering about as usual, picking up the latest news, I suppose? what say the prophets?"

"There is nothing original hazarded, my lord," was the reply; "Oracle is as much in favour as ever; Phosphorus is looking up slightly, and the Tartuffe party are backing their horse to a high figure; they seem to be in earnest, and mean to win if they can."

"Aye, if they can," returned Lord Bellefield, smiling ironically; "I confess, for my own part, I do not see that animal's good points."

"He has wonderful power in the loins, and his deep girth gives plenty of room for the lungs to play; no fear of 'bellows to mend' in that quarter," was the reply.

"Very excellent points in a hunter or steeplechase horse, but misplaced in a racer, and by no means calculated to make up for a want of fleetness. Tartuffe, in my opinion, has not the true race-horse stride, as Austerlitz will find to his cost, if he really is laying money on him."

"He may not cover so much ground in his stride as Oracle, but he is unusually quick in his gallop, and takes two strokes while another horse is taking one. Still black and yellow (Lord's Bellefield's colours) will give him the go-by, and that is all *we* have to look to," was the reply.

In converse such as this, diversified by the interchange of bets of more or less magnitude, the breakfast (if a meal consisting of every delicacy that could please the palate, or pamper the appetite, including meats, fish, &c. &c. can be legitimately so called,) passed off. When liqueurs had been handed round, Lord Bellefield's drag was announced, and the company dispersed, first to admire and criticise the turn-out, and then to dispose of themselves on and about it. The equipage was in perfect taste, and

although not so showy as many others on which less care had been bestowed, or money expended, yet the drag, with its panels of the darkest possible cinnamon brown, picked out with a lighter shade of the same colour; the four blood bays, faultless in symmetry; the two outriders on horses so exactly matching those in harness, that any one unaccustomed to such matters might have been puzzled to conjecture how the grooms could distinguish one from another; the harness perfectly free from ornament of any kind, save black and yellow rosettes in the horses' heads; the two grooms in dark well-fitting pepper-and-salt liveries, and irreproachable top-boots and leathers; the coronet on the doors, the cockades in the hats; every trifle down to the gold-mounted whip-handle, excellent of its kind, and in harmonious keeping with the whole; presented to the eye of a connoisseur a *tout ensemble* calculated to excite his highest admiration.

Seating himself firmly on his box, and, controlling his fiery horses with an easy confidence which proved him a skilful whip, Lord Bellefield drove to the Downs, apparently impassable obstacles seeming to melt before him, as if by magic, (one of the surest tests of a good coachman,) and arrived on the course exactly at the "correct" moment. As he drew up to take his place by the ropes, a showy britska, drawn by four splendid greys, the postillions' bright green jackets and velvet caps blazing with gold, dashed in before him. The carriage contained two persons,—a singularly handsome young man, with a foreign cast of features, and a girl, with black, flashing eyes, and a brilliant complexion, dressed not only in, but beyond the height of the fashion. These were the Duc d'Austerlitz and Mademoiselle Angélique, the fascinating *dansseuse*.

As Lord Bellefield, with curling lip, passed them to take up his station further on, the Frenchman, catching his eye, nodded carelessly, and turning to his companion, said a few words in a low tone, and they both laughed. Had Lord Bellefield been living at a period when the state of society allowed the hand to act out the feelings of the heart, he would at that moment have sprung upon the Duc d'Austerlitz, and seizing him by the throat, have held on remorselessly till life became extinct. As it was, he merely returned the nod by a bow, smiled and kissed the tips of his gloves to Angélique, and drove on; so that, after all, civilization has its advantages.

Having chosen his station, the bays were unharnessed, and led away, and a mounted groom approached, leading his master's hack.

"I am going down to the ring, and then to the Warren, to see them saddle," began Lord Bellefield; "so I must leave you to take care of yourselves; but any one disposed for luncheon will find something to that effect going on here after the race. If I am not back, Robson will take good care of you;" so saying, he gave an order to one of the servants, who remained with the drag, then, mounting his horse, cantered away.

"He carries it off boldly enough, but they say if he loses the race he is a ruined man," observed one of the *friends* he had left behind him.

"Oh, Lord Ashford will clear him," remarked another; "his grandfather was one of the leading counsel of the day, and the old boy feathered his nest well before he gave up his wig and gown. He was one of the old school of lawyers, and worked in the days when a barrister's professional income was a great fact, whereas now it is a great fiction."

"Come, Briefless, no grumbling; back Oracle for a cool 500*l.*, and then you may cut chambers till the season's over. But you are wrong about Bellefield. Lord Ashford has paid his debts three times, and has taken an oath on the family Bible never to do so again; but I don't believe Bellefield's anything like hard-up. You know he won 30,000*l.* of poor Mellerton before he blew his brains out. Here's Philips can tell us all about it; eh, what do you say, man?"

"Nothing," was the cautious reply; "and I would not recommend you to let Bellefield find out exactly all you've been mentioning, my dear Chatterby, I've known him shoot a man for less;"—and so saying, Mr. Philips joined in the laugh he had raised against the voluble Chatterby, and then swinging himself down from the box, left them in order to take his place in the betting ring.

We must now change the "*venue*" to the Warren, a small but picturesque spot of ground, encircled by a wall, within which enclosure the horses for the Derby and Oaks are saddled and mounted. Here jockies and gentlemen, lords, blacklegs, trainers, and pick-pockets, mix and jostle with one another indiscriminately. Assuredly, Epsom, on the Derby day, in exclusive aristocratic England, is the only true Utopia, wherein those chimeras of French folly, Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, exist and prosper. Let the reader imagine from twenty to five-and-twenty blood-horses, each led by its attendant groom, and followed by an anxious trainer, while the jockey who is to ride it, and on whose skill and courage thousands are depending, carefully inspects the buckling of girths, regulates the length of stirrup-leathers, and as far as human foresight will permit, provides against any accident which may embarrass him in the coming struggle. Then the horse-clothing is removed, and the shining coat and carefully platted mane of the race-horse are revealed to the eyes of the admiring spectators; an attendant satellite at the same moment assists the jockey to divest himself of his great-coat, and he emerges from his chrysalis state in all the butterfly splendour of racing dandyism. Then the trainer, or the satellite before alluded to, "gives him a leg up," and with this slight assistance he vaults lightly into the saddle, and becomes as it were incorporate with the animal he bestrides. Quietly gathering up the reins, he presses his cap firmly on his head, slants the point of his whip towards the right flank, exchanges a few last words with the trainer, and then walks his horse up and down till his competitors are all equally prepared. On this occasion the cynosure

of every eye was the first favourite, "Oracle," and when his clothing was removed, and one of the cleverest jockies of the day seated gracefully on his back, he certainly did look, to quote the enthusiastic language of his trainer, "a reg'lar pictur," the perfection of a race-horse. Turnbull's last words to the jockey were,—

"Save him as much as you safely can till the distance, and if the pace has been anything like reasonable, it will be your own fault if the race is not your own."

A slight contraction of the eyelid proved that the advice was understood and appreciated, and man and horse passed on.

"How is it Tartuffe does not show?" inquired Lord Bellefield of Turnbull in a whisper; "the dose can't have been given too strong, eh?"

"No fear of that, my Lord," was the reply; "but they've probably discovered ere this, that there is a screw loose somewhere, and they will keep him out of sight as long as they can, lest other people should become as wise as they are themselves."

As he spoke, the object of his remarks appeared; his rider was already mounted, and the horse-clothing removed.—Tartuffe was a complete contrast to his rival in appearance. The Dodona Colt was a bright bay with black mane, tail, and legs; his head was small, almost to a fault, and shaped like that of a deer, his neck longer and more arched than is usually the case in thoroughbred horses; while his graceful slender limbs seemed to embody the very ideal of swiftness.—Tartuffe was altogether a smaller and more compact animal, his colour a rich, dark chestnut, his head larger in proportion, and so placed on as to give him the appearance of being slightly ewe-necked, his forelegs were shorter, and the arm more muscular than those of his graceful rival; but the sloping shoulder, the depth of the girth, the breadth and unusual muscular development of the loins and haunches, together with a quick, springy step, and a general compactness of form, afforded to the practised eye evidence of his possessing very uncommon powers both of speed and endurance.

"He looks fresh and lively enough," remarked Lord Bellefield, after observing the horse narrowly. "What do you think about it?"

"It's all right, my lord," was Turnbull's confident answer, "things speaks for themselves, the 'orsc ain't allowed to show till the last minute, and then he comes out with his jockey ready mounted. Now the logic of that dodge lies in a nutshell: finding the banimal sleepy and out of sorts, they keeps him snug till the last minute, and then shows him with the jockey on him, when a touch with the spur, and a pull or two at his mouth with a sharp bit, makes him look alive again." Approaching his lips almost to his employer's ear, he continued, "Do you see that patch of black grease on his nose? that's where the twitch has cut him. Beverley was obliged to twitch him to give him the ball,—so, now, your lordship may bet away without any fear of Tartuffe," and, exchanging a significant glance, this well-matched pair parted.

"Ah! Bellefield, *mon cher!* how lovely your colt looks this morning—I suppose he is to win; for myself I am preparing to be martyred with a resignation the most touching," and as he spoke Armand Duc d'Austerlitz stroked his silky moustaches, and admired his glossy boot, with an air of the most innocently graceful self-satisfaction possible.

"You don't really believe that which you say, Monsieur le Duc," replied Lord Bellefield, "I never saw a horse in better racing condition than Tartuffe."

"Ah! *c'est un bon petit cheval,* and I have betted, ah!—bah!—I cannot tell you what sums of money upon him, more than half my estates in Languedoc: positively I shall have to go through what you call the Bench of your Queen, if I lose."

"In that case it is useless for me to inquire whether you are disposed to back Tartuffe against my bay colt," insinuated Lord Bellefield.

"No, not if you have a fancy that way, *mon cher ami,*" replied Armand, smiling to show his white teeth, "what shall we say?—an even bet of 3,000*l.* shall it be, or 5,000*l.*?"

"Five is the more comfortable sum of the two," returned Lord Bellefield, quickly. "I always like to bet fives or tens; it simplifies one's book amazingly, and I never had a taste for intricate arithmetic."

"*Comme il vous plaira,*—say ten, if you like it better." And as he spoke, Armand drew out a miniature betting-book, and a gold pencil-case, blazing with jewels. Lord Bellefield paused for a moment;—certain as he believed himself to be of the race, it was a great temptation. But, on the other hand, if he appeared too eager, might not suspicion attach to him in the event of any clue being gained to the poisoning affair? This idea was so alarming to him, that prudence overcame avarice.

"I have, unfortunately, no estates in Languedoc," he said, laughingly; "and thousands are not so entirely a matter of indifference to me as to your Grace; so we will book the bet at five."

The wager was accordingly so entered; and with friendly smiles and courteous words upon their lips, these two men parted, one hating the successful rival, the other despising the detected swindler! Alas! for the shams and deceptions of society! pasteboard and tinsel are more real than its hollow-hearted seemings.

"Now you see your game," were Slingsby's last words to the jockey who was to ride Tartuffe. "Make running early in the race, so as to render the pace as severe as possible throughout, your horse will live to the end, and their's won't; but if he is not well blown before he gets to the distance, it will be a very close thing, and the length of his stride may beat you."

"I'm awake," was the concise reply; but Slingsby felt quite satisfied therewith.

Racing may be very cruel, and it may lead to gambling, and various other immoralities major and minor; and, being thus proved contrary to the precepts of Christianity, good people may be quite right in using

their best efforts to discourage it. Nevertheless, it is a manly and exciting sport; and although the evils to which we have alluded may (and, we fear, do) attend it, we cannot see that the amusement in itself necessitates them; on the contrary, we conceive that they are added to it by the proneness to evil inherent in human nature, rather than as the natural consequence of the sport itself. However this may be, a finer sight than the start for the Derby we cannot easily imagine. Let the reader picture to himself some twenty three-year-old colts, their proud, expanded nostrils snuffing the wind, and their glossy coats glistening in the sunshine, ridden by the crack jockeys of England, and, therefore, of the world, drawn up in a line, preparatory to starting;—let him reflect, in order fully to realize the earnest nature of the scene, that on the fact of which may prove the better horse, depend many thousands,—perhaps, in the aggregate, more than a million of pounds sterling;—that the ruin of hundreds may be involved in the event of the race; that on the chances of that whirlwind course have been expended the anxious thought, the careful calculation of days, and weeks, and months; that the weighing and reducing these calculations to a theoretic system, by which some certainty may be attained, is the business of many men's lives,—and he will then have some faint idea of the deep, the overpowering interest that is excited by witnessing the start for the Derby.

On the occasion which we are describing two false starts occurred. Twice, as the word "Go!" was pronounced by the stentorian lungs of the starter, did one queer-tempered animal choose pertinaciously to turn its tail where its head should have been; and twice did the same "voice of power" vociferate the command, "Come back!" and deep, if not loud, were the anathemas breathed by those jockeys who, having manœvered themselves into a good position, had contrived to "get away" well. However, "'tis an ill wind which blows good to nobody;" and these delays, annoying as they were to most of the parties concerned, were as much in favour of Oracle, as they were prejudicial to the interests of those who had backed "Tartuffe."

Oracle, amongst other gifts of fortune, chanced to be blessed with a most amiable and placid temper, while Tartuffe, not possessing so philosophical a turn of mind, was apt to get excited in a crowd, and the first false start completely unsettling him, he availed himself of the second to bolt half-way to Tattenhan's corner before his rider could pull him in; and even when that was accomplished he showed a decided preference for using his hind-legs only in progression, on his return to the starting-post, by his riotous and unmanageable conduct taking a great deal more out of himself than was by any means prudent.

Once more, however, they are all in their places,—the word is again given, and they are off,—Tartuffe springing away with a bound like that of a lion, and half dislocating his rider's arms by a furious effort to "get his head." As it so happened, that there

were two or three other "queer" tempered horses, who required careful handling, beside that of the Duc d'Austerlitz, the pace at first was by no means so "good" as Slangsby had wished it to be; nor could the jockey, riding Tartuffe, venture to improve it, for two reasons: in the first place, his horse was so excited that it required all his skill to prevent his running away with him; in the second, his former attempt to bolt had sufficed to puff him, and he required "saving," to enable him to regain wind. In the meantime Oracle was going sweetly and easily, keeping up with his horses in what appeared scarcely beyond a canter. When past the "Corner," however, Tartuffe had decidedly improved, and his rider, remembering his instructions, began to make play. As the pace increased, the "first flight" became considerably more select, the "tender-hearted" ones gradually dropping in the rear.

Up to this point Phosphorus had been leading, followed by Advance, Whisker, The Lynx, Gossip, and Challenger; but down the next slope Tartuffe came up, passed the other horses, and after running neck to neck with Phosphorus for about a quarter of a mile, took the lead, and kept it by about half a length, Oracle lying well up on the near side. This order they preserved till near the distance, when Lynx and Challenger put on the steam to dispute the leadership with Tartuffe, who appeared by no means disposed to relinquish the post of honour, and the pace grew decidedly severe,—in spite of which, Oracle continued insensibly to creep up to the others.

At the distance Lynx found it "no go," and fell back beaten; Gossip taking his place, closely waited on by Phosphorus and Oracle; a few strides more, in which Oracle improved his position, and then the final struggle begins, whips and spurs go to work in earnest—the pace is actually terrific—Gossip shuts up, Phosphorus retires from business, Oracle and Tartuffe run neck and neck, dust flies, handkerchiefs wave, the spectators shout, when, just at the critical moment, the Frenchman's horse shoots forward, as if propelled by some invisible power, the favourite is beaten by rather more than a head, and Tartuffe is winner of the Derby.

(To be continued.)

SMEDLEY ON MORAL EVIDENCE.¹

It is the law of our probationary condition, that every state and pursuit of life has its trials and dangers. The prosecution of knowledge, of all conceivable objects, might seem at first sight an exception to this rule. Its calmness, its single devotion to truth, its unworldliness, its elevation, might appear to exempt it from all terrestrial and sordid influences. The very life of the man of science might seem a perpetual ascent

"Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth;"

(1) "A Treatise on Moral Evidence: illustrated by numerous Examples both of general Principles and of specific Actions." By Edward Arthur Smedley, M.A. late Chaplain of Trinity College. Cambridge: Deighton. London: Bell. 1850.

and a proportionate ascent from its contaminations and pollutions. But it is not so. The pursuit of science is purifying and ennobling: but it is the intellect that it purifies and ennobles, not the heart. Knowledge has its moral dangers as well as ignorance; and the desire of knowledge was indeed that very temptation which overthrew innocence, and tainted the moral constitution of human nature. While, therefore, the cultivation of abstract science is every way worthy of man, whose powers were formed to evolve it, and whose mind to enjoy it; while its elevating power is unquestionable, and its dignity recognised by all acquainted with the very idea, still it is not a region impervious to temptations, as indeed no province of human activity or indolence can be. It may have fewer than other walks of life; but it has peculiar dangers of its own, from which other positions are free.

The fatal error of walking by sight rather than by faith is common to all stations and pursuits. It is not only a result of human corruption, but the natural consequence of the proximity of material objects, and the invisibility and absence of such as are purely spiritual. From him who lies on the ground, a mole-hill will shut out a mountain; but this error takes a more subtle form with the mere mathematician and man of demonstration. He does not walk by sight, it is true; even sight is not warrant enough for him; he lives in *demonstration*. Mathematical truth is pure, incontrovertible truth; in this, and by this, he lives; but, while he imagines he is the faithful and favoured lover of truth, entire in his attachment, and sure of success in his suit, he is in danger of a grievous self-deception; because mathematical facts are attained by a peculiar process, he too often rashly concludes that to all facts must be the same process of substantiation applied. All propositions incapable of this kind of proof, he holds incapable of any proof whatever; and as the truth of the Christian religion cannot be thus evinced, he holds it at least unproved, and, according to his temperament, is more or less sceptical.

This fatal result is not the fault of science, but of the individual who narrows his mind to a single view, which, shutting out those which are more just and liberal, leads him to ignore or disbelieve their very existence. Mathematical demonstration, to a rightly thinking mind, indicates the being and the soundness of moral. Many abstruse mathematical propositions have first taken the shape of moral evidence. There was good reason to believe that the squares of the sides of a right-angled triangle equalled those of the hypotenuse, before that truth was demonstrated mathematically. The mathematician is led by a kind of moral evidence, to some truth which he assumes; and then, by analysis, he works back from his assumption to some axiom or proved truth, from which he synthetically proves his discovery. If, then, even the mathematician, on his own principles, must sometimes admit the law of moral evidence, how should we despise it in other matters? Indeed, this law is much

more influential than we are inclined to suppose. The attraction of the earth is not proved by mathematical demonstration. True it is that we ascertain mathematically the consistency of observable phenomena with that hypothesis; and this is considered demonstrative, and is so. But the proof is wholly different from that whereby we discover the properties of geometrical figures, or deduce analytical conclusions. It is a purely moral proof. It amounts to this:—the hypothesis solves all phenomena; no other hypothesis has been advanced which could do so; it therefore is entitled to our universal acceptance. Mathematical truth, also, if rightly regarded, ought to lead to a prepossession towards moral truth, or that kind of truth which is valuable in practice, though not mathematically true. It is mathematically untrue that a finite arc is equal to its chord; but mathematical considerations show that the same proposition is practically true in innumerable cases, as the engineer daily experiences. It is mathematically untrue that solar rays are parallel: but the proposition is practically true, as every optician is aware. Yet the habit of contemplating demonstrations strictly mathematical tempts the mind to disregard these legitimate results of its speculations, and to be dissatisfied with an evidence which differs rather in kind than in cogency.

Bishop Butler is the great philosopher of moral evidence. His masterly work performs much more than it undertakes. It proves "the analogy of religion to the constitution and course of nature;" and the inference that both have the same Author is made more than obvious by his reasoning; but, in the process, he has exhibited the character and laws of that moral evidence on which religion is believed, and which is of such constant use in the conduct of life, both with regard to temporal and eternal things. Mr. Smedley is an ardent admirer, and no unworthy disciple, of that incomparable writer. The arguments employed by Butler to prove religion by analogy Mr. Smedley employs to prove it directly, and by moral cogency.

It has always appeared to us that the terms "*moral evidence*," "*moral truth*," are somewhat misapplied. They are popularly used of arguments and positions which have no manner of connexion with ethics. We therefore subscribe to Mr. Smedley's distinction between intellectual and moral truth:—

"While the evidence of intellectual truth shows that things have been, are, or will be, the evidence of moral truth shows that they have been, are, will be, ought to be. Thus, not only are we convinced that Queen Victoria is the sovereign of England; that Napoleon Buonaparte died at St. Helena; that a vine, if it produces fruit next autumn, will bear grapes and not apples; but also, that, if a man's life is in danger, he ought to adopt means of preservation."

We regret that Mr. Smedley has not adhered rigidly to this sound and useful distinction, but has occasionally employed the term "*moral evidence*" for what is popularly so called, instead of his more accurate expression, "*intellectual*." But, in mentioning this, we believe we are noticing the only blemish in his work,

which is indeed a most admirable and clear investigation of the nature both of moral and intellectual evidence, and of the sure connection by which they lead up to the proof of Christianity.

Mr. Smedley briefly, but clearly, shows the moral evidence for man's responsibility and a future judgment. In this process he concisely, but convincingly, demolishes the fallacy of Paley, that man has no inherent moral sense, and that there is no natural intimation of a Divine law; a theory which vitiates the whole substance of the thoughtful and interesting "*Moral Philosophy*," and occasionally leads its author into conclusions on morals which charity must hope he never adopted in practice. His "*expediency*" theory is well treated by Mr. Smedley.

The line taken by Mr. Smedley, after definitions and illustrations of moral evidence, is the application of the evidence to religion. The difficulties of the inquirer are met by moral evidence: natural religion is first proved; and, through the doctrine of a future judgment, way is made for the acceptance of Christianity. This being now admitted, the responsibility of the inquirer is then pursued at some length, and objections to this part of the evidence met. His principle is next examined, which is obedience to God. Hence the duty of man towards God, his neighbour, and himself, is insisted on. Good and evil are estimated in reference to the Divine will. The duty of regulating the instinctive moving principles, and keeping them in subordination, is then discussed. Revelation and Nature are then compared, as evidencing and explaining each other; and the work terminates with reflections on the natural sinfulness of man—his condition since the fall—Christ's mediation—the Holy Spirit—trust in God—and the future judgment.

The work is, among its other recommendations, well suited to present times, when, in the heat and distraction of party argument, men are losing sight of the essentials of practical truth, and the principles of Christian charity. Though argumentative, it is not polemical. Its spirit is calm and philosophical; and its aims are directed at objects manifestly of great and enduring importance. It is therefore a book at all times worthy of study, but never more so than at a period when the mind is excited by temporary causes, and requires to be called back to everlasting truths and quiet contemplations. The sceptic may read it for his direction, the Christian for his confirmation, and both for interest and gratification. Mr. Smedley appears in it as a good disciple and preceptor in the highest and manliest school of Christian, moral, and intellectual philosophy; and we wish him every success of every kind in his valuable and useful labours.

Indolence is a delightful but distressing state; we must be doing something to be happy. Action is no less necessary than thought to the instinctive tendencies of the human frame.—*Hazlitt*.

REPLY TO HOOD'S "RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW."

BY THETA.

THE lives of some young merry boys
 May be a round of tearless joys,
 Less ceasing than their top ;
 But mine was one ungrateful storm—
 I was head-boy of Sorrow's form,
 And there, alas, I stop!

The hearth bestow'd our only cricket,
 The eaves our bats ; we had no wicket,
 No matches e'er came off.
 Some might have hoops and balls enoo'—
 The only hoop I ever knew,
 Turned into *hooping-cough!*

I had no friends to bear me up,
 Except the lusty "rodding-rope,"
 And then my back was bare—
 'Twas very well to share the cake,
 And thus a *candid* friend to make—
 I had no cake to share!

Perhaps when I first beheld "Amo,"
 Deep in my heart it seem'd to go,
 And all my frame seem'd loving ;
 But soon my love so weaken'd grew,
 'Twas all the jilted verb could do
 To keep my love from roving!

The swinging cane e'er bore the scents
 Of "Hinds" or else "Kane's Elements,"
 The birch grew gaunt and yellow ;
 A willow-stick, a weeping one,
 Had spread its sobbing influence on
 The fate of every fellow!

And then to hear the old school-bell
 "Ring in," 'twas surely pleasure's knell,
 A stop to all our joy.
 Are these the sports, then, of your schooler,
 To quake beneath the cruel *ruler*,
 That rules each little boy?

The only pleasant *time* I knew
 Was that which in the garden grew
 'Neath the large apple-tree.
 'Mid hopes and plans just then we live,
 Our moods are but indicative
 Of what we soon shall be!

And though the lives of some young boys
 May be a round of tearless joys,
 Less ceasing than their top ;
 Yet mine was one ungrateful storm,
 I was head-boy of Sorrow's form,
 And there, alas, I stop!

THE CAPTIVE OF PETERWARDEIN :

AN INCIDENT IN THE HUNGARIAN WAR.

Translated from the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

TEN days after our arrival at Eszek, the Ban Jella-chich was desirous of conveying his troops by steam down the Danube, in order to direct them rapidly upon Illok, fifteen leagues below Eszek, but having learned that the Hungarians had raised some earth-works at Palanka on the left bank, and had mounted them with cannon, he resolved to carry them by landing a brigade at Bukin, a village on the left bank below Palanka, and sent me forward in order to reconnoitre the banks of the river between these two villages.

I started from Eszek on the 19th of May, at night-fall, and on the morrow, about ten o'clock in the morning, reached the village of Opatovaez. It was there I was to meet some pioneers charged with conveying me in a boat to the opposite bank ; but these fellows had not yet arrived. After having waited for them a long time to no purpose, I obtained a boat from the principal man of the village, and taking three peasants as rowers, pushed out into the middle of the stream. The weather was frightful—the boat, forced upon one side by the wind, was filling with water, and threatened every instant to go to the bottom. At last I arrived in front of Bukin, and having found a place where the depth of the Danube allowed a steamer to approach near enough to the bank to land the troops, I leaped ashore, and repaired to a small windmill established on a boat near the bank of the river. I carried a musket in my hand. For fear of surprise, I cried out for the miller to come to me—he was a German, appeared to be well disposed, and gave me all needful information as to the state and direction of the road by which the brigade must advance through the woods, in order to surprisè Palanka. My three boatmen, not daring to approach the shore, wanted to stop, but the distance was too great to enable me to see whether there were any guns ranged along the bank of the river, or on a spot where some houses built along the shore still concealed me from observation : I forced them to row me until the boat was but a short distance from the shore,—and then stood upright, fixing my attention upon the open square of the village. At this moment a Hungarian officer and fifteen men, armed with fusils, issued from behind a house ; I seized my gun, took aim at the officer, and exclaimed,—“Halt there! I will fire upon the first man of you that steps forward.” He stopped short, and cried out to my boatmen to land. “Row off, row off, into the stream,” I commanded them, in a voice rendered menacing by peril. These cowards, apprehensive of a discharge, leaped out of the boat, and marched along the shore, one only excepted, who, to help me to escape, pushed the boat out into the current. I then threw down my fusil, seized the oar, and struck out for the middle of the river ; but the Hungarian soldiers, rushing into the water up to their waists, pointed their guns at me, and seized a rope which hung behind the boat, and dragged me to the shore. I trembled all over with rage. “Fear nothing,” said the officer to me ; “we are not going to shoot you.” He then ordered their wagons to be got ready, and politely requested me to mount with him into the first ; he sat himself by my side, and placed my gun between his knees. Two pandours, whom he had ordered to load their guns, took their seats behind us ; the boatmen were put into the two other vehicles, and we started forward at a gallop.

The road followed the left bank of the Danube. I closely observed the ground, ready to leap into the river, and escape by swimming, wherever the road ran close enough to the shore, but everywhere on our right was a wide extent of meadows and marshes, and

the Hungarians might have recaptured and shot me before I could have reached the Danube. When we passed through the conflagrated village of Futlak, I got down from the vehicle for a moment, with affected indifference, but one of the Pandours jumped out as quickly as myself. I saw that I must give up all hopes of escape, and chewed up all the papers which might have furnished the Hungarians with any information as to our plans. At midnight we arrived at Neusatz. The officer who conducted me placed me in the hands of a captain of the regiment of Ferdinand D'Este (one of those which had betrayed their oath), and left me with the *corps de garde*. The soldiers, who still bore the imperial colours, had preserved that profound respect, and that attachment to their leaders, which are the inherent virtues of an Austrian soldier. They brought me some bread and fresh water, and with affectionate care, spread out a blanket upon a bench in order that I might repose more comfortably. One of them having begun to speak of the Emperor in an insulting manner, the others compelled him to be silent—their military education had developed in their hearts a feeling of delicacy, with which I was greatly touched.

At daybreak, as soon as a passage was opened by closing up the bridge of boats, which the Hungarians kept open during the night lest it should be destroyed by fire-rafts, the officer conducted me into the fortress of Peterwardein, before General Perczel, the commandant. I entered, saluted him proudly, and communicated to him my name. Perczel endeavoured to put on the air of a man of the world, and said with affected politeness—"I shall ask you no questions about the operations of your army, I know beforehand that you would give no reply to them; for the rest, we know very well where the Ban now is, and await him with the utmost impatience. I may perhaps be entitled to shoot you, but we are not the set of uncivilized savages your army are pleased to imagine. You will remain a prisoner here," he continued, after the lapse of a moment. He then called an officer who conducted me into a casemate, or vaulted room, some eight feet broad and twenty long; the descent into it was by three steps, and it was lighted by a window on a level with the ground, four feet broad and three feet high, intended as an embrasure for a cannon, and defended by strong iron bars. It commanded a look-out over the fosse and counterscarp. At noon the provost charged with the care of the prisoners entered the cell, followed by a soldier bearing something to eat. The provost, who still wore the imperial uniform, appeared to be about fifty; his hair was already white, but a glance full of fire flashed from his grey eyes. His manner was grave and melancholy. As soon as the soldier had left us, he sat down on my couch, and began to talk with me; he told me how he had served forty years in a battalion of grenadiers; he spoke of the emperor with respect; and, as I thought, seemed anxious to obtain my confidence; but I watched him, and held him in suspicion. At length he wished me a good night, and took his leave.

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I passed the whole afternoon in contriving a plan of escape. I examined the bars of the window, and having discovered a long piece of iron among a heap of old broken furniture thrown into the corner, I hid it away—this iron was quite strong enough to enable me to spring the lock, but I saw at once that I must give up the attempt to escape through the door which opened into the interior of the fortress. I should have been obliged, supposing this obstacle removed—to cross two lines of the fortifications, and the advanced posts of the Hungarians—the thing was impossible. I endeavoured to bend the bars of the window, but they were too massive—nevertheless, I afterwards succeeded in getting out two, so that I was able to push my head between them. It was not from the inside of the casemate that I had any chance of escaping—by the door or by the window flight was alike impossible, and the walls too were six feet thick.

At noon on the following day, the 22d of May, the Provost entered the casemate as before; he told me he had orders to allow me to take an hour's exercise. I tried to appear indifferent, but could scarcely conceal my delight—for I was now able to devise new methods of making my escape. The Provost took me to an esplanade planted with trees, surrounded with steep grassy slopes, which led up to the ramparts. At the foot of the ramparts flowed the Danube; I saw at once the possibility of escape, by throwing myself into the river and swimming away; but I resolved to wait some days to reflect maturely upon my plan before I carried it into execution. The Provost began again to speak of the Emperor, of his own devotion to the Imperial cause—(he was a Slavonian of Eszek,) but I stood on my guard, convinced that he had his orders to play this part to worm himself into my confidence, and get out of me our plans and our strength. I had no longer a shadow of doubt, when on the morrow, he said to me with an excitement which brought tears into his eyes, "Captain, I have a heavy weight upon my mind, I cannot support this Hungarian tyranny. Is the Emperor then powerless? How are we to deliver ourselves from this thralldom? Ah! Captain, if it could but be shortly." Softly, patience, Kussmaneck, (such was the name of the Provost,) patience, that will come in due time, I said to him with a smile, looking at him with a sarcastic air, that he might see I was not to be the dupe of his fine sentiments of fidelity. "How are we to obtain our deliverance?" he continued without being at all disconcerted; "has the Ban then a powerful army?" This last question confirmed me more strongly in my ill opinion of the man.

Nevertheless, on the 24th, after having walked by my side for some time in silence, Kussmaneck said to me; "There are here several of us attached by heart, as well as by our oaths, which we have never violated, to the emperor. We are here in spite of ourselves." He then stopped and looked into my face, as if hesitating to speak, as though he wished to confide something to me, but was afraid to do so.

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The expression of his countenance was so sincere, that it gave me confidence in him, and I ceased to reply to his words by a smile of incredulous doubt. "Two subaltern artillery officers," he continued, "a young Croat named Gerberich, the proprietor of the bridge of boats, and I myself, are ready to run all risks to reestablish the emperor's authority within the fortress."—The Provost hesitated yet a moment,— "and so, to tell you the whole, we have at command, Captain, the means of writing to Colonel Mamula; we can even get to him by creeping in a boat along the shore of the Danube by night. It is thus that Brauenstein, the subaltern, was able to arrange signals with him, informing him when the Hungarians were getting ready for the attack. From one of the redoubts of the line of circumvallation the house of Brauenstein is visible. When the Hungarians were proposing to attack the Colonel, the subaltern gave notice to him by placing a light in his window at night, and if in the daytime, by hanging out a black cloak against the white wall of the house. Captain," continued Kussmaneck, "you are our superior in rank, you must be our leader, we must hazard everything; and the moment is propitious. At night there are but fifteen hundred men in the fortress, the rest of the garrison encamp at the 'Tête du Pont,' in Neusatz, and it takes more than two hours to close the bridge of boats and reestablish the passage." I recommended him to ascertain the exact number of the soldiers in the fortress, to inform himself of the strength of the guard charged with the care of the gates, to find out the days when the Honveds were on duty, and I arranged with him to let me speak with the two subalterns at our usual hour of exercise.

I employed a part of the night in considering by what means we could second a nocturnal attack by Colonel Mamula, and give entrance to his troops by seizing one of the gates of the fortress. An idea came into my head: Kussmaneck had told me that he held prisoners in other casemates near my own; namely, eighty soldiers of Croatian and Slavonian regiments condemned to hard labour—some for ten years, others for fifteen or twenty, by the Imperial councils of war during the year that preceded the revolt. These convicts were all Croats or Slavonians, for the Hungarians had given their liberty to such of their nation as were found among them, and had incorporated them into their Honved regiments. These soldiers were all condemned for robbery with violence and assassination, or murder committed without premeditation. Kussmaneck might strike their irons—they might give us their help. The hope of liberty, the desire of vengeance, and a feeling of national hatred, would convert these unbridled men, accustomed to the sight of bloodshed, into a troop ready to undertake anything, forced as they would be to perish, rather than stop short in their work when once the signal should be given them.

The next day, at one o'clock in the afternoon, Kussmaneck took me out, and conducted me near the

ramparts. Brauenstein and Kraue (the two subalterns) walked up and down, apparently as if unconcerned; he made them a signal, and they followed us into a narrow path formed by some piles of wood arrayed as in a timber-yard. Brauenstein was fair, pale, and apparently delicate. Kraue was broad in the shoulders, with a large head, heavy eyebrows, and a firm and steady expression. We agreed upon the way in which everything should be conducted. Kussmaneck during the night was to liberate the convicts, who were to be formed beforehand into four bodies of four-and-twenty each. The muskets of the guard who guarded the gate of the fortress on the side next Belgrade were ranged by night before the guard-house whilst the soldiers slept—a single sentinel had charge of them. To rush upon this sentinel, seize the thirty muskets, put to death the sleeping soldiers, and obtain possession of the gate—such was the measure with which we were to begin; and as the captain, I was to be the leader of this band. Kussmaneck, with another four-and-twenty convicts, was to seize upon three pieces of cannon which during the night remained loaded, and the match lighted upon the esplanade ready in case of attack, and once master of these guns he was to draw up his troop against the rampart, turn the guns round, and hold himself ready to fire upon the Hungarians. Brauenstein and Kraue charged themselves with the conduct of the other troops, and with them were to enter into the barracks and seize on the muskets of the sleeping soldiers. While this was going on, Colonel Mamula, apprised by a discharge of musketry, was to push on some bodies of cavalry full gallop for the gate which I held with my men, and then throw himself into the fortress at the head of all his infantry. Without exaggerating our forces and our chances, and even supposing that part of the plan should fail, we should still be in a position to maintain the fight and keep open the Belgrade gate during half an hour, for our men would be forced to fight to the death rather than surrender to be afterwards massacred or shot. It was necessary to write to Colonel Mamula to arrange with him his plan of attack and give him all the necessary details. Gerberich had himself proposed to carry to the Colonel the papers we should have to send him; he was the only one who now had it in his power to accept this dangerous mission. At a time when the Hungarians had not as yet doubled their outposts, Brauenstein and Kraue had succeeded in gliding through the lines and eluding their vigilance; but now, this seemed to be almost impossible. As to Gerberich, by pretending that he had some business between the fortress and the inner line of the outposts, he might obtain a permit to visit them, and afterwards contrive to slip across the outposts into the open country;—it was undoubtedly to risk his life, but this he was prepared to do.

At last, when everything was arranged, in order that I might not have to reproach myself with letting these men rush blindly upon their deaths, I told them plainly, that if our enterprise should not succeed, or

if it should happen to be discovered, nothing could save us, and that we should be all of us infallibly shot. I then watched the expression of their countenances. Brauenstein replied to me, calmly, "Captain, we are not afraid of death: whether we are shot in this place, or killed by musketry upon the field of battle like our comrades in the army, matters little, it is a soldier's death. I wish to serve the emperor as I have sworn to do; and, if it must be so, die for the emperor like a brave soldier; and may God enable me to do so!" he exclaimed, raising his hand with the utmost energy.

These brave men were all married, and had each of them several children. "Well!" said I to them, to assure myself for the last time of their firmness, "if everything should succeed, it is I who have everything to win. The emperor will give me the cross of Maria Theresa, and I am decided rather to risk everything than die by inches in this casemate; but as to yourselves, you will get no other reward than a medal of merit, or perhaps the grade of an officer. If we are all shot, what is to become of your wives and children?" "The emperor will take care of them," replied Kussmaneck. I then wrung their hands with warmth, and took my leave of them, and Kussmaneck reconducted me to my casemate.

I passed all the remainder of the day in writing to Colonel Mamula on a slip of fine paper, which when rolled up was not thicker than my little finger, and was but three inches in length. I gave it to Kussmaneck to hand over to Gerberich, and told him to charge him expressly not to conceal the paper in his boots or clothes, but to hold it crushed up in his hand, so that he might swallow it if he were arrested; but Brauenstein, having learned during the evening that some change was to be made among the troops having charge of the posts, moved also, as I believe, by the noble desire of partaking in every danger, desired to transmit these concluding particulars to Colonel Mamula. His handwriting was large, he neglected to use thin paper, and notwithstanding my advice, he suffered Gerberich to put the two letters between the cloth and lining of his coat.

Gerberich had procured a permit signed by the commandant of the fortress, allowing him to go to one of his vineyards situated upon the circle of the Hungarian outposts. On the 27th, at noon, he left the fortress, and was to return the same evening with a reply from Colonel Mamula. I crouched down in the opening of the window, whence, by pressing my face against the bars, I could see the bridge which crossed the fosse in front of the Belgrade gate. It was by this gate that Gerberich was to re-enter in the evening. I was not without uneasiness, but notwithstanding ready for any event. It had just struck three o'clock; I heard steps in the corridor, the grounding of muskets fell on my ear, the door opened, Kussmaneck appeared on the threshold; an officer and four soldiers pushed him by the shoulders into the middle of the casemate; the officer stopped,

regarded me a long while with an expression of ill suppressed fury, then departed and left me alone with Kussmaneck.

We were both oppressed by our feelings, and unable to speak to each other. It would have been unmanly to express regret; Kussmaneck paced up and down the casemate, his hands crossed behind his back. I sat down on my bed, stunned by the ideas that crowded in upon my brain. I felt most painfully excited, and in order to overcome this, I said at length to Kussmaneck, while trying to appear calm: "Well, what is it they are going to do with us?" "You know it well, Captain," he calmly replied; "we shall all be shot before the four-and-twenty hours have passed over us." A few moments afterwards, and they came to fetch him and imprison him in another place. I passed the whole evening walking up and down the casemate, suppressing the beating of my heart, and trying to quiet myself by the reflection, that I was in the same situation as the officer who, mortally wounded in battle, knows that he has but a few hours to live. During these hours, I said to myself, he has to struggle with his sufferings, while I am still at this moment full of life and strength. Towards midnight, worn out with emotion, I stretched myself upon my pallet and fell into a profound sleep.

On the morrow, the 28th of May, I awoke about seven in the morning. I felt myself full of vigour; I went to the window; the weather was superb. I concluded that all the population of the city would pour forth to see the execution, and I resolved to show these Hungarians with what intrepidity the soldiers of the emperor could march to their deaths; incessantly repeating to myself, with a feeling of pride, "I am a gentleman, and an officer of the emperor."

At nine, a Hungarian provost came in search of me. Two soldiers marched in my rear. The street was full of people. I passed before these groups with a lofty front. I was conducted into the hall where the council was held: seven officers and a military auditor were seated round a table: my eyes endeavoured to read on their countenances the feelings with which they were animated. One young officer turned away his head, as if his heart had beforehand protested against the judgment; the others were serious and impassable, or wore an ironical smile upon their lips. The chief of the council asked me, while handing me the roll of paper taken upon Gerberich, "Is this your writing?" "It is," was my reply. He then put to me for form the usual questions prescribed by military law; then the provost conducted me into another hall. My four companions were there. I went up to them and wrung their hands, while endeavouring to conceal from them my feelings. Kussmaneck was calm: his features, worn by age, displayed nothing but indifference and resignation. Kraue was quiet, but his look had lost nothing of its audacity; his lips smiled in disdain. Brauenstein alone appeared to be powerfully affected; he was youthful and handsome; some big tears rolled down his cheeks; he lifted up to me his large blue eyes, and said, "I weep for my

wife and poor little children." "Courage! courage! Brauenstein: the emperor will take care of them," I replied, in a tone which I still endeavoured to keep firm, feeling his own emotion stealing over me. Gerberich I deeply pitied: he was the youngest of the whole. Urged by his attachment for the imperial cause, he had come forward to share our dangers, and now he was about to die. There he stood, supported by the wall; the anticipation of death caused his teeth to chatter, and his entire frame to tremble.

Meanwhile the Hungarian officers had deliberated, and one of them crossed the hall, holding a paper in his hand. I had assisted several times at councils of war, and knew that this paper was the sentence of death, which he carried for signature to the commandant of the fortress. At the end of some minutes the provost placed me, as well as my companions, between a dozen soldiers, who were to reconduct us to prison while awaiting the execution. I walked the foremost. I heard the word *erschossen* (to be shot) repeated around me. I saw upon a balcony a couple of men and a young woman: the young men raised their hats as I passed, and the young woman put forth her hand, in which she held a handkerchief, as if to give me encouragement. Doubtless they were some family attached to the imperial cause. I raised my head and smiled at them, as if to say that I would not flinch, but do it honour. I entered my casemate: the door, kept by two soldiers, remained open, and I saw afar, in the chamber which Kussmaneck had occupied, his wife and daughter, who were uttering the most distressing groans—it seems to me that I can hear them still. "My father! my father!" cried the poor girl, with a loud voice, as if to call him to her: she raised convulsively her arms above her head, then, trembling and exhausted, supported herself by her forehead against the wall. I pitied them; but at length their cries and wailings disturbed me: they forced me to think upon my mother and her grief, and I felt that I was becoming unmanned. I had preserved a ring upon which a little diamond was mounted. I drew it from my finger, and wrote upon one of the panes,— "Adieu! dear parents. I am about to be shot. I am tranquil and resigned. I die full of faith and hope. Dear mother, my only grief is your own." I then took off the riband of my cross, in order to place it over my heart when led to execution, and, sitting on my bed, I retraced in memory the ancient recollections of my family. I recalled every detail of the heroic death of Lord Strafford, which I had never read without feeling myself moved to admiration. I tried to maintain a kindred firmness of soul. The illusions that I had nourished in my heart I was now called upon to abandon; but at this supreme moment I might still hope to acquire an increase of honour.

The clock sounded the hours—two o'clock, three o'clock had passed—the execution was to have taken place within the four-and-twenty hours. A ray of hope shot into my heart; but it entirely deprived me of calmness. I now became powerfully excited. All the rest of the day I walked rapidly up and down

my casemate, seeking to wear down by fatigue my mental and bodily uneasiness. Exhausted at length, I flung myself upon my couch. Next morning, at nine o'clock, the Hungarian provost, followed by four soldiers, came in quest of me. I was calm and tranquil, and felt no further emotion when they said they were to conduct me once more into the hall of council, where the Hungarian officers were together. At the orders of the leader, two old men were brought in, and the provost demanded of me which of them had offered me money. This they did for the following reason: the proprietor of the bridge of boats, named Bobek, a citizen of Peterwardein, rich, and devoted to the emperor, being secretly informed, some days before, by Brauenstein, that an enterprise was preparing to restore the fortress into the hands of the emperor, had approached me while walking about under the custody of Kussmaneck. He told me that if I had need of money, his fortune, amassed by the toll and construction of the bridge of boats over the Danube, was at the emperor's service, and that he would advance me whatever money I might require. In consequence of this, I had mentioned in the papers taken on Gerberich that I had no need of money, with which an inhabitant of the city had offered to furnish me. The irritated Hungarians knew not upon whom to fix their suspicions. When I told them that I had never set eyes on these old men, the chief of the council ordered them to fetch another of the townspeople; but I then exclaimed, with a firm and resolute voice, "It is of no avail, since I will never point out the man who offered me that money." I learned afterwards that Bobek, finding they were in search of the person who had offered money to the Austrian officer, in order to carry out the plot, had believed that he was on the point of being discovered, and knowing that he would infallibly be shot, had been seized with violent cramps, and was a dead man the following morning. Bobek, not knowing how the offer he made to me had become known to the Hungarians, may well have imagined that the fear of death had wrung from me a confession of it, and that thus I had betrayed him. This idea tormented me for a long time afterwards.

I was reconducted into my casemate. Two long days passed away. At some moments I recovered my hopes; but I repulsed from my heart the struggles which these hopes, which might prove to be deceptive, kept up with the gloomy resolution which sustained me. Hope seemed at instants to restore me to life, and then, a moment afterwards, she gave me up again to death: I thrust her angrily from me.

On Thursday, the 31st of May, the provost told me that the sentence of the council of war had been sent to Debreczin to the Hungarian ministry by General Paul Kiss, who had replaced Perezel in the command of the fortress. I estimated the number of days required by the courier to return from Debreczin. Knowing that the army of the Ban must be on its march, I invoked it with my whole soul, hoping that its approach might perhaps bring me some favourable chance, and

even that when the reply from Debreczin should reach the city, they would not dare to execute the sentence while the Ban was in presence of the fortress. The time rolled away in these gloomy alternatives. At length, on the morning of the 12th of June, the cannon began to thunder over my head and about the ramparts. The Hungarians did not cease firing during the whole day. In the evening a red glare lighted up all the counterscarp, and I imagined that the suburbs must be on fire. On the following day, in the afternoon, the cannon began to thunder again, but the firing ceased at the end of half an hour. Every day I heard some discharges of artillery. I thus knew that the army of the Ban was before Neusatz, and invested the fortress on the left bank, and the courier sent to Debreczin could not effect his return. I recovered some of my hopes; but as, towards the end of June, the cannon ceased its roar during several days, I concluded that the Ban had retired. I afterwards found the Ban in fact had attacked the "tête du pont" of the bridge which unites the city of Neusatz to the fortress of Peterwardein. The Hungarians opened upon Neusatz the fire of a hundred-and-twenty pieces of artillery, forced the Ban to abandon the city, which was thus reduced to ashes.

The 2d of July, as I paced slowly up and down my casemate, I saw a Hungarian officer, a captain of artillery, crossing the threshold. He stopped a moment to look me full in the face: I continued my walk; when he seized the sentinel by the shoulder, and exclaimed, "Take care that dog does not escape you, or you shall answer for it." Then, as I passed before him, he shook his fist at me, with a visage inflamed with wrath, and said, "Yes, yes, you have *black and white*' hound: I must see to it that you are shot." I imagined the sentence of death must have arrived from Debreczin. My strength suddenly left me; a piercing cramp convulsed my chest, and I was obliged to throw myself upon my pallet. One of the soldiers, alarmed at the cries of pain which my sufferings now and then wrung from me, told one of his comrades to go and seek a physician. The physician speedily arrived; but, as he approached me, and, agonised with pain, I called to him to request his help, the provost desired him to go out. Fury restored to me my strength: I rushed on the provost, to seize him by the throat and revenge myself: the provost leaped out of the casemate, and the sentinel stopped me with his musket. At the end of half-an-hour, the military physician-in-chief entered my casemate: he felt my pulse, and toward evening, a soldier brought to me a bottle. I drank its contents, and, feeling a great heat through my whole body, I imagined that I had been poisoned. The commandant of the fortress, I thought, dares not have me shot, for fear of having to answer for my death, if some day the chances of war should force him to capitulate; but now it will be supposed that I have been carried off by the cholera. The night appeared wearily long. The physician returned about eight o'clock. I had resolved to draw from him a statement

(1) The imperial colours.

of my condition. "Doctor, doctor," I said to him, "I am poisoned: tell me the truth." "No, no," he cried, with a voice full of emotion; "never would I have consented to anything of the sort." He took my hand; some tears rolled down his cheeks: "No, never!" he continued: "I have a wife and children, and I fear the judgment of God."

I was weak, but tranquil. I prayed God to leave me my energy. I felt youth struggle with the malady within me, and I soon recovered my entire strength. I sat me down on the window, whence I could see the bridge by passing my head between the bars. In the morning the first beams of the sun penetrated obliquely into my casemate; it was a great delight to me to warm myself in their beneficent glow, and to follow them to the moment when the day, as it rolled on, brought back the obscurity of my prison. Before my window, on the counterscarp, and on a dry part of the fosse, were encamped some poor families, whose houses in the suburbs had been burned down. These unhappy beings were without shelter, and almost without food: the cholera was decimating them; and almost every day I saw some of them carried away in a blanket. I remember one child, about twelve years old; I heard him crying out for several days together. His screams of agony resembled those of a wild beast. The malady contracted all his limbs: I saw him coil himself up and bury his head between his knees, then on a sudden throw himself at full length, violently jerking out his arms. A woman, doubtless his mother, hung over him, and sustained his head. One evening I perceived that he moved no longer, and I imagined that he must be dead.

The 12th of July, during the night, I was awakened by the grounding of muskets on the pavement of the corridor; an officer followed by four soldiers entered my casemate, holding a lantern in his hand. I leaped from my bed, and raised myself before him; he passed the lamp up to my face, then walked round the casemate, scrutinising the walls, and finally went away. I heard the clang of muskets in the neighbouring casemate, and supposed it was the inspecting officer engaged in making his round.

The time dragged slowly along; every morning I wrote the day and the month on my window-pane with the little diamond of my ring. I strove to forget my situation, and my mind wandered freely among the green plains of Styria, or among the mountains of Switzerland. Some verses of an elegy by Titus Strozzi often came to my memory, and I wrote them upon the pane:—

Sed jam summa venit fati urgentibus hora
Ah! nec amica mihi, nec mihi mater adest;
Altera ut ore legat propere auspria vitæ,
Altera uti condat lumina et ossa tegat.

The remembrance of these verses delighted me—it was a consolation to me to read them over once again. Notwithstanding, I soon recovered all my strength; I desired to live. The hope of some day avenging myself excited, sustained me. I passed almost the whole day crouched in the entrance of the window;

some persons often stopped to look at me. I then precipitately retired for fear of attracting the attention of the sentinel. One day when the sun was setting, a young woman passed along the bridge holding some flowers in her hand; she stopped, and knowing probably that I was an officer of the emperor, she pulled the flowers to pieces, and threw them towards the bars of my window. I wished I had been able to thank her for this token of sympathy, which gave me extreme comfort. Several times also, I observed a young priest upon the bridge: when he found himself alone, he stopped and saluted me.

The 21st of July, the provost told me that Kraue had died in the casemate where he had been confined, and that he had desired to bid me adieu. The 27th, in the morning, he entered anew into my cell. His countenance was bathed in sweat, his eyes were fixed upon the ground, he wiped with his handkerchief some drops of blood which stained his collar. "Captain," he said to me, "Kussmaneck, Brauenstein, and Gerberich, have just been shot; for yourself, you are to remain here a prisoner." I would not fasten upon this hope. I feared lest I was reserved for execution in the afternoon or on the following day. It was not till the morrow, the 28th of July, on the evening when the provost told me the execution had taken place in consequence of the order received in Debreczin, that I comprehended that I was out of danger. The presence of the Ban before Neusatz had delayed the arrival of the courier from Debreczin, and when the sentence was sent to Georgey, in order to receive his sanction, the imperial army had everywhere advanced triumphantly into the heart of Hungary, under the command of General Haynau. Whether Georgey had been urged by compassion, or whether he feared for the future at a moment when the Hungarian cause appeared to be lost, he refused to sign the sentence which was to condemn an officer to death.

My three companions all died courageously; they felt themselves soldiers of the emperor. The years which they had passed in the army had given them that lofty pride of caste which they had never belied, and their heroic death was a final testimony of their devotion.¹

At last, on the 23d of August, the provost came to announce that he had orders to conduct me to the Commandant of the fortress. We traversed the square, and I knew not how to admire sufficiently the blue sky, and the green trees upon the esplanade. The Commandant paced pensively up and down his chamber; his face was pale and thin, and his countenance wore an air of gloom. "The chances of war have turned against us," he said; "the cause of Hungary is lost. The army of Georgey exists no longer. He has been forced to lay down his arms; here is a letter which a messenger from him has just brought me. He urges me to give up the fortress, and on the demand of General Haynau, he requires me to restore you to liberty. You are free, but remain

(1) It should be observed that the emperor took care of the families of these unhappy men.

in your casemate: my soldiers are exasperated—I will not be responsible for their behaviour. "I asked him if anything had happened to the Ban, and if his army had not fought some engagement since the end of May. He praised the bravery of our leaders, and of our troops, and spoke of the battle of Hagyes, where the Hungarians had been conquerors, with a modesty that surprised me. Then with an affectation of politeness, he returned me my watch, a seal ring, and 600 florins which had been taken from me when I was made prisoner. "You had a handsome sabre," he continued, "I regret that I am unable to return it to you; but Major Bozo, to whom I gave it in charge, is at this present time at Komorn;² accept this one in its place,—and he handed me one of his own sabres. After a moment, he exclaimed with a sigh, "The French have abandoned us; we had fully relied on their assistance!" "Had you then any secret promise?" I inquired. "Not so," he replied, "but was not the revolutionary attitude that France had assumed towards Europe a token for us, a guarantee which sustained our hopes?" He afterwards spoke to me at length, of Isaszeg and Tapio-Bieske; he would not believe that at Tapio-Bieske, the brigade Rastech had maintained the combat alone; he praised the bravery of the *Ottokaner*, who, at the battle of Isaszeg, had defended the forests: then, after a moment's silence, he said, "I fully expect to be shot," and he stopped before me as if to await my reply. I might have revenged myself, and played off on him an affected pity, by confirming him in the idea that he had no mercy to expect, but I was too happy to think of vengeance, and I told him I felt certain that the emperor would display his clemency. "It is all over with us!" he resumed, "it would be madness to defend this fortress, to keep up the war by ourselves. But I am no longer master of my troops; you will soon discover what is the state of affairs." He made me sit down. Some minutes afterwards his aide-de-camp came to tell him that ten officers and subalterns convoked by his orders, and chosen from the battalions by their comrades, were in readiness without. He ordered them to be admitted, read to them the letter of Georgey, and proposed to them to surrender the fortress into the hands of the Imperial troops. Up to that very moment, he had amused the garrison, cut off from all intercourse with the rest of Hungary, with the most delusive hopes: every day he had proclaimed to them fresh victories, and now these men looked upon themselves as betrayed. They began to speak with threatening voices, and to strike the floor with their sabres; one of them in particular exclaimed like a madman—"I am a Hungarian and a gentleman; I will blow up the fortress rather than surrender." General Paul Kiss remained calm and impassible. I admired his firmness; he threatened to have this officer shot, and having contrived to pacify the others, he insisted on their being silent. He repeated to

(2) After the capitulation of Komorn, this sabre was returned to me by Major Bozo.

them that all was over; but his officers maintained that this could hardly be; and at length they consented to choose among themselves an officer, a subaltern, and a soldier, and send them with a safe-conduct to Georgey to ascertain from his own lips if everything was indeed lost to the Hungarian cause. "If it be so," said one of them in a loud voice, "we shall know what we have next to do." The general then dismissed them. "You see," he said to me, "I am to be massacred by my own people, or shot by yours! I have gained my different promotions sword in hand. I am prepared for all events. The Hungarians," he continued, smiling, "are not afraid to die."

On the following day at noon, I was to leave the fortress with the officer sent to Georgey, but General Kiss, fearing for me the vengeance of his soldiers, exasperated by the defeat of their army, caused me to depart at four o'clock in the morning. The dawn of day lighted up the horizon. At length I felt myself free. I turned back a moment to cast one look upon the fortress while thinking how many mortal sufferings had been enclosed within its walls. I pursued the road to Temeswar in order to rejoin the Ban. I hoped yet to take a share in some engagement, but I soon felt myself unable to stand the jolting of my vehicle, so much was I enfeebled by anxiety and bad nourishment. I therefore had myself rowed up the right bank of the Danube, and repaired to Colonel Mamula. He and all his officers embraced me affectionately: for a long time it had been supposed that I was shot. During the entire day I got them to relate to me our glorious engagements, as well as the sufferings of our army. These victories had been very dearly purchased. Many of my companions were dead, and many of our soldiers killed in daily encounters. The brave Captain Freiberg, who had been my companion during the whole campaign, had his head carried off by a cannon ball—Tascis had his face torn to pieces by a bursting shell, so that I no longer inquired, without hesitation, the news concerning those who were dear to me.

Our officers told me how Gerberich had been taken.—Having contrived to slip across the outposts, he then set off at a run to get to the line of circumvallation, but being pursued by the Hungarians, and seeing our soldiers fire upon those who pursued him, he stood still a moment, frightened perhaps by the hissing of the balls. The Hungarians having seized him, led him back into the fortress—as I afterwards ascertained—and found in his clothes the papers which he had there concealed.

I was too weak to travel in the little carts of the peasantry, the sole means of transport which the war had spared. I set out for Semlin in order to ascend the Save by the steamer, that I might repair to Gratz. I met upon the road whole bands of women and girls in rags—they were Servian families from the Banat and the Bács, the male members of which had either been massacred or had perished in battle. These women had escaped to the woods, and had lived there for several months on chestnuts and a little flour; and

now, worn out with misery and hunger, they descended the mountains, dragging after them their naked and almost dying children—and before them there was nothing but mouldering carcasses and villages reduced to ashes. This misery was not to be wondered at—the Hungarian war has annihilated the southern population of the empire. After correct returns made by order of Government, in the spring of 1850, the number of widows in the military districts of Croatia, Slavonia, the Banat, and Transylvania, whose husbands have perished during the war, surpasses five-and-twenty thousand.

At Semlin they brought to me three peasants arrested at Palonka two months before, accused of belonging to the band who took me prisoner. My comrades, believing me dead, wished at first to have them shot, but afterwards, hoping that I might be yet alive, and fearing for me reprisals on the part of the Hungarians, they had kept them closely shut up in prison. These poor devils were pale and haggard, one of them I recognised, but I was too happy to desire revenge, besides, they had done nothing worthy of death, the officer alone was to blame—I ordered them to be set at liberty. The poor fellows threw themselves at my feet and embraced my knees; then lifting towards me their eyes full of tears, exclaimed with piercing voices—"O sir, if you only knew all that we have suffered!" "My friends," I replied, "I comprehend a little of it myself." I gave them some money, and ordered that they should be taken and feasted at a neighbouring inn.

The 15th of September I departed from Semlin in the steamer, and remounted the Save: at last I reached Gratz. For a long time it was supposed that I was dead; nevertheless, they had endeavoured to keep my mother in hopes that she might still see me. Some days after my arrival, I found on my table the window-panes of my casemate—one of my friends, who after the surrender of Peterwardein had visited the chamber wherein I had been shut up, had caused them to be removed, and he now presented to me these memorials of my evil days.

[This paper, which gives so vivid but painful a picture of the recent war in Hungary, is written by an officer in the Austrian service. Our selection of it will not be supposed to involve any sympathy with the side espoused by the writer, although his gallantry and sufferings may well excite admiration and sympathy. The cause of Hungary may indeed seem lost. The band of patriots and generals whose exploits were so lately in every body's mouth are scattered to the four winds. Kossuth is a fugitive, Bem and Perczel are no more, and the aged hero Dembinski, it is said, is driven to support himself by selling cigars in New York. Yet let us trust that better times are in store for the Hungarian people, and that the blood so lavishly poured forth in behalf of their liberties, may not sink forgotten and fruitless into the dust.—Ed.]

ROMEO AND JULIET.

We have here, from the pencil of the late gifted but unfortunate B. R. Haydon, a vivid impersonation of the immortal lovers of Verona. It is perhaps his most poetical work, and represents the well-known balcony scene in Shakspeare's play.

LAVENGRO; A PHILOLOGIST'S DREAM.¹

MR. BORROW's writings show that he belongs to a class which is only not so narrow as that of the genuine poets, or creative geniuses. If he has not, with them, held converse with unveiled truth, he has, assuredly, with no dim eye, nor half-glance, looked upon facts; and what he has seen, he tells with wonderful effect, whether he uses his own natural style, or adopts one that reminds the reader of "The Pilgrim's Progress," or of "Tom Jones," both of them models of first-rate excellence in narrative English. At the same time, no man of experience in books and men can fail to observe, that had not the facts been seen and narrated by one of no mean poetic gifts, there had been no charm in these gipsy tales. It was something to write a story like "Gil Blas," but to *be* Gil Blas in this prosaic matter-of-fact age, when revolutions and counter-revolutions, railway-scrip, exhibitions of industry, and industrial co-operation, are in vogue, is vastly more; and thus it comes to pass that we all read Mr. Borrow's books; and even if we quarrel with him in our hearts at every other page, we are delighted with him, and do not readily lay him aside till we have reached the unwelcome "*finis*." Thus it was with his adventures in Spain, whilst engaged in the attempt to make the Bible known there; and with his anecdotes, speculations, &c. respecting the *Zincali* who figured so prominently in his other work; and thus we confidently predict it must be with "Lavengro."

This title, which has perplexed us for a twelvemonth, signifies, it appears, in "gentle Rommany," the Gipsy tongue, *Word-master*, and was bestowed upon the autobiographer, the "Scholar," by the "Gipsy," one Jasper Petulengro, (*horse-shoe master, or maker*), because of his readiness in learning that "mother of languages." The "Priest," the third character in the "dream, or drama," announced in the title, is one of whom the preface very truly says, that "neither the Scholar nor the Gipsy would feel at all flattered by being confounded with him;" for most certainly, if the Church of Rome, in these days, can find employment for such emissaries, either she is in her dotage, and does not possess the consummate tact which used to mark her appointments, or she is effete, and cannot produce better than he, or else she is demented, and expects to regain her lost power in the world by means of the scum of English ale-houses, for only those could agents like this one persuade to return to the fold. This preface might easily betray us into

some warmth, answering to its own, but however tempting the theme, especially now, and albeit it seems to have been placed before us for the very purpose of tempting us, we shall eschew the discussion of it; for in good truth, Mr. Borrow can do us a far better turn than plunge us into the worse than Irish bogs of Polemical Protestantism; and we read his book, not for what unnumbered divines could supply us with, *extempore*, in these days, but for what only himself can tell

"of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes—"

of wild adventure; of conflicts stubborn, both with friends and foes; his

"—portance in his travel's history,"

wherein, if not "antres vast, and deserts idle," and all the grand concomitants of the story of the "noble Moor," are heard of, we do hear of rude heaths, and rustic streamlets, and dingles far away from human dwelling, and of that hugest "desert" of all, London. Of these

"It is his hint to speak;"

nor is there wanting a fair Desdemona, respecting whom it is most plain, at the end of the third volume, that as Othello said, could he say,

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her, that she did pity me."

And as it is for these things that we read Mr. Borrow's writings, and from them to learn other aspects of this great world in which we live, than those which commonly present themselves to his readers, so we shall, in this notice of his "last," invite all who can to possess themselves of the book, and regale all who cannot, by giving a condensation of the narrative, with such extracts as will amuse and interest those for whose monthly delectation we cater, and exhibit the character of the work. But first we must observe, that a threefold division of the story is very palpable, and very convenient for our purpose, too; not coinciding, however, with the volumes, and not in the least connected with the three characters whose names appear on the title-page; the first being the period of "acquisition," during which Lavengro picks up one language after another, in ways marvellous enough to us who are not *masters of words*, as he is, and with them (as will be seen) much other skill—the second, a period during which he vainly endeavours to use his linguistic acquirements in the great mart of the world's literature, London; and the third one, during which he wanders at will in the southern and western counties of England, eventually becoming master of a travelling-tinker's "plant," and practising the healing art on kettles and tin-ware, with a little *dilettante* shoeing of quadrupeds, in which liberal, or, at least, free occupation, this autobiography leaves the "scholar," just before the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act, as we gather from his last interview with the "Priest," a circumstance which leads us to hope for the appearance, in due time, of

(1) "Lavengro; the Scholar, the Gipsy, the Priest." By George Borrow, author of "The Bible in Spain," and "The Gipsies of Spain." 3 vols. Murray, 1851.



Donald Lee R. Barton

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other three, or more volumes, carrying on the philologists "dream," by the help of "the Bible in Spain," to the time when the writer could look back on the whole, and see that his way of life had been such as this.

Lavengro was born of right good parentage; his father being one of those "best gentlemen," a Cornish man, and what is more, a captain of militia; and his mother a descendant of a French Protestant family, which with many others sought and found an asylum in England on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. He was the younger son, and as a matter of course his mother's darling, whilst the elder, though the especial favourite of his father, was the darling of all. His honoured birth-place, the name of which the autobiographer partly conceals, was East Dereham in Norfolk, a town which did and does still merit the designation which our author with allowable fondness bestows upon it, "pretty Dereham." His father's corps had their head-quarters here; for, as our own family traditions have informed us, the massive square *clocher* (or detached tower for the bells) of the parish church was employed as a *dépôt* for prisoners during the French war, whose condition and treatment was not different from that which Mr. Borrow has described with a manly tone of indignation, as prevailing in the larger *dépôt* at Norman Bridge. From the sketch he has given of himself in contrast with one of his brother, the divergent partialities of the parents may be without difficulty justified; the bold, open-hearted soldier naturally loved the handsome son, whose character was like unto his own; the mother, with her prescient affection, as instinctively built her hopes upon the musing, taciturn, wild-eyed boy, in whom an urgent word uttered by a stranger caused a paroxysm of tears. From the time of his birth, to the disbanding of the militia after the peace, when his father laid down his unused sword, and assumed the garb of the civilian, in the good city of Norwich, the boy and his brother always followed, under their mother's care, the movements of the father, who was now posted at Norman Bridge, now at Hythe in Kent, now at Edinburgh, and now in the wild region of Ireland; and thus there was instilled into his mind by the inevitable circumstances of his most impressible years, a love of roving adventure, out of which not merely such incidents as are recorded in this work, but more surely those of "the Bible in Spain," came. His education during this period, as could not but happen, was of a rather desultory kind, for scarcely had he become used to the mechanism of a school, so as to be able to derive from it whatever erudition the master had the power, out of his own mind, or out of books, to impart, than he was removed from it, and was compelled to go through the same tedious process of preparing to learn again in another school, and under the system of some other "Dr. Hornbook."

Of all this elementary lore, we will say no word but this; we can hardly believe it possible that a second man in Great Britain, competent in the same way, if not to the same degree with Lavengro, to

speak of methods of teaching languages, could be found who could say that he believes "that no one ever yet got Lilly's Latin Grammar by heart when young, who repented of the feat at a mature age." For ourselves, we frankly confess that we entertain for his *Propria quæ maribus*, and *As in præsentia*, a most unmitigated hatred, and that we trust soon to be assured that the superior appliances of the present age have in every school, public and private, entirely superseded the barbarous, unphilosophical, unphilological jargon of the great pedagogue of the sixteenth century.

Yet though his school-going was thus broken, and his mind made the receptacle of such learned lumber as Lilly's hexameters, the boy's education went on. A Lavengro was one who could find wholesome food in that most unclassical vehicle for the Latin tongue; and the roving life of the soldier's child supplied him with the choicest materials for mental development and furniture, and gave him abundant opportunities and means of cultivating bodily hardihood, and manual skill, whereby all the possible evils of such a schooling were obviated. In one place it was a narrow escape from being poisoned by eating the berries of the bitter-sweet nightshade, or bryony, that enlarged his knowledge of facts; in another place, the huge and grey old skulls, mouldering in a charnel-house, attributed by the ancient sexton to the Danes, who "long ago came pirating into those parts," set the musing child thinking upon the marvellous prowess of the Sea Kings; and predisposed him for learning the old Danish dialect, and turning into English verse some of their bravest old ballads, in after times: a translation which afforded us, we right well remember, especial gladness in our own school-boy days, being ranked by us, and worthily we believe, with *Percy's Reliques*, and *Robin Hood's Garland*. Or it was that book of all books for such a boy as this, *Robinson Crusoe*; to which he attributes the unlocking of his faculties, and the stimulus which drove him fairly into the path of knowledge: or the sonorous voices of "the dignified rector," and "dignified, and high-church clerk," of "pretty Dereham," as they read responsively the mighty utterances of psalm and litany; the dimly-understood, or totally unintelligible words adding to the awe with which the strange child listened to what appeared to him "portentous descriptions of the wondrous works of the Most High:" or, it was the stern and heartless dealings of the authorities with the poor French prisoners at Norman Cross; or, yet more authentically, it was the half-superstitious, half-crazed, talk of an old viper-hunter, whom he often accompanied in his rambles, who imparted to him some of the secrets of snake-catching and herbalism, and who gave him, as a memento of so singular a friendship, a tamed viper, whose fangs had been removed;—it was such things as these that informed and instructed him.

To this tame viper our autobiographer owed his first intimacy with the Rommany people, or gipsies; and thus it happened. Wandering one day in a green

lane, he lighted upon a gipsy encampment, and saw two of the members of the community evidently engaged in the manufacture of base coin. As soon as they discovered the intruder they rushed upon him, the man brandishing a ladle, and both bent on mischief; the casual mention of "bad money" by the boy inflamed them to the highest pitch, when he recollected his tame viper, which lay coiled up in his breast, and threatening to call his "*futher*" forth to help him with his forked tongue, he gave the well-known signal to his reptile friend, which darted out its head, and confronted the enemy with its glittering eyes. The man was terrified, taking the boy to be a superior being; and both the gipsies, lately so wrathful, could not show enough honour to their unexpected guest; they would even have engaged him to go with them, as their peculiar and protecting *divinity*, a proposal that led to the discovery that the viper was not his father, which a little lowered him in their esteem. However, he was a sap-engro, a *snake-master*, and that was not far from being as good; and he would answer their purpose just as well, especially if he could read. The boy at once took his beloved "*Robinson Crusoe*" from his pocket, and gave them a specimen of his talent. "That will do," said the man, "that's the kind of prayers for me and my family, aren't they wifelkin? I never heard more delicate prayers in all my life! why they beat the rubricals hollow!—and here comes my son Jasper. I say, Jasper, here's a young sap-engro that can read, and is more fly than yourself. Shake hands with him; I wish ye to be two brothers." Jasper was not much more pleasant, at first sight, than his parents, and his first inquiry respecting his new "brother" was, "'Can he box?' But hearing what he *could* do; 'What, a sap-engro!' said the boy, with a singular whine, and, stooping down, he leered curiously in my face; kindly, however, and then patted me on the head. 'A sap-engro!' he ejaculated; 'lor!'" And thus is the Gipsy of the story introduced upon the scene; a remarkable character, whom we shall meet with again. A sudden alarm from one of the gang hastily collected, and as suddenly dispersed the whole company; and so our young "sap-engro," marvelling at the Rommany language which he had overheard them using, and yet more wondering at the speakers, returned home.

Other influences were at work in forming the child's mind. The gentle spells of kindly nature began to work upon him. On the road to Scotland, he paused at Elvir Hill, unwitting its faery repute, and looked down upon the Tweed, but knew it not. Here is his own story of the incident:—

"Northward, northward, still! And it came to pass, that one morning I found myself extended on the bank of a river. It was a beautiful morning of early spring. Small white clouds were floating in the heaven, occasionally veiling the countenance of the sun, whose light as they retired would again burst forth, coursing like a race-horse over the scene. And a goodly scene it was! Before me, across the water, on an eminence stood a white old

city, surrounded with lofty walls, above which rose the tops of tall houses, with here and there a church or steeple. To my right hand was a long and massive bridge, with many arches, and of antique architecture, which traversed the river. The river was a noble one, the broadest that I had hitherto seen. Its waters, of a greenish tinge, poured with impetuosity beneath the narrow arches to meet the sea close at hand, as the boom of the billows breaking distinctly upon a beach declared. There were songs upon the river from the fisher-barks, and occasionally a chorus, plaintive and wild, such as I had never heard before, the words of which I did not understand, but which, at the present time, down the long avenue of years, seem in memory's ear to sound like,—'*Horam, coram, dugo.*' Several robust fellows were near me; some knee-deep in water, employed in hauling the seine upon the strand. Huge fish were struggling amid the meshes,—princely salmon, their brilliant mail of blue and silver flashing in the morning beam. So goodly and gay a scene, in truth, had never greeted my boyish eye."

And whilst the boy gazed upon this new revelation of beauty his tears fell fast, as has happened with many a one in such circumstances, in places where "the maids of Elie" have no power to make men "elf-wild;" and, inquiring of one of the stalwart fishermen, he learned the name of the green river, and discovered that he had reposed upon "haunted ground."

At length, Edinburgh was reached; and the Castle was the residence of the soldier's son. The "High School" was selected for the carrying on of his often-interrupted instruction in book-learning. Here he construed Latin; was beaten "black and blue" (having numbers against him) for the honour of Auld Reekie; took part occasionally, and not without honour, if not always victoriously, in the *bickers* between the boys of Old Town and New; became "a daring cragsman," having famous opportunities of gaining a firm hold, steady foot, and a cool head, by exercise amongst the precipitous rocks on which the castle was built; acquired, "to the scandal of his father and the horror of his mother, a thorough proficiency in the Scotch" tongue; and, characteristically enough, formed an acquaintance with a North Briton, who appears, by musing upon "Willie Wallace," to have grown into a robber and a homicide, and who—though if matters had been arranged differently he might have become a Tamerlane (Lavengro thinks) and died "emperor of the world"—"perished on an ignoble scaffold;" not altogether undeservedly, as we must think, in spite of Mr. Borrow's rather remarkable essay towards a defence of him; and after a sojourn of two years at the "modern Athens," the whole family was transferred to Ireland.

Here, as ever in strange company, the language is the first thing that attracts him. An ancient crone whom he asked for water, during the march up into the country, gave him a draught of butter-milk, and when he offered her a penny, "shook her head,

smiled, and, patting his face with her skinny hand, murmured some words in a tongue which he had never heard before." From his father he learned that this was Irish; and the remembrance of a tough battle, which the capture of some deserters had entailed, in one of the Irish quarters of the metropolis, in which "fixed bayonets" seem to have narrowly escaped a defeat from Irish shillalies and oaths, was revived by the sound of the Erse language in its native fields, and with it woke up his profound horror of the tongue that appeared to him to befit only savage and vulgar lips, and to consist solely of maledictions. The thorough-paced Orangeman with whom it was the old soldier's good-luck to lodge, now pointed out a seminary suitable to our young gentleman. So to school he went again to mature his Latin and to gain what Greek he could; and the net result of the combined efforts of master and scholar was concisely expressed by the disappointed parent, a few years afterwards, thus,—“I sent him to school to learn Greek, and he picked up Irish!”

Such is the course of a Lavengro; and parents must reconcile themselves to it with the best grace they can, and be thankful if nothing worse than Irish be picked up instead of Greek. Murtagh, his "language-master" in this prohibited acquirement, was, as every one is to a man that has an eye to see it, a "character," and the gift of a pack of cards, for which he longed, that he might "have something to do, like the rest—something that he cared for"—procured his best services for "Shorsha na vourncen," who speedily gained materials for an Erse vocabulary at least, to which he could himself supply the grammar.

Soon the quarters were removed to Templemore. His brother, from "the *alumnus* of an Irish seminary," had become "one of his Majesty's officers," and there was no school in this desolate region. Nothing remained for the lad (he was no more than thirteen, he says) but to go on educating himself, as best he could. The rude habits of the people gave him every facility for studying both them and their tongue on "the stranger's stone" at their own firesides; and from one source and another he largely increased his stock of self-help; and by way of giving his father on his death-bed some hope respecting himself, he was able, some years later in his life, to boast that he could ride a horse and be his own groom, make a set of shoes and put them on, and might have added, rouse his horse to wrath by a word and tame him by a whisper. Oh, Lavengro! no wonder that brave old father should say, with grave, but not dubious shake of the head, when endeavouring to fix on a calling for him, "I am afraid he will never make a churchman!" We shall see what he makes of himself.

Meanwhile, expeditions to ruined castles; expeditions to see that dear young soldier, the brother, who was posted in a yet more solitary station,—with episodic adventures (or what might have been so) with Jerry Grant, the outlaw, for whose head 100*l.* are offered, or his wrath; learning to ride; learning to shoe a horse, and other acquisitions of skill;—these

filled up his time till the peace was fully established, and the "old tired soldier set himself down with his little family" in a fine old city, which we, as becomes us, recognise as our own native place—Norwich. We differ from Lavengro; instead of counting the view of the city from St. Leonard's Priory the best, commend us to that, at a little longer distance, from the hill above Bixley, whence now, not only may all the antique features in that "city in a garden" be seen, but the most distinguishing signs of its modern state also,—the huge yarn factories, and two railroads which lie just beneath you. We do not see "Lollard's Pit," it is true; but that is merely a *name* now,—a memory of times when this ancient city stood in the midst of a region where the true light shone most brightly, and men dared to die and—loftier aim!—to *live* for what Bilney, and Taylor, and a host of heroes whose names have perished, taught!

But how throve our autobiographer? After an interval of seeming aimlessness, during which, however, he gained French and Italian from an old tessara-glott grammar and an exiled non-jurant priest, whose patriotism (let us hope) made him rank *Monsieur Boileau* far before "*Monsieur Dante*;" went forth as a sportsman, and, with an old honeycombed musket, slaughtered endless strings of singing-birds; or, with rod and line in summer time, fished in the streams that almost begird the "good old town," and, musing upon the story of Earlham, (the *Jarl's Homestead*;) made a passing acquaintance with the late learned and eminent member of the Society of Friends, Joseph John Gurney; renewed most unexpectedly his acquaintance with his Rommany brother, whose tent he visited on Mosswood Heath, and found the leering boy transformed into the illustrious Mr. Jasper Petulengro, the Pharaoh of the Gipsies! from whom, greatly to the disgust of Mr. Petulengro's mother-in-law, one Mrs. Hearn, (a most unamiable middle-aged lady, who would fain have preserved the Roman people from the pollution of a *gorgio's* matriculation into its language and mysteries,) he learned the Gipsy tongue, and found it to be, not like "pedlar's French," or the "cant" of certain classes of society now-a-days, a mere hap-hazard, artificial "gibberish," but a regularly constituted and authentic language, one (Lavengro fancied) of the most ancient in the world. After a period so spent, he was bound with all legal forms and solemnities unto a lawyer of good repute in Norwich, to be instructed in the secrets of "glorious English law."

"By adopting the law, I had not ceased to be Lavengro," says our author, and true it was; instead of Blackstone, Davydd ap Gwilym, the Ovid of Wales, was now the favourite study, and then the *Kampe Viser*, the book of fine old Danish ballads, which an ancient couple, pleased with the courtesy of the young sprig of the law, had presented to him, thinking it to be a curiosity adapted to such a youth; next Schiller, his hierophant in this case being no refugee priest, but William Taylor, once almost the sole German scholar in England, and undoubtedly the parent of

half the modern heresies charged upon the Eichorns and Pauluses of the Fotherland. Hebrew and Armenian followed, and by way of a counterpoise to all this weight of learning, "the noble art of self-defence," as it is technically called, was practised, not without effects at the time, nor subsequently, as will appear. Some of the scenes in "the *Zincali*" belong to this period, and the whole story of a battle for "the belt," in the neighbourhood of Norwich, the bruit of which continued through many years, even to our own time, is told here with a breadth, and accuracy, and graphic power, that makes us regret we cannot give it as a further example of our author's style. The elder brother, disappointed in his expectations of following the profession of arms, had devoted himself to painting, and this gives Mr. Borrow an opportunity of eulogising the Gainsborough of Norwich, Crome. And this first section of the autobiography ends with the death of the brave old father, which brings about a change in the writer's plans, the story of which, with that of the third period, we will tell in another paper.

It would be amusing, had we but the space, to relate an interview with a magistrate, who is sorely put to it between his official zeal for "justice," and his natural taste for a "mill," and who holds up to the young philologist Parr—"Greek Parr," be it well noted—and the Rev. Walter Whiter, who discovered that death was a disease, and who knew, says the worthy magistrate, some twenty languages, as patterns in what, we regret to observe, Lavengro needed no additional incentive to pursue—the "noble art." "*Both can box.*" In violent contrast with all that relates to what we have given in this condensation, are expressions of concern about religious truth, expressions of harassing inquiry after truth upon sundry speculative points, which we may, perhaps, advert to in our second notice, when we will insert fuller specimens of the manner in which our author has told his tale.

(To be continued.)

SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.¹

THE readers of "SHARPE" will doubtless be pleased to find, that an old and valued contributor has gained the prize offered by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for the best exposition of their humane principles. It is indeed a very well written essay, highly honourable to the talent of the authoress.

Among those Societies, prompted by pure benevolence alone, which, almost overlooked by the public at large, pursue their quiet unostentatious course, and which derive their reward from the consciousness of the good they are doing to society, rather than by the noisy tribute of its approbation, that for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is deserving of peculiar honour. Yet there is danger that its functions should be deemed

almost superfluous, and its due support overlooked, in the midst of the momentous and stormy questions of reform and progress that agitate the community. The character of the age, it may be said, is changing; benevolence is becoming the order of the day, and exhibitions of cruelty excite a general feeling of indignation. But so long as the human heart remains what it is, so long as a sound moral education is wanting to the community, and many abuses to which custom has rendered us comparatively callous remain untouched, there is unhappily but too much room for the vigilance of such a Society as this.

Of the cruelties which have been formerly practised upon animals, and many of which indeed subsist to this day, the following is a miserable and humiliating exposure:—

"Examples of rapacity in procuring food can only be equalled by instances of the cruel manner in which it has been often prepared. Though a permission to use animal food was given, there was no licence to torture. And if superstition has instilled a reverence for animal life into the minds of the 'simple Brahmins of the East,' should not religion prevent its being wantonly or cruelly sacrificed by us,—should not humanity prescribe the most instantaneous and least painful mode of depriving the creatures of life, who are intended for food? But protracted suffering was considered to improve the flavour of many. Plutarch tells, that in his time it was customary to run red-hot spits through the bodies of swine, to render their flesh more tender. In more recent times, poor animals have been whipped and bled to death, and cramped and crammed and made wretched. There are receipts in some of the old cookery books which make one shudder; but though the cruelties recommended in them are not practised to such an extent as they were formerly, yet still there are barbarities in use which can scarcely be exceeded by any of them. Nothing can be more shocking than the mode in which the delicate Strasburg pie, so admired by our gourmards, is prepared.¹ Among our modern refinements, too, the system of fattening poor beasts till they become an unsightly spectacle, and a burthen to themselves, is a great cruelty.

"If man has abused the bounty of Providence as to his food, he has been no less cruel and selfish in many of those amusements in which he has taken especial delight. The barbarous sport of cock-fighting was introduced into England by the Romans. William Fitz-Stephen, in the reign of Henry the Second, describes cock-fighting as the pastime of schoolboys, on Shrove Tuesday, the schoolroom being made the arena, and the master the comptroller and director of the sport. Part of the site of Drury Lane Theatre was a cock-pit in the reign of James the First. The cock-pit at Whitehall was erected for the same sport by Charles the Second. Not many years since there was a *cock-pit royal* in St. James's Park. Many of the members of parliament were in the habit of attending the sport, and lost and won large sums in bets on the game. What scenes of brutality passed before them! The fine birds destined for the disgusting exhibition, disfigured for the occasion, their beautiful plumage cropped off, and their legs armed with artificial spurs;—and thus were they set on to the bloody conflict. The reward frequently bestowed for all his hard fighting, by the owner of the combatant

(1) "On the Ameliorating Influence of the Humane Principles advocated by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals on Society and on Individuals." By Emma Le Fanu.

(1) It is made of the livers of geese, which have been enlarged to an enormous degree by disease, brought on by an inhuman process. The miserable birds are kept before a hot fire, and crammed, sorely against their will, with meat, and deprived of water—at all times so necessary for their health and comfort, and now, in all the heat produced by the fire, and the unnatural food which they are forced to take, a thousand times more needed than ever.

who first gave up, was to wring off his head,—the poor mangled and bleeding creature seldom met with kinder treatment. Mr. Ardis, a celebrated cock-fighter, and a man of large fortune and great hospitality, and whose equipages are described as having been 'unequaled in splendour,' had a favourite cock—one 'who had won him many profitable matches;' but the last wager he had laid upon him, he had lost, which so enraged him that in a violent fit of passion he thrust the poor animal into the fire. His companions, who were in the parlour, were so scared by the cries of the bird, that they ran to the kitchen and interfered to save him; but his cruel master, foaming and trembling with fury, would not desist. His unbridled rage brought its own punishment. He was suddenly seized with brain fever, which carried him off in three days. Cowper has described the whole transaction in 'The Cock-fighters' Garland.' That was no solitary instance of fury towards one of the brute creatures bringing on a fatal attack of illness. Nothing is more common than for the cruel to vent their passion on a harmless, helpless animal. Doctor Moore, in describing the cruel hero¹ in his novel, makes him in his anger squeeze a pet bird to death in his hand.

Cockthrowing was, if possible, a more cruel sport than cockfighting, as the bird was rendered incapable of repelling the attack. He was tied to a stake, and assailed with sticks and other missiles, and most wantonly battered and bruised, till at length, worn out, with mangled flesh and broken bones, death put an end to his tortures. This diabolical sport is said to have been introduced into England to commemorate the detestation in which the French were then held,—the Latin word for the cock and Frenchman being the same; and so cruelty and animosity went hand in hand. Another account says, that the odious observance had its origin in the discovery of a conspiracy to expel the Danes from England. There was a plot laid to surprise the guards, and to seize the usurper, which was on the point of being put into execution, when the cocks, being disturbed by the sounds of preparation, commenced noisily fluttering their wings and crowing with all their might, till the Danes, roused from sleep, detected the conspirators. This took place on Shrove Tuesday, which day was ever after set apart for avenging the injury which the cocks had done. The constant exhibition of such cruelty had a most direful effect. It was remarked, that the men who were the most constant in their attendance at these sports, were noted for being tyrannical in their own families. Fathers trained their boys to the most cruel practices; if they evinced a spark of humanity towards the lower creatures, everything was done to extinguish it, and the more effectually to conquer what was considered an unpardonable weakness, they were taught to cut off the heads of poultry, and encouraged to worry dogs and cats, or whatever unlucky animal happened to fall in their way. Bull-fights were introduced into Spain about the year 1260, and abolished there, except for *pious and patriotic purposes*, in 1784. The great hold which such cruel exhibitions took on the populace is exemplified by the following extract from a letter of Howell's, from Madrid, dated August 10, 1623. 'There was a great show lately here, of baiting of bulls with men, for the entertainment of the prince. It is the chiefest of all Spanish sports; commonly there are men killed at it, therefore, there are priests appointed to be there ready to confess them. It hath happened oftentimes that a bull hath taken up two men upon his horns. As I am told, the pope hath sent divers bulls against the sport, yet it will not be left,—the nation hath taken such particular delight in it.' The perfect *sang froid* with which Howell mentions this, is not the least extraordinary part of the detail; he passes over the matter without one disapproving word. There was a bull-fight in Lisbon, at Campo de Santa Anna, attended by 10,000 spectators, *so lately* as Sunday, July 14, 1840."

(1) "Zeluco."

Here we must pause a moment to rectify the statement of the authoress. The bull-fight *still* continues to be the great amusement of *all classes* in Spain, and we are sorry to add from personal experience, is too often found to be as gratifying a spectacle to *our own countrymen* as it is to the natives themselves. We have heard the bull-fight thus described by Englishmen, not with the *sang froid* above alluded to, but in terms expressive of the most *intense satisfaction*.

It was but the other day that a project was in contemplation for importing the spectacle to Paris. From chasing the timid hare for *sport*, to the horrors of the bull-ring and the amphitheatre, is a natural and gradual transition, the root of the evil being the same in all,—a disposition to seek excitement at the expense of the suffering and helpless. It is surprising how soon a familiarity with such frightful but exciting spectacles produces a callousness to the sufferings by which they are attended.

Of this no better proof can be afforded than "was furnished by the reception given to a bill, brought into Parliament for the prevention of the barbarous sport of bull-baiting; it was so successfully opposed by some of England's enlightened statesmen, that the attempt to carry it through the house proved abortive, and it was twice thrown out. The tone of levity with which the publications of the day (1800 and 1802) spoke of the debate, was sufficiently indicative of the lamentable result of cruel customs; they describe the discussion as having 'afforded much entertainment, and being somewhat like the comic episodes which epic poets introduce into their serious compositions to relieve and enliven them.' That the tone of the debate should have justified such a notice, is a melancholy fact, which any one who refers to it will readily acknowledge. The prime minister, who was most strenuous in his opposition to the bill, did not hesitate to show how lightly he regarded the tortures inflicted on the poor beast, when he objected to the sufferings of the bull having been made the principal consideration in the construction of the bill,—its being a subject for discussion, he declared, was quite beneath the dignity of the house. That one venerated in public and beloved in private life should have been his warm supporter on the occasion, is a stronger argument against merciless practices than anything else, as showing how the finest feelings may become blunted when custom sanctions cruelty. Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Sheridan pleaded the cause of outraged humanity with intense feeling and great eloquence. For many years the journals of the day occasionally touched on these cruel sports in strong terms, and sometimes detailed cases of peculiar barbarity. But, alas for human nature! the tendency to selfishness and cruelty could not be curbed by mere appeals to better feelings,—a more imperative restraint was necessary for the prevention of cruelty to animals: and mainly owing to the humanity and indefatigable zeal of a single individual, a bill was introduced in the year 1822, to *prevent the improper treatment of cattle*. After much opposition it passed, and went by the name of *Mr. Martin's Act*:—and thus in three words was the name of this humane man more distinguished than many a one which has been transmitted to marble in most elaborate effusions.

"The value of Mr. Martin's active humanity is greatly enhanced when it is considered that he had contended for those who could never thank him, and who must remain for ever unconscious of all that he had done for them; his reward was in having been foremost in the righteous cause, and in seeing that others became its champions. His bill passed the house where twenty years before the proposal to introduce such a one

was scouted with heartless derision. The first act indeed passed; but how were its provisions to be enforced? There is a homely, but a very true saying, 'What is every body's business, is nobody's business;' and many might fail to interfere where wanton cruelty was perpetrated before their eyes, from sheer indolence or timidity, or from total ignorance of the steps that might be taken; but happily, a Society was formed, (in 1824,) which made it its business to prevent the statute from becoming a dead letter. It was composed, as found from the reports of the Society, of several benevolent individuals who deeply deplored the wanton barbarities then daily exhibited in every highway and public street, and who determined to unite in opposition to an evil so injurious to the animal creation, and so demoralising in its social effects. A committee was appointed, and measures adopted eminently calculated to promote the humane design:—the circulation of suitable tracts at low prices, or gratuitously, particularly among persons entrusted with cattle, such as coachmen, carters, and drovers: the introduction into schools of books calculated to impress on youth the duty of humanity towards the inferior animals; frequent appeals to the public through the press, awakening more general attention to a subject so interesting, though too much neglected; the periodical delivery of discourses from the pulpit; the employment of constables in markets and streets; and the prosecution of persons guilty of flagrant acts of cruelty, with publicity to the proceedings, and the announcement of their results.' And here it may be observed, that 'four thousand cases of aggravated cruelty have been prosecuted to conviction, since the Society commenced its operations,—a fact the more astounding when we bear in mind that Mr. Thomas, the Secretary to the Society, who is chiefly engaged in the prosecutions, is most careful that the law should only be put in force in cases of necessity, and never from wantonness or vindictive feeling; indeed the great object of the Society has been to effect a reformation by gentler means, and by exciting higher principles than those which arise from dread of penalty; but, undoubtedly, the vigilance of the officers employed by the Society has inspired a most salutary fear—not merely in shielding the animals from ill-treatment, but inducing habits of restraint in those who were too ready to wreak their ill-temper and impatience on the poor beasts, in acts of cruelty.

"Mr. Martin's Act was excellent as far as it went; but one more comprehensive was required, and a statute was enacted in the year 1835, which took all animals, whether of a domestic or wild kind, under its protection; it provided that 'any person wantonly beating or ill-treating any horse, ox, cow, ass, sheep, dog, or other animal, or improperly driving the same, whereby any mischief shall be done, shall, upon conviction, be fined or imprisoned, and that any person keeping or using any house, pit, or other place for baiting or fighting any bull, dog, or other animal, or for cock-fighting, shall be liable to a penalty of 5*l.* for every day he shall so keep and use the same."

It is in no small measure owing to the exertions of this Society, and the altered tone of feeling it has created, that instances of cruelty are become comparatively few,—for but too many are still perpetrated. Happily, however, they are no longer regarded with indifference, nor are those who seek to put an end to them any longer encountered with derision.

A case of the most atrocious cruelty was reported in the recent papers, in which it appears that no fewer than thirty-eight oxen have been put to the most extreme torture by the hands of their inhuman owner; but by the vigilance of the Society, the delinquent

was prosecuted, and made to pay a fine for each of the mutilated beasts.

Many pleasing instances of the sagacity, and almost feeling, of animals are brought together by the authoress, forming a striking contrast to the dark catalogue of the wrongs inflicted on them by mankind.

"A vast number of anecdotes of the sympathy of the lower creatures towards each other, which shows a kindness of feeling beyond mere animal instinct, are on record. Southey mentions one very remarkable; he says,—'I know not whether there be any more interesting anecdote connected with the neighbourhood of Plymouth, than the story of a dog who daily carried food to an old blind mastiff, which lay in a thicket without the town, and regularly on Sundays conveyed him to his master's house to dinner, and as regularly afterwards escorted him back to his covert.' But our wonder and admiration is still more excited by the affection which many of the lower creatures have shown towards individuals of the human race, and the many proofs of sympathy with them which they give, and which may be a vestige of that which once subsisted among all living creatures. The instances of attachment which have been shown to man by birds and beasts would pass belief if they were not well authenticated. Pliny tells of a dog who could not be induced to leave the door of the prison where his master was confined, and remained howling by his dead body after his execution. A spectator threw him a morsel of meat, which he instantly took up, and laid to his master's mouth. The body was thrown into the Tiber; the poor dog plunged into the waters and swam after it, and in his endeavours to keep it above the waves, he sunk with it, to rise no more. The sympathy of a dog to one in sorrow is very remarkable; he has his own gentle manner of letting his master know that he enters into his feelings. We have known an instance, by no means an uncommon one, of a dog howling over the new-made grave of his master, and endeavouring to scrape away the earth with his paws; no coaxing could induce him to leave the spot, but when taken away by force he found means to steal back again to renew his lamentations, and he actually pined away to death. Were we to attempt to recount but one half of the various anecdotes which we have heard of the affection and fidelity of dogs, our Essay would become a panegyric on the admirable qualities of that animal. Imagination cannot paint a more touching picture of fidelity than that of the faithful dog leading his blind master from door to door, and never attempting to touch the scraps of food which charity vouchsafes till invited to partake of them by his owner. So great indeed is the fidelity of this wonderful animal, that he makes it a positive duty to serve and guard his master to the utmost extent of his power. It is common for a labouring man to leave his coat and bundle on the grass, with no other security for its safe keeping but the vigilance of his dog, who never abandons his trust till his master, who may have been working for the length of the day, two or three fields off, comes to claim it.

"Many other brutes have shown an attachment to a chosen individual—even birds, that have their habitations apart from man, and the range of the wide air, where he cannot accompany them, afford examples of those who have regarded him with great affection. Burton tells of a crane that never could be at rest away from a Spaniard to whom he had attached himself—he would never leave searching for him, and lamenting if he were absent, till he found him; and when business called him to another country, the poor bird fell from his food and died. Numerous other instances could be quoted, and some from our own observation. A horse has been known, when his rider has fallen from him into a river, to take hold with his teeth



THEY ARE ALL

and drag him alive to land, by the skirt of his coat. Many striking examples of the sagacity, the memory, and the forethought of the lower creatures have been recorded by writers and lecturers, which may well aid the reflections awakened by the advocacy of their claims on our good will and protection—an advocacy the more impressive, as it never fails to put forward that 'the Hand that made them is divine.' A great number of these examples are of such a nature as to raise a very reasonable doubt of their powers being limited by instinct, however we may be willing to acknowledge that the actions which tend to self-preservation and the preservation of their offspring may be the result of instinct; yet it would appear that there are some which have been prompted by their own minds—thus, we see a dog, regardless of the great law of nature, the instinct implanted in every living thing—self-preservation, risking his life, nay, often losing it, to save his master. Even from what we know and remark of the brute creation, circumscribed as our observation may be and as our knowledge *must* be, we cannot but perceive that they possess faculties absolutely inexplicable to us who are not endowed with the like—the extraordinary accuracy with which they remember, and the precision with which they calculate, are powers utterly beyond our comprehension; a horse will halt at a house in a long street, where all the houses are exactly alike, where he has been once made to stop, and this regularly, every time he happens to pass the same way. Among many instances which we could mention, the following is remarkable:—Mr. Collins, who resided with his brother on Ormond Quay in Dublin, left for the United States, taking a favourite dog with him. He did not return for twelve years; on landing, he called his dog, who had been by his side on deck, but he was nowhere to be found. After spending some time in a vain search, he concluded that he had been picked up by some of the idlers who were about the vessel, and as he was much attached to him, he resolved to offer a reward for him next day. He walked on to his brother's house and knocked at the door; when he was let in, to his great astonishment and no slight pleasure, the first object that he saw in the hall was his dog, who gave him a most hearty welcome. The poor animal had hastened to the well-known abode, and watched his opportunity of slipping in when the door was opened; he advanced no further than the hall, where he awaited his master's arrival. Here was an extraordinary instance of memory, and it would appear of reasoning power,—*As this is the house in which my master lived before we went away, it is here that he of course intends to come.*

"Dogs know the regular time at which to expect their masters home; when they will go to watch for them; and this is proved to be from knowing the time, and not from their keenness of scent, as it has sometimes happened that their masters have been detained out far beyond their usual time. We have heard it stated that it was considered good for the animals at the Zoological Gardens to be left without food for one day in the week; Sunday was appointed for their fast-day, to leave it free for those who were employed about them during the week. In a very short time it was found that they became amenable to the rule. Though they were vociferous as the hour approached when they were to be fed, on every other day in the week, they remained perfectly quiet on the Sunday, never looking for their food. In our own family we had a dog who knew the rules of Sunday just as well; he attended such of the family as went out to walk on every day but Sunday, jumping and frisking before them, but he soon learned that he was not to accompany them on that day, (as they had to leave him at home when they were going to church,) and though testifying the greatest impatience at other times when he saw them prepared for a walk, on Sunday he settled himself to sleep and never attempted to follow them. At first he had of course been taught his lesson, but how he afterwards knew the exact time at which it was to be applied,

who can divine? It has appeared from various anecdotes that dogs, cats, and other creatures have been known to observe so accurately, that they know the effects to be produced by certain actions. They have on occasions shown a degree of forethought and contrivance, of which Beattie takes notice in his 'Dissertation on Memory;' and to illustrate this he tells of a dog who was with his master when he was walking across the river Dee, which was frozen—the ice gave way, and the gentleman sunk in the middle of the river; he kept himself from being carried away by the current, by grasping his gun, which had fallen athwart the opening. After many unsuccessful efforts to extricate his master, the dog sped to a neighbouring village, and caught the first person he met by the skirt of his coat. The man was alarmed, and tried to disengage himself, 'but the dog regarded him with a look so kind and so significant, and endeavoured to pull him along with so gentle a violence, that he began to think there must be something extraordinary in the case, and suffered himself to be conducted by the animal, who brought him to his master in time to save his life.' What Beattie relates is not a solitary instance of human life being saved by the judicious measures of a dog. 'Was there not here,' Beattie adds, 'both memory and recollection guided by experience, and by what in a human creature we should not scruple to call good sense?'

THE DISMAL TALE.

ANOTHER of Stolhard's exquisite creations. A group are assembled around a winter fireside, and a story-teller is making their flesh creep by the narrative of some fearful tale of midnight murder or ghostly visitation. The charm of this composition lies in the contrast between the look of coziness and comfort, and the terror-stricken visages of the auditors.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Card Players.—"This numerous and elegant society assembled every evening in the salon of one of these houses; the company grouped themselves round the card-tables, with the exception of two or three late comers, who, having arrived after the games had commenced, were exchanging a few words in an under tone by the chimney-piece, and of the young girls, who sat in silence behind their mothers, and whispered together as if they were in church or in their convents. An austere and religious silence presided in all the salons during these everlasting games of whist and reversi. The game, moderate as were the stakes, bowed all those heads, threw all those men and women into an almost grotesque state of meditation, which was only interrupted by short phrases, looks and gestures by turns radiant or despairing. The points were five sous, sometimes less; but man is a being so essentially impassioned that he throws passion into frivolities when he cannot throw it into great things. Besides, the evening play in these salons was a habit of the *ancien régime*, adhered to out of respect for the traditions of another epoch. Play had all the seriousness of a duty belonging to good society, a duty to be accomplished under penalty of being considered an ill-bred man or useless woman. The morning's religious ceremonies in the church were not imposed or followed with more

solemnity. You were despised if you neglected it; esteemed and sought after if you excelled in it. I remember five or six men of the lowest grade of mediocrity, who were never mentioned but with extreme reverence, because people said, with more respect than they would have felt for a great artist, 'They play *bostou* and *reversi* in a superior manner.' You could very well live and die on that reputation."
—*Lamartine's "Nouvelles Confidences."*

The first Earl of Cork.—"The founder of the nobility of the Boyles, which was to spread so wide both in the Irish and in the English peccage, began his remarkable career under Elizabeth, and had even got fairly into the road to wealth and distinction before the end of her reign; but he of all men, both from the circumstances of his history and the character of his mind, must be classed with his latest, rather than with his earliest contemporaries. He owed little or nothing to the past; he was the sole maker of his own greatness; nor did he ever show a disposition to take either his rest or his stand even upon any vantage ground which his own efforts had gained, as if it had been the end of his ambition, or a possession which could not be taken from him; it was only a position from which he might advance to something higher. 'Forward' was the word with him to the last; forward, if need were, at any cost, and at any venture. It was the true spirit of movement and progress that animated him, not at all that of rapacious accumulation. No man had ever less of the narrow-souled timidity of the mere gatherer of wealth. The fine thing about him was that evidently at any time of his life, if he had been stripped of all he had in the world, he would not have given a moment to idle lamentation or regret, but would have instantly set to work to re-establish himself with as much activity and energy, and the same cheerfulness and hope as before. When, in his last days, this necessity actually threatened him, he looked it in the face as firmly as any man ever did. He was one of those strong, bright natures, in whom the mind never grows old, and life burns in age with as intense a flame as in youth. It is this unconquerable vitality that chiefly makes him interesting."—*Craik's "Romance of the Peerage."*

"The more I look on, the more I remain convinced, that a republic, noble form of government as it is, is the most difficult and most perilous of governments. It is of all governments that which requires at the hands of Providence the most favourable and the most exceptional circumstances, and at those of society itself the largest amount of unanimity, wisdom, and virtue."—*Guizot: Preface to the "Life of Washington."*

"I held it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."
Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

SCRAPS.

THE SCHOLAR'S BREECHES.

My son was lately obliged, under stress of weather, to put in at St. John's, in Newfoundland. He went to an inn, and glancing at a paper published at that place, he found the well-known anecdote of the Rev. Dr. Neander's having lectured to the students, minus his pantaloons, copied from the American journals. The anecdote is almost universally believed, even in Germany, which shows that it must have been in keeping. The pious, learned, firm, and gentle Dr. Neander, of Berlin, was indeed a most absent man; still, I am sorry I must spoil what to many no doubt appears a good joke. The facts of that famous story are these: Dr. Neander never paid the slightest attention to personal comfort or household affairs. His sister, who told me the story herself, provided for every thing. Among other things, she placed the articles he was to wear every day before his bed. Dr. Neander had never been known to have ordered any clothes; but one day the tailor met him and said, "Doctor, I think you ought to have a new pair of pantaloons." "Very well," replied the great man, and in due time the breeches made their appearance. They were placed, however, without the knowledge of the sister before his bed, and in the morning they served to encase the Doctor's legs. He went to the university building to lecture, and when his sister entered his room and found there the old pantaloons, she did indeed believe he had forgotten to put on any, and was, as might well be supposed, in despair. She went at once in a carriage to receive him the moment he should come out. Her anxiety during the time she waited there was extreme, and equally great was her joy and gratitude when she saw her brother, on whom she doted, leaving the large portal of that beautiful building, with breeches on like any other Christian. She herself had the heartiest laugh at her own anxiety, and told every one of it. The story was improved by making it a degree worse: and thus has travelled all over the European continent, passed to another hemisphere, and to a certainty will find its way into Indian and Australian papers, and ultimately into the foot-notes of some biography of that distinguished ornament of our times.

When a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.—*Steele.*

A man without a predominant inclination is not likely to be either useful or happy. He who is everything is nothing.—*Sharp.*

Schiller used to say, that he found the great happiness of life, after all, to consist in the discharge of some mechanical duty.

Successful poets have a great authority over the language of their country. Cowley's happy expression of "the great vulgar" is become a part of the English phraseology.—*Hurd.*

A BARONIAL HALL ABOUT THE TIME OF
THE CIVIL WARS.¹

THE STORY OF RAGLAN CASTLE.

OF the many grey old castles with which the fair green fields of England are studded, few present greater claims to interest than RAGLAN. It is one of the most splendid monuments of that period, when the comforts of a baronial residence were grafted on the sterner features of the feudal fortress—an edifice at once luxurious and massive, and fitted alike for a stronghold in time of war, or a palace in time of peace. It is besides of great historical interest, as having afforded a refuge to the unhappy Charles I. at a period when his fortunes grew darker every day; and as being also the *last* fortress which held out in his cause. The final tenant of its splendid halls, before they were dismantled by the ruthless parliamentarians—the venerable Marquis of Worcester—was a characteristic specimen of the old cavalier, in all his noblest attributes. Memories of sorrow, self-devotion and loyalty such as these, confer a touching interest upon this picturesque old ruin, and they are admirably brought out in the publication which we propose to make the basis of the present article.

Raglan Castle is situated near the high-road from Monmouth to Abergavenny, in the midst of a luxuriant and well-wooded country; and in sight of the bold mountains of the Welsh frontier. Its most ancient portion dates from very early times; but it did not attain its highest state of magnificence until very near the stormy period of the civil wars, in which it was so soon afterwards destined to be reduced to ruin. It was then an extensive and splendid pile, giving shelter to some hundreds of inmates—a school of chivalry and gentle nurture. Its halls, now roofless and overgrown with ivy, then witnessed a gorgeous and picturesque form of baronial life, which can never return again; and the details of which, as ably gathered up by Dr. Beattie, will be read with curiosity and interest:—

"BARONIAL LIFE.—Of the expenses of a nobleman's family and household in the olden time, some idea may be formed by adverting to the facts adduced by writers of the day. In a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury, who had the custody of Mary of Scotland, to the Marquis of Winchester and Sir Walter Mildmay, it is said—'May it please you to understand, that whereas I have had a certain ordinary allowance of *wine*, amongst other noblemen, for expenses in my household, without impost: the charges daily that I do now sustain, and have done all this year past, well known by reason of the Queen of Scots, are so great therein, as I am compelled to be now a suitor unto you, that you will please to have a friendly consideration, unto the necessity of my large expenses. Truly *two tuns in a month* have not hitherto sufficed ordinarily; besides that which is sacrificed at times for her bathings, and such like use; which

seeing I cannot by any means conveniently diminish, my earnest trust and desire is, that you will now consider me with such *larger* proportions in this case, as shall seem good unto your friendly wisdoms, even as I shall think myself much beholden for the same. And so I commit you unto God. From Tetbury Castle, this 15 of January, 1569. Your assured friend to my power.—G. SHREWSBURY.'

"This passage,' Mr. Lodge observes, 'will serve to correct a vulgar error, relating to the consumption of wine in those days, which, instead of being less, appears to have been—at least in the houses of the great—even more considerable than that of the present time. The good people who tell us that Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour breakfasted on roast beef, generally add, that wine was then used in England as a medicine, for it was sold only by apothecaries. The latter assertion, though founded on a fact, seems to have led to a mistake in the former; for the word apothecary [from the Greek *ἀποθήκη*, a *repositorium*] is applicable to any shopkeeper, or warehouseman, and was probably once used in that general sense.' In the retinues and domestic attendance of the nobles of this period, everything proclaimed that the era of feudal authority and magnificence had departed. Accordingly, when the civil wars had commenced, no peer, however wealthy or high in rank, could drag after him a regiment, or even a company, of unwilling vassals to the field. On the contrary, the meanest hind was free to choose between king and parliament. Something, however, of the mere pomp of feudalism was still maintained in the domestic establishments of the nobility and wealthier gentry. 'The father of John Evelyn, when he was sheriff of the counties of Surrey and Sussex, had a *hundred and sixteen servants, in liveries of green satin doublets*, besides several gentlemen and persons of quality, who waited upon him, dressed in the same garb.'

"One of the largest, if not the very largest, of English establishments ever maintained by a subject, was that of the Lord Treasurer, the Earl of Dorset, heir of the Lord Buckhurst, and well-known poet of the court. It consisted of *two hundred and twenty servants*, besides workmen attached to the house, and others that were hired occasionally.

"The chief servants of the nobility—so they were called, but they were rather followers or clients—were still the younger sons of respectable, or even noble families, who attached themselves to the fortunes of a powerful patron, and served him either in court or military affairs, for which they were allowed separate retinues in men and horses, with gratuities in money, and promises of promotion. The progress of improvement that had banished minstrels, jugglers, and tumblers, from princely establishments, had naturally introduced the *drama* in their room; and, accordingly, we sometimes find a company of actors classed among the servants of the chief nobleman, as well as a family physician, or even a whole band. A *steward*, distinguished by a velvet jacket, and a gold chain about his neck, presided as marshal of the household, and next

(1) "The Abbeys and Castles of England," by W. Beattie, M.D. publishing in parts at 2s 6d. each. G. Virtue, Ivy-lane.

to him was the clerk of the kitchen. But these cumbersome appendages were daily lessening, as domestic comfort came to be better understood. This improvement, however, had commenced still earlier among those of less rank and pretension. All who had their fortune still to seek in the court, or in the army, and all who repaired to the metropolis in quest of pleasure, found, so early as the time of Elizabeth, that the bustle and the scramble of new and stirring times, made a numerous train of attendants an uncomfortable appendage. The gallant, and the courtier, therefore, like Sir John Falstaff, studied 'French thrift,' and contented himself with a single 'skirted page,' who walked behind him carrying his cloak and rapier.

"In consequence of the extravagant living introduced during this period, the spendthrift gentleman often sank into the serving-man, as we may see from the frequent recurrence of such a transformation in the old plays. When servants were out of place—as we learn from the same authentic pictures of the real life of the times—they sometimes repaired to St. Paul's Churchyard, the great place of public lounge, and there stood against the pillars, holding before them a written placard, stating their peculiar qualifications, and their desire of employment.

"But whatever retrenchment," observes the same author, 'might be making in the household expenditure by a diminished attendance, it was more than counterbalanced by an extravagance in dress, and personal ornament, that had now become an absolute frenzy.' It is said that King James almost daily figured in a new suit, a humour that soon became prevalent among his courtiers. Still more generally influential than his own example was that of his several handsome favourites, all of whom having been indebted for the royal favour merely to their personal attractions, spared no pains nor cost to give those natural advantages their full effect.

"When Buckingham was sent ambassador to France, to bring the Princess Henrietta to England, he provided for this important mission a suit of white uncut velvet and a cloak, both set all over with diamonds, valued at eighty thousand pounds, besides a feather made of great diamonds. His sword, girdle, hatband, and spurs, were also set thick with diamonds. Another suit which he prepared for the same occasion, was of purple satin, embroidered all over with pearls, and valued at twenty thousand pounds. In addition to these, he had twenty other dresses of great richness. As a throng of nobles and gentlemen attended him, we may conceive how their estates must have been impoverished by the purchase of chains of gold, ropes of pearl, and splendid dresses, befitting the retinue of such an ambassador. Even a court festival, of the time of James the First, must have made a perilous inroad upon a year's amount of the largest income. Thus, at the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Palatine, Lady Wotton wore a gown profusely ornamented with embroidery, that cost fifty pounds a yard; and Lord Montague spent fifteen hundred pounds on the dresses of his two daughters,

that they might be fit to appear at court on the same occasion. . . .

"Prodigality in feasting and riotous living soon became as conspicuous as extravagance with regard to dress: In proof whereof, we may mention the antesuppers of the epicurean Earl of Carlisle. Weldon informs us, that he gave a banquet to the French ambassador at Essex House, where fish of such huge size were served up, and which had been brought all the way from Russia, that no dishes in England could hold them, until several were made for the express purpose. The household expenditure of James the First was twice as much as that of his predecessor, amounting to a hundred thousand pounds annually.

"COUNTRY LIFE.—While such were the habits of the courtiers, the country aristocracy still followed that kind of life so much familiarized to our minds by the descriptions in the old songs and plays of 'the golden days of good Queen Bess.' The rural knight, or squire, inhabited a huge building—half house, half castle—crowded with servants in homespun blue coats, many of whom were only serviceable in filling up the blank spaces of the mansion; but as these had been born in his *worship's* service, it was held as a matter of course that they should live and die in it.

"The family rose at daybreak, and first of all assembled at prayers, which were read by the family chaplain. Then came breakfast; after which the master of the household and his sons got into their saddles, and went off to hunt the deer, followed by some score of mounted attendants; while the lady and her daughters superintended the dairy, or the buttery, prescribed the day's task for the spinning-wheels, dealt out bread and meat at the gate to the poor, and concocted all manner of simples for the sick and infirm of the village. If leisure still remained, the making of confections and preserves was a never-failing resource; independently of spinning and sewing, or perhaps embroidering some battle or hunting piece, which had been commenced by the housewives of a preceding generation.'

"At noon dinner was served up in the *Great Hall*, the walls of which were plentifully adorned with stags' horns, casques, antique brands, and calivers. The noisy dinner-bell, that sent the note of warning over the country, gave also a universal invitation and welcome to the hospitable board; and after dinner sack, or home-brewed 'October,' occupied the time until sunset, when the hour of retiring to rest was at hand.

"Such was the ordinary history of a day in the country mansion. When the weather prevented outdoor recreation or employment, the family library, containing some six or eight tomes, that had perhaps issued from the press of Caxton, or Wynkyn de Worde, was in requisition; and, if the members of the family could read, they might while away the hours in perusing these volumes for the twentieth time. In this fashion, they derived their knowledge of religion from the Bible, and the 'Practice of Piety;' their Protestantism and horror of Popery from 'Fox's Acts

and Monuments; their chivalrous lore from 'Froisart's Chronicle,' or, perchance, the 'Merry Gestes of Robin Hood;' their historical erudition from 'Hall' or 'Hollingshed;' and their morality and sentiments from 'the Seven Wise Masters,' or the 'Seven Champions of Christendom.'

"HOLIDAYS.—In such a state of life the set holidays were glorious eras; the anticipation, the enjoyment, the remembrance of a single Christmas or birthday, furnished matter for a whole month of happiness. On such an occasion the lord of the manor was more than a king, as he proceeded with his family through the crowds of assembled peasants, to witness their games of merriment, and feats of agility or strength; for his smile inspired the competitors with double strength or swiftness; while the prize acquired a tenfold value because it was he who bestowed it. At evening, his bounty was expressed by oxen roasted whole, and punchcons of mighty ale, with which he feasted the crowd; while his house was thrown open to the throng of his more immediate acquaintances and dependents. After the feast, his hall was cleared for dancing; three fiddlers and a piper struck up; and as the 'mirth and fun grew fast and furious,' the strong oaken floor was battered and ploughed in all directions by the hobnailed shoes of those who danced with all their might, and with all their hearts.

"Such was the life of an old country gentleman when James succeeded to the crown of England. But these habits, the last relics of the simplicity of the olden times, did not long survive that event. Tidings of the gay doings at court, and the wonderful good fortune of the royal favourites, reached the ears of the aristocratic rustics; and from that moment rural occupations and village maypoles lost their charm. The young were impatient to repair to the metropolis; and the old were obliged to yield to the prevailing fashion. With all the fierce impetuosity of novices, rural esquires, and well-dowered country widows, rushed into the pleasures and excesses of a town life; and thus, with a rapidity hitherto unknown in England, and at which moralists became giddy, ancient manners were soon abandoned; fortunes, that had accumulated for generations, vanished; the hereditary estates of centuries became the property of men of yesterday; and the time-honoured names of some of the most ancient families disappeared from the scroll of English heraldry, and soon ceased to be remembered.

"When Charles came to the throne, the coldness of his character and his decorous habits discountenanced those coarse and profligate excesses; and the courtiers endeavoured to conform to something like the rules of external decency. A general sobriety of demeanour succeeded.' But, as the stern ascetic Puritans grew into power, and advanced to the destruction of the monarchy with prayer and fasting, the court party soon became eager to distinguish themselves by an entirely opposite behaviour. All the excesses of the former reign were resumed; and Charles found himself unable to restrain, or even to

rebuke, his adherents, who swore, drank, brawled, and intrigued, to show their hatred of the enemy, and their devotedness to the royal cause.'

"LIFE AT RAGLAN.—Down to this eventful period, the castellated mansion of Raglan had continued to bask in the sunshine of prosperity. Its halls were frequented by the élite of rank and station, and by many of that intellectual aristocracy whose genius threw so much lustre upon that and the preceding reign. The Earl, whose revenues were princely, lived in a style becoming the representative of an illustrious race; and while he observed great state, and gave sumptuous banquets to the magnates of the land, he did not neglect the humble votaries of the Muse."

Such was the gaiety and splendour of Raglan when interrupted by the civil wars, which converted every nobleman's house into a fortress, and reduced so many to the state of ruin in which we now behold them. As the civil commotions increased the venerable Marquis of Worcester fortified his baronial castle, and received his sovereign with the greatest magnificence. He had already expended an immense sum upon raising and equipping a regiment, which was shortly afterwards broken up, and such was his unbounded liberality "that the King, fearing lest the garrison stores should become exhausted by his numerous suite, offered to invest him with powers to exact supplies from the neighbouring county." But, with great magnanimity, Worcester replied, "I humbly thank your Majesty, but my castle would not long stand if it leant upon the country. I had rather myself be brought to a morsel of bread than see one morsel wrung from the poor to entertain your Majesty."

The fugitive Charles was, indeed, right royally treated at Raglan; but this could not gild over the intense bitterness of his position, dependent as he was upon the voluntary contributions of his adherents. But nothing could be deeper, more chivalrous than their devotion. The old Marquis seems to have foreseen the ruin brought upon his house by embracing the fortunes of his royal master, but he shrunk not from the surrender. When the king last entered the gates of Raglan, the Marquis delivered his Majesty the keys, according to the ordinary custom, the king restoring them to the Marquis: the Marquis said,— "I beseech your Majesty to keep them, and you please, for they are in a good hand, *but I am afraid that ere it be long, I shall be forced to deliver them into the hands of those who will spoil the compliment.*" And so it happened. But never perhaps was there a more devoted instance of loyal affection than the following, which soothed the retirement of the fallen monarch during his stay beneath the Marquis's roof:—

"The reverend individual, whom his own act has immortalized, was Thomas Swift, incumbent of the neighbouring parish of Goodrich. Fully aware of the King's pecuniary distress, he mortgaged his estate; and with the money thus raised he proceeded to Raglan Castle. The Governor with whom he was

personally acquainted, asked the object of his visit, and whether he could serve him; for he was equally esteemed as a zealous pastor, and a staunch royalist. 'I am only come,' said he, 'to give his Majesty my coat;' and, in taking it off, the Marquess pleasantly observed: 'Thy coat, I fear me, is of little worth.' 'Why then,' said Swift, 'take my waistcoat also.' And here was the hidden treasure, for, on being ripped up, it was found to contain three hundred broad gold pieces. 'And the King,' says Lord Clarendon, 'received no relief that was more seasonable and acceptable than this during the war.' Mr. Swift's zeal and activity in the royal cause exposed him to much danger and many sufferings. 'He was plundered,' says Heath, more than *thirty times* by the Parliament's army, and ejected from his church living. His estate was sequestered, and he himself thrown into prison."

Charles now left Raglan for a while, but only to return to it after the fatal battle of Naseby. Only five days before this he had written to the Queen that "his affairs were never in so fair and hopeful a way," on the sixth he was a fugitive. Flying by Leicester and Bewdley to Hereford, he made his way to Abergavenny, where he met the Commissioners—persons of large influence in the county—who professed that that they should shortly be able to raise him another force. Thence he went for the last time to Raglan Castle, to await, in a state of devouring anxiety and growing melancholy the further issue of the unhappy struggle. There he was again received with the deepest devotion by the gallant and devoted Marquis.

"At Raglan, however, says the historian, 'the King, as on his former visit, passed days and weeks in sports and ceremonies, in hunting and audience-giving;' for every effort was employed by those around him to obliterate all recollections of the past by promises and predictions of a brilliant future. When his majesty re-entered the gates of Raglan—which was indeed a harbour of refuge in his distress—the loyal Marquess, kneeling down, kissed his Liege's hand; and then rising up saluted him with this compliment—'*Domine! non sum dignus.*' To which the King replied—'My Lord, I may very well answer you again: *I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel.* No man would trust me with so much money as you have done.' To which the Marquess replied—'I hope your Majesty will prove a *defender of the Faith.*'" His Lordship was a Catholic.

"At Raglan the King 'stayed until news came that Fairfax, after taking Leicester, had marched into the west, and defeated Goring's troops at Lampport; at the same time that the Scottish army, on its march, had taken a small garrison between Hereford and Worcester by storm, and put all within it to the sword;' while Prince Rupert sent for all those foot, which were levied towards a new army to supply the garrison. But the expectations, which had been industriously fostered in the King's mind of a more propitious fortune, became every day more faint. Of all the schemes that had been set afoot for retrieving

his past errors, and regaining the hearts of his alienated subjects, not one was permitted to prosper. And as a fatal climax to his unhappy fortunes, 'it was at Raglan Castle,' says Lord Clarendon, 'that the King received the terrible information of the surrender of Bristol (September 11, 1645), which he so little apprehended, that if the evidence thereof had not been unquestionable, it could not have been believed. With what indignation and dejection of mind the King received this advertisement, needs no other description and enlargement than the setting down in the very words of it the letter which the King writ thereupon to Prince Rupert; which, considering the unspeakable indulgence his Majesty had ever showed towards that Prince, is sufficient evidence how highly he was incensed by that act, which yet he took some time sadly to think of and consider, before he would allow himself to abate so much of his natural candour towards him. As soon as he received that surprising intelligence, the King removed from Raglan Castle.

"The King took leave of Raglan Castle on the 15th of September, mournfully observing to the Marquess, that by so doing he hoped 'to ease his lordship of a heavy burden.' His Majesty then thanked his noble and devoted host for the large sums of money which had been advanced to him in the course of his troubles. Whereupon the Marquess replied: 'Sire, I had your word for the money; but I never thought to have been so soon repaid; for now that you have given me thanks, I have all I looked for.' Well might the royal guest have expressed his feelings on quitting Raglan in the following lines taken from his own 'Collection':—

" ' I fall ! I fall !
Whom shall I call ?
Alas ! can he be heard,
Who now is neither loved nor feared ?
You, who were wont to kisse the ground,
Where'er my honour'd steps were found,
Come, catch me at my last rebound !
How each admires
Heaven's twinkling fires,
When from their glorious seat
Their influence gives life and heat !
But, oh ! how few there are—
Tho' danger from that act be far—
Will stoop and catch a falling star.'

" ' Distracted with a thousand griefs, and accompanied by a few trusty and disconsolate servants, the royal victim wandered about the country, thankful to accept protection from any one who had fortune or inclination to minister to his distress. And many "cruel days," to use his own words, were spent in weary marchings without food, narrow escapes, and precipitate retreats, before he took his last farewell of the land of Gwent.'

"On one occasion he was hotly pursued in his retreat through Shire Newton, by a party of sixty Round-heads; but reaching a place called Charleston Rock, near the New passage, a fishing-boat was found, in which he was safely ferried over the Severn into Gloucestershire. His pursuers coming up in the

meanwhile, but only to find their object defeated, seized upon the remaining boats, and with drawn swords compelled the fishermen to ferry them across. They hurried into the boats, and, with the royal fugitive still in view, made all haste to be once more on his traces. The poor fishermen, however, being royalists at heart, had no sympathy with these king-hunters; but rowing lustily towards a reef of rocks called the 'English Stones,' within a gun-shot of the Gloucester shore, there hauled in their oars; and landing their freight on the rocks, told them the water was so shallow that the boats could go no further, and they might easily wade to the opposite bank. And such, in fact, was quite practicable at low water; but, in the present instance, the tide flowed so rapidly, that in making the attempt to reach the opposite bank the whole party were drowned."

Scarcely had the royal fugitive departed than the stout old cavalier was called upon to fill up the measure of his devotion by standing a siege by the forces of Fairfax. The defence was long and obstinate, and, although it was evident that the place must finally surrender, the Marquis maintained to the last a merry heart, and a cheerful countenance. He was a dear lover of a joke, and could joke under the most desperate circumstances.

"One evening, during the hottest period of the cannonade," says Dr. Bayly, "there came a musket bullet in at the window of the withdrawing room, where my lord used to entertain his friends with his pleasant discourses after dinners and suppers, which, glancing upon a little marble pillar of the window, and from thence hit the Marquess upon the side of his head, and fell down flattened upon the table, which breaking the pillar in pieces, it made such a noise in the room, that his daughter-in-law, the Countess of Glamorgan, who stood in the same window, ran away as if the house had been falling down upon her head, crying out—'O Lord! O Lord!' But at length finding herself more afraid than hurt, she returned back again, no less excusing her—as she was pleased to call it—rudeness to her father, than acknowledging her fears to all the company. To whom the Marquess said: 'Daughter, you had reason to run away when your father was knocked on the head.' Then pausing some little while, and turning the flattened bullet round with his finger, he further said: 'Gentlemen, those who had a mind to flatter me, were wont to tell me that I had a *good head* in my younger days; but if I don't flatter myself, I think I have a good head-piece in my old age, or else it would not have been *musket proof*.'"

At last, further resistance being hopeless, Raglan was surrendered, Fairfax marched in with his troops, and the castle was dismantled. The ruin of the devoted Marquis of Worcester was now complete.

"The loss sustained by the family in the immediate destruction of the castle and woods, according to the printed statement, was computed at one hundred thousand pounds; besides enormous sums furnished to his Majesty for the raising and equipment

of two armies, and the maintenance of a numerous garrison, of which the daily expenses alone must have required a princely revenue. With this evidence of the Marquess's resources, it is not surprising that he should be described by Clarendon as 'the most moneyed man of the kingdom.' The siege was followed by the sequestration and sale of the whole estate, which, by the parliamentary audit of 1646, amounted to twenty thousand pounds per annum, and remained in the hands of Cromwell till the Restoration, a period of fourteen years. All the old timber in the parks adjacent was cut down and sold; the lead was stript from the roof of the great hall, and sold for six thousand pounds; and a quantity of the timber was carried to Bristol, and there used in rebuilding the wooden houses upon the old bridge, which had recently been destroyed by fire. But the loss of the library was in every sense a national loss, for in this, among many rare invaluable manuscripts, were the archives of Gwent, with the earliest records of Welsh literature. 'One of these manuscripts,' says the late Mr. Thomas, 'was an interesting work by Geraint Bardd Glass y Cadair, an illustrious Welshman, who flourished about the ninth century. He was the first who composed a Welsh grammar, a work that was revised by Einion and Edeyrn, which form and arrangement are now extant; but the original MS. was in the Raglan library at its capitulation.'

"In his palmy days, long before he was created Marquess, the good Earl lived in princely state in this Castle. Surrounded by faithful friends, numerous retainers, and a household that, by its daily expenditure, bespoke almost unlimited resources, he enjoyed in age all the happiness to which men look forward as the reward and solace of a virtuous youth; for, though long practised in the offices of Court, he could still relish the sweets of domestic retirement, the humanizing influence of science, and the conversation of pious and learned men. He was a friend of literature, a pattern of religious consistency, an example of loyalty which no reverses could shake; and when at last plunged into the deepest adversity, stript of his property, bent down with years, and suffering from bodily pain, he maintained a degree of mental serenity that softened the remembrance of his wrongs, showed the true foundation of his faith, and enabled him to view every dispensation of good or evil as coming from God, and intended, by weaning his thoughts from this world, to give him nearer and clearer views of heaven. Reduced in four short years from the height of prosperity into the very abyss of adversity—his home desolate, the prospects of his family blasted, his friends hopeless or in prison, himself an inmate of the Tower—it is impossible to withhold our sympathy from a man who, in no circumstances, forgot the true nobility of his nature, and the obligations of his creed; but in every trial could exclaim, in the words of his own motto—*Mutare vel timere sperno*."

In conclusion, we cannot but thank Dr. Beattie for the research which has placed before us so vivid a picture of the period of the civil wars. No writer on

the subject has so industriously collected or graphically put together the materials scattered through many volumes. We may add that the descriptive and illustrative portions of this work are careful and conscientious. To those who love to linger (and who does not?)—among the crumbling memorials of other men and other times, who find a charm in wandering about spots haunted by the memory of the great and gallant of old, there are few places so full of romance as *RAGLAN*. To those who are able to pay it a visit, Dr. Beattie's descriptions form the best *vademecum* we are acquainted with, while to those who are compelled to be fire-side travellers, they offer what is the next best thing—a complete and graphic picture of the place and its associations.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO^s. MORE.¹

LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE, QUINDECIM ANNOS
NATA, CHELSEIE INCEPTVS.

“Nulla dies sine linea.”

HEARDE mother say to Barbara, “Be sure the sirloin is well basted for y^e king's physician;” which advised me that Dr. Linaere was expected. In truth, he returned with father in y^e barge; and they tooke a turn on y^e river bank before sitting down to table; I noted them from my lattice; and anon, father, beckoning me, cries “Child, bring out my favourite Treatyse on Fysshynge, printed by Wynkyu de Worde; I must give the doctor my loved passage.”

Joyning 'em with y^e book, I found father telling him of y^e roach, dace, chub, barbel, etc. we oft catch opposite y^e church; and hastilie turning over y^e leaves, he beginneth with unction to read y^e passage ensuing, which I love to y^e full as much as he:—

He observeth, if the angler's sport shoulde fail him, “he at y^e best hath his holsons walk and mery at his ease, a swete ayre of the swete savour of y^e meade of flowers, that maketh him hungry; he heareth the melodious harmonic of fowles, he seeth y^e young swans, herons, ducks, cotes, and manie other fowles, with their broods, which me seemeth better than alle y^e noise of hounds, fauknors, and fowlers can make. And if the anglers take fysshie, then there is noe man merrier than he is in his spryte.” And, “Ye shall not use this forsaid crafty disporte for no covetyssnesse in the encreasing and sparing of your money onlie, but princypallie for your solace, and to cause the health of your bodie, and speciallie of your soule, for when ye purpose to goe on your disportes of fysshynge, ye will not desire greatlie manie persons with you, which woulde lett you of your game. And thenne ye may serve God devoutlie, in saying affectuouslie your customable prayer; and thus doing, ye shall eschew and voyd manie vices.”

“Angling is itselfe a vice,” cries Erasmus, from y^e

thresholde; “for my part I will fish none, save and except for pickled oysters.”

“In the regions below,” answers father; and then laughingly tells Linaere of his firste dialogue with Erasmus, who had bene feasting in my Lord Mayor's cellar:—“‘Whence come you?’ ‘From below.’ ‘What were they about there?’ ‘Eating live oysters, and drinking out of leather jacks.’ ‘Either you are Erasmus,’ etc. ‘Either you are More or nothing.’”

“Neither more nor less,” you should have rejoyned!” sayth the doctor.

“How I wish I had,” says father; “don't torment me with a jest I might have made and did not make; speciallie to put downe Erasmus.”

“Concedo nulli,” sayth Erasmus

“Why are you so lazy?” asks Linaere; “I am sure you can speak English if you will.”

“Soe far from it,” sayth Erasmus, “that I made my incapacie an excuse for declining an English rectory. Albeit, you know how Wareham requited me; saying, in his kind, generous way, I served the Church more by my pen than I coulde by preaching sermons in a countrie village.”

Sayth Linaere, “The archbishop hath made another remark, as much to y^e import: to wit, that he has received from you the immortalitie which emperors and kings cannot bestow.”

“They cannot even bid a smoking sirloin retain its heat an hour after it hath left the fire,” sayth father. “Tilly-vally! as my good Alice says,—let us remember the universal doom, ‘fruges consumere nati,’ and philosophize over our ale and bracket.”

“Not Cambridge ale, neither,” sayth Erasmus.

“Will you never forget that unlucky beverage?” sayth father. “Why, man, think how manie poore scholars there be, that content themselves, as I have hearde one of St. John's declare, with a penny piece of beef amongst four, stewed into pottage with a little salt and oatmeal; and that after fasting from four o'clock in the morning! Say grace for us this daye, Erasmus, with good cheer.”

At table, discourse flowed soe thicke and faste that I mighte aim in vayn to chronicle it—and why should I? dwelling as I doe at y^e fountayn head? Onlie that I find pleasure, alreadie, in glaucing over the foregoing pages whensoever they concern father and Erasmus, and wish they were more faithfullie recalled and better writ. One thing sticks by me,—a funny reply of father's to a man who owed him money and who put him off with “Memento Morieris.” “I bid you,” retorted father, “Memento Mori Æris, and I wish you woulde take as good care to provide for y^e one as I do for the other.”

Linaere laughed much at this, and sayd,—“That was real wit; a spark struck at the moment; and with noe ill-nature in it, for I am sure your debtor coulde not help laughing.”

“Not he,” quoth Erasmus. “More's drollerie is like that of a young gentlewoman of his name, which shines without burning,” . . . and, oddlie enow, he looked across at *me*. I am sure he meant Bess.

(1) Continued from p. 167.

Father brought home a strange guest to-daye,— a converted Jew, with grizzlie beard, furred gown, and eyes that shone like lamps lit in dark cavernes. He had beene to Benmarine and Tremeçen, to y^e Holie Citie and to Damascus, to Urmia and Assyria, and I think alle over y^e knowne world; and tolde us manie strange tales, one hardlie knew how to believe; as, for example, of a sea-coast tribe, called y^e Balouches, who live on fish and build their dwellings of the bones. Also, of a race of his countriemen beyond Euphrates who believe in Christ, but know nothing of y^e Pope; and of whom were y^e Magians y^t followed y^e Star. This agreeth not with our legend. He averred that, though soe far apart from their brethren, their speech was y^e same, and even their songs; and he sang or chaunted one which he sayd was common among y^e Jews alle over y^e world, and had beene soe ever since their citie was ruinated and y^e people captivated, and yet it was never sett down by note. Erasmus, who knows little or nought of Hebrew, listened to y^e words with curiositie, and made him repeate them twice or thrice: and though I know not y^e character, it seemed to me they sounded thus:—

Adir Hu yivne bethcha beccaro,
El, b'ne; El, b'ne; El, b'ne;
Bethcha beccaro.

Though Christianish, he woulde not eat pig's face; and sayd swine's flesh was forbidden by y^e Hebrew law for its unwholesomenesse in hot countries and hot weather, rather than by way of arbitrarie prohibition. Daisy took a great dislike to this man, and woulde not sit next him.

In the hay-field alle y^e evening. Swathed father in a hay-ropc, and made him pay y^e fine, which he pretended to resist. Cecy was just about to cast one round Erasmus, when her heart failed and she ran away, colouring to y^e eyes. He sayd, he never saw such pretty shame. Father reclining on y^e hay, with his head on my lap and his eyes shut, Bess asked if he were asleep. He made answer, "Yes, and dreaming." I askt, "Of what?" "Of a far-off future daye, Meg; when thou and I shall looke back on this hour, and this hay-field, and my head on thy lap."

"Nay, but what a stupid dream, Mr. More," says mother. "Why, what woulde *you* dreame of, Mrs. Alice?" "Forsooth, if I dreamed at alle, when I was wide awake, it shoulde be of being Lord Chancellor at y^e leaste." "Well, wife, I forgive thee for not saying at the *most*. Lord Chancellor quotha! And you woulde be Dame Alice, I trow, and ride in a whircote, and keep a Spanish jennet, and a couple of greyhounds, and wear a train before and behind, and carry a jersfalcon on your fist." "On my wrist." "No, that's not such a pretty word as t'other! Go to, go!"

Straying from y^e others, to a remote corner of the meadow, or ever I was aware, I came close upon Gammer Gurney, holding somewhat with much care. "Give ye good den, Mistress Meg," quoth she, "I cannot abear to rob y^e birds of their nests; but I

knows you and yours be kind to dumb creatures, soe here's a nest o' young owzels for yo—and I can't call 'em dumb nowther, for they'll sing bravelio some o' these days." "How hast fared, of late, Gammer?" quoth I. "Why, well enow for such as I," she made answer; "since I lost y^e use o' my right hand, I can nowther spin, nor nurse sick folk, but I pulls rushes, and that brings me a few pence, and I be a good herbalist; and, because I says one or two English prayers and hates y^e priests, some folks thinks me a witch." "But why dost hate y^e priests?" quoth I. "Never you mind," she gave answer, "I've reasons manie; and for my English prayers, they were taught me by a gentleman I nursed, that's now a saint in heaven, along with poor Joan."

And soe she hobbled off, and I felt kindlie towards her, I scarce knew why—perhaps because she spake soe lovingly of her dead sister, and because of that sister's name. *My* mother's name was Joan.

Erasmus is gone. His last saying to father was, "They will have you at court yet;" and father's answer, "When Plato's year comes round."

To me he gave a copy, how precious! of his Testament. "You are an elegant Latinist, Margaret," he was pleased to say, "but, if you woulde drink deeplie of y^e well-springs of wisdom, applie to Greek. The Latins have onlie shallow rivulets; the Greeks, copious rivers, running over sands of gold. Read Plato; he wrote on marble, with a diamond; but above alle, read y^e New Testament. 'Tis the key to the kingdom of heaven."

To Mr. Gunnel, he said smiling, "Have a care of thyself, dear Gonellus, and take a little wine for thy stomach's sake. The wages of most scholars now-a-days, are weak eyes, ill-health, an empty purse, and shorte commons. I neede only bid thee beware of the two first."

To Bess, "Farewell, Bessy; thank you for mending my bad Latin. When I write to you, I will be sure to signe myselfe 'Roterodamius.' Farewell, sweete Cecil; let me always continue your 'desired amiable.' And you, Jacky,—love your book a little more."

"Jack's deare mother, not content with her girls," sayth father, "was alwaies wishing for a boy, and at last she had one that means to remain a boy alle his life."

"The Dutch schoolmasters thoughte *me* dulle and heavie," sayth Erasmus, "soe there is some hope of Jacky yet." And soe, stepped into y^e barge, which we watched to Chelsea Reach. How dulle the house has beene ever since! Rupert and William have had me into y^e pavillion to hear y^e plot of a miracle-play they have alreadie begonne to talke over for Christmasse, but it seemed to me downrighte rubbish. Father sleeps in town to-nighte, soe we shall be stupid enow. Bessy hath undertaken to work father a slipper for his tender foot; and is happie, tracing for y^e pattern our three noor-cocks and colts; but I am idle and tiresome.

If I had paper, I woulde beginne my projected *opus*; but I dare not ask Gunnel for anie more just yet; nor have anie money to buy some. I wish I had a couple of angels.* I think I shall write to father for them to-morrow; he alwaies likes to heare from us if he is twenty-four hours absent, providing we conclude not with "I have nothiing more to say."

I have writ my letter to father. I almoste wish, now, that I had not sent it.

Rupert and Will still full of theire moralitie, which reallie has some fun in it. To ridicule y^e extravagance of those who, as the saying is, carry their farms and fields on their backs, William proposes to come in, all verdant, with a reall model of a farm on his back and a windmill on his head.

How sweete, how gracious an answer from father! John Harris has brought me with it y^e two angels; less prized than this epistle.

July 10.

Sixteenth birthdaye. Father away, which made it sadde. Mother gave me a payr of blue hosen with silk clocks; Mr. Gunnel, an ivorie handled stylus; Bess, a bodkin for my hair; Daisy a book-mark; Mercy, a saffron cake; Jack, a basket; and Cecil, a nosegay. William's present was fayrest of alle, but I am hurte with him and myselfe; for he offered it soe queerlie and tagged it with such . . . I refused it, and there's an end. 'Twas unmannerlie and unkinde of me, and I've cried aboute it since.

Father alwaies gives us a birthdaye treat; soe, contrived that mother shoulde take us to see my Lord Cardinal of York goe to Westminster in state. We had a merric water-party; got goode places and saw the show; crosse-bearers, pillar-bearers, ushers and alle. Himselfe in crimson engrayned sattin, and tippet of sables, with an orange in his hand helde to 's nose, as though y^e common ayr were too vile to breathe. What a pompous priest it is! The archbishop mighte well say, "That man is drunk with too much propretie."

Betweene dinner and supper, we had a fine skirmish in y^e straits of Thermopylæ. Mr Gunnel headed the Persians, and Will was Leonidas, with a swashing buckler, and a helmet a yard high; but Mr. Gunnel gave him such a rap on the crest that it went over y^e wall; soe then William thought there was nothing left for him but to die. Howbeit, as he had bene layd low sooner than he had reckoned on, he prolonged his last agonies a goode deal, and gave one of y^e Persians a tremendous kick just as they were aboute to rifle his pouch. They therefore thoughte there must be somewhat in it they shoulde like to see; soe, helde him down in spite of his hitting righte and lefte, and pulled therefrom, among sundrie lesser matters, a carnation knot of mine. Poor varlet, I wish he would not be so stupid. . . .

After supper, mother proposed a concert; and we were alle singing a rounde. when, looking up, I saw

father standing in y^e door-way, with such a happy smile on his face! He was close behind Rupert and Daisy, who were singing from y^e same book, and advertised them of his coming by gentlie knocking their heads together; but I had the firste kiss, even before mother, because of my birthdaye.

It turns out that father's lateness yester-even was caused by press of businesse; a forayn mission having bene proposed to him, which he resisted as long as he could, but was at lengthe reluctantrie induced to accept. Length of his stay uncertayn, which casts a gloom on alle; but there is soe much to doe as to leave little time to think, and father is busiest of alle; yet hath founde leisure to concert with mother for us a journey into y^e countrie, which will occupy some of y^e weeks of his absence. I am full of carefulle thoughts and forebodings, being naturallie of too anxious a disposition. Oh, let me caste alle my cares on another! *Fecisti nos ad te, Domine; et iniquitum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te.*

'Tis soe manie months agone since that I made an entry in my libellus, as that my motto—"nulla dies sine linca—," hath somewhat of sarcasm in it. How manie things doe I beginne and leave unfinished! and yet, less from caprice than lack of strength; like him of whom y^e scripture was writ,—“this man beganne to build and was not able to finish.” My *opus*, for instance; the which my father's prolonged absence in y^e autumn and my winter visitt to aunt Nan and aunt Fan gave me such leisure to carrie forward. But alack! leisure was less to seeke than learninge; and when I came back to mine olde taskes, leisure was awanting too; and then, by reason of my sleeping in a separate chamber, I was enabled to steale hours from y^e earlie morn and hours from y^e night, and, like unto Solomon's virtuous woman, my candle went not out. But 'twas not to purpose y^e I worked, like y^e virtuous woman, for I was following a Jack-o-lantern; having forsooke y^e straight path laid downe by Erasmus for a foolish path of mine owne; and soe I toyled, and blundered, and puzzled, and was mazed; and then came on that payn in my head. Father sayd, "What makes Meg soe pale!" and I sayd not; and, at y^e last, I tolde mother there was somewhat throbbing and twisting in y^e back of mine head like unto a little worm that woulde not die; and she made answer, "Ah, a maggot," and soe by her scoff I was shamed. Then I gave over mine *opus*, but y^e payn did not yet goe; soe then I was longing for y^e deare pleasure, and fondlie turning over y^e leaves, and wondering woulde father be surprised and pleased with it some daye, when father himselfe came in or ever I was aware. He sayth, "What hast thou, Meg?" I faltered and woulde sett it aside. He sayth, "Nay, let me see;" and soe takes it from me; and after y^e firste glance throws himself into a seat, his back to me, and firste runs it hastilie through, then begiunes with methode and such silence and gravitie as that I trembled at

his side, and felt what it must be to stand a prisoner at the bar, and he y^e judge. Sometimes I thought he must be pleased, at others not: at length, alle my fond hopes were ended by his crying, "This will never doe. Poor wretch, hath this then beene thy toy! How couldst find time for soe much labour? for here hath beene trouble enow and to spare. Thou must have stolen it, sweet Meg, from the night, and prevented y^e morning watch. Most dear'st! thy father's owne loved child;" and soe, caressing me till I gave over my shame and disappointment.

"I neede not to tell thee, Meg," father sayth, "of y^e unprofitable labour of Sisyphus, nor of drawing water in a sieve. There are some things, most deare one, that a woman, if she trieth, may doe as well as a man; and some she cannot, and some she had better not. Now, I tell thee firme, since y^e first payn is y^e leaste sharpe, that, despite y^e spiritt and genius herein shewn, I am avised 'tis work thou caust not and work thou hadst better not doe. But judge for thyselfe; if thou wilt persist, thou shalt have leisure and quiet, and a chamber in my new building, and alle y^e help my gallery of books may afford. But thy father says, forbear."

Soe, what coule I say, but "My father shall never speak to me in vayne!"

Then he gathered y^e papers up and sayd, "Then I shall take temptation out of your way;" and pressing 'em to his heart as he did soe, sayth, "They are as deare to me as they can be to you;" and soe left me, looking out as though I noted (but I noted not,) the cleare-shining Thames. 'Twas twilighte, and I stode there I know not how long, alone and lonely; with tears coming, I knew not why, into mine eyes. There was a weight in y^e ayr, as of coming thunder; the screaming, ever and anon, of Juno and Argus, inclined me to melancholie, as it alwaies does: and at length I beganne to note y^e moon rising, and y^e deepening clearnesse of y^e water, and y^e lazy motion of y^e barges, and y^e flashes of light whene'er y^e rowers dipt their oars. And then I beganne to attend to y^e eies and different sounds from across y^e water, and y^e tolling of a distant bell; and I felle back on mine olde heart-sighinge, "Fecisti nos ad te, Domine; et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te."

Or ever the week was gone, my father had contrived for me another journey to New Hall, to abide with the lay nuns, as he calleth them, aunt Nan and aunt Fan, whom my step-mother loveth not, but whom I love and whom father loveth. Indee, 'tis sayd in Essex that at first he inclined to aunt Nan rather than to my mother; but that, perceiving my mother affected his companie and aunt Nan affected it not, he diverted his hesitating affections unto her and took her to wife. Albeit, aunt Nan loveth him dearlie as a sister ought: indeed, she loveth alle, except, methinketh, herself, to whom, alone, she is rigid and severe. How holie are my aunts' lives! Cloistered nuns could not be more pure, and could scarce be as usefulle. Thoughwise, they can be gay; though noe longer young, they love the young. And their reward is, the young love them;

and I am fulle surc, in this world they seeke noe better.

Returned to Chelsea, I spake much in prayse of mine aunts, and of single life. On a certayn evening, we maids were sett at our needles and samplers on y^e pavillion steps; and, as follie will out, 'gan talk of what we would fayn have to our lots, shoulde a good fairie starte up and grant each a wish. Daisy was for a countess's degrec, with hawks and hounds. Bess was for founding a college, Mercy a hospital, and she spake soe experimentallie of its conditions that I was fayn to goe partners with her in the same. Cecy commenced "Supposing I were married; if once that I were married"—on which, father, who had come up unperceived, burst out laughing and sayth, "Well, dame Cecily, and what state would you keep?" Howbeit, as he and I afterwards paced together, juxta fluvium, he did say, "Mercy hath well propounded the conditions of an hospital or alms-house for aged and sick folk, and 'tis a fantasie of mine to sett even such an one afoot, and give you the conduct of the same."

From this careless speech, dropped, as 'twere, by y^e way, hath sprung mine house of refuge! and oh, what pleasure have I derived from it! How good is my father! how the poor bless him! and how kind is he, through them, to me! Laying his hand kindly on my shoulder, this morning, he sayd, "Meg, how fares it with thee now? Have I cured the payn in thy head?" Then, putting the house-key into mine hand, he laughingly added, "'Tis now yours, my joy, by Livery and Seisin."

Aug. 6.

I wish William w^d give me back my Testament. 'Tis one thing to steal a knot or a posie, and another to borrow y^e most valuable book in y^e house and keep it week after week. He soughte it with a kind of mysteric, soe as that I forbore to ask it of him in companie, lest I s^d doe him an ill turn; and yet I have none other occasion.

The emperor, the King of France, and Cardinal Ximenes are alle striving which shall have Erasmus, and alle in vayne. He hath refused a professor's chayr at Louvain, and a Sicilian bishoprick. E'en thus it was with him when he was here this spring,—the Queen w^d have had him for her preceptor, the King and Cardinall prest on him a royall apartment and salarie, Oxford and Cambridge contended for him, but his saying was, "Alle these I value less than my libertie, my studdies, and my literarie toyls." How much greater is he than those who woulde confer on him greatnesse! Noe man of letters hath equal reputation or is soe much courted.

Yestereven, after overlooking the men playing at loggats, father and I strayed away along Thermopylae into y^e home-field; and as we sauntered together under the elms, he sayth with a sigh, "Jack, is Jack, and no More . . . he will never be anything. An' 'twere not for my beloved wenches, I should be an unhappy father. But what though!—My Meg is

better unto me than ten sons; and it maketh no difference at harvest time whether our corn were put into the ground by a man or a woman."

While I was turning in my mind what excuse I might make for John, father taketh me at unawares by a sudden change of subject; saying, "Come, tell me, Meg, why canst not affect Will Roper?"

I was a good while silent, at length made answer, "He is so unlike alle I esteem and admire . . . so unlike all I have been taught to esteem and admire by you."

"Have at you," he returned laughing, "I knew not I had been sharpening weapons agaynst myself. True he is neither Achilles nor Hector, nor even Paris, but yet well enough, mescems, as times go—Smarter and comelier than either Heron or Dancy."

I, faltering, made answer, "Good looks affect me but little—'tis in his better part I feel the want. He cannot . . . discourse, for instance, to one's mind and soul, like unto you, dear father, or Erasmus."

"I should marvel if he could," returned father gravelic, "thou art mad, my daughter, to look, in a youth of Will's years, for the mind of a man of forty or fifty. What were Erasmus and I, dost thou suppose, at Will's age? Alas, Meg, I should not like you to know what I was! Men called me the boy-sage, and I know not what, but in my heart and head was a world of sin and folly. Thou mightst as well expect Will to have my hair, eyes, and teeth, alle getting y^e worse for wear, as to have the fruits of my life-long experience, in some cases full dearly bought. Take him for what he is, match him by the young minds of his owne standing: consider how long and closelic we have known him. His parts are, surelie, not amiss: he hath more book-lore than Dancy, more mother wit than Allington."

"But why need I to concern myself about him?" I exclaimed, "Will is very well in his way: why s^t we cross each other's paths? I am young, I have much to learn, I love my studdies,—why interrupt them with other and lesse wise thoughts?"

"Because nothing can be wise that is not practical," returned father, "and I teach my children philosophic to fitt them for living in y^e world, not above it. One may spend a life in dreaming over Plato, and yet goc out of it without leaving y^e world a whit y^e better for our having made part of it. 'Tis to little purpose we studdy, if it onlie makes us look for perfections in others which they may in v^ayn seek for in ourselves. It is not even necessary or goode for us to live entirelie with congenial spirits. The vigorous tempers the inert, the passionate is evened by the cool-tempered, the prosaic balances the visionarie. Woulde thy mother suit me better, dost thou suppose, if she coule discuss polemicks like Luther or Melancthon? E'en thine owne sweet mother, Meg, was less affected to studdy than thou art,—she learnt to love it for my sake, but I made her what she was."

And, with a suddain burste of fond recollection, he hid his eyes on my shoulder, and for a moment or soe, cried bitterlic. As for me, I shed, oh! such salt teares!

LIFE AND TIMES OF CURRAN.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

THE fame of the great advocate, like that of the great actor, is commonly of the most ephemeral description. When the peculiarities of gesture, tone, and manner have passed from human remembrance, what remains, in most instances, of the accomplished orator who won the verdicts of juries and the applause of senates? A few anecdotes of doubtful authority, and some ill-reported speeches, or fragments of speeches, at the bar or in parliament, are often all that can be found to justify the lavish approbation of contemporaries, or to perpetuate the speaker's fame. From such remains how difficult is it to form a true estimate of the speaker's powers! Even the most successful efforts of oratory, as the reader well knows, when printed from the reporter's notes, are not unfrequently utterly unfit to pass through the ordeal of ordinary criticism. When the circumstances which made them *tell* have ceased to interest, and the reputation of the speaker has become a mere tradition, it is very often a matter of surpris to us all how such common-place appeals could have awakened the sympathies or influenced the judgments of living men.

In the case of Curran, it may be urged that these remarks do not apply. Many passages of soul-subduing pathos and magic eloquence which escaped him in moments of the highest mental excitement have been treasured up with singular care, and will perish only with the literature and history of his nation. Over the herd of professional orators he had some signal advantages. In most of his great efforts his sympathies were completely enlisted; he was personally identified with the topics of his advocacy; and his earnestness and indignation, instead of being simulated for the purposes of the hour, were more frequently the genuine emotions of his heart. It must also be borne in mind that the period at which he appeared, as well as the place of his appearance, were alike favourable to the exercise of his genius. He had the advantage of addressing the most excitable people on the earth, at the most exciting period of their history, on the most interesting and nationally important subjects. Nature had endowed him with a fertile imagination and an exquisite sensibility. He possessed in rich profusion the showiest qualifications of the orator, and circumstances favoured their development. On the other hand, it is plain, that he was no such wonderful man as some admiring biographers have given him out to be. He was not merely professionally superficial and unsound, but many of his reported speeches prove him to have been lamentably deficient in good taste and common discretion. We say this because we have been accustomed to hear, and have recently found, passages of his oratory quoted with approbation, which appear to us remarkable for nothing but their pomp of phraseology and far-fetched metaphors, with scarcely the glimmer of a meaning under all. We readily admit that Curran said a great many fine things in his life-

time—perhaps no man has said finer—but that he frequently sacrificed sense to sound, and mistook exaggeration of language for sublimity, a perusal of his speeches, or even of such portions of them as are contained in the eulogistic sketch of his life by his friend Mr. Phillips,¹ will prove beyond a doubt.

Mr. Phillips's work has been characterised by Lord Brougham as one of the most delightful pieces of biography extant. For ourselves, we willingly confess our obligations to the learned Commissioner, for having taken the pains to produce an enlarged edition of so characteristic a sketch. If not an unexceptionable book, it is certainly a most amusing one. It is thoroughly Hibernian in character, and full of the qualities which render an Irishman the most entertaining of companions. Abounding in wit and anecdote, in flashes of merriment, snatches of eloquence, and occasional touches of pathos, we feel some reluctance in applying to it the strict canons of criticism. But truth compels us to state that it is deformed by not a few vices of style, and by an exaggeration of tone, which is often both ludicrous and unpleasant. We are willing to make all allowances for the partiality of friendship, for congeniality of disposition, and similarity in talent and pursuits, but we cannot help observing that indiscriminate admiration, whilst it argues some weakness of judgment, often defeats its own object. With regard to mere verbal inaccuracies of language, our readers will not accuse us of any disposition to be needlessly captious. Of all imputations, we are most anxious to avoid that of being considered pedantic or ill-natured. But when we meet with instances of singular carelessness and obscurity in a work of some pretension, we conceive it to be our duty to point them out. The preface to Mr. Phillips's volume contains but a few sentences, and we are therefore at a loss to understand how he could have permitted the following obscure and awkward passage to have gone forth to the world. Speaking of his work, he says:—"The period of which *it* treats was one of vital interest to Ireland, and the men which *it* produced were not unworthy of the period." We leave our readers to reconcile these *its*. When such a sentence occurs in the first page of such a work—when we meet with it, as it were, in the very threshold—observation is naturally challenged, and it is difficult to refrain from remark.

We consider Curran, on the whole, to have been fortunate in his biographers. In addition to Mr. Phillips's sketch, there is the memoir by his son, Mr. William Henry Curran, which is well known as an excellent and carefully written work. We are also aware of a memoir by an Irish barrister, Mr. William O'Regan,² a truly Hibernian performance, but containing a very complete collection of Curran's

witticisms and smart sayings; whilst the late Thomas Davis³ (famous for his poetical contributions to the Nation newspaper) is the author of a slight but eloquent narrative, which is at least deserving of mention. Mr. Phillips's volume purports to be nothing more than "the simple, and in some measure, the *self-drawn* picture" of the great Irish orator. It may be premised that he lived for many years in habits of the closest intimacy with the object of his idolatry, and made his acquaintance under circumstances well calculated to beget an enthusiastic partiality. In his early youth, he had published a poem, called "the Emerald Isle," which had been accidentally brought to Mr. Curran's notice. Soon afterwards, when called to the bar, and wandering "not only bagless but briefless" round the hall of the Four Courts in Dublin, he received an invitation to dine at the Priory, a little country villa, where Curran (who was then Master of the Rolls,) resided. Having long worshipped his forensic idol at a distance, the young barrister was transported into the seventh heaven, by the prospect of an actual interview. His gratification was unbounded. Even Boswell, admitted to the social haunts of Johnson, was not more delighted. "I had often seen Curran," he says, (whilst describing this memorable evening,)—"often heard of him—often read him—but no man ever knew anything about him who did not see him at his own table with the few whom he selected. He was a little convivial deity! He soared in every region, and was at home in all; he touched every thing, and seemed as if he had created it; he mastered the human heart with the same ease that he did his violin." No wonder that Mr. Phillips became not merely an admirer, but an idolater of such a fascinating friend, nor is it strange, perhaps, that his book (when we remember how men, and especially Irishmen, are constituted,) should contain some extravagant passages of panegyric.

Having made these remarks on Curran's biographers, we will endeavour to follow them through a few of the most prominent scenes in his eventful life. He was born on the 24th of July, 1750, at the small village of Newmarket, in the County of Cork, at the distance of eight miles from that dismantled castle, where Spenser is said to have composed his "Faery Queen."⁴ His father was seneschal, or steward of the manor of Newmarket, from which office he derived nearly all his scanty income. It is said that the family had originally borne the name of Curwen, and had been transplanted into Ireland from the north of England, at a rather memorable period. "Strange as it may seem," observes Mr. Phillips, "their paternal ancestor came over to Ireland with one of Cromwell's soldiers; and the most ardent patriot she ever saw owed his origin to her most merciless and cruel plunderer!" The father of the great orator appears to have been a very common-place individual; but his mother (whose maiden name was Philpot) was a woman of

(1) Curran and his Contemporaries. By Charles Phillips, Esq. A.B., one of her Majesty's Commissioners of the Court for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors. (A new edition.) 1850.

(2) Memoir of the Right Hon. J. P. Curran, by his Son, W. H. Curran, 1819. 2 vols. Memoirs of the Legal, Literary, and Political Life of the late J. P. Curran. By William O'Regan, Esq. 1817.

(3) The Life of J. P. Curran, by Thomas Davis, 1846.

(4) O'Regan's Memoirs of Curran.

great natural ability. She spoke the Irish language with fluency, and delighted her children with recitals of traditions and legends of the olden time. It was thus that the imaginative faculties received in Curran a precocious development, and from the impressions made upon his mind in childhood, he drew in after life his exhaustless fund of imagery and poetical illustration. Nurtured amidst pleasant and gentle fancies, his early years were singularly happy, and his genius was fed with its proper nutriment. To quote from the eloquent pages of Mr. Davis, "He grew up a light-limbed, short, brown boy, *with an eye like a live coal*. He had a sensitive heart, loved his little brothers and sisters, but he loved his mother best, and well he might. She doted on him, and petted him, and taught him much. She soothed him with soft lullabies, that sent the passions of his country into his young heart; she flooded him with the stories and memoirs of the neighbourhood; she nursed him in love, and truth, and earnestness, by her precept and example, and she taught him his Bible."

From the humble station in which his parents moved, and his father's limited means, there seemed at first but a slight prospect that Curran, or *Little Jacky*, as he was then familiarly called, would receive the advantage of a liberal education. But by a happy accident he attracted the attention of a benevolent clergyman, who recognised him as an uncommon boy, and determined that the seeds of genius should not perish for lack of culture. As he was one day playing at marbles in the village ball alley, "with a light heart, and lighter pocket," a stranger of venerable and cheerful aspect came up, and singled him out from his playmates. The bright eye and intelligent aspect of the little urchin had won the good man's heart. He bribed him home with sweetmeats, and became the architect of the boy's fortunes. The stranger's name was Boyse, a clergyman, the rector of Newmarket, and the sequel of the adventure was, in after years, thus related by Curran to his friend Phillips. "I learned from poor Boyse my alphabet and my grammar, and the rudiments of the classics: he taught me all he could, and then he sent me to the school at Middleton—in short, *he made a man of me*. I recollect, it was about five-and-thirty years afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the Bar, and when I had a seat in Parliament, and a good house in Ely Place, on my return one day from court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in the drawing-room, his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney-piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round—it was *my friend of the ball-alley!* I rushed instinctively into his arms. I could not help bursting into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed. 'You are right, sir; you are right: the chimney-piece is yours—the pictures are your—the house is yours: you gave me all I have—my friend—my father!' He dined with me; and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye when he saw his poor Little Jacky, the creature of his bounty, rising in

the House of Commons to reply to a *right honourable*."

At the Middleton school above-mentioned, Curran seems to have remained till he attained the age of nineteen, when he was entered as a sizar of Trinity College, Dublin. His career at the university was undistinguished. "He passed through it," says Mr. Phillips, "as Swift, and Burke, and Goldsmith did before him:—

"The glory of the college, and its shame."

He was frequently charged with irregularities and offences against academic discipline; and the authorities regarded him with suspicion and dislike, with which his unprepossessing appearance and slovenly costume had something to do. On one occasion he was called before them for wearing a shirt not so scrupulously clean as it should have been. "I pleaded," said Curran, relating the circumstance to Mr. Phillips, "inability to wear a *clean one*; and I told them the story of poor Lord Avonmore, who was at that time the plain, untitled, struggling Barry Yelverton. 'I wish, mother, said Barry, 'I had *eleven* shirts.' 'Eleven, Barry!—why *eleven*?' 'Because, mother, I am of opinion that a gentleman, to be *comfortable*, ought to have the *dozen*.' Poor Barry had but *one*, and I made the precedent my justification."

From what has been stated, it may be presumed that Curran was little attached to his *Alma Mater*. But be that as it may, he did not leave her without a pang. As he passed through her gates to commence his uncertain journey through the world, he turned to take a last lingering look (to quote from a letter which he afterwards wrote from London to a college friend) at the scene of his boyish follies, and sighed to think of the many friends whom he had loved and left behind. "Nay, even the *Fellows*," he added, "whom I never loved, I forgave at that moment—the parting tear blotted out every injury, and I gave them as hearty a benediction as if they had deserved it." Truth to say, the prospects of Curran were at this moment not over promising. After much deliberation, he had resolved on adopting the Bar as a profession, but his course was beset with difficulties, and poverty stared him in the face. "From college," says his friend Phillips, "he proceeded to London, where he contrived *quocunque modo*, to enter his name on the books of the Middle Temple. Of his resources in the metropolis I never heard him speak, and the subject was too delicate to introduce. I have it, however, on the authority of a friend who knew him well, that he had some small stipend from the school at Middleton; and that, in addition to this, he profited by his literary exertions." It is tolerably certain that he frequently replenished his purse by contributions to magazines and newspapers, although few traces of his compositions remain. He was fond of music, and his principal recreation in these days of severe labour was his violin. Though naturally indolent and disinclined to close and continuous study, we have his own statement, (which, considering his known candour and

veracity, there is no reason to impeach,) that whilst residing in London he was a hard worker. He speaks, indeed, of reading ten hours a day, at this period, and of rising at half-past four for the purpose of study. His out-door amusements often consisted in visiting coffee-houses, and similar places of public resort, where opportunities were afforded for the study of human character. He considered this no insignificant part of his professional training, and the keen delight it appears to have afforded him is worthy of observation. "I also visit," he writes in one his letters, quoted by Mr. Phillips, "a variety of ordinaries and eating houses, and they are equally fertile in game for a character-hunter. I think I have found out the cellar where Roderick Random ate shin of beef for three-pence, and actually drank out of the identical quart which the drummer squeezed together when poor Strap spilt the broth on his legs."

During his residence in London, he also assiduously attended some of the principal debating societies. But though destined by Nature for an orator, he laboured under certain disadvantages, which prevented him at first from taking a part in discussion. "He had from his boyhood," says his son, "a considerable precipitation and confusion of utterance, from which he was denominated by his school-fellows 'stuttering Jack Curran.'" This defect was aggravated by an excessive sensibility, and a nervous dread of failure, which it is a matter of common observation is generally experienced by the best speakers in the earlier stages of their career. His first essay in speaking was singularly unsuccessful. On the occasion in question, (as he narrated the circumstance to some of his intimate friends in after-life,) he had risen and commenced, "Mr. Chairman," when, to his astonishment and terror, he perceived that every eye was riveted upon him. "There were only," to use his own words, "six or seven persons present, and the little room could not have contained as many more; yet it was to my panic-struck imagination, as if I were the central object in nature, and assembled millions were gazing upon me in breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb; my friends cried, 'Hear him!' but there was nothing to hear. My lips, indeed, went through the pantomime of articulation, but I was like the unfortunate fiddler at the fair, who upon coming to strike up the solo that was to ravish every ear, discovered that an enemy had maliciously soaped his bow."¹ His next effort, however, was more fortunate. Attending a debating-society which held its meetings near Temple Bar, after a social dinner with a college chum, his wrath was excited by the observations of a flippant and unwashed orator,—“just such another,” he observed, “as Harry Flood” (who was accustomed to distinguish the speakers by such ludicrous descriptions of their dress as “the eloquent friend to reform in the thread-bare coat,” “the able supporter of the ministry in the new pair of boots”) “would have called ‘the highly gifted gentleman in the dirty cravat

and greasy pantaloons.” The orator was in the act of “calumniating chronology by the most preposterous anachronisms;” descanting upon Demosthenes as the glory of the Roman forum, and Tully as the famous contemporary and rival of Cicero. Seeing possibly a smile upon Curran’s face, the indignant worthy commenced a furious assault upon him, and applied to him the nickname of “orator mum;” upon which the young Irish student rose and administered an oratorical dressing to his assailant, which not only raised him in his own estimation, but procured him the substantial reward of an invitation to sup with the president of the society, by whom he was liberally regaled with bread and cheese and porter. In order the more effectually to cure his defects of utterance, he also declaimed frequently before a looking-glass; and the reader will not be surprised to learn that among the passages from English authors which he selected for recitation were copious extracts from Junius and Lord Bolingbroke.

In the year 1775 Curran was called to the Irish Bar. Previously to this he had married the daughter of a Dr. Creagh, and it is painful, though necessary, to add that this union, which promised him a large share of domestic felicity, was the source of the bitterest calamity of his life. Before taking his place in the ranks of his profession, he had seriously thought of seeking his fortunes in America, but ambition ultimately disposed him to follow the course he had marked out for himself in early life. His chances of immediate success were, however, by no means brilliant. He was without friends or connexions whose assistance could be of any avail to him. He was in needy circumstances, painfully sensitive, and subject to occasional fits of melancholy. “Those who have risen to professional eminence,” it is justly and eloquently remarked by Mr. Phillips, “and who recollect the impediments of such a commencement—the neglect abroad—the poverty, perhaps, at home—the frowns of rivalry—the fears of friendship—the sneer at the first essay—the prophecy that it will be the last—discouragements as to the present—forebodings as to the future—some who are established endeavouring to crush the chance of competition, and some who have failed, anxious for the wretched consolation of companionship—those who recollect the comforts of such an apprenticeship may duly appreciate poor Curran’s situation. After toiling for a very inadequate recompense at the sessions of Cork, and wearing, as he said himself, *his teeth almost to their stumps*, he proceeded to the metropolis, taking for his wife and young children a miserable lodging upon *Hay Hill*.” The gifted advocate waited long for the dawn of prosperous fortune, and suffered severely in the interim. His wife and children were the chief furniture of his apartments; “and as to my rent,” he said, when speaking of these times in subsequent years, “it stood pretty much the same chance of liquidation with the national debt.” But business came at last. A heavy brief from a well-known Dublin attorney was the harbinger of good fortune;

(1) Life of Curran, by his Son.

the powers of the great advocate became known; contending parties found it to their interest to secure his services, and he rose rapidly to wealth and fame.

For the brilliant position to which his peculiar talents had elevated him, Curran had all the requisite qualifications, and he remained long without a rival. He had no pretensions to profound learning, but he knew how to read the dispositions of men and to avail himself of their weaknesses. His eloquence, which out of Ireland might have been designated as over florid and *flashy*, was well calculated to win its way to the hearts of those whom he addressed. He had courage—both moral and physical—and quailed neither before the frown of the judge, nor the threat of the duellist. He was not a man who could be put down by the sneers or censures of authority, and the greatest judicial despots soon learned to fear him. His reply to Judge Robinson, who from a knowledge of his poverty, had taunted him with the meagreness of his library, (upon his having remarked in a particular argument that he had never met with the law as laid down by his lordship in any book in *his library*.) is a well-known instance of his spirit and courage. "I have prepared myself," he replied to the astonished judge, "for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should be of my wealth, could I stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me, that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and the more notoriously contemptible." He was here, according to his son's account of the occurrence, interrupted by the judge, who told him that "he was forgetting the respect which he owed to the dignity of the judicial character." "Dignity!" exclaimed Curran, "my lord, upon that point I shall cite you a case from a book of some authority, with which you are perhaps not unacquainted. A poor Scotchman," (Curran was here alluding to his favourite Strap in Roderick Random,) "upon his arrival in London, thinking himself insulted by a stranger, and imagining that he was the stronger man, resolved to resent the affront, and taking off his coat, delivered it to a by-stander to hold; but having lost the battle, he turned to resume his garment, when he discovered that he had unfortunately lost that also, that the trustee of his habiliments had decamped during the affray. So, my lord, when the person who is invested with the dignity of the judgment-seat, lays it aside for a moment to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is in vain, when he has been worsted in the encounter, that he seeks to recover it—it is in vain that he endeavours to shelter himself behind an authority which he has abandoned."

Judge Robinson. "If you say another word, sir, I'll commit you."

Mr. Curran. "Then, my lord, it will be the best thing you'll have committed this term."

In his early contests with Lord Clare, there will be

found, observes his son, "the same spirit of resistance and retaliation; and at a much subsequent period, when he was exerting himself in a cause with his characteristic firmness, the presiding judge having called to the Sheriff to be ready to take into custody any one who should disturb the decorum of the Court: 'Do, Mr. Sheriff,' replied Curran, 'go and get ready my dungeon; *prepare a bed of straw for me*; and upon that bed I shall to-night repose with more tranquillity than I should enjoy were I sitting on that bench with a consciousness that I disgraced it.'" If this should be thought rather strained and melo-dramatic, we may remind the reader that proceedings in the Irish courts of justice in Curran's time, required in the advocate a bold and resolute demeanour. Upon other occasions, when judicial opposition or partiality called it forth, he resorted with no small success to his talent for sarcasm. He was addressing a jury on one of the state trials in 1803, when the judge,—we quote this anecdote from Mr. Phillips,—"whose political bias, if any judge can have one, was certainly supposed not to be favourable to the prisoner, *shook his head* in doubt or denial of the advocate's arguments. 'I see, gentlemen,' said Mr. Curran,—'I see the motion of his lordship's head; common observers might imagine that implied a difference of opinion, but they would be mistaken: it is merely accidental. Believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days, you will yourselves perceive, that when his lordship *shakes his head*, *there's nothing in it!*'"

For the display of physical courage, which in those days was often tested by facing the pistol of an adversary, Curran had unhappily several opportunities. He never modified his language to avoid a challenge, nor shrank from exposing his life when the mischievous code of social honour rendered a *meeting* necessary. The Irish gentry were at this period a race of hot-blooded duellists, and it was all but impossible for any man occupying a public position, who valued his reputation, to resist the barbarous custom, deeply as he might regret its prevalence. "Mr. Curran's justification on this subject," says Mr. Phillips, "was that on his entrance into life, the state of society in Ireland was literally so savage, that almost every argument was concluded by a *wager of battle*, and the man could scarcely be enrolled into their Christian community, until, as in some Indian colonies, his prowess had been proved by an appeal to arms." The very judges on the bench had often, before their elevation, distinguished themselves in mortal combat; some of them were ready, even in the very seat and sanctuary of justice, to resent an insult by a challenge; and all of them regarded the offence of duelling as quite a venial affair. It may be observed that these notions prevailed even to a much later period than the early years of Curran's professional life. "I remember well," says Mr. Phillips, "at the Sligo summer assizes for 1812, being counsel in the case of the King *v.*

Fenton, for the murder of Major Illias in a duel, when old judge Fletcher thus capped his summing up to the jury:—"Gentlemen, it is my business to lay down the law to you, and I will. The law says, the killing a man in a duel is murder, and I am bound to tell you it's murder; therefore in the discharge of my duty I tell you so; but I tell you at the same time, *a fairer duel* than this I never heard of in the whole *course of my life!*" Curran was a principal in four duels. One of them was fought with a gigantic barrister named Egan, or *Bully Egan*, as he was nicknamed in the profession. Curran could never refrain from a jest when any opportunity offered, and a celebrated witticism belongs to this *rencontre*. When the opponents met on the ground, "Egan complained that the disparity in their sizes gave his antagonist a manifest advantage: 'I might as well fire at a razor's edge as at him,' said Egan, 'and he may hit me as easily as a turf-stack.'" "I tell you what, Mr. Egan," replied Curran, his pistol in his hand, and Egan scowling at him under brows that rivalled Lord Thurlow's—"I wish to take no advantage of you whatever, let my size be *chalked out* upon your side, and I am quite content that every shot which hits outside that mark should *go for nothing.*"

While we are on the subject of duelling, we may be pardoned for quoting from Mr. Phillips a well-told anecdote of another member of the legal profession, (and a contemporary of Curran's), who was considerably more prone to give offence than *satisfaction*. The gentleman's name was Keller, a privileged oddity, familiarly known as Jerry Keller. One evening, over the social board, Jerry had engaged in a violent discussion on politics with a Mr. Nicholas Leader, a gentleman of extreme liberal principles. Getting the worst of the argument, he descended to personalities, and made some offensive remarks on Mr. Leader's head, which was covered with thick curly locks. "Leader felt called upon to notice this, and a man of war at daylight invaded Jerry's slumbers. Loudly and gruffly did he grumble at the intrusion, as he poked his red woollen night-cap over the counterpane. 'In the very grey of the morning too,' said Keller, 'I suppose you call this good breeding.' 'I tell you what, Mr. Keller, I want none of your waggery. I'm not here to be trifled with: Mr. Leader's wrongs must be atoned for within an hour. You had full notice. Look at your dressing-table, and you will see we are prepared.' He looked up and sure enough the *WOGGERS* were there! Things looked very serious—Jerry thought so. 'I hope sir,' said he, 'you don't mean to offer any violence to me *in my bed.*' 'You need not fear that, sir.' 'Have I your honour for that?' 'Why the question's somewhat offensive, sir, but I do pledge my honour.' 'Very well, then,' said Jerry, '*I'll not get up to-day*; so now be off to your principal, and tell the *woolly-headed republican, I forgive him!* A day thus passed over the wrath of Leader, whose good-nature yielded to the general decree, that after dinner, Jerry was to be privileged."

It is superfluous to assert that during his profes-

sional career, Curran was peculiarly famous for humorous allusions and apt retorts. His influence over the risible faculties of his auditors, was at least equal to that which he possessed over their finer sympathies. But like all privileged wits, he availed himself rather liberally of the latitude allowed him, and was not very particular with respect to the subjects he selected for raillery. "No matter how unfair the topic," observes Mr. Phillips, "he never failed to avail himself of it; acting upon the principle, that in law as well as in war, every stratagem was admissible. If he was hard pressed, there was no peculiarity of person, no singularity of name, no eccentricity of profession at which he would not grasp, trying to confound the self-possession of the witness by the no matter how excited, ridicule of the audience." Many of his professional witticisms have been preserved with singular care, but we must confess that they appear to us to have depended principally on the place and occasion for the effects which they produced, and are scarcely worthy of the encomiums that have been passed on them.

In the excitement of a trial at *Nisi Prius*, we can well imagine that his keen personalities often convulsed the courts; but it is obvious that this description of wit, independently of its not being of the highest description, is little calculated for repetition. We are much better pleased with some of the good things which escaped him in ordinary conversation. Upon one occasion, at a late period of his life, he attended with Mr. Phillips an aggregate meeting of the Roman Catholics in Ireland. "His reception," observes his friend, "was such that he was compelled to say something, but he confined himself to a mere expression of his thanks. He was much gratified, and, in allusion to the scene, said next day in the hall of the Four Courts, 'Well, O'Connell, I scarcely wonder at your being fond of popularity: it is undoubtedly a delicious draught.' A solemn Serjeant, who happened to be present, replied, 'Well, Curran, I never thought so.' 'In truth, my dear Serjeant,' said Curran, 'you are a bad judge of a liquor *you never tasted.*'" At another time, he thus described a Pecksniff-visaged person, whose solemn demeanour he regarded with extreme aversion. "Observe that solemn blockhead—that pompous lump of dulness. Now, if you breakfasted and dined with that fellow for a hundred years, you could not be intimate with him,—he would not even be seen to smile, lest anybody might suppose he was *too familiar with himself.*"

Having alluded in our opening remarks to some of the principal characteristics of Curran's eloquence, it will be sufficient now to observe that his speeches at the bar and elsewhere were more remarkable for force and brilliancy, than for logical precision or correctness of diction. Encouraged by the applause of his contemporaries, he gave the reins to his fancy, and rioted in high-flown rhetoric. In the more sterling qualifications of the orator, he was unquestionably far behind his great English contemporary Erskine. His strength

lay in impassioned declamation; but in argumentative power he was manifestly deficient. He often indulged in strained and audacious metaphors, and some of his most ambitious efforts verge upon the mock-sublime. It is observed by Mr. O'Regan that such was "his copiousness and richness of expression," that "the English language actually *broke down under him*;" and certainly some of his flights of fancy defy the process of ordinary grammatical construction. In one of his most famous speeches, delivered in the memorable cause of the king *v.* Mr. Justice Johnson, in the Irish Court of Exchequer, he is represented as addressing Lord Avonmore in a strain of impassioned rhetoric that brought tears into his lordship's eyes; in the course of which he reminded him of the *Attic nights and refectations of the gods* which they had spent together, "with the admired, respected, and beloved companions who had gone before them. Yes, my good Lord," he continued, "I see you do not forget them; I see their sacred forms passing in sad review before your memory; I see your pained and softened fancy recalling those happy meetings: when the innocent enjoyment of social mirth expanded into the nobler warmth of social virtue, and the *horizon of the board* became enlarged *into the horizon of man* (!) When the swelling heart conceived and communicated the pure and generous purpose—when my slenderer and younger *taper* imbibed its borrowed light from the more matured and redundant *fountain* of yours." (!) After this singularly clear and intelligible burst of rhetoric, "he proceeded," observes Mr. Phillips, "to re-consider the legal argument, in the midst of which this most beautiful epode bloomed like a green spot amid the desert."

As a specimen of his intricate and laboured metaphors, we select the following sentence on the employment of informers, from his defence of Mr. Finnerly, the publisher of a Dublin newspaper, who had been prosecuted for a libel. Speaking of the fatal influences which resulted from a system of *espionage*, he exclaimed: "There *was* an antidote—a juror's oath; but even that adamant chain, which bound the integrity of man to the shrine of eternal justice, is solved and molten in the breath that issues from the informer's mouth; conscience swings from her moorings, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of his victim." On another occasion, he described a notorious Irish informer as a wretch "who measured his importance by the coffins of his victims, and appreciated his fame in the field of evidence, as the Indian warrior did in fight, by the number of scalps with which he could swell his triumph."

In the employment of terse and epigrammatic phraseology he was sometimes peculiarly happy. "I am aware, my lords," he said, in one instance, when arguing before Lord Clare on the rights of the corporation of Dublin, "that truth is to be sought only by slow and painful progress; I know also that error is in its nature flippant and compendious; it hops with airy and fastidious levity over proofs and argu-

ments, and perches upon assertion, which it calls conclusion." Of all his efforts at the bar, however, the speech which has obtained the widest fame and earned the fullest measure of approbation, is his defence of Mr. Archibald Hamilton Rowan, who was tried in 1794, for the publication of an address to the society of United Irishmen, which had been construed by the government of the day into a seditious libel. Not to speak of the celebrated burst on "Universal Emancipation," this famous oration contains many passages of sterling excellence; and we select from it, as highly characteristic of Curran's style, the following sentences which form part of the noble vindication of the freedom of the press, which was introduced into the defence with great felicity. Having referred to the fatal consequences which had resulted in other countries from the suppression of public opinion, the orator thus continued: "But, gentlemen, if you wish for a nearer and more interesting example, you have it in the history of your own revolution; you have it at that memorable period, when the monarch found a servile acquiescence in the ministers of his folly; when the liberty of the press was trodden under foot; when venal sheriffs returned packed juries, to carry into effect those fatal conspiracies of the few against the many; when the devoted benches of public justice were filled by some of those foundlings of fortune, who, overwhelmed in the torrent of corruption at an early period, lay at the bottom, like drowned bodies, while soundness or sanity remained in them; but at length, becoming buoyant by putrefaction, they rose as they rotted, and floated to the surface of the polluted stream, where they were drifted along, the objects of terror, and contagion, and abomination In that awful moment of a nation's travail—of the last gasp of tyranny, and the first breath of freedom—how pregnant is the example! The press extinguished—the people enslaved—and the prince undone. As the advocate of society, therefore, of peace, of domestic liberty, and the lasting union of the two countries, I conjure you to guard the liberty of the press,—that great sentinel of the state, that grand detector of public imposture: guard it, because, when it sinks, there sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the subject and the security of the crown."

In the darkest period of Irish history, Curran was called on to perform a difficult and painful part. The fatal rebellion of the year 1798 converted his country into a scene of desolation, and was accompanied by atrocities almost too horrible for belief. "It would be revolting," says Mr. Phillips, "to repeat, and perhaps impossible to convince the English reader of all the miseries which the violence of one party, and the fierce, unsparing, and un pitying refusals of the other inflicted during this frightful period. . . . It was a tremendous scene: Government, on the one hand, terrified into desperation; sedition, on the other, preferring death to endurance; and in the few intervals which fatigue, rather than humanity, created, Religion waving aloft her 'fiery cross,' and exciting her clans

to a renewal of the combat." For a time every sound was drowned in the tumult of revolt. Military executions were the order of the day; the innocent often suffered with the guilty, and the most detestable cruelties were practised by both parties. On one side was an infuriated and ignorant peasantry, prepared for all the horrors of a servile war, and on the other, a soldiery, "in a state of licentiousness," to quote the words of General Abercrombie, "which rendered them formidable only to the enemy." After a stupendous sacrifice of human life, the revolt was suppressed, and the supremacy of the law restored. A general amnesty was subsequently granted to all but the actual leaders of the rebellion, of whom many were in the hands of the government, awaiting trial for their offence. When these unfortunate men were brought before the tribunals, Curran almost invariably appeared as their counsel. Though his efforts were generally unsuccessful, it must be mentioned to his honour, that at a time of unexampled difficulty he discharged the duties of an advocate with unwavering constancy and courage. When all the circumstances of the period are taken into consideration,—when it is recollected that the single fact of his appearing as counsel for the accused subjected him to the charge of disaffection,—we cannot but admire the bold and energetic demeanour which he displayed on these memorable occasions. It must also be stated that he frequently performed his responsible duty under the deepest mental depression: the shades of melancholy had gathered over his mind, and he was often visited with fits of dejection and despair. At one time he had actually made up his mind to abandon Ireland for ever and to seek a grave in America; and at another, we find him in the course of an impassioned speech thus giving vent to his gloomy forebodings of future calamities. "I feel," he cried, "that the night of unenlightened wretchedness is fast approaching, when a man shall be judged before he is tried,—when the advocate shall be libelled for performing his duty to his client,—that right of human nature,—when the victim shall be hunted down, not because he is criminal, but because he is obnoxious."

We have hitherto, whilst speaking of Curran's professional character, forbore to allude to his parliamentary career. Like many other lawyers, he was more successful in the forum than in the senate. After toiling all day in the Four Courts, he found himself too much enfeebled in body and exhausted in mind to do justice to his reputation in the House of Commons. Still, it will be found that he took an important share in the debates of the period, and frequently spoke with great force and brilliancy. It appears that he was first returned to the Irish parliament in 1783, when he was elected for the borough of Kilbeggan; his colleague in the representation being the illustrious Henry Flood. His politics were thoroughly *national*. "No matter," says Mr. Phillips, "under what personal, political, or professional discouragements he laboured, he never for a moment deserted the interests of his country; and I am as persuaded as I am of my

own existence that, either in the field or on the scaffold, he would most cheerfully have sealed with his heart's blood the charter of her emancipation." Like most of the leading Irishmen of the period, he regarded with extreme aversion the prospect of a legislative union with Great Britain; and in the year 1796, in the course of a speech on Catholic emancipation, he thus characteristically described what he was pleased to consider would be the "inevitable consequences" of such an event:—"It would be," said the patriotic orator, "the emigration of every man of consequence from Ireland; it would be the participation in British taxes without British trade; it would be the extinction of the Irish name as a people. We should become a wretched colony, perhaps leased out to a company of Jews, as was formerly in contemplation, and governed by a few tax-gatherers and excisemen, unless, possibly, you may add fifteen or twenty couples of Irish members, who might be found every session sleeping in their collars under the manger of the British minister."

Curran's domestic life was far from happy. On the bitter calamity which desolated his home, and almost broke his heart, we will follow the example of most of his biographers, by forbearing to dwell. Private sorrows are not always the fittest topics for observation. With the misfortunes, however, of one member of his domestic circle, a painful and romantic interest is connected; and since all the circumstances have obtained a wide publicity, there is no motive for silence. On the 23d of June, 1803, an insane revolt broke out in Dublin, at the head of which was Robert Emmett, an amiable but hot-headed enthusiast, only twenty-three years of age. The insurrection, or rather riot, (for it was little more,) was of a most insignificant character; but its principal and most disgraceful feature was the murder of a revered and aged magistrate, the venerable Chief Justice, Lord Kilwardin. Against this deed of blood Emmett had vainly remonstrated. Finding that all was lost, he fled from the scene of action, but was soon afterwards captured, tried, and executed. Upon his papers being seized, some letters were discovered, which proved his intimacy with Mr. Curran's family, whose house was accordingly searched under a government warrant. The fact was that young Emmett had been for some time the accepted but secret suitor of Mr. Curran's youngest daughter. Vows of unalterable attachment had been interchanged, and the most fervent and sincere affection existed upon both sides. It may be well imagined that the idea of parting with so dear an object embittered the prospect of death to the young enthusiast. On the day before his trial, he occupied himself in plaiting a lock of her hair, to wear in his bosom on the sad occasion. "My love, Sarah!" he wrote, within an hour of his execution, "it was not thus that I thought to have requited your affection. I did hope to be a prop round which your affections might have clung, and which would never have been shaken; but a rude blast has snapped it, and they have fallen over a

grave." To the offended father he declared, in a pathetic letter, that he would rather have had the affections of his daughter, in the back settlements of America, than the first situation the country could afford without it.

Upon the poor girl herself the blow fell with unusual severity. The reproaches of her father and the mournful associations of her home, were too much for her endurance; and, after her lover's condemnation, she was glad to take refuge in the family of a compassionate friend. The sequel of her melancholy history has been beautifully told by Washington Irving in the "Sketch-book." "The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief and win her from the tragical story of her love. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity which scathe and scorch the soul—which penetrate to the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom." At length a brave officer, who "thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living," solicited her hand, and received it, "with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's." The symptoms of consumption at last appeared: she was taken to Sicily, where, wasting away in a slow decline, she died, "the victim of a broken heart."

Before closing the account of Curran's professional life, we may, perhaps, be permitted to take a passing glance at some of the great contemporaries who shared with him the honours of the forensic arena. Of those with whom he once so zealously struggled for victory, all save one are gone, and a new race of lawyers has succeeded. "Of the more prominent actors on that stage," observes Mr. Phillips, "Lord Plunket alone remains, and remains, I rejoice to hear, with his fine intellect shedding its 'glow serene' upon the evening of his eighty-eighth year." At the bar, on the bench, and in Parliament, Plunket was distinguished for the highest qualities of mind. He was spoken of by Curran as "the Irish Gylippus, in whom were concentrated all the energies and all the talents of his country." Of his success as an advocate one anecdote will be sufficient. "It is recorded," says Mr. Phillips, "that, in his own county-town of Enniskillen, he defended a horse-stealer with such consummate tact, that one of the fraternity, in a paroxysm of delight, burst into an exclamation, 'Long life to you, Plunket! *The first horse I steal, boys, by Jekurs! I'll have Plunket.*'" In sarcasm and retort he is said to have been peculiarly happy, and his witticisms were generally distinguished for their caustic pungency. "On the formation of the Grenville administration, Bushe, who had the reputation of a waverer, apologised one day for his absence from court, on the ground that he was 'cabinet-making.' The Chancellor maliciously disclosed the excuse on his return. 'Oh, indeed! my lord,' said Plunket; 'that is an occupa-

tion in which my friend would distance me, as I never was either a *turner* or a *joiner.*'"

The foregoing anecdote has introduced the name of another contemporary of Curran, who is entitled to a passing notice—the revered chief Justice of Ireland, Charles Kendal Bushe. The biographer of Curran has graphically described the "Mirabeau-formed" figure of this remarkable man; the impressive dignity of his voice and manner, and the singular charm of his persuasive eloquence. Like most of the great Irish advocates of this brilliant epoch, Bushe was a wit as well as an orator. In his raillery, however, there was no tinge of ill-nature, and his conversation was the delight of every social circle. Two of his private witticisms, which we find in Mr. Phillips's volume, appear to us especially good of their kind. Once upon a time "a company of amateurs, persons of rank and fortune, established a private theatre in Kilkenny, where the performances rivalled even those of the metropolis. The local influence of the performers filled Kilkenny with visitors during the season, which, for the time, was gay, prosperous, and fashionable. Bushe, during a visit in the neighbourhood, regularly attended the theatre, and being intimate with the company, they requested his opinion as to their respective merits. 'My good friends,' said he, 'comparisons at best are but invidious. Besides, how can I give a preference when all are perfect?' Nothing, however, would satisfy them. 'We are unanimous,' they replied; 'all jealousy is out of the question, and your opinion we must have.' 'Well, well,' gravely replied Bushe, 'I give it most reluctantly. I protest to you I prefer the *PROMPTER*, for I heard the most, and saw the least of him.'" The next anecdote is quite new to us, and may prove so to some of our readers. "Although attached to what was called the Tory party," Bushe was more than suspected of entertaining liberal opinions, particularly on the Roman Catholic question. In company with the Duke of Richmond, he was one day dining with a zealous Orangeman, who gave, as a matter of course the charter toast of the immortal memory of King William. "Bushe seemed to hang fire. The Duke vociferated, 'Come, come, Mr. Solicitor, do justice for once to the immortal memory.' Hours passed on, and the master of the revels did it such ample and repeated justice, that at last he tumbled from his chair. The Duke immediately raised and re-installed him. 'Well, my Lord Duke,' said Bushe, 'this is indeed retribution. Attached to the Catholics you may declare me to be—but, at all events, I never assisted at the *elevation of the Host!*'"

We will add but one name more to these random records; and it is that of the eccentric Peter Burrowes, —at once a complete original and an accomplished advocate. "He was a most singular personage," says Phillips, "uniting to an intellect the most profound, the most child-like simplicity. Though walking on the earth, he seldom saw or heard anything around him. . . . It is recorded of him that on circuit, a brother barrister found him at breakfast-time stand-

(1) See "The Broken Heart,"—"Sketch-book," by W. Irving.

ing by the fire with an egg in his hand, and his watch in the saucepan!"¹ He was the intimate friend of Grattan; and one of the most celebrated bursts of eloquence which were uttered in the Irish parliament during the animated debates on the legislative union, was his unpremeditated eulogy of his illustrious friend. He is reported in the course of it to have made use of the following magnificent image:—"He covered over the unfledged constitution with the ample wings of his talents, as the eagle covers her young: like her he soared, and like her he could behold the rays, whether of royal favour or of royal anger, with undazzled, un-intimidated eye." One more anecdote of his occasional absence of mind is told by Mr. Phillips, and is sufficiently amusing to justify quotation. It is said to have occurred at one of the assize towns on his circuit. "A murder, which caused much excitement, had been committed, and he had to state the case for the prosecution. In one hand, having a heavy (?) cold, he held a box of lozenges, and in the other, the small pistol bullet by which the man met his death. Ever and anon, between the pauses in his address, he kept supplying himself with a lozenge, until at last, in the very middle of his sentence, his bosom heaving and his eyes starting, a perfect picture of horror, Peter bellowed out, 'Oh-h-h—gentlemen—by the heaven above me—I've swallowed the bull—let.'"

To return to Curran. After a career at the bar of uninterrupted and almost unprecedented success, he was created master of the Rolls in Ireland; an office for which he was in every way unqualified. His elevation was fatal to his reputation, and the brilliant advocate sank into an indifferent judge. When he had held the appointment about six years, with little credit to himself or advantage to the public, ill-health compelled him to resign, and he retired into private life. His few remaining years were clouded by the symptoms of melancholy and dejection, which even the bustle of active life had formerly sometimes failed to dissipate. At length, on the 14th of October, 1817, he breathed his last at Amelia Place, Brompton, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

MY LAST CHRISTMAS-EVE.

CERTAINLY it was the most original, exciting, serio-comical Christmas-eve that ever was spent! Shall I tell you the story, reader? You can draw from it, if not a moral, at least a wholesome warning; one that, if you be a provincial, will make you fasten your shutters, and draw round the fire, and declare "that you wouldn't live in such a place as London on any account whatever."

"Well, it is not such a bad world after all, is it, Pussy?" said I, musingly, to my sole interlocutor, the one point into which my "family circle" has now dwindled. And a faithful and a loving companion is my cat Sid. When I call her "Sidney," in full, it

(1) *Life and Times of Grattan.*

sounds a human, woman-like name, as good as a sister's. I never had a sister—I never shall have, now; but the word is sweet, or might have been. Again, I transform my pet into "Rodriguez the Cid," and conjure up some renowned brother, under the shadow of whose glory I might have rested.—But we are short-sighted mortals, all. Well, Sid, my dear, creep to my heart, nestling there almost like a bairn. "Foolish Miss Letty! if you have none of your own, not even nephews and nieces, you have plenty of other people's." That's what you would say, Sid—and you're right. It is something to be an universal aunt; and I flatter myself that in the coming generation there will be half-a-score of little Letitias, to spread gladness over society in general, and to prove that, after all, my poor old name was not a misnomer.

"It is, indeed, a very good, kindly world," I pursued, as Sid and I kept our Christmas-eve together by the fire: "Only to think—I have had five invitations for to-morrow, and three for to-night. Now, if I had been a beauty, a woman of property, a 'charming person,' a 'dear, sweet girl,' this would not have been marvellous; but to be just plain Miss Letty, whom nobody can get anything out of, except thankfulness—well! it is a good world, and a kind world, and I am very much obliged to it."

The clock struck seven. "Come, Sid, you must go down, and keep Christmas-eve by yourself," said I, as I prepared to depart for the one which I had accepted from my triad of invitations. I had made my choice, as the novelists say, solely from "the dictates of the heart;" rejecting all other delights, I had said to myself, firmly, "I will spend this evening with Jemima." Here the question arises, "Who is Jemima?" She is a lassie, in her teens; one of those cruelly-christened ones who have struggled through life under an ill name, which at length, despite godfathers and godmothers, has become so thoroughly love-sanctified that everybody thinks it pretty, and its owner would not change it for the world. So it is with Jemima. She isn't a genius—she isn't a beauty—nor is she an angel; she has her little weaknesses, all of which I know quite well, though I am not going to speak of them. Yet I will defy any one to help admiring and loving Jemima: I can't, I confess it. But one thing I never could understand—how it is that Jemima loves me! We are as different as a young ash-tree and an old crooked thorn. Moreover, she has seen my soul in *deshabille*—a hard test for any friendship; she has wept with me, laughed with me, teased me, lectured me; I am sure I have given her as much trouble as I ever gave anybody in the world; and yet—Jemima loves me! It is very odd, very odd indeed; but I take it calmly, upon *prima facie* evidence, believing in it as we are taught to do in our own existence, which nobody ever can prove.

I started for Jemima's home—for she has a home, rich lassie! full of every possible tie, save that of sisterhood. However, that little omission is perhaps the better for me. I walked quickly through the

damp raw night, passing out of the region of Christmas shops into the dark quiet streets of private houses, which in London always look desolate, especially after dusk. Down them I sauntered, all alone, save for the ghosts of many a past Christmas-eve and Christmas-day that came behind and plucked at my heart, or voices nearer—perhaps bitterer—that kept singing in the silent air life's ever-recurring dirge—"It might have been—it might have been."

"Heavens! Miss Letty," whispered my good angel; "is this a frame of mind in which to go out visiting?" So I took the warning, put off my blues with my bonnet, and entered the drawing-room with a perfect Christmas face.

"I hope you understand what sort of an evening you have come to spend," said Miss Jemima, rising from the shadowy solitudes of the room, one corner of which was inhabited by her brother Frank, his desk, and a solitary candle. "There's nobody asked to meet you, Miss Letty; you won't even get a mince-pie." And she looked as if she meant to insinuate that I should feel this last as the climax of my woes. Wicked Jemima!

"I can keep Christmas-eve quite well with you and Frank; and I don't care about mince-pies; and I'm determined to be comfortable," said I, resolutely settling myself in a fireside corner; quite prepared for what seemed "the pursuit of pleasure under difficulties."

For we certainly were not the merriest party in the world, nor the largest. Frank's pen went on scratching away—I suppose it was poetry—I *hope* it was; but that is not my affair. There seemed, too, a shadow over me and Minnie—I ought to explain that she answers to that name likewise: in fact, she is a compound of two characters, the woman and the child; when she appears as the former, I dignify her as Jemima, when she sinks into the sweet loveableness of the latter, I call her Minnie. My dearness, if such it was, nobody had any business with but myself: Minnie had no reason to give for hers, except the purely young-ladyish one of having lost all her little ornaments.

"Look," said she, in a child-like piteousness, putting forth her bonnie bare arm, where bracelets always looked so pretty, "I can't find one of them in my room, and I don't feel happy without them—especially the one that Letty gave me." (Bless her! thought I. I wish I could coin my love into one great diamond fether, and hang it on her arm!) "I am sure," pursued poor Minnie, "it is that mischievous boy, who has been playing me some trick. Confess, Frank."

"Aye, confess!" echoed I, putting on tragedy airs, and trying to make myself young with these young folk. But Frank is the queerest fellow in the world: you never know whether he is in jest or earnest; so, though he denied the deed, during the whole evening he lay under the imputation of having spirited away his sister's little treasures.

It certainly *was* a quiet evening. I tried to diversify its "intense inane" by producing a pomgranate,

the eating of which disposed of half-an-hour tolerably well, and moreover created a little conversation. We floated over to the East, with the old patriarchs, who are sometimes described, "sitting under a pomgranate-tree;" then spoke of "the juice of spiced wine of my pomgranate," which the Beloved in Solomon's Song is made to drink; and at last landed in modern days amidst Browning's "Bells and Pomgranates." But the gods have not made Jemima poetical, though, perhaps, she is all the better for that: it would be a pity if all the world were such fools as Miss Letty! So, ere long, our conversation and the pomgranate were finished together.

A pause—Frank's pen growls on—the firelight shadows dance silently over Minnie and me. We begin talking in a low tone and in the dark, conjuring back our last Christmas-eve, held a year ago, in the same room.

"Whad fun we had! and how we played at forfeits! and what admirable jokes Bob made at 'What-is-my-thought-like?' and how we all fretted and scolded for want of Annie, who afterwards burst in at nine o'clock, like a flash of lightning! And didn't we drink our elder wine, and wait till twelve o'clock, and then wish one another infinitudes of merry Christmases—ah, well!"

And we paused, counting over all the names of our little party, and wondering about them now. It was a change, greater than is often brought by one little year. Some were scattered wide, in this our England and elsewhere. One was at this moment probably hunting kangaroos for a Christmas dinner, or, for Christmas carols, listening to the screaming of parrots under the noon-day sun of an Australian summer. Another, too, had gone from among us, though no further than to the little burying-place down the road, where, through the thin railings which part the ever-flowing tide of life from the stillness and silence of death, we, coming home at night from parties, often saw the white gravestones shine, and thought how soon even the best of us are forgotten there.

These and other thoughts we spoke of—Minnie and I. Some, perhaps heavier than all, were unspoken; but none can lift the veil from his brother's heart. We all live, like the poor hypochondriac in the tale, with some shape haunting us, which to our neighbour is invisible as air. He may walk beside it, or even stand in its place; but there we see it, grinning over his shoulder still.

Well, we talked ourselves grave, and then talked ourselves merry again; especially when on us fell the influence of parental mirth—for Minnie boasts the most popular of papas, and most majestic of mammas. At last I was persuaded into the acknowledgment that I need not go home that night, and that Christmas-morning shining on a solitary breakfast-table was not the pleasantest thing in the world. So we grew "crouse and canty," and nothing broke our cosy cheer save an occasional pathetic reminder from the incredulous and disconsolate Minnie:—

"Oh, Frank! what did you do with my poor little ornaments?"

We waited for Old Christmas—drinking our elder wine—regretting faintly that there were fewer glasses to fill than last year, but still drinking, when our peace was broken by another domestic attack on the unfortunate Frank:—

"Oh, you disgraceful boy, what have you been doing with your mamma's jewel-box? It is carried up to the top of the house, and all scattered about!"

Here Frank, being well abused on all sides, denied with such seriousness that a little surprise arose among our circle.

"How very extraordinary!" said one, "It looks as if some evil agency had been at work in the house." A very unpleasant suggestion, by-the-by, though a curious instance of "superstition in the nineteenth century." However, it was deemed expedient that the head of the household—who was not, and need not be, afraid of elf, ghost, or devil,—should go up-stairs, and investigate. Meanwhile, Minnie and I remained quietly below, drank "a merry Christmas" to each other, and then, perhaps, drank one more, with silence sitting heavily at the heart. But in this world how many blessings, how many prayers go forth dove-winged, and finding no welcome, no rest, flutter back wearily over the sorrowful waters.

This last dolorous sentiment, reader, you may ascribe to whoever you like, but don't lay it to the charge of my young, innocent Jemima.

"Well, Minnie, shall we go and look after the ghost up-stairs?" I said; and lo! there greeted us a domestic hurricane of voices, and trampling feet.

"The house has been robbed! Thieves in the house! Thieves!" A pretty amusement that for Christmas-eve!

I don't think any one of us could lucidly describe the events of the next ten minutes.—There was a rush to pokers and shovels, dim ghastly suspicions of "a man in the house,"—which man, in time, was multiplied into two or three.—Some awful, omni-present burglar was hunted for in dark corners, and in clothes-closets, and under sofas; and there were heard various agonized thanksgivings "that we had not all been murdered in our beds."—Frantic cries of "Policeman" at last produced one of that redoubtable body; then two, three, four, until we were surrounded within and without by those perambulating letters of the alphabet.

The extent of the robbery was ascertained, also the time of its perpetration—some hours before. The formidable "they" dwindled into one small thief, who must have crept over the roofs of houses, and in at an attic window.

"There's the foot-marks of the young willain, sir," observed the astute X 3; and behold a track of Indian perfection—five toes and a heel—imprinted blackly on the spotless floor! Thence descending to Jemima's chamber—in the missing ornaments there was no mystery now.

"What, all my pretty things gone! all?" cried poor Minnie, in a burst of natural, and child-like grief; she

has not ceased to be a child so very long, the innocent lassie! "I wonder the wretch could have had the heart to come in here!" And certainly if a thief's heart could be moved by the sanctity pervading the prettiest of pretty bed-rooms, decorated all over with holly and ivy,—poor Minnie had not lost her treasures! But so it was: the house had been rifled completely of jewellery, while its inmates were comfortably at dinner below.

"A nice Christmas-eve we're keeping," observed the much-maligned Frank, as, rubbing his hands, he scampered here, there, and everywhere, in the delicious excitement of "the robbery." And, truly, it was an original celebration of the festival.—Policemen tramping up stairs and down stairs, in the house and out again, clambering over roofs, and searching in cellars; little anecdotes pouring in of neighbours wakened up in terror.—I believe we thought it our duty to be robbed as publicly as possible: some of us womenkind becoming "agitated," and requiring consolation and elder wine; everybody at last growing voluble, all talking at once and nobody listening;—such were the eccentric elements of our Christmas-eve.

At length the alarm subsided a little, the door closed on the last policeman, the troop of imaginary burglars subsided into the probable "little vulgar boy," who, six hours since, had made his exit by the attic window. Of him and his depredations no trace remained save the dirty foot-marks on the floor. We sat over the fire speculating concerning him.

"I wish he had tumbled off the parapet," said one, rather unchristianly inclined.

"Perhaps he wanted a Christmas dinner: well! he'll get one now," observed another; who, having lost nothing, was calmly philanthropic.

"I don't care what becomes of him, if I could only get back my pretty things!" was Minnie's wail—neither a vain nor a selfish one. It was the love-voice at the heart, regretting the lost tokens of other loves. Poor child! the gifts only were gone, not those who gave; may she never learn that there are bitterer things to lose than ornaments!

We gathered once more round the fire to enjoy that inexpressible satisfaction in every adventure,—“talking it over.” We all felt very heroic, now the alarm was past; in fact, I am sure, some of us regretted openly that we did not find the thief, whether with any contemplation of Lynch-law, it is impossible to say. On the whole, we, with customary English phlegm, took the losses quietly, and congratulated ourselves that things were no worse. Though still the prevailing opinion ran that we had miraculously escaped some awful catastrophe—and that it was a marvel we were then and there alive to tell the tale to admiring neighbours. And, perhaps, some of us thought, with harmless pride, of our coming notoriety,—as “the Family that was Robbed.”

"Bless my life," cried Frank, taking out his watch, "it's Christmas morning!"

And so it was! No going to the hall door to open it and let in Christmas:—the worthy Old Fellow had come in of his own accord—after the policemen. So

we drank his health, and one another's, and decided that though he came under somewhat troublous and eccentric circumstances, he was welcome after all. Losses were forgotten, and blessings counted over—as should be at Christmas time. And in remembering our own good things, and wishing the like to all our brethren, perhaps some of us thought that if there was no poverty there would be no thieves; and our hearts softened even towards the monster of iniquity whose footprints yet defiled the attic floors.

Ere long the holly-decorated chamber received Minnie and me.

"Oh! Letty, how could the wretch profane my pretty little room, and steal my poor little things?" was the lament of the young heart, still sore. But it was Christmas morn; we looked out on the winter stars and grew comforted. She, probably, thought of her human treasures—I of mine, laid up, still safer, "where thieves do not break through nor steal."

Ere we went to sleep we heard the waits playing in the distance. Unlike all other seems this music—year by year, solemn, strange, and sweet; at least, it is so unto me. One after the other came its waves of sound, eddying over my heart, washing away all things that should not be there; each rose, freighted with some memory, or ebbed, bearing away some pain. And over the great peaceful tide came shadows, walking like angels, some human, as I see them now, some exalted into the image that I see not yet—but shall see. And my heart melted; and to each and all I stretched out my arms with a Christmas blessing, which they could not hear, but ministering spirits may.

"Mistress Letty," hints my Sid, as she puts her velvet paw on my paper in mute remonstrance, "don't you think you have made fool enough of yourself for once? Have you not said sufficient about that Christmas eve?"

Sid! you're right. So ends it.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER;

OR, MAN AS HE IS.

BY PROTEUS.

THE MAN OF TACT.

THERE is no distinctive term more frequently employed, and less generally understood, than the word "Tact." It is in every one's mouth, and many have a vague notion of its meaning, who yet, if required, would find no slight difficulty in giving its definition. It is the application of perceptive common-sense to life's practical details; the correct adaptation of means to ends, from an intuitive knowledge of character, blended with a careful concealment, a discreet evasion of our own, except when amiable faults are avowed, to enhance the impression of our candour. Cameleon-like, "tact" assumes the colour of contingent circumstances,—is the vague, yet potent spirit, with its shadowless finger arresting the impulses; an unscen

ruler of the thoughts, winding its gossamer yet adamantine meshes like a spell; the uncaught "hic et ubique" arbiter of mortal destinies embodied in a fellow-mortal.

When we speak of the "man of tact," as of one in whom this quality predominates,—as hereafter we shall speak of the man of honour, of genius, and of sense, we must confess that above most other characteristics, this is especially absorbent in its influence, and generally usurps the government of the whole man. It collects into its own stream the channels of other motives, which it renders tributary, until it pervades the whole moral surface with one obliterating deluge. If not watched, it will hence induce a general deceptiveness, for the other impulses will partake of its colour, shrewdness will become cunning, discretion will change into artful dexterity. Its very progress is sinuous and oblique, never more so than when assuming the guise of straightforwardness and truth; but if divested of its baser elements, it will soar into the higher intellectual, and will claim affinity to practical observation, or, to speak phrenologically, to causality. In this view it combines with prudence, also with self-discipline, in the regulation of the temper; in fact, is the child of judgment, inheriting with its parent's calmness somewhat of her coldness too.

Observe that man sitting in the private room of one of our largest mercantile establishments. Risen from a low grade to the direction of a vast concern, at one time entrusted with a mission abroad of a most important yet delicate character, he owes the eminence he has attained entirely to tact. The features are now in repose, take your opportunity and watch them, (for they are seldom so, and if he were aware of observation, would assume a different expression;) how the wear upon nerves, even of such flexibility, imparts to the fatigued countenance an air of study, ceaseless even in comparative inaction. The open and bald forehead, clear, expansive, impending over deep-set, small, yet fathomless eyes, restless and anxious in their motion; the lips fullish, wearing at the corner a half-contemptuous yet good-humoured self-contentment, which tells of the owner's disdain for the game of life, and yet of triumphant complacency at his own successful skill in it. He smiles! Ah! he is thinking of how he deluded that shallow fop, Lord F—, whom fortune raised kindly to conceal his puerilities by a coronet; or perhaps (as his eye dilates with haughtier gaze) he dreams of having struck a nobler quarry, when he outwitted the subtle Count de P—; for neither thought they were following aught but the suggestion of their own will. This is the mystery and mastery of tact. Had his victims seen that smile, the game would have been lost; but he was different to each, the man was changed. The lordling saw before him a free hearty abettor of youthful folly, an Apicius, not a Mentor, one versed in life's vanities, yet still ready to quaff the draught he satirized; sagacious in criticising pleasure, yet reckless as the youngest in its pursuit; but to the

Count, the deferential air, the silent evidence of every action, so sedulously courteous, yet so artless, attesting the listener's (for he spoke but to inquire as if of an oracle, and demurred but to render conviction more gracefully attractive) reverence for the old diplomatist's sagacity; the rejoinder dexterously introduced to confirm confidence in his visitor that he was not wasting his instruction,—these and the thousand nameless points of tact, dipped in the fountain of his own deep counsel, instilled the wary practiser's motives into the mind of one, apparently his confessed master in the art of diplomacy, convinced the Count that he was regarded as the condensation of profound thought, of astute sagacity; and it so happened, that if there was one qualification in which the foreigner especially exulted more than any other, it was upon his dexterity in decyphering disposition—in his thorough knowledge of human nature!

We have said he was an adept in listening: indeed it was averred that he obtained a large estate by the quiet attention with which he listened to the toothless twaddle of a senile Dowager—age's garrulity—the echo of an empty hall which thought has quitted. He rarely, however, in any case interrupts the driest drawler, for he has tutored attendants who understand not only whom to admit, but also a hint as to the proper duration of a conference, and these with ready message cut short the intruder's dull delay. If, also, in public or private he be himself interrupted, he never loses his temper or the point; resumes the thread just where it was broken, and with polite, yet unswerving pertinacity, directs the minds of all to the wished-for end, in spite of every purposed or involuntary attempt to distract them into devious channels. Some men, like jackdaws, proclaim with noisy loquaciousness their most private matters, alarming the public horizon with egotistical chatter about their own nests: "tact," as the master of it, Cromwell, knew, acknowledges the "safety of silence," and like the rat,—a subtle politician!—saps vast fabrics by an insidious, unheard gnawing underground!

Briefly, this man listens much, speaks little—mostly the latter when he would conceal his thoughts—keeps his eyes and his ears open, his mouth and his heart closed. With numerous admirers, he has many enemies—the latter's hostility is however repressed by fear, and the regard of the other, somehow, never ripens into love; it may be that selfishness, the concomitant of tact, forbids affection. We have shown the fair side of the portrait hitherto drawn from the respectable sphere (as it is called) of life; but it has its evil counterpart or reverse to be seen in a notorious receiver of stolen property, ever watched by, yet ever baffling the police,—one who, having helped many to the halks, has by sheer cunning (tact in motley!) himself escaped. The consciences of both are similarly guided by the law of public not private morality—interest is the ruling principle of both; even the drudgery of each assimilates, for a life of dissimulation is a very hard one. What actor would be *always* on the

stage? Both are commercial men in a sense, though one lives at the west-end, the other near Seven-dials; sometimes they meet,—the rich, upon—the poor, before, the bench—"the Justice" in silk "frowns" on the speciously "simple thief" in rags; yet nature has cut the countenances of both from the same piece, and true it is that her "one touch," the prevalence of tact, successful here,—in hard confronting there—renders both "akin."

Yet not always does "tact" array itself in silken softness, or "stoop to conquer:" some ply the trade with no less success under the guise of rough and candid honesty: these men declare loudly that they always speak their minds: come upon us with a bluff sincerity, disarming prudence by an appearance of incautious trust and open-heartedness. They "cannot cog," they cannot sue, they profess noisily to abhor "humbug," as they term it, in every shape:—a strange ingratitude to *what they chiefly thrive by*; for certain it is, that though doubtlessly "all honourable men," these are the most insidious tacticians, and generally of the worst kind.

Hitherto we have spoken of "tact" in its deteriorated shape, and indeed the word seems to have got so bad a name that its bare mention breathes distrust. Yet there is a medium class of men who, like William of Orange, reduce violent feelings even to frigidty, and allowing discretion her widest scope, do not entirely obliterate the affections. Machiavelli says that "seldom men of mean fortunes attain to high degrees without force or fraud, and generally rather by the latter than the former," and hence he recommends guile to be adopted—but these, to whom we now allude, practise prudence, yet preserve their guileless sincerity. Here, though the term is rather univocal, and seems to apply only to our concerns with others, its healthy action is forcibly evinced on the individual's mind, for it disciplines the impulses and reviews for ready coaction reason's powers. So high did the ancients in their sense regard it, that they elevated it to a divinity—"Nullum numen adest si sit Prudentia," though, as Addison observes, "this sort of discretion has no place in private conversation between intimate friends. It occupies a neutral ground between caution and art, uses expediency instead of integrity, and hence deceives us by the first, when we look for the consistency of the latter. Almost ever combined with conceit, (the pride of questionable success,) it never possesses the magnanimity to confess an error; for this detracting from its arrogated infallibility might deteriorate its influence: it will acknowledge vices (if polite), but will never plead guilty to mistakes, since the grossest charge against the "man of tact" at the bar of self, much more of public judgment, is not the perpetration of a sin—but the commission of a blunder!

There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books, no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other.—Butler.

ORNITHOLOGIA POETICA.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

THE SWAN—*Cygnus Olor*.

"Queen of the silent Lake,
 Gliding majestic o'er thy liquid court,
 Deep in the shadowy brake
 Where the imagin'd water-nymphs resort;
 Where foxgloves hang their bells,
 And oaken bowers their branches intertwine,
 And solitude in leafy covert dwells,
 That sanctuary, snowy queen, is thine.
 Few violate thy state. The timid deer
 May drink the pure wave as he trots along,
 The forest-loving birds may hover near,
 The nightingale may pour her strain of song;
 Yet, queen acknowledged, on thy glassy throne
 Thou reign'st in quiet majesty alone."

[JAMES EDMESTON]

As in the Eagle we behold an emblem of majestic power and resistless energy, so in the Swan may we look upon a symbol of quiet and serene beauty—of dignity in repose. There is much of pride and imperial stateliness in the forms and actions of both these noble birds, but it is pride of a different kind; in the one a proud consciousness of strength and daring, in the other, of grace and loveliness;—that commanding *fear*, this *admiration*. As the storm which hurtles around the mountain tops where the mighty eagle makes its home is beautiful, although terrible to look upon, so is the impetuous swoop of this king of birds, the glare of whose fiery eyeballs is like the gleam of the volant lightnings. As the calm of a summer's noontide, when the sunbeams dance upon the bosom of the clear stream, wherein all lovely shapes of fleecy clouds and leafy trees are reflected, fascinates and delights alike the mind and the senses, so does this image of tranquil beauty, the swan that

"With arched neck
 Between her white wings wreathing, proudly rows
 Her state with oary feet,"

as Milton describes it.

We always think of the eagle as an impersonation of *manly* strength, of physical and intellectual power, and we say, *he* maketh the rock his dwelling place, *he* soareth above the thundercloud, and looketh with an undazzled eye upon the sun; while in our allusions to the swan we use the feminine pronoun. *He* is lord of the realms of air, and rides upon the wings of the hurricane, rejoicing in the strife and tumult of the elements: *She* "Queen of the silent lake" or gliding river, and sits upon her glassy throne amid the sheltering woodlands in undisturbed security. Schlegel in his "Melodies of Life" has finely contrasted this difference in the nature and habits of the two birds; we quote a portion only of our attempted paraphrase of his imaginary dialogue:—

"THE SWAN.

'Amid the blue pellucid waves my peaceful life is spent;
 Its traces are the furrows light adown the current sent;
 The undulations, scarcely moved as on the waters flow,
 Repeat and multiply my form, without a change below.'

THE EAGLE.

'I dwell amid the craggy rocks; I wander through
 the air,
 When lurid lightnings fly around and thunders mutter
 there;
 And in the rapid wheeling chase, and in the deadly
 fight,
 I trust to my adventurous wing, and upward urge
 my flight.'

THE SWAN.

'The azure of the cloudless sky rejoicingly I see;
 The perfume of the water plants is pleasant unto me;
 And by the verdant bank I pause, with snowy wings
 outspread,
 When sunset tinges all the waves with purple and
 with red.'

THE EAGLE.

'I glory in the tempest when the forest oak it ronds,
 And o'er the beetling precipice the shatter'd turret
 sends;
 And screaming, as I circle round the cliffs' aerial
 heights,
 I ask the rolling thunder if in ruin it delights.'

But, leaving the lordly eagle to rule and revel in his own sky-dominion, and perch, if it so please him, even upon great Jove's celestial throne—as some poets feign he is wont to do,—let us confine ourselves to the more attractive, because more soft and gentle beauties of that snowy paragon of the world of quiet waters and green shadowy woodlands:—

"Fair is the swan whose majesty prevailing
 O'er breezeless water on Locarno's lake
 Bears her on, while proudly sailing,
 She leaves behind a moon-illuminated wake:
 Behold! the mantling spirit of reserve
 Fashions her neck into a goodly curve—
 An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings
 Of whitest garniture like fir-tree boughs,
 To which on some unruffled evening clings
 A flaky weight of winter's purest snows.
 Behold! as with a gushing impulse heaves
 The downy prow, and softly cleaves
 The mirror of the crystal flood,
 Vanish inverted hill and shadowy wood,
 And pendant rocks where'er in gliding state
 Winds the mute creature, without visible mate
 Or rival, save the queen of night,
 Showering down a silver light
 From heaven upon her chosen favourite."

This is Wordsworth's picture, and an extremely beautiful one it is, although not more so, perhaps, than some others which we shall presently place before our readers. "The mantling spirit of reserve!"—how well this line conveys the idea of the drawing back, and arching of the stately creature's neck. We remember a comparison drawn by Lady Marchmont, in L. E. L.'s "Ethel Churchill," which may be appropriately quoted here:—

"A swan always gives the idea of a court lady,—stately in her grace, ruffling in her bravery, and conscious of the floating plumes that mark her pretensions. The peacock is a coquette, it turns in the sunshine; it looks round as if to ask the conscious air of its purple and gold; but the swan sails on in majestic tranquillity; it sees the fair image of its perfect form in the waters below, and is content.

'It seeks not the applause of vulgar eyes.'

And now for another picture worthy of a place in our swan gallery beside that of Wordsworth. We know not who is the limner:—

"Look at the feeding swan beneath the willows;
How pure her white neck gleams against their green,
As she sits nestling on the waters!

Beautiful!

She is the lady of the reed-girt isles.
See how she swells her navigable wings,
And coasts her sedgy empire keenly round:
She looks a bird of snow dropt from the clouds
To queen it o'er the minnows.

The bright,
The pearly creature! lone and calm she rides
Like Dian on the waves when night is clear,
And the sleek west wind smooths the billows down
Into forgetfulness, that she may see
How fast her silver gondola can boom
Sheer on the level deep."

It irks us much to let this go without the painter's name, but we cannot help it; whoever the author is, he has a true eye for the beautiful, a true ear for melody, a rich imagination, and a perfect command of the rare art of word-painting. Our next piece must be also by an anonymous author, it is short, but exhibits great descriptive powers:—

"The snowy swan that like a fleecy cloud
Sails o'er the crystal of reflected heaven,
(Some waveless stream,) while through her reedy
wings

The zephyr makes such distant melody,
That up we gaze upon the twilight stars,
And think it is the spherical music."

Most of our readers will, doubtless, thank us for adding to these pictures an exquisite piece of poetical imagery by Thomas Hood; it is from a poem entitled "The Two Swans," not so well known, we fear, as it should be, even to the lovers of imaginative poetry. This, like the longer and more highly wrought "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," "The Two Peacocks of Bedford," and some other of Hood's more serious poems, is worthy of being classed with the best of Keats' and Leigh Hunt's productions. Will Mr. Moxon allow us to whisper in his ear that we, and many others, are looking anxiously for a *cheap* edition of these "Poems by Thomas Hood," as well as of those of Tennyson,—a "people's edition." *Verbum sap.* And now for the quotation:—

"And bright and silvery the willows sleep
Over the shady verge—no mad winds tease
Their hoary heads; but quietly they weep
There sprinkling leaves—half fountains and half
trees:

There lilies be—and fairer than all these,
A solitary swan her breast of snow
Launches against the wave that seems to freeze
Into a chaste reflection, still below
Twin-shadow of herself wherever she may go.

And forth she paddles in the very noon
Of solemn midnight like an elfin thing,
Charm'd into being by the argent moon—
Whose silver light for love of her fair wing
Goes with her in the shade, still worshipping
Her dainty plumage:—all around her grew
A radiant circlet, like a fairy ring;
And all behind a tiny little clue
Of light, to guide her back across the waters blue."

Exquisitely beautiful, indeed, is this image of the gentle and stately creature, gliding in the silver moonshine which follows her even into the shady places, "worshipping her dainty plumage." And her errand?

why comes she forth at this still and solemn hour?—It is to soothe with her song of love-fraught melody the soul of him who lies imprisoned, guarded by a mighty serpent, and to charm, if it may be, the ears of that ever-watchful monster, and lull his senses to a momentary forgetfulness, so that the captive may escape, and fly with her to taste at once the sweets of love and liberty. Ask not, reader, if she succeeded in her effort; but read the poem itself, if you are not already acquainted with it; read it, and confess that no freak of the imagination was ever depicted in such bright, yet subdued colours; no story of fay or fairy ever told in such pleasing and harmonious numbers—numbers as full of plaintive and pathetic melody, as were the entrancing notes of the bird itself:—

"Oh, tuneful swan! oh, melancholy bird!
Sweet was that midnight miracle of song.
Rich with ripe sorrow, needful of no word
To tell of pain, and love, and love's deep wrong;
Hinting a piteous tale—perchance how long
Thy unknown tears were mingled with the lake,
What time disguised thy leafy mates among—
And no eye knew what human love and ache
Dwelt in those dewy leaves, and heart so nigh to break."

With the last two poets from whom we have quoted it will be seen that the swan is a tuneful bird; nor are they singular in giving to it a power of melodious utterance. From the days of Pindar downwards—Pindar who was himself called "the Theban Swan"—how many a child of poesy and imagination has listened to the musical and plaintive numbers of the bird which, they tell us, singeth its own requiem—listened, if not with the ears of flesh, yet with those of the spirit, and made record thereof, so that it has become an article of faith in the poetic creed, to doubt which were the rankest heresy that ever called forth an anathema from god Apollo or the sacred Nine. What care we though Waterton may tell us that this is "an extravagant notion that antiquity has entertained of melody from the mouth of the dying swan," and describe, in his own circumstantial and forcible way, the last hours of a favourite bird of his, which gave no evidence of possessing these musical powers. What care we though a host of other naturalists and people that only believe what they see and hear, and hardly that, assert that it is altogether a mistake, a fable, an invention, a myth, or what you will—anything but a truth and a reality? Have we not our witnesses in the poets of all climes and ages?—to impugn whose veracity were to doubt the very existence of Olympus itself, and to deny that the music of the spheres ever filled with celestial harmony the azure concave, and set the stars dancing,

"Like a swarm of golden bees."

For the benefit of the sceptical on this disputed point, let us cite a few of our authorities. Of the Greek poets, although more might be quoted, one will suffice for our purpose: it shall be Æschylus, who, in "The Agamemnon," says:—

"Like a swan
Cassandra died, chanting her latest notes
Of grief melodious."

Of the Latin poets we will take only Lucian, who, according to Dr. Maginn makes Timon exclaim :—

“ For when all the rest
Held silence, he alone with many an oath
Swore that *I sung more sweetly than the swan.*”

This author, our readers will remember, wrote comedies, which, more than any other species of composition, must be suited and addressed to the public taste of the age, and he would not have put this comparison into the mouth of one of his *dramatis personæ* if it were not likely to be generally understood by his auditors; *ergo*, the idea of the swan's dying melody was a popular one in Rome as well as in Greece—and not only there, but among the Scandinavian nations also, with whom, the bird was a favourite with Niord, one of their deities. Thus Dr. Sayers, in his tragedy of “*Morna*,” founded on the mythology of those nations, says :—

“ What sound celestial floats
Upon the liquid air?
Is it the rustling breeze
From Glaser's golden boughs?
Is it the dark green deep
Soft echoing to the notes
Of Niord's swan ?”

From among the poets of our own country we will first call upon him who occupies the foremost rank, to give his testimony. The following beautiful passage from “*the Merchant of Venice*” will be familiar to all of our readers :—

“ Let music sound while he doth make his choice,
That if he lose he make a *swan-like end*,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And watery death-bed for him.”

Especially rich in such allusions as these are the dramatic and pastoral poets who wrote at about the same period as Shakspeare. Beaumont and Fletcher, for instance, in the tragedy of “*Valentinian*,” make Maximus say to Lucina :—

“ Go, silver swan,
And sing thine own sad requiem.”

Sir Philip Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke, in her “*tragedy of Antonie done into English*,” gives us this version of the old story :—

“ And though the bird in death
That most Meander loves,
So sweetly *sings her breath*,
When death his fury proves,
As almost softs his heart,
And almost blunts his dart.”

Then we have the two Fletchers, Giles and Phineas, whose numbers are far more musical than those of the learned lady just quoted; the first giving us this picture :—

“ So down the silver stream of Eridan,
• On either side bank't with a lily wall,
Whiter than both rides the triumphant swan,
And sings his dirge and prophecies his fall,
Diving into his watery funeral.”

And the last this :—

“ So by fair Thames or silver Medway's flood,
The dying swan, when years her temples pierce,
In music's strains breathes out her soul in verse,
And, *chanting her own dirge*, rides to her watery
hearse.”

Then again William Browne, *the pastoral poet par excellence*, thus describes the scene and manner of our client's death :—

“ Just in the midst this joy-forsaken ground
A hillocke stood with springs embracèd round,
(And with a christall ring did seem to marry
Themselves to this small isle sad-solitary :)
Upon whose breast (which trembled as it ranne)
Rode the fair downie silver-coated swan :
And on the bankes each cypresse bowed his head
To hear the swan *sing her owne epiced.*”

In another place he likens himself to the bird of mournful song; as thus :—

“ I as a *dying swan that sadly sings*
Her mournful dirge unto the silver springs,
Which careless of her song glide sleeping by,
Without one murmur of kind elegy.”

And, once more, see how fondly he recurs to and dwells upon the idea, as though it were a favourite one with him :—

“ Upon the waves of late a silver swan
By me did ride,
And thrilled with my woes, forthwith began
To sing, and died.”

Surely the force of sympathy could no further go. Before quitting this author we may not inappropriately quote a few lines by an unknown panegyrist of his, which were prefixed to some editions of “*Britannia's Pastorals* :”—

“ The younger cygnet, even at best, doth teare
With his harsh squealings the melodious wire;
It is the old and dying swan that sings
Notes worthy life; worthy the Thespian springs.
But thou art young, and yet thy voice as sweet,
Thy verse as smooth, composure as discreet,
As any swan's whose tuneful notes are spent
On Thames his banks.”

But, lest it should be thought that this is a poetic fancy which has passed away from the mind and imagination of man, let us call into court a witness or two from among the sweet singers of our own age and generation; not to place too much stress upon the testimony of the German gazelist, Rückert, because his is a land of misty metaphysics; we, nevertheless, quote his lines as rendered by “*Theophilos* :”—

“ The swan that singeth her own fun'ral song,
And bids her soul in music pass away,
Is like the poet; though he seemeth long
To live when he hath eaded one soft lay,
For the soul struggles with her tyrant strong,
'Life,' who detains her an unwilling prey,
And in each song she strives from life to fly,
But spells detain her, as she seeks to die.”

And Schlegel, too—it would be unjust to refuse him admission to the bar, who, in “*the Melodies of Life*,” from which we have already quoted, makes the swan herself bear witness to the fact, and say :—

“ Who live a life of quietness yield easily their breath,
And when my bonds are loosen'd by the gentle hand
of death,
My voice shall gain a melody, a sweetness, and a
power,—
And I with song shall celebrate that last most solemn
hour.”

As it is quite likely that some unimaginative person may yet feel disposed to cavil at our hypothesis, we

will now, to set at rest all doubts upon the matter, give a transcription of the very words of the swan's song as heard and reported by Lady Flora Hastings:—

"Grieve not that I die young—Is it not well
To pass away ere life hath lost its brightness?
Bind me no longer, sisters, with the spell
Of love and your kind words. List ye to me:
Here I am bless'd, but I would be more free;
I would go forth in all my spirit's lightness.

Let me depart!

Ah, who would linger till bright eyes grow dim,
And voices mute, and faithful bosoms cold?
Till carking care, and coil, and anguish grim,
Cast their dark shadows o'er this fairy world;
Till fancy's many-coloured wings are furl'd,
And all, save the proud spirit, waxeth old?

I would depart!

Thus would I pass away—yielding my soul
A joyous thank-offering to *Him* who gave
That soul to be, those starry orbs to roll.
Thus, thus, exultingly would I depart,
Song on my lips, ecstasy in my heart.
Sisters, sweet sisters, bear me to the grave.

Let me depart!"

Poor Lady Flora! she seems to have floated away into the land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest" upon a stream of song; her last utterances, like those of the swan, were full of softest melody. The lines which Mrs. Norton addressed to the Duchess of Sutherland might with equal, if not greater propriety, be applied to her:—

"But like a wild swan down a troubled stream,
Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to fling
Aside the turbid drops, which darkly gleam,
And mar the freshness of her snowy wing;
So thou, with queenly grace and gentle pride
Along the world's dark waves in purity dost ride."

And yet the "ruffling pinion" could not altogether fling aside "the turbid drops" of "the world's dark waves," which would fain spot the purity of that "snowy wing," and so the fair creature sought rest and refuge in the spirit-land of happiness eternal, saying to her loved companions, "Let me depart!" "An Under-graduate of one of the Universities," in his very sweet and musical volume entitled "Song without Rhyme," gives us another version of the "Farewell of the Dying Swan:—"

"Verdure bright and blooming valley,
Banquet of my roving senses;
Wav'ring reed and whispering willow,
Refuge from the noonday fervour;
Freshness of the wind and water,
Mingling with the breath of summer;
Music of the warbling wildwood,
Into trance my nature lulling—
Fare ye well!
Sweeter than the woodland warbling,
Milder than the summer breezes,
Fairer than the skies reflected
O'er the blue repose of water;
Dearer than the shadowy refuge
Wont to welcome me at noonday;
Banquet of my tender bosom,
Constant mate of all my seasons,
Fare thee well.—We never more may wander
Cleaving proudly the resisting river,
Ne'er may hide us from the flaming day-star,
Basking only in each other's presence,
Ne'er find safety from the storm of winter

Wing to wing and bosom join'd to bosom
Foes for thee may I no more encounter,
Feeling dearer than my own thy being,
Feasts with thee participate no longer,
Finding sweetness at thy side grow sweeter,
Forms like mine shall move on yonder current
While thou seekest mine,—returning never,—
Lo! before my vision
All creation changes,
Wood and river,
Field and heaven,
Dimly mingle;
Light and sound forsake me;
Breath and being fall me—
Farewell dreams of joy remember'd,
Hours of golden hue departed—
Once I sing and sleep for ever."

We will cite but one more witness before we close the case for the defendant, and call upon the judge to give his sentence, and this shall be Tennyson, whose requiem for departed worth and friendship is just now filling all ears and melting all hearts. We quote not, however, from "In Memoriam," but from "Mort d' Arthur:—"

"And the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink like some full-breasted swan
That, *fluting a wild carol ere her death*,
Ruffles her pure cold plume and takes the flood
With swarthy webs."

And now for the sentence! Deponent for the prosecution, that is Waterton, be it remarked, saith, that "the dying song of the swan is nothing but a fable, the origin of which is lost in the shades of antiquity." To this we reply with the judge (editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine")—"We believe that the ancient poets and mythologists never intended to represent their picture of *cantus cygni morientis* as true to nature, it was one of their inventions of beauty; they added melody of voice to gracefulness of form, and then dedicated this most beautiful bird to Apollo, at once the god of beauty and melody."

And here we may well leave the matter, having made our case good, and obtained a triumphant verdict. It is scarcely necessary for us to repeat here the stories of Leda and of Cygnus; to the classical reader they will be sufficiently familiar, and those who are ignorant of them may just as well remain so; Beaumont and Fletcher, in the tragedy from which we have already quoted, allude to the former:—

"Leda, sailing on a stream
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doated on a silver swan."

The car of Juno, according to some authorities, was drawn by swans; those described by Virgil in the *Æneid*, were probably the whole, or part of the royal stud,—

"Twelve swans behold in beauteous order move,
And stoop with closing pinions from above;
Where late the bird of Jove had driven along,
And through the clouds pursued the scatt'ring throng."

In Shakspeare's play of "As you like it," again, we find Celia making this allusion to the snowy stud of the Olympian goddess:—

"If she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we have still slept together;
Kiss'd at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still were we coupl'd and inseparable;"

reminding us of Wordsworth's poetical image of the bird, which in the glassy wave "swims double, swan and shadow." We may here remark, by the way, that there also occur in Shakspeare two other allusions which might have been fitly introduced further back; one of them is in "Othello," where, after the violent death of the Moor's innocent wife, Emilia exclaims:—

"Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music;—Willow, willow, willow."

And the other in "King John," where Prince Henry, on being told that the poisoned monarch sung in his death-frenzy, answered—

"I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest."

Ever has the swan been considered a noble, a royal bird, and our great national bard makes this island its fitting home and eyrie:—

"'T the world's volume,
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest."

Perchance the imaginations of some of our readers may have been haunted by such a monstrosity as a "swan with two necks," and it may be that they have thought that this creature should be placed in the same category as the "griffins, gorgons, and chimeras dire" of ancient fable. We should not care to argue that if Prussia is to be allowed to bear about undisputed her double-headed eagle, England might surely possess in quiet her two-necked swan, because we cannot see of what earthly use the *lusus naturee* could be to us as a nation; but we rather prefer to state the truth, which is that the term is altogether a misconception, or corruption; the presiding genius of Lad-lane being the "Swan with two necks," or marks, which said necks or notches denoted in old times that it was royal property.

And now we are upon this subject we may as well allude to the ancient custom of "swan hopping," as the annual visit of the Lord Mayor of London, as conservator of the Thames, and the dignitaries of his court, to those parts of the river which the noble birds most frequented, was called. The said term being, it appears, a corruption of "swan wpping," that is, catching and taking up the young swans for the purpose of nicking or marking them, so that they might be known if stolen or strayed. This annual occasion of festivity is not observed with so much pomp and circumstance of civic show as it used formerly to be; but it is still, we believe, the custom for two of the city companies, the Dyers and Vintners, to make an excursion up the river as far as Marlow on the first Monday in August for this purpose, those companies having the special benefit and privilege of owning and protecting all the swans bred and living wild between that point and London Bridge. Any of our readers who would realize

the pictures which we have here placed before them cannot do better than take a row up the Thames on a calm summer evening. Almost anywhere between Chelsea and Richmond, and especially about the lovely aits, or reedy islets, which abound near and above the latter place, they will have the gratification of feasting their eyes on such a sight as the author of "the Faerie Queene" beheld and admired,—

"See the fair swans on Thames's lovely tide,
The which do turn their pinions silver bright;
In shining ranks they down the waters glide,
Oft time mine eyes devoured the gallant sight."

It is a truly beautiful sight, this, and we wonder not that the noble bird has been made the special subject of protective laws by monarchs and parliaments. According to an act passed in the reign of Edward IV. it was declared felony, punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, and a fine at the king's pleasure, to steal its eggs; and more anciently still, usage makes the person who might steal a swan forfeit to the owner as much corn as would cover that, or another bird of the same size, suspended by the beak, so that its feet would but just touch the ground, and this would require no small quantity. There is still, we believe, extant a four-paged quarto tract, printed in 1570, called "the Order of Swannes," wherein are set forth the laws, customs, and regulations, amounting to thirty, which relate to the preservation of this royal bird. The curious in such matters will find a reprint of the tract in Hone's "Every Day Book," where are also many other interesting particulars relating to the swans of the Thames, of which Yarrell gives about the best description of any naturalist we know of, and of which Thorne, in his "Rambles by Rivers," gossips very pleasantly, as does also Mackay, in his "Thames and its Tributaries." The poet Masou may be here called on to add another picture to our gallery:—

"The feather'd fleet,
Led by two mantling swans, at every creek
Now touch'd, and now unmoor'd, now in full sail,
With pennons spread and oary feet they ply'd
Their vagrant voyage; and now, as if becalm'd,
'Tween shore and shore at anchor seem'd to sleep."

We cannot help quoting here a passage from Longfellow's prose poem, "Hyperion;" this image of the sleeping swans calls it so forcibly to memory:—"On the shore under them sat the white village of St. Gilgan, like a swan upon its reedy nest. They seemed to have taken it unawares; and, as it were, clapped their hands upon it in its sleep, and almost expected to see it spread its broad, snow-white wings, and fly away." Nay, we should rather say, swim away upon its own pellucid element, which seems proud to reflect so fair and stately a form.

Well may it be said of her as of a ship:—

"The winds come around her in music and song,
And the billows rejoice as they bear her along."

And here, by the way, we are reminded of Dr. Beattie's beautiful comparison:—

"Now, like a wild swan, hastening on her way,
Spreading her wings to meet the wind's caress;
Once more her course the stately vessel lay,
Crowning the swell of ocean's loveliness."

Of the wild, or whooping swan, (*Cygnus musicus*, or, according to Linnæus, *Cygnus ferus*.) we have as yet said nothing; nor is it our purpose to make more than a passing allusion to it. This, if any can lay claim to the honour, is the real musical bird, of which Buffon says that "the bursts of its voice form a sort of modulated song:" very different, however, we opine, from the plaintive melody which the poets ascribe to the bird, into whose natural history it is not our purpose to enter, our space being nearly exhausted, as, perhaps, also our reader's patience may be. Two or three more quotations then, and we have done.

Although the days have gone by when the Latin adage of *Rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno*, held good,—for a black swan is not such "a rare bird upon earth" as it was once considered,—yet do we still look upon snowy whiteness of plumage as a characteristic of the bird, and acknowledge how appropriate are those comparisons of the poets which refer to that quality and that of softness, for which the down of the bird is remarkable; and such references are very numerous. Thus, in Ben Jonson's "Volpone," we find a lady described:—

"Whose skin is whiter than a swan all over,
Than silver, or than lilies."

And in William Browne's Pastorals it is said of another fair maiden that—

"Not Pelop's shoulders whiter than her hands,
Nor snowy swans that jet on Isea's sands."

Such passages as these, however, will occur in abundance to every reader of poetry; therefore we need not pause to select more of them. Our concluding quotations shall be from Michael Drayton's fanciful description of the marriage of the Thames with the river on whose banks we are now writing:—

"At length it came to pass that *Isis* and the *Thame*,
Of *Medway* understood, a nymph of wondrous fame,
And much desirous were that princely *Thames* should
prove

If, as a wooer, he could win her maiden love;
But of so great descent, and of so large a dower,
Might well allie their house and much increase his
power;

And striving to prefer their sonne as best they may,
Set forth the lusty flood in rich and brave array,
Bankt with embroider'd meados of sundry sorts of
flowers;

*His breast adorn'd with swans oft washt in silver
showers.*

A train of gallant floods at such a costly rate,
As might beseem their case, and fitting his estate."

Just a line or two more we must give from the same author, and, as it may well be thought, upon the same august occasion:—

"Range all thy swans, fair *Thames*, together in a
ranke,
And place them duly one by one upon thy stately
banke;
Set them together all a good
Recording to thy silver flood."

THE OLD RECTORY.

ANNABEL C—

I LOVE each stone in thy old walls,
Home of my childhood's years!
How many hours thy sight recalls
Of joy!—how few of tears!

I love each plant that climbs and twines,
Its loving arms round thee;
Even the sunbeam, when it shines
On thee caressingly:

For aught that loves thee, dear old place,
Hath to my love a claim;
Thou hast for me a nameless grace:
There's magic in thy name.

I love the sunny garden old,
That girdeth thee around;
Each flower for me weighs more than gold:—
Each spot is hallow'd ground.

Dear is each graceful tree, whose shade
Hath hung around me oft,
While a pleasant song its branches made
O'er the turf so greenly soft.

And dearly, dearly, do I love
One shady walk of thine,
Where, meeting lovingly above,
The hazel branches twine.

How oft I've paced its length along,
In summer evenings fair,
Alone—while busy fancies throng,
Or some kind voice was there.

But wherefore speak of loving one,
When I love all so well?
The gaze of the world-seeing sun
Sceneth on thee to dwell:

Making thee show more lovely far
Than aught on earth beside:
Thou'rt not to me as others are,
In all the world so wide.

Thou seemest like a friend to me,
A friend I've known for years;
However changèd others be,
No change thy beauty wears.

Bitter, bitter will be the day
When thou and I must part!
But may the day be far away,
Thou home of mine own heart!

AFRICA.¹

We have already shown that vast tracts of the African continent remain incompletely known to Europe. We may now show what mighty expanses of that neglected land continue unvisited by civilization, by glancing at the few spots where she has erected her dominion. There is no region in the world of equal extent, where the savage still holds an empire so undivided. Casting a glance over the map, we find an English colony at the southern extremity of Africa, and another settlement on the east coast, at Port Natal. Nearly five thousand miles distant at the

(1) Continued from p. 133.

remote north is a French possession, which it were an insult to civilization to include among her realms. At wide intervals along the coast exist a few small communities, each scarcely larger than a family in the patriarchal ages, where polished humanity is contrasted with the millions of barbarians who occupy the rest of this mighty region. The new bond, however, that has been created by steam between Great Britain and the Cape of Good Hope, promises to quicken the principles of progress, and spread the influence of industry and commerce, along the African shores.

The colonization of the Cape territory is an event comparatively recent. Soon after the Portuguese had passed the promontory of Storms an unsuccessful attempt at settlement was made, but for a long period it was only as a refitting station for the traders between Europe and the East that the Cape was valued. Projecting into an ocean that rolls on one side as far as Australia, on the other to America, and southward to the Antarctic Pole, its position is admirable as an emporium of commerce, and this was perceived by the Dutch. Inducements to settle there were few. No mines of gold, no forests of spice trees, no banks of pearls were there to arrest the avaricious traveller on his way to the glowing islands of the Oriental Archipelago. The aspect of the land was unfavourable, and it was only for its convenient port and geographical position, that the Cape possessed importance in the eyes of the European trader.

Exactly two hundred years ago, however, Holland, having commenced that extraordinary struggle with the Indian Archipelago which forms so curious a chapter in the history of the world, resolved to strengthen her position by establishing a settlement in Southern Africa. One hundred women and one hundred men were selected from the industrial seminaries of Amsterdam to found a colony. They were followed by many others, some escaping from the wreck of their fortunes, others flying from persecution for conscience sake, others driven from home and hearth by the despotism of their rulers. Numerous Frenchmen commenced at this time the cultivation of the vine. A territory about thirty miles long was occupied, and Cape Town founded on the brink of the sea. It was only as a midway stage on the high road of their Indian commerce that the Dutch prized this settlement. But the energies of man are expansive, and the enterprise of the colonists spread, until at the present day it covers an extent of territory with an area more than double that of the United Kingdom.

Settling in a savage country, tenanted by barbarians, and contiguous to the wildest regions of the earth, the Europeans could expect no peaceful enjoyment of a right which civilization has assumed, of establishing itself in the waste places of the world. The Hottentots, then a manly, independent people, enjoying property in common, and flourishing in a state of peace and simplicity, at first welcomed, then resisted, then fled before the invaders of their soil. They suffered many wrongs from the Dutch, degenerated, and became a scattered horde of thieves and beggars,

sinking down at length to become the serfs of the farmers. They laboured under the whip, and were frequently goaded to work by having small shot fired into the fleshy parts of the body. To offend a boor or his wife subjected the slave to a flogging at the wheel, and when he mortally offended his master, the Hottentot was often knocked over by a rifle-ball, as he went on some pretended errand on a lonely road. Under this system their numbers declined, and their national character became darkened and debased.

Meanwhile the colonists thrived. Their flocks and herds increased, and men possessing three thousand head of cattle and thirteen thousand sheep might be found in the settlement. The flourishing farmers owned horses, and the very wealthy indulged in the luxury of a wagon for locomotion. The manner of life practised by these settlers was sufficiently romantic, and differs in few particulars now, from what it was then. The farmers love comfort more, are more ambitious, and possess more means for living in ease, but with this exception little change takes place in their economy generation after generation.

The boor settles down with his family on a tract of land, then chosen at will, now obtained from the colonial government. The tenement is built with much resemblance to an English farm-house—the walls of unbaked clay, whitewashed on the outside, the rafters of the roof bare and hung with strings of onions, implements, guns, knives, dried meat, &c. The long building is sometimes divided into three compartments—one large family room in the middle, and a sleeping chamber on either hand. Neither stove nor chimney was built in the earlier specimens of these habitations, cooking being carried on outside; but the settlers have learned to love a hearth, and the smoke curls up from the roofs of the modern houses. Among the other decorations of the "parlour," a freshly-slaughtered sheep is often suspended in a corner, two sheep a-day being the common consumption of a moderate family including herdsmen. The corn-fields supply bread, the pasture feeds the herds and flocks, the orchard affords peach-brandy, the vineyard wine, and a mill prepares the grain for food; in the garden are found vegetables for daily consumption, and thus provisioned, the boor is independent in his estate, drawing all the necessaries of life from the soil which he tills himself, but adding comforts and luxuries from the towns on the coast, and bringing from them furniture to adorn his house, utensils for the farm or the kitchen, clothes to deck his family, and miscellanea to increase their stores, in the wagon which bears the produce of his land for sale at Cape Town.

Many traces of the primitive life remain, especially in the interior. In the evening the cattle and sheep are gathered into the fold and the cows are milked. Should a child have been born in the family that day, so many are marked as its future possession. In this way each family sends out branches, and the country for many miles is often covered with the flocks and herds of the children, and the children's children, of

some wealthy boor, who sits at the head of his tribe like one of the patriarchs of the Old Testament.

The Cape territory forms an irregular triangle 500 miles long, with an average breadth of 240. It is divided into two provinces and thirteen districts, and consists of three successive plateaus, increasing in elevation from the sea, and separated by chains of hills. The first extends from the coast, with an irregular width of from twenty to sixty miles, possesses a deep fertile soil, is diversified by beautiful valleys, and graced by small forests and grassy levels, with the other characteristics of a fine pastoral country. The temperature here is mild, equable, and salubrious. Beyond the ridge that borders this favoured district is another of similar size, but composed of barren hills, or those wide, naked flats of clay called Karroos, alternating with patches of land properly watered and abundantly fertile. There the climate ranges between greater extremes, as far as the base of the mighty Black Mountain, beyond which lies the Great Karroo, a desolate plain 300 miles wide, shut in by ranges whose peaks attain, in parts, an elevation of 10,000 feet. The vast level is broken by tracts of rugged hills, and intersected by many rivers whose beds are dry in summer. At such seasons of drought the enormous herds of wild beasts which frequent the Karroo are driven further south in search of water, and the roads are impassable. Population is thinly scattered over this region, and increases in density as we approach the sea.

Though the climate of South Africa is mild and healthy, the processes of agriculture are occasionally interrupted by periods of drought. The energy of the settlers, however, often overcomes this obstacle, and is rewarded by plentiful returns. The only spontaneous vegetable product much sought is the aloes, for which the farmers get 20% a load at Cape Town, so that all they have to depend on is industry. The progress of the colony may be indicated by the progress in the culture of its soil. It may be well, however, to remind the reader that the "Cape" was taken by the English in 1805, confirmed to them in 1815, and has since remained in their possession. In 1833, 269,000 acres were under tillage; 124,494 wheat, 46,626 barley, 12,939 rye, 49,645 oats, 20,554 gardens and vineyards. More than seventeen million acres were employed in pasture, and about ten millions remained waste. About 2,000,000 sheep feed on the grassy lands, with 312,000 horned cattle. At present nearly two million pounds of wool are exported, although every branch of industry does not prosper in an equal ratio, as the export of wine, amounting twenty years ago to 1,500,000 gallons, fell by 1941 to 81,600, and only to the value of 40,000*l*. The total exports are now about 1,000,000*l*. of which 700,000*l*. is of wool; and a proportionate worth of British manufactures is consumed. For it must be recollected that it is as the consumer of the produce of English industry that the colonist is of value. It is shown that every settler in the Cape consumes 3*l*. 2*s*. of British manufactures, so that we must have a

continual interest in the prosperity of those distant possessions. As a customer, therefore, every Cape colonist is worth ninety German slaves, while every Australian is worth 225. The population of this territory is now about 220,000, of whom 25,000 are located in Cape Town. There are several other towns, many of which wear the promise of great prosperity, adorned already with public buildings, and needing only the energies of an unfettered population to become the rivals of those in New South Wales. We have the testimony of many travellers and residents to show that the climate is pleasant and healthy, less sickness occurring among the troops than among those of any other station out of England. Let us make the country safe; let us conciliate the settlers and promote emigration, and in the whole range of our empire few possessions will surpass in value the Cape of Good Hope.

The resident in Cape Town may enjoy all the advantages he could procure in London,—churches, chapels, banks, hotels, theatres, public conveyances, insurance offices, newspapers, balls, &c., with the luxury of superb scenery close at hand, where he may wander on holidays, on horseback or on foot. Close to him is a beautiful sea-beach, and he may indulge himself in a glass of wine and other good-cheer at the far-famed house of Farmer Peck. Often has the traveller noticed the inscription in a medley of languages above this worthy innkeeper's door; but Dr. Berncastle was recently industrious enough to copy it:—

"Life is but a journey; let us live well on the road,
Says the Gentle Shepherd.

Multum in parvo, pro bono publico;
Entertainment for man and beast all in a row.
Lekker kost (nice victuals), as much as you please;
Excellent beds, without any fleas.
Nos patriam fugimus, now we are here,
Vivamus, let us live, by selling beer.
On donne à boire, et à manger ici;
Come in and try it, whoever you be."

Four classes of population inhabit the colony,—the Hottentots or Bushmen, the emancipated blacks, the Europeans, and the Kafirs. The last are the most troublesome, but have in many instances bent to the yoke of civilization. They frequently, however, revert to their old practices, professing Christianity and returning to heathenism through motives of interest. One crafty hypocrite was recently brought to England, potted, educated, baptized, and sent back with a handsome reward to preach religion among his people; but he was still a pagan in heart, and a savage in his tastes. The account he gave to his tribe of the wonderful land he had visited was very curious. Some details of it may amuse the reader. His friends crowded round him, asking questions about England:—

"Was it large?"

"Yes, it was large; but the people were so numerous they found it small."

"Were they so very numerous?"

"Yes; England was like a large piece of meat covered with flies crowding upon each other."

"What surprised him most?"

"The wagons which travelled without oxen or horses," (railway carriages.) "Ah!" continued the barbarian, who had been to court, and learned hypocrisy there, "I have always told our people that there was no use in trying to conquer the white man. It is like little boys attempting to shoot elephants with small bows and arrows."

When this conviction becomes rooted among the Kafirs we may have an end of the wretched wars between them and the colonists, though under any circumstances, considering the cost of military establishment, the settlers ought to be secured from plunder and murder. England has neglected them; but the monthly steamers constantly attracting observation to that rich and healthy colony, will ensure it, we have no doubt, more attentive notice from the home-country. Thus in every way the facilitated intercourse will prove a blessing and a boon to the Cape.

The next British settlement in Africa is the territory of Natal, surrounded by a region still imperfectly known, but now promising to rise and flourish among our most prosperous colonies. It is a high, grassy country, with a fertile soil, abundance of water, and a healthy climate, subject to none of the epidemics common in other parts of Africa. It occupies about 35,000,000 acres. Its surface is well adapted for road-making. The soil of no part of the world exceeds in capability that of Natal for the cultivation of cotton and indigo. Coal and black-lead have been discovered, and copper will probably soon be found. The rivers are numerous and easily bridged, while the situation of the colony is admirable. Flocks and herds already crowd many of its sweet and airy pastures, yielding hides and wool for exportation. Indian-corn, pumpkins, and tobacco, are grown without irrigation. Sweet potatoes are raised in immeasurable quantities, principally near the sea, where the sandy soil is adapted to them. In the forests are found ebony and other beautiful woods, elegantly veined and taking a fine polish. Numerous fruits, foreign and native, thrive abundantly, while above all grain and potatoes yield immeasurable crops. Oats, millet, and beans, may be added to this list of productions, necessarily imperfect as it is. From the rich virgin soil of this beautiful country will one day be derived, no doubt, supplies of every thing proper for the sustenance and pleasure of a large population.

Timber and woods for all purposes abound. Stone and clay for bricks are found in all parts; coal has been discovered, but little developed; water power is plentiful; the harbour is safe and spacious; native labour is cheap; there are no aborigines to harass the settlers; the right of self-government is enjoyed; there are no poor to support, and no imperial taxes to pay.

We have thus recapitulated the advantages of this favoured colony, which is within a fortnight's sailing-distance of Table Bay, Cape Town. Steam communication will probably be soon established. The

disadvantages should, however, be also enumerated. Tick afflicts cattle occasionally, lightning in the summer is severe, the temperature for a few days is oppressively hot, rust now and then visits the wheat crops near the coast, and a swarm of locusts from time to time descends upon the land. A few lions, buffaloes, wolves, sea-cows, rhinoceroses, and wild cats, frequent the woods and rivers, with some alligators and snakes; none, however, of a decidedly deadly character. A decoction of tobacco cures the bite of a serpent. When dysentery makes its appearance, an infusion of pomegranate rind is a sovereign remedy.

It is common to hear sneers at the idea of our ever deriving large supplies of cotton from a territory like that of Natal. Less than a hundred years ago the same jests circulated with respect to America. Eight bales brought to Liverpool by one ship in 1784 were seized, because the customs officers doubted they could have come thence. In 1791 that country exported 2,000,000 lbs., and now, we believe, about 800,000,000 are brought thence to England alone. So it may be in proportion at Natal. Four years ago the export was less than 5,000 lbs.; it is now about 15,000. 400,000 lbs. of tobacco are raised, which may be increased to 4,000,000. Silk, flax, and hemp, with castor-oil, aloes, and colombo-root, may be enumerated among the valuable products of the colony. Besides all we have mentioned, the soil is adapted for coffee, tea, and olives. Gum of beautiful quality abounds; so also bees'-wax, honey, and ivory, could be largely exported, both to Europe and the East. We have a list of forty-four woods growing in Natal and the Cape territory, suitable to every purpose, from flooring the decks of a ship to inlaying the doors of a cabinet.

With all these advantages Natal may be expected to prosper, notwithstanding the occurrence of the numerous difficulties that invariably occur upon the foundation of a new colony. Emigration is proceeding with more rapidity. About 10,000 settlers are located on the soil, with 100,000 Africans,—not natives, since the country was wholly depopulated, but immigrants from neighbouring districts. These multiply in proportion as the demand for their cheap labour increases. Therefore, in spite of the doleful Jeremiads of one or two disappointed settlers who went out fancying they were to reap Dutch dollars as the Israelites reaped manna in the desert, we advise emigration to Natal to those who fear the length and the expense of a voyage to Australia. It may here be useful to indicate the distances of our various southern possessions,—to Cape of Good Hope, 6,500 miles; to Algoa Bay, 6,860; to Port Natal, 7,250; to Swan River, Australia, 11,200; to Van Diemen's Land, 12,260; to Sydney, 13,100; and to New Zealand, 13,340. To the United States the distance is 3,000 miles, and we suppose to this, with the superior advantages offered by that happy region, may be attributed the immense excess of emigration to its shores over that to the shores of our own

possessions. We learn from our able contemporary, the "Eclectic Review," that in 1849, 41,000 went from Great Britain to her North American colonies, 32,000 to Australia and New Zealand, 6,490 to the African settlements, and 219,000 to the United States. The writer justly assigns as the cause of this the superior institutions of North America as compared with those enjoyed by our own colonists.

The exports of Natal fell from 15,416*l.* in 1847, to 10,868*l.* in 1849, owing to the Dutch leaving the colony; but the imports were during the same period from 41,958, to 46,304, and are steadily advancing.

These are the two English settlements in Africa, occupying, after all, but an insignificant space on the map of that mighty peninsula. Sierra Leone, Cape Coast Castle, and the other little steam-stations are of little interest to the English reader except as centres of operations against the slave-trade, to which subject they belong. The remaining European territory is that of Algeria, won by French arms, retained by the united power of blood and gold, but civilized or conciliated by neither. It is a possession expensive to its owners, unprofitable to its people. No country can be called civilized, which like Algeria is governed by the sword, and little prospect is presented by the circumstances of its position, of that influence being quickly withdrawn. Won by the edge of the sabre, it is held by the same tenure, for France appears unequal to the task of reconciling her African subjects to the weight of her yoke. But all who are familiar with the character of her colonial policy, will easily understand the cause of this failure. It is not by savage cruelty or selfish tyranny that men are conciliated or rendered content with the loss of their independence.

Algeria lies on the southern coast of the Mediterranean, between the kingdoms of Morocco and Tunis. Its length is about 500 miles, its breadth, not exactly determined, but varying between 40 and 200. The surface is mountainous, barren tracts alternating with others of exuberant fertility, covered with gardens, orchards, and cultivated fields. The climate is fair, and the natural resources are abundant, but agriculture has not extended over half the country, which has throughout its history been the prey of war. Forming at one period a province of Rome, it parted from that mighty mass of empire, after the fall of her liberty, passed through the hands of the Vandals, the Saracens, the Spaniards, the pirate dynasty of Barbarossa, and became the centre of a free-booting system formidable to the trade of the world. It was chastised by successive bombardments, and at length, in 1830, invaded by the French, who immediately united it to their empire. From that day, a struggle for the possession of the region has engaged its conquerors, for a people numbering 2,000,000, hating their masters, are not easily to be kept in subjection.

During the twenty years of occupation, France, it is calculated, has lost 730,000 men in Algeria, besides about 800,000,000 of francs, or 32,000,000*l.* sterling

in money. An army of 100,000 men is perpetually manœuvring in the country, and, with the exception of some heavy cavalry regiments, every corps in the French service has been decimated in reaping a harvest of *la gloire* in Africa. Nor is discipline improved by the process; for the troops thus bivouacking in a barbarous country become demoralized and ferocious. As to the polished manners which tradition rather than experience assigns to the French, how are they in Algeria? Some of our stiff-stocked disciplinarians, cased in brass and crimson, would have fainted at the rough manners of poor Marshal Bugeaud, whose coarseness was imitated by his officers. One of his aides-de-camp in full uniform, wearing a colonel's epaulets, was one day dining at a fashionable restaurant in Algiers. The waiter, being dilatory, excited the hero's anger and encountered a rapid fire of knives and plates when at last he entered the room. Staggered for a moment by the volley, the serving-man rushed forward and discharged an omelet full in the colonel's face, sending the dish after it by way of supplement. In a moment the belligerents were at close quarters, and the military grandee rolled upon the floor in the clutches of the enraged waiter. This, with other similar anecdotes, is related by a French traveller.

When the riches of the country are remembered, it appears surprising that Algeria has no export trade. So, however, it is. The soil does not yield enough to support the people, there are no manufactures, and all supplies must be brought from Europe. From France and Belgium are imported iron, tools, shoes and hosiery, with woollen and cotton cloths; from Marseilles, the coffee of Mocha; from Normandy, fruits; from the borders of the Black Sea, corn; from Spain, vegetables. Tobacco sufficient for consumption is grown, but none exported.

The whole system of government in Algeria is bad. The social system is so miserable that the country is continually poor, relying on importations for food, while its own soil could support a population treble that which now exists; with the materials of wealth indeed, abundant throughout its whole extent, it is a wretched dependency, without industry or civilization. France might have rendered it an ornament, it is now a blot upon her empire. Even as a military school of exercise, it produces none but an evil effect. Our African squadron is valuable to us, if only as a naval school of exercise, and so might Algeria be to France, even if she never attempts to make it worth possessing in any other way. But the army is only harassed and demoralized by service there. This was especially true before the revolution of February, when all offices of honour and profit were filled by worthless parasites of the throne. Since that event much amelioration has been effected. Under the old system, though the ranks shouted *Vive la France*, and sang songs in praise of *la gloire*, there was a bad feeling between officers and men. The Duc de Nemours, for instance, appointed by the caprice of the crown, was unpopular in the highest degree. An anecdote may illustrate

his character. It is related on the authority of Count St. Marie.

When on a campaign in the interior, he was heard complaining in his tent that the glass of his watch was broken. The sentinel saw him throw away the pieces in vexation, and offered to join them together. His service was accepted almost as a jest, and the poor fellow ran off to borrow a piece of silver money from his serjeant major. Obtaining the coin, he hammered it with his ramrod on a stone into the form of the watch, thus making a concave mould, and contrived with much puzzling of his brain to reunite the pieces of glass. Two hours' assiduous labour produced the desired result, and the watch was restored to the Duke in very good condition. His Highness looked at the workmanship, complimented the artificer on his perseverance and ingenuity, but never touched his princely purse to reward him, fancying doubtless that a gracious word from a king's son was worth five francs from a common man. So he did not pay the man for his labour, or even reimburse the borrowed coin. "The poor soldier," says the Count St. Marie, "became, of course, an object of derision to his comrades, and lost ten days' pay to defray the debt he had incurred." This was a trifling incident, but it had its effect, and was told in a tone of bitter sarcasm by every camp-fire in Algeria.

Of course, however, where Frenchmen are, science must make progress. The grandees of Algeria cannot cover the land with harvests, but they can classify the flies and vermin of the country. Among others, St. Vincent, president of a learned society, visited Algeria, under the colours of natural history. He was very active in his researches, procured numbers of specimens, pinned butterflies and beetles, and invited all zealots in the cause of science to aid him. One day a young officer brought to him two rats, each with a long excrescence issuing from the top of the nose, and resembling the trunk of an elephant. These rare phenomena were eagerly bought, assigned to their proper classification, and ticketed as *rat trompé*. Intelligence of this important and curious discovery was immediately sent to Paris, where all the scientific host was in arms about this new discovery in rats. Alas! however, the excrescences dried, dropped off, and were found to be only the tails of two other rats, inserted into incisions cut above the noses of the wonderful specimens. Shall we attempt to imagine the shame and vexation of the Naturalist!

All circumstances considered, Algeria can scarcely be said to have benefited much by the passage from barbarian sway to French rule. There remain, therefore, only the Cape and Port Natal to indicate as the spots where civilization has erected her tabernacle on the vast extent of the African continent. Over the rest of that immense region barbarism of different shades prevails. Where it is darkest and lowest is the great field of slavery, a subject to which our third and last African sketch is to be devoted. If our views upon the question be correct, there is no doubt that the establishment of steam communication be-

tween England and the Cape will aid largely in their development. The only means which, in our opinion, can destroy that odious traffic, are the introduction of new ideas into Africa. Naturalize among its degraded and ignorant races the knowledge that more may be gained by honourable industry than by the trade in human beings, and the sources of slavery will dry up.

A WRECK OF THE OLD FRENCH ARISTOCRACY.

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL IN THE LIMOUSIN.

From the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

It is truly a great mistake to measure the interest of a journey by its duration, and that of a country by its remoteness; and one is deceived in supposing that it is necessary to go afar in quest of adventures, and make a voyage two years long in order to see curious sights. There is a certain author who has made "a journey around his room" more fruitful in incidents of all descriptions than the numberless voyages of an infinity of sailors that I know; and one may make, thank heaven! many an interesting trip without passing beyond the "neighbouring shores" from which La Fontaine forbids us to wander. The only thing is, that it is less easy to travel after this fashion than the other, and that it requires a lengthened preparation.

In order to observe skilfully, one must have been accustomed to look around one. We scarcely become curious except after long habit, and, strange to say, our curiosity seems to increase in proportion as we satisfy it. When we know a great deal we desire to know still more, and it is remarkable that those alone desire to see no sights who have never had any sights to see. Moreover, it is necessary to have contemplated the grandest spectacles of nature in order to understand and love her least conspicuous wonders; for Nature does not surrender herself to the first comer. She is a chaste and severe divinity, who admits to her intimacy those alone who have deserved it by long contemplations and a constant worship, and I firmly believe that it is necessary to have travelled round the world in order profitably and agreeably to make the tour of one's garden. If many years of youth spent in wandering by land and sea can render me an authority in regard to travels, then am I justified in declaring that in none of my more distant courses have I found more interest and pleasure than in the little trip I am now about to narrate.

There were, then, four of us, all alike young, gay, active, clad in shooting costume, going straight ahead, without fixed plan or preconceived itinerary, marching at hap-hazard in these desert *landes*, respiring freely the pungent odour of the broom, roaming from hill to hill without other rallying point than the top of a mountain which pointed out the direction of the low lands. After four hours' walk we discovered that this mountain was still very far distant, and that the

sun was sinking below the horizon. We had already left behind us the wildest part of the department of the *Correze*. To woods of pine and birch succeeded enormous chestnut-trees; the sterile heath gave place to cultivated fields. Here and there some houses displayed their straw-covered roofs, and some scattered labourers beheld us pass by with gaping suspicion. To tell the truth, we had all of us a tolerably gallow's look. In this wretched country, where every one lives on from day to day without quitting his little enclosure, without even hearing an echo from afar, four bearded marauders like ourselves, avoiding the beaten road, and marching rapidly across stubble and thickets, presented no ordinary reconcontre. All on a sudden the clouds began to gather, and, by way of varying our sensations, a terrific tempest burst over our heads. It was the first incident of our journey. Drenched through in a moment by this diluvian rain, we rushed, with the ardour of soldiers mounting a breach, towards a village perched like a magpie's nest on the summit of the hill we were ascending. A house of capacious size, but of dismal and ruinous appearance, arose before us. We rushed in at a charging pace, and found that it was deserted, except that near the hearth, where smouldered the embers of the most miserable fire in the world, an infant was deposited in, or rather tied to, his cradle, according to the fashion of the country. By the aid of a stout bandage they had swaddled him up like a mummy, and duly sealed him to the planks of the little box which served him for a bed. In addition, his head was carefully turned toward the fire, so that his cranium was in a state of continual ebullition, such being the appointed regimen of the neighbourhood. At the sight of our strange visages the little one, after staring at us for a moment or two with its eyes wildly open, proceeded to utter the most lamentable utterances. I rocked his cradle with the most paternal solicitude, but could not succeed in quieting him. On the contrary, his screams became positively heart-rending, and we were almost ready to smother him outright in order to put a stop to his roaring. At this summons a woman entered abruptly into the house, and stared at us with an expression of alarm. It was incumbent on us to explain that we were no pilferers, and this was no easy matter. The young mother evidently looked on us with suspicion. She was not altogether a mere peasant, at least she wore, instead of the little straw hat, trimmed with black velvet, which is the ordinary head-dress of the countrywoman, a bonnet, which in the Limousin is a certain indication of pretensions to the rank of the *bourgeoise*. Her robe, besides, however inelegant it might be, was nevertheless town made.

These matters I noticed at a glance, whilst one of my companions gave the needful explanations as to our pacific intentions. Our hostess pretended to be satisfied. She removed the cradle, threw some shavings into the fire to revive it, and sat herself down with a cold, constrained manner, in which I could discover at once considerable embarrassment,

accompanied by a certain air of dignity. Never had I seen a Limousin peasant take a seat in the presence of *gentlemen*, and I speedily made another discovery which not a little perplexed me. The fire as it revived had thrown a glow upon the hearthstone, which was of cast-iron, and presented a large armorial scutcheon. This display astonished me. I looked round again at the smoke-dried kitchen in which we sat; it was a miserable place. The ceiling was falling piecemeal; in the pavement, disjoined and worn, were three or four muddy holes but rarely cleared out, the dampness of which was kept up by the continual dripping of a dozen cream cheeses, suspended in a long basket of osiers. Two beds, a large table, and a few dilapidated chairs, composed the furniture of the apartment, which was pervaded by a sour and offensive smell, apparently very attractive to a huge sow whose grunting snout was ever and anon thrust into the entrance of the doorway. Whence, then, this curious hearthstone? I looked more attentively at the young woman, and discovered in her countenance a certain air of distinction. I then inquired of her at what place we were.

"Monsieur is jesting at me, doubtless," she pretty sharply replied.

I assured her I had no such intention, and was really ignorant of the name of the village.

"It is not a village, Sir," she resumed, "it is a town. You are at the Puy d'Arnac, in the Canton of Beaulieu."

A native of Marseilles would hardly have named the *Canebiere* with greater satisfaction. I knew that the Puy d'Arnac gave its name to a celebrated growth of the *Correze*, and I thought I understood the lofty tone of the reply. All on a sudden, one of my companions, whom we nicknamed the "Broker," because he groped into all sorts of places, and, with amusing perseverance, hunted out objects of art and curiosity even in hovels, touched my elbow, and asked me if I had noticed the picture with was half-hidden under the serge curtains of one of the beds. I had not yet observed it, and got up to look at it. It was the portrait of a general officer of the time of Louis XV. The frame, sculptured and gilt, struck me still more, being really beautiful. "This is a discovery indeed," said my friend to me, while I inquired of the young woman where such a portrait could have come from.

"Where could it have come from, Monsieur?" she haughtily replied; "it is the portrait of my grandfather."

"Aha!" we exclaimed, all four of us, turning ourselves round with surprise. With one hand our hostess stirred the fire, with an indifference evidently affected, while with the other she rocked the little box in which her infant was asleep.

"Might I presume to inquire the name of Monsieur your grandfather?" said I, drawing near to her.

"He was the Count of Anteroches," was her reply.

"What, the Count of Anteroches, who commanded the French guards at the battle of Fontenoy?"¹

(1) Fontenoy, we should here observe, is, we believe, the *only* battle in which the English were defeated by the French, and it is, of course, a subject of no little glorification with our neighbours.

"You have heard him spoken of, then?" resumed the peasant girl, with a smile.

My friend the Broker stood as if stupefied before the picture. All of a sudden he wheeled round and, gravely removing his cap, repeated with a theatrical air the celebrated saying of M. d'Anteroches,—“Fire first, *Messieurs les Anglais*; we are Frenchmen, and must do you the honours!”

This anecdote is, to my thinking, the most charming and most thoroughly stamped with the image of the age of any recorded in history. With regard to these celebrated sayings uttered in battles, I must indeed confess that I am very sceptical. Little as I may be of a soldier, I have a notion that it is not in an engagement as at the Olympic Circus, and that in the midst of fire, smoke, and musketry, generals must have other work on their hands than to utter these pretty epigrams, which there is moreover no shorthand writer at hand to take down. I know that Cambronne was annoyed when they recalled to him his splendid exclamation at Waterloo, “*La garde meurt et ne se rend pas!*” (The guard dies, and does not surrender!) “an invention the more clumsy,” said he, “that I am not yet dead, and that I really did surrender.” I have even discovered that this saying was invented by a member of the Institute, for the greater satisfaction of the readers of the “Yellow Dwarf,” in which he wrote, in 1815, together with Benjamin Constant and many other celebrated macontents! The speeches of Leonidas find me equally incredulous. But, wheresoever they may come from, I delight in these anecdotes, which personify an entire epoch, and engrave it upon the memory with a single stroke. We may defy the historian who seeks to characterise the end of the last century and the beginning of the present, to find two epigrams more striking than the words attributed to Anteroches and Cambronne—to two French officers—one commanding the French guards, the other the old guard; both fighting for their country, at an interval of seventy years, with the same enemy, and on the same ground: for it is a singular coincidence that Fontenoy and Waterloo are but little distant from each other, and Heaven saw fit to ordain that the game of success and reverse should be played out almost upon the same fields. “Fire first, *Messieurs les Anglais!*” Is it not the type of that easy and adorable, that ironical and *blasé* nobility, who pushed the contempt of life even to insanity, and the worship of courtesy and honour even to the sublime?—who endowed their country with such a renown for elegance, high-breeding, and gallantry, that all its demagogic saturnalia never have effaced it, and never will?—a nobility reckless, if you please, but assuredly charming, and perfectly French withal, who gaily passed through life without ever doing the morrow the honour of thinking about it, and who, beholding one day the earth give way beneath their feet, looked into the abyss without a wink, without alarming themselves, without

(1) The well-known burst of the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, “Up, guards, and at them!” has been declared, upon the best authority, namely, his own, to be no less apocryphal than those above-mentioned.

belying themselves, and went down alive and whole into the gulf, disdaining all defence, “without fear,” if not “without reproach.”

Between the saying of Anteroches and that of Cambronne there is a great gap; we find that the revolution has passed through it. The gentleman, refined even to exaggeration, has disappeared, and we have instead the rude language of democracy—“*La garde meurt et ne se rend pas!*”—this is heroism, no doubt, but heroism of another sort. Never did the *chauvinism* of this present time light upon a more cornelian device, but do you not see in it the theatrical affectation, the melo-dramatic emphasis of another race? That he had no fear of death, and no idea of surrendering—this is what the gentleman of Fontenoy had no intention of declaring: it ought to have been well known—his follower had already given proof of it for ages past. To be brave alone to him was nothing—he must be as elegant in battle as he was at the ball. What signified death to that incomparable race who afterwards composed madrigals in prison, and ascended the scaffold with a smile, their step elastic, and their hand in the waistcoat pocket, a cocked hat under their arm, and a rose-bud between their lips. This epoch was personified in my eyes by the handsome and gentle countenance of the Count of Anteroches. After more than a hundred years I had discovered by chance, myself, an obscure wayfarer, in an unknown and miserable cabin, where his grand-daughter was living in the midst of her poultry, the portrait of this brilliant officer, to whose name will ever attach an elegant and charming renown; for if, like Cambronne, Anteroches did not really utter the words attributed to him, they have still been lent to him, and if thus lent, assuredly because there were grounds for it.

After these over-lengthy reflections, I turned toward the peasant woman, who now inspired me with profound commiseration. She continued to rock to and fro her bandaged infant, who was in very right and deed the Count of Anteroches. I inquired what was the occupation of her husband.

“He is dead,” she replied; “I was better off during his lifetime. He was a *gendarme*, Monsieur.”

“A *gendarme!*” I repeated with surprise.

“Yes,” replied Madame d'Anteroches, who understood not the cause of my astonishment, “he had even passed as a brigadier during his latter years: we managed our little affairs very comfortably.”

He was a brigadier of *gendarmérie*—content to be so—he managed his little affairs very comfortably—and his grandfather, as I find it in the “Military Records of France,” had been named Marshal on the 25th of July, 1762; at the same time as the Marquis of Boufflers and the Duke of Mazarine! Would not the rabble of Paris do well to inquire a little before exclaiming so loudly against the privileges of the aristocracy? Moreover, it seems to me that the government of France should not allow the grandchildren of the Count of Anteroches to be sunk—as they are—into deplorable indigence. Apocryphal or otherwise, the epigram of Fontenoy should at least be worth sub-

sistence to all who bear this name. Many enjoy pensions and are maintained by France, who would find it very difficult to produce a similar claim, and the new republic would act wisely by repairing, when occasion turns up, the injustices of her eldest sister.

But it was now high time for us to leave. It was evident that we embarrassed our hostess, and since we had discovered her name we were no less embarrassed ourselves. I could not get over her coarse stuff gown, her filthy kitchen, and her familiar sow. It would have been cruel to ask for her hospitality, and how could we offer to pay our score? Besides, we knew that a rich proprietor of our acquaintance resided not far from Puy d'Arnac; we, therefore, took our leave of the high-born peasant with many excuses and thanks. At the moment I passed the threshold, I cast a parting glance upon the portrait. The fire lighted it up at that instant with so singular a brilliancy that it almost appeared animated. It seemed as if the countenance of M. d'Anteroches was alive, and that the handsome officer looked sadly down from the height of his gilded frame upon the utter misery of his descendants. "Oh! decadence! decadence of France!" I exclaimed to myself, and rushed bravely forth with my companions into the pelting rain.

LAVENGRO; A PHILOLOGIST'S DREAM.

RESUMING our reading of this marvellous "drama," we find the scene shifted with the second act, to which we now call attention.

Lavengro is in London. He has come to the great workshop and mart for the world's labourers; to the great lounge for the world's idlers; he hopes to persuade these last to give him bread, for he has worked, and would still work, searching in the depths of languages rarely learned, for thoughts of power and of beauty, and placing them before such as have neither the strength nor the skill for the acquirement of such treasures by their own efforts, daintily "set" in English rhymes. His translations of *Davydd ab Gwilym*, and of the *Kornep Viser*—these, the first-born of his might, he brings with him, and armed with a letter of introduction to Sir Richard Phillips,—for we recognise the likeness to be his, although the features are a little exaggerated,—he seeks to be employed upon other befitting literary tasks. We cannot closely follow our author's footsteps, for the action is slower now, and the details more minute.

After needful refection, as soon as he reached the metropolis by the night coach, the young *word-master* set out for the abode of the famous publisher. He was already known to the great man, by essays he had contributed to his magazine; William Taylor's flattering letter in addition, secured him a most favourable reception. But the Welsh Ovid, the heroic ballads, were scarcely looked at; the publisher pronounced them, from the disappointed translator's description, nothing-worth; and proposed to set him

to work upon "Evangelical Tales," like the well known "Dajryman's Daughter," and confided to him his purpose to set up an entirely new Review, which was to be conducted "on Oxford principles." The ice thus broken, the youth set forth on a ramble through the "big city," and duly admired all its wonders,—the great cathedral, the shops of the "Cheape," old London Bridge, with its rushing cataracts and whirlpools as the tide fell; and commenced two acquaintances, which continued, at least, through his London life; one with an old fruit-woman on the bridge, whose morality, in respect of *meum* and *tuum*, may be judged from the saint she most revered, "*blessed Mary Flanders!*" the other, a young gentleman of the sister isle, whose disposition might be "frank and ardent," as Mr. Borrow says, but who was little better to our literary aspirant than a guide to dog-pits and places of similar respectability.

On the following Sunday, Lavengro dined with the publisher, and a very "slow" affair it was; but he then learned that the "evangelical tale" scheme was exchanged for one which promised to pay better, the compilation of "Newgate Lives and Trials!" Of these unblest stories he was to make six volumes of, at least, a thousand pages each; the "straw" for this brickmaking he must gather or buy for himself; and when it was completed, he would be remunerated by the magnificent sum of *fifty pounds*. Moreover, he was to make himself "generally useful to the Review," and to translate into German a perfectly new system of philosophy, the production of the publisher's own ingenuity, the character of which, those of our readers who were not so unlucky as to have to tug the oar in one of the heavy flat-bottomed boats by which Sir Richard provided for the voyages of the rising generation of his day in quest of knowledge, may duly estimate by the information that it stoutly maintained, that the form of our hapless planet was that of a *pear* and not of an apple, as commonly was held by astronomers and other men of nought. For this precious task he might expect to receive something, if the translation sold in Germany! The effect of tying down the acolyte of learning and literature to hack-work such as this may be imagined: he toiled manfully at the distasteful drudgery; but the compilation of the six-volumed Valhalla of Villains, was the only endurable portion of it; and the slender pay, and the overbearing character of the publisher, (who was rendered furious by discovering that the translation of his philosophy was unintelligible,) brought the engagement to an abrupt conclusion, and Lavengro was left in possession of little more than the one blessing which Pandora's fatal curiosity did not suffer to escape—Hope.

Again, and again, Borrow returned to the old fruit-woman of London Bridge and her precious volume—the Life of "*blessed Mary Flanders:*" and in process of time a change came over the complexion of her thoughts. An attempt made by some idle urchins to rob her by force of her treasured book, induced the

(1) Concluded from p. 188.

suspicion that "*clay-faking*," or stealing handkerchiefs, (with, of course, anything else that could be found in the pocket,) was not strictly right, although "the blessed woman" in the book had been "a thief and a cutpurse." She finally commissioned her remarkable friend to sell her once-beloved "Moll Flanders," and to purchase a Bible for her, which she studied with the same earnestness as she had De Foc's wonderful fiction, but with a different result, and a clearer perception of its scope. Whilst Lavengro was passing from London Bridge to the shop where he purchased the Bible for his old friend, a clever member of the large fraternity of rogues picked his pocket of the antique volume. With this nimble thief Mr. Borrow met on more than one occasion; he greeted him immediately on his arrival in town, with the demand,—“One-and-ninepence, sir, or the things which you have brought with you will be taken away from you!” a demand which the tall and dangerous-looking young countryman met by a steady silence and a clenched fist. It was Lavengro's luck to catch him in the very act of picking the pocket of an Armenian merchant, of whom we must speak next. And at Greenwich fair, whither our author had wandered when his exchequer had become almost empty, he discovered the detected thief amusing others, and enriching himself, as a "thimble-rigger." The fellow had set himself up in that respectable profession with the proceeds of the "Moll Flanders" he had purloined, for he had by good luck offered it for sale, where a copy of that particular edition was deemed "worth its weight in gold," and now, out of gratitude, it would appear, he offered the disconsolate and disappointed *litterateur* some forty or fifty shillings a-week, if he would act as "bonnet" to himself in the pursuit of his unlawful vocation. The following is the scene; part of it, at least, is not usual at Greenwich fair:—

“‘I find no fault with the wages,’ said I, ‘but I don't like the employ.’ ‘Not like bonneting?’ said the man, ‘ah, I see, you would like to be principal; well, a time may come—those long white fingers of yours would just serve for the business.’ ‘Is it a difficult one?’ I demanded. ‘Why it's not very easy: two things are needful—natural talent, and constant practice; but I'll show you a point or two connected with the game.’”

After showing Lavengro the trick, which all but the most innocent of mortals understand, the fellow asked him “if it was not a funny one; and on my answering in the affirmative, he said, ‘I am glad you like it, come along and let us win some money.’ Thereupon getting up, he placed the table before him, and was moving away; observing, however, that I did not stir, he asked me what I was staying for. ‘Merely for my own pleasure,’ said I. ‘I like sitting here very well.’ ‘Then you won't close?’ said the man. ‘By no means,’ I replied, ‘your proposal does not suit me.’ ‘You may be principal in time,’ said the man. ‘That makes no difference,’ said I; and sitting with my legs over the pit, I forthwith began to decline

an Armenian noun. ‘That ain't cant,’ said the man. ‘No, nor gipsy, either.’ ‘Well, if you won't close, another will; I can't lose any more time;’ and forthwith he departed.

“And after I had declined four Armenian nouns of different declensions, I rose from the side of the pit, and wandered about amongst the various groups of people scattered over the green.” And he fell in again with the “man of the thimbles,” pursuing his work; seeing a constable advancing to put a stop to it, “by a sudden impulse,” he acted the part of “bonnet” gratuitously, and exclaimed,—

“*Shoon thimble-engro;*
A vella gorgio;”

and the “thimble-engro” right speedily took the hint and vanished. The autobiographer then happened with Mr. Petulengro and his companions, who had encamped behind Shooter's Hill; and returned to the city by a route he had not attempted before; gaining a glimpse of hope on the road, as we shall soon see.

The Armenian merchant:—Lavengro had met him on London Bridge, when he was conversing there, once upon a time, with the old fruit-woman; the detection of the attempt upon his pocket made them better acquainted; Borrow's knowledge of Armenian was the foundation of a species of intimacy; and in the course of it not only philology, but religion, or the comparative claims of the Roman and the Armenian churches, and politics, or the relations of Armenia to Persia, were discussed by them. The merchant told him of intercourse he had had with a secret agent of Rome, whom Borrow had heard of before, from his handsome and dissipated friend, Francis Ardry; and in return for his courtesy, the word-master sent him on a right fool's errand,—he persuaded the wealthy merchant (so he avers) to set out upon nothing less than a single-handed attack upon the Persians! And thereby, we may add, he cut off from himself a hope he had cherished, of being employed in the merchant's counting-house, when his literary projects and hopes had all failed.

A visit of his brother to Town to fetch a painter in the “heroic” line to immortalize the person of a certain mayor of the ancient East Anglian city, who deserved a better immortality, inasmuch as he had raised himself by his own persevering industry from the very lowest rank to that much-envied post of honour, serves to introduce an excellent sketch of Haydon, the artist, who, not many years ago, ended an unhappy life by self-destruction. The picture of the worthy mayor still adorns the great hall at Norwich, famed for the triennial festivals held there; and whilome for feasts which were in some respects a copy of those of the Mansion House of the metropolis.

As our autobiographer was returning from his joyless stroll to Greenwich fair, he espied at a bookseller's window a notice that a good novel or tale was “much wanted.” This was enough for Lavengro. Apportioning his last few pence to the purchase of the necessaries of life during the execution of some fiction to supply this demand, he gained for his production

the sum of *twenty pounds*, which determined him to bid farewell to the unappreciating mother-city, and endeavour, by a pedestrian tour, to regain his lost health and spirits. A farewell to Francis Ardry, whom he casually saw at the end of the Haymarket in a dashing cabriolet, with a young French girl, whose beauty had enchained his volatile heart for a while, concludes the second act of our philologist's drama, and opens the *Wanderjähre*, which appropriately follows this stern and strange "apprenticeship."

Almost at the outset of this *grand tour*, being overtaken by the mail, Lavengro was tempted to indulge himself in the costly luxury of a ride. The sketch of the drivers, one of whom *will* whip the off-hand leader, and the other the near wheeler, and who know too well the dignity of their craft to allow "the likes of him," or indeed any but *lords*, to "talk about 'orses," is excellent, and will remind many readers of the days when the long-stagers of crack coaches were in the height of their glory and of their insolence; all which things have passed away, like the glories of chivalry and the blessings of Protection, never to return.

Speedily he found himself on Salisbury Plain, where he talked "so prettily" to an old shepherd there about Stonchenge, that he got his draught of "milk of the plains" *gratis*, little though Mr. Borrow believes in presents, whether great or small.

Pursuing his march, the scenery of the route being depicted with admirable skill, he encountered another foot-wanderer, who evidently is the son of the author's old friend of London Bridge returning from an enforced visit to "Bot'ny,"—the result of too literal a reading of "blessed Mary Flanders's" revelations; and, at length, "on the fifth day" from his departure from the house of his bondage, attracted by the charms of a decent-looking inn, he halted in a small town. Here, pending the preparation of dinner, he makes acquaintance with a "very remarkable character," a gentleman of considerable property in the neighbourhood, who, declining the author's pressing invitation to join in the attack of a mighty round of beef, begged him to accompany him to his residence hard by for his "wine."

"I wish I were going too," said the fat landlord, laying his hand upon his stomach; "young gentleman, I shall be a loser by his honour's taking you away; but, after all, the truth is the truth, there are few gentlemen in these parts like his honour, either for learning, or welcoming his friends. Young gentleman, I congratulate you."

The entertainment surpassed this prophetic speech. Lavengro heard his polite entertainer's story, which is a well-written narrative of half-insane whimsies and wholly insane affectation of originality. Here, too, he was introduced to "the Reverend Mr. Platitudo," a clergyman who is very plainly intended as a caricature of the school which maintains "Church principles" in these days; and a gross and unfair caricature it is. However, it is unmistakably a portrait of some actual person, as is the gentleman who "touches

against the evil chance," and derives the inspiration of his comic writings from the portrait of the fat landlord who so highly appreciated his "honour's" good-cheer and learning.

His stay with this unexpected entertainer was not long; and soon after he had set out again he found, at a little road-side beer-shop, a "very disconsolate party." It consisted of a travelling tinker, his wife, and his two children. The tinker's "beat" had been violently appropriated by a redoubtable and ferocious fellow-tradesman, yeleft "the Flaming Tinman," who had given to this disconsolate one a tremendous sample of what he could and would do to keep possession of what he had wrongfully gotten. Smitten with the sudden desire for the unconventional liberty of the travelling tinman's life, Lavengro purchased for five pounds two shillings, the man's stock-in-trade, pony and cart, &c. &c., with the right to the "beat," subject, however, to the possible inconvenience of having to adjust his claims thus acquired with the "flaming" interloper pugilistically. A wagoner's smock-frock, purchased of the beer-seller, completed his equipment; and our philologist set out anew in his quest of a living. Any thing rather than book-making! This is his first adventure:—

"The rain still fell, and the ground beneath my feet was wet and mïry; in short, it was a night in which even a trampler by profession would feel more comfortable in being housed than abroad. I followed in the rear of the cart, the pony still proceeding at a sturdy pace, till methought I heard other hoofs than those of my own nag. I listened for a moment, and distinctly heard the sound of hoofs approaching at a great rate, and evidently from the quarter towards which I and my little caravan were moving. We were in a dark lane—so dark that it was impossible for me to see my own hand. Apprehensive that some accident might occur, I ran forward, and, seizing the pony by the bridle, drew him as near as I could to the hedge. On came the hoofs—trot, trot, trot; and evidently more than those of one horse. Their speed as they advanced appeared to slacken—it was only, however, for a moment. I heard a voice cry, 'Push on,—this is a desperate robbing place; never mind the dark;' and the hoofs came on quicker than before. 'Stop!' said I, at the top of my voice; 'stop! or—' Before I could finish what I was about to say, there was a stumble, a heavy fall, a cry, and a groan, and putting out my foot I felt what I conjectured to be the head of a horse stretched upon the road. 'Lord, have mercy upon us! what's the matter?' exclaimed a voice. 'Spare my life,' cried another voice, apparently from the ground, 'only spare my life, and take all I have!' 'Where are you, Master Wise?' cried the other voice. 'Help! here, Master Bat,' cried the voice from the ground, 'help me up, or I shall be murdered.' 'Why, what's the matter?' said Bat. 'Some one has knocked me down, and is robbing me,' said the voice from the ground. 'Help! murder!' cried Bat; and, regardless of the entreaties of the man on the ground that he would stay and help him

up, he urged his horse forward and galloped away as fast as he could. I remained for some time quiet, listening to various groans and exclamations uttered by the person on the ground; at length I said, 'Holloa! are you hurt?' 'Spare my life, and take all I have!' said the voice from the ground. 'Have they not done robbing you yet?' said I; 'when they have finished let me know, and I will come and help you.' 'Who is that?' said the voice; 'pray come and help me, and do me no mischief.' 'You were saying that some one was robbing you,' said I; 'don't think I shall come till he is gone away.' 'Then you bent he?' said the voice. 'Arn't you robbed?' said I. 'Can't say I be,' said the voice; 'not yet at any rate; but who are you? I don't know you.' 'A traveller whom you and your partner were going to run over in this dark lane; you almost frightened me out of my senses.' 'Frightened!' said the voice, in a louder tone; 'frightened! oh!' and thereupon I heard somebody getting upon his legs. This accomplished, the individual proceeded to attend to his horse, and with a little difficulty raised him upon his legs also. 'Arn't you hurt?' said I. 'I hurt!' said the voice; 'not I; don't think it, whatever the horse may be. I tell you what, my fellow, I thought you were a robber, and now I find you are not, I have a good mind—' 'To do what?' 'To serve you out; arn't you ashamed—?' 'At what?' said I; 'not to have robbed you? shall I set about it now?' 'Ha! ha!' said the man, dropping the bullying tone which he had assumed, 'you are joking—Robbing! who talks of robbing? I wonder how my horse's knees are; not much hurt, I think—only mired.' The man, whoever he was, then got upon his horse, and after moving him about a little, said, 'Good night, friend, where are you?' 'Here am I,' said I; 'just behind you.' 'You are, are you? take that!' I know not what he did, but probably pricking his horse with the spur, the animal kicked out violently; one of his heels struck me on the shoulder, but luckily missed my face; I fell back with the violence of the blow, whilst the fellow scampered off at a great rate. Stopping at some distance, he loaded me with abuse, and then, continuing his way at a rapid trot, I heard no more of him."

At his first encampment, our amateur tinker, much against his will, and almost at the risk of his life, renewed his acquaintance with the gipsies; the mother-in-law of his "pal," who had left her undutiful son's tent, and returned to her own people, rather than see a "gorgio" taught the Rommany language and customs, discovered him in spite of his disguise, and attempted to poison him. The timely arrival of a Welsh Methodist, of well-earned fame as a preacher, who with admirable promptitude administered an antidote, frustrated her murderous design; and him, and his gentle and loving wife, when sufficiently recovered, Lavengro accompanied to the border of the Principality. This well-matched pair are very admirably portrayed, and are reckoned amongst the favourites of the author. In the course of their conversations with the wondrous

youth whose life they had saved, "the priest" flits before us again; and Lavengro, by the exercise of his mother-wit, dispels from the mind of the preacher the morbid fancy that he had committed "the unpardonable sin." Returning from the Welsh Marches in company with Mr. Petulengro, whom he there met, Lavengro learned that Mrs. Hearne, disappointed at the failure of her vengeance upon him, had fulfilled her *dukkeripen*, or fortune, as she had read it herself, by hanging herself. This, by the laws of gipsy honour, (in this case not widely different from those of a section of the great world,) required satisfaction; and after a tussle, "without the gloves," for about half an hour, in which our friend came off second best, his Rommany brother declared himself "satisfied," and they proceeded right lovingly together. The gipsy "Pharaoh" pointed out to him, also, on finding that he was not enamoured of the social vagabondage of the gipsies, a most delightfully retired dingle, "five miles from the nearest town," where he forthwith pitched his tent. Here he triumphantly encountered, in stand-up fight, more dreadful than any Homeric combat, and as minutely told, "the Flaming Titan;" one unexpected result of his victory being, that he gained as the companion of his solitary dingle, a young Amazon, high Isopel Berners, who, born in the "great house" at Long Melford, had learnt to "fear God, and take her own part," which latter lesson, at least, she seemed proficient in. Having met with "the priest" at the ale-house, whither he went for needful refecation after his conflict, and perplexed him by showing that he was acquainted with his character and his doings, and offered, by the might of his right hand, (or rather his left, for he tells us he was a "left-handed hitter,") to disprove the claims of Romanism, and to establish those of English Episcopacy, he was favoured with a visit from the *reverend* man in his retirement, and they discoursed bitter satires upon various classes of the community, all which are plainly intended as Mr. Borrow's testimony upon the question raised last autumn by the appointment of the Romanist bishops here, although professedly uttered before the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act. A postilion, whom a great storm drove as an unlooked-for guest to the dwellers in the dingle, by his naive remarks upon Lavengro and his associate called forth something approaching to a mutual avowal of affection between them, in which the fair virago shows a far tenderer heart than "the scholar;" and with the story of the travels and adventures of the guest, wherein the priest, and some of his brethren and their dupes, nay, the pope himself, figure, and which is written for the passing agitations, and well written, too,—the third act of Lavengro's autobiography, and the third volume of this amusing book, ends. We are anxious to know whether Miss Isopel Berners did really become Mrs. Lavengro; and if not, why not; and how and when the sociable postilion continued his journey; and indeed, all that Mr. Borrow can further tell us of his adventures. And we hope that our desire, which is

echoed from all sides, will not remain long ungratified.

We have space for but one critical remark, and that we insert that we may not fail in our duty towards the greater number of our readers. Mr. Borrow rarely exercises his moral sense; he describes characters and incidents, which ought to have some mark of disapprobation placed upon them, without a word of censure. This alone would require to be noticed by a reviewer; but more than this, he suggests apologies for some of the very worst amongst the bad, such as David Haggart and John Thurtell; and not content with turning away the edge of our instinctive condemnation of crime, actually entitles the prize-fighters, the brutality of whose profession can scarcely be exaggerated, the "*priests of an old religion.*" There is a tone of mockery about this, which is exceedingly repulsive; and we can assure the autobiographer, that no vigour of orthodoxy can compensate for such aberrations from humanity, justice, and common sense. We trust that in the remainder of his story, which every reader of the present volumes will certainly expect to see, the charm of his graphic descriptions and lively conversations will not be broken by such great faults as those we have noted. And, thanking him for the amusement he has afforded us, we bid him most courteously, "Farewell."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EMINENT MEN.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

THERE are, perhaps, no two men who ever lived, and left behind them their own memoirs, who display a more remarkable contrast, than Benjamin Franklin and Benvenuto Cellini. The first is an impersonation of the utilitarianism of modern times, as is the second of the fervid and fiery spirit of the middle ages. The reader of Cellini's autobiography is transported back, with marvellous vividness, to the glorious but troubled period of the Italian republics, and of the revival of art; he mixes with that galaxy of gifted artists who have left behind them an immortal name; he enters into their manners, feelings, habits, and foibles, as much as if he had been himself living in the midst of them. The artist of that age was a vastly different being from him of the present day. Such was the stimulus given by the spirit of the times to men of genius, and such was the unsettled state of society, that we find them at once painters, sculptors, architects, engineers, musicians, poets, courtiers, and captains. They were called upon to do everything; one day to carve a statue for the decoration of a city, and the next, peradventure, to draw a plan of fortification for its defence, Benvenuto having, in fact, been thus required to fortify Paris, Rome, and Florence, in the course of his migratory career. Those were days, too, in which every quarrel was put to the arbitrament of the sword, and an artist was called upon to fight for his reputation, after he achieved it by his genius. They were times when morals were

often at the lowest ebb, and superstition at its highest flow; in short, when the papal system, at its zenith of splendour and corruption, was paramount over the Italian mind. The spirit of this age, which never can return, was vividly impersonated in Benvenuto Cellini. Loose and reckless in his morals, but profoundly devout and superstitious, always prompt to engage in broils, and repeatedly guilty of homicide, he recounts with the same calm complacency and immeasurable vanity his artistic achievements, his personal encounters, his necromantic visions, his illicit amours, and his visitations in prison by the Saviour of the world. All his adversaries are knaves and fools, and if he puts a man to death, it is never without the most conclusive reasons. He is a striking and a painful instance how completely the influence of a false religion may deprave the natural sentiment of right and wrong. However flagrant were his violations of duty, the absolution of the Pope was always at hand, and always sufficient, to lull to rest the troubled conscience of Benvenuto, and, to say truth, it was always most liberally afforded in his behalf.

He was born at Florence in the year 1500, and was contemporary with Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Baccio Bandinelli, Torregiano, and a host of other famous men. His father bound him apprentice to a goldsmith, and he soon distinguished himself by his extraordinary abilities. Driven from Florence by a fray, he repaired to Rome, where he obtained much patronage, and afterwards to his native city. Here he was a second time obliged to fly, having nearly killed one of his rivals in art. Again he returns to Rome, where he was soon taken notice of by the pope, and employed in many important commissions. It was a most exciting period; the Constable of Bourbon was just about to besiege Rome, and Benvenuto, while engaged in a skirmish without the walls, declares that he was the individual who shot the Constable as he scaled the wall of the city. He was now shut up with the pope in the Castle of St. Angelo, where he performed a notable and Munchausen-like feat of skill.

"I now gave my whole attention to firing my guns, by which means I did signal execution, so that I had in a high degree acquired the favour and good graces of his Holiness. There passed not a day, that I did not kill some of the army without the castle. One day amongst others, the pope happened to walk upon the round rampart, when he saw in the public walks a Spanish colonel whom he knew by certain tokens; and understanding that he had formerly been in his service, he said something concerning him, all the while observing him attentively. I who was above at the battery, and knew nothing of the matter, but saw a man who was employed in getting the ramparts repaired, and who stood with a spear in his hand, dressed in rose-colour, began to deliberate how I should lay him flat. I took my swivel, which was almost equal to a demi-culverin, turned it round, and charging it with a good quantity of fine and coarse powder mixed, aimed it at him exactly; though he

was at so great a distance, that it could not be expected any effort of art should make such pieces carry so far, I fired off the gun, and hit the man in red exactly in the middle; he had arrogantly placed his sword before him in a sort of Spanish bravado, but the ball of my piece hit against his sword, and the man was seen severed into two pieces. The pope, who did not dream of any such thing, was highly delighted and surprised at what he saw, as well because he thought it impossible that such a piece could carry so far, as by reason he could not conceive how the man could be cut into two pieces. Upon this he sent for me, and made an inquiry into the whole affair: I told him the art I had used to fire in that manner; but as for the man's being split into two pieces, neither he nor I were able to account for it. So falling upon my knees I intreated his Holiness to absolve me from the guilt of homicide, *as likewise from other crimes which I had committed in that castle in the service of the church.* The pope lifting up his hands and making the sign of the cross over me, said that he blessed me, and gave me his absolution, for *all the homicides that I had ever committed, or ever should commit, in the service of the apostolical church.*"

After these passages of arms, we find Cellini, in the pursuit of his profession, again dividing himself between Florence and Rome. The pope still continued his fast friend and patron, but some of the cardinals being his enemies, he was often embroiled in disputes with them, and through them with his Holiness himself.

"The pope set out for Bologna, leaving Cardinal Salviati, his legate, in Rome, and ordered him to hurry me on with the work, expressing himself in these words: 'Benvenuto is a man that sets but little value upon his abilities, and less upon me; so be sure that you hurry him on, that the chalice may be finished at my return.' This stupid cardinal sent to me in about eight days, ordering me to bring my work with me; but I went to him without it. As soon as I came into his presence he said to me: 'Where is this fantastical work of yours? Have you finished it?' I made answer, 'Most reverend sir, I have not finished my fantastical work, as you are pleased to call it, nor can I finish it, except you give me wherewithal to enable me.' Scarce had I uttered those words, when the cardinal, whose face was liker that of an ass than a human creature, began to look more hideous than before, and immediately proceeding to abusive language said, 'I'll confine you aboard a galley, and then you will be glad to finish the work.' As I had a brute to deal with, I used the language proper on the occasion, which was as follows: 'My lord, when I am guilty of crimes deserving the galleys, then you may send me thither; but for such an offence as mine, I am not afraid: nay I will tell you more, on account of this ill treatment, I will not finish the work at all; so send no more for me, for I will not come, except I am compelled by the city guard.' The foolish cardinal then tried by fair means to persuade me to go on with the work

in hand, and to bring what I had done, that he might examine it: in answer to all his persuasions I said, 'Tell his Holiness to send me the materials, if he would have me finish this fantastical work;' nor would I give him any other answer, insomuch that, despairing of success, he at last ceased to trouble me with his importunities. The pope returned from Bologna, and immediately inquired after me, for the cardinal had already given him, by letter, the most unfavourable account of me he possibly could. His Holiness being incensed against me to the highest degree, ordered me to come to him with my work; and I obeyed. During the time he was at Bologna, I had so severe a defluxion upon my eyes, that life became almost insupportable to me: that was the first cause of my not proceeding with the chalice. So much did I suffer by this disorder, that I really thought I should lose my eye-sight; and I computed how much would be sufficient for my support when I was blind. In my way to the palace, I meditated within myself an excuse for discontinuing the work; and thought, that whilst the pope was considering and examining my performance, I might acquaint him with my case: but I was mistaken; for as soon as I appeared in his presence, he said to me, with great asperity, 'Let me see that work of yours. Is it finished?' Upon my producing it, he flew into a more violent passion than before, and said, 'As there is truth in God, I assure you, since you value no living soul, that if a regard to decency did not prevent me, I would order both you and your work to be thrown this moment out of the window.' Seeing the pope thus inflamed with brutal fury, I was for quitting his presence directly, and as he continued his bravadoes, I put the chalice under my cloak, muttering these words to myself, 'The whole world would prove unable to make a blind man proceed in such an undertaking as this.' The pope then, with a louder voice than before, said, 'Come hither:—What's that you say?'—For a while I hesitated whether I should run down stairs. At last I plucked up my courage, and falling on my knees, exclaimed aloud in these words, because he continued to scold, 'Is it reasonable that when I am become blind with a disorder, you should oblige me to continue to work?' He answered: 'You could see well enough to come hither, and I don't believe one word of what you say.' Observing that he spoke with a milder tone of voice, I replied, 'If your Holiness will ask your physician, you will find that I declare the truth.' 'I shall inquire into the matter at my leisure,' said he. I now perceived that I had an opportunity to plead my cause, and therefore delivered myself thus: 'I am persuaded, most holy father, that the author of all this mischief is no other than Cardinal Salviati; because he sent for me immediately upon your Holiness's departure; and when I came to him, called my work a fantastical piece, and told me he would make me finish it in a galley: these opprobrious words made such an impression on me, that through the

great perturbation of mind I was in, I felt my face all on a sudden inflamed, and my eyes were attacked by so violent a heat, that I could hardly find my way home. A few days after there fell upon them two cataracts, which blinded me to such a degree that I could hardly see the light; and since your Holiness's departure I have not been able to do a stroke of work.' Having spoken thus, I rose up and withdrew. I was told that the pope said after I was gone, 'When places of trust are given, discretion is not always conveyed with them. I did not bid the cardinal treat people quite so roughly; if it be true that he has a disorder in his eyes, as I shall know by asking my physician, I shall be inclined to look upon him with an eye of compassion.' There happened to be present a person of distinction, who was a great favourite with the pope, and equally conspicuous for his extraordinary virtues and endowments: having inquired of the pontiff who I was, he added, 'Holy father, I ask you this, because you appeared to me, in the same breath, to fall into a most violent passion and to be equally affected and softened into pity; so I desire to know who he is. If he be a person deserving of assistance, I'll tell him a secret to cure his disorder.' The pope made answer, 'The person you speak of is one of the greatest geniuses in his way that the world ever produced—when I see you again, I will show you some of his admirable performances, as likewise the man himself; and it will be a great satisfaction to me, if you are able to do him any service.'"

The pope was soon after attacked by a fatal disorder. Benvenuto put on his sword, and repaired to St. Peter's, where he had kissed the feet of the deceased pontiff, "and could not refrain from tears." On his way home he fell into a brawl, one of the many in which he was always getting engaged, and the consequences of which proved fatal to his adversary, one Pompeo, a rival in his own profession, who had unfairly decried his works.

"Whilst I was sitting here, in the company of several of my friends, Pompeo happened to pass by in the midst of ten armed men, and when he came opposite to the place where I sat, stopped awhile as if he had an intention to begin a quarrel. The brave young men, my friends, were for having me draw directly, but I instantly reflected that by complying with their desire, I could not avoid hurting innocent persons; therefore thought it most advisable to expose none but myself to danger. Pompeo having made a short stop before my door, began to laugh in my face; and when he went off, his comrades fell a laughing likewise, shook their heads and made many gestures in derision, bullying me at a strange rate. My companions were for interposing in the quarrel, but I told them in an angry mood that in my disputes I never had occasion for the help of any champions, and that I knew how to end them unassisted; so that every man might mind his own business. Mortified at this answer, they went away, muttering to themselves: amongst these was the dearest friend I

had in the world, whose name was Albertaccio de Bene, own brother to Alessandro and Albizzo, who now resides at Lyons, and is exceeding wealthy. This Albertaccio del Bene was one of the most surprising young men I ever knew, as intrepid as Cesar, and one who loved me as he loved himself: he was well aware that my forbearance was not an effect of pusillanimity, but of the most undaunted resolution, which he knew to be one of my distinguishing characteristics: in answer therefore to what I said, he begged of me as a favour, that I would indulge him so far as to take him for my companion in any enterprise. To this I replied, 'My dearest friend Albertaccio, a time will soon come that I shall have occasion for your assistance; but on the present occasion, if you love me, do not give yourself any concern about me; only mind your own affairs, and quit the place directly, as the rest have done, for we must not trifle away time.' These words were uttered in great haste; in the mean time my enemies of the Banchi quarter had walked on slowly towards a place called Chiavica, and reached a cross way where several streets meet; but that in which stood the house of my adversary Pompeo led directly to the Campo di Fiore. Pompeo entered an apothecary's shop at the corner of the Chiavica, about some business, and stayed with him some time. I was told that he had boasted of having bullied me; but it turned out a fatal adventure to him; for just as I arrived at that quarter, he was coming out of the shop, and his bravos having made an opening, formed a circle round him. I thereupon clapped my hand to a sharp dagger, and having forced my way through the file of ruffians, laid hold of him by the breast so quickly, and with such presence of mind, that there was not one of them able to defend him. I pulled him towards me, to give him a blow in front, but he turned his face about through excess of terror, so that I wounded him exactly under the ear; and upon repeating my blow, he fell down dead. It had never been my intention to kill him, but only to wound him dangerously, but blows are not always under command. Having pulled back the dagger with my left hand, and drawn my sword with the right, in order to defend myself, when I found that all the ruffians ran up to the dead body, and none of them towards me, or seemed at all disposed to encounter me, I retreated towards the street Julia, revolving within myself whither I could make my escape."

Nothing can be more truly edifying than the conduct of the new pope when informed of this untoward business.

"As soon," says Benvenuto, "as this new pontiff had settled other affairs of greater importance, he inquired after me, and declared that he would employ nobody else to stamp his coins. When he spoke thus, a gentleman, whose name was Signor Latino Giovenale, said that I was obliged to abscond for having killed one Pompeo, a Milanese, in a fray; he then gave an account of the whole affair, putting it in the most favourable light for me that was possible.

The pope made answer, 'I never heard of the death of Pompeo, but I have often heard of Benvenuto's provocation; so let a safe-conduct be instantly made out, and that will secure him from all manner of danger.' There happened to be present an intimate friend of Pompeo's, who was likewise a favourite of the pontiff; this was signor Ambrogio, a native of Milan. This person told his Holiness that it might be of dangerous consequence to grant such favours immediately upon being raised to his new dignity. The pope instantly turning about to him, said, '*You do not understand these matters; I must inform you that men who are masters in their profession, like Benvenuto, should not be subject to the laws; but he less than any other, for I am sensible that he was in the right in the whole affair.*'"

After a while the Emperor Charles V. made his triumphal entry into Rome, when Benvenuto was chosen by the pope to present him with a specimen of his skill, and remained for half an hour in conversation with the emperor, which shows, as Vasari observes, "that he knew as well how to speak to princes, as to exert himself in his art." This flattering incident was soon followed by a terrible reverse of fortune. Upon a false charge of having concealed certain jewels entrusted to his care, he was thrown into a dungeon in the Castle of St. Angelo. There the vividness of his imagination, combined with the consciousness of his innocence, soon pictured our Saviour as coming personally to console him for his miseries. After a preliminary vision he observes,—

"There appeared a Christ upon the cross formed of the self-same matter as the sun, and so gracious and pleasing was his aspect, that no human imagination could ever form so much as a faint idea of such beauty. As I was contemplating this glorious apparition, I cried out aloud, 'A miracle! a miracle! O God! O clemency divine! O goodness infinite! what mercies dost thou lavish on me this morning!' At the very time that I thus meditated and uttered these words, the figure of Christ began to move towards the side where the rays were centered; and the middle of the sun swelled and bulged out as at first: the protuberance having increased considerably, was at last converted into the figure of a beautiful Virgin Mary, who appeared to sit with her Son in her arms in a graceful attitude, and even to smile; she stood between two angels of so divine a beauty, that imagination could not even form an idea of such perfection. I likewise saw in the same sun, a figure dressed in sacerdotal robes; this figure turned its back to me, and looked towards the Blessed Virgin holding Christ in her arms. All these things I clearly and plainly saw, and with a loud voice continued to return thanks to the Almighty. This wonderful phenomenon having appeared before me about eight minutes, vanished from my sight, and I was instantly conveyed back to my couch. I then began to make loud exclamations, crying out thus: 'It has pleased the Almighty to reveal to me all his glory in a splendour which perhaps no mortal eye ever before beheld;

hence I know that I am free, happy, and in favour with God; as for you, unhappy wretches, you will continue in disgrace with him. Know that I am certain that on All Saints' day, on which I was born in 1500, the night of the first November, exactly at twelve o'clock; know, I say, that on the anniversary of that day you will be obliged to take me out of this dismal cell; for I have seen it with my eyes, and it was prefigured on the throne of God. The priest who looked towards Christ, and had his back turned to me, was St. Peter, who pleaded my cause, and appeared to be quite ashamed that such cruel insults should be offered to Christians in his house. So proclaim it everywhere, that no one has any further power to hurt me, and tell the pope, *that if he will supply me with wax or paper to represent the glorious vision sent to me from heaven, I will certainly do it.*'"

After his release from prison, Benvenuto repaired to the court of the munificent Francis I. of France, with whom he became a great favourite, but in consequence of his haughty and independent humour, was so persecuted by Madame d'Etampes, the king's mistress, that he at length repaired to Florence, there to reap fresh triumphs, and to engage in fresh disputes. Baccio Bandinelli, the celebrated sculptor, was the principal object of our Benvenuto's jealousy, and the following scene between them, in presence of the Duke of Florence, is perhaps the richest specimen of artists' quarrels on record:—

"One holiday I went to the palace immediately after dinner, and entering the hall where the great clock stands, I saw the door of the wardrobe open; as I presented myself, the duke beckoned to me, and with great complaisance addressed me thus: 'You are welcome to court,' alluding to my name of Benvenuto, 'take this little chest, which was sent me as a present by Signor Stephano of Palestrina; open it, and let us see what it contains.' I instantly opened it, and answered the duke: 'This, my lord, is the figure of a little boy in Greek marble, and is indeed a very extraordinary piece; I don't remember ever having seen amongst the antiques so beautiful a performance, or one of so exquisite a taste; I therefore offer your excellency to restore its head, arms, and feet; and make an eagle for it, that it may be called a Ganymede: and though it is by no means proper for me to patch up old statues, as that is generally done by a sort of bunglers in the business, who acquit themselves very indifferently, the excellence of this great master is such, that it powerfully excites me to do him this piece of service.' The duke was highly pleased to find the figure had such merit, and asked me several questions about it: 'Tell me,' said he, 'Benvenuto, in what precisely consists the extraordinary excellence of this great master, which excites in you such wonder and surprise?' I endeavoured the best I could to give him an idea of the extraordinary beauty of the statue, of the great genius, skill, and admirable manner of the artist, conspicuous in his work; topics on which I enlarged a long time, and that with the greater earnestness, as I perceived

that his excellency took pleasure in listening to me. Whilst I amused him so agreeably with my conversation, a page happened to open the door of the wardrobe, and just as he came out Bandinello entered: the duke, seeing him, appeared to be in some disorder, and asked him, with a stern look, what he was about; Bandinello, without making any answer, immediately fixed his eye on the little chest, in which the above-mentioned statue was very plainly to be seen; then shaking his head, he turned to the duke, and said with a scornful sneer, 'My lord, this is one of those things I have so often spoken to your excellency about; depend upon it, the ancients knew nothing of the anatomy of the parts, and for that reason their works abound with errors.' I stood silent, and gave no attention to what he had advanced, but on the contrary turned my back to him. When the fool had made an end of his nonsensical harangue, the duke, addressing himself to me, said, 'Benvenuto, this is quite the reverse of what you awhile ago so much boasted, and seemed to prove by so many specious arguments: so endeavour to defend your own cause.' To these words of the duke, which were spoken with great mildness, I answered, 'My lord, your excellency is to understand that Baccio Bandinello is a compound of everything that is bad, and so he has always been; insomuch, that whatsoever he looks at is by his fascinating eyes, however superlatively good in itself, immediately converted into something supremely evil: but I, who am inclined to good alone, see the truth through a happier medium; so that all I mentioned awhile ago to your excellency concerning that beautiful figure is strictly and literally true, and what Bandinello has said of it is purely the result of his own innate malevolence.'

"The duke seemed to hear me with pleasure, and whilst I expressed myself thus, Bandinello writhed himself into a variety of contortions, and made his face, which was by nature very ugly, quite hideous by his frightful grimaces. Immediately the duke, quitting the hall, went down to the ground-floor apartments, and Bandinello after him: the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, pulling me by the cloak, encouraged me to go after him; so we followed the duke till he sat himself down in one of the rooms, and Bandinello and I placed ourselves one on his right, the other on the left. I remained silent, and many of the duke's servants who stood round kept their eyes fixed on Bandinello, tittering when they recollected what I had said to him in the hall above. Bandinello again began to chatter, and said, that when he exhibited his Hercules and Cacus to the public, he really believed there were above a hundred lampoons published against him, which contained all the vilest ribaldry that could enter into the imagination of the rabble. To this I answered, 'My lord, when your great artist, Michel Angelo Buonarrotti, exhibited his sacristy, in which so many beautiful figures are to be seen, the members of the admirable school of Florence, which loves and encourages genius wherever it displays itself, published above a hundred

sonnets wherein they vie with each other which should praise him most; and as Bandinello deserved all the ill that was said of his work, so Michel Angelo merited the highest encomiums that were bestowed on his performance.' Upon my expressing myself thus, Bandinello was incensed to such a degree, that he was ready to burst with fury, and turning to me said, 'What faults have you to find with my statues?' I answered, 'I will soon tell them, if you have but the patience to hear me.' He replied, 'Tell them then.' The duke and all present listened with the utmost attention. I began by promising that I was sorry to be obliged to lay before him all the blemishes of his work, and that I was not so properly delivering my own sentiments, as declaring what was said of it by the ingenious school of Florence. However, as the fellow at one time said something disobliging, at another made some offensive gesture with his hands or his feet, he put me into such a passion that I behaved with a rudeness which I should otherwise have avoided.

"The ingenious school of Florence,' said I, 'declares what follows:—If the hair of your Hercules were shaved off, there would not remain skull enough to hold his brains; with regard to his face, it is hard to distinguish whether it be the face of a man, or that of a creature something between a lion and an ox; it discovers no attention to what it is about; and it is so badly set upon the neck, with so little art and so ungraceful a manner, that a more shocking piece of work was never seen: his great brawny back resembles the two pommels of an ass's pack-saddle; his breasts and their muscles bear no similitude to those of a man, but appear like a sack of melons; as he leans directly against the wall, the small of the back has the appearance of a bag filled with long cucumbers; it is impossible to conceive in what manner the two legs are fastened to this distorted figure, for it is hard to distinguish upon which leg he stands, or upon which he exerts any effort of his strength, nor does he appear to stand upon both, as he is sometimes represented by those masters of the art of statuary who know something of their business; it is plain too that the statue inclines more than one-third of a cubit forward, and this is the greatest and the most insupportable blunder which pretenders to sculpture are guilty of; as for the arms, they both hang down in the most awkward and ungraceful manner imaginable, and so little art is displayed in them, that people would be almost tempted to think that you never saw a naked man in your life; the right leg of Hercules and that of Cacus touch at the middle of their calves, and, if they were to be separated, not one of them only, but both would remain without a calf in the place where they touch: besides, one of the Hercules's feet is quite buried, and the other seems to have fire under it.' Thus I went on, but the man could no longer stay with patience to hear the defects of his figure of Cacus enumerated; one reason was that what I said was true, the other, that I made the duke perfectly

acquainted with his real character, as well as the rest of those present, who discovered the greatest symptoms of surprise imaginable, and began to be sensible that all I said was true. The brutish fellow thereupon said, 'O thou slanderer, dost thou say nothing of my design?' I answered, that he who drew a good one, could never work ill, and that I was convinced his design was of a piece with his works. Seeing that the duke and all present showed, by their sarcastic looks and gestures, that they thought the censure of his performance to be just, he let his insolence entirely get the better of him, and, turning about to me with a most brutish physiognomy, assailed me with the most infamous epithets. When he expressed himself thus, the duke and all present frowned upon him, and discovered symptoms of the highest displeasure. I, though full of passion, thought it best to treat him with ridicule, and succeeded so well, that none present could contain themselves, but both the duke and all present set up a loud laugh. Though I endeavoured to put a good face upon the matter, I was ready to burst with vexation, that one of the most worthless wretches upon earth should have the impudence to affront me in so gross a manner, in the presence of a great prince: but the reader should at the same time take into consideration, that on this occasion the duke was affronted and not I, for had I not been in his august presence, I should have killed the villain upon the spot. Perceiving that the noble personages present never once ceased laughing, this low buffoon, to divert them from deriding him, began to change the subject, and said, 'This Benvenuto here goes about making it his boast, that I promised him a block of marble.' 'How,' said I, interrupting him, 'did you not send word by your journeyman, Francis Matteo Fabbro, that if I chose to work in marble, you would make me a present of a piece? Did I not accept the offer, and don't I still require of you the performance of your promise?' He replied then, 'Depend upon it, you shall never have it.' Thereupon I, who was incensed to the highest pitch by his former abuse, being suddenly deprived of my reason, as it were, forgot for a moment that I was in the presence of the duke, and cried out to him in a passion: 'In plain terms, either send the marble to my house, or think of another world, for I will infallibly send you out of this: but, immediately recollecting that I was in the presence of so great a prince, I turned with an air of humility to his excellency, and said, 'My lord, one fool makes a hundred; the folly of this man has made me forget your excellency's glory, and myself, for which I humbly beg your lordship's pardon.' The duke, addressing himself to Bandinello, asked him whether it was true that he had promised me the marble. Bandinello answered it was. The duke thereupon said to me, 'Return to your work and take a piece of marble to your liking.' I replied that he had promised to send me one to my own house. Terrible words passed upon the occasion, and I insisted upon receiving it in that manner and no other."

But we should stretch this article beyond all reasonable limits, did we go on any longer quoting scene after scene from this most amusing of autobiographies. Suffice it to say, that in 1570 Benvenuto Cellini at length died at Florence, which he had so greatly contributed to adorn, where he had risen to the very highest honours, and where he was buried with the greatest funeral pomp. His character is better displayed by his own pen, than it could be by the most elaborate estimate on the part of others.

LEWIS ARUNDEL;¹

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEIGH."

CHAPTER LVII.

CONTAINS SOME "NOVEL" REMARKS UPON THE ROMANTIC CEREMONY OF MATRIMONY.

"FRERE, old fellow, have you prepared your wedding garments?" inquired Bracy, meeting his friend accidentally one fine day, about a week after the occurrence of the events described in the last chapter.

"Aye, I hear that your machinations have succeeded," returned Frere, gruffly; "and that De Grandeville is about to marry Lady Lombard. I'll tell you what it is, Bracy; it strikes me that in assisting people to make fools of themselves and each other, you are just wasting your time, and perverting your talents: depend upon it you may very safely leave folks to perform that operation on their own account, they are not likely to class that amongst their sins of omission."

"Make fools of themselves!" repeated Bracy. "My dear Frere, it's nothing of the sort, that was an '*opus operatum*,' a deed done for our friends by beneficent Nature, long before I had the pleasure of their acquaintance. Moreover, in the present case, I am seeking to diminish, rather than to increase, the standing amount of folly—man and wife are one, you know; *ergo*, by uniting Lady Lombard and the mighty De Grandeville, the ranks of the feeble-minded are one fool minus."

"Well, that, certainly, is an ingenious way of putting it," rejoined Frere, laughing in spite of himself; "and pray how have you contrived to bring about this delectable affair; for I conclude the match is your handywork?"

"Oh! the thing was easy to accomplish," replied Bracy. "I invented pretty speeches, which I declared to each that the other had made about them; I exaggerated De Grandeville's position to Lady Lombard, and Lady Lombard's wealth to De Grandeville; in short, I lied perseveringly, and judiciously, until I fancied I had got the affair thoroughly *en train*. But I soon found out there was a hitch somewhere; it was clearly not on the lady's side, for she was so far gone as to believe in De Grandeville to the extent of actually estimating him at his own valuation, which I take to be the *ne plus ultra* of credulity;—so I set

(1) Continued from p. 174.

steadily to work to investigate *him*, and if possible find out what was the matter. I tried various schemes, but none of them would act, his reserve was impenetrable; at last, in despair, I gave him a champagne dinner, at the Polysnobion, taking care to ply him well with wine, and to walk home with him afterwards. That did the business,—he must, certainly, have been especially drunk, for, before we reached his lodgings, he confessed to me that his grandfather had been a tallow chandler, and that the bar to his union with Lady Lombard was his inability to discover that she possessed any pedigree.”

“Well, for that matter,” interrupted Frere, “having admitted the tallow chandler, I don’t see that he need have been so very particular as to the aristocratic tendencies of Lady Lombard’s ancestry.”

“De Grandeville did not think so,” resumed Bracy; “he argued that no amount of chandlery could infuse vulgarity into the blood of one of his illustrious house; external circumstances, he declared, were powerless to affect the innate nobility of a De Grandeville: whole years of melting days would fail to drop a spot upon that illustrious name;—but for a man, the founder of whose family came over with the Norman William, to marry a woman without a pedigree, one who probably never had so much as a grandfather belonging to her, was impossible: he had a warm regard for Lady Lombard; he considered that his name and influence, supported by her wealth, would place him in one of the proudest positions to which a mortal could aspire; but even for this he could not sacrifice his leading principle, he could not ally himself to any one without a pedigree.”

“Seeing that he was in earnest, I forbore to laugh at him; and merely throwing out hints that I had reason to believe he was in error, and that although Lady Lombard’s father (an amiable soap-boiler, whose virtues flourished for sixty years in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch) had been engaged in commerce, (he called the tallow chandler a Russia Merchant,) as well as his grandfather, still the arguments which applied to the one case, would hold good in the other, and at all events I begged him to take no rash or precipitate step in the matter till I had applied to a friend of mine who was a great genealogist, (of course invented for the occasion,) and used my best endeavours to clear up the difficulty—for which disinterested offer he, being still more or less inebriated, blessed me fervently, and so, having seen him safely home, we parted. The next morning I visited Lady Lombard, led her on sweetly and easily to talk of her family, gained some information, and learned where to obtain more, and in less than two days had the satisfaction of proving her fiftieth cousin sixteen times removed to Edward the Third. De Grandeville was introduced to my friend in the Herald’s Office—”

“Whom you declared five minutes ago to be invented for the occasion,” interrupted Frere.

“For which reason he was the more easily personated by Tom Edgehill of the Fusileers,” resumed the unblushing Bracy; “De Grandeville was allowed, as a

great favour, to peruse the pedigree, believed in it—”

“Or pretended to do so,” suggested Frere.

“To the fullest extent!” continued Bracy not heeding the interruption, “and the next thing I heard was that the parties were engaged.”

“So he is actually going to marry a woman without an idea, properly so called, in her head, and half as old again as he is, for the sake of her money. Well! that’s an abyss of degradation I’ll never sink to while there is a crossing to be swept in London;” was Frere’s disgusted comment.

“*Chacun à son gout*—for my own part I should prefer involuntary emigration for the good of my country, vulgarly denominated transportation, to being married at all, even were the opposing party (my hypothetical wife, I mean,) the most thorough-bred angel that ever wore a bustle,” returned Bracy. “By the way,” he continued, “I saw your little friend, Miss Arundel, the other day; she and her mother are staying with the ‘Lombardic Character,’ I find, but, of course, you know all this better than I do; really that girl writes exceedingly good sense for a woman; now if I were a marrying man, I don’t know any quarter in which I’d sooner throw the handkerchief.”

“You might pick it up again for your pains, for she wouldn’t have you, I’m sure,” growled Frere.

“Do you really believe so?” asked Bracy, with an incredulous smile, “ahem! I flatter myself the little Arundel has better taste.”

“Better sense than to do any such thing you mean,” returned Frere, more crossly than before; “depend upon it, whenever Rose Arundel marries, she will choose a man who can respect and love her, and not a—well, I don’t mean to insult you, my good fellow, but truth will out,—a self-conceited young puppy, whose head has been turned by foolish people, by whom his cleverness has been overrated, and his vanity fostered.”

Bracy drew himself up, and for a minute pretended to look very fierce,—then bursting into a hearty laugh, he patted his companion on the back affectionately, exclaiming, “Poor old Frere! did I put him in a rage? never mind, old boy, I only wanted to know whether there was any truth in the report that you were engaged to Miss Arundel,—and now let me congratulate you. You are no doubt quite right in thinking the young lady would have shown her wisdom by selecting a sensible man such as you are, rather than a *vaurien* like myself, even if I were a marrying man, and had placed such a temptation before her.”

Frere looked at him for a moment in utter astonishment, then muttered, “A *vaurien*, indeed! I always prophesied that foot-boy of yours would die with a rope round his neck, but I begin to think the complaint which will necessitate such an operation, runs in the family, and that servant and master are alike affected by it.”

“And what may be the name of this alarming epidemic which you consider likely to terminate so fatally?” asked Bracy.

“A most unmitigated and virulent form of chronic

impudence," returned Frere, laughing, then shaking hands most cordially, these two oddly assorted friends parted.

After having left Bracy, Frere bent his steps towards the dwelling of Lady Lombard, with whom Mrs. Arundel and Rose were spending a few days for the avowed purpose of assisting to prepare her wedding paraphernalia, though, (as the most skilful dress-maker, and the most expensive tradesmen in London were at work in the good cause,) their duties were merely nominal. Mrs. Arundel having explained to her hostess the nature of the engagement between Frere and her daughter, that excellent bear was allowed to run tame about the house. Lady Lombard, who was at first oppressed by a vague sense of his awful amount of learning, and decidedly alarmed at his snapping and growling, had become reconciled to his presence, on perceiving that Rose could tame him by a word or a smile, and committing him to her care and management, troubled herself no further about him.

"Rose, who do you think has gone to Venice?" inquired Frere, after having disburdened his pockets of a little library of books, two large fossils, and the handle of a Roman sword, all highly prized and newly acquired treasures, which he had brought for Rose to appreciate, and to sympathise with him in his delight at having obtained them.

"To Venice," returned Rose, "oh! who? do tell me."

"Why lots of people, it seems;" replied Frere. "I called upon my uncle Lord Ashford this morning, and found him in what is vulgarly termed a regular stew. Bellefield it seems had a horse which everybody fancied was to win the Derby, but what everybody fancied did not come to pass, for the said horse was beaten, consequently his owner has lost no end of money, for which same I for one do not pity him: I have no sympathy with your ruined gamester,—and ruined he is, by the way, horse, foot, and artillery, as the military DeGrandeville would say. Well, poor uncle Ashford showed me a note he had just received from his dutiful first-born, telling him that he had not a farthing of ready money in the world, except 50*l.* to pay his journey, that he was quite unable to meet his engagements, and that before the settling day for the Derby, he must put the British Channel between him and those to whom he owed sums so large that he neither wished nor expected his father to pay them; that he would feel obliged if his lordship would increase his yearly allowance, and that he wished letters of credit to be forwarded to him at Venice, to which place he proposed immediately to follow General Grant and his daughter, who it appears left England only three weeks ago: that it was his intention to marry the young lady forthwith, and live abroad upon her fortune, until something to his advantage should turn up; and he adds in a postscript, that if his father should attempt to prevent his marriage by informing General Grant of what he is pleased to call his misfortunes, that minute he will blow his brains out. Well, poor uncle, who is a high-minded honourable man,

though he is rather proud and cold in his manner, could not bear the idea of his son marrying Annie Grant without informing the General of his loss of fortune, and at length he resolved to meet the difficulty by selling the H—shire estate, and by that means increasing Lord Bellefield's allowance, till it would amount to 3,000*l.* a-year, in which case General Grant might be informed of the truth without the match being broken off, or Bellefield driven to desperation;—whereupon I observed innocently enough, that the success of the scheme would, in great measure, depend on the tact of the person sent out to manage the negotiation: Lord Ashford agreed in this most cordially, and then, saying how grateful he should feel to any one who would assist him in this strait, looked hard at me——"

"And you instantly undertook the commission; I know it as well as if I had been present, and had heard all that passed," interposed Rose, with a smile, in which, though affection predominated, a slight shade of regret might have been traced.

"Why, you see, Rose, as I am one of the family, there seemed a kind of obligation upon me to do something to help them; and poor Uncle Ashford did look so pitiful; and really if I had not undertaken it, I don't know who could have been found to do so, for Bellefield quarrelled with their family solicitor, because he refused to allow him to make ducks and drakes of some of the entailed property three years ago; and I shall not be gone long. Besides, I did not quite forget you, Rosey, for, do you comprehend, I shall be able to see Lewis, without his fancying that I have been sent out expressly to look after him, and perhaps I may be able to persuade him to come home and live in England like a reasonable being and a christian; at all events, I shall find out how he is going on there; and I've another thing to talk to Lewis about,—I don't mean to remain for ever without a wife, Miss Rose,—you need not turn your head away—that's sheer silliness—you know we *are* to be married some day, we expect matrimony will increase our happiness, and we have better reason for our expectations than many of the fools who yoke themselves together for life; those who do so, for instance, in order to obtain rank or riches—our next-door neighbour, to wit," and he pointed with his thumb in the direction of the drawing-room, wherein were seated the mighty De Grandeville and his lady love. "As, therefore, my reasoning is good sound reasoning, and matrimony proved to be a desirable thing, why, the sooner we get the ceremony over, the better; so, as I said before, don't turn away your head like a little goose, seeing that you're nothing of the kind!"

"Poor Lewis," murmured Rose, "he will scarcely rejoice to see you, when he learns that the object of your mission is to hasten the marriage of Annie Grant with Lord Bellefield;—oh, Richard," she continued eagerly, clasping her hands, "it will make him hate you—do not go!"

"Well, now, I never thought of that," muttered Frere, thoroughly perplexed;—"why will people go

and fall in love with one another that didn't ought to?" He paused, rubbed his hair back from his forehead, till it stood on end like the crest of a cockatoo, played with Rose's workbox till he overturned it, and in his abstraction committed so many gaucheries that his companion was on the point of calling him to order, when he suddenly returned to his senses, and taking Rose's hand in his, began, "Now, listen to me, my child; in the first place, as this matter nearly concerns Lewis, and therefore you, I will do nothing in it of which you do not approve; premising this, I will give you my own ideas on the subject. Touching Lewis's interest in the affair, the question seems to hinge upon this point; does Annie Grant care for him or not? if she does not, it can't signify to him who she marries; and as in that case she is probably attached to her cousin, (women don't *always* love wisely, you know,) I should feel able to carry out uncle Ashford's wishes with a clear conscience, and trust to Lewis's good sense and kind heart not to incur his displeasure by so doing. If, on the other hand, Annie by any chance loves him, and has been bullied or persuaded into this engagement, I for one will have nothing to do with promoting the match, but, on the contrary, will exert myself to the utmost to prevent it—and now what say you?"

"That by doing as you propose, you will act rightly, kindly, and judiciously, and that come what may of it, your interference must be for good," returned Rose, gazing with looks of proud affection upon the simple-hearted, high-principled, "*honest* man," (indeed, "the noblest work of God,") who sat beside her; "but," she continued after a moment's thought, "there is one difficulty which I scarcely see how you will get over—how are you to find out whom Annie Grant really loves?"

"Ask her myself," was the straightforward reply. Rose looked at him to see if he were joking, but his face was earnest and resolved.

"Oh, Richard, you will never be able to do that," she remonstrated, "remember how such a question must distress her."

"Which do you think will distress her most, to be asked abruptly to give her confidence to a person who is anxious to befriend her, or to spend her life with one man, when all the time she loves another?" inquired, Frere, almost sternly; then laying his hand on Rose's head, and stroking her glossy hair, he continued, "No! no! Rosey, away with all such sophistications, they are the devil's emissaries, to render people first miserable, and then reckless and wicked—marriages, properly so termed, may be made in Heaven, but depend upon it, the spurious articles too often foisted upon the public under that name,—alliances in which this world's goods are everything, and the treasures of the next world nothing,—come from quite another manufactory."

Then there was a pause, and then Rose inquired when he proposed to set out.

"Why, there is no good in procrastinating," was the reply; "the sooner I start the sooner I shall be back

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again; so to-morrow the lawyer gets the necessary papers ready; the next day good Lady Goosecap here is to be married, and I mean to attend the ceremony, in order to learn how to behave on such an occasion; and the day after that, if nothing unforeseen occurs to prevent me, I'm off!"

"You will write very often—every"—(Frere raised his eyebrows) "well then, every other day, will you not?" urged Rose, appealingly.

"What queer things women are!" soliloquized Frere; "now if you had been going to the North Pole," he continued, addressing Rose, "it would never have occurred to me to *ask* you to write,—I should have taken it for granted that if you had discovered the north-west passage, or done anything else worth mentioning, you would have let one know; and why people write if they have nothing to say, I can't think."

"At all events, it is a satisfaction when we are parted from those who are dear to us, to be assured that they are well," suggested Rose.

"Oh, nothing ever ails me," replied Frere, quietly applying the remark to himself; "there is not a doctor in the country who has ever received one farthing of my money; and as to physic—throw physic to the dogs, always supposing you have any such abomination to dispose of, or any dogs at hand to throw it to: it's a thing I don't know the taste of, and where ignorance is bliss—well, never mind, I'll write to you all the same, if you have a weakness that way, whenever I can find pens, paper, and a post-office; only if my letters should happen to be rather prosy, somewhat in the much-ado-about-nothing style, small blame to me, that's all." Thus the expedition was agreed upon, and Rose having told Frere some hundred things, which he was to say to, and inquire of Lewis, sat down to write a *few* more "notes and queries," winding up with a pathetic appeal to her brother to bring his self-imposed exile to a conclusion.

So the silver-footed hours turned round the treadmill of time, till the dewy morn appeared, which was to witness the celebration of the nuptials of Lady Lombard and the mighty Marmaduke De Grandeville. Oh, the ardour and bustle of that devoted household! As for the servants, so late did they sit up, and so early did they rise, that going to bed at all became rather a superstitious observance than a beneficial practice. Then everybody had to dress, first themselves, and then somebody else; and the amount of white muslin concentrated in that happy family, rendered space crisp, and gave a look of pastoral simplicity to the most iniquitously gorgeous arrangements of modern upholstery.

The bride's dress was wonderful—words are powerless to describe it—happy those women who, favoured beyond all other daughters of Eve, were permitted to behold it. One very young lady, rash in her ignorance, ventured to ask how much the lace cost a-yard.—The French artiste, Mademoiselle Melanie Amandine Celestine Seraphine Belledentelles, piously invoked six authorized female saints, besides the deceased Madame

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Tournure, at whose flounces she had sat to acquire her art, who on her lamented removal to Père la Chaise she had privately canonized for her own especial use and behoof, and thus supported did not faint.—The “mistress of the robes” a black eyed, brown cheeked grisette, turned as pale as her complexion allowed of, and sank upon a chair, but being unprovided with a smelling-bottle thought it advisable not to proceed to extremities, and the mother of the culprit hurried forward, and with great presence of mind led her from the room,—such mysteries are not for the profane.

Then occurred a tremendous episode—the dress was disposed in graceful folds over the ample person of its fortunate possessor, and fitted seraphically; only the bottom hook and eye, situated in the region round about the waist, would by no means permit themselves to be united, and a lucid interval, *hiatus valde lachrymabilis*, was the fearful consequence. The grisette did her very utmost, but her strength was inadequate to command the success her zeal deserved, and with flushed cheeks and tearful eyes she glanced appealingly to Mademoiselle Melanie Amandine, &c. &c.

That ardent foreigner stepped forward to the rescue, all the noble self-confidence of her nation flashing in her coal-black eyes, and gallantly assumed the post of danger,—she was a small woman, but her frame was compact and wiry, and Tydens-like,—

“Her little body held a mighty mind.”

Setting to work with spirit, she devoted all her energies to the task before her, and Lady Lombard winced palpably, unconsciously echoing Hamlet’s well-known aspiration—but that good Lady’s melting moods were unfortunately mental, not bodily, and in this attempt “to take her in” even the French dress-maker was foiled, the “too solid” substance was not compressible beyond a certain point, and with a sigh which had a marvellous resemblance to the word *suer-r-r-e*, Mademoiselle Melanie Amandine, &c. &c. desisted.

“*Ah! qu’ils sont difficiles ces agrafes!*” she exclaimed, rubbing her little hands with a theatrical gesture. “I have not to myself force in *les poignets*, vot you call oncles.”

“Wrists,” mildly suggested Mrs. Arundel, who was assisting to attire the bride—“mine are very strong, let me try—” and suiting the action to the word, she Curtius-like endeavoured to close the yawning gulf, but in vain.

“*Ah non! c’est impossible*—you shall only strain your hands too much, *chère Madame Hirondelle*,” resumed Mademoiselle—“permit me to ring *zie bell*, we shall make approach *le maître d’hot.l.*, vot you call *zie coachman* of *zie chambre*, who shall have much of force, *et ce sera un fait accompli*.”

“Stop, Madurmoysel,” exclaimed Lady Lombard, agitated, as the energetic Frenchwoman laid her hand upon the bell-rope—“Stop, if you please, I should not like—that is, it is not exactly the custom, to admit the male domestics into one’s bed-room.”

For a moment the Frenchwoman appeared utterly puzzled as to the reason of the objection, then a light broke in upon her, and she began, “*Ah, je comprends! it ces not etiquette, que je suis bete!* how I am stupid! *mais qu’ils sont drôles ces petits scandales Anglais!* *Vraiment c’est comme la comédie.* *A Paris nous ne remarquons pas ces petits riens; et en Allemagne, zie schneider, vat you call tailor, ils font toutes les robes,—mais comment faire donc?”*

“Why really, madurmoysel, *je nur par*—I mean, I don’t think I could bear it, if it was got to,” remonstrated Lady Lombard; “don’t you think the hook and eye might be moved a little? it’s unfortunate I am so stout—*mais je nur*—can’t help it.”

“*Oh, mille pardons, miladi.* Your ladyship shall not be too stout; *après la première jeunesse l’embonpoint* is a great beauty; but *zie hook an ec, c’est dommage; cependant, nous verrons*, ve shall see vot vill be done.” And so saying, Mademoiselle Melanie, &c.’s nimble fingers went to work, and a quarter of an inch was graciously accorded; by which means the impossible became possible, and the crisis was safely got over.

As to breakfast (not the wedding breakfast, but the breakfast before the wedding, two very different matters), that was a regular or rather an irregular scramble—people ate and drank standing, like horses, but in a general way feelings were stronger than appetites, and, with the exception of one middle-aged lady, blessed with a powerful intellect and a weak digestion, who having medical authority never to allow herself to feel hungry, breakfasted three times that morning with three different divisions of the party, little justice was done to the viands.

Rose made herself generally useful, helping all the neglected ones, and bringing comforts to the uncomfortable, until she scarcely left herself time to dress, and yet appearing the most charming little bridesmaid of the lot, although her five companions did not disgrace their uniform of white muslin and pink embellishments (the white symbolizing their maiden innocence, and the pink suggesting the cheerfulness with which they would be willing to exchange it for the honourable estate of matrimony).

Then the carriages came to take up, and Mrs. Arundel and the fair Susannah, relict of Col. Brahmin, H.E.I.C.S. had the greatest difficulty in sustaining the weak nerves and fluttered spirits of the bride elect, who, as she herself expressed it, “borne down by two such agitating sets of recollections,” might well be overcome. However, by the assistance of a rich male Lombard relation (whose wealth gilded his vulgarity, till Mammon worshippers believed this calf a deity) she was safely conveyed to the church, where De Grandeville awaited her, accompanied by a splendid old ancestor, who might by a very slight stretch of imagination have been taken for the identical De Grandeville, who had come over with the Conqueror, and been carefully preserved (in port wine) ever since. Bracy was there, looking preternaturally solemn, all but his eyes, in which, for the time being, the whole

mischievous of his nature appeared concentrated, and Frere with him, serving his apprenticeship, as Bracy phrased it.

In solemn procession they approached the altar, where the priest awaited them, and, opening his book, read to them an account of the true nature of the ceremony they were about to celebrate,—how it was “instituted by God in the time of man’s innocency,” and was symbolical of high and holy things, and being ordained to assist us in fulfilling the various duties for which we are placed in this world, and on the due performance of which will greatly depend our weal or woe for everlasting, it should not be undertaken lightly or unadvisedly;—then De Grandeville, having learned the theory of the matter, proceeded to afford a practical commentary on the text by solemnly promising to love and honour Lady Lombard till death them should part, while she, in return, pledged herself (with less chance of perjury) to serve, obey, and keep him during the term of her natural life;—then he, Marmaduke, took her, Sarah, from the hands of the wealthy Lombard relation, and declared that he did so “for richer, for poorer,” though we much fear, if he had foreseen the smallest probability of the realization of this latter proviso, the ceremony would have been then and there interrupted, instead of proceeding as it did, sweetly and edifyingly, till it wound up with “any amazement.” And everybody being much pleased and thoroughly satisfied, there was, of course, a great deal of crying, though why they cried, unless it was to see so solemn an institution thus wantonly profaned, and to hear people use words of prayer and praise, and worship God with their lips, while in their hearts they were sacrificing all the better feelings of their nature before the altar of Mammon, we cannot tell.

Amongst the rest Mrs. Arundel wept most meritoriously, until catching sight of Bracy sobbing aloud into a very large pocket-handkerchief, her weeping became somewhat hysterical, and ended in a sound suspiciously like laughter. Then people crowded into the vestry, which was about the size of a good four-post bedstead, and names were signed, and fees paid, and small jokes made, and then the whole party took coach, and returned to the house, where the wedding-breakfast awaited them. The humours of a wedding-breakfast have been described so often and so well, that we shall merely give a very faint outline of the leading idiosyncrasies of the affair in question.

In the first place, people were very hungry, Nature having asserted her rights, and promoted Appetite, *vice* Feeling sold out. Even the lady with the weak digestion (which made up by increased velocity for want of stamina) adding a very substantial fourth to her three previous breakfasts. Then, as mouths grew disengaged, tongues found room to wag, healths were drunk, and the specchiifying began. First uprose the De Grandeville ancestor, who was a tall, thin, not to say shadowy old gentleman, with a hooked nose and a weak voice, who whispered to the company that “he rose to—” here his face twitched violently, and he

paused, in evident distress,—“he rose to—”—here a tremendous sneeze accounted for the previous spasm, and the patient, evidently relieved, proceeded, “he rose to—” once again he paused, struggling furiously with the tails of his coat, “he begged to call the attention of the company— he had—” still the struggles with the coat-tail continued, “he had a toast to propose;” here, amidst breathless attention, he whispered to his nephew in an aside, audible throughout the whole room, “Marmaduke, I’ve left it in my great-coat—the left hand-pocket, you know;” “the toast was this—thank you, Jenkins,” to the butler, who brought the missing handkerchief on a silver waiter, sticky with the overflowings of Champagne;—“*this* was his toast, and he hoped that the company would do it justice—Health and happiness to the bride and bridegroom.”

And the company did it justice; so much so, that if the health and happiness of the newly-married pair depended on the amount of champagne their friends appeared willing to drink at their expense, sickness and sorrow were evils against which they might consider themselves amply secured. Silence being restored, the bridegroom rose to return thanks, his inborn greatness manifesting itself in every look and gesture, and dignified condescension adding a new grace to his sonorous voice and grandiloquent delivery. Having glanced round the table with the air of a monarch (in a fairy extravaganza) about to address his parliament, he cleared his noble throat, and began:—

“In rising to—ar—return thanks for the honour you have done us, in so cordially assenting to the toast proposed by a man whose presence might confer a favour upon the most aristocratic assembly in the land,—a man whom—ar—even at this moment, which I have no hesitation—ar—in—ar—” (hear, hear, and question, from Bracy)—“I repeat, no hesitation in—in—no hesitation in—ar—declaring to be at once the proudest and happiest moment of my life,—a man who, even in this season of felicity, I yet distinctly—ar—yes, distinctly say, I envy; for he has the honour to represent the elder branch of that ancient and illustrious house of which I am a comparatively insignificant” (a groan of indignant denial from Bracy, which procured him a gracious smile from the speaker) “yes, I—ar—repeat it, a comparatively insignificant, but I hope, not an entirely unworthy descendant,” here Bracy, after a slight struggle with Frere, who sought to prevent him, rose, and, speaking apparently under feelings of the greatest excitement, said,—“He was sorry to interrupt the flow of eloquence which was so much delighting the company, but he was certain every one would agree with him in saying, that Mr. de Grandeville’s last observation, however creditable it might be to him, as evincing his unparalleled and super-Christian (if he might be allowed the term) humility, could not be allowed to pass unchallenged. He put it to them collectively, as intellectual beings; he put it to them individually, as gallant men and lovely women (immense sensation)—if his noble friend, the

illustrious man to whose words of fire they had just been listening, were allowed to set himself forth to the world as 'comparatively insignificant' and 'not entirely unworthy,'—he asked them if such terms as these were allowed to be applied to such a character as that, *where* was society to seek its true 'monarchs of mind?' where should it look for those heaven-gifted soul-heroes—those giants of thought, those "Noblers" and "that NOBLEST," to quote the glowing words of one of the leading writers of the age, by whom its evils were to be remedied, its abuses reformed, and its whole nature purified and regenerated?—he put it to them to declare whether Mr. De Grandeville must not be entreated to recall his words?"

Deafening applause followed Bracy's harangue, and the amendment was carried *nem. con.* Thus fooled to the top of his bent, De Grandeville resumed his speech, and after making a very absurd display of egotistic nonsense, family pride, and personal pretension, gave the health of the company generally, and of his ancient ancestor, and the vulgar Lombard relation in particular. Then more healths were drunk, and more speeches made, and a great amount of stupidity elicited, interspersed with some drollery, when Bracy was called upon to return thanks for the bridesmaids, which he did in an affected falsetto, smiling, blushing, coquetting, and screwing up imaginary ringlets, much after the fashion of the inimitable John Parry, when it pleases him to enact one of the young ladies of England in the nineteenth century. Then the female portion of the company retired to relieve their feelings by a little amateur crying and kissing, champagne and susceptibility being mysteriously united in the tender bosoms of the softer sex; then the miraculous robe was taken off, and the bride reattired for travelling; then the gentlemen came up stairs, all more or less "peculiar" from drinking wine at that unaccustomed hour in the morning, and some little business was transacted; one spirited bridesmaid, who had had a shy young man nibbling for some time, actually harpooning her fish, and landing him skilfully beyond all chance of floundering out of an engagement, by referring him on the spot to mamma. Mrs. Arundel, who by this time had learned to entertain a most lady-like and unchristian hatred against the fair Susannah, maliciously laid herself out to captivate the limp and unstable affections of Mr. Dacrell Dace, and succeeded so well, that she actually began to deliberate whether opulence and triumph over her rival, might not render Dace endurable as a permanency. Then the travelling carriage with Newman's four greys drew up to the door, and the stereotyped adieus were spoken, the stereotyped smiles smiled, and tears shed, and all the necessary nonsense rehearsed, with most painstaking diligence, the only original feature in the whole affair being Frere's remark to Bracy, as the happy pair drove off:—

"You were about right, old fellow, when you compared marrying to hanging. I tell you what it is—

sooner than undergo all this parade of folly, absurdity, and bad taste, I'll be spliced at the pier-head at Dover, and set sail for Calais as soon as the ring is on the bride's finger; better be sea-sick, than sick at heart with such rubbish as we've been witness to."

CHAPTER LVIII.

DEPICTS THE HERO IN AN UNAMIABLE LIGHT.

LORD BELLEFIELD safely accomplished his journey to Venice, reaching that city of palaces without let or hindrance. Despite his imperturbable assurance, a close observer might have discovered from external signs that his lordship was ill at ease, and in no particular was it more apparent than in the marked change in his manner towards General Grant and his daughter. The cold nonchalance with which he formerly tolerated the General's stateliness, and the easy, almost impertinent confidence with which he had been accustomed to prosecute his suit to Annie, had given place to an affectation of studiously courteous deference when he addressed the father, and to respectful yet tender devotion in his intercourse with the daughter, which proved that to secure the good opinion of the former, and, if possible, the affection of the latter, had now become a matter of importance to him. With General Grant he was in great measure successful, that gallant officer believing, in his simplicity, that his intended son-in-law had at length finished sowing his wild oats; a species of seed, which being universally acknowledged to contain, besides every small vice extant, the germs of the seven deadly sins, has this remarkable peculiarity, that being once sown, it is popularly supposed to bring forth a plentiful crop of all the domestic virtues. Deceived by this fallacy, the General fondly trusted that the coming event of matrimony had cast its shadow before, and extinguished all the wild-fire which had hitherto flung its baleful glare over his Lordship's comet-like course; or, to drop metaphor, and condescend to that much better thing, plain English, the gallant officer taught himself to believe, that Lord Bellefield had at length seen the error of his ways and intended to marry and live virtuously ever after. With the lady, however, his lordship did not succeed so easily; and, skilful tactician as he not unjustly considered himself, never had he felt more completely bewildered or more thoroughly perplexed how to act. Annie's whole nature appeared to him so completely altered, that he could hardly recognise her as the same person. Instead of the simple, amiable, child-like character, which he had despised but fancied would do very well for a wife, he now found a proud capricious beauty, whose mood seemed to vary between cold indifference and a teasing sarcastic humour, which he could neither fathom nor control. If he tried to interest or amuse her, she listened with a careless, *distrain* manner, which proved his efforts to be completely unavailing; if he attempted the tender or sentimental, she laughed at him, turning all he said into ridicule, by two or three words of quiet but bitter irony. She appeared tacitly to acquiesce in

their engagement, but any attempt to fix a time for its fulfilment, served only to estrange her still more. Does the reader think this change unnatural? may he never witness the alteration which a grief such as Annie's makes, even in the gentlest natures,—may he never experience the bitterness of that nascent despair, which pours the sweetest temper, and forces cold looks and cutting words from eyes accustomed to beam with tenderness, and lips from which accents of affection alone were wont to flow!

One morning, rather more than a week after Lord Bellefield's arrival, an expedition was proposed to visit one of the architectural lions of the picturesque old city, and as the General seemed inclined to accede to the scheme, and Annie made no objection, it was agreed that they should go.

"I make one proviso," observed Charles Leicester, "and that is, that you come home in good time. I don't want to frighten you, in fact there is nothing to be frightened about, only I know that there has been, for some time past, a spirit of disaffection abroad among the workmen at the Arsenal, and if they should attempt to make a demonstration by congregating in the squares and few open spaces in this amphibious city, it might be disagreeable for you."

"But is such an event at all probable?" inquired Laura.

"Why, yes," was the reply; "I had a note this morning from Arundel"—catching a reproachful look from his wife, Charley stopped in momentary embarrassment, then continued,—"*a*—that is, from a friend of mine, telling me such a thing was possible—however, I'll go with you myself, and keep you in proper order."

As Charley in his forgetfulness blundered out the name of Arundel, Laura did not dare to look at Annie; when, however, she ventured a moment afterwards to steal a glance towards her, her features wore the cold listless look which had now, alas! become habitual to them, and exhibited no sign of emotion by which her friend could decide whether she had remarked the name, or whether it had passed without striking her ear. Almost immediately afterwards she rose, and saying, she supposed she had better get ready, quitted the room. Lord Bellefield had not been present at this little scene. With faltering steps Annie sought her own apartment, closed and locked the door; then, instead of preparing to dress, flung herself into an easy chair, and pressing her hands upon her throbbing temples, tried to collect her thoughts. She had heard the name only too clearly, and combining it with Walter's tale of the ghost, had guessed the truth. *He* was then in Venice, and not only that, but he had evidently established some communication with the Leicesters, and must therefore be aware of the presence of her father and herself; nay, by what she had gathered from Charles's speech, he must be actually engaged in watching over their safety, and as the idea struck her, a soft bright light came into her eyes, and a faint blush restored the roses to her cheeks, so that any one who had seen her

five minutes before, would scarcely have recognised her for the same person. "But with what purpose could he be there? why, if the Leicesters knew it, had they so studiously concealed it from her?—from *her*!" and, as she repeated the words, the recollection of Walter's speech, "He went away because he loved you, and you did not love him," flashed across her. "What if it were true? if he really had loved her, and had left them because his feelings were becoming too strong for his control?" and then a thousand remembered circumstances (trifles in themselves, but confirmatory of that which she now almost believed to be the truth) occurred to her. But if this were indeed the case,—if, instead of resigning his situation because, as her fears had urged, he had guessed at the nature of her sentiments towards him, he had loved her, and his honourable feelings had driven him into a self-imposed exile,—what must he not have suffered! and oh! knowing as much as he did of her feelings towards Lord Bellefield, what must he not have thought of her, when he learned that in less than four-and-twenty hours after his departure, she had renewed her engagement to a man he was aware she both disliked and mistrusted! above all, what a false view it must have given him of her feelings towards himself! Oh, how she hoped, how she prayed this blow might have been spared him! Then the present, what did it mean? the future, how would it turn out? On one point she was determined, only let her ascertain beyond a doubt that Lewis loved her, and she would die rather than marry Lord Bellefield. The evils that befall us in this world are not without even their temporal benefit. Two years of hopeless sorrow had given a species of desperate courage to a mind naturally prone to a want of self-dependence. *Anything* was preferable to the anguish she had gone through; and Annie Grant's decision now, was very different to the 'lady's yea' or nay she would have uttered ere the storm of passion had swept over her maiden spirit.

The effect produced on Annie by the new light which had broken in upon her, did not immediately pass away, and although her remarks were chiefly addressed to her cousin Charles, Lord Bellefield was equally surprised and puzzled by the change in her manner. In order to reach the building they were about to visit, they were forced to disembark from their gondola, and after proceeding along a species of cloister, to cross one of the foot bridges which so constantly, in Venice, intersect the canals. Under the shade of an arch of this cloister, stood the tall figure of a man; as the party approached he drew back further into the shadow, and, himself unseen, observed them attentively as they passed. The excitement of the morning had left its traces in the flushed cheek and sparkling eye of Annie Grant. At the moment she quitted the boat, Charley Leicester had made her laugh by some quaint remark on the personal appearance of a fat little individual who was one of the gondoliers, but whose figure by no means coincided with the romantic associations his avocation

recalled. As, leaning on Lord Bellefield's arm, she passed the arch behind which the stranger was concealed, her companion addressed to her some observation, which necessitated a reply. Turning to him with the smile Leicester's observation had provoked still upon her lips, the light fell strongly on her features, revealing them fully to the eager gaze of (for we intend no mystification as to his identity,) Lewis Arundel. He looked after them with straining eyeballs, till a corner of the building hid them from his view. Then dark lines spread across his forehead, the proud nostril arched, the stern mouth set, the flashing eye grew cold and stony, and a spirit of evil seemed to take possession of him.

"So," he muttered, "it has come to this; with my own eyes have I beheld her perfidy. It is well that it should be so, the cure will be the more complete, and yet"—he pressed his hand to his throbbing brow—"yet how beautiful she is! She is changed; her face has acquired expression, soul, power, all it wanted to render it perfect, and—to madden me."

He paused, then appearing to have collected strength, continued more calmly, "Yes, I have seen it; she clung to his arm, she smiled on him, she loves and will marry him. It is over; for me there must be no past; I must sweep it from my memory. Happiness I can never know; as far as the affections are concerned, the game of life is played. Well, be it so, my art still is left me, and the dark, the unknown future."

Again he paused. Ere the arrival of the party, the sight of which had so deeply affected him, he had been sketching an antique gable opposite. He resumed his work, and by a few hasty but graphic strokes, transferred to his sketch-book the object which had attracted him to the spot. Replacing his drawing materials, he continued, "'Tis strange how the sight of that man affected me! I fancied I had taught myself the evil and folly of nourishing sentiments of hatred against him, and yet the moment I beheld him, all the old feelings rushed back upon me with redoubled vigour. I must avoid his presence, or my wise resolutions will go for nothing." He sighed deeply. "This, then, is all the fruit of two years of mental discipline, to find, at the end of the time, that I love her as deeply, and hate him as bitterly as I did at the beginning. Oh, it is humiliating thus to be the slave of passion!"

Communing with himself after this fashion, Lewis quitted the spot, and proceeded in the direction of his own lodgings. On reaching the square of St. Mark, he was surprised to find it partially occupied by an excited crowd, apparently composed of the very lowest of the people, its numbers being constantly swelled by fresh parties pouring in from various parts of the city. It instantly occurred to Lewis, that in order to reach the Palazzo Grassini, Leicester and his companions would be forced to cross the square, and consequently obliged to make their way through the crowd; and a feeling which he did not attempt to analyze, but which, in truth, was anxiety for Annie's

safety, determined him to remain there till he had seen them return. Accordingly, turning up his coat collar, and slouching his hat over his eyes in order to conceal his features, he mingled with the crowd. In the meantime the Grant party, ignorant of the difficulties that awaited them, were quietly examining statues and criticising pictures.

"Laura, you look tired, and Annie seems as if she were becoming somewhat 'used-up,'" observed Leicester, glancing from his wife towards his cousin; "no wonder either, for we've been on our feet for more than two hours, and as for my share in the matter, I tell you plainly, if you keep me here much longer, you'll have to carry me home on your back, Mrs. Leicester, for walk I won't."

Thus urged the ladies confessed their fatigue, and their willingness to return; but there was still another gallery of paintings unseen, which the General evidently wished to visit. He had commissioned an artist to copy two or three of them, and he required Lord Bellefield's opinion as to the propriety of his choice. This occasioned a difficulty, which Laura met by proposing the following scheme, viz. that she, Annie, and Charley should leave the General and Lord Bellefield to their own devices, and taking a gondola, row to a point at which they would be within two minutes' walk of St. Mark's. Lord Bellefield made some slight remonstrance, and it was clear he disapproved of the scheme, but the General was peremptory, so he had no resource but to submit with the best grace he was able.

"Famous things gondolas are, to be sure," observed Charley, as, placing a cushion beneath his head, he stretched himself at full length under the awning; "they afford almost the only instance that has come under my notice, in which the intensely romantic, and the very decidedly comfortable, go hand in hand—they cut out cabs, and beat 'buses into fits; now, we only want a little melody to make the thing perfect—Laura, sing us a song!"

"Sing you asleep, you mean, you incorrigible——"

"There, that will do; don't become vituperative, you termagant," interrupted her husband. "Annie, dear, gentle cousin Annie, warble forth something romantic with your angel-voice, do, and I'll say you're——"

"What?" inquired Annie.

"A regular stunner!" was the reply.

"And if the epithet be at all appropriate it clearly proves me unqualified for the office," returned Annie, smiling, "so you really must hold me excused."

"Then the long and short of the matter is that the duty devolves upon me," rejoined Charley, and, slowly raising himself into a half sitting, half kneeling attitude, he placed himself at his wife's feet, after the fashion of those very interesting cavaliers who do the romantic on the covers of sentimental songs; then having played an inaudible prelude upon a supposititious guitar, he placed one hand upon his heart, and extending the other in a theatrical attitude towards the boatman, began:—

"Gondolier, row—O!"

when, having extemporarily parodied the first verse of that popular melody, he was beginning the second with:—

“Ain't this here go—
Glorious oh—o—”

when the prow of the gondola struck against the steps where they were to land, with so sharp a jerk as to pitch the singer on his hands and knees, and effectually check his vocalizing. After discharging the boatman, they proceeded a short distance along the bank of the canal, and then turned down a narrow lane, or alley, leading to the square of St. Mark. In this Leicester was annoyed to perceive knots of disreputable-looking men, talking rapidly, or hurrying along with eager gestures, towards the square; finding, as they advanced, that the crowd became thicker, Leicester paused, irresolute whether or not to proceed.

“Surely we had better turn back,” urged Laura; “I should not be afraid if we were alone, for I know you could take care of me, but —,” and she glanced towards Annie, who, although she said nothing, had turned very pale, and clung with convulsive energy to her cousin's arm. Charles looked back, and to his utter dismay perceived that the crowd behind had been increased by a fresh accession of numbers, and that their retreat was effectually cut off.

“There is nothing remaining for us but to keep on,” he said; “the stream of people appears, fortunately, to be going our way, and all we can do is to go with it: I dare say they are too much engrossed by their own affairs to trouble their heads about us. Whatever occurs, don't let go my arm, either of you;—it is rather disagreeable, certainly, but there is nothing to be really afraid of, and we shall reach home in five minutes.”

Hoping these assertions, in regard to the truth of which he was himself somewhat sceptical, might suffice to reassure his companions, Leicester continued his course, occasionally annoyed by the pressure of the crowd, but not otherwise molested till they reached the square of Saint Mark. Here the sight that awaited them was by no means encouraging; the whole space was filled with a dense crowd of the lowest rabble of Venice; who, many of them the worse for liquor, appeared in a state of considerable excitement, and filled the air with mingled shouts, cries, and curses. To pass safely through such an assembly, with his attention divided between his two charges, appeared next to impossible, and thoroughly perplexed, Charles Leicester paused, unable to decide whether it were better to advance or attempt to retrace their steps. As he thus pondered, a rush of people forced them forward, and they found themselves completely hemmed in by the crowd, while from the pressure of those around them, Laura and Annie experienced the greatest difficulty in retaining their grasp of Charley's arm. Still no personal incivility was offered them, and Leicester began to hope they might gradually make their way across the square without actual danger, when a cry from Annie

convinced him of his error. The cause of her alarm was as follows;—

One of that industrious fraternity, (some members of which are to be met with in every large city,) whose principles in regard to the rights of property are reprehensibly lax, attracted by the sparkling of a valuable brooch in Annie's shawl, conceived the opportunity too good to be lost; accordingly, pressing close to her, he made a snatch at the ornament, seizing it so rudely as to tear open the shawl, and partially drag it from her shoulders. As, alarmed by her cry, Charles turned to discover its cause, a tall figure sprang forward, and wrested his spoil from the robber, flinging him off at the same time with such force that he staggered and fell; then addressing Leicester, the stranger said in a deep stern voice, each accent of which thrilled through Annie's very soul:—

“Make for the church steps,—think only of protecting Mrs. Leicester.—I will be answerable for this lady's safety.”

Then Annie was conscious that her shawl was replaced and carefully wrapped round her, and she felt herself half-led, half-carried forward by one whose resistless strength all obstacles seemed, as it were, to melt away. How they passed through that yelling, maddened crowd, she never knew, but ere she had well recovered from her first alarm at the ruffian's attack, she found herself placed on the steps of St. Mark's Church, her back leaning against a column, and the tall dark figure of her preserver standing statue-like beside her, in such a position as to screen her from the pressure of the crowd. Involuntarily she glanced up at his features; hidden by the coat collar and slouched hat, the only portion of his face that remained visible was the tip of a black moustache, the proud arched nostril, and the cold stony gaze of two fierce black eyes, fixed upon her as though they would pierce her very soul. It was a look to haunt her to her dying day, and worse than all, *she understood it!* In a moment, the truth flashed upon her. He *had* loved her! he knew she was about to marry his bitterest enemy, and now he *hated* her:—poor Annie, if mental agony could kill, that instant she had died. Lewis, thou art bitterly avenged!

“What is the next move?” inquired Leicester, coming up with his arm round his wife's waist, and his hat crushed into the shape of a biffin.

“Wait here for a few minutes,” returned Lewis, “the crowd is already dispersing in the direction of the Arsenal.”

“The Arsenal, what do they want there?” inquired Leicester.

“To waylay Marinovitch, as he leaves the place, and murder him,” returned Lewis in a stern whisper, “but he has been warned of their design, and will of course take measures to ensure his safety.”

“Pleasant all this!” muttered Leicester, taking off his injured hat and endeavouring in some degree to restore its original shape; “here's a case of wanton destruction, glad it is not my head all the same,—now, the coast seems pretty clear, suppose we move on.”

Coldly and silently Lewis resumed his office of guardian: the space intervening between St. Mark's Church and the Palazzo Grassini was passed in safety, and they stood within the court-yard of Leicester's dwelling. Charley laid his hand on Lewis's shoulder,

"You will come in?" he said, "you are hot and tired, and require refreshment—a glass of wine?" Lewis shook his head.

"It is impossible," he replied coldly; then adding, "I am happy to have been of use to — to Mrs. Leicester and yourself," he raised his hat slightly to Annie and turned to depart: recollecting however that he still held in his hand the brooch which he had rescued from the ruffian's clutches, he paused with the intention of giving it to Laura; but Laura had caught sight of "Tarley's" curly head peeping out at her, and actuated by a sudden impulse of maternal affection, or for some other reason which we shall not attempt to fathom, she had tripped off in the direction of her self-willed offspring. Leicester was slowly following her, all his faculties apparently engrossed by a second attempt to reform his outraged hat. Lewis and Annie were left therefore virtually alone. Advancing towards her with an expression of countenance so cold and immovable that every feature might have been carved in marble, Lewis began,—

"I beg pardon, I had forgotten to return your brooch."

It was the first time that morning he had personally addressed her, and his doing so appeared to break the spell which had kept her silent; she took the brooch from him, murmuring some indistinct words of thanks, then gaining courage as she proceeded, she glanced at him appealingly, saying,—

"Strange as this meeting is, I am sure I cannot be mistaken,—Mr. Arundel, have you quite forgotten me?"

As she uttered these words a kind of spasm passed across Lewis's face, and for a moment he appeared afraid to trust himself to speak; recovering, however, he replied in the same cold measured tone which he had used throughout the adventure:

"No, Miss Grant, I (and he laid an emphasis on the pronoun so light, that a casual observer would not have detected it, and yet which shot a pang through Annie's heart, that caused her colour to come and go and her limbs to tremble,) do not forget so quickly."

Unable to meet his glance, which she felt was fixed upon her, and scarcely conscious, in her agitation, of what she was saying, Annie faltered out,—

"You will give my father an opportunity of thanking you, I hope; he will, I cannot doubt, that is, we shall all be glad to renew our intimacy with so old a friend."

Lewis paused ere he could trust himself to reply. Her evident emotion, the earnestness of her manner, half timid, half imploring, tended to soothe his wounded spirit and disarm his wrath; but the vision of the morning, in which he had seen her clinging to Lord Bellefield's arm and smiling upon him, was

too fresh in his recollection, and the demon of pride and jealousy still retained full dominion over him.

"You must pardon me," he said, "I will reserve my visit to General Grant, till I can congratulate him on his daughter's wedding." Then raising his hat ceremoniously, he bowed to her, and was gone!

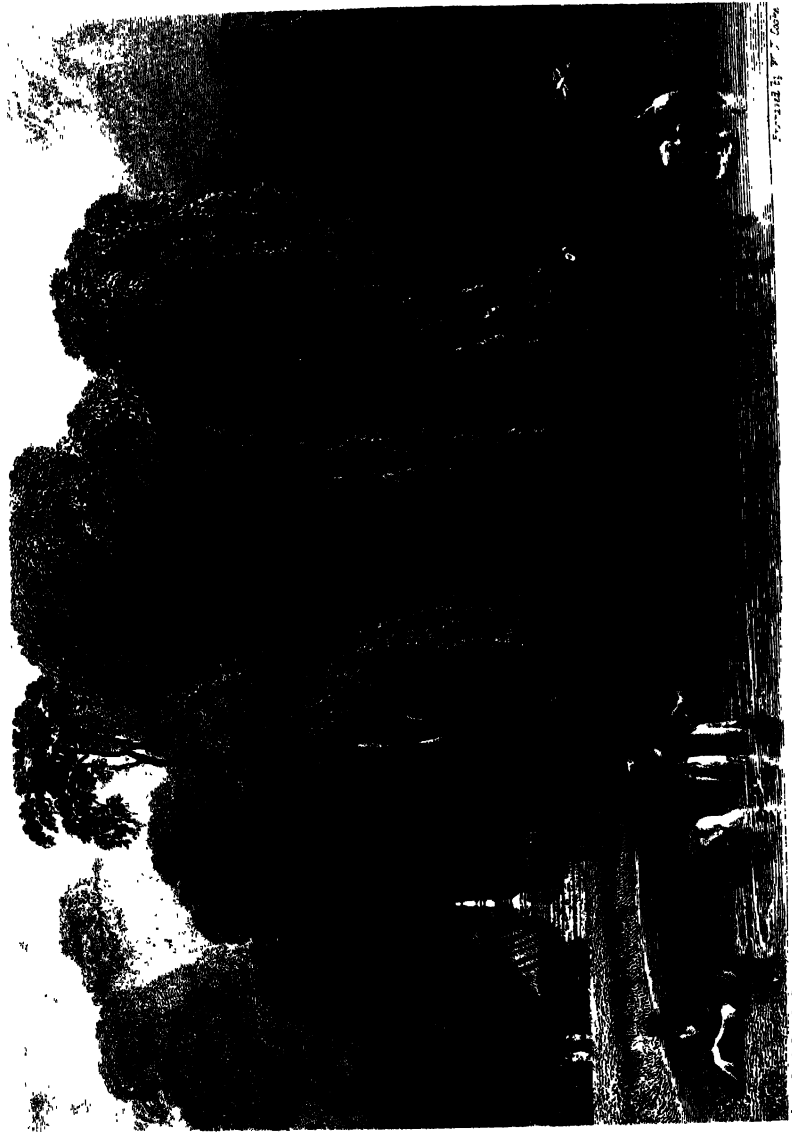
(To be continued.)

SCENE ON THE COAST OF MALABAR.

On looking at this beautiful picture we realize all the vaunted luxuriance of Indian vegetation, which throws into the shade that of the colder north. The little shrine upon the sea-shore, overhung by lofty trailing foliage—the graceful forms of the dusky daughters of India—and the white birds flitting across the gorgeous gloom of the verdure, compose a scene over which the eye wanders with something of that intoxication produced by the climate and scenery from which the subject is borrowed.

COMBINATIONS AND STRIKES.

PREVIOUS to the year 1824, the mere act on the part of workmen of combining to raise their wages was a punishable offence, and had repeatedly been made the subject of trial and punishment both in England and Scotland. A very strong feeling, however, began to pervade the minds of the community, that the attempt to enforce the provisions of the Combination Act did infinitely more harm than good, and that all such attempts, whether politic or not, were abortive, for experience had proved that it was beyond the power of legislation to prevent the open or covert union of workmen. The subject was brought before parliament in 1823, and in the following year Mr. Hume brought in a bill which swept at once about thirty statutes from the statute book, and legalized ample combination on the part both of masters and workmen, subject only to certain restraints in the event of violence or intimidation being proved against the members of the combination, or persons employed by them. On the repeal of the combination acts, the operatives, as yet untaught by experience, rejoiced in the belief that the principal cause of low wages was at length removed, and that they were now able to secure to themselves what they conceived to be an adequate remuneration for their labour, and a justifiable control over the proceedings of their employers. Accordingly Trades Unions were extensively formed throughout all the manufacturing districts in the country, and attempts were made to organize a National Association, for the protection of labour, composed of an aggregation of trades unions, and having for its sole object the prevention of a reduction of wages. As might have been expected, these associations wholly failed to realize the expectations of their founders, and the numerous strikes to which they gave rise exercised the most disastrous influence on the welfare of the working classes. The ruinous



Photograph by P. J. Gove

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consequences of these strikes, especially in Manchester, Bradford, Preston, and Glasgow, broke up not a few of the trades unions, and for a time deterred their members from a repetition of such unavailing attempts to improve their condition. But a new generation has arisen, who have had no experience of these evils. The lessons which the past history of combinations teaches, appear to be in a great measure forgotten. Brisk trade, good wages, and cheap bread have obliterated the recollection of the sufferings produced by former unavailing struggles to prevent the payment of labour from falling its natural level. Strikes and rumours of strikes once more furnish the themes of discussion among our operatives. The engine-drivers and firemen on the North Western Railway have on two occasions threatened a simultaneous abandonment of their work. The colliers and miners have in various places struck for higher wages, and the newspapers are filled with accounts of strikes among the sailors, and of the riots caused by their violent attempts to hinder others from occupying the situations which they have abandoned. In these circumstances it cannot be an unprofitable or unreasonable inquiry,—How far combinations and strikes are fitted to gain the ends which their promoters have in view, and what are the effects which they must produce on the ultimate welfare of the working classes themselves?

Combinations among workmen are formed merely for the purpose of raising or keeping up the price of labour. Are they fitted, then, to gain this object? Economical science and experience alike answer in the negative. The rate of wages depends on the proportion between capital and population, or in other words, on the extent of the fund for the maintenance of labour, compared with the number of labourers to be maintained. So long as the number of workmen goes hand in hand with the fund for their support, the condition of the working classes remains unchanged. If population should increase, while the capital which supports it is stationary, the workmen begin to experience more and more difficulty in getting employment, and when they do get work, are obliged to accept of a less remuneration for their services. If, on the contrary, circulating capital still remaining the same, the number of labourers were to diminish, or if capital should increase, while the number of labourers remained the same, it is clear the effect will be reversed—employment will become more abundant, and wages will rise. The principle which regulates the remuneration of labour is thus graphically stated by one of the speakers in the popular tale called "The Manchester Strike."

"When Adam was some hundred years old, he said to Eve, "Stay you here and spin with the women, while I go yonder and set my men to delve. Come, my good fellows, work hard and you shall have your shares." "And pray, sir," said the men, "what are we to live upon while our fruit and vegetables are growing?" "Why," says Adam, "instead of my sharing the fruit with you when it is grown, suppose you

take your portion in advance. It may be a convenience to you, and it is all the same thing to me." So the men looked at the ground, and calculated how much digging and other work there would be, and then named their demand, not a silver money with King George's head upon it, but food, clothing, and tools.'

"Then at harvest," observed Gibson, 'the whole produce belonged to Adam.'

"Of course the commodity was made up, like all commodities, of capital and labour. Adam's capital and the men's labour.* * * Well, Adam and his men expected to get as much by their crop as would pay for their subsistence and their toil, and this much the men asked, and Adam was willing to give, and a fair surplus remained over for himself. So they made their bargain, and he bought their share of the commodity, and had to himself all the flax and other things that his produce exchanged for in the market. And so that season passed off, and all were contented.'

"And what happened next season, sir?"

"Next season twice the number of men came to ask work in the same plot of ground. Adam told them that he had very little more wages to pay away than he had the year before; so that if they all wanted to work under him they must be content with little more than half what each had formerly earned. They agreed, and submitted to be rather pinched; but they hoped it would be only for a time, as it was a very fine harvest indeed, so much labour having been spent upon it, and there being a fine profit into Adam's pocket. But four times the number of labourers appeared next year; so that, notwithstanding the increase of capital, each had not so much as one-third the original wages; and the men grew very cross, and their wives very melancholy. But how could Adam help it?"

"Why did not the men carry their labour elsewhere?" asked Black, contemptuously.

"Why do you go on spinning for Mortimer and Rowe when Elliot pays higher wages?"

"Because nobody is taking on new hands; I can't get work."

"Well, nobody was taking on new hands in Adam's neighbourhood; all the capital was already employed."

The price of labour is governed by the same law which regulates the price of all other commodities,—the proportion which the supply bears to the demand. There is a certain quantity of work to be done, and a certain number of hands to do it; if there be much work and comparatively few hands, wages will rise; if little work and an excess of hands, wages will fall. It is self-evident that combinations and strikes cannot alter this law. They can neither increase capital, nor diminish population; and, therefore, it is utterly impossible, in the very nature of things, that they ever can procure a permanent rise of wages. Not only so, as their tendency is to diminish rather than to increase the wealth or capital of the country, their effect must be to leave less—not more—for the maintenance of labour than previously existed. When a strike takes place, the capital of the master is for the

time locked up. All his machinery and the raw material of his goods, on which he has expended large sums of money, cease to bring him any return. His rent and taxes are still to pay, to say nothing of the injury which the delicate moving parts of metallic mechanisms sustain by inaction in our humid climate. There are some manufactories in which the interest on sunk capital amounts to from 5,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* per annum. If we add to this interest that of the profit fairly resulting to the masters from the employment of their capital, the loss to the workmen of their wages, and the injury inflicted on trade by the customers' resorting to other markets and never returning, we may form some estimate of the vast extent to which the wealth of the country is injured by strikes among operatives. These strikes cannot lessen the number of workmen, but they lessen the amount of capital to be divided among them, and, consequently, must diminish the share which falls to each. It has, accordingly, been found that at the close of a protracted strike the turn-out workmen have been obliged to accept of a lower rate of wages than they were offered at the commencement of the strike.

Experience has shown that strikes are rarely successful, but even if they were so, they would defeat their own ends. The first effect of an increase of wages by such means would of course be a rise in the price of the article which the workmen were engaged in manufacturing. Now it is well known, that a very slight increase in the price of an article causes a decided decrease in its consumption. Our manufacturers are now maintaining a keen competition with those of other countries, and it requires incessant diligence and the most cordial co-operation of employers and employed to enable them to maintain their ground against the increasing skill and activity of foreign competitors. A slight increase in the price of their goods would enable the manufacturers of other countries to meet them in markets of which they have now the exclusive possession, and would drive them altogether from markets of which they have at present a share. As a matter of course, the demand for our manufactures in the foreign market would diminish, and the warehouses of our manufacturers would be glutted with goods for which no outlet could be found. If, therefore, the operatives could succeed in raising their wages by means of combinations, they would themselves be among the first to feel the disastrous effects in the stagnation of trade and the consequent diminution of wages.

Some of the Trades Unions appear to have discovered that the rate of wages depends on the proportion which the number of labourers bears to the fund for their support; but instead of leading them to see the futility of combinations for keeping up the price of labour, this has only induced them to proceed further in the wrong path, and to add injustice to impolicy. In not a few of these Unions it is a rule that no master shall be permitted to take more than a certain number of apprentices. In some trades in Dublin no master, whatever may be the extent of his

trade, is permitted to take more than four apprentices. In the articles of the Association of Operative Cotton Spinners in Glasgow, there is the following regulation:—"This Association binds and obliges every one of its members to refrain from instructing any individuals in the art of spinning except such as are sons or brothers of a spinner who may have been or is at present a member of this Association."

Respecting these rules, we may state, in the first place, that they are clearly illegal; and, secondly, that they are in the highest degree unjust, both to the persons who are prohibited from learning the trade, and to the public at large. Every man has an undoubted right to follow whatever profession or trade he may think fit, and it is the grossest tyranny for any person to presume to say to his fellow-men, that they shall not be permitted to learn his trade, lest by so doing they should lower the rate of his wages. If every trade were to follow this plan, (and one trade has as much right to do so as another,) the result would be that a very large number of persons would be prevented from learning any method of earning their bread, and would therefore be either starved outright or compelled to depend for subsistence on the precarious bounty of others. But as it is impossible for every trade to carry this plan into operation, it is obvious that those who do inflict a grievous wrong on the workmen of other trades—that every youth who is prevented by these regulations from learning the trade which he prefers, is robbed of his rights, and that an absolute, unmitigated wrong is inflicted on the public besides.

Another highly objectionable regulation of Trades Unions is that which fixes the minimum of wages, that is, a rate below which not only no member of the Union, but *no person whatever*, shall work for any master. Whatever may be the intention of this regulation, its obvious effect is to discourage everything like talent and industry, and to give a premium on indolence and stupidity. Suppose that there are in a particular shop workmen of different degrees of skill and application, so that some are worth 30*s.* a-week, some 25*s.*, some only 15*s.*; if the minimum of wages be fixed, say at 20*s.* a-week, is it not plain to the meanest capacity that the sum which the master is compelled to pay to the idle and unskilful workman above what he deserves must necessarily be deducted from the wages of the intelligent and industrious workman? So far indeed is the system carried of depressing the expert and diligent operatives, that taskwork is condemned by some of the Unions in Ireland, as an unmitigated robbery of the rights of others, and the following most extraordinary rule is in some places one of their fundamental laws:—"Should any member of this society be known to boast of his superior ability, as to either the quality or the quantity of the work he can do, either in public or private company, he shall pay a fine of 2*s.* 6*d.* or be expelled the society." The necessary effect of these regulations is to keep down the able, industrious, and skilful among the operatives themselves, to the level of the lowest and

most worthless and least efficient members of the confraternity. Let a workman be ever so deserving, his employer has not the means of rewarding his merit, for the rules of the association compel him to pay equally individuals whose labour may not be half so valuable; so that the real effect of this regulation is to take a considerable weekly allowance out of the pockets of clever, skilful workmen, and to put it into those of all the blockheads and bunglers connected with the confederacy. Were matters in their natural state, masters would find it their interest to reward meritorious workmen in proportion to the value of their services, and to pay others of an opposite character only according to their deserts. What the one class would thus lose would be transferred to the other; talent and industry would have fair play, and sober attentive individuals would have a prospect of rising to competence, if not to wealth; but instead of this, the combination system puts all upon a level—superior merit is neither recognised nor remunerated, and every stimulus to industrious exertion is at once blunted. The system, then, is neither more nor less than a tax upon activity and skill, in order that indolence and stupidity may be maintained at an unjust rate of payment. In this point of view alone the injury inflicted upon the deserving class of operatives themselves, is a far more serious matter than they are generally aware of.

The principles of economical science demonstrate that Trades Unions cannot, in the nature of things, permanently gain the end for which they are formed, and the history of combinations and strikes bears unequivocal testimony to the same truth. One of their most frequent results has been to cause the removal of factories to other situations, where the proprietors may be free from the improper control of their men. Of this it would be easy to give many instances. The combinations in Nottinghamshire of persons under the name of Luddites drove a great number of lace frames from that district, and caused establishments to be formed in Devonshire. The increase of the silk trade at Manchester is partly owing to its migration from Macclesfield, which is much depopulated in consequence of the restriction placed on labour by the Unions. Norwich has suffered the same evil. "The business of calico printing," says a gentleman well acquainted with the subject, "which has long been carried on in Belfast, was taken from it in consequence of the combination of the men engaged in it. The manufacturer who had embarked his capital in the trade sold off his materials, and the result was that 107 families were thrown out of bread. In the town of Bandon, a cotton factory was established, which was like to give employment to many persons in that neighbourhood. The proprietor fitted up his machinery, and had received several orders; when that was known to the workmen, they turned out for higher wages. The proprietor remained long enough to complete the orders he had got, but then gave up the business, and thus that neighbourhood lost an outlay in wages of 11,000*l.* or 12,000*l.* With respect to the city of

Dublin, on a moderate estimate, wages to the amount of 500,000*l.* a-year were withdrawn from it in the manufacture of almost every article of consumption. In the foundry trade alone, not less than 10,000*l.* was sent out of Dublin, which would have been retained if the system of combination did not exist. Not very long ago there were four shipbuilders in extensive business in Dublin; there is at present not one; the trade had been removed to Drogheda, and to Belfast. What was the cause of this? It was that when there was any business so as to give employment to the workmen, they at once turned out for higher wages. Other instances have occurred where still greater injury has been produced by the removal of a portion of the skill and capital of the country to a foreign land. Such was the case at Glasgow, as stated in the Fourth Parliamentary Report respecting artisans and machinery. One of the partners in an extensive cotton factory, fettered and annoyed by the constant interference of his workmen, removed to the state of New York, where he re-established his machinery; and thus afforded to a rival community, already formidable to our trade, at once a pattern of our best machinery, and an example of the best methods of using it.

Strikes have also led in many instances to the superseding of hand labour by machines. It was the strikes among the Manchester spinners from 1824 to 1831, especially the great strike in the latter year, which induced several of the manufacturers, who were afraid of their business being driven to other countries, to make application to the celebrated machinists, Messrs. Sharpe & Co. of Manchester, and to request them to direct the inventive talents of their partner, Mr. Roberts, to the construction of a self-acting mule, in order to emancipate the trade from galling slavery and impending ruin. Under the assurances of the most liberal encouragement in the adoption of his invention, Mr. Roberts suspended his professional pursuits as an engineer, and set his fertile genius to construct a spinning automaton. In the course of a few months, he produced a machine called the "self-acting mule," which performed the work of the head-spinners so much better than they could do it themselves, as to leave them no chance against it, and which was introduced into the factories as rapidly as the patentees could execute the orders with which they were immediately overwhelmed.

Another example of the same kind is mentioned by Dr. Ure, in his "Philosophy of Manufactures." "The elegant art of calico-printing," he says, "which embodies in its operations the most elegant problems of chemistry as well as mechanics, had been for a long period the sport of foolish journeymen, who turned the liberal means of comfort it furnished them into weapons of warfare against their employers and the trade itself. They were, in fact, by their delirious combinations, plotting to kill the goose which laid the golden eggs of their industry, or to force it to fly off to a foreign land, where it might live without molestation. In the spirit of Egyptian taskmasters,

the operative printers dictated to the manufacturer the number and quality of the apprentices to be admitted into the trade, the hours of their own labour, and the wages to be paid them. At length capitalists sought deliverance from the intolerable bondage in the resources of science, and were speedily reinstated in their legitimate dominion of the head over the inferior members. The four-colour and five-colour machines which now render calico-printing an unerring and expeditious process, are mounted in all great establishments. It was under the high pressure of the same despotic confederacies, that self-acting apparatus for executing the dyeing and rinsing operations have been devised.

The croppers of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and the hecklers or flax-dressers, can unfold "a tale of woe" on this subject. Their earnings exceeded those of most mechanics, but the frequency of strikes among them, and the irregularities in their hours and times of working, compelled masters to substitute machinery for their manual labour. Their trades, in consequence, have been in great measure superseded. Similar examples must have presented themselves to all who are familiar with the details of our manufacturing, but these may suffice to illustrate one of the most common results of combinations.

When the nature of the work is such that it is not possible to remove it, or to substitute machinery for manual labour, the proprietors are more exposed to injury from combinations among workmen; but even in these cases, when the strike has been general, the masters have almost invariably been successful in the contest. A volume might be filled with an account of the injuries which unsuccessful strikes have inflicted on the working classes. In 1810, a strike took place in Manchester and the neighbourhood, by which 30,000 persons employed in cotton-spinning went out of employment. For a considerable time, they received assistance to the amount of 1,500*l.* a-week—all was unavailing. At the end of four months, after their funds were totally exhausted, and the turn-out workmen reduced to the greatest misery, the struggle ceased without having in any one particular accomplished the object of the unionists. Some of the men were even glad to accept employment, not at their old wages, but at *half* those wages. In 1829, another strike took place at Manchester, which threw 10,000 persons out of work for six months. The result is thus described by a workman in his evidence before the Factory Commission,— "The consequence was, that at the end of six months they came into work again at *reduced wages*." Few strikes have been more extensively supported than the celebrated Bradford turn-out of 1825-26. Before the strike for an advance, 14,000 persons, in the town and neighbourhood of Bradford, entered their names as approving of the plan, and willing to act upon it. Contributions from 152 places enabled the struggle to be kept up for two months. What was the result? At the end of that time, the men returned to work at *lower wages than before*. It is melancholy

to discover, from the notices to their brethren at a distance, the poverty in which the turn-out left the people. They beg to be excused contributing in their turn. "The Bradford workmen are at the present time utterly incapable of relieving any other class of workmen; hundreds of them cannot get bread, and few of the remainder anything else." "Melancholy as all this is," it has been justly said, "it is far from surprising when it is seen how money goes during a strike. In the first place, the waste of maintaining many thousand people for ten months in idleness, is frightful when their future support actually depends on there being no waste. At Bradford, the sum thus expended was £14,431, so when they returned to their work there was all that, and whatever increase their labour might have added to it, the less to pay wages with. How *should* the masters raise their wages?"

But even this expenditure was less vexatious in its wastefulness than some which belongs like a curse to a strike. It is a hard thing for a man to see his children's maintenance frittered away in upholding expenses such as the following:—

Meat, drink, and lodging of Delegates from various parts of the kingdom . . .	£240	16	11
Travelling expenses of Delegates from Bradford	286	14	11
Expenses of Committees	466	9	10
Stationery, newspapers, advertisements	345	8	9
Postage and carriage of parcels	43	15	11
Loss by bad bank-notes	11	1	0

This is by no means a solitary case. In the statement of the expenditure of the Mechanics' Union of Glasgow, for a single half-year, more than 5*l.* is charged for drink, and half of the whole expenditure (95*l.*) is heaped together in such a way as wholly to prevent a proper investigation of the manner in which the money was spent. The half-yearly report of the expenses of the Newcastle Mechanics' Union contains the following items:—

Club and Committee liquor	£4	6	0½
Painting President's chair	0	4	6
New top and side curtains for President's chair	2	1	11½

It is lamentable to think that the wages of the workmen, instead of increasing the comforts of themselves and families, are sometimes consumed in such absurd charges as putting new curtains to their president's chair. One of the members of the Gilders' Trades Union says in a published letter, "It has been deemed expedient in times past to govern our little trade by secrecy, the mass of the members only having to pay, but ask no questions as to the appropriation of the money." Doubtless there seem to be very good reasons why the committees of the Trades Unions should not like questions to be asked respecting the appropriation of the money. We have before us a statement of the half-yearly expenses of all the lodges of the Union of Mechanics in England, Scotland, and Ireland; in all of them the charge for committee liquor is a large, and in some the chief item in the accounts, so that we may apply to the Unionists literally the

words of the prophet, "He that earneth wages earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes."

Towards the close of the year 1836, there was an extensive and very disastrous strike of the operative cotton spinners of Preston, which was productive of an appalling amount of misery and crime. The main reason for the discontent was that the spinners of Bolton had higher wages, but on the other hand it was alleged that the Bolton prices rose and fell with the times, whereas the Preston prices were fixed, and were in the aggregate or long run as advantageous for the regular workman. Be this as it may, a union which had formerly existed commenced operations for raising the wages of the spinners, and made a simultaneous demand on all the masters for the Bolton list of prices. This was refused, but an offer was made to the spinners of an advance of ten per cent. on their gross earnings, or about 3s. 4d. per week, on condition that they would detach themselves from the Union. This offer was in many instances accepted by individual spinners, but the council of the Union, assuming the right to return an answer in the name of the whole body, rejected the offer of the masters, and renewed their demand of the "Bolton List of Prices," unaccompanied by any condition relative to the Union.

To these terms the masters refused to accede, and on Monday morning, the 7th of November, the spinners discontinued their attendance, and the factories were closed. At the time of the turn-out, the operatives of Preston engaged in cotton-spinning amounted to 8,500 persons. Of this number it may be said that only 660 (that is, the whole of the spinners,) voluntarily left their work, the greater part of the remaining 7,840 being thereby thrown out of employment. After standing out for three months, and suffering the greatest extremities, they were compelled to accept of the terms which the masters had offered before the strike commenced, and besides, to sign a declaration to the effect that they would not at any future time, while in their service, become members of any Union or combination of workmen.

The following estimate was made of the direct pecuniary loss to all classes of operatives in consequence of the turn-out:—

Total loss of wages during the strike	£57,210	0	0
The loss to the masters, being three months' interest of £800,000, some of which being sunk capital was not only unproductive, but was taking harm from being rendered useless, was estimated at	45,000	0	0
And the loss sustained by the shop-keepers from loss of business, bad debts, &c. . . .	4,986	0	0
Making the total loss to the town and trade of Preston, in this unavailing struggle	£107,196	0	0

While the turn-out lasted, the operatives generally wandered about the streets without any definite object. 75 persons were brought before the magistrates, and convicted of drunkenness and disorderly conduct; 12 were imprisoned or held to bail for assaults, or intimidations; about 20 young females became prostitutes; three persons are believed to have died of starvation, and not less than 5,000 must have suffered long and severely from hunger and cold. In almost every family, the greater part of the wearing apparel and household furniture was pawned. In nine cases out of ten, considerable arrears of rent were due, and out of the sum of 1,600*l.* deposited in the savings bank, by about 60 spinners or overlookers, 900*l.* was withdrawn in the course of the three months. Most of those who could obtain credit got into debt with the shopkeepers—the trade of the town suffered severely, many of the small shopkeepers were nearly ruined, and a few entirely so.

In 1834, an extensive combination was established among the colliers in Lanarkshire, and the adjoining counties of Renfrew and Stirling. During the latter six months of 1835, and the whole of 1836, they received the extravagant wages of thirty-five shillings a week, for three days' work, at four or five hours a day only. In the spring of 1837, the iron-masters finding that the prices of iron had fallen from 7*l.* to 4*l.* 10*s.* per ton, felt themselves under the necessity of reducing the rate of wages. The terms they offered were that the men should work eight hours a day, during five days a week, at five shillings a day. These terms were immediately rejected, and the whole colliers in Lanarkshire, 2,000 in number, struck work, and remained unemployed for six months. At the end of that time, they were compelled to give in, their place having in the meantime been partly supplied by new hands, chiefly starving weavers, whose numbers ultimately rose to about 800. The loss sustained by the colliers, their employers, and the public, in consequence of this strike, is estimated at upwards of 600,000*l.*

The only other instance we shall adduce is the strike of the Glasgow cotton-spinners, which excited public attention over the whole country, in consequence of the scenes of violence and outrage with which it was attended, and the deed of murder which marked its close. Previous to 1836, the wages of the spinners were from thirty to thirty-five shillings a week. In the summer of that year, the spinners memorialized their employers for an augmentation of wages, in consequence of the rise in the price of cotton goods which then took place. To this the masters agreed, and the wages of the spinners were raised from thirty-five shillings to two pounds. In consequence, however, of the alarming stagnation of trade in the spring of 1837, prices fell so much that the masters found it necessary to propose that wages should be restored to their previous rate. This step was resolutely opposed by the operatives, who struck work in April 1837. The strike continued for a period of nearly eighteen weeks, and terminated at last by the spinners unanimously agreeing to surren-

der at discretion. The loss to operatives, masters, and shopkeepers, caused by this strike, amounted to nearly 200,000*l*.

The sufferings endured by the operatives during this disastrous strike must have been extreme. Towards the close the aliment allowed by the association to each man was only eighteen pence a-week. The condition of the female operatives, the piecers, pickers, carders, and reelers, was infinitely worse, for there was no fund whatever provided for their maintenance, and from the commencement they were thrown upon the streets, without either asylum, employment, or subsistence. The necessary consequence was, that crime and immorality increased to a frightful degree, and the rapid progress of fever in the city, as well as the great increase in the rate of mortality, evinced in an appalling manner how fatal such strikes are to the best interests of the labouring poor.

The object of the operatives engaged in these strikes has too often been, by combination and violence to force up their wages during prosperity, and by combination and violence to prevent them from falling in adversity, hoping thus to avert from themselves the law of nature, and to build up on the foundation of intimidation a durable prosperity amidst the fleeting changes of human affairs. But experience has clearly proved that all attempts to raise wages by such means are certain in the end to recoil on the heads of those engaged in them. The effectual remedy, however, for this great social evil, is to be found, not in legislative enactments, but in the diffusion of knowledge and of sound moral and religious principles among the mass of the people. Whenever the working classes become convinced that what is prejudicial to the rest of the community can never be really beneficial to them,—that to do evil that good may come is equally at variance with justice and expediency,—and whenever they combine against the future, instead of against the masters, and unite to help one another's savings, instead of to waste the earnings of all,—there will be an end of ruinous quarrels, to the destruction of trade, and the increase of crime and immorality, of disease and death.

EAUX D'ARTIFICE ;

OR, A WINTER'S DAY AT MALVERN.

THERE is a certain charm in the feeling of isolation when not accompanied by that of loneliness. And it is an amusing privilege, being unobserved, to observe the habits of the human species in novel circumstances. Such are assuredly those of the "water cure."

Whence that tolling of door-bells at the peep of dawn, inhumanly rousing from slumber anticipant patients and unsympathizing housemaids? Whence that hurry of bucket-bearing men and women through the lanes of a peaceful village? Is fire to be extinguished? No—it is water, water, water, not to quench the flame of wood; but to feed the flame of life, cooling the fevered, heating the chilled. soothing

the excited, exciting the torpid, thinning the thick blood, thickening the thin, healing old sores and evoking new ones, whetting the appetite, and cheating it when found. Great are the "curiosities of common water," as a book of last century styles them, often sung, and as often forgotten, for there is nothing new under the sun, and the nearest remedy is the most overlooked. The simplification of mystery and the mystification of simplicity are the two poles of medical craft and valetudinarian fancy.

Were the wall of each dwelling by an earthquake shock laid prostrate, what strange revelations would there be! Strange as the peep-show of digestion obtained under the lifted flap of a wounded hero's stomach! Behold the mummies, rivals of Egypt, Thebans scorning spice, in voluntary stillness wrapped, and sodden as they lie, waiting the stern approach of watery shock! Behold the sleeper waked; but to court with shudder and recoil the dread embrace of watery wrapper, impending from a spectre's arms, not sheet-enveloped, but sheet-enveloping! Behold the Naiads in hanging folds of white, fit to be planted out amid the classic water-works of royal parks! See others in water rooted, not in earth, rooted at neither end, nor up, nor down; but at the middle doubled like the layer of a shrub, save that it courts, and they abhor the soil! Or else the Pythian stool, or arched oven, compassed or filled with pent-up vapour, where stewed humanity yields up its woes, and parboiled into health, docs, like the blacksmith's plunged iron, hiss water into steam. Hear now the fussy, fretting, fiery scrub (as in the currying and whisping of a hundred horse) recuperant of heat, reactive even unto blood. Then see the shivering grasp at victims, the scandalous infliction of internal drowning cold to meet external, as classics do of two negations compound an affirmation! Alas! this fierce encounter of waters from without, and waters from within, what chance has life between them?

Such are the esoteric things. The exoteric next. What forms be these suddenly swarming forth, *sub Jove frigido*, unflannelled, uncomforted, unfurred, rushing divergent into infinite space, running as dogs with acolythic saucepans, jostling in reckless haste, by desperate intent impelled, changing the village peace into the stir of a metropolis? Is there alarm of war, or tide of emigration, or scramble for mammon o'er the trampled necks of rivals, selling the soul to find the body? No—'tis caloric. Oh caloric! a kingdom for reaction! the getting up of steam in the burst boilers of men. A gang they form, not the press-gang of former days, but *compress-gang* of these,—not dragging to the wave, but from the wave escaped,—yet each by fate pursued, in front or else where tortured and armed at once with hidden mail, each in his sorrow wrapped, each in his bosom bearing not secret fire, but water. Nor are other ills awaiting which can't be shaken off like watery clout, but must be remedied by dire eruption, those burning mountains of the microcosm, which disclose the dying indignation of besieged disease.

As the day begins, so does it restlessly proceed and end. Scarce have the busied and blown health-hunters, reposing on their milk and water, and skimming the last morning's Times, begun to recover their disturbed proprieties, when the horrors of noon come relentless on. Sitz, sheet and compress, plunge, deep and shallow, scrubbing and gulping ply their varied work, while the teasing shower and the whelming douche betrickle and belabour poor humanity, by that same power restoring it which wears the rock away. Then off to the highway and the hills again! See how they run express without an errand! pity no errand could be found! See how they thread like weaver's shuttle the steep zig-zag, rising like genii into impending mists! Muscular motion for nought but muscular motion's sake, beginning, end, and centre to itself, hunger and heat the *summa bona*, what unromantic tread-mill work is this? Much to be pitied they who could do otherwise. Yet still more they who cannot. Side by side with the smart equipage of squire, or gig of traveller, or team of peasant, slowly wheels along the creaking chair of paralytic, wreck of long debauchery, of midnight lamp-work, or of public toils, smitten by suns inclement, carking care, or swift calamity. Or else the form emaciate of atrophy or phthisis pulmonal, like an escaped inmate of that tomb to which it tends with rapid strides, though slow its pace on earth. Or infant borne by mule or stub, born in its malady, deformed and blanched, sadly sedate and ulcerous, jogged carelessly along by ringlet-covered nurse, circumspect not circumspect, or brooded over by the anxious authors of its life and woe. Here the pinched visage of the dyspeptic, there the tallowy of the dropsical, here the bloated cheek of the licentious, there the chiselled pallor of the student, here the fading rose of the ball-room, there the wrinkled collapse of the dowager. And as the only redeeming glimpse of romance in the picture, the shy and sober spinster sauntering pensively, with crookless pole in hand, in style arcadian, a shepherdess without a flock.

As here, with round unvarying of chop and potato, cold water is thrown upon all the festivities of the table, so are all postprandial ease and social enjoyment cut short, and embittered. The flow of soul, the snooze of fire-side comfort, are rudely violated by the afternoon's assault, wherein the untimely loss of raiment, the damp appliance and the frigid draft, form matter for a tale of sorrow, which the rising moon takes up. Who after such a day has heart for stocking silk, or neck-cloth white, or evening circle left—all that proscribed,—tea, coffee, cake, ice, lobster and liquor, which makes such circles gay? Far rather mope at home on bread and water, toasting the shivering limbs, penning our sorrows to inquiring friends, and in fancy spinning out into a dozen the single hour of peace vouchsafed from liquid torments. For alas! like a prisoner to his cell, turn into bed we must not, to consign ourselves to sweet indefinite repose, but to be scared with horrid dreams, pledges of early misery on the coming morn. Yet through this darkness

gleams a theory of hope. And in this cup of woe is health and cure.

How are these toilers fed? By what viands are hearts, through stomachs, won? Some put on honour, some watched and weighed, too little for the now ravenous, too simple for the yet dainty, their diet is the flat disappointment of spiceless, heatless monotonous mediocrity, a keeping of the peace by armed neutrality. Alas! alas! ye wine, spirit and ale, pepper, mustard and cinnamon, salad and fruit, muffin and manchet, coffee, tea, sugar, and tobacco, lobster and Lazenby, caper and curry, custard, cake and confection venders, well may ye weep! Othello's occupation's gone. Ye are the traitors in the camp of health, sappers and miners indeed, panderers to the palate, destroyers of all within.

And how are they physicked? Physis and physickers, avaunt! Farewell all moving draughts, dinner pills, and evening powders; adieu, calomel and jalap, stimulant and tonic, alkali and alterative, acid and narcotic. Ye are made worse than in vain—pure evil are ye all. Henceforth shall the food-bag be sacred to food alone; no more the vehicle of harm to other unremonstrant members; no more self-sacrificed in treason's cause. We shall fight underground with malady no more; no more expel disease by death, or destroy the proximate in trying to reach the remote. All shall be surface work, yet not superficial. Of the two surfaces of man—all that can be reached without the knife, viz. the inner and intestinal, the outer and cuticular—the former, lesser, tenderer, and unseen, shall keep its jubilee—the latter shall be hourly viewed. The tanning of the hide, worse than school-boy's, shall exempt the stomach from being eaten into holes by drugs. So from *medere*, to heal, shall medication flow and thither tend, not by the "Porte du Rhon" of pharmaceutical exhibition, but all above board, with no privilege to poison.

Still, is chemistry a pure black art—science an idle dream? No; the theory atomic, the calculus differential, shall escape the besom's sweep. As facts yield material for fancy, so may fancy create facts. Mind is matter's lord, and by the minimum of matter is materialism sunk to zero. Globules impalpable and quintessent, the *q. e. d.* of alchemy, fresh from Sir Isaac's nutshell, missed by no vision weak, dropped by no nervous hand, captive in no hollow tooth, enter with magic spell, as a symbolic delivery of matter, where no dose ponderable may—healing by influence and first intention—aiding disease as nature's proper cure, like by like, as far as body and bodiless can be so. Nor, if report tell true, does the mesmeric *aura* fail to waft its questionable soothing over troubled frames, binding with drowsy spell the resigned impersonal, arming the vision to penetrate the veil of things unseen, and clothing the will to heal with healing power.

The water-cure does indeed hold out remedy for acute disease. But the cure of chronic is its aim and boast—the ablation of old corruption, the righting of perverted function which pleads prescriptive right

For every form of evil, every phase of symptom, every stage of cure, changes exhaustless can be rung on water; yet not, as with the pills of Morrison, where the more you take the better you will feel. To cure old ailment in a day is hopeless. The man who makes his members suffer long must suffer long for them. And yet it seems too hard to buy five years of life with five years of washing, and to spend one's days in getting well. For those whose ruin, begun with sin, has been perfected with drugs—for those whose minds have burnt their bodies out—whose brains have turned their stomachs, or *vice versa*—for hectic atomy, or nervous atrophy, or latent inflammation—for skins, outer and inner, strangers to cleanliness, or nursed, as in a hot-house, by warm ablutions or hot potations—or for pampered men with morbid appetites, swollen bodies, or aching brows—water does promise much, and does so not in vain. Yet in itself it is a monstrous bore, and he is a fish out of water, indeed, who finds himself thus plunged into the midst of it.

SHEPHERD'S VISION.

In the passing school of Royal Academicians—the contemporaries of Stothard, West, and Lawrence—Henry Howard holds a not unhonoured place. His forte lay in realizing the fairy creations of the poets. Groups of nymphs and naiads and angels—painted from beautiful models—luxurious yet decorous, never overstepping the modesty required by our English tastes—were the class of subjects with which it was his wont to enrich for many years the walls of the Royal Academy Exhibition. Of these works, that before us is a graceful and favourite specimen. Dian in her car, with hosts of attendant nymphs—most delicately grouped and rendered—form a bright apparent vision to the eyes of the happy shepherd who is privileged to behold it. The conception and execution are alike excellent.

EXTRACTS FROM OLD BOOKS.

“CONSISTENCY is the great character in good parents, which impresses children. They may witness much temper, but if they see their father ‘keep the even tenor of his way,’ his imperfections will be understood and allowed for as reason opens. The child will see and reflect on his parent’s intention; and this will have great influence on his mind. The influence may, indeed, be afterwards counteracted; but that only proves that contrary currents may arise, and carry the child another way. Old Adam may be too strong for Young Melancthon.”—*Rev. Richard Cecil’s “Remains.”*

“Ceux qui écrivent contre la gloire, veulent avoir la gloire d’avoir bien écrit; et ceux qui le lisent veulent avoir la gloire de l’avoir lu; et moi, qui écris ceci, j’ai peut-être cette envie, et peut-être que ceux qui le liront l’auront aussi.”—*Pascal.*

“Invention is one of the great marks of genius; but if we consult experience we shall find, that it is by being conversant with the inventions of others that we learn to invent, as by reading the thoughts of others we learn to think.

“Whoever has so far formed his taste as to be able to relish and feel the beauties of the great Masters has gone a great way in his study; for merely from a consciousness of this relish of the right, the mind swells with an inward pride, and is almost as powerfully affected as if it had itself produced what it admires. . . . Our minds should be habituated to the contemplation of excellence, and far from making such habits the discipline of our youth only, we should, to the last moment of our lives, continue a settled intercourse with all the true examples of grandeur. The mind is but a barren soil; a soil which is soon exhausted, and will produce no crop, or only one, unless it be continually fertilised and enriched with foreign matter. . . . It is vain for poets and painters to endeavour to invent without materials on which the mind may work, and from which invention must originate. Nothing can come of nothing. Homer is supposed to have possessed all the learning of his time; and we are certain that Michael Angelo and Raffaele were equally possessed of all the knowledge in the art which had been discovered in the works of their predecessors. There can be no doubt that he who has most materials, has the greatest means of invention; and if he has not the power of using them, it must proceed from a feebleness of intellect, or from the confused manner in which those collections have been laid up in his mind.”—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

“Whatsoe’r be felt or fear’d
From higher judgment-seats make no appeal
To lower.”

“In the ports
Of levity no refuge can be found
No shelter for a spirit in distress.”

Wordsworth, “Excursion.”

“James I. did all he could to weaken the Catholic party by dividing them in opinion. When Dr. Reynolds, the head of the Nonconformists, complained to the King of the printing and dispersing of Popish pamphlets, the King answered, that this was done by a warrant from the court, to nourish the schism between the Seculars and Jesuits, which was of great service. ‘Doctor,’ added the King, ‘you are a better clergymen than statesman.’”—*Neale’s History of the Puritans.*

“There is no contending with necessity, and we should be very tender how we censure those that submit to it. ‘Tis one thing to be at liberty to do what we will, and another thing to be tied up to do what we must.”—*Sir Roger L’Estrange.*



CHRONIC VIBEX

W. J. G. G. G. G.

A DIALOGUE ON YOUTH.¹

If this were a despotic country, and it were our function, instead of writing reviews of books, to see to their proper distribution, and to place them with imperative suggestions in the hands of such as needed them, we should be inclined to command all persons concerned in the training and management of youth to read, and attentively consider, the volume now before us. The infliction, indeed, would be nowise burdensome, as it is but a little book, and is full of exquisite sense and pleasantry. It is worth anybody's while to read it—so racy, so genial and beautiful is its whole scope and substance. It reminds one of some of the lighter dialogues of Plato, and the author has evidently caught something both of the manner and spirit of that grand old worthy's writings. The style is so completely classical that it reads like a fine translation of some ancient composition. Yet the tone of the piece is modern, and there is a strict respect to the needs and conditions of modern life. It is the author's object to shadow forth his views of what should constitute the education of a gentleman in the times in which we live; and he aims to show that there is still room for chivalry—by which he understands, in the words of Sir Kenelm Digby, "the general spirit which disposes men to generous and heroic actions." As the age of chivalry was in a certain sense the natural development of youthful conditions of society, so, he thinks, youth is at all times to be regarded as the period of chivalrous enthusiasm and aspiration, and that it accordingly requires such a training as shall bring into display all its naturally magnanimous and noble qualities. Though the doctrine is not exactly *new*, it is here exhibited and illustrated in a somewhat novel shape; and we think that every cultivated reader who considers it must admire the facility and truthfulness and beauty of the exposition.

The plan of the work is excellent for its simplicity. The perfect naturalness of the conception is delightful; and there is in the transitions, and in the general working out, a light and easy grace of execution which is admirable, inasmuch as it is without visible pretence or aim at being artistic. If it be the highest effect of art to conceal the appearance of art, our author must be pronounced a very successful artist. The narrator represents himself to be a physician practising at Cambridge, where, however, he is but little perplexed with patients. One fine May morning he is suddenly aroused from the perusal of a "heavy treatise on Magnesia" by the entrance of Euphranor, a young college student, who comes to invite him to take a row on the river, or a walk in the fields, or, at any rate, to join in some kind of out-door expedition, whatever might seem pleasant—only it was insisted that he (the doctor) must go out to enjoy the brightness and beauty of the day. After a little talk and

banter about the responsibility of neglecting the "possible patients" that might send for him in his absence, the doctor agrees to accompany his friend; and accordingly they proceed towards the river, having first called upon Lexilogus—a pale, spectacled "reading man," who kept quarters in a garret, and constrained him to go with them. On taking off his coat to begin to row, Euphranor dropped a book out of his pocket, which he presently requested Lexilogus to take care of; whereupon the doctor began to protest against the presence of books on that occasion, saying, "Now we shall have Lexilogus *reading* all the way," but then went on to ask whether it was Latin, Greek, Algebra, or German? being too bookish a man himself not to feel an interest in an unknown volume. In reply, Euphranor said the work was Digby's Godfridus, and (after the two had pulled along some little distance) he asked the doctor if he knew that author's writings. Being answered in the affirmative, and informed moreover that the doctor could remember Digby being at college, an inquiry was made as to what sort of man he was? whereto it was responded that he was "tall, big-boned, high-featured, and of a sad complexion, like some old Digby stepped down from the canvass." Thus talking of Digby and his books, and constantly interrupted by little accidents of the voyage, they had threaded their way through the barges congregated at Magdalen Bridge; through the locks, and so to Cross's boat-house, where they surrendered their boat, and footed it over the fields to Chesterton, at whose church they arrived just as its quiet chimes were preluding twelve o'clock.

Here Lexilogus parted from the others, and went to visit an elderly lady relative, who was residing in quiet lodgings thereabouts for the benefit of her nerves. Euphranor and the doctor proceeded on to the Three Tuns Inn, designing to play a game at billiards; but finding the tables occupied, they ordered some light ale, and went into the bowling-green, with its lilac bushes then in full bloom and odour; and there they found Lycion, a clever but apathetic aristocratic freshman, "sitting alone upon a bench, with a cigar in his mouth, and rolling the bowls about lazily with his foot." While Euphranor and his companion were "quaffing a glass of home-brewed," in one of the little arbours cut into the lilac bushes round the bowling-green, Lycion took up the volume of Digby, which Euphranor had laid upon the table, and glancing carelessly over the leaves, exclaimed with some disgust, "Chivalry—Well, I thought people had done talking about that sort of thing." This leads to a conversation about the book, and the merits of the subject treated of, in which, however, Lycion persists in seeing nothing but absurdity, and instances, as a case in point, the Eglinton tournament. "What a complete failure!" said he. "There was the Queen of Beauty on her throne, and the heralds and the knights in armour on their horses—they had been practising for months, I believe,—but unluckily, at the very moment of onset, the rain began, and the knights threw down their lances, and put up umbrellas." But Euphranor in-

(1) "Euphranor, a Dialogue on Youth." Pickering: London. 1861.

terposes that the Eglinton tournament was but an affair of old armour, and had nothing of true chivalry about it. And as it seemed likely that the two would go on disputing, each according to his preconceptions, without ever coming to an understanding, the doctor, a somewhat older man than the others, suggested that before they proceeded further it would not be amiss to refer to Digby's book, and see what, in his view of the matter, the term *chivalry* really signified. Euphranor accordingly took up the volume and read aloud a passage, some sentences whereof seem worthy of being quoted.

"Chivalry is only a name for that general spirit or state of mind, which disposes men to generous and heroic actions; and keeps them conversant with all that is beautiful and sublime in the intellectual and moral world. It will be found that, in the absence of conservative principles, this spirit more generally prevails in youth than in the later periods of men's life; and, as the heroic is always the earliest age in the history of nations, so youth, the first period of life, may be considered as the heroic or chivalrous age of each separate man; and there are few so unhappy as to have grown up without having experienced its influence, and having derived the advantage of being able to enrich their imagination, and to soothe their hours of sorrow, with its romantic recollections. The Anglo-Saxons distinguished the period between childhood and manhood by the term 'cnihtade,' knight-hood: a term which still continued to indicate the connexion between youth and chivalry, when knights were styled 'children,' as in the historic song beginning,—

'Childe Rowlande to the dark tower came,'—

an excellent expression, no doubt;—for every boy and youth is, in his mind and sentiment, a knight, and essentially a son of chivalry. Nature is fine in him. Nothing but the circumstances of a singular and most degrading system of education can ever totally destroy the action of this general law; therefore, so long as there has been, or shall be, young men to grow up to maturity; and until all youthful life shall be dead, and its source withered up for ever; so long must there have been, and must there continue to be, the spirit of noble chivalry. To understand therefore this first, and as it were natural chivalry, we have only to observe the features of the youthful age."

Then, after some little interruption of discourse, the doctor, taking the book from Euphranor's hands, read further what is written on the qualities of youth.

"There is no difference, says the philosopher, between youthful age and youthful character; and what this is cannot be better evinced than in the very words of Aristotle. 'The young are ardent in desire, and what they do is from affection; they are tractable and delicate, they earnestly desire and are easily appeased; their wishes are intense, without comprehending much, as the thirst and hunger of the weary; they are passionate and hasty, and liable to be surprised by anger; for, being ambitious of honour, they cannot endure to

be despised, but are indignant when they suffer injustice: they love honour, but still more victory; for youth desires superiority, and victory is superiority, and both of these they love more than riches; for as to these, of all things, they care for them least. They are not of corrupt manners, but are innocent, from not having beheld much wickedness; and they are credulous, from having been seldom deceived; and sanguine in hope, for, like persons who are drunk with wine, they are inflamed by nature, and from their having had but little experience of fortune. And they live by hope, for hope is of the future, and memory is of the past, and to youth the future is everything, the past but little; they hope all things, and remember nothing: and it is easy to deceive them, for the reasons which have been given; for they are willing to hope, and are full of courage, being passionate and hasty, of which tempers it is the nature of one not to fear, and of the other to inspire confidence; and thus are easily put to shame, for they have no resources to set side the precepts which they have learned: and they have lofty souls, for they have never been disgraced or brought low; and they are unacquainted with necessity; they prefer honour to advantage, virtue to expediency; for they live by affection rather than by reason, and reason is concerned with expediency, but affection with honour: and they are warm friends and hearty companions, more than other men, because they delight in fellowship, and judge of nothing by utility, and therefore not their friends; and they chiefly err in doing all things over much, for they keep no medium. They love much and they dislike much, and so in everything, and this arises from their idea that they know everything. And their faults consist more in insolence than in actual wrong; and they are full of mercy, because they regard all men as good, and more virtuous than they are; for they measure others by their own innocence; so that they suppose every man suffers wrongfully.'"

This being read, the doctor bantered Lycion on his latent possession of all chivalric qualities, and hints that he ought not to remain so systematically inert and indolent, when the possibilities of a grand career are palpably before him; but Lycion hardly takes it kindly, and with his cherished affection of indifference to everything, rather sulkily declines to take any part in the discussion; and as he happened to be waiting until somebody in the billiard-room, whom he "particularly detested," should have finished playing and disappeared, he called up to some of his friends who were present in the room, with a view to ascertain whether the coast was yet clear for him to enter. One of the players, appearing at the window, shook his head, saying, however, that "all would be right in a few minutes," and then retired. "On which," says our author, pleasantly, "Lycion had nothing to do for it, but light another cigar, and lying down on his back with his hat over his eyes, compose himself to inattention." The dialogue goes on between Euphranor and the doctor: but, as we cannot pretend to follow all the twists and turnings of an intricate discourse—nor

indeed would that be quite befitting in a notice of so small a work, and one every way deserving of being read throughout—we shall expect the reader to be content if we present him with a few selected passages—not perhaps the best, but such only as appear most convenient for extraction. To begin with, let us take the following:—

“Do you remember,” said Euphranor, “what Lamb’s friend said of the Eton boys in their cricket-ground? “What a pity these fine lads should so soon turn into frivolous members of parliament!” . . . No doubt what is called *entering the world* is a degradation from chivalrous youth; but I suppose Digby would admit the best youth is only a preparation for a better manhood.”

“I said, ‘Perhaps so.’

“And yet,” said he, “in the passage you have read you see he compares the youth of man to the heroic age of a nation.”

“Which, however, may not be its *best* age,” answered I, “though a very necessary and a very beautiful one. Lycion and I may not agree that Argonautic expeditions, Trojan or Holy Wars, mark the best epochs of a nation, whatever your heroic gentlemen may think.”

“Well, but if what Digby says be true, that it is this spirit which keeps men and nations most conversant with what is beautiful and sublime in the moral and intellectual world!—And here is Bacon declaring that youth excels in the moral, and age in the politic only—poor ignoble politic.”

“I asked, smiling, ‘if by *age* Bacon might mean *old age*, as much a descent from perfect manhood on one side, as youth was an ascent to it on the other; or if “*politic*” was used in that better sense by which Jeremy Bentham secretly proves the expediency of virtue?’

“Euphranor, however, rejected all such base notions of virtue, and would have nothing whatever to do with Jeremy Bentham. ‘And what mighty virtues Aristotle attributes to youth!’ said he.

“And mighty faults too, for that matter,” I returned; “does he not say it is rash, ambitious, overbearing, insolent even? faults which manhood, with its experience, may correct, perhaps.”

“Well, then,” said Euphranor, “Lycion may say, the sooner these Eton boys get into the world and learn that experience, the better.”

“Yes,” said I, “if their stomachs were strong enough to digest it. And even then they might lose more than they gained, for you see how much of this youthful virtue Aristotle draws from *inexperience* of the world, as he says it is innocent from not having been disappointed, trustful from not having been deceived, lofty of soul and despising riches from never having been brought low; and so forth. Your friend Plato, if I remember, will not allow even those who are destined to be judges in his republic to make an acquaintance with crime till near middle life, for fear they should harden into a distrust of human nature; will he?”

“Euphranor nodded, and I said that on the same principle he and Lamb’s friend might think there was danger of the Eton boys hardening into an ignoble policy by too early acquaintance with St. Stephen’s, before they were established in the good affections, good fellowship, and generous energy, of which Aristotle’s catalogue was so much made up.”

* * * * *

“According to you, the virtue of youth consists in its good affections,” said Euphranor.

“Nay,” I replied, “I am only following Aristotle’s text, whose catalogue is made up of these affections, you see; “living by affection rather than by reason,” he twice says, I think.”

“Ah!” said Euphranor, “and Bacon somewhere observes, I remember, that youth doth profit in the affections, and age in the reason, which may help one to the meaning of that other passage of his that puzzled me before, about the moral and politic.”

“He, too,” said I, “would perhaps agree with Lamb’s friend and Digby, that it would be well to give those affections good time to develop in; that at all events it would be dangerous to forsake them until the reason was far advanced, which this same Aristotle says, I think, does not reach its maturity till about forty years of age, though I say it who should not, having just passed that notable era.”

In connexion with the foregoing it may not be inappropriate to cite a passage on the culture of *animal spirits*, animal courage, and whatever else may be included in a good *bodily* condition.

“Too much brute strength, Euphranor would have it, (on Plato’s authority again, I believe, for Plato was his great oracle,) brutalized the mind. To which I could only answer, I was not, as far as I knew, for too much of anything. However, he would admit that Telamon, and Idas, and Enides, and those other youthful knights we had read of, wanted a good share of bodily strength to work that very heavy ship, the Argo; as did also King Arthur’s knights for their fights with giants and dragons; and even those of our own time, ‘the modern gentlemen,’ if they were to lead hosts of blacksmiths, for instance, or any other more vigorous trade than a tailor’s, to conquest. And I asked him whether, apart from any influence such exercises, or the animal condition they helped to bring about, had upon the soul, Digby did not consider strength of body, and the accomplishments of riding, swimming, fighting with many weapons, and perhaps cricketing, as very necessary accomplishments for his young gentleman of England?”

“Euphranor said, ‘No doubt;’ and then recurring to what I had before spoken of, remembered some observation of Sir Walter Scott, (another hero of his,) that strong men are usually good-humoured, Scott himself, as Euphranor remarked, being so good an instance of it. And I added Bacon’s testimony as to anger being chiefly observable in weakness, old age, childhood, and sickness. ‘So that, on the whole,’ said I, tapping on the top of Lycion’s hat, ‘what with the keeping out of knavery till one knows

how to join in it properly, and avoiding bad air in more senses than one, and cultivating good affections, and good health, and perhaps, (Euphranor says,) good-humour, and perhaps, also, some other good things we cannot now think of, Lamb's friend might have been right after all in lamenting the departure of the Eton lads from the fields of their youth for a premature manhood in St. Stephen's; though as to deciding which is fairest, a good youth or a good manhood, Euphranor, that may be like deciding which is handsomest, the blossom or the flower.' * * *

"The other day,' said Euphranor, 'Skythroops was in my rooms, and opened Digby's book at the very passage we have been reading—he read it—with what relish you may imagine.'

"What did he say of it?"

"Oh, you can fancy—that youth, so far from drawing clouds of glory from God, who is its home," draws clouds of sulphur from another quarter. He ran over Aristotle's inventory, as you call it; the old talk, he said, of honour, glory, and so on,—Pagan virtues, very well for a Pagan to record and a Papist to quote; but he wondered I could keep such a book in my rooms.'

"Well,' said I, 'dead wood doubtless makes best posts, and that is what Skythroops wants. The living tree would sprout out in a manner incomprehensible to such naturalists. He would nip the flower of youth as if it were flour of brimstone:—then Lycion would stifle it in St. Stephen's; and how many force it to blow before its time, and so ruin it!'

"In the present rage for *intellect*,' said Euphranor.

"Yes,' I replied, 'intellect, not for its own sake only, but for advancement in the peaceful professions, now so thronged since war has been quiet. Jack and Tom, you know, must not only shine at the literary tea-table, they must get fellowships, livings, silk-gowns at the bar—they cannot be crammed too fast, and to this end the order of Nature is reversed, to get early at faculties which come last in the order of growth; the understanding set to work almost before it is born, the affections neglected or misdirected, the whole body, without whose soundness the soul it encloses cannot, I say, be sound, neglected in its hour of growth, or torn to pieces by premature energies within. But Nature has her revenge. We think the world is growing wiser; it may be in the end, but, as some one said, we are now rearing a generation of fools.'"

With all this Euphranor in the main agrees, but, says, he does not like to consider the soul as being so much subjected to the "carcass," and remarks, after a little intermediate talk, that we have many "instances of the greatest minds dwelling in the craziest and puniest bodies." To this the doctor makes reply:—

"Great *parts* of mind, as great wit in Pope, for instance.'

"Mens curva in corpore curvo,' quoted Euphranor.

'No, wit itself is said to be a kind of dishonesty of

thought, so let it e'en be a disease of the body, if you like. But look at Pascal now.'

"Well,' said I, 'great mathematical and reasoning faculty. But these do not make up a MAN. A bon-mot, a poem, a problem, are no more specimens of the whole man, than that celebrated brick was of the whole house. What is your author in his affections and temper, as well as his understanding? What as relative, friend, neighbour, and so forth? the "whole, sound, round-about" man, as Locke says.'

"But Pascal was a notoriously religious and good man,' argued Euphranor.

"Notoriously ascetic,' said I; "that is to say, of a diseased religion. He would not let his family be too much about him lest their mutual love should deprive God of his due. I should instance Pascal's religion as looking much like the refraction from a sickly body.'

"Euphranor was again silent a little, and said smiling, 'Like some objects that will force themselves on one's eye in a landscape for ever so far, this clay cottage will not be got out of sight. The poets are fond of it. It now occurs to me in that other relation with its tenant which we were speaking of, not where it affects, but is affected by its lodger's incessant strugglings and batterings within. You remember Dryden's old lines about that soul—

"That o'er-inform'd its tenement of clay,
Fretting the puny body to decay."

"Well,' said Euphranor, 'and the sooner the better, so she flies back to her proper element again.'

"A great escape, doubtless,' I said; 'but yet it has pleased God to station her here on probation, to do some work for herself and others. And being certain of eternity—yes, and (as a good soul) of a happy eternity, she should be well content to be imprisoned for such a mere point of time as our three-score years and ten in this clumsy lantern of a body, the only means by which her rays can be so condensed as to lighten her more benighted mortal fellow-spirits.'

"Well, perhaps so,' said he.

"And then, if the body does not die at once, but lingers in long pain,' said I, 'this divine soul, though quite independent of the body she lodges in, and unaffected by its pains, does (out of a divine pity) sympathise greatly with its distresses, and loses much of her precious time in condolence, and contriving the means of alleviation: considering the merits of different doctors and medicines. Even in indigestions, which are said to be the plagues of thinking men, how much of her precious self she wastes daily, mourning over some little bit of cheese that will stick in the stomach of the most universal philanthropist!'

"Euphranor laughed, and asked, 'What could be done for her?' and I answered, 'that I supposed, according to that old prescription (the curse of physicians) that "prevention is better than cure," the best way was to build up for her, in the proper season, a tenement strong enough to resist the elements without, and her own batterings within; so that when

she is called to her great vocations, she may go about them, undisturbed by creaking doors and windows, falling timbers, and failing foundations, and by all the repairs they incessantly call for.—Besides,' I added, 'if for no particular *use*, surely one should in decency provide a handsome, spacious, and airy mansion for so divine a tenant.'

How this is to be effected, it is one of the purposes of the book to indicate. We cannot here reveal the details of the author's plan. The following, however, on the training due to a modern gentleman during the earliest stage of his existence, may be worth pondering by intelligent heads of families.

"After the due dandling and rocking of first infancy, give him a clear stage to roll in; he will find his own legs when they are strong enough to bear him. Then let him romp as much as he likes, and roar too,—a great part of children's fun, and of great service to the lungs. And that (besides the fresh air) is so great an advantage in sending children to play out of doors; they don't disturb the serious and nervous elders of the house, who ruin the health and spirits of thousands, by, "Be quiet, child—don't make such a noise, child," *et cætera*."

"Ah, I remember,' said Euphranor, 'how you used to play at hide-and-seek with us in the shrubbery, rather exciting us to rebellion when my aunt ran out to warn us, or reduce us to order.'

"Or for fear your dresses should be dirtied,' rejoined I, 'for that is one of the fetters laid upon children's wholesome growth. They must early learn to look *respectable*; as also shouting is vulgar, you know. Then what screaming from the window if a little dew lay on the grass, or a summer cloud overcame the sky.'

"I suppose you would have shoes with holes in them, on purpose to let in water, as Locke does,' said Euphranor, laughing.

"I wouldn't keep a child from exercise in the dirt, because he has no whole shoes at home, at all events,' answered I.

"He catches cold.'

"I dose him instantly and effectually.'

"But he dies.'

"Then, as a sensible woman said, "he is provided for." Your own Plato, I think, says it is best the sickly and delicate should die off early at once.'

"Rather a pagan doctrine, if he does,' replied Euphranor. 'However, we will suppose Sir Lancelot survives, what else?'

"Where did we leave him?' said I, 'O yes, I remember, in the mud; where, by-the-bye, (much better than if shut up in a school-room or parlour,) he makes acquaintance with external nature, sun, moon, stars, trees, flowers, stones, so wholesome in themselves, and the rudiments of so many *ologies* for hereafter.'

"Not forgetting animals,' said Euphranor.

"By no means,' said I, 'and especially the horse and the dog, whose virtues we said he would do well to share.'

"Horses and dogs, in the women's apartments!' said Euphranor, laughing.

"O yes,' I said, 'his acquaintance with the dog begins in the cradle; and the horse, who, as we said, has given his very name to the spirit of youth, devotion and courage we began talking about,—Sir Lancelot cannot too soon make his acquaintance, to pat him, to feed him, to be set upon his back, either in the stable, or during exercise up and down the avenue.'

"And it is wonderful,' Euphranor observed, 'what forbearance the nobler animals show for children; how great dogs suffer themselves to be pulled about for hours by them; and horses will carry boys with a kind of proud docility, who would kick and plunge under a grown-up rider. Perhaps, they like children's soft voices and light weights; for which very reason I have heard, they are more manageable by women.'

"Yes,' said I; 'and have they not also a sense of humour that is amused at being bestrid by urchins? ay, and real generosity too, that will not take advantage of weakness?'

"After a little pause, Euphranor said, 'When you lay it down that children are scarcely to be compelled against the grain for their first seven years, I suppose you would make some reservation as to *moral* restraint—the repression of passion, for instance.'

"Not only that,' answered I; 'he must also learn to submit himself to order—to *some* daily in-door restraint—silence—and task-work, all when he would be out-of-doors romping; only let there be but a *little* of such compulsion day by day.'

"And if he be refractory, even against this gentle discipline?'

"Then, if the withdrawal of confidence and love, and appealing to his faculty of shame and remorse are not enough, a taste of the rod, the compendious symbol of might and right. Only, I am quite sure, as a general rule, it is better to lean to the extreme of indulgence than of severity; you at least get at *truth*, if ugly truth, by letting a child display his character without fear; and faults that determine outwardly, are far more likely to evaporate than when repressed to rankle within. Anyhow, the ugliest truth is better than the handsomest falsehood.'

"To this Euphranor willingly assented, and after a time said, 'Well, we have now got Sir Lancelot pretty fairly through his first septenniad.'

"And what sort of chap do you find him?'

said I.

"Nay, he is your child,' answered Euphranor.

"The very reason,' said I, 'why I should be glad of a neighbour's candid opinion about him. However, I am not his father, but only his doctor, and moreover, I will not say what he *is*, but only that I shall be content if he be a jolly little fellow, with rosy cheeks and a clear eye, with just a little mischief in it at times; passionate, perhaps, and (even with his sisters) apt to try right by might; but generous, easily pacified, easily repentant, and ready to confess his faults; rather rebellious against woman's domination,

and against all the wraps and cruels they force upon him; but fond of mother, and of good old nurse; glad to begin and end each day with a prayer and a little hymn at their knees. Decidedly fonder of play than of books; rather too fond, it is supposed, of the stable, and of Will and Tom there; but submitting, after a little contest, to learn a little, day by day, from books which lead his mind towards hope, affection, generosity, and piety.

“So much for Sir Lancelot’s first septenniad,” said Euphranor. “And now for his second.”

From the “second,” which is an admirable outline of a judicious course of training, we can quote only the conclusion:—

“I doubt I shall be content with him,” said I, “if (at sixteen say) he shows me outwardly, as before, a glowing cheek, an open brow, copious locks, a clear eye, and looks me full in face withal; his body a little uncouth and angular, perhaps, as compared to his earlier self, because now striking out into manly proportion, not yet filled up; flesh giving way to fibre and muscle, the blood running warm and quick through his veins, and easily discovering itself in his cheeks and forehead, at the mention of what is noble or shameful; his voice, “sweet and tuneable,” as Margaret of Newcastle notices of her brothers,—she does not mean, she says, (nor do I,) an emasculate treble, but no “husking or wharling in the throat,”—that is her word—a clear, open, bell-like voice, telling of a roomy chest, and in some measure, I think, of a candid soul. However that may be,” continued I, seeing Euphranor shake his head at me with a smile, “candid of soul I hope he is; for I have always sought his confidence, and never used it against himself; never arraigned him severely for the smaller outbreaks of youthful spirit; never exacted sympathy where it was not in the nature of youth to sympathise. He is still passionate, perhaps, as in his first septenniad, but easily reconciled; subdued easily by affection and the appeal to old and kindly remembrance, but stubborn against force; generous, forgiving: still liking to ride rather than to read, and perhaps to settle a difference by the fist than by the tongue; but submitting to those who do not task him above Nature’s due: apt to sleep under the sermon, but not ceasing to repeat, morning and evening, the prayers he learned at his mother’s knee: ambitious of honour, perhaps, but of honour in action rather than in talk; somewhat awkwardly disposed to dancing, and the accomplishments of the drawing-room, which even now he shirks in order to go earth-stopping with Tom and Jack, who used to set him on Topsail’s back in days gone by. In short, I shall be content to find him with all the faults of a vigorous constitution of soul and body, which time and good counsel may direct into a channel of action that will find room for all, and turn all to good. One must begin life with all the strength of life, subject to all danger of its abuse: strength itself, even of evil, is a kind of virtue; whereas weakness is the one radical and incurable evil, growing worse instead of better with every year of life.”

“And this is your education,” said Euphranor, “for all boys indiscriminately, without regard to any particular genius they may show?”

“But without injury to it, I hope,” said I; “for instance, should it lie towards any of those *ologies* which we thought Sir Lancelot’s free intercourse with Nature especially opened to him, or even toward looking into Plato and Digby for qualities he already unconsciously possesses. But,” I continued, seeing no sign of self-consciousness in Euphranor’s own earnest face, “if Sir Lancelot not only *has* a genius, (as I suppose all men have some,) but *is* a genius—big with epic, lyrical, or parliamentary inspiration,—I do not meddle with him—he will take his own course in spite of me. What I have to turn out is, not a genius, but a young gentleman, qualified at least for the common professions, or trades, if you like it. Or, if he have means and inclination to live independently on his estate, may, *in spite* of his genius, turn into a very good husband, father, neighbour, and magistrate.”

For the rest of what is excellent in this little work we must refer to the book itself. The whole of it is beautiful, and as wise and rational as it is pleasing. We recommend all the fathers, and mothers, and teachers in the kingdom to read it for themselves. The author is a man of fine talents and scholarly attainments; and we think we have already shown that he has not written a book without having something to put into it. And then the whole is so admirably plain, and fascinating from its perfect freedom from pretence—from the author’s charming unconsciousness of any *great scheme*, which an inferior writer would have been sure to affect—that we are carried along in a state of the most agreeable sympathy and friendliness with our instructor, yearn even to know him, and speak with him face to face, as a man talketh with his friend, and more than anything regret that it has not pleased him to make his book a trifle larger—which he might very well have done, without detriment to its interest and satisfactoriness. And yet it is so nearly perfect as it stands, that one can hardly wish it otherwise; and so we will even say, in words which we adapt from Southey:—

“Go, little book, and fare thee as thou canst—
Being cast upon the waters, go thy ways;
And if, as we believe, thy vein be good,
The world will find thee after many days.”

If we might suggest anything to the writer, it would be that he should, at his convenience, give us a Dialogue on “Manhood.”

I confess I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast; and, if I were ever to fall in love again, (which is a great passion, and therefore I hope I have done with it,) it would be, I think, with prettiness, rather than with majestic beauty.—Cowley.

Libraries are the shrines where all the relics of saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion and imposture, are preserved and reposed.—Bacon.

INCIDENTS IN THE WAR OF MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

PART I.

THE SOLDIER CUREÑO.

THE route from Guadalajara to Tessic traverses the Sierra-Madre. There yet remain in this chain of mountains, with their barren sides rising in sharp peaks, and descending in rugged precipices, indelible marks of the War of Independence. I was impatient to visit this interesting part of Mexico, and Captain Don Ruperto, on his part, eagerly desired to return to those plains of the Sierra which reminded him of many adventurous days and nights of his youth; it was not, however, until we arrived at the plain of Santa-Isabel, two days after leaving the village of Ahuacatlan, that we at length perceived the blue summits of the Cordillera. From that moment we hastened our steps by mutual consent, and a few hours' riding across the tall grass brought us in front of a bamboo hut, which Captain Ruperto had previously indicated as our halting-place.

"Halloo! Cureño," cried the Captain, reining in his horse before the hut; "halloo! are you dead or alive?"

"Who calls?" replied a broken and feeble voice from the interior of the cabin.

"The Captain Castaños, *con mil diablos!*" returned the warrior, "who fired the cannon of which your back was the supporter."

A frightful figure appeared on the threshold of the hut; it was that of an old man terribly distorted, whose spine seemed dislocated and bent. The poor creature was unable to walk, he could only crawl. His features, although contracted by old age and suffering, still retained an expression of nobleness and pride which struck me. On his forehead, marked by deep wrinkles and projecting veins, his long white hair fell in disorder. His arms were encircled with veins as thick as the branches of an ivy which has grown old while clinging to a fine oak. At the sight of this aged man, with his wrinkled face half concealed by his abundant hair, one might have compared him to a decrepit lion maimed in the flower of his age and strength by the ball of the hunter.

"Well, my good Cureño," exclaimed the Captain, "I am happy to find one of the ruins of ancient times still alive."

"Our ranks are getting thinner, it is true," replied the old man; "in a few years they will seek in vain for the first soldiers of the Independence."

"And Guanajuatense, is she not here?" asked Castaños.

"I have been left alone for a year past. She sleeps yonder."

He pointed to a tamarind-tree situated at a few steps from the hut.

"May God rest her soul!" said the Captain; "but you must acknowledge, my good fellow, that your services have been ill recompensed."

"What do I need beyond a little corner of ground to live and be buried in?" calmly replied the old man. "Was it the hope of a recompense that made us of old willing to exhaust our strength? Posterity will remember the name of Cureño, and that is sufficient."

The question of Don Ruperto, and the reply of the old soldier, made me believe that I beheld one of those men whom, after having sacrificed them, a fatal destiny had consigned to oblivion. But what unknown hero did I then behold? That I knew not. We dismounted near the hut, into which we entered. There I listened, without understanding a syllable, to a conversation which turned exclusively on the events of the war against the Spaniards. Unfortunately I did not possess the key of the facts which the two speakers were recalling. At the end of about half an hour, as we had some distance to go in order to reach the *venta*, which was situated at the foot of the Sierra-Madre, we prepared to continue our journey.

"You have a capital charger there," said our host to me, approaching my horse as I was putting my foot in the stirrup.

At the sight of that distorted being, creeping, thus to speak, up to him, the animal took fright, and attempted to rear; but at that moment the arm of Cureño was extended towards him, and the horse remained immovable—panting from terror.

"What is the matter?" said I.

"It is nothing," replied the old man in his feeble voice; "I am holding your horse under you."

I leant forward on my saddle, and saw, with amazement, that one of the legs of the horse seemed as if riveted to the earth by a chain of iron.

"Shall I loose my hold?" said the old man, laughing.

"If it is your good pleasure," replied I, to this Milo of Crotona; "for I see my horse is not the stronger of the two."

Scarcely was he disengaged from this formidable restraint, when the terrified animal sprang aside, and I had the greatest difficulty in bringing him back again to the hut.

"Alas!" said the old man, sighing, "since a certain blow from a cannon, which this Don Ruperto fired, I stoop more and more every day."

"What were you, then, in your youth, Signor Cureño?" asked I.

"Castaños will tell you," replied the old soldier, of whom we took leave as soon as the captain had promised to spend a whole day with him in the hut on his return.

After two hours' riding we reached the *venta*, a white house surrounded by colonnades, and roofed with red tiles like all the *ventas* of Mexico, and having done ample justice to a repast ordered by Don Ruperto, we strolled into the grounds before the hotel. We were on the point of leaving an avenue overgrown with moss, when the captain suddenly stopped, and pointed to the ground. At our feet I perceived, half embedded in the soil, a cannon which the insurgents had dragged from the borders of the

Pacific Ocean to this most remote boundary of the state of Jalisco. The soldier seated himself on the cannon, and invited me to place myself beside him. The deep blue sky was bespangled with innumerable stars; the air was mild; around the fires before the venta were seated the muleteers singing their simple tunes; the ringing of the little bells of the mules reached us, accompanied by the soft sounds of the guitar; the watch-dogs answered by their plaintive barking to the indistinct and distant sounds, which were wafted by the evening breeze. In leading me to this retired spot, the captain said he had deemed the time and place suitable for continuing the relation of his military adventures. I hastened to express my concurrence with this opinion, and Don Ruperto, thus encouraged, commenced a long narration, to which I listened attentively, seated on the rusted cannon, round which large tufts of wild wormwood interlaced their stems, and diffused their powerful odours.

After a series of skirmishes, (commenced the captain,) we halted at a place called Las Animas. A sad spectacle was presented by our troops on that day. Panting from thirst and fatigue, we lay on a soil strewn with the carcasses of our horses and mules of burden. A gloomy silence overspread the camp, interrupted from time to time by the agonizing cries of the wounded, who, tortured by thirst, wildly craved a drop of water to refresh their parched mouths. A few soldiers moved like spectres amongst these bodies, of whom some were apparently dying, others were already dead. The sentinels had scarcely strength to hold their muskets during the tumult around the camp. I, myself, was almost worn out, and to disguise my thirst, had pressed the hilt of my sabre to my lips. Not far from me, the woman to whom Albino Cauté had entrusted the care of his son, and whom I had taken into my service in compliance with the dying requests of my former companion, was repeating her rosary in tears, and imploring all the saints in Paradise to send us a cloud charged with rain. The saints, unfortunately, were not in the humour to listen to us that evening, for the sun set gloriously in a sky of undisturbed serenity. As for me, I prayed God that some marauders of my troop, who had left the camp on the discovery of some concealed springs, might succeed in their expedition, and, above all, not forget their captain. God was more gracious than the saints invoked by the poor woman who was praying at my side; he heard me favourably, for soon I discovered one of our marauders returning to the camp with rapid strides. It was the man you have seen, the companion of Guanajuatécia. At that time he had not changed the name of Valdivia for that of Cureño, nor was he so frightfully maimed as you have seen him; the trunk of a pine was not straighter nor more robust than his form. You, yourself, have had a proof of his herculean strength; I need not say more about it. I shall content myself with telling you that his intelligence and courage equalled his physical powers. On every occasion, even the most critical, Valdivia knew how to act.

"*Signor Capitano*," said he, advancing mysteriously towards me, enveloped in the cloak of a Spanish dragoon, which he had picked up on the field of battle, "I have brought you a leathern bottle containing a few drops of water for yourself, the child, and his nurse, but I should wish no one to see us."

"Some water!" cried I, too much delighted to heed Valdivia's prudent advice.

"Hush!" resumed he; "if you attend to me, you will not drink until night, and when you have quenched your thirst, I will tell you where there is water in abundance, and make a proposition you will like."

I eagerly extended my hand to seize the bottle. "Give it to me, for God's sake!" exclaimed I, "my thirst is consuming me, and can I wait till night?"

"In ten minutes it will be dark. On reflection, I will keep the water, for I do not wish the furious soldiers to attempt to kill you, in order to obtain it. In the mean time, get your horse saddled, and then join me under that 'mesquite,' where mine is all ready. We shall be obliged to mount directly. There remain here about a hundred horsemen; give them orders to wait for us yonder in the plain. We will tell the sentinels we are going in search of water, and they will let us pass without waking the general."

Valdivia walked away, and in spite of my entreaties, took with him the bottle of water. I hastened to obey his injunctions, and at nightfall, our horsemen, quite prepared for departure, awaited us in the place appointed. I took my horse by the bridle, led away the woman and child, and rejoined Valdivia. Instead of a few drops of water, as he had promised, he presented me with a bottleful of that precious liquid. So great was my thirst, that I found considerable difficulty in preventing myself from draining the contents of the bottle; however, I left a sufficient quantity for the woman and little Albino, and when the bottle was empty—"Let us hear," said I to Valdivia, "what you have to propose."

"To go," returned he, "with your hundred horsemen and take possession of a *hacienda*, two leagues from here, where there is water in abundance, and which is now occupied by a Spanish detachment.

"We will go," said I, "but if it is so, why should you not inform the general, and ask for a thousand men?"

"Why?" returned Valdivia, "because the general is no longer master of his troops, and any order he might give at this moment would but hasten the explosion of a conspiracy for delivering the army to the Spanish. Yes, *Signor Capitano*, if we do not instantly take possession of the *hacienda* of San Eustaquio, into which I have been able to creep alone and fill this bottle, to-morrow General Rayou will not have a soldier;—there is a traitor among us, and this traitor is no other than General Ponce."

As Valdivia finished speaking, a great tumult was heard at one extremity of the camp. It soon increased. Torches flared on all sides, illuminating groups of soldiers whose cries reached us. By the gleam of the

torches we perceived General Rayou leaving his tent and advancing alone, bareheaded, towards the most infuriated; but his voice, generally so much respected, seemed unrecognised.

"I was mistaken by a day," said Valdivia, "however, the General will probably quiet the malcontents until sunrise. Let us be off, there's no time to lose, this night we must be back and able to announce to the General that the troops shall be supplied with water to-morrow."

The tumult continued, although it was less clamorous, and the voice of the General, which we were able to hear, prevailed by degrees over that of the mutineers. I mounted my horse, and advised Valdivia to do the same.

"I must first," said he, "bring you one of the enemy's sentinels with whom I have taken care to provide myself."

Without waiting to explain these enigmatical words, Valdivia departed, but soon I saw him returning with a black moving mass under his arm. When he approached, I discovered that this mass was a man dressed in the costume of a Spanish lancer. Valdivia set the man down on the ground, loosened his cords, and made him mount behind him. My robust companion had found that the shortest method of reaching the well of the hacienda was, to bind the sentinel placed near the cistern, and take him with us as a necessary guide in our nocturnal excursion. How had he effected this hardy enterprise? how had he taken from his post the Spanish lancer and bound him on his horse? Valdivia had no need to tell me; his nervous arms gave me more information on that subject than his words. The camp had again become calm, during the short absence of Valdivia; it only remained for us bravely to continue the undertaking so happily commenced. We then went without delay to rejoin the horsemen who awaited us in the plain, and at the head of this small troop, we rode towards the hacienda, spurring to the utmost our weary horses. During the journey, we interrogated the prisoner concerning the situation and strength of the Spanish garrison which occupied the hacienda of San-Eustaquio. This garrison was composed, said the lancer, of about 500 men, under the orders of Commandant Larrainzar, a proud, brutal man, detested by his soldiers. We obtained still further information of the position of the troops and the places least defended. It was not, however, without great difficulty that we were able, with our attenuated horses, and on terrible roads, to clear the two or three leagues which separated the hacienda from our camp. You will readily understand why the route was so difficult, when I explain our situation to you. Not far from the town of Zacatecas, which General Rayou sought to obtain, although he knew it to be occupied by the enemy, the Sierra-Madre is divided into two branches. The first, that on which we are now stationed, runs from north to south, parallel with the shores of the Pacific; the other runs from north to east, following the curve of the Gulf of Mexico. On one of the most elevated points

of this last ramification was situated the hacienda of which we wished to possess ourselves. It occupied the extremity of one of the largest plains of the Cordillera.

!PART II.

THE VOLADERO.

HAVING arrived at the hacienda unperceived, thanks to the obscurity of a moonless night, we came to a halt under some large trees, at some distance from the building, and I rode forward from my troop in order to reconnoitre the place. The hacienda, so far as I could see in gliding across the trees, formed a huge massive parallelogram, strengthened by enormous buttresses of hewn stone. The rear was protected by an unfathomable abyss. Along this chasm, the walls of the hacienda almost formed the continuation of another perpendicular, one chiselled by nature herself in the rocks, to the bottom of which the eye could not penetrate, for the mists which incessantly boiled up from below did not allow it to measure their awful depth. This place was known in the country by the name of "*the Voladero*."

I had explored all sides of the building except this, when I know not what scruple of military honour incited me to continue my ride along the ravine which protected the rear of the hacienda. Between the walls and the precipice, there was a narrow pathway about six feet wide; by day, the passage would not have been dangerous, but by night it was a perilous enterprise. The walls of the farm took an extensive sweep, the path crept around their entire basement, and to follow it to the end in the darkness, only two paces from the edge of a perpendicular chasm, was no very easy task even for as practised a horseman as myself. Nevertheless, I did not hesitate, but boldly urged my horse between the walls of the farm-house and the abyss of the *Voladero*. I had got over half the distance without accident, when all of a sudden my horse neighed aloud. This neigh made me shudder. I had reached a pass where the ground was but just wide enough for the four legs of a horse, and it was impossible to retrace my steps.

"Halloo!" I exclaimed aloud, at the risk of betraying myself,—which was even less dangerous than encountering a horseman in front of me on such a road. "There is a Christian passing along the ravine; keep back."

It was too late; at that moment, a man on horseback passed round one of the buttresses, which here and there obstructed this accursed pathway. He advanced towards me. I trembled in my saddle; my forehead was bathed in a cold sweat.

"For the love of God! can you not return?" I exclaimed, terrified at the fearful situation in which we were both placed.

"Impossible!" replied the horseman, in a hollow voice.

I recommended my soul to God. To turn our horses round for want of room, to back them along the path which we had traversed, or even to dismount

from them,—these were three impossibilities which placed us both in presence of a certain doom; between two horsemen so placed upon this fearful path, had they been father and son, one of them must inevitably have become the prey of the abyss. But a few seconds had passed, and we were already face to face,—the unknown horseman and myself; our horses were head to head, and their nostrils, dilated with terror, mingled together their fiery breathing. Both of us halted in a dead silence; above was the smooth and lofty wall of the hacienda; on the other side, but three feet distant from the wall, opened the horrible gulf. Was it an enemy I had before my eyes? The love of my country, which boiled at that period in my young bosom, led me to hope it was.

"Are you for *Mexico and the Insurgents*?" I exclaimed in a moment of excitement, ready to spring upon the unknown horseman if he answered me in the negative.

"*Mexico e Insurgente*—that is my watchword," replied the cavalier; "I am the Colonel Garduño."

"And I am the Captain Castaños!"

Our acquaintance was of long standing, and, but for our mutual agitation, we should have had no need to exchange our names. The Colonel had left us two days since at the head of a detachment, which we supposed to be either prisoners or cut off, for he had not been seen to return to the camp.

"Well! Colonel," I exclaimed, "I am sorry you are not a Spaniard,—for you perceive that one of us must yield the pathway to the other."

Our horses had the bridle on their necks, and I put my hand in the holsters of my saddle to draw out my pistols.

"I see it so plainly," replied the Colonel with alarming coolness, "that I should already have blown out the brains of your horse, but for the fear lest mine, in a moment of terror, should precipitate me with yourself to the bottom of the abyss."

I remarked, in fact, that the Colonel already held his pistols in his hand. We both maintained the most profound silence. Our horses felt the danger like ourselves, and remained as immovable as if their feet were nailed to the ground. My excitement had entirely subsided. "What are we going to do?" I demanded of the Colonel.

"Draw lots which of the two shall leap into the ravine."

It was in truth the sole means of resolving the difficulty. "There are nevertheless some precautions to take," said the Colonel. "He who shall be condemned by lot shall retire backwards. It will be but a feeble chance of escape for him, I admit; but in short, it is a chance, and especially one in favour of the winner."

"You cling not to life then?" I cried out, terrified at the *sang-froid* with which this proposition was put to me.

"I cling to life more than yourself," sharply replied the Colonel, "for I have a mortal outrage to avenge. But the time is slipping away: are you ready to pro-

ceed to draw the last lottery, at which one of us will ever assist?"

How were we to proceed to this drawing by lot? by means of the wet finger, like infants, or by head and tail like the schoolboys? Both ways were impracticable. Our hands imprudently stretched out above the heads of our frightened horses, might cause them to give a fatal start. Should we toss up a piece of coin. The night was too dark to enable us to distinguish which side fell upwards. The Colonel beheld him of an expedient, of which I never should have dreamed.

"Listen to me, Captain," said the Colonel, to whom I had communicated my perplexities, "I have another way. The terror which our horses feel makes them draw every moment a burning breath. The first of us two whose horse shall neigh!"

"Wins!" I hastily exclaimed.

"Not so,—shall be the loser. I know that you are a countryman, and such as you can do whatever you please with your horse. As to myself, who but last year wore the gown of a theological student, I fear your equestrian prowess. You may be able to make your horse neigh,—to hinder him from doing so is a very different matter."

We waited in deep and anxious silence until the voice of one of our horses should break forth. This silence lasted for a minute,—for an age! It was my horse who neighed the first. The Colonel gave no external manifestation of his joy, but no doubt he thanked God to the very bottom of his soul.

"You will allow me a minute to make my peace with Heaven?" I said to the Colonel, with failing voice.

"Will five minutes be sufficient?"

"They will," I replied. The Colonel drew out his watch. I addressed towards the heavens, brilliant with stars, which I thought I was looking up to for the last time, an intense and a burning prayer.

"It is time," said the Colonel.

I answered nothing, and with infirm hand gathered up the bridle of my horse, which I drew within my fingers, which were agitated by a nervous tremour.

"Yet one moment more," I said to the Colonel, "for I have need of all my coolness to carry into execution the fearful manœuvre which I am about to commence."

"Granted," replied Garduño.

My education, as I have told you, had been in the country. My childhood and part of my earliest youth, had almost been passed on horseback. I may say without flattering myself, that if there was any one in the world capable of executing this equestrian feat, it was myself. I rallied myself with an almost supernatural effort, and succeeded in recovering my entire self-possession in the very face of death. Take it at the worst,—I had already braved it too often to be any longer alarmed at it. From that instant, I dared to hope afresh.

As soon as my horse felt, for the first time since my rencontre with the Colonel, the bit compressing

his mouth, I perceived that he trembled beneath me. I strengthened myself firmly on my stirrups, to make the terrified animal understand that his master no longer trembled. I held him up with the bridle and the hams, as every good horseman does in a dangerous passage, and, with the bridle, the body and the spur together, succeeded in backing him a few paces. His head was already at a greater distance from that of the horse of the Colonel, who encouraged me all he could with his voice. This done, I let the poor trembling brute, who obeyed me in spite of his terror, repose himself for a few moments,—and then recommenced the same manœuvre. All on a sudden I felt his hind legs give way under me. A horrible shudder ran through my whole frame; I closed my eyes as if about to roll to the bottom of the abyss, and I gave to my body a violent impulse on the side next the hacienda, the surface of which offered not a single projection, not a single tuft of weeds to check my descent. This sudden movement, joined to the desperate struggles of my horse, was the salvation of my life. He had sprung up again on his legs, which seemed ready to fall from under him, so desperately did I feel them tremble.

I had succeeded in reaching, between the brink of the precipice and the wall of the building, a spot some few inches broader. A few more would have enabled me to turn him round, but to attempt it here would have been fatal, and I dared not venture. I sought to resume my backward progress, step by step. Twice the horse threw himself on his hind legs and fell down upon the same spot. It was in vain to urge him anew, either with voice, bridle or spur; the animal obstinately refused to take a single step in the rear. Nevertheless I did not feel my courage yet exhausted, for I had no desire to die. One last and solitary chance of safety suddenly appeared to me like a flash of light, and I resolved to employ it. Through the fastening of my boot and in reach of my hand was passed a sharp and keen knife; I drew it forth from its sheath. With my left hand I began caressing the mane of my horse, all the while letting him hear my voice. The poor animal replied to my caresses by a plaintive neighing; then, not to alarm him abruptly, my hand followed by little and little the curve of his nervous neck, and finally rested upon the spot where the last of the vertebræ unites itself with the cranium. The horse trembled, but I calmed him with my voice. When I felt his very life, so to speak, palpitate in his brain beneath my fingers, I leaned over towards the wall, my feet gently slid from the stirrups, and with one vigorous blow I buried the pointed blade of my knife in the seat of the vital principle. The animal fell as if thunderstruck, without a single motion, and, for myself, with my knees almost as high as my chin, I found myself on horseback across a corpse. I was saved,—I uttered a triumphant cry, which was responded to by a cry of the Colonel, and which the abyss reechoed with a hollow sound, as if it felt that its prey had escaped from it. I quitted the saddle, sat myself down between the wall and the

body of my horse, and vigorously pushed with my feet against the carcase of the wretched animal, which rolled down into the abyss. I then arose, cleared at a few bounds the distance which separated the place where I was from the plain; and under the irresistible reaction of the terror which I had so long repressed, I sunk in a swoon upon the ground. When I reopened my eyes, the Colonel was by my side.

PART III.

THE HACIENDA.

AFTER having congratulated me on my address and presence of mind, Garduño asked me by what chance I was alone, at that hour of the night, near a building containing a Spanish garrison. I then told him of the project which had brought us thither—myself and my men.

“How many soldiers have you under your orders?” he inquired of me.

“About a hundred,—all resolute to drink or die.” At this news, I saw the officer’s eyes sparkle with almost ferocious satisfaction. “You, too, are suffering from thirst?” I resumed.

“The thirst of vengeance!” replied the officer; “and this is why, in spite of the almost entire loss of my detachment, I wander day and night about the neighbourhood to find some occasion of avenging myself.”

“Of what, Colonel?”

“An outrage, which I shall never outlive if I wash it not out in blood; or unless, at least, I render back shame for shame. I have still about fifty men here,” continued the Colonel, who seemed unwilling to explain himself any further, “and I am ready to join them with yours.”

I directed the Colonel to the spot where he would find them, and hastened to rejoin my troops, who awaited me impatiently. I had scarcely related my adventure to Valdivia when Garduño joined us with his fifty men. We learned from him that he had attacked the hacienda the day before, and had been repulsed with considerable loss. We set ourselves to deliberate, and the Colonel submitted the Spanish prisoner to a severe examination. He then gave the order to march, and, as we drew near the hacienda—

“Think you,” he said to the Spaniard, “that there is a sentinel up in the tower?”

“There is always one at night,” replied the captive; “but you have the chance that he may have fallen asleep at his post, where there is no one to keep a watch over him.”

At the very moment the Spaniard was speaking, the cries of “*Alerta sentinella!*” resounded all over the hacienda; we followed attentively the different voices which replied, and died away in the distance. No sound issued from the stone case of the clock-tower: the sentinel was then asleep.

“Ah, if we had but a single picce of cannon!” exclaimed Valdivia; “then, while fifty men scaled the terraces of the building by the aid of their *lassoes*,

we could batter and breach in the doorway, and take these dogs of Gauchupines between two fires."

"We have left a gun under some bushes not far from hence," said the Colonel, "but it is of no use; the supports are broken; it is a bit of useless brass."

"Have you got any ammunition?" I inquired, in my turn.

"The cannon lies beside its *caisson* filled with ammunition," resumed Garduño; "but, as I tell you, it is like a fusil without a stock."

I cast a glance at the nervous arm of Valdivia; he understood me at once.

"I will take some men with me, and go and look for it," said Valdivia. "Gentlemen, this evening we shall all of us drink at our ease." With these words, Valdivia prepared to start.

"But you do not mean to go alone?" said I to him.

"My faith!—if the gun is no heavier than a horse with his rider, I can very well manage to bring it here without assistance."

"But it weighs much heavier," resumed the Colonel; "ten men, who know where the cannon lies, shall accompany you."

At the end of a quarter of an hour the men returned. They had harnessed their horses with cords around the piece of dismounted cannon, which they dragged over the unequal ground. Sometimes an obstacle would render the gun immovable; Valdivia then stooped down, made a powerful effort, and the cannon being freed, slid afresh along the surface. I then ranged my men, in silence, about three hundred paces distant from the hacienda.

"Now, my friends," said I, "we have two methods of attack: the first is to raise our war-cry simultaneously, after the manner of the Indians; the second is to scale the hacienda, whilst we cannonade the gate: the prisoner will accompany you, and act as a faithful guide under pain of death; and whilst we enter by the breach, you will enter by the terraces; but this second plan can only be adopted provided we find fifty men sufficiently brave, agile, and determined, to scale a wall looking into a precipice, the bottom of which cannot be seen. Indeed, after a certain distance, the man who is falling looks not for it."

"I will go first!" cried the Colonel, who had heard me attentively; "and perhaps, as the reward of our audacity, we shall be fortunate enough to possess ourselves of the commandant!"

"He has offended you deeply, it appears," said I to the Colonel.

"Mortally. He has inflicted a mortal outrage upon me."

The example of the Colonel encouraged the soldiers, and soon the former was permitted to choose, amongst all those who presented themselves, the strongest and most active to accompany him.

Of this band, the least enthusiastic was evidently the Spanish prisoner, to whom the idea of scaling a wall, which rose perpendicularly to the height of twenty-five feet above a frightful precipice, was far from pleasing.

The fifty men selected by the Colonel commenced their preparations for scaling. The massive building was adorned with numerous "almenas," (a species of battlements,) which denoted the rank of the proprietor. Each soldier was furnished with his *lazo*, of which a ring of iron formed the sliding knot. In one minute, from each of these battlements was suspended a loose cord, the extremity of which surrounded the stone projection. Before the signal for commencing the scaling was given, we agreed, Garduño and I, that the soldiers of the Colonel should not attack the enemy's garrison until the third report of the cannon; three cannon balls appeared to us more than sufficient to destroy the gate. These arrangements being made, the Colonel, with his usual calmness, seized the loose cord which was to serve as his ladder, and put it in the hands of the prisoner, commanding him to precede him.

When the Spaniard had raised himself some feet above the ground, Don Garduño placed his poignard between his teeth, and rose in his turn. The soldiers followed his example, and soon we saw fifty men, raising themselves by means of their hands on the cord, and their feet against the wall, floating above the precipice like so many demons, who seemed to issue from the abyss.

Although perilous in itself,—for a sudden dizziness, or the rupture of one of the lazos, might have launched a man into eternity,—this ascension was nevertheless easier than the attack which I was to make. The sentinel, even if he had faithfully kept watch, could not have perceived the assailants; the wall concealed them; but the post we had selected presented another kind of danger: we were soon to leave the cover of the trees, which concealed us from the sentinels, and to enter the open country embarrassed with a cannon which we were obliged to drag by force of arm. Happily, we performed this march without any accident, and when we saw the last of our men set foot on the terrace of the hacienda, Valdivia and I began to act the part allotted to us.

I first gave orders to charge the cannon. Those who had dragged it, harnessed their horses again, and we advanced, but we had scarcely moved half-a-dozen steps when a sentinel perceived us, gave the alarm, and discharged his carbine. The ball, happily, reached none of our party, and we redoubled our efforts to bring the cannon to the place where we supposed the gate to be, which we intended to destroy. Other reports of guns soon reached our ears; and in the courts of the hacienda we heard the drums beating, and the clarions sounding. There was no longer any hope of our surprising the garrison, and I gave orders to my troops to raise loud and shrill cries, changing the intonation of their voices every time. By means of this artifice, it appeared as if five hundred men were raising their voices almost at the same moment. The report of cannon, which I fired, sounded from all the echoes.

Soon the wall was lined with Spanish soldiers, and the discharges succeeded each other rapidly. Although

they began to be destructive, so great was the ardour of our troops that not one of the men gave way. We replied to the fire of the enemy. Those who were dragging the cannon increased their exertions; but, just as they were about to turn the angle of the wall to face the one in which the great gate was situated, a deep and broad moat appeared. Without a bridge, it was impossible to overcome this unexpected obstacle.

"We will throw down a portion of the wall," said Valdivia. "These bricks will offer less resistance than a gate of oak supported by iron."

"That is true," returned I; and I descended to point the piece before charging it; but just as I was taking my aim I uttered a cry of disappointment: on account of the height of the wall and the inequality of the soil, the cannon ball could only reach a slope, on which were placed quantities of bricks. All our efforts were in vain. How, in fact, were we to lower or raise the mouth of a cannon deprived of its carriage? Meanwhile, a shower of balls was discharged on us. Our position became critical. We could not, without ladders, scale a wall defended by a well-maintained fire, and the fifty men who were to unite their attack with ours, ran the risk of being killed or taken prisoners without any advantage to us.

"How much is wanting for the cannon to play upon the wall?" asked Valdivia.

"A foot and a half," replied I, measuring again the ground, and drawing with my eye a line to the foot of the wall.

"And if you had a carriage a foot and a half high, you could open a breach?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, my back shall serve for a carriage," resumed Valdivia.

"You are joking!"

"No; I am speaking seriously."

Every one knew the extraordinary strength of Valdivia, but none expected such a proposition. Valdivia spoke in sober truth, for he knelt down, placed his two hands on the ground, and presented the surface of his broad shoulders to support the cannon.

"Let us try," said he; "I have promised that we shall be able to drink to-night, and that I would save the General's army. Come,—to work!"

Six men had inconceivable difficulty in raising the cannon to the desired height; however, they succeeded at length in balancing it on the back of Valdivia. The Hercules supported the burden without stirring. One or two lazos, fastened round the cannon, and under the intrepid soldier, served to fix it steadily.

"Charge the piece to the muzzle!" cried Valdivia.

The bullets continued to shower upon us, and one of the men, who was filling the cannon, fell dead beside the soldier transformed into a carriage. They succeeded, however, in charging the piece.

"Sloop a little," said I to Valdivia: "There — that is it; now stand firm."

The carriage remained as immovable as if it were of iron. I took the match from the hand of the soldier,

and lighted it. The cannon fired; a large hole was opened in the wall.

"Well!" exclaimed Valdivia, half-raising himself on his powerful hands to judge the effect of the cannon ball.

"All is well, my good friend; the ball has effected a breach." Valdivia resumed his position; the piece was again charged to the mouth: the second blow thundered against the wall, where clouds of dust arose.

Valdivia half-raised himself a second time.

Oh, it was a fine sight, Signor Cavaliere!—it was a fine sight to witness this man, as strong as twenty of his comrades, raise himself after each discharge, and raise also that enormous mass attached to his body!

Valdivia, with his veins projecting, his face swollen, followed with his eye the track of the cannon he himself had helped to guide.

Our brave soldiers raised their voices in admiration.

"One more blow!" cried the Hercules; "but point more to the left."

I obeyed Valdivia's injunction. The cannon was charged a third time, and for the third time the report sounded. I fancied I heard a suppressed exclamation from Valdivia, who attempted to rise, but was unable to do so. We then removed the cannon from the body of the soldier. Valdivia heaved a sigh of relief, and attempted to stand upright. Vain effort!—his legs refused their service; and this man, once so strong and vigorous, sank down like an inert mass.

Without once fancying that this miracle of strength, that these nervous arms, which were worth a machine of war to us, were henceforth paralysed, I ran to the breach we had just opened. During this time, the fifty men commanded by the Colonel had issued from their hiding-place at the third report of our cannon, and the cries they raised in advancing caused a diversion in our favour: in the twinkling of an eye, a sanguinary opening was made in the Spanish ranks. Across the breach our soldiers, parched by thirst, had perceived in the court of the hacienda the *noria*, which occupied the middle, and no human power could have resisted the impetuosity of their attack. There was soon in the court of the hacienda a *mélee* as terrible and furious as a boarding on sea. The darkness concealed the paucity of our numbers from the eyes of the surprised Spaniards, whilst we knew, with tolerable accuracy, the amount of their forces. The deafening cries of "Hurrah! Mejico! Independencia!" resounded on all sides; and sometimes I heard the Colonel exclaiming—"To the Commandant!—To the Commandant!—Let him be taken alive, but without the slightest injury,—not even a scratch!"

I then regretted the absence of Valdivia, whose powerful arm would have been so useful to us. Whilst I was making fruitless efforts to reach the Commandant, whom I recognised by his uniform, a large sliding knot hovered over him for a moment, and then descended on his head. I saw him totter and fall; after that I neither saw nor heard anything: a blow from the butt-end of a carabine, which I had

received on the head, threw me senseless under the feet of the combatants. When I came to myself, the court of the hacienda was calm; the heroic Valdivia was lying by my side.

"Where am I?" said I, recognising Valdivia.

"In your own territories," replied he; "we are victors. I prophesied truly."

"And you, my brave fellow," said I, "what has happened to you?"

"I have fulfilled my promise," replied the soldier, simply. "An express I have just sent to General Rayou will inform him of our victory; his army will not desert to the enemy, and the war will continue under his orders. As for me," continued he, "I shall no longer be good for much, for my back is half broken."

The Hercules had twice sustained the discharge of the cannon without moving, but the third concussion had been fatal. However, the incalculable strength of the powder had succeeded only in bending his iron muscles without being able to break them, and on that account alone Valdivia was not killed.

THE DEATH OF RUFUS.

(SUGGESTED BY A MONKISH CHRONICLER'S ACCOUNT OF THE FOREST SCENE.)

In the white city's palace
Sat Rufus at the board;
And many an abbot round him,
And many a Norman lord.

The dark-red wine of Malvoisin
Flew fast amid the glee,
While the brutal laugh of Rufus
Rang o'er the revelry.

No need of torch in banquet hall,
For the sun was bright on high,
Like the blessed angels' dwelling-place
It glow'd in yonder sky.

At St. Swithin's shrine,¹ the shaven priest
A holy mass has said,
A mass for the buried Saxon prince,
A mass for the royal dead.

Ah! little reck'd that savage king,
While the jest he shouted loud,
Of him who wore the conqueror's crown,
Of battle or of shroud.

A white-robed monk rush'd swiftly in;
Wild was his frenzied air;
Though his brain seem'd scared by vision,
His hands were clasp'd in prayer.

On the tyrant's lip the mock of scorn
Died in a curse away,
As he stamp'd his foot and shouted,
"What would the driveller say?"

"Hear, monarch!" said the prophet;
"Beware thee of the chase;
I saw a blood-red comet
Hang o'er a blasted place.

"God's wrath is on thy cruel sport;
Outstretched is his hand,
His flaming sword he quivers
O'er a black and guilty land."

Silent the king in wonder
Gazed at the monk who spoke;
No voice of idle mocker
The solemn silence broke.

"I saw thee come in vision
Into St. Swithin's shrine,
Crown'd as for fight or banquet,
With that baughty mien of thine.

"I saw thee like the were wolf,
Seize on the relics there,
And with thy teeth" (stern Rufus smiled)
"The sainted treasure tear.

"I saw a blow from an unseen hand
Dash thee into a tomb,
And smoke and flame from the vault came up,
Till the stars were hid in gloom."

"Is this thy dream, thou dotard?"
His laughter shook the hall;
"A tale to please a holy nun;
Go, paint it on thy wall.

"A health!" he said, and gave the bowl
To him who sat him next.
"Waes hale to the fat monk's treasures
Hid 'neath a rugged vest.

"Why silent?" quoth the monarch;
"I only love the bold.
'Tis but a monk, a drivelling priest,
Who sells his drums for gold.

"Give the fool a hundred shillings."—
He dashed it down in scorn.
"Thy soul will need some masses
Before the morrow morn."

"A sturdy knave," grim Rufus cried;
"Fill up another bowl;
I'll never starve the body
In hopes to save the soul.

"Let women pore o'er painted books,
And tremble at a dream,
Who mates with monks and shaven fools,
A coward knave I deem.

"Let Robert, in a land of fire,
A beggar'd hermit roam,
While I with hound and falcon
Hunt in my royal home.

"Go bid the vassals saddle
The steed at *Mons* I rode;
By the holy cross at *Lucca*,²
'Tis the best I e'er bestrode.

"I love the chase, 'tis mimic war,
And the hollow bay of hound;
The heart of Norman chieftain
Beats quicker at the sound."

"Go not, my liege," said Tyrrel.
"Already in yon bay,
The bands all bound for Poictou
For thee, their monarch, stay."

"Prate not of dreams," said Rufus—
A savage oath he swore—
"Though yon woods were full of devils,
I'd hunt me there the bear."

* * * * *

Forth, as the sun is setting,
Rides the gay cavalcade,
By many a ruin'd village,
Through many a tangled glade.

The wood in the calm fair sunset
Blazed with a fiery light,
O'er ruin'd church and hamlet
Came slowly on the night.

(1) The cathedral at Winchester is dedicated to this saint.

(2) The favourite oath of Rufus.

Fair as the last sad parting
 The sun will take of earth,
 All silent rode the hunters,—
 It seem'd no place for mirth.

Deep lay the giant shadows,
 Dark, dark, on every side,
 Like a countless host of spirits
 Stood the forest spreading wide.

High o'er the rest, like monarchs,
 The oaks, hoar monsters, stood.
 No eye may pierce the stillness,
 The blackness of the wood.

Like the roof of some great temple,
 Their old moss'd boughs were spread,
 Scarce can the sun's last glory
 Stream through the shade o'er head.

A deer burst forth in panic,
 At the savage laugh and song.
 Hounds from the leash are parted
 The hunters sweep along.

In a forest glade stands Rufus,
 Intent on sylvan prize;
 From the parting rays of sun-light
 The monarch veils his eyes.

"Shoot, Tyrrel, shoot," he thunders;
 Swift came the glancing dart;
 It has pierced the crown'd hunter,
 It quivers in his heart.

* * *

To the gate of the fair white city,
 Comes the charcoal burner's wain;
 It brings no hart for abbot's board,
 It is the royal slain.

At fall of eve, the holy mass
 Chants the monk at St. Swithin's shrine;
 "Great God!" the dreamer mutters,
 "Thine is the vengeance, thine."

SCENES IN THE COUNCIL OF TRENT.

At the present moment, when the realm of England is frightened from its propriety by ultramontane insolence and pretension, it may not be unprofitable to cast a retrospective glance over some past chapters in the history of the Catholic Church. We shall then find how powerful, even in the bosom of that Church itself, have been the protestations against the corrupt doctrines and extravagant pretensions of the Papacy, and how artful, and, unfortunately, how successful also, has proved its Machiavellian policy in evading the most necessary reforms. We shall see a little too into the boasted unity of the Romish Church, which is continually vaunted as an argument for its apostolical pretensions. Forewarned, we are thus forearmed, for it is no injustice to the Romish court to affirm, that in *policy*, if not in doctrine, she is indeed unchanged and unchangeable.

The close of the sixteenth century with the beginning of the sixteenth, are celebrated in the history of the human mind by the Reformation, the greatest intellectual movement that has agitated Europe since the fall of the Roman Empire. From Germany, their land of predilection, the principles of the sectaries had passed into Italy. Jerome Savonarola at Florence, Frere Thomas Connecticut at Rome itself, had thun-

dered against the vices of the popes and the abuses of the clergy, and these imprudent apostles, expiring at the stake, had sealed by martyrdom their austere and fanatical denunciations.

And yet, so far from amending, the Romish Church seemed to take a pleasure in defying the outcries of the people. Her abuses became more monstrous, her luxury more unbridled, and her vices more barefaced. Europe, and especially Germany, could endure no more; and in order to declare itself openly, the spirit of reformation needed but a single pretext and the coming man. That pretext was the sale of indulgences; that man was Martin Luther.

War being openly declared, the Saxon monk, above all a man of action, maintained no further reserve. The pope had burned his thesis; he burned the bull of the pope. A simple monk burn the bull of a pope! As the sole reply, the effigy of this daring man was committed to the flames, and his person put under the ban of the empire, *as that of a devil in human form*. Germany, partaking as she did the opinions of Luther, was indignant at these severities. Out of the edict of proscription arose the most obstinate opposition. The people threw themselves into Lutheranism to ameliorate their lot; princes, out of a spirit of opposition to the imperial despotism; and thenceforth the cause of the Reformation was won. And then it happened, that, pressed on all sides by her friends and enemies, the Romish Church had recourse to a measure alike usual and inefficacious;—she convoked her assembly-general. A Council was decided upon.

This word *Council*, uttered by all parties, made a forcible impression upon the feelings of the people. Great was the torment of conscience, extreme the perplexity; and the faithful, like all the unsettled of the Christian world, saw but a single term to their indecision, a single remedy for their evils,—*a Council!*

A Council! By this word the Protestants understood an assembly who should sit in judgment on the pope; the pope and his cardinals, an assembly which should condemn the Protestants. Accordingly, Pope Paul III., who remembered the audacious attempts made by the last assemblies of this nature, and who wished to direct the operations of the present, maintained that it should assemble in an Italian city; while the emperor, on his part, and with the same object in view, contended for a city in Germany. These conflicting pretensions gave rise to lengthy and eager debates, to put an end to which recourse was had to a sort of half-way compromise, and Trent was fixed upon as being a city upon the frontiers of both states.

From that moment, the embellishment of the city, which he was desirous of rendering worthy of such a noble assemblage, formed the sole idea of the Cardinal Madruceus, Bishop of Trent. Through his exhortations, the Trentines hastened to enlarge and straighten their tortuous streets. Magnificent mansions were furnished, their interior embellished with tapestry and splendid pictures, their exterior was richly decorated,

and those enormous frescoes which still cover the fronts of some of the houses testify to the splendour of these palaces, *worthy*, as the chroniclers declare, *to strive in luxury with the villas of Lucullus!*

When the time appointed for the council to meet was known, the whole city was full of joy, and celebrated the happy news by splendid festivities. These festivals were followed by the bull of convocation by Pope Paul III. But three years more intervened between this date and the opening of the assembly, which only took place on the issuing of a fresh bull, dated the 7th of December, 1545.

When the three legates of the pope, charged with presiding over the Council, arrived at Trent, only a few days before the moment fixed for the meeting, there were, besides Cardinal Madrucius, only three prelates in the city. By degrees, however, they came in, and on the 13th of October, the day of the opening, twenty-five bishops, besides the legates, were assembled within the walls of Trent.

The Council was opened by a long exhortation on the part of the three legates, and also by a general procession. The legates and Cardinal Madrucius marched at its head, followed by the rest of the bishops, covered with mitres and precious copes, of cloth of gold, damask, and satin, for the archbishops and bishops, of red or rose colour for the cardinals. Their mitres shone with jewels, and silk velvet and embroidery glittered on every side. After the bishops came the lord of Castel Alto, captain of the city of Trent, in a simple suit of armour, and Antonio Guere, orator of the King of the Romans, the only ambassador present, dressed after the Spanish fashion, in black, wearing a bonnet adorned with plumes, and around his neck a ponderous and richly wrought chain of gold. Next followed the chiefs of the mendicant order—Minorites, Conventuals, Carmelites, Hermits of St. Augustine, &c. &c., followed by a crowd of abbés, theologians, doctors of either faculty, and by a great number of barons, counts, and knights, mingled with the clergy of Trent, and accompanied by all the people of the city and neighbourhood, eager to enjoy so marvellous a spectacle, and, peradventure, to profit also by the three years and a hundred and sixty days' deliverance from purgatory, granted to whomsoever should be present at the opening of the Council.

The procession, leaving the Church of *Santa Trinita*, repaired to the cathedral, where the Cardinal del Monte celebrated a mass of the Holy Ghost, and where the Bishop of Bitonte, that most flowery orator, delivered a sermon divided into several heads, in which he proved that a Council was necessary, first, because several Councils had deposed both kings and emperors, and, secondly, the Jupiter of the *Bœoid* assembled a council of the gods. He added, moreover, that upon the creation of the world and concerning the Tower of Babel, even God himself might be said to have held a sort of council. Finally, he urged all the prelates to repair to Trent as into the Trojan horse, the gate of the Council and the gates of Paradise being absolutely one and identical.

This promising oration being ended, the cardinal-legate bestowed his benediction on the people: then turning to the fathers, who awaited in profound silence, he solemnly asked of them, "Does it please you to declare that the Holy Council of Trent is open and commenced?" To which all of them replied in the same voice, "Yes, it pleases us." The cardinal thereupon declared the Council opened, and the singers, with the entire assembly, solemnly chanted the *Te Deum*.

On the very same day that the Council assembled to give peace to the Church, the Waldenses, to the number of more than 4,000, were massacred in France by D'Oppide and the advocate Guerin.

The first session of the Council was devoted to its organization. It was decided that the three legates, although of different orders, should, as they bore the same powers, wear the same ornaments,—that the place of the assembly should be carpeted, lest the Council should resemble an assembly of *mechanics* (such are the words of the decree,)—and lastly, as an assembly of dignitaries of so many grades must necessarily create some confusion, it was decided that the place occupied by these personages should in nothing be derogatory to their rank.

During these preliminaries, the laggard bishops began to arrive in great numbers, and the city of Trent soon shone with all the ecclesiastical pomp and luxury of these petty princes of the Church, each dragging in his train a sort of little court filled with guards, buffoons, and dwarfs.

This display of the cardinals and prelates especially scandalised the Lutherans and more rigorous Catholics. Already in the fourteenth century, Dante, in a fit of Ghibelline ill-humour, had bitterly satirised the luxury of the prelates of his day, when, comparing them to apostles, who wandered without shoes to their feet, and seeking nourishment in the first habitation that offered, he cries out—"Our modern prelates must have their valets to open the crowd before them, and others to guide their mules. They are so heavy that they cannot drag themselves along, so that one meets them on horseback covered with immense cloaks, in such sort that two beasts often go under a single skin."

"Si, che due bestie van sott' una pelle." Two beasts under a single skin. "Ah! why did not Dante live in our times," says a commentator on the *Divina Comedia*, who wrote at about the epoch of the Council, "doubtless he would then have said,

'Si, che tre bestie van sott' una pelle.'"

We may divine who was the third beast covered by the cardinal's mantles, and the greater part of the fathers of the Council seem to have been of the writer's opinion, for the sessions commence by severe lectures as to the manner in which the prelates ought to live during the Council. They are recommended to be *sober, chaste, and to govern well their household*; they are forbidden to be *quarrelsome, drunken, immodest, and addicted to pleasure*; they are advised never to put themselves

into a passion, but whatever they have to say, to temper it with so sweet a *prolation* of speech (this musical word is pretty) as that the hearers may not be offended, nor the thread of right judgment become entangled. We shall presently see how far this advice was followed.

During these early sessions, the Italian prelates, all of them Papists,¹ and in great numbers, adroitly obtained a decree that the votes should be counted by heads, as at the council of Toledo, and not by nations, as at the councils of Basle and Constance. The legates also suppressed from the title of the Council the words *representing the Universal Church*, which might have raised some doubt as to the papal supremacy. Lastly, it was decided that the decrees should be previously discussed in private congregation before they were submitted to the general session of the Council, in the hope that by this arrangement scandal and stormy debating would be rendered impossible. But all these precautions failed to prevent parties from speedily developing themselves in the assembly. It was soon divided into Imperialists and Papists, and thenceforth might be appreciated the system of tactics prescribed to its legates by the Romish Court.

The complete maintenance of the papal power, and the preservation of all its prerogatives—abuses included—such were in fact their instructions. As to whatever touched not upon these delicate questions of prerogative and discipline, the utmost latitude was to be given to the disputants. Doctrinal questions were abandoned to them; of these they might make whatever they pleased, provided only that in issuing their decrees, they studied to make use of those ambiguous formulas, which, leaving the basis of the question undecided, tended to satisfy and conciliate both parties.

It may well be imagined that with these pretensions of the papal party, the reformation of abuses would only be discussed at the very last extremity, and yet this reformation was the very occasion which had called together the Council. The imperial bishops, almost all of them Germans or Spaniards, boldly declared that this question of reform ought to be settled before everything beside. *The most illustrious cardinals need to be most illustriously reformed*, said Don Barthélémy des Martyrs, primate of Portugal. The French supported the Imperialists, to the great vexation of the Papists, who studied how to ridicule their theologians and their orators. "*Here is a cock who crows really well*," exclaimed one day (playing upon the Latin word *gallus*, which signifies at once a cock and a Frenchman,) one of these Italian prelates, who had just been listening to the French ambassador Danès. "*Please God Peter repent himself at the crowing of the cock*," retorted the Frenchman with admirable *à propos*.

This reply rendered the Italians more circumspect; they gave up their jesting for the future, and with a

view to gain time, obtained a decision that questions of doctrine and reform should be alternately treated.

We are not about to give here a detailed analysis of all the acts of the Council, but shall simply continue the philosophical examination of the aggregate of them, dwelling upon such as best delineate the physiognomy of a great religious assembly in the sixteenth century, and which best acquaint us with the composition of its elements, the tactics of its parties, the deep intrigues, and altogether secular interests, which determined the convictions of its members, modifying their most decided resolutions, and giving birth to decisions in appearance the most holy.

The assembly opened the question of reform by an examination of the points disputed between the Catholics and Lutherans, on the subject of the Holy Scriptures. As the Reformers questioned the authority of tradition, the assembly, entirely Catholic, decreed unanimously that all the books of the Old and New Testament should be recognised as *canonical*. Another decree declared the *Vulgate* authentic, and with the view of repressing certain *petulant* and *audacious* spirits, forbade any one, whosoever he might be, from daring to interpret the sacred writings contrary to the sense hitherto received by the Church, and to make thereof *ridiculous applications* for *profane purposes*.

In the following session Original Sin was discussed, which brought on the singular question of the Immaculate Conception. Had the Virgin Mary been born in sin or not? was the important question that then divided Europe. The fathers of Trent thought it prudent to conciliate both parties, and referring to the decision of the Council of Constance, declared at length, after interminable debating, *that the Virgin ought not to be involved in original sin, but that in referring to the constitutions of Sixtus V., neither ought she, on the other hand, to be exempted from it*. Had the Church always decided after this fashion, no doubt there would have been many more disputants, but also far fewer heretics.

In the following sessions, they continued to treat alternately, questions of doctrine and of reformation of manners. From original sin they passed to the plurality of benefices, from the justification of the sinner to ecclesiastical residence.

Such questions, obscure in themselves, ministered to unceasing disputation. Sometimes a Catholic prelate would show himself more opposed to the Romish court than was even Luther himself. Mutual exasperation thus rose to such a pitch, that more than once the interference of the legates could alone prevent the opposed factions from settling the argument by blows. Sometimes all their efforts were in vain, and one day, Denis, a Greek, Bishop of Chæronea, having cried out to Thomas de Sau-Felice, Bishop of La Cava, and a furious Papist—"Yes, my Lord, you are either extremely ignorant or extremely obstinate," La Cava flew upon his adversary, seized him by his beard, and would not relax his hold of it until he extracted a copious handful.

(1) The term *Papists* is here used in a special sense, as indicating those who sustained the pretensions of the Pope, in opposition to those of the inferior clergy and the Emperor

During these stormy scenes, the Lutherans, who had been the occasion of the Council, constantly refused to repair thither. They remembered the fate of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, and would not depart for Trent unless furnished with safe-conducts furnished by the council, and endorsed by the emperor. Meanwhile the dissensions between Charles the Fifth and the Lutherans, and the report of the plague, broke up the assembly, which did not reassemble until three years afterwards. When, at length, the Reformers had obtained the safe-conduct required, they repaired to Trent, but were so put off and adjourned, that it was only upon the formal demand of the emperor that they were at length allowed to present in person the articles of their belief. But upon the very first hearing, great was the scandal in the assembly. On all sides arose outcries against the temerity of these men, who came to impose a faith instead of receiving one. The legates especially had the greatest difficulty in restraining themselves. The mere presence of these dissidents seemed to them an insult to the papacy. It was necessary to disgust or frighten them away, no matter how; and on the 7th February, the Jacobin Pelargue, the organ of the Romish Church, preaching in one of the churches of Trent, exclaimed in a tone of menace—" *That heretics alone were the cause of schism, and that it was time to extirpate heresy at a single stroke.*"

Every day the irritation of the Catholics increased, and in spite of their safe-conducts, these advocates of the Augsburg Confession, *these captains of heresy*, would no doubt have been roughly handled, had not the irruption of Maurice of Saxony into the Tyrol, with the flight of Charles the Fifth before this chief of the German Protestants, once more put the entire Council to the rout. The fathers hardly took time to draw up a decree of suspension, and to anathematize *that malice of the enemy of mankind, which had occasioned them so grievous an inconvenience.* The inconvenience in truth was grievous, and the retreat of the fathers so precipitate, that many of them, unable to embark on the Adige, fled into the mountains, leaving their baggage behind—which, for the rest, was not of a very apostolical description. Paul IV. had succeeded Julius III., and the inter-council was prolonged during all his pontificate. Raised from a Theatine monk to the popedom, this man, naturally obstinate, but hitherto humble in his conduct, had yielded to the intoxication of power. The day after his elevation, his steward having asked him how he desired to be served—" *Like a king,*" was the reply. Amidst all his magnificence, he ceased not to declaim against the unbridled luxury and debauchery of the cardinals and prelates who surrounded him; prime causes, as he declared, of all the evils of Christendom. "*You want to reform others,*" he exclaimed, when a general reformation was alluded to; "*Physicians, heal yourselves!*" In full consistory, and before the ambassadors, he often repeated that he would brook no potentate in Europe as his fellow, but would march over the heads of all of them.

" *And that with this foot!*" he added, striking it violently upon the ground.

It may be well supposed this haughty man cared little about reestablishing the Council. One day, as the French Cardinal du Bellay warmly insisted upon it, as being the sole means of remedying the disorders of the Church, "*A pretty farce is this!*" responded Paul, "*to send into the mountains sixty bishops and forty doctors, and to imagine that those people are going to reform the world! And I, the vicar of Jesus Christ, and all my cardinals, those pillars of Christianity, and the prelates and celebrated doctors who abound in Rome, are we, I pray you, of no better avail than all that can be got together at Trent?*"

And as Du Bellay insisted, he cut him short with, "Enough! enough! I had rather set Europe on fire by the four corners, and lose my life into the bargain, than I would yield thus basely."

In fact, Paul IV., tyrant of Rome, was in a fair way to trouble the whole world, and had already kindled a terrible war in Italy, when he died, in recommending to the cardinals, as the sole means of saving the Church, not a Council, but the Inquisition. Pius IV., his successor, carried away by the sort of reaction which followed this rigorous regimen, decided, however, not for the Inquisition, but for the Council.

This time the peril was immense, and in this closing session we must especially admire the resources of Italian policy, and the address of the papist party. In principles, it had against it the Emperor and the Kings of Spain and France; it held firm against all, and thanks to the skill of its tactics, had contrived by the end of the session, and without having yielded any point of importance, to carry the whole of its adversaries along with it. Nevertheless, at the opening of the session, each of these parties, more numerous and determined than ever, had, whilst proclaiming themselves zealous Catholics, declared against Rome in the most decided manner. On the one hand, the Germans proposed a sort of Reformation in twenty articles, the most important of which required singleness of benefices, obligation of residence for bishops, communion in the two kinds, and the marriage of priests. The Emperor expected no durable peace in his dominions until these religious difficulties were settled. The Spaniards warmly supported the Germans, and the French insisted no less positively for a species of reformation still more complete than that demanded by the Germans, and what was yet more, upon the absolute maintenance of the liberties of the Gallican Church.

For it should be here remarked, such was the progress of reform, that whilst combating against it out of doors, within the Council itself its declared enemies were obliged to contend in its favour. The papal court alone stood firm, and while the other powers, pressed by the Reformers, sought by making important concessions to satisfy and regain the latter, Rome always resisted, and proclaimed her immutable resolution never to compromise with heresy.

This so-called *heresy*, it is true, attacked the dearest

pretensions of the Romish court. In fact, were not what were called *abuses* among the firmest supports of the pontifical throne? How could they then be touched without threatening to undermine its very foundations? To declare that bishops were instituted by divine right was to abdicate the papal supremacy, and set up against the head of the Church as many rivals of equal power as there were bishops in Europe. To abolish the privileges of the monks, was to deprive itself of a body of zealous auxiliaries: feudatories who, holding immediately from the Holy Father, prevented the bishops from being so many popes in their respective dioceses. Lastly, to allow the marriage of priests, was to renounce its hierarchical supremacy, and break the political tie which bound to the pope the clergy of the whole of Europe. The other refusals of Rome had motives equally obvious, and it was with the view of triumphing over her, and carrying by force what could not be obtained by negotiation, that the court of France decided upon making a last and vigorous effort.

She despatched to Trent the famous Cardinal de Lorraine, Arnaud de Ferrier, one of the friends of the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, and like him an enlightened advocate of toleration, with fourteen of his most devoted prelates. The Cardinal de Lorraine, a man of lofty ambition, was at that time one of the most considerable personages of France. The lover of Diana of Poitiers, and of Catherine de' Medicis, under Henry II. he had introduced himself into court, under Francis II. had been first minister, and under Charles IX. his influence had even increased. Possessed of great learning, naturally eloquent, and proud of his recent struggle with Theodore de Beza, he was ambitious of a wider theatre upon which to display his abilities. He repaired therefore to the Council.

At the news of the cardinal's arrival, the pope and his legates were seized with consternation. They knew well his haughtiness, and were alarmed at his temerity. Apparently a persecutor of heretics, was he not at bottom imbued with the new doctrines, and had he not more than once, among friends, half approved even of the Confession of Augsburg? Did he not look upon himself as invested with a species of Apostolate, and did he not delight in hearing himself called by his partisans *the pope of France*? All this the Italians well knew, and looked but for little reserve at his hands. Awaking therefore from their temporary panic, they bravely prepared themselves for the encounter.

It would be instructive, had we but the space, to study in detail the artful means employed to make head against so formidable an adversary, and the tactics adopted to conciliate him by degrees, and by little and little divert him from his most decided resolutions. The intrigue was doubtless skilfully managed, but it was also singularly favoured by the natural and well-known levity of the French prelate, by his vanity, which was adroitly flattered, by his interest, brought into play, and lastly, by his ambition, the satisfaction of which was promised. The pope had first thought

of neutralizing the influence of the new comers, by sending to Trent the second rank of the Italian bishops, and as the receiver is usually of the opinion of the giver—it was thought that certain pensions bestowed upon a number of poor and doubtful prelates, by putting them more at their ease, would render them also proportionably tractable. The lukewarm were spirited up, the timid threatened, the ambitious received large promises, and all, even to the very buffoons themselves, were put into requisition by the legate Simonetta, who directed their movements.

These Italian prelates, for the most part men of wit and vivacity, and considering themselves as the brilliant and polished portion of the council, affected a contemptuous and coxcombical tone with regard to the ultra-montane bishops, a species of savages but little careful of their persons, who spoke a rude and barbarous language, and in whom everything, even to their very luxury, was vulgar. Since the time of Julius II. and Leo X., Italy, especially Rome, had become the most civilized portion of Europe,—*the only place where people knew how to live*, declared, while combing their beards and paring their nails, these witty and licentious prelates, whose indecent sallies scandalized the fathers from other parts of Europe,—sombre and haughty Spaniards, susceptible Frenchmen, and rigorous Germans. Thence arose their lively opposition in the Council.

The first success of the papist intriguers was to get the Council to give up the question of supremacy. It was agreed on both sides not to enter into discussion on this subject, and they passed on to decrees of residence, and the institution of bishops.

These questions, also delicate, occasioned the most animated debates, and the discussion was carried on with such animosity, that not only a violent breach among the fathers, but even the immediate dissolution of the Council was apprehended. The Italian party reserved to the pope alone the appointment of bishops, while the German and Spanish party, backed by the French, contended that the archbishops enjoyed this *divine right* of appointment equally with the pope, thus putting the archbishops and bishops on a certain footing of equality with the sovereign pontiff himself. These disputes were prolonged, tempers became irritable, and the most violent scenes every day disturbed the assemblage.

Melchior Avosmedian, Bishop of Cadiz, warmly maintained that the right of appointment belonged as well to the archbishops as to the pope. One day, driven to extremity, he exclaimed, "Ay, I know certain bishops whom the pope has not named, and who are as true, as legitimate bishops as any appointed by the pope."

"The fact is false! name these bishops!" exclaimed the papists to him.

"They are the four suffragans of the Archbishop of Saltzbourg; that archbishop has ordained them, and the pope has never confirmed them," coldly replied Avosmedian.

"It is an imposture!" cried out the legate Simonetta, "the pope has confirmed them."

"He has not confirmed them, I say. I have the proof of it; and they are no less valid bishops than the rest of you."

At these words a violent tumult arose in the assembly. The Patriarch of Venice, and the Bishop of La Cava shook upon their seats, exclaiming, "Heresy!" Cadiz endeavoured to reply; "Down with the schismatic!" they cry out upon him on all sides. His friends sought to defend him, but their voices were drowned by the angry cries and stampings of the Italians. In the midst of the tumult the Bishop Giles Falcette rises and exclaims, "Anathema!" "Anathema!" replies the assembly. "Let him be burned! he is a heretic!" cries out a voice from the midst of the throng. "Ay, ay, to the stake, to the stake with him!" furiously reecho a hundred voices of the papists.

Cadiz meanwhile, unable to obtain a hearing, had quitted the chair. The Germans muttered a few words of excuse in his favour. His Spanish friends replied with their outcries to the outcries of the Italians, and threatened them by gestures and by looks. The moody Cardinal de Lorraine, pale and motionless, on beholding the excitement of the assembly, assumed an expression of disdain, and held his peace, smiling with a bitter and contemptuous irony; the French bishops remained silent like himself. The legates, nevertheless, had observed the expression of the cardinal, and comprehended his silence. Simonetta, as supple as he was violent, felt that his friends were going too far. Divining, by the expressive sneer of the Frenchman, the violent effort he was making to overcome his indignation, and fearing lest so formidable an adversary should break out, he endeavoured to restore calm to the assembly, imposing silence to his partisans by signs, and flinging among the Spanish benches a few words of conciliation. By degrees the agitation subsided, the deliberations were resumed, and after certain vague explanations, the cardinals abruptly broke off the sitting.

Lorraine, on retiring, passed by the legates and the principal Romish agitators, and when he was within reach of them, exclaimed, so that he might be well heard:—"The conduct of these gentry is degrading. Cadiz was right! Had he but been a Frenchman, I would have appealed on his behalf to a free and national Council." The terrified legates shrank into silence.

On the opening of the next sitting, Hercules de Gonzaga, Cardinal of Mantua, a partisan of the French, and friend of the Cardinal of Lorraine, spoke in the character of legate, and bitterly complained of the disorders of the previous meeting. "If opinions are no longer free," he observed, "there is no longer a Council; and I declare, for my own part, that if such scenes are again renewed, I swear that I will immediately leave the congregation." Lorraine commended the wisdom of Gonzaga, adding, "that the legates ought not to withdraw themselves upon such miserable grounds; but that it was right that the authors of such disturbances should be punished."

Mantua and the Cardinal of Lorraine had done; and the Papists, immovable, kept silence in wrath and consternation, when La Cava, one of the most turbulent of the party, boldly rising, broke out into speech, and far from excusing himself, or apologizing for his injurious proceedings, exclaimed, "Remove the cause of the disorder, and the effects will cease. Had Cadiz offended only myself, I would have freely forgiven him, as charity requires me to do, but it is the whole Church—it is Christ himself whom he has outraged in the person of the Pope, his Vicar; he is entitled to no forgiveness, to no excuse."

While Cava began speaking, the French prelates took down his words on their tablets, preparing for a reply; but when they saw that he delivered himself with such freedom, a sullen murmur began to circulate along their benches. "The insolent! the audacious!" they muttered among themselves; and they would no doubt have ended by breaking out also, had not the more moderate members, such as are found in all assemblies, thrown themselves forward, and by conciliatory speeches, and caressing both parties by turns, succeeded in averting the impending storm. The discussion was resumed with greater moderation, and the honours of war even rested with the French and Spaniards; for, as the Cardinal of Lorraine insisted, the canon against which Cadiz had objected was altered in their favour. This time the Italians were defeated; but, for all that, they did not lose courage, and an underhanded war of intrigue succeeded to more open hostilities.

The address of the Holy See and the resources of its policy seemed to grow with its difficulties, and to increase with its perils. In order to rebut or moderate the attacks of his opponents, the Holy Father had recourse to the most extraordinary manœuvres. He studied, for instance, how to exaggerate the hostility of his adversaries. One day, in full consistory, he entered, pale and downcast, crying out that all was lost! that the fathers of Trent were going to sacrifice him! that Lansac was the soul of the conspiracy, and that this ambassador had gone so far as to declare in public, *that by the aid of the French prelates recently arrived, he trusted to overthrow the idol of Rome.* Lansac was thus obliged to humble himself before the pope, and exonerate himself from a speech that he had never uttered. Another time, he assured them, *that he well knew the French wished to turn the Council into a Council of Huguenots;* and the French prelates were compelled to protest against so odious an imputation. Then the pope affected to be indulgent, forgave faults which had never been committed, making use of extreme gentleness in his pardon and his reproofs, even blessing the pretended delinquents, who thus found themselves obliged to make the *amende honorable*, and to prove the falseness of the accusations against them by the sacrifice of their opinions, and by concessions which otherwise would never have been withdrawn from them. The success of these tactics surpasses all belief.

Our limits will not allow us to trace the deep intrigues by which the formidable Cardinal de Lorraine was gradually gained over by the Papist party, who, their principal adversary being thus reduced, came off at last with flying colours, after all the attacks of their enemies. Suffice it to say, the promises and flatteries of the pope at length so completely won over the French cardinal, that he was now always repeating, *that he took as lively an interest in the happy termination of the Council as the Holy Father himself; and that he now clearly perceived that the safety of Catholicism consisted in a sincere union with the Holy See!* Such was the triumph of Italian astuteness and diplomacy. No sooner had Lorraine departed for France, than the deliberations of the assembly were scandalously hurried over; and with the exception of some French and Spanish malcontents, the whole of the fathers seemed to have but one desire, that of *delivering his Holiness from the torments of the Council*, as the nuncio Visconti, the principal intriguer, wrote privately on the occasion to Cardinal Borromeo.

With this view the utmost haste was made in promulgating a list of forbidden books. Fifteen hundred names of authors and volumes were lumped together in this wholesale proscription. It was thought sufficient to copy the list made out at Rome by the Inquisitors, who had aimed at quantity and quality at the same time. The twenty articles of the Reformation were swept away at once. Although these had been discussed in the preliminary meetings, they still presented numerous difficulties on points the most essential; but far from attempting any further discussion of them, it was found convenient to adjourn them *sine die*.

The Count de Luna, and the French ambassador, Arnaud du Ferrier, alone resisted this indecent precipitation. They ceased not to demand a profound investigation of the matters under discussion. Ferrier uttered a biting protestation against the concluding acts of the Council, and against the encroachments of the clergy upon the temporal power of princes. "I see well," he observed, in a tone of raillery,—“I see well that we have need to fast and weep a long time yet, while awaiting that reformation of abuses decided on and promised for this last hundred and fifty years! What think you, my fathers! instead of seeking to remove abuses, you are endeavouring to humble our princes; instead of desiring to reform what is evil, you are only solicitous how to invade the liberties of our Gallican Church! Alas, my fathers! you seek to get rid of heresy—well and good—but, believe me, it is by able preaching, and by worthy living, that you will succeed in extirpating heretics, and not by provocations addressed to princes by way of pastime, and by decrees drawn up in a hurry while polishing your nails!”

It was the Legate Moro, Bishop of Palestrina, who at length proclaimed the closing of the Council in full assemblage, and with magnificent ceremonial. The Secretary, Ange Massarel, having read all the articles

promulgated, and all the fathers being present, proceeded as follows:—

“Does it please the fathers to bring to an end the Holy Council, and that the confirmation of it should be demanded of our Holy Father?” “Yes, it pleases us,” replied the whole Council, with one voice; three bishops alone protesting against it.

“To the blessed Pope Pius, Bishop of the Holy Church universal, be long years, and eternal memory!” And all the Council re-echoed, “Long years, and eternal memory!”

Then followed benedictions for the popes deceased during the Council, and for the Emperor Charles the Fifth; acclamations for the Emperor Ferdinand, (the only sovereign named;) for all kings, princes, republics, legates, cardinals, ambassadors, bishops, abbés, and theologians; and Moro resumed:—

“We all believe, we all feel, we all declare, that this faith of the Council is the faith of Saint Peter and the Apostles, the faith of the fathers of the Church, the faith of all right-thinking and Catholic men.”

“We all believe it; we all feel it; we all declare it.”

“Anathema upon all heretics!”

“Anathema! so be it!”

This was the last word of the Council.

After so prolonged a stay in the city of Trent, the fathers were in such a hurry to get away from it, that the legates were obliged to threaten with excommunication all those who should depart without having approved and signed with their own hands the decrees of the Council. Four legates, two cardinals, twenty-five archbishops, a hundred and sixty-eight bishops, thirty-nine procurators, charged with power by absent prelates, seven abbés, and seven heads of orders, signed these decrees; one of the legates chanted the *Te Deum*, and the *Te Deum* being finished, the legate bestowed his benediction upon the fathers, and said to them, “*Depart in peace!*”

Such was the end of the Council of Trent, assembled on the occasion of the Reformation, and which, incapable of combating it efficaciously, and not being willing to enter into compromise with it, was unable to arrest its progress. In fact, during its debates, Lutheranism became naturalized in Germany, and becoming victorious, dictated its own conditions. Calvinism was solidly established in Switzerland, and in the midst of wars and massacres spread rapidly in France, as it did in England also. Lastly, in spite of the fearful persecutions of Charles the Fifth and his successors, (and Grotius affirms that *more than a hundred thousand persons* perished by these cruelties,) the Reformers invaded the Flemish provinces, and the atrocious wars of the Duke of Alba, and the measures of the *Council of blood*, were not able to drive them away.

A man that astonishes at first soon makes people impatient if he does not continue in the same *andante* key.—*Walpole.*

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO. MORE.¹LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE, QUINDECIM ANNOS
NATA, CHELSEIE INCEPTVS.

"Nulla dies sine linea."

ENTERING, o' the suddain, into Mercy's chamber, I founde her all be-wep't and waped, poring over an old kirtle of mother's she had bidden her re-line with buckram. Coule not make out whether she were sick of her task, had had words with mother, or had some secret inquietation of her owne; but, as she is a girl of few words, I found I had best leave her alone after a caress and kind saying or two. We alle have our troubles.

. . . . Trulie may I say soe. Here have they ta'en a fever of some low sorte in my house of refuge, and mother, fearing it may be y^e sicknesse, will not have me goe neare it, lest I s^d bring it home. Mercy, howbeit, hath besought her soc earnestlie to let her goe and nurse y^e sick, that mother hath granted her prayer, on condition she returneth not till y^e fever bates . . . thus setting her life at lower value than our owne. Deare Mercy! I woulde fayn be her mate.

We are alle mightie glad that Rupert Allington hath at lengthe zealouslic embraced y^e study of the law. 'Twas much to be feared at y^e firste there was noe application in him, and though we alle pitied him when father first broughte him home, a pillaged, portionlesse client, with none other to espouse his rightes, yet 'twas a pitie soone allied with contempt when we founde how emptie he was, caring for nought but archerie and skittles and the popinjaye out o' the house, and dicing and tables within, which father w^d on noe excuse permitt. Soe he had to conform, ruefullie enow, and hung piteouslie on hand for awhile. I mind me of Bess's saying, about Christ-masse, "Heaven send us open weather while Allington is here; I don't believe he is one that will bear shutting up." Howbeit, he seemed to incline towards Daisy, who is handsome enow, and cannot be hindered of two hundred pounds, and soe he kept within bounds, and when father got him his cause he was mightilie thankfulle, and woulde have left us out of hand, but father persuaded him to let his estate recover itself, and turn y^e mean tyme to profit, and, in short, soe wrought on him, that he hath now become a student in right earneste.

Soe we are going to lose not only Mr. Clement, but Mr. Gunnel! How sorrie we alle are! It seemeth he hath long been debating for and agaynst y^e church, and at length finds his mind soe stronglie set towards it, as he can keep out of it noe longer. Well! we shall lose a good master, and y^e church will gayn a good seryant. Drew will supplie his place, that is, according to his beste, but our worthy Welshman careth soe little for young people, and is soe abstract from y^e world about him, that we shall oft feel our

loss. Father hath promised Gonellus his interest with y^e Cardinall.

I fell into disgrace for holding speech with Mercy over y^e pales, but she is confident there is noe danger; the sick are doing well, and none of y^e whole have fallen sick. She sayth Gammer Gurney is as tender of her as if she were her daughter, and will let her doe noe vile or paynfull office, soe as she hath little to doe but read and pray for y^e poor souls, and feed 'em with savourie messes, and they are alle so harmonious and full of cheer, as to be like birds in a nest. Mercy deserves theire blessings more than I. Were I a free agent, she s^d not be alone now, and I hope ne'er to be withheld therefrom agayn.

Busied with my flowers y^e chief o' the forenoon, I was fayn to rest in the pavillion, when, entering therein, whom shoulde I stumble upon but William, layd at length on y^e floor, with his arms under his head, and his book on y^e ground. I was withdrawing brisklie enow, when he called out, "Don't goe away, since you *are* here," in a tone soe rough, soe unlike his usuall key, as that I paused in a maze, and then saw that his eyes were red. He sprung to his feet and sayd, "Meg, come and talk to me," and, taking my hand in his, stepped quicklie forthe without another word sayd, till we reached the elm-tree walk. I marvelled to see him soe moven, and expected to hear somewhat that shoulde displease me, scarce knowing what; however, I might have guest at it from then till now, without ever nearing y^e truth. His first words were, "I wish Erasmus had ne'er crost y^e threshold; he has made me very unhappie;" then, seeing me stare, "Be not his council just now, deare Meg, but bind up, if thou canst, the wounds he has made. . . There be some wounds, thou knowest, though but of a cut finger or the like, that we cannot well bind up for ourselves."

I made answer, "I am a young and unskilled leech."

He replied, "But you have a quick wit, and patience, and kindnesse, and, for a woman, are not scant of learning."

"Nay," I sayd, "but Mr. Gunnel—"

"Gunnel would be the last to help me," interrupts Will, "nor can I speak to your father. He is alwaies too busie now. . . besides,—"

"Father Francis," I put in.

"Father Francis?" repeats Will, with a shake o' the head and a ruefull smile, "dost thou think, Meg, he coulde answer me if I put to him Pilate's question, 'What is truth?'"

"We know alreadie," quoth I.

Sayth Will, "What do we know?"

I paused, then made answer reverentlie, "That Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life."

"Yes," he exclaymed, clapping his hands together in a strange sort of passion; "that we *doe* know, blessed be God, and other foundation can or ought noe man to lay than that is layd, which is Jesus Christ. But, Meg, is this the principle of our church?"

(1) Continued from p. 262.

"Yea, verily," I steadfastly replied.

"Then, how has it beene overlaid," he hurriedly went on, "with men's inventions! St. Paul speaks of a sacrifice once offered; we holde the host to be a continual sacrifice. Holy writ telleth us where a tree falls it must lie; we are taught that our prayers may free souls from purgatorie. The word sayth, 'by faith ye are saved;' the church sayth we may be saved by our works. It is written 'The idols he shall utterly abolish;' we worship figures of gold and silver. . ."

"Hold, hold," I said, "I dare not listen to this. . . you are wrong, you know you are wrong."

"How and where," he sayth; "onlie tell me. I long to be put righte."

"Our images are but symbols of our saints," I made answer; "tis onlie y^e ignorant and unlearned that worship y^e mere wood and stone."

"But why worship saints at all?" persisted Will; "where's the warrant for it?"

I said, "Heaven has warranted it by sundrie and special miracles at divers times and places. I may say to you, Will, as Socrates to Agathon, 'You may easilie argue agaynst me, but you cannot argue agaynst the truth.'"

"Oh, put me not off with Plato," he impatiently replied, "refer me but to holie writ."

"How can I," quoth I, "when you have ta'en away my testament ere I had half gone through it? 'Tis this book, I fear me, poor Will, hath unsettled thee. Our church, indeed, sayth the unlearned wrest it to their destruction."

"And yet the apostle sayth," rejoined Will, "that it containys alle things necessarie to our salvation."

"Doubtlesse it doth, if we knew but where to find them," I replied.

"And how find, unlesse we seeke?" he pursued, "and how know which road to take, when we find the scripture and the church at issue?"

"Get some wiser head to advise us," I rejoined.

"But an' if the obstacle remains the same?"

"I cannot suppose that," I somewhat impatiently returned, "God's word and God's church must agree; 'tis only we that make them at issue."

"Ah, Meg, that is just such an answer as Father Francis mighte give—it solves noe difficultie. If, to alle human reason, they pull opposite ways, by which shall we abide? I know; I am certain. '*Tu, Domine Jesu, es justicia mea*'"

He looked soe rapt, with claspt hands and uprased eyes, as that I could not but look on him and hear him with solemnitie. At length I said, "If you know and are certayn, you have noe longer anie doubts for me to lay, and with your will, we will holde this discourse noe longer, for however moving and however considerable its subject matter may be, it approaches forbidden ground too nearlie for me to feel it safe, and I question whether it savoureth not of heresie. However, Will, I most heartilie pitie you, and will pray for you."

"Do, Meg, do," he replied, "and say nought to anie one of this matter."

"Indeede I shall not, for I think 'twoulde bring you if not me into trouble, but, since thou hast soughte my council, Will, receive it now and take it. . ."

He sayth, "What is it?"

"To read less, pray more, fast, and use such discipline as our church recommends, and I question not this temptation will depart. Make a fayr triall."

And soe, away from him, though he woulde fain have sayd more, and I have kept mine owne worde of praying for him full earnestlie, for it pitieth me to see him in such case.

Poor Will, I never see him look grave now, nor heare him sighe, without thinking I know the cause of his secret discontentation. He hath, I believe, followed my council to y^e letter, for though y^e men's quarter of y^e house is soe far aparte from ours, it hath come rounde to me through Barbara, who had it from her brother, that Mr. Roper hath of late lien on y^e ground, and used a knotted cord. As 'tis one of y^e acts of mercy to relieve others, when we can, from satanic doubts and inquietations, I have been at some payns to make an abstracte of such passages from y^e fathers, and such narratives of noted and undeniable miracles as cannot, I think, but carry conviction with them, and I hope they may minister to his soul's comfort.

Tuesday.

Supped with my Lord Sands. Mother played mumpance with my lady, but father, who saith he woulde rather feast a hundred poor men than eat at one rich man's table, came not in till late, on plea of businesse. My lord tolde him the king had visited him not long agone, and was soe well content with his manor as to wish it were his owne, for the singular fine ayr and pleasant growth of wood. In fine, wound up y^e evening with musick. My lady hath a pair of fine toned clavichords, and a mandoline that stands five feet high; the largest in England, except that of the Lady Mary Dudley. The sound, indeed, is powerful, but methinketh the instrument ungaynlie for a woman. Lord Sands sang us a new ballad, "The King's Hunt's up," which father, affected hugelic. I lacked spiritt to sue my lord for y^e words, he being soe free-spoken as alwaies to dash me; howbeit, I mind they ran somewhat thus. . . .

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And it is well-nigh daye,
Harry our King has gone hunting
To bring his deere to baye.
The east is bright with morning lighte,
And darkness it is fled,
And the merrie horn wakes up y^e morn
To leave his idle bed.
Beholde y^e skies with golden dyes,
Are . . .

—The rest hath escaped me, albeit I know there was some burden of hey-tantara, where my lord did stamp and snap his fingers. He is a merry heart.

Now that Gunnel is gone, I take to heart that I profited not more by his teaching. Saying to Mercy, overnight, that methought she missed not our good master, she made answer, "Oh yes, I doe; how can I choose but miss him, who taught me to be, to doe, and to suffer?" And this with a light laugh, yet she lookt not merrie.

. . . Writing y^e above, I was interrupted by shrill cries either of woman or boy, as of one in acute payn, and ran forthe of my chamber to learne y^e cause. I met Bess coming hastilie out of y^e garden, looking somewhat pale, and cried, "What is it?" She made answer, "Father is having Dick Halliwell beaten for some evill communication with Jack. 'Tis seldom or never he proceedeth to such extremities, soe the offence must needs have beene something pernicious; and, e'en as 'tis, father is standing by to see he is not smitten overmuch; ne'erthelessse, Giles lays the stripes on with a will."

It turned me sick. I have somewhat of my mother in me, who was a tender and delicate woman, that woulde weepe to see a bird killed by a cat. I hate corporall punishments, and yet they've Scripture warrant. Father seldom hath recourse to 'em; and yet we feare as well as love him more than we doe mother, who, when she firste came among us, afore father had softened her down a little, used to hit righte and left. I mind me of her saying one day to her own daughter Daisy, "Your tucker is too low," and giving her a slap, mighte have beene hearde in Chelsea Reach. And there was the stamp of a greate red hand on Daisy's white shoulder all y^e forenoon, but the worst of it was, that Daisy tooke it with perfect immoveabilitie, nor lookt in the leaste ashamed, which Scripture sayth a daughter shoulde doe, if her parent but spit in her face, i.e. sett on her some publick mark of contumely. Soe far from this, I even noted a silent look of scorn, which payned me, for of all the denunciations in Holy Writ, there is none more awfull to my mind than that which sayth, "The eye that mocketh at father or mother," not alone the tongue, but e'en the eye,—"the young ravens of the valley shall pick it out."

Sayth Lord Rutland to my father, in his acute sneering way, "Ah, ah, Sir Thomas, *Honores mutant Mores.*"

"Not so, in faith, my lord," returns father, "but have a care lest we translate the proverb, and say honours change Manners."

It served him right, and the jest is worth preserving, because 'twas not premeditate, as my lord's very likely was, but retorted at once and in self-defence. I don't believe honours *have* changed the Mores. As father told mother, there's the same face under the hood. 'Tis comique, too, the fulfilment of Erasmus his prophecy. Plato's year has not come rounde, but they have got father to court, and the king seems minded never to let him goe. For us, we have the same untamed spiritts and unconstrained course of life as ever, neither lett nor hindered in our daylie

studies, though we dress somewhat braver, and see more companic. Mother's head was a little turned, at first, by the change and enlargment of the household . . . the acquisition of clerk of the kitchen, surveyor of the dresser, yeoman of the pastrie, etc. but, as father laughingly tolde her, the increase of her cares soon steddied her witts, for she found she had twenty unthrifts to look after insteade of half-a-dozen. And the same with himself. His responsibilities are so increast, that he grutches at everie hour the court steals from his family, and vows, now and then, he will leave off joking, that the king may the sooner wearie of him. But this is onlie in jest, for he feels it is a *power* given him over lighter minds, which he may exert to usefull and high purpose. Onlie it keepeth him from needing Damocles his sword; he trusts not in the favour of princes nor in the voyce of the people, and keeps his soul as a weaned child. 'Tis much for us now to get an hour's leisure with him, and makes us feel what our olde privileges were when we knew 'em not. Still, I'm pleased without being over elated, at his having risen to his proper level.

The king tooke us by surprise this morning: mother had scarce time to slip on her scarlett gown and coif, ere he was in y^e house. His grace was mighty pleasant to all, and, at going, saluted all round, which Bessy took humourously, Daisy immovecable, Mercy humble, I distastefullie, and mother delight-edlie. She calls him a fine man; he is indeede big enough, and like to become too big; with long slits of eyes that gaze freele on all, as who shoulde say, "Who dare let or hinder us?" His brow betokens sense and franknesse, his eyebrows are supercilious, and his cheeks puffy. A rolling, straddling gait, and abrupt speech.

'Tother evening, as father and I were, unwontedly, strolling together down the lane, there accosts us a shabby poor fellow, with something unsettled in his eye. . . .

"Master, sir knight, and may it please your judgeship, my name is Patteson."

"Very likely," says father, "and my name is More, but what is that to the purpose?"

"And that is *more* to the purpose, you mighte have said," returned the other.

"Why, soe I mighte," says father, "but how shoulde I have proved it?"

"You who are a lawyer shoulde know best about that," rejoined the poor knave; "'tis too hard for poor Patteson."

"Well, but who are you?" says father, "and what do you want of me?"

"Don't you mind me?" says Patteson; "I played Hold-your-tongue, last Christmasse revel was five years, and they called me a smart chap then, but last Martinmasse I fell from y^e church steeple, and shook my brain-pan, I think, for its contents have seemed addled ever since; soe what I want now is to be made a fool."

"Then you are not one now?" says father.

"If I were," says Patteson, "I shoulde not have come to you."

"Why, like cleaves to like, you know they say," says father.

"Aye," says 'tother, "but I've reason and feeling enow, too, to know you are no fool, though I thoughte you might want one. Great people like 'em at their tables, I've hearde say, though I am sure I can't guesse why, for it makes me sad to see fools laughed at; ne'ertheless, as I get laughed at alreadie, methinketh I may as well get paid for the job if I can, being unable, now, to doe a stroke of work in hot weather. And I'm the onlie son of my mother, and she is a widow. But perhaps I'm not bad enough."

"I know not that, poor knave," says father, touched with quick pity, "and, for those that laugh at fools, my opinion, Patteson, is that they are the greater fools who laugh. To tell you the truth, I had had noe mind to take a fool into mine establishment, having always had a fancy to be prime fooler in it myselve; however, you incline me to change my purpose, for, as I said anon, like cleaves to like, soe I'll tell you what we will doe—divide the businesse and goe halves—I continuing the fooling, and thou receiving the salary; that is, if I find, on inquiry, thou art given to noe vice, including that of scurrillitie."

"May it like your goodness," says poor Patteson, "I've been the subject, oft, of scurrillitie, and affect it too little to offend that way myself. I ever keep a civil tongue in my head, 'specially among young ladies."

"That minds me," says father, "of a butler who said he always was sober, especially when he had cold water to drink. Can you read and write?"

"Well, and what if I cannot?" returns Patteson, "there ne'er was but one, I ever heard of, that knew letters, never having learnt, and well he might, for he made them that made them."

"Meg, there is sense in this poor fellow," says father, "we will have him home and be kind to him."

And, sure enow, we have done so and been so ever since.

A glance at the antecedent pages of this libellus me-sheweth poor Will Roper at y^e season his love-fitt for me was at its height. He troubleth me with it noe longer, nor with his religious disquietations. Hard studdy of the law hath filled his head with other matters, and made him infinitely more rationally, and by consequents, more agreeable. 'Twas one of those preferences young people sometimes manifest, themselves know neither why nor wherefore, and are shamed, afterwards, to be reminded of. I'm sure I shall ne'er remind him. There was nothing in me to fix a rational or passionate regard. I have neither Bess's witt nor white teeth, nor Daisy's dark eyes, nor Mercy's dimple. A plain-favoured girl, with changefulle spiritts,—that's alle.

Patteson's latest jest was taking precedence of father yesterday, with the saying, "Give place, brother; you are but jester to King Harry, and I'm

jester to Sir Thomas More; I'll leave you to decide which is y^e greater man of the two."

"Why, gossip," cries father, "his grace woulde make two of me."

"Not a bit of it," returns Patteson, "he's big enow for two such as you are, I grant ye, but the king can't make two of you. No! lords and commons may make a king, but a king can't make a Sir Thomas More."

"Yes, he can," rejoyns father, "he can make me Lord Chancellor, and then he will make me more than I am already; ergo, he will make Sir Thomas more."

"But what I mean is," persists the fool, "that the king can't make such another as you are, any more than all the king's horses and all the king's men can put Humpty-dumpty together again, which is an ancient riddle, and full of marrow. And soe he'll find, if ever he lifts thy head off from thy shoulders, which God forbid."

Father delighteth in sparring with Patteson far more than in jesting with y^e king, whom he alwaies looks on as a lion that may, any minute, fall on him and rend him. Whereas, with 'tother, he ungirds his mind. Their banter commonly exceeds not pleasantrie, but Patteson is ne'er without an answer, and although, maybe, each amuses himselve now and then with thinking, "I'll put him up with such a question," yet, once begun, the skein runs off the reel without a knot, and shews the excellent nature of both, soe free are they alike from malice and over-license. Sometimes their cuts are neater than common listeners apprehend. I've scened Rupert and Will, in fencing, make their swords flash in the sun at every parry and thrust; agayn, owing to some change in mine owne position, or the decline of y^e sun, the scintillations have escaped me, though I've known their rays must have been emitted in some quarter alle the same.

Patteson, with one of Argus's cast feathers in his hand, is at this moment beneath my lattice, astride on a stone balustrade, while Bessy, whom he much affects, is sitting on the steps, feeding her peacocks. Sayth Patteson, "Canst tell me, mistress, why peacocks have soe manic eyes in their tails, and yet can onlie see with two in their heads?"

"Because those two make them soe vain alreadie, fool," says Bess, "that were they always beholding their owne glory, they woulde be intolerable."

"And besides that," says Patteson, "the less we see or heare, either, of what passes behind our backs, the better for us, since knaves will make mouths at us then, for as glorious as we may be. Canst tell me, mistress, why the peacock was the last bird that went into the ark?"

"First tell me, fool," returns Bess, "how thou knowest that it was soe?"

"Nay, a fool may ask a question w^d puzzle a wiseard to answer," rejoyns Patteson; "I mighte ask you, for example, where they got their fresh kitchen-stuff in the ark, or whether the birds ate

other than grains, or the wild beasts other than flesh. It needs must have been a granary."

"We ne'er shew ourselves such fools," says Bess, "as in seeking to know more than is written. They had enough, if none to spare, and we scarce can tell how little is enough for bare sustenance in a state of perfect inaction. If the creatures were kept low, they were all y^e less fierce."

"Well answered, mistress," says Pateson, "but tell me, why do you wear two crosses?"

"Nay, fool," returns Bess, "I wear but one."

"Oh, but I say you wear two," says Pateson, "one at your girdle, and one that nobody sees. We all wear the unseen one, you know. Some have theirs of gold, alle carven and shaped, soe as you hardlie tell it for a cross. . . like my lord cardinal, for instance. . . but it is one, for alle that. And others, of iron, that cateth into their hearts. . . methinketh Master Roper's must be one of 'em. For me, I'm content with one of wood, like that our deere Lord bore; what was goode enow for him is goode enow for me, and I've noe temptation to shew it, as it isn't fine, nor yet to chafe at it for being rougher than my neighbour's, nor yet to make myself a second because it is not hard enow. Doe you take me, mistress?"

"I take you for what you are," says Bess, "a poor fool."

"Nay, niece," says Pateson, "my brother your father hath made me rich."

"I mean," says Bess, "you have more wisdom than witt, and a real fool has neither, therefore you are only a make-believe fool."

"Well, there are many make-believe sages," says Pateson; "for mine owne part, I never aim to be thoughte a Hiccius Docius."

"A hic est doctus, fool, you mean," interrupts Bess.

"Perhaps I do," rejoins Pateson, "since other folks soe oft know better what we mean than we know ourselves. Alle I woulde say is, I ne'er set up for a conjuror. One can see as far into a millstone as other people without being that. For example, when a man is overt'aen with qualms of conscience for having married his brother's widow, when she is noe longer soe young and fair as she was a score of years ago, we know what that's a sign of. And when an Ipswich butcher's son takes on him the state of my lord pope, we know what that's a sign of. Nay, if a young gentlewoman become dainty at her sizes, and sluttish in her apparel, we . . . as I live, here comes John Heron with a fish in 's mouth."

Poor Bess involuntarily turned her head quicklie towards y^e watergate, on which Pateson, laughing as he lay on his back, points upward with his peacock's feather, and cries, "Overhead, mistress! see, there he goes. Sure, you lookt not to see Master Heron making towards us between y^e posts and flower-pots, eating a dried ling?" laughing as wildly as though he were verily a natural.

Bess, without a word, shook the crumbs from

her lap, and was turning into the house, when he witholds her a minute in a perfectly altered fashion, saying, "There be some works, mistress, our confessors tell us be works of supererogation . . . is not that y^e word? I learn a long one now and then. . . such as be setting food before a full man, or singing to a deaf one, or buying for one's pigs a silver trough, or, for the matter of that, casting pearls before a dunghill cock, or fishing for a heron, which is well able to fish for itself, and is an ill-natured bird after all, that pecks the haud of his mistress, and, for all her kindness to him, will not think of Bessy More."

How apt alle are to abuse unlimited license! Yet 'twas good counsel.

(To be continued.)

COMM DHUW;

OR, THE BLACK HOLLOW.

THIS is a wild and singular spot in the vicinity of the Upper Lake of Killarney, at the extremity of the Gap of Dunloe. Its name is highly expressive of its dark and gloomy appearance—partly occasioned by the formation of the valley, and partly by the dark-coloured bog and heather with which its back and sides are blackened and embrowned. It is a scene more than ordinarily characteristic of the peculiar scenery of the west of Ireland, and well displays the talents of the accomplished painter, Creswick.

SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES OF WORTHIES OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

RICHARD HOOKER.

THERE is no human quality so well calculated to inspire us with feelings of reverence and affection as that graceful simplicity of character which distinguishes the humble-minded scholar. How much do we find to admire and love in that rare union of unaffected piety and unfeigned humility, of innocency of life and guilelessness of heart, with profound learning and enlarged experience, of which the world has now and then afforded us a bright example! Better for us still, if the blameless life has been worthily written by one who was fully capable of appreciating its holiness and excellence. A good biography of a good great man is an invaluable treasure; and all honour to the best of biographers, the worthy and excellent Izaak Walton, for that beautiful life of the venerable Richard Hooker, of which the poet might well say, that the feather whence the pen was shaped that traced it "dropped from an angel's wing."

It was in the "frosty, but kindly" winter of his days that honest Izaak indited his "plain relation" of the life of this humble and accomplished man, whose

(1) "The feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropp'd from an angel's wing."
WORDSWORTH,—"Sonnet on Walton's Lives."



virtues, to quote the words of Bishop King, "like jewels of unvaluable price, still cast such a lustre as envy and the rust of time shall never darken." We need not dwell on the peculiar graces of the well-known narrative; nor is it necessary to advert to the circumstances under which it was written, except to remind the reader that the good old biographer had passed his seventieth year when he entered on this labour of love.

During the latter half of the seventeenth century, the name of Hooker was regarded with no common veneration by the High Church and Cavalier party. In the scanty library of many a country gentleman was to be found his famous work on Ecclesiastical Polity, which, though perhaps rarely opened, was regarded with reverence by its loyal possessor, from the recollection that his martyred sovereign had often meditated over its pages, and had enjoined his children to be diligent in its perusal. It was also remembered that in the earliest stage of Puritanism, Hooker had signalized himself as a zealous and able champion of the Church,—that in her first struggle with the Non-conformists he had proved himself a learned and successful, albeit, to his credit be it stated, a meek and reluctant controversialist. He had defended the cause of the "passive and peaceful Protestants" against the "active Romanists and restless Nonconformists," when their forces were first directed against the Establishment in the reign of Elizabeth. The works which he bequeathed to posterity abounded in learning and logic. They had received the commendations of some of the most famous prelates of the Church, and when the war of theological contention ran high they were studied as text-books of High-Church divinity. Among those, therefore, who made an enthusiastic attachment to the Church of England the principal article in their political, as well as their religious creed, (and Izaak Walton was a politician of this class,) there were few Englishmen who were considered more entitled to the grateful reverence of posterity than the "learned and judicious Hooker."

The county of Devon, amongst other worthies, has to boast of being the birth-place of this celebrated divine. He was born near Exeter, about the year 1533, of poor parents, who contrived, in spite of their poverty, to give their children the advantage of some slight education. Having been destined for a mechanical employment, Richard Hooker was saved from apprenticeship by the kindness of his schoolmaster, who, perceiving his quickness and docility, prevailed upon his parents to leave him at school till some means could be found of relieving them of a part of their care and charge. "And the good man told them also," says Walton, "that he would double his diligence in instructing him, and would neither expect nor receive any other reward than the content of so hopeful and happy an employment." It happened that Hooker had an uncle in more prosperous circumstances, being chamberlain of Exeter, whom the kind-hearted schoolmaster frequently tried to interest in

his nephew's fortunes. At last, John Hooker (for so was the uncle named) determined to present the lad to Dr. John Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury, who, having been addressed on the subject, appointed a day to see him, and to ask him a few questions. When the time arrived for the interview, the bishop was so well satisfied with the boy's answers, that he obtained him a clerkship in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in which condition he remained till the eighteenth year of his age, at which period he was overtaken by a dangerous illness.

"As soon as he was perfectly recovered from this sickness," says Walton, "he took a journey from Oxford to Exeter, to satisfy and see his good mother, being accompanied with a countryman and companion of his own college, and both on foot; which was then either more in fashion, or want of money or their humility made it so. But on foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good bishop, who made Mr. Hooker and his companion dine with him at his own table, which Mr. Hooker boasted of, with much joy and gratitude, when he saw his mother and friends; and at the bishop's parting with him, the bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which when the bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him; and at Richard's return, the bishop said to him, 'Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease,' and presently delivered him a *walking-staff*, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany. And he said, 'Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse. Be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charge to Exeter, and here is ten groats more which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me.'"

The death of the good bishop, which happened immediately after the young student had returned to Oxford, deprived him of a kind patron, and plunged him into deep affliction. But his modesty and ability soon gained him other friends, who were able and willing to assist him. It chanced about this time, that Dr. Edwin Sandys, then Bishop of London, who had shared the exile of Jewel during the persecuting reign of Mary, was about to send his son to Oxford, and though Hooker was only nineteen years of age, he had heard so much of his gravity and learning that he determined to select him for the youth's tutor. Shortly afterwards the bearer of another illustrious name was placed under his care, namely George Cranmer, the eldest son of Thomas Cranmer, the great archbishop's nephew. "Betwixt Mr. Hooker," says Walton, "and these his two pupils there was a sacred friendship,—a friendship made up of religious principles, which increased daily by a similitude of inclinations to the same recreations and studies; a friendship elemented in youth and in an university,

free from self-ends, which the friendships of age usually are not."

To his other attainments Hooker added a profound knowledge of the oriental languages, and in 1579 he undertook the reading of the public Hebrew lecture, during the indisposition of the Hebrew reader. Three months afterwards, he was, for some trifling cause, expelled his college, but he returned to it again in the course of a few weeks, and resumed his studies, which he continued "in all quietness for the space of three years." There is little doubt but that these were the happiest years of his life; and amidst the domestic troubles in which he afterwards found himself involved through the guilelessness and simplicity of his nature, we can well imagine that he must have cast many a wistful backward glance on his quiet career at college, and the peaceful routine of his academic pursuits.

At length, however, from a sense of duty rather than from his own inclination, Hooker entered into sacred orders, and in a very short time received an appointment to preach at Paul's Cross in London. Beside the stipend paid to the preacher upon these occasions, we are told by Walton, that provision was also made for his lodging and diet for two days before and one day after his sermon. The place set apart for his lodging, (called the Shunamite's house,) was kept at this time by a decayed draper, named John Churchman, who, though himself a good sort of man, had for his wife a most artful and designing woman. At this house, two days before the Sunday on which he had to preach, Hooker arrived, "so wet, so weary, and weatherbeaten," says his biographer, "that he was never known to express more passion, than against a friend who dissuaded him from footing it to London, and from finding him no easier a horse." Oppressed with fear and sickness, the good man altogether despaired of being able to preach his Sunday's sermon; but in this extremity he was so carefully nursed by Mrs. Churchman, that he miraculously recovered, and, to his great gratification and surprise, was enabled to perform his allotted duty. His reputation for learning attracted many distinguished auditors; but strong objections were taken by some of those who favoured the theology of Calvin to the principal doctrinal point in his sermon.

"But the justifying of this doctrine," says Walton, "did not prove of so bad consequence as the kindness of Mrs. Churchman's curing him of his late distemper and cold; for that was so gratefully apprehended by Mr. Hooker, that he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said: so that the good man came to be persuaded by her, 'that he was a man of a tender constitution; and that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him; such an one as might both prolong his life, and make it more comfortable; and such an one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry.' And he not considering that 'the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light;' but, like a true Nathanael, *fearing no guile,*

because he meant none, did give her such a power as Elcazar was trusted with, (you may read it in the book of Genesis,) when he was sent to choose a wife for Isaac; for, even so he trusted her to choose for him, promising upon a fair summons to return to London, and accept of her choice; and he did so in that or about the year following. Now the wife provided for him was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion; and for her conditions, they were too like that wife's which is by Solomon compared to a 'dripping house:' so that the good man had no reason to 'rejoice in the wife of his youth,' but too just cause to say with the holy prophet, 'Wo is me, that I am constrained to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar.' The choice of Mr. Hooker's (if it were his choice) may be wondered at; but let us consider that the prophet Ezekiel says, 'There is a wheel within a wheel;' a secret sacred wheel of Providence (most visible in marriages) guided by his hand, that 'allows not the race to the swift,' nor 'bread to the wise,' nor good wives to good men: and he that can bring good out of evil (for mortals are blind to this reason) only knows why this blessing was denied to patient Job, to meek Moses, and to our as meek and patient Mr. Hooker."

Poor Hooker was, indeed, severely punished for his simplicity and credulity. He was not only "drawn from the tranquillity of his college; from that garden of piety, of pleasure, of peace, and a sweet conversation, into the thorny wilderness of a busy world, into those corroding cares that attend a married priest, and a country parsonage;" but he also found himself under the dominion of a vulgar shrew, who took every advantage of his patient and uncomplaining disposition. Mistress Churchman's daughter is described by Wood' as "a clownish silly woman, and withal a mere Xantippe." What a companion for a man of taste and learning like Hooker! With the tyrannical spirit which is the mark of a vulgar nature, she treated him as a mere drudge; and when his pupils, Sandys and Cranmer, visited him at his humble parsonage in Buckinghamshire, they found him with his Horace in his hand, tending a few sheep in a common field, which he told them he was forced to do, "for that his servant was gone home to dine, and assist his wife to do some necessary household business. When his servant returned and released him," continues the biographer, "then his two pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, *which was presently denied them, for Richard was called to rock the cradle;* and the rest of their welcome was so like this, that they stayed but till the next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition." When they departed, Cranmer attempted to console with his worthy master on his uncomfortable position. But the good man only answered, "My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me, but labour

(as, indeed, I do daily,) to submit mine to his will, and possess my soul in patience and peace."

On his return to London from this visit, it appears that Sandys, touched with compassion for his old tutor's situation, solicited his father, who had been promoted to the Archbishopric of York, to remove him to a benefice which would afford him a more comfortable subsistence. The archbishop was well disposed to assist the meek and patient divine, and an opportunity for doing it soon arrived. The master of the Temple, Mr. Alvey, was just dead, and being a learned and pious man, his loss was much lamented by the Society. A successor of equal virtue and ability was anxiously desired; and accordingly, being at dinner with the judges, and the reader and benchers of the society, soon after Alvey's death, the archbishop took occasion to mention the name of Hooker, and to utter an earnest commendation of his excellence. The prelate's powerful recommendation procured for Hooker the immediate offer of the important office; but though its advantages were pointed out to him, it was long before he could be prevailed on to accept it. At last his modest scruples were overcome, and on the 17th of March, 1585, being then, says Walton, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, he was, by patent for life, made Master of the Temple.

When Hooker commenced his duties at the Temple Church, he found himself placed in a rather singular predicament. His predecessor, Alvey, had leaned to the Calvinistic doctrines, and upon his death-bed had earnestly recommended as his successor Mr. Walter Travers, a vehement supporter of the same opinions, who at that time filled the office of afternoon preacher. Travers was a learned and eloquent divine; and, under the circumstances, it may be well conceived that the appointment of Hooker was not very palatable to a large section of the gentlemen of the Temple. It was also soon evident that the doctrinal views of the new preacher differed widely from those to which the Temple congregations had been accustomed. On the subject of church discipline, and upon other important topics, the teaching of Hooker was the reverse of that of Travers or Alvey. His theological opinions, though moderately and meekly expressed, were by no means agreeable to those who had been accustomed to the highly seasoned divinity of Geneva. Accordingly, a strange state of circumstances was created by his appointment, which gave rise to some malicious comments. What was preached by Hooker was afterwards confuted, it was said, by Travers; and it became a common observation that "the forenoon sermons at the Temple spake Canterbury, and the afternoon Geneva." But, in the heat of controversy and fierce collision of opinion, it is worthy of remark, that the judicious and charitable Hooker was ever ready to bear his willing testimony to his opponent's piety and learning. His biographers also, however widely opposed to the tenets of Travers, have pursued the same honourable course. Izaak Walton says that he was a man "of competent learning, of winning behaviour, and of a blameless life;"

and Dr. Gauden, (an earlier biographer of Hooker,) in contrasting him with his theological opponent, observes that, "Mr. Travers was a more plausible and profitable preacher to vulgar auditors, as well as more popular, having much more of the oratorian decoy, a pleasing voice, a pathetic pronunciation, and an insinuating fashion or gesture to captivate his auditors by his agreeable presence, vigorous speech, and graceful activity."

It may be observed that this period was regarded as a most critical one in the existence of the Church of England by all those who participated in Hooker's views of ecclesiastical discipline. She had not only to encounter the opposition of the Nonconformists, and the more subtle and formidable hostility of Rome, but within her own pale were many learned and pious men, who dissented from her practice and teaching in some important particulars. During the late era of persecution, when the more zealous Reformers were scattered over the continent, many of them imbibed at Antwerp or Geneva the peculiar theological views which then distinguished most of the foreign from the English partisans of the Reformation. That portentous struggle was yet too recent, and the recollection of the sharp and bitter persecutions of the English Protestants too lively, to permit of separations or divisions, which, in the eyes of prudent and conscientious Reformers, might serve to weaken their ranks against the common enemy. In the Church itself, therefore, at this period, were to be found many divines, who sympathised with Calvin's notions of Church government, as well as with his theological system. With these men Hooker honestly and widely differed, but the peculiar circumstances of the period eminently required, as he well perceived, the exercise of great moderation and discretion. Though forced into the discussion of polemical questions, his controversial writings are altogether free from asperity, and were evidently dictated in a conciliatory spirit. Whilst opposing, for instance, the Calvinistic system, in his beautiful Preface to the Ecclesiastical Polity, (addressed "to them that seek, as they term it, the reformation of the laws and orders ecclesiastical in the Church of England,") he does not omit to pay his tribute of respect to the character of the Genevese Reformer. "A founder it had," he says, "whom, for my own part I think incomparably the wisest man that ever the French Church did enjoy, since the hour it enjoyed him. His bringing up was in the study of the civil law. Divine knowledge he gathered, not by learning or reading so much, as by teaching others. For though thousands were debtors to him, as touching knowledge in that kind; yet he to none but only God, the author of that most blessed fountain, the Book of Life, and of the admirable dexterity of wit, together with the help of other learning, which were his guides."

As a further sample of Hooker's tolerant spirit, as well as of his weighty and dignified style, the following passage, bearing fully upon the subject under our consideration, may be also appropriately quoted from the

same preface. "Among ourselves," he says, "there was in King Edward's days some question moved, by reason of a few men's scrupulosity touching certain things. And beyond seas, of them which fled in the days of Queen Mary, some contenting themselves abroad with the use of their own service-book at home authorised before their departure out of the realm; others liking better the Common Prayer Book of the Church of Geneva translated, those smaller contentions before begun were by these means somewhat increased. Under the happy reign of her majesty, which now is, the greatest matter a while contended for, was the wearing of the cap and surplice, till there came Admonitions directed unto the high court of parliament, by men, who concealing their names, thought it glory enough to discover their minds and affections, which now were universally bent even against all the orders and laws, wherein this Church is found unconformable to the platform of Geneva. Concerning the Defender of which Admonitions, all that I mean to say is but this: *there will come a time when three words uttered with charity and meekness shall receive a far more blessed reward than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit.*"

It cannot excite our surprise that in an intolerant age, the principles of intolerance should have been embraced by many Protestant communities. Both within and without the pale of the Establishment, there was in Elizabeth's reign no lack of theologians, who, however distinguished for zeal and piety, were lamentably deficient in Christian charity. Many of the more popular Gospels in England were distinguished for the same spirit which animated Knox in Scotland and Calvin at Geneva. Some of them were positive in asserting that under no circumstances could a Papist be saved, "insomuch," says Walton, "that about this time, at the execution of the Queen of Scots, the bishop that preached her funeral sermon—which was Dr. Howland, then Bishop of Peterborough—was reviled for not being positive for her damnation." It was for maintaining more tolerant and charitable notions, on this and other points, that Hooker was forced into controversy. Exception was taken against him by Travers for having declared in one of his sermons, "that he doubted not but that God was merciful to many of our forefathers living in popish superstition, for as much as they sinned ignorantly." When such a sentiment, however, was selected for attack, Hooker was not backward in justifying the charitable assumption by an irresistible appeal to reason and the Scriptures; and few who have taken the trouble to peruse the summary of his argument will refuse to admit that in logic, if not in declamation, he had the advantage over Travers.

The contest between Hooker and Travers excited at the time much attention, being conducted on both sides with great learning and moderation. At length, Archbishop Whitgift thought it prudent to interfere between the combatants. This prelate had already had some experience of the principles and character

of Travers, and of his turbulent carriage at the university. Having regard therefore to the peace of the Establishment, he felt it his duty to prohibit him from preaching; and although Travers, backed by powerful friends, appealed to the Privy Council, he was not able to prevail against the influence of the archbishop.

The dismissal of Travers did not, however, restore tranquillity to Hooker's congregation, and the good man continued to be sorely troubled by the "neglects and oppositions" which he encountered. To relieve his mind, and to provide himself with congenial employment, he resolved to compose a sober treatise on the discipline and authority of the Church; but he found the Temple no fit place for the composition of such a work, requiring, as it did, deep meditation and study. He sighed for the privileges of convenient leisure and undisturbed quietness of spirit, and earnestly longed to exchange the bickerings, jealousies, and heart-burnings of his metropolitan ministry for a quiet country parsonage. In this difficulty he applied to his friend Archbishop Whitgift, and freely stated his case to that great prelate. He told him that he was weary of the noise and oppositions of the Temple, and that God had not intended him for contentions, but for study and quietness. He referred to his contests with Travers, which were the more unpleasant to him because in his conscience he believed him to be a good man, and that belief had induced him to examine deeply into the grounds of his own views of Church discipline, and to consult every authority, human and divine, upon the subject. "And in this examination," he continued, "I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a treatise in which I intend the satisfaction of others, by a demonstration of the reasonableness of our laws of ecclesiastical polity. But, my lord, I shall never be able to finish what I have begun, unless I be removed into some quiet parsonage, *where I may see God's blessing spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread in peace and privacy*; a place where I may, without disturbance, meditate my approaching mortality, and that great account which all flesh must give at the last day to the God of all spirits."

We know of no passage of English prose more beautiful or affecting than the last sentence of this memorable epistle; and we may observe, by the way, that the clause we have marked with italics has been elegantly applied by the poet Mason to Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, in the following lines, which refer to the unobtrusive life of that excellent divine before his elevation to the mitre:—

"Whose equal mind could see vain Fortune shower
Her flimsy favours on the fawning crew,
While in low Thurcaston's sequestered bower
She fixed him distant from promotion's view.
Yet, sheltered there by calm contentment's wing,
Pleased he could smile, and with sage Hooker's eye
See from his mother earth God's blessings spring,
And eat his bread in peace and privacy."

Fortunately for Hooker, an opportunity for the gratification of the wish to which he had given such

earnest expression soon presented itself to the Archbishop. The rectory of Boscum, in the diocese of Sarum, became vacant, and happening to be in the disposal of the Primate, it was offered to the harassed pastor. The offer was accepted with pious thankfulness, and Hooker immediately quitted the Temple to bury himself in the solitude of a country parsonage. He made good use of his retirement; for during the four years which he passed at Boscum, he completed and published four out of the eight books which he had proposed to write on the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity. From Boscum Hooker was transferred, in July 1595, to the parsonage of Bishop's Bourne in Kent, three miles from Canterbury. This living, it appears, was in the gift of the Crown, and having become vacant by the elevation of the former Incumbent, (Dr. William Redman,) to the see of Norwich, Queen Elizabeth bestowed it upon Hooker, "whom she loved well," in special acknowledgment of his merit and the services he had rendered to the Church.

At Bourne the good parson passed the remainder of his life in quiet seclusion, his time being fully occupied with the duties of his ministry, (to which he sedulously and conscientiously attended,) and with the composition of his great work. His parsonage being on the high-road from Canterbury to Dover, we are told that many scholars and others who travelled that way turned aside to see the man "whose life and learning were so much admired." But the strangers who were thus admitted to his presence must have marvelled not a little at his aspect and demeanour. His mean and humble appearance was little calculated to inspire the worldly-minded with respect or awe. No personal graces, or assumption of superiority, gave any outward indication of the profound and subtle intellect which he was known to possess. Instead of the dignified ecclesiastic they had pictured to themselves, the curious visitors found, in Izaak Walton's words, "an obscure, harmless man; a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown, or canonical coat; of a mean stature, and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul: his body worn out, not with age, but study and holy mortifications; his face full of heat and pimples, begot by his unactivity and sedentary life." His humility and simplicity of character were still more observable than his careless and unstudied demeanour. Of all men that have ever lived he appears best to have realized the idea of a meek-spirited parish pastor, modest, affable, and learned; pious and self-denying, and ever ready to esteem others better than himself. So mild and humble was his nature, says Walton, "that his poor parish-clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off, at the same time: and to this may be added, that though he was not purblind, yet he was short or weak-sighted; and where he fixed his eyes at the beginning of his sermon, there they continued till it was ended: and the reader has a liberty to believe, that his modesty and dim sight were some of the reasons why he trusted Mrs. Churchman to choose his wife."

We are told by Walton that the parish clerk who has been thus incidentally mentioned survived till the third or fourth year of the Long Parliament. For many years after Hooker's death, it had been his duty and delight to point out his master's tomb to strangers who were anxious to see the earthly resting-place of such a man, and at the same time to add his personal testimony to the holiness and humility of his character. "But it so fell out," says Walton, "that about the said third or fourth year of the Long Parliament, the then present parson of Bourne was sequestered,—you may guess why,—and a Genevan minister put into his good living. This, and other like sequestrations, made the clerk express himself in a wonder and say, they had sequestered so many good men, that he doubted if his good master, Mr. Hooker, had lived till now, they would have sequestered him too!"

The name of this veteran parish clerk, as we gather from another source, was Sampson Horton, and it appears from Walton's narrative that he did not long survive the appointment of the "intruding minister." When the sacrament was about to be administered by this worthy, according to the Genevan form, poor Sampson displayed some natural hesitation, and having been called on by the minister "to cease wondering, and lock the church-door," he replied, "Pray take you the keys, and lock me out: I will never come more into this church; for all men will say, my master Hooker was a good man and a good scholar; and I am sure it was not used to be thus in his days;" "and report says," continues Walton, "the old man went presently home and died."

Leaving, with honest Izaak, "this grateful clerk in his quiet grave," we return to his master, Hooker. Notwithstanding the blameless tenor of his life and conversation, the parson of Bourne was not exempt from the usual penalty of exalted excellence—the liability to slander and malicious misrepresentation. An attempt was made to take advantage of his constitutional timidity by circulating, for the purposes of extortion, a slanderous report, deeply affecting his character as a Christian minister, but the plot was unravelled and exposed by his friends Sandys and Cranmer, and the conspirators brought to condign punishment. The accusation which was made against him was one which none of those who knew him could have credited for an instant; but party feelings then ran high, and it is hinted that the slander was invented by a dissenting brother, who endured not Church ceremonies, and hated him for his book's sake.¹ However this may be, it is worthy of remark that as soon as his character was fully vindicated, Hooker at once forgot and forgave the wrongs he had suffered. He even endeavoured to procure the pardon of the guilty wretches who had slandered him, and he would often afterwards, it is said, exclaim to his friend, Dr. Saravia, "Oh! with what quietness did I enjoy my soul, after I was free from the fears of my slander!"

(1) Walton.

And how much more after a conflict and victory over my desires of revenge!"

In the year 1597, Hooker published the fifth book of his *Ecclesiastical Polity*, and to the day of his death he was busily occupied in the composition of the remaining portion of the work. When overtaken by a sharp sickness, about the year 1600, it was his constant prayer that he might live to finish what he had so well begun. And so great was his anxiety, so earnest his labour and study, that it has been said, "he hastened his own death, by hastening to give life to his books." When, only a few days before his decease, his house was robbed, on being informed of the occurrence, says Walton, his only question was, "Are my books and written papers safe?" And being informed that they were, his reply was, "Then it matters not; for no other loss can trouble me."

We must not omit to state that the good man's termagant wife survived him; and though habit possibly enabled him to endure her tyranny with patience, yet it is very evident that he enjoyed through life but a slight share of domestic felicity. It is plain, that this vulgar woman, feeling no interest in his pursuits, being utterly unable to comprehend or appreciate his character, and taking advantage of his yielding and gentle nature, treated him with studied unkindness and contempt. Upon Hooker's death, without waiting "a comely time to bewail her widowhood," she married again; but this second marriage she did not live long enough to repent of, for she died within four months after she became a widow. It has been said that a precious manuscript of the last three books of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, completed and carefully revised by her husband, was destroyed through her carelessness and ignorance. Having been sent for to Lambeth by Archbishop Whitgift, about three months subsequently to her husband's death, she is stated to have confessed, after some friendly questioning, that "one Mr. Charke," (whom Wood describes as a "noted puritan,") "and another misister that dwelt near Canterbury, came to her, and desired that they might go into her husband's study, and look upon some of his writings; and that there they two burnt and tore many of them, assuring her that they were writings not fit to be seen."¹ The morning after making this statement, the unworthy helpmate of our great divine was found dead in her bed, at her lodgings in King Street, Westminster. It is added that her new husband was "suspected and questioned" about her death, but was subsequently declared innocent, and discharged.

It is pleasant to turn from the contemplation of this woman's fate, to the account which has been handed down to us of Hooker's death-bed. His behaviour in the last trying scene of all, and the dying utterances of his parting spirit, were in beautiful accordance with the wisdom and purity of his life. On the great theme to which he had dedicated so much of his attention, he continued to meditate as long as his

soul lingered upon earth. When, on the day of his death, it was observed by his friend Saravia, that he appeared to be "deep in contemplation, and not inclinable to discourse," and a request was made that he should disclose what was passing in his mind, he is said to have replied, "That he was meditating the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be in heaven: and ah! that it might be so on earth." His last recorded words also prove the direction of his thoughts, and the chief aim and aspiration of his heart. "I could wish," he said, "to live to do the Church more service; but cannot hope it, for my days are passed as a shadow that returneth not." Such were Hooker's dying words. "More he would have spoken," says his estimable biographer, "but his spirits failed him; and after a short conflict between nature and death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep. And now he seems to rest like Lazarus in Abraham's bosom."

Hooker's great work on the *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity* is justly considered, in a literary point of view, one of the most remarkable productions of a most remarkable period. It has the reputation of being the first work in our language which affords an example of strict, continuous reasoning, logically arranged and methodized. Every sentence appears to have been carefully weighed, and demands the reader's whole attention. From the first page to the last, it is full of weighty matter, which requires for its perfect comprehension patient and deliberate study. It is one of the few books, which, in Lord Bacon's words, require "to be chewed and digested," and, "to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention." Regarded merely as a monument of erudition—of exact and varied learning—we should consider it deserving of attention, were it not that its claim to distinction rests upon higher grounds than an ambitious parade of authorities, or display of scholarship.

It would have been incredible if such a work had not, in the author's lifetime, excited the attention, and extorted the approbation of the learned. Its publication was an era in the history of theological investigation, and it is no wonder that its fame soon spread through Europe. Soon after the first four books had been given to the world, the attention of Pope Clement VIII. was called to them, by a learned Englishman of the Romish faith, who boasted that though "he had never met with an English book, whose writer deserved the name of an author, yet there now appeared a wonder to them, and it would be so to his Holiness if it were in Latin;" and what was more surprising than all, this learned work, so grave, logical, and majestic, that in style and matter it had never been surpassed, was the production of a "poor, obscure English priest!" At the Pope's request, the same learned Englishman read to his Holiness, in Latin, some portions of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, and at the end of the first book, the Pontiff is said to have remarked:—"There is no learning that this man hath not searched into, nothing too hard for

(1) See Appendix to Walton's Life of Hooker.

his understanding: this man indeed deserves the name of an author. His books will get reverence by age; for there is in them such seeds of eternity, that, if the rest be like this, they shall last till the last fire shall consume all learning."

In addition to its high reputation as a model of argumentative composition, there is another point of view in which the ecclesiastical polity of Hooker is interesting to the English student. It affords us a curious and valuable example of the weighty and majestic style which was in vogue among the learned in Elizabeth's days. The idiom, as it has been remarked, is that of the Latin rather than the English language. It abounds with long, involved, and intricate sentences, framed upon the classical models, and requiring to be construed with care and attention. On the other hand, in the choice of words, Hooker appears to have been singularly happy. For precision and propriety of expression he has no equal in the language. The character of massive strength belongs emphatically to all his writings. They speak to us with a tone of grave authority which commands respect, even where the assent of the understanding may be withheld. As a brief illustration of our remarks, we would take the first sentence of the first book of the "Ecclesiastical Polity," which is no doubt familiar to many of our readers—"He that goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers; because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of regiment is subject, but the secret lets and difficulties, which in public proceedings are innumerable and inevitable they have not ordinarily the judgment to consider."

The following remarks on the influence of music, and the propriety of employing it for devotional purposes, appear to us highly characteristic of Hooker's style, and from their intrinsic excellence well worthy of citation:—"In harmony, the very image and character, even of virtue and vice, is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblances, and brought, by having them often iterated, into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony; than some, nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another, we need no proof but our own experience, inasmuch as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness, of some more mollified and softened in mind; one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections; there is that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity; there is also that carrieth, as it were, into ecstasies, filling the mind with a heavenly joy, and for the time in a manner severing it from the body; so that, although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty or matter, the very harmony of sounds being framed in due sort, and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is, by a native puissance and efficacy, greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled;

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apt as well to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is too eager; sovereign against melancholy and despair; forcible to draw forth tears of devotion, if the mind be such as can yield them; able to move and to moderate all affections. . . . They must have hearts very dry and tough, from whom the melody of the psalms doth not sometime draw that wherein a mind religiously affected delighteth."

It is impossible to read through Hooker's great work without meeting with many pithy and pregnant passages, which might be profitably brought to the reader's notice, but our limits forbid the insertion of any lengthened extracts. One or two brief specimens, however, of his forcible and peculiar manner, selected at random, we are tempted to subjoin to this notice.

IMAGINATION.

"The mind, while we are in this present life, whether it contemplate, meditate, deliberate, or howsoever exercise itself, worketh nothing without continual recourse unto imagination, the only store-house of wit and peculiar chair of memory. On this anvil it ceaseth not day and night to strike, by means whereof, as the pulse declareth how the heart doth work, so the very thoughts and cogitations of man's mind, be they good or bad, do nowhere sooner bewray themselves, than through the crevices of that wall wherewith nature hath compassed the cells and closets of fancy."

OBSERVANCE OF RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS.

"That which the head of all philosophers hath said of women, 'If they be good the half of the commonwealth is happy wherein they are,' the same we may fitly apply to [festival] times; well to celebrate these religious and sacred days is to spend the flower of our time happily. They are the splendour and outward dignity of our religion, forcible witnesses of ancient truth, provocations to the exercise of all piety, shadows of an endless felicity in heaven, on earth everlasting records and memorials, wherein they which cannot be drawn to hearken unto that which we teach, may only by looking upon that we do, in a manner read whatsoever we believe."

SIGNIFICATION OF THE WEDDING-RING.

"The ring hath been always used as an especial pledge of faith and fidelity. Nothing more fit to serve as a token of our purposed endless continuance in that which we never ought to revoke. This is the cause wherefore the heathens themselves did in such cases use the ring, whereunto Tertullian alluding saith, that in ancient times, 'No woman was permitted to wear gold save only upon one finger, which her husband had fastened unto himself with that ring which was usually given for assurance of future marriage.' The cause why the Christians use it, as some of the fathers think, is either to testify mutual love, or rather to serve for a pledge of conjunction in heart and mind agreed upon between them. But what rite and custom is there so harmless wherein the wit of man lending itself to derision, may not easily find out somewhat to scorn and

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jest at? He that should have beheld the Jews when they stood with a four-cornered garment spread over the head of espoused couples, while their espousals were in making, he that should have beheld their praying over a cup, and their delivering the same at the marriage feast, with set forms of benediction as the order amongst them was, might being lewdly affected, take thereat as just occasion of scornful cavil as at the use of the ring in wedlock among Christians."

UNDUE IMPORTANCE, ATTACHED TO PREACHING.

"There is crept into the minds of men at this day, a secret pernicious and pestilent conceit, that the greatest perfection of a Christian man, doth consist in discovery of other men's faults, and in wit to discourse of our own profession. When the world most abounded with just, righteous, and perfect men, their chiefest study was the exercise of piety, wherein for their safest direction they reverently hearkened to the readings of the law of God, they kept in mind the oracles and aphorisms of wisdom which tended unto virtuous life, if any scruple of conscience did trouble them for matter of actions which they took in hand, nothing was attempted before counsel and advice were had, for fear lest rashly they might offend. We are now more confident, not that our knowledge and judgment is riper, but because our desires are another way. Their scope was obedience, ours is skill; their endeavour was reformation of life, our virtue nothing but to hear gladly the reproof of vice; they in the practice of their religion wearied chiefly their knees and hands, we especially our ears and tongues. We are grown, as in many things else so in this, to a kind of intemperance, which (only sermons excepted) hath almost brought all other duties of religion out of taste. At the least they are not in that account and reputation they should be."

Of Hooker's dispute with Travers we have already spoken at some length, and to his controversial writings it is therefore unnecessary for us to make further reference. But a few admirable sermons are contained in his collected works, which are too characteristic of his disposition and genius to be passed over without a separate notice. In his public preaching, Hooker sedulously avoided the use of florid metaphors and dazzling rhetoric. Nor was he remarkable for the headlong earnestness of manner which distinguished the more popular preachers of the period. His discourses were in general plain but elaborate efforts of reasoning, delivered with suitable simplicity and gravity. In describing the performance of his ministerial duties at Bourne, Izaak Walton informs us that "his sermons were neither long nor earnest, but uttered with a grave zeal, and a humble voice: his eyes always fixed on one place, to prevent his imagination from wandering; insomuch that he seemed to study as he spake." The discourses which have come down to us are, as the reader may surmise, no common performances, and are characterised by the same solidity of structure which distinguishes his larger work. Many beautiful passages may be selected from them,

and with one or two of those which have struck us most in a hasty perusal, we conclude this brief and imperfect sketch of the life and character of Richard Hooker.

Our first extract is from "A learned Sermon on the nature of Pride."—"I am not afraid to affirm it boldly with St. Augustine, that men puffed up through a proud opinion of their own sanctity and holiness, receive a benefit at the hands of God, and are assisted with his grace, when with his grace they are not assisted, but permitted, and that grievously to transgress; whereby, as they were in over-great liking of themselves supplanted, so the dislike of that which did supplant them may establish them afterwards the surer. Ask the very soul of Peter, and it shall undoubtedly make you itself this answer: My eager protestations, made in the glory of my ghostly strength, I am ashamed of; but those crystal tears wherewith my sin and weakness was bewailed, have procured my endless joy; my strength hath been my ruin, and my fall my stay."

From the same sermon we extract the following noble sentences on the nature and excellency of justice. "Slightly to touch a thing so needful most exactly to be known, were towards justice itself to be unjust. Wherefore I cannot let slip so fit an occasion to wade herein somewhat further than perhaps were expedient, unless both the weightiness and hardness of the matter itself did urgently press therunto. Justice, that which flourishing upholdeth, and not prevailing disturbeth, shaketh, threateneth with utter desolation and ruin the whole world: justice, that whereby the poor have their succour, the rich their ease, the potent their honour, the living their peace, the souls of the righteous departed their endless rest and quietness: justice, that which God and angels and men are principally exalted by: justice, the chiefest matter contended for at this day in the Christian world: in a word, justice, that whereon not only all our present happiness, but in the kingdom of God our future joy dependeth. So that, whether we be in love with the one or with the other, with things present or things to come, with earth or with heaven; in that which is so greatly available to both, none can but wish to be instructed."

Our concluding quotation is from a Funeral Sermon, entitled, "A remedy against sorrow and fear."

"The death of the saints of God is precious in his sight. And shall it seem unto us superfluous at such times as these are to hear in what manner they have ended their lives? The Lord himself hath not disdained so exactly to register in the book of life after what sort his servants have closed up their days on earth, that he descendeth even to their very meanest actions, what meat they have longed for in their sickness, what they have spoken unto their children, kinsfolk, and friends, where they have willed their dead carcasses to be laid, how they have framed their wills and testaments, yea, the very turning of their faces to this side or that, the setting of their eyes, the degrees whereby their natural heat hath departed from

them, their cries, their groans, their pantings, breathings, and last gaspings, he hath most solemnly commended unto the memory of all generations. The care of the living both to live and to die well must needs be somewhat increased, when they know that their departure shall not be folded up in silence, but the ears of many be made acquainted with it. . . . Howbeit, because to spend herein many words would be to strike even as many wounds into their minds whom I rather wish to comfort: therefore concerning this virtuous gentlewoman only this little I speak, and that of knowledge, 'She lived a dove and died a lamb.' And if amongst so many virtues, hearty devotion towards God, towards poverty tender compassion, motherly affection towards servants, towards friends even serviceable kindness, mild behaviour and harmless meaning towards all; if, where so many virtues were eminent, any be worthy of special mention, I wish her dearest friends of that sex to be her nearest followers in two things: *silence*, saving only where duty did exact speech; and *patience*, even then when extremity of pains did enforce grief."

SYDNEY SMITH, in London, was shown a lump of American ice, upon which he remarked, "that he was glad to see anything solvent come from America."

THERE is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, "that a man does not know how to pass his time." It would have been but ill-spoken by Methuselah, in the nine hundred and sixty-ninth year of his life.—*Cowley*.

PAST AND FUTURE.

ANNABEL C.—

MEMORY.

DEEM not in its hour of birth
Joy hath left the earth;
Or that its glory cannot last,
When the hour is past.

For, however dear and close
To your heart it rose,
Memory makes it far more bright;
Haloes it with light.

Raindrops, they are very fair
In the cloudy air;
But,—the sun upon his way,—
How much fairer they!

Like those drops our joys are, when
Present to our ken;
Memory, like the sun, will cast
Brightness o'er the past.

HOPE.

HOPE—hope on!
Hope is my motto still!
And that single word is one
Can shield from a world of ill.

Dark may the morning be,
Sunless, and sad, and cold;
Yet beauty may we see
Or ever the day be old.

Like a steady star that shines
Through an alley of forest trees,
And ever, betwixt their lines,
Its light the traveller sees:

So, with shining Hope before,
Joyfully pass we on;
Troubles we see no more:
We see but the light alone.

THE MORMON PROPHET.

(Founded on a recent fact.)

ONE lovely day, at noon, in August 1850, the inhabitants of the little village of R— in Lincolnshire were unusually astir. Groups of men and boys in working attire might have been seen collected here and there. Women lingered on the threshold of their dwellings, unwilling, by an attention to their domestic avocations, to lose one iota of that piquant dish, called scandal, which, "in ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime," appears so well to suit the feminine palate. The appearance of two strange horsemen, approaching this out-of-the-way village, slightly diversified the attention of our rustic *dramatis personæ*, until now wholly engrossed with a more immediate object of interest. Let us follow the example of the good people of R—, and take a glance at their physiognomy and appearance. The elder of these equestrians possessed a visage at once striking and unprepossessing. Intellect marred by low cunning—fanaticism mingled with, if not overpowered by, hypocrisy—lips that vainly endeavoured to curb an habitual contemptuous smile—eyes now flashing with scornful pride, now raised to heaven with an air of sanctified humility,—such were the prevailing characteristics of his countenance. His dress, without being remarkable for singularity, was arranged more for effect than in accordance with the prevailing fashion of the day. His companion formed a pleasing contrast to this repelling personage. He was young and handsome; his features more expressive of good-nature than common sense, and he evidently appertained to a class common enough in agricultural districts, wealthy gentleman-farmers.

"Dreaming still of the beautiful unbeliever!" exclaimed the elder, in a voice more powerful than melodious; "can unutterable bliss be obtained without sacrifice?"

"Sacrifice!" retorted the young man, "sacrifice! Was it nothing, think you, to leave childless an aged mother? nothing to relinquish my own true-hearted Marion? Nothing?—and for what? to—"

"Patience, my son," interrupted the first speaker, "this day—the voice of the Most High has proclaimed it to me—this day shall the truth be made manifest; powerful as the whirlwind when it rushes headlong on its course, pure as the drops that glisten in the sun, boundless as the expanse of the starry worlds, eternal as the city of the Lord. Yes, my pupil," he continued in an elevated tone, "this day shall thy future destiny be decided—this day shall prove me a prophet or a deceiver."

As he concluded these words, they entered the one long solitary street of R—.

"Hollo!" he cried, as he reined in his horse at the Rose and Crown, which from time immemorial had enjoyed a state of single blessedness as the sole inn of the village. "What! all the world turned holiday-seekers? Alas! poor misguided mortals, groping in darkness—"

His pathetic exordium was here unfortunately curtailed by the shrill voice of an old woman in a flaming red cloak, who, in that musical (?) patois, impossible to be conveyed upon paper, peculiar to the rustic denizens of fenny Lincolnshire, exclaimed,

"Thee maunna gang there, mon; yow'll be clean left to shift for yoursen."

"And why, my good woman?"

"Good woman, forsooth! none o' your gammins here. Take my word and ride off from that ere bad-luckit 'ouse;" and the "good woman," having delivered this mysterious injunction, drew her scarlet robe more closely around her, to screen her person, we presume, from the scorching rays of the sun, and slowly hobbled away.

"What's all this about?" cried our pious friend, waxing more wrathful than became his saintly character; "call the master; our horses are tired out. What's the matter with the house?"

"Why, sir," answered a boy in a smock who stood at the horse's head; "why, sir, there be a dead mon in th' 'ouse, and," he added in a whisper, "our Mag says as how there was summut wrong."

"Fools!" said the traveller, turning to his young companion, whom we will call Philip Rivers; "let us alight, and solve the mystery for ourselves," and suiting the action to the word, he sprang from his saddle, and quietly led his horse beneath the old-fashioned portal of the inn. Philip followed. Boniface soon appeared, but with none of that smiling visage or honeyed speech which usually distinguishes nine host. No bills of fare were in his hand, no praise of forthcoming dainties on his lips; all he brought into the presence of our travellers was a countenance as woe-begone as generally greets a hand-cuff or a sheriff's officer.

"How now, my friend," said the senior equestrian, "does death so rarely visit your fellow-villagers, that his sudden appearance causes such great sensation?"

"'Tis an awful business, sir," said the publican, who seemed superior to his station; "but walk in, gentlemen, walk in, and if you would hear the history and give a word of advice, why there's none would be so grateful as Sam Winter—that is myself."

"Let us accept his proffered confidence," whispered the Mormon priest; "inscrutable are the ways of God; who can say—but let us enter."

For the benefit of our readers we will condense the loquacious Sam Winter's narrative into a few words. A stranger had arrived there yesterday evening, had retired to rest, and that morning been found lifeless in his bed.

"It wasn't only his dying," continued the discon-

solate inn-keeper, "though that was bad enough, for never a body would sleep in the room again if they heerd on't, but I have imities in the place, and Bessie Walters and Bill Jowler" (and a host of other rusticated cognomens,) "had spread it about there must be something wrong in so sudden a death. What can I do?"

"Is there no clergyman," inquired Philip, "that could have advised you in the matter?"

"Clergyman!" echoed Sam Winter, "sorrow a bit of a parson do we see here 'cept on the Sunday; he lives at t'other village."

"Are there no medical men within reach?" pursued Philip.

"Lor bless your honour!" cried Sam, "and who'd pay for a dead man's doctor's stuff? and I've been so flurried like, and my missus" (*anglice*, wife,) "is away, but I'll send Joe at once, that I will," and he hastened to the door.

"Stay!" exclaimed the Mormon, "stay, and witness the power of the prophet of the Lord, the dead restored to life. But first I would see the corpse—lead on."

His voice was commanding, his manner impressive; in a few moments he was ushered into the chamber of the dead. The body of the unfortunate man was stretched upon the couch; a few straggling beams that forced a way through the closed shutters fell upon his countenance, from which all colour had fled; the lips and face were fearful from the very intensity of their pallor, the eyelids were firmly closed, and the night-dress in which the body was still arrayed, seemed like the shroud ready to enclose those rigid and lifeless limbs.

"Nothing is impossible to a priest of Jerusalem," said the *soi-disant* prophet; "to his prayer everything is conceded; heaven and earth before it bend. Go, assemble your friends, your neighbours; let all behold the miracle, let all rejoice and believe."

It took some time before Sam Winter could fully comprehend what was required of him, but the gapers outside were speedy in obeying the summons "to come and see a strange gentleman bring the dead man to life." The apartment, which was tolerably large, was soon crowded with spectators. We will spare you, gentle readers, the prophet's oration; it was, like his ordinary conversation, more replete with fine sounding verbiage than common sense, but it told upon his simple and illiterate hearers, as was soon manifest by the awe-stricken countenances of all his auditors. All, did we say? No! there was one sturdy-looking fellow, Jim the butcher, a perfect personification of John Bull, who, with arms akimbo, stood eyeing the preacher with a look of irreverent unfriendliness.

"Now," said he, when our friend the prophet had concluded, "I be no scholar; I be a plain-spoken mon, but I'd loike to ask you a question or so. You say as how you can make that ere deede body alive agin?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the Mormon, resuming his oratorical voice and gestures; "yes! at my command

those eyes shall open to the light, those pallid lips shall smile and speak, the blood shall once more warmly flow through those motionless limbs, the spirit of life again shall animate the clay."

"Well," continued the imperturbable butcher; "but if I was to chop off an arm of his'n, would he come to life wi'out his arm?"

"Assuredly," answered the prophet.

"And if I chop off his leg, would he come to life then?"

"Assuredly," was again the laconic reply; "but we waste time—let us pray."

"Stop a wee bit," pursued the butcher; "if I chop off his heede, would he come to life then, eh?"

"Certainly, my friend; all is possible to the prophet of Jerusalem."

"Then I'll do it," cried Jim, in a thundering voice, pushing his way to the head of the couch, and raising his cleaver in the air; "here goes."

"Hollo! hollo!" shrieked the dead man, jumping up; "I'd rather not have my head chopped off this bout, any how."

The spectators, men, women, and children, screamed wildly, and threw one another down in their haste to depart. In an incredibly short time, mine host, the butcher, and Philip Rivers were alone left with the ex-corpse. Jim, laughing heartily, approached the resuscitated man, and seizing him, exclaimed,—

"Now, measter, we'll put a bit polish on yer face," and lo! a few energetic rubs transferred the chalk from that worthy's face to Jim's blue apron. But where is the prophet? Has *he* not remained to witness this wonderful resurrection? No; the sagacious Mormon, finding that instead of a bevy of dupes he had caught a Tartar, hastily decamped in the general confusion, and his confederate, thus left in the lurch, confessed the whole conspiracy. It is almost unnecessary to add, that after this occurrence no Mormon ever again ventured even the shadow of his nose in R——, and Philip Rivers, for whose edification this little episode had principally been concocted, returned to his home a wiser and a happier man. The last we heard of him was his marriage with his fair Marion, and doubtless he finds matrimonial bliss the best safeguard against the seductions of religious fanatics, and we would counsel all whose heads are a little inclined to be led by the last newfangled doctrine, to follow his example.

JOY AND GRIEF.

BY J. M. W.

"No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in time amend."

R. SOUTHWELL.

WHAT melancholy, and, yet, what consolation in that couplet of the old poet! It contains within its simple rhyme the secret of life's greatest sadness—the instability of earthly happiness; and it shows that property of good in all things evil which makes the

evil tolerable to the most impatient and insubordinate spirit, and profitable, in a high degree, to the patient and obedient. Let us think a little about these things. It will help to remind us, in the midst of the cares and turmoils of the world, that we are not altogether "of the earth, earthy," unless we choose to forego our glorious privilege of an inheritance in the kingdom of heaven.

That in human speech there is the word joy—that in the human heart there is the emotion which that word expresses—these considerations alone should make a man religious. Surely no one can feel deep gladness in his heart and be an infidel, or a sceptic. He must be grateful for the blessing of existence, hopeful for its continuance, and trustful in that higher power without whose gracious providence he could not *be*, or hope, or enjoy. There never yet was a *happy* infidel.

Some of us—many of us—know the full meaning of that word, *joy*. How beautiful! How bright it is! Supersensuous, supernatural, celestial!—yet terrestrial, natural, sensuous, too! That joy which, as Coleridge says,

—"ne'er is given

Save to the pure, and in their purest hour."

Oh! who can doubt that the being who has felt this—who is endowed with faculties to appreciate its beauty and its glory—who feels instinctively that in God only can there be the fulness and perfection of joy—who can doubt, I say, that such a being is destined by his Creator to a joyful immortality?

I say these things because it seems to me that we do not sufficiently cultivate a joyous spirit in ourselves and in those around us. We fear to rejoice; we have not faith enough to hope, nor hope enough to be joyful. We, in this country, are too apt to associate an idea of frivolity and shallowness of mind with any outward manifestation of gladness in adults; we are by nature more prone to gloom than to gaiety, and we increase our natural tendency by our social institutions and personal habits, and by our philosophy and religion. Our greatest living philosopher, who necessarily embodies in his works a great portion of the philosophy and semi-philosophy of the thinkers of the age, has declared that "the highest religion is a religion of sorrow." Surely, surely, this is not the *truest* truth. Is there not a higher religion than the religion of sorrow, if haply we may attain unto it—the religion of calm pure joy? I do not say, I do not think, I dare not hope, that many of us, in a generation, can attain to this highest spiritual state possible to earthly existence; but I say that it is our duty to strive after its attainment, and to recognise always that it is the *summum bonum*—that for which we are and were created. We ourselves may be doomed to struggle for ever in this life with sin and sorrow; and though the struggle may in time bring us strength and purity, yet we may never be strong enough and pure enough to stand fast in our inward joy; that blessing may only come to us in another stage of existence; yet is it our highest duty

as well as our greatest privilege to *hope* that it may come in this, and to throw all our energies upon that hope, that it may animate our every action. That is the true Christian state. All the great sufferers for the sake of Christianity, (St. Paul at their head,) have taught us that sorrow is probationary merely, that joy is the ultimate element of the Christian life, and that we are to "rejoice evermore." May not this be the sense in which man is said to be made but a little lower than the angels, that he is gifted with the faculty of rejoicing? For we must remember that the joy here spoken of presupposes love. If, therefore, it be true that joy is a thing to be desired by man for its own sake and for God's, it cannot but be good for us to occupy our minds as often as possible with the consideration of its beauty, to seek to possess it, and to learn to reject all false and insubstantial joys, which serve only to deaden our power of appreciating those which are true. The fanatic and the bigot stigmatise as snares of Satan many a God-given blessing, and to them all joy connected with earth and human beings is false and unsubstantial. Not so to the true Christian. He dare not think that a man is more pure than God; or cast back His gifts, crying, "Unclean! unclean! I will not suffer my heart to be stirred to gladness by any earthly good." Once for all, let us remember the words of the Psalmist, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." Yea, the earth is the Lord's; and we shall help to keep the devil out of it if we recognise the fact that he has no right to be master here, and that we have the power, if we have the will, to drive him out of our own little portion. There is no surer weapon against the spirit of evil than true joy in all its forms.

Let us dwell for a few moments on the nature of joy, as we have been allowed to know it here on earth. What glory! What brilliancy! What a perfume, as of the breath of angels, has it shed over the world within us and without! Blessed are they upon whose souls it has come down, once or twice in a lifetime, like a divine *afflatus*. For a brief space,—a day,—a few hours,—a single hour, perhaps, we have been as gods, lifted above the earth by its power, gifted for the moment with the faculty of seeing nothing but order and light in the universe—the prince of the powers of darkness having vanished utterly into nonentity for us, goodness, love, and beauty encompassed our souls. It is then that we are most confident that our souls are immortal; that there is, indeed, a far higher state of existence for us, a state in which this joy will be permanent. The light of this surpassing glory once shed upon us never wholly leaves us; it lingers round the memory, it warms the heart, and it gives intensity to our prayers and thanksgivings; we feel that God has vouchsafed to us a revelation of the joy prepared in heaven for them that love Him.

Some joys come upon us gradually, rolling slowly on, gathering force and beauty as they proceed, till they sweep over our souls like a huge wave over the pebbles on the beach, stirring them till they give out

music. Others burst upon us suddenly, like the sun on a gloomy day; and we almost lose our breath, or shed tears at the surprise, and shrink from the contrast with the previous sadness of our life. Others again, are so delicate and intangible that they will not bear expression; so fleeting, that before you can say to yourself, "Lo! this is indeed a joy!" it has passed away. It would seem that such short-lived joys are peculiarly dear to the memory. You feel that what there was scarcely time to enjoy in the reality you can preserve sacred, there, in the stronghold of memory, and recur to whenever you please. All true joy is bright. There are many sweet pleasures which are not joys, properly speaking, though they have somewhat of chastened joy in them; these grave and melancholy pleasures I do not take into consideration now. Perhaps the brightest of all earthly joys is the joy that is born of love. Love is seldom all joy, as most of us know. It is a bitter-sweet, a lovely terror, a melancholy bliss to many; but all who have ever loved and been beloved—no matter what their condition, position, education, mental calibre—have known what true joy means. The best organized, the highest gifted individuals know it the best, because they love the most; but all can feel such a simple truth as Emerson has happily cast into a poetic form thus:—

"Deep, deep are loving eyes
Flow'd with naphtha, fiery sweet,
And the point is Paradise
Where their glances meet."

Perhaps there are few joys on earth superior in intensity and purity to that meeting of loving eyes. It is perfect in its kind. There are, again, certain looks and tones which the memory treasures as its most precious deposits. These were joys which, earthly as their causes may seem to uninterested observers, were still to the enjoyers themselves unmistakable evidence that they were capable of a far greater amount of felicity; that they could do and be better than their past existence showed; and they yearned towards heaven with an infinite longing. In the joy that is born of love—that beautiful human love which shadows forth dimly the divine—we feel more strongly than in almost any emotion that our faculties are infinite, and that disbelief in their immortality is rank absurdity. A soul so richly endowed, so full of longings after the infinite and eternal love, and joy, and peace, which it can but faintly conceive, but in which, during its best, *i. e.* its joyous moments, it believes fully,—such a soul could not be created merely to animate a cunningly fashioned tabernacle of flesh for seventy years.

There is nothing of intoxication in the spiritual joy of which I speak. It is thoroughly sane, conscious, and acutely intelligent. It is good for us, intellectually as well as morally, to rejoice. It makes us cleverer as well as better. When the highest joy passes like a divine breath into our souls, we are rapt in an ecstasy; but we do not become wild and insane, like the Pythia or the Bacchante of old Greece, swayed

we know not how, or by what, and giving utterance to that which we do not understand, and of which we have no recollection when the fit is over. No; the highest form of joy makes the recipient intensely conscious of its presence. The unconscious, thoughtless joy of childhood or early youth is a far inferior thing to that "sober certainty of waking bliss" which comes to the full-grown man when a great joy is vouchsafed him. He *knows* that he is happy; and if others could see into his heart, (which they cannot, for a "stranger meddleth not with its joy,") they would be inclined to envy him for "being too happy in his happiness."

All great and universal truths are poetic; they are also bifrontal, and look into us from two sides, if we can turn our minds to inspect them. It has been said by many a poet in ancient and in modern days, that—

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow, is remembering happier things."

Thus truth looks at us with another face sometimes; and then we learn that the recollection of past joy is very different from sorrow. Pure joy, as has been said, is an ecstatic sanity. Bee-like, it stores up honey from its present summer abundance, to meet the dull, cold winter of discontent that must follow. The very young rarely think of laying up in the memory a joy for the days of solitude and heart-desolation,—they have not learned to anticipate them; therein consists the beauty of youth. But when that is gone, when we have begun to look before and after,—when we stand on the utmost margin of that golden land, and must go onward to maturity,—then, when a great joy visits our soul, suddenly, in the midst of that joy—ay, in the very palpitating centre of the heart of it—we hear a voice, a melancholy warning tone, which whispers, "Mark it well! Take note of it! It is transitory—it will never come again! But its memory will be a blessing in the far-off coming years!" Thus it is that the thoughtful prudent soul squanders no fraction of its happiness; it makes memory thrifty; and when the brightest flowers of life begin to fade, she is compelled to preserve them in a sort of *hortus siccus*. Alas! for the colour and the perfume! Which is best then?—the thoughtless, bird-like joy of childhood, which does not recognise its own bliss, or the joy of maturity, conscious, rapturous, yet dashed with the thought that it must pass away? Let each answer this question according to his own nature. I, for my part, hesitate not, one moment, to choose the latter. Ever let me have, "though full of pain," "this intellectual being." And, though I sigh over the portrait, let me recognise the truth and beauty of the likeness dashed off in this one masterly line—

"Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips,
Bidding adieu,"

But, to return. How are we to reconcile these apparently adverse truths which have been stated above? How is it that all true, pure joy rouses the soul to a keen sense of its immortality, inasmuch

as joy is the very essence of eternal life; and, at the same time, we know and feel that all joy here below is transitory—that there is "no joy so great but runneth to an end?" How shall we reconcile them? Ah! easily enough. If this world's good—if its bright, fleeting, ecstatic joys could be made permanent—what would be the result? Either we should become supine and contented with our present stage of existence, hoping and caring for nothing beyond it, or we should grow, at length, so accustomed to joy that it would become a matter of indifference to us. Our spirits are too weak to endure a permanent state of joy; it is a sort of moral oxygen which, if inhaled unmixed, would consume us very fast. We must become much stronger ere we can bear a continuity of joy. The most melancholy part of the fact, that there is "no joy so great but runneth to an end," is the consideration that the end of the joy comes as often from our inability to keep on enjoying, as from the removal of the cause of joy.

The great joys of life, glorious and elevating as they are, should not make us regardless of the small blessings, which steal down gently like the dew from heaven, and make us able to bear the burden and heat of another day. Great joys, like all great things in this world, are rare. *Iliads* are not written in every generation, *Niagaras* do not pour forth in every petty principality; and that joy, which, like the *Iliad* and *Niagara*, speaks to us most distinctly of the glory and power of the Creator, and of our capacity for living in and for Him, does not come more than once or twice in a life-time. Let us therefore value highly the small blessings of life. This thought leads us to the second part of our subject; for the removal of grief is in itself a joy.

"No hap so hard but may in time amend."

In the first pangs of a strong grief we cannot remember this; and though we have had our griefs cured a hundred times, yet every fresh grief comes upon us with the force of novelty, and we believe that it will not pass away; it takes complete possession of the spirit, and for a time there is no room for hope or consolation. We cannot esteem highly men and women who do not know how to grieve, who shake off a sorrow from their soul as a bird shakes off a summer shower from its wing, and cannot be penetrated, saturated by it. We feel that there is something too light and mercurial in their temperament, and far from believing that they are stronger than the generality, and bear sorrow better, we cannot believe that they *feel* at all in the true human sense of the word. The sorrow does not touch them; they do not bear it; it passes over them. These people do not wear out; placid and imperturbable, they move about in the world without a single unnecessary motion or emotion. They are said to have well-regulated minds. It is easy to rule over a flat, bare, uninhabited plain. They are reserved, and they suppress their feelings, we are often told. It may be so;—but I sometimes wonder what it is they reserve, and where they

reserve it; and as to the suppression of their feelings, there surely can be little merit due for suppression where there is no insurrection; very little generalship is required in such a case, I imagine.

Again; your dull, regular, mechanical people are often the greatest comfort and help to the oversensitive and excitable; they rest upon them as upon a pillow; they fall in love with the unintelligent repose of the nature, because it is free from the trials and troubles of their own. Thus we often see a strong attachment (I dare not give it the sacred name of friendship, which supposes community of spirits,) between a quiet, cold, imperturbable man, whom joy cannot elevate above, or grief depress below the even tenor of his way, and another, who scarcely knows what calm means, whose life is spent in paroxysms of joy and sorrow, or in intervening fits of deadly indifference. Both these natures are incapable of deriving that holy benefit from sorrow which it should bring to the human heart.

As joy reminds us of our immortality by giving us a foretaste of heaven, so sorrow reminds us that this earth, beautiful as it is, is no abiding-place for the spirit of man; that it is not permitted to him to enjoy the good that is spread around, except at intervals, and thus it leads him to hope for a better life. Without worshipping, without deifying sorrow, it is our duty to receive it humbly, as a means of purification and sanctification. We cannot *love* sorrow; if we say we do, we know not truly what sorrow is, and have never drained her cup to the bitter, bitter dregs. Sorrow comes to us in all forms, in all disguises, from all quarters, and at all times. It generally follows joy, like its shadow, and it often rises up substantially where no joy has been. Sometimes it assumes the form of a joy, and only reveals its true nature when it has nestled into the heart; sometimes it wraps itself up in the mantle of duty, and is embraced for years, as duty, by the over-scrupulous yet shrinking soul, that cannot get free from it at last. In youth it comes suddenly, like the tornado, prostrating fair and fertile regions before it, which scarcely recover its dreadful visitation during a decade; in maturity it comes thus, also, and then its ruin is lifelong; and often it steals over the soul like the pestilence which walketh at noon-day. Sorrow comes upon us from without. Persons and circumstances over which we have no control work us woe; but such sorrow is light compared with that which comes from within, which comes from ourselves, from our own misconduct or ill-governed minds. Nearly all nations have a proverb to this effect,—That we ourselves make our greatest sorrows. If we look honestly into our hearts we shall see that it is indeed so. We yield to temptation, and fall into sin. Surely as the thunder follows the lightning, sorrow must follow sin, even in this world. We need not expect that the retribution will be delayed until another stage of existence. "All guilt revenges itself here upon this earth." This is our training-ground, our battle-field, the scene of our conquest and defeat.

Grief brings us on our knees. We struggle to stand alone at first, and we fail. Then we seek for support *out* of ourselves, in the sympathy and help of our fellows; this, for awhile, may prove efficacious, if the grief be not of the deepest kind; but in the acutest sorrow, in the dreary desolation of the soul, we feel too keenly the insufficiency of all human help, and casting ourselves prostrate before God, we stretch out our trembling hands to Him, *because* there is none other to help us. We know that such grief as ours isolates us from our fellows, and then, tear-blinded, our eyes turn to Heaven, waiting for the dayspring from on high. The grief for which we can find human sympathy, and a sufficient human remedy, is by no means the heaviest; but the sorrow for which there is no earthly comfort, the sorrow in which we gaze despairingly all round the wide universe for help, and find none—when we feel that God has forsaken us, and that *now*, indeed, annihilation would be a blessing,—that is the grief which man finds too heavy for him to bear. And it is precisely that grief which, like an angel, with a scourge in its hand, drives him to the only secure shelter which the whole universe affords for a soul distressed, the bosom of the Almighty. Trembling and tearful he rests there, and learns to be thankful for the deep affliction which wrecked his earthly happiness,—which, in his mortal blindness, he believed to be made up of evil alone, and which he now sees was the only means of leading him to infinite goodness. It is a deep truth that a grief which seems final—which shuts out all further prospect from the sufferer, is often but "the cloudy portal opening on the sun." "Manure the soil well with despair, only let it be genuine, and you will reap a plentiful harvest," says Rachel Varnhagen.

It is not an easy thing to derive any comfort from a consideration of the transitory nature of joy. Philosophy may make the thought endurable, and poetry may teach us to bear it cheerfully as a part of God's will; but the human heart in its natural state yearns after joy, and dreads the loss of it. But the thought that grief is transitory, that, as the vulgar proverbs say, "When things come to the worst they must mend," that "it is a long lane that has no turning," that "the darkest hour of the night is that which precedes the dawn," that there is

"No hap so hard but may in time amend,—"

these thoughts should ever make the sharpest grief endurable even to the merely worldly-wise. To the truly religious there is a higher consolation scattered like healing herbs throughout the Scriptures. Let us gather these and treasure them in the breast, that their odour may revive our souls in the hour of grief. "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him; for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."—"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised there-



by. Wherefore, lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees." Again, have we not learned, by experience, that though "weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning?"

While touching on this important subject, let me add a few words concerning the *manner* of receiving afflictions, and bearing sorrow. The mental attitude of the sufferer indicates, to a considerable extent, the nature of his character, and the difficulty or facility with which sorrow will work out good for him. The cowardly, the timid, the weak, (Alas! alas! how many such are there "crawling betwixt heaven and earth!")—they fall prostrate on their faces with fear, at the first stroke of sorrow, or crouch down, trembling, and are crushed by it; so that they have no power to rise and look the thing steadily in the face. These people experience nothing of the ennobling, elevating effects of suffering. They moan always, and are sad, when they should cease moaning and struggle in silence. They are truly miserable. They want natural strength; and they want faith to seek for strength where only it is to be found. Far be it from us to feel contempt for such; they are most deserving of pity; let us be cautious how we indulge contempt even for the weakest, meanest thing that lives. Others there are of a very opposite nature; who, to my notion, bear affliction almost as ill. They stand up against it defiantly, haughtily; they do not bravely bear the evils which the Creator has thought fit to mingle with their lot, in a large proportion;—for, in order to bear an evil bravely, we must recognise it as an evil, not try to blind ourselves to it,—to ignore as much as possible its very existence. There is much ill-directed strength and undisciplined courage in such natures; but they want the fortitude which goes with true wisdom. There is something heathenish in their virtue. Like the Titan, they hurl back defiantly the thunderbolts of Jupiter,—and they declare that they will wage never-ending war (so long as existence is theirs) against the Supreme. They say by their actions "God's clearly declared will shall be no law to me." He has afflicted me thus; but I will not suffer the affliction to dwell in my mind. Away with it;—I cannot undo it, alas! but I will live as much as possible as if it were undone. I will strive to forget it and to make others forget it. I will be strong and brave; and this sorrow shall never soften or subdue my spirit in the sight of men; and as little as possible in secret, when I 'commune with my own heart upon my bed and am still.'"

It would take a volume to analyse such a character, and to show how much of exalted virtue and beauty there is in it, in spite of this great mistake as to the nature of true heroism into which it is apt to fall. It is an extremely interesting one. We need never fear but that such people will act well their part; but we cannot help regretting that they should *act a part* at all. There is an element of untruth in their life which is quite unworthy of them; which detracts from their power of exciting love. If we have cause

of grief, we need not parade our suffering or thrust it on the notice of the world—that is unmanly, and selfish; but also we need not deny the truth, by assuming an idle levity, which is quite incompatible with true suffering—that is undignified, irreligious, and false. If it is our lot to wear a mourning robe, why should we fling it on our shoulders jauntily, and march majestically, as if it were a festal garment or a court mantle? There is want of taste as well as want of clear insight into true wisdom in this. The mourning robe would fall far more gracefully about the person of the mourner than the robe of state; and observers are not deceived,—they see that the robe *is* black, and that there *is* cause of sorrow. They say to each other, "This man is not sincere. He tries to deceive us." And some among them who, perhaps, see a little deeper than the rest, say, "Nay! but he does not intend to deceive. He is foolishly proud—but he is strong and brave. He is only not quite strong and brave enough. If he were, he would dare to appear that which he is. He would take his stand nobly and firmly on the portion God has allotted him, and would await what came of it." In such persons the Stoic supersedes the Christian philosophy; and, therefore, grief has not the best, most sanctifying effect upon them. They will not recognise it as a something sent by God, to which they are to submit for a time, and which they should endeavour to digest and assimilate in their hearts, knowing that it is as much a gift of the Eternal Father as life itself. Pride is the vice of these strong souls; and in pride they reject grief. They cast it from them, they struggle with it,—they trample on it—they strangle it; they will not suffer it to master them, even for an hour. Thus they lose all the softening effects of grief,—all the purifying effects; and that gentler wisdom of the sorrow-chastened spirit they forego. But, I fear me, the modern Stoics will succeed no better in actually destroying evil, by steadily determining to deny its power over their own souls, than the ancients did; and Pride must be the crutch they lean on, till they are wise enough to cast it aside, and throw themselves for support on the outstretched arm of the Almighty.

Humility and Meekness,—virtues inculcated by no profane or heathen system of philosophy, are the Christian's best support, until he attain to that degree of Fortitude and Faith which will enable him to bear steadily and cheerfully all the trials and sorrows of this life; and when he has attained such Fortitude and Faith, Humility and Meekness will continue to be his highest graces, making his whole life lovely and of good report. His grief excites the sympathy of the angels; and his joy, no man taketh from him.

HALLOWEEN.

HALLOWEEN is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands, particularly those aerial people the *fairies* are said on that night to hold

a grand anniversary. The poem of Burns, of which an illustration is here presented, contains a lively and striking picture of some of the superstitious observances of old Scotland. The scene is laid on the romantic shores of Ayr, at a farmer's fireside, and the actors in the rustic drama are the whole household, including supernumerary reapers and landsmen, about to be discharged from the engagements of harvest. For a full elucidation of the details, we must refer the reader to the poem itself.

LEWIS ARUNDEL;¹

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEIGH."

CHAPTER LIX.

"POINTS A MORAL," AND SO IT IS TO BE HOPED,
"ADORN'S A TALE."

No traces of the tumultuous assembly, which had so greatly alarmed Laura and Annie, remained when Lord Bellefield and General Grant crossed the square of St. Mark, on their return from the morning's sight-seeing. As they drew near the Palazzo Grassini, a tall lad in squalid raiment, leaning upon crutches, and with a patch over one eye, approached and begged of them. The General at first refused to listen to him, but becoming wearied by his pertinacity, felt in his pocket for something to give him.

"I have no small change about me," he remarked, after a minute's ineffectual search, "but you have, Bellefield; they gave you a handful of their stupid little coins at the last shop we went into. Lend me two or three, will you?"

As he mentioned his companion's name, the beggar fixed his piercing eye on the features of the person addressed, scanning them eagerly, as though he sought to fix them indelibly in his memory. Returning his glance with a haughty stare, his lordship carelessly flung him a couple of *Zwanzigers*, and passed on. The beggar watched his retreating figure till it was no longer visible, then turning quickly, hobbled with his crutches out of the square, continuing the same method of progression till he reached the nearest canal, when, looking round to assure himself that he was not observed, he coolly pitched his supporters into the water, removed the patch from his eye, which by no means seemed to require such a protection, walked briskly till he reached a spot where a small skiff was moored, springing into which, he commenced rowing vigorously, and was soon hidden from sight by a bend of the canal.

When Lewis returned to his lodgings, the following note awaited him:—

"My search is ended; I have found my sister in time to see her—die! Her seducer, heartless in his villainy, brought his victim to a foreign land, kept her in luxury till his fancy wearied of her, and then

left her—to starve. My curse has little power, or it would have withered him long ago; but may the curse of that God who made him and her, cleave to him until—I meet him. Sir, I know not how to thank you. She has told me how you warned her; how you explained to her his real character. She was infatuated, but it is not for me to judge her. We seem a doomed race, fatal alike to ourselves, to those we love, and to those we hate. Oh that she could live! she is soft and gentle, and,—ay! though a scoundrel has debased her, still I say it,—she is good and pure, and she would have calmed my angry spirit; she would have taught me to love something human; but it was not to be. Each hour that I sit by her I expect to be her last. She sends you her blessing; may God's go with it. "MILES H—."

Lewis could not peruse this letter without deep emotion. In the just, though, alas! ill-governed indignation which gave a rude eloquence even to the expression of this poor youth's outraged feeling, he traced a likeness to his former self. "Heartless in his villainy, he kept her in luxury till his fancy wearied of her, and then left her—to starve." This was the man Annie Grant loved, and was about to marry! Oh, how his heart bled for her! He pictured to himself her future life; how she would gradually, by slow and painful steps, discover her husband's true character; each advance in knowledge a new and separate misfortune, until love should become indifference, and indifference end in hatred. Even yet he might prevent it. His London agent had forwarded to him that morning an English newspaper, containing an unmistakable allusion to the events of the Derby day, and openly declaring Lord Bellefield a defaulter. This shown to General Grant, and his tale of Hardy's daughter verified by the evidence now in his possession, the old soldier would sooner see his daughter lying dead at his feet, than sanction her union with a man devoid alike of honour and of principle. But then came in pride. Had he known that Annie loved him, or had General Grant never mistrusted him, Lewis would have come forward without a moment's hesitation; but his motives had been once doubted, his affections betrayed, and his pride could neither forget nor forgive it. Besides, Lord Bellefield would attribute his interference to a feeling of petty malice; such was not the revenge for which, despite his principles and his reason, his soul still thirsted. So pride gained the day, though, tyrant-like, in the very midst of his triumph he made his victim miserable.

Unable to apply his mind to anything, he strolled out, trusting the evening air would allay the fever of his blood: after wandering about restlessly for some time, he remembered that he had eaten nothing for many hours, and turning into the nearest casino he called for wine and biscuits. Having finished his frugal repast, he was about to leave the house, when three persons entered, and crossing through the refreshment room, passed into a salon which he knew to be devoted to play. One of the three a short insigni-

(1) Continued from p. 248.

scant-looking man, was a stranger to him; but the two others he recognised instantly—they were Walter and Lord Bellefield. A sudden impulse prompted him to follow them; at that time in the evening the salon was certain to be pretty well filled, and Lewis trusted to avoid observation by mixing with the crowd, relying on the alteration in his appearance to escape recognition, even if he were perceived either by Walter or Lord Bellefield. Accordingly, waiting his opportunity, he joined a group of Italians, who, eagerly talking over the attempt upon the life of Colonel Marinovitch, (which had been frustrated by his escaping on board the corvette which guarded the harbour,) scarcely perceived this addition to their party. Entering with them, and still keeping in the background, he took up a position whence he could observe the proceedings of those for both of whom he felt an interest equally deep, though so utterly distinct in character.

Lord Bellefield, who appeared unusually listless and indifferent, lounged up to the table, and staked a few Napoleons on the chances of the game; then drawing forward a chair, he seated himself, and continued carelessly to watch the proceedings of the other players. But despite the presence of the man he hated, Lewis's attention soon became wholly absorbed in observing Walter. From his entire conduct it was evident that this was by no means his first visit to the salon; on the contrary, it was only too plain that a taste for gambling had been implanted in the poor boy's feeble yet obstinate mind. That he clearly understood the nature of the game, Lewis could not believe, but that he had acquired sufficient insight into the rules to enable him to adhere to them, and that he was keenly alive to the results of the deal, or the throw, elated when he won, and depressed when he lost, was most certain.

The third person of the party, whom Lewis rightly conjectured to be his successor in the office of tutor, did not play himself, but appeared to take great interest in Walter's game, looking over his cards, and advising him what to do. Lewis also noticed, that whenever Walter won, he always received gold, but that his losses were paid in paper money, and the truth immediately occurred to him, viz. that child like the poor boy only attached value to the glittering coin, and that the worth of the bank notes had been completely misrepresented to him, so that he believed himself winning, when in fact he was losing considerable sums; moreover, from certain glances which passed between Mr. Spooner and the proprietor of the salon, who held the bank, Lewis became convinced that some secret understanding existed, by which the tutor shared in the profits.

That Lord Bellefield was entirely ignorant of that which was passing before his eyes, Lewis could not conceive, while at the same time the trifling nature of the stakes rendered it most unlikely that he could have any personal interest in the affair; the probability therefore was that he saw what was going on, but felt totally indifferent as to the matter. This view was

confirmed when, as Walter grew more excited, began playing higher, and at last staked ten Napoleons upon one cast, Mr. Spooner approached Lord Bellefield and whispered something in his ear, to which his friend replied, carelessly, "Oh, let him have his fling while he's in the humour;" then in a lower tone he added, "*I'm not blind!* but the money is I dare say of more use in your pocket than in his, so you'll be the greater fool of the two if you attempt to prevent him."

Spooner again appeared to urge some difficulty, to which Lord Bellefield rejoined, with a sneering laugh, "Yes, it suits *you* charmingly to assume the rôle of the innocent! can't you get him to sign another bond payable when he comes of age? Tortoni will no more refuse to cash it, than he did on a former occasion;" then smiling again, he added,—"*I am not blind, mon ami*, but 'tis no concern of mine; I am not the lout's guardian, Heaven be thanked." Although from the position in which he stood Lewis only caught a word or two here and there of this conversation, yet his quick apprehension supplied the blanks with sufficient correctness, and the whole villainy of the thing burst upon him. Here was a man engaged to educate and watch over the poor feeble-minded being before him, using the power thus entrusted to him, to lead him to evil, and availing himself of the imbecility he was bound to protect, to swindle his helpless charge—while Lord Bellefield, whose duty it was to denounce such practices to General Grant the instant he suspected them, had evidently not only no intention of doing so, but sat coolly looking on, smiling with a fiend-like satisfaction at each fresh development of human wickedness.

As Lewis watched Walter's flushed cheeks, eager eyes, and hands which trembled as they were stretched out to receive the gold which this time he had been allowed to win; as he marked the lines which excitement, and the permitted indulgence of a capricious, obstinate temper had traced upon his smooth brow, and round the corners of his mouth; all his old affection for the poor boy rushed back upon him, and his just anger grew to such a pitch that he could scarcely repress it. At this moment a fresh deal had begun.

"I will win more," exclaimed Walter, eagerly; "Mr. Spooner, tell him I want to double my stake."

"But that has been done already," was the reply, "the dealer has doubled every one's stake this time."

"Then I will double that," returned Walter, carried away by the excitement of the game; "toll him so, I say."

Spooner appeared for a moment undecided; the stake, thus quadrupled, amounted to 40 Napoleons, and alarmed at its magnitude, he glanced in irresolution towards Lord Bellefield. A look of undisguised contempt for his pusillanimity was the only reply his Lordship vouchsafed; goaded on by which, Spooner turned to comply with his pupil's direction.

But Lewis could bear it no longer; regardless of consequences, he strode across the room, and laid his hand upon Walter's shoulder, saying, as he did so, in

a gentle though determined voice, "Walter, you must not play for such high stakes."

With a cry of mingled joy and surprise, Walter sprang from his seat, gazed earnestly at Lewis's features, then exclaiming, "Oh, you have come back at last!" threw himself upon his friend's breast in a flood of tears. Much affected, Lewis returned his embrace, and leading him carefully to a seat, waited till he should recover from his surprise and emotion. In the meantime the game had come to a standstill, the bystanders, consisting chiefly of foreigners, being as much charmed by such a scene as an Englishman would have been annoyed at it. The moment quiet was in some degree restored, the proprietor, mindful of his own interest, resumed his deal, inquiring with a glance at Spooner, what sum his young friend had staked. Spooner paused, but Lord Bellefield, who had risen and with lowering brow approached the scene of action, prompted him, and he replied, "Forty Napoleons."

Lewis's eyes flashed. "It is at your peril you do this," he said; "my first act on quitting this place shall be to inform General Grant of the manner in which you betray the trust he has reposed in you."

Spooner turned pale; but, relying on Lord Bellefield's support, managed to stammer out, "And pray, sir, who the deuce may you be?"

"I will tell you, and this worshipful company also," exclaimed Lord Bellefield, stepping forward. "This fellow is, or rather was, a menial in General Grant's household, discarded for insolent behaviour, and as such unfit for the society of gentlemen, into which he has now ventured to intrude himself, and from which I, for one, vote he be ignominiously expelled."

This speech caused, as might be expected, a sensation throughout the room, and the bystanders congregated round Lewis and Lord Bellefield, glancing from one to the other, to discover from their bearing and appearance which was the true man, and which the false. Up to this moment Lewis had been wrapped in a large Spanish cloak; he now allowed it to glide from his shoulders, as, advancing a step he boldly confronted his adversary.

"Your lordship has been pleased to speak explicitly," he said; "were I inclined to follow your example, I might, with some shadow of truth, denounce you as a ruined black-leg, and an outlawed defaulter; but I prefer simply declaring that in the statement you have just made, you have maliciously and unequivocally—
LIED!"

As he spoke he raised his head proudly, and folding his arms across his breast, waited the effect of his words. He was not kept long in suspense. However numerous might be Lord Bellefield's faults, a want of personal courage was not one of them. As Lewis referred to the cause of his ignominious exile, his face grew pale with rage, but when he gave him the lie, his fury became uncontrollable. Springing forward with a leap like that of a maddened tiger, he struck Lewis a violent blow on the cheek, which, firmly as his feet were planted, staggered him; exclaiming as he did so,—

"Take that, beggar!" Instead of rushing on his adversary, as those amongst the spectators who knew him (and there were several who did so) expected, Lewis, recovering himself, stood for an instant, regarding Lord Bellefield with a smile of triumph, though to those who remarked him closely there was an expression in his eyes which, in spite of themselves, caused them to shudder, while, strange to say, he was drawing a soiled *white kid glove* on his right hand; having done so, he advanced a step, saying in a stern deep voice:—

"Your lordship is too generous—the beggar returns your alms-giving,—thus!"

As he spoke there was a sudden movement in the crowd—a frightful blow was struck, and Lord Bellefield lay insensible on the ground, the blood flowing from a cut on his forehead, whilst over him stood Lewis, his mouth set, and his eyes burning with the fire of hatred. Several of the bystanders sprang forward to assist the fallen man, but Lewis sternly motioned them back.

"Wait," he said;—his voice sounded deep and hollow, and there was something in the expression of his face which quelled the stoutest heart amongst those who stood around him,—drawing the glove from the hand which had struck the blow, he dipped it in the blood that still trickled from the forehead of the fallen man, muttering to himself as he did so,—"*That*, then, has come to pass—is *the rest* to follow?" He next examined the countenance of his prostrate foe,—"*He is merely stunned*," he said, "raise him, and bring water to bathe his temples." As he spoke he assisted those who stepped forward to lift the injured man, and place him on a chair; having done so, he left him to the care of the bystanders, and again folding his arms, stood, coolly awaiting the issue.

The event justified his predictions: on the first application of the cold water, Lord Bellefield revived, and in less time than could have been expected, the bleeding, which was very slight, was arrested. As soon as he had recovered sufficiently to speak, he said, addressing a young Italian of rank, with whom he was acquainted, and who had been bathing his temples with the cold water,—

"Rustelli, you may inform that scoundrel that he has succeeded; rather than allow him to escape with impunity, I will undergo the degradation of meeting him." He spoke in a low, faint voice, but the expression with which he glanced towards Lewis as he pronounced the word "scoundrel" was one of undying hatred.

"If your Lordship intended to apply that observation to the Signor Luigi, I shall have the felicity to explain that your excellency labours under a mistake; that gentleman is the son of a gallant officer, with whom I have had the honour to serve in more than one campaign. It is no condescension in any one under the rank of a Royal Prince to meet the son of the brave Captain Arundel."

The speaker was an old General Officer in the Austrian service, who possessed an European reputation, and whose dictum on all points of honour was

conclusive. Lord Bellefield bit his under lip in anger and vexation, cursing his own hastiness which had elicited this vindication of his enemy: perceiving, however, that he should only place himself still more completely in the wrong by any attempt to impugn the old Austrian's statement, he merely bowed haughtily in reply, then desiring to be shown into a private room, he took Rastelli's arm, and quitted the salon.

Lewis stood gazing after his late opponent with a dark and troubled countenance; it was not remorse that he experienced, for were the deed to have been done over again, he would not have shrunk from its performance; and yet the feeling which engrossed him partook of a remorseful character—it seemed to him as though he had now lost all power of free will—he had taken the first step, and THE BEST must follow; there was no longer any possibility of turning back. Like one walking in his sleep, he permitted himself to be led into another room—he heard, as in a dream, Rastelli enter, and make arrangements with a young Austrian officer who had volunteered to act as his second, for his meeting Lord Bellefield at daybreak. As the person challenged, he had the choice of weapons, but he waived his right, and allowed his opponent to select pistols. Ehrenburg (his second) whispered to him that Lord Bellefield was reported to be a dead shot, but an indifferent swordsman.

"The more reason to allow him to choose pistols," was Lewis's careless reply.

Ehrenburg still urged the madness of throwing away a chance. "It will be no boy's play," he said; "mark my words, Luigi, this duel will be one for life or death."

"Do you think I do not know it?" returned Lewis, sternly, "ay, as well as if I now saw him lying dead before my feet," and as he spoke, an involuntary shudder passed through his powerful frame.

"May not another contingency be possible, *buon amico*? especially if you allow him to secure the advantage of pistols?" suggested Ehrenburg.

"Would to heaven it might so occur," was Lewis's eager reply; "I hope no better fate than to die by his hand, believe me; but it will not be so,—I know—I feel it! Ehrenburg, that man has stood like some evil spirit across my path; time after time he has heaped insult upon me; once, coward-like, the assassin sought my life; but till to-night I have never opposed him. Why? because it is written here" (and he touched his forehead) "that when the final struggle shall come, my destiny is stronger than his, and he must perish. You may smile and deem my words the mere ravings of superstition, but you will see, if we meet to-morrow morning, Bellefield will never leave the ground alive, and I shall quit it with the brand of Cain upon my brow."

He spoke so gravely and with such an evident belief in the reality of his convictions, that for a moment Ehrenburg himself felt impressed. But a duel was no very uncommon event with the young Austrian; he had been principal on two occasions, when no serious

result had followed, and second on half-a-dozen more; besides, he was essentially a practical man. So he merely shrugged his shoulders, hinted that Lewis's nerves might be excited, which would produce these little fancies, advised him to take a cup of coffee, and then repair to the shooting-gallery and practise steadily for an hour or so to get his hand in, promised to be with him in good time on the following morning, inquired whether he could be of any further assistance, and then, strolling back to the gaming-table, relieved Lewis of his presence.

To gain his lodgings, and lock himself into his studio, was scarcely the work of five minutes; then, flinging himself upon the first seat that came in his way, he gave himself up to bitter thoughts. Two years ago he had fled his country, had quitted all who were dear to him, because his fiery passions were beyond his control—because he had loved too deeply and hated too bitterly. He had plunged into a life of wild adventure to dissipate his feelings; he had schooled his heart in solitude; he had devoted all his energies to the acquirement of an art; nay, he had devoted the first efforts of the skill he had thus gained to embody a visible representation of the danger of ill-bestowed love and the curse of gratified revenge; and *this* was the result!

He remained for a few minutes with his head resting on his hands, apparently stunned by his conflicting feelings; then, rousing himself by an effort, he heaved a deep sigh, and drew out *the glove*. As his eye fell upon the stain of blood, he shuddered, and, hastily putting it from him, began pacing up and down the apartment. An antique lamp hung by a chain from the ceiling, throwing its light strongly on the two pictures from the Giaour. Involuntarily Lewis paused before them, and remained gazing from one to the other with an expression of remorse and horror. "Am I indeed about to realize these creations of my gloomy fancy?" he murmured; "shall I become that human tiger, that stony, soulless image of impenitent despair? Revenge, how I have thirsted for it! how, when writhing under that man's insults, I have pictured to myself the day of reckoning, and deemed life itself would be a cheap sacrifice for one hour of unlimited vengeance; and now, when this coveted boon lies within my grasp, I see it in its true light, and own this wished-for blessing to be a dark consuming curse. Seen through the distorted medium of outraged feeling, retribution appeared an act of justice. The demon wore an angel's form. But, viewed in its true aspect, the sentiment is that which leads to murder, and the deed, with its sickening details, revolting butchery. Yet, seeing this clearly, knowing to what it will lead, I *must* go on: I owe *him* satisfaction. Satisfaction!" and he smiled at the mocking term. "Yes," he resumed, "I *must* go on, even if I wished to turn back. If I *could* forego my revenge, and forgive him, it is now too late. Well, be it so; 'tis weakness to repine at the inevitable. I will meet my fate boldly, be it what it may; and for him, he has brought the punishment upon his own head, and must abide the

issue!" He resumed his walk up and down the apartment; then a new idea struck him,—“What a strange expression her features wore when she ventured to address me,” he said; “and in the crowd, she did not shrink from me, but trusted herself to me with a gentle, child-like confidence.” He paused, pressed his hand to his forehead, then exclaimed, “O God, if I have wronged her,—if—” and here his voice sank almost to a whisper, “if, Heaven help me, she should love me after all!”

Completely overwrought by these conflicting emotions, Lewis sank into a chair, and, burying his face in his hands, struggled in vain for composure, a deep-drawn, choking sob from time to time attesting his mental agony. How long he remained in this position he never knew. It might have been minutes, for he took no note of things external; it might have been hours, for a lifetime of heartfelt desolation appeared crowded into that dark reverie. He was aroused, at length, by a tap at the door, which, as at first he could scarcely collect his ideas sufficiently to attend to such sub-lunary matters, soon grew into a loud and impatient knocking with the handle of a stick or *umbrella*. Imagining it to be one of his artist friends, come probably to bring him information in regard to the late disturbances, he replied in Italian, that he was particularly engaged, and could not see any one.

“Polite and encouraging, certainly,” muttered a deep-toned voice, at the first sound of which Lewis sprang from his seat, and listened with an eager, yet half incredulous expression of countenance. “A thousand and one pardons, Signor,” continued the person on the outside, speaking in Italian, with a peculiarity of accent which proved him to be unaccustomed to pronounce the language, or probably even to hear it spoken; “but you really must condescend to see me, even if Diabolus himself is supping with you, and there is only macaroni enough for two.”

Without a moment's hesitation Lewis flung open the door, and there *in propria persona* stood Richard Frere and the cotton umbrella!

“Frere, dear old fellow! is it, can it indeed be you?” exclaimed Lewis joyfully, forgetting for the moment everything in the surprise of welcoming such an unexpected visitant.

“Yes, it's me,” returned Frere, squeezing and shaking his friend's hand, as if he had a design of reducing it to a jelly, “Richard's himself, and no mistake.—Lewis isn't *himself*, though, it seems, but Signor Luigi, forsooth. I had hard work to find you, I can tell you. But good gracious! what has happened to the man?” he exclaimed, catching sight of Lewis's bearded face and pale haggard features, “why, he has turned into somebody else bodily as well as in name. You look just like one of these horrid Italian fellows, with the proper tragic expression of countenance which they get up by way of advertising that they are ready and willing to cut throats at half-a-crown a windpipe, country orders punctually executed, and the business performed in a neat and tradesman-like manner; but tell me seriously, you're not ill?”

“Not in body, nor usually in mind either,” was the reply; “but to-day events have occurred which have thoroughly unmanned me, still I shall ‘win through it,’ somehow; and now tell me of yourself, of Rose, of my mother,—they are well?”

“A good deal better than you seem to be,” growled Frere, who during this speech had been attentively observing his friend's features; “however, I'll soon satisfy your curiosity,—and then you shall satisfy mine,” he added in an under tone, and removing a wonderful species of travelling cap, he followed Lewis, who led the way to his inner apartment, and then listened eagerly to Frere's account of the various events which had taken place since he had quitted his native land. Rose, by Frere's especial desire, had, in writing to her brother, hitherto forborne to allude to her engagement; the worthy bear, with a characteristic mixture of deep seated humility and surface vanity, fearing that Lewis might not think him a fitting match for his sister, and, therefore, feeling anxious that the matter should be disclosed to him in the wisest and most judicious manner possible, *i.e.* by himself *à la voce*. Thus, after having spoken of various less important matters, Frere was gradually working his way towards the interesting disclosure with a degree of nervous diffidence quite unusual to him, when Lewis, whose attention began to flag, brought him to the point by exclaiming—“And about Rose, what is she doing; she tells me in her letters she still writes for some magazine; but is she looking well? does she seem happy?—though I suppose,” he continued, trying to hide his state of mind, by falling in with his friend's jesting mode of speech, “these are minor particulars, into which it never occurs to your wisdom to inquire. I know your old habit of practically ignoring the existence of women, as a sex, regarding them as a race of unscientific nonentities fitted only ‘to suckle fools and chronicle small beer.’”

Frere for a moment looked rather disconcerted; then, veiling his discomfiture under an affectation of rough indifference, he replied, “I can tell you one ‘minor particular,’ as you call it, and that is the fact of the young lady in question being engaged to be married.”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed Lewis, starting, “you are probably joking,” he continued, seriously; “but you know not, dear old friend, how deeply such tidings might affect me at this moment; you know not—how should you?—the mood of mind in which you find me; but tell me in a word, is there any earnest in what you have said?”

“In a word,” muttered Frere, “hum! concise and epigrammatical that! but I'll try to accommodate you, so here goes by way of answer. Yes!”

“And she has never even hinted at such a fact in her letters,” exclaimed Lewis; “out of sight, out of mind, indeed. I may have—Heaven help me! I *have* neglected my trust, in my self-engrossment; but I did not think Rose would have been the person thus to visit my sins upon my head;—who is the man?” he continued sternly. In the whole course of his

existence Frere had never felt more uncomfortable; all his old diffidence and humility rushed upon him, and for the moment he felt as if he had been suddenly detected in an act of petty larceny; however, his sturdiness of nature, and common sense, came to his rescue, and he replied—"It is no fault of Rose's, for I made it an especial point that she should not tell you of her engagement by letter."

"You did, and wherefore?" inquired Lewis in surprise.

"Because I chose to tell you myself," returned Frere; "your sister is not an angel, for angels live in Heaven, and not on earth, but she is the most loveable, the most pure-minded, decidedly the sweetest looking woman (though that does not so much signify) in this world, and I should have added, the most sensible, only that she has, in her tenderness of heart, seen fit to promise to marry a rough uncouth animal like me. Lewis, old fellow," he continued in a faltering voice, "I know better than you can do how unworthy I am of such a blessing, but if loving her better than my own life gives me any title to possess her, Heaven knows that I do so."

When Frere reached that point in his peroration at which he mentioned Rose's promise to marry him, his auditor started, and raising his eyes, murmured an ejaculation of fervent thankfulness. As he concluded, Lewis clasped his hand eagerly in his own, saying, "My dear old Frere, you know not how happy you have made me; one great weight which was crushing my soul to the dust ere you appeared, is removed by your words. Of all men living you are the one I would have selected for my dearest Rose's husband; and now if I—that is to say, whatever befalls me, she will be happy."

"Then you are not disappointed?" rejoined Frere, greatly relieved; "you know you used at one time to be just a very little bit ambitious, and I fancied you might have been cherishing some splendid scheme for marrying Rose to a duke—she's good enough for the best of 'em, even if dukes were what they should be, instead of what they are too many of 'em. Well, I'm very glad!—but now about yourself,—if anything befalls you, you say; pray what is likely to befall you more than other people?—and what do you mean by being crushed by a weight,—and by looking so melodramatically miserable?"

Lewis heaved a deep sigh, and then replied, "You speak jestingly; but there are many melodramas less strange than my wayward fortune: such as it is, however, I have provoked and will go through with it. Frere, you love Rose for her own sake, be kind to and forbearing with my mother for mine—she has many faults, a giddy head, an impulsive disposition, (than which there can be no greater temptation,) but a warm heart—and—and I feel I have never done a son's duty by her. Frere, you will take care of her?"

The events of the day and evening had well nigh exhausted even Lewis's untiring energy, and the sight of Frere arriving so unexpectedly, had brought back to him so many home memories, recollections of earlier

days ere with the strength and freedom of manhood had come its trials and its sins, that as he thought of these old associations, and remembered kindnesses slighted, affection cast away, duties neglected, for the sake of that one master-passion, he forgot for the time the wrongs he usually felt so keenly, and remorse for his selfish neglect overwhelmed him and caused his voice to falter and his eyes to grow dim with the mist of unshed tears. Frere perceived his emotion, and waited till it had in a degree subsided; then, going up to him, he laid his hand on his shoulder caressingly, saying, "Come, Lewis, we have known each other from boyhood, we have long been brothers in affection, and are soon about to become so in name, associated by a still nearer tie,—we never used to have secrets from each other, and should not do so now. I have learned from Rose the cause you have had for sorrow, and for two years have suffered you to try your own method of cure, without attempting to interfere with you, but I now see that the experiment has failed, and, that you are miserable,—is it not so?"

Lewis bowed his head in token of assent, he could not trust himself to speak.

"We are not placed in this world to be miserable," continued Frere; "true, this life is a state of trial, and it would not be so if we had not many evils, temptations, and sorrows to endure, but by God's help, the evils may be borne, the temptations overcome, and the sorrow turned to joy, if we do not oppose our will to His; but if we do, sin lieth at the door, we league ourselves with the enemy of mankind, and misery must come of it.—Do not misunderstand me," he added, kindly, "I do not seek to blame you, I can have no pleasure in so doing, but on the contrary deepest pain; still, it is evident your mind is diseased, and, if in probing the wound to discover the nature of the evil I hurt you, you must pardon me for the sake of the object I have in view.—But I am talking at random, for want of a more clear insight into the cause of your present difficulty;—come, be frank and open with me; let us face the evil boldly, and between us, devise some means of overcoming it."

"What brought you here?" exclaimed Lewis, suddenly raising his head, and fixing his piercing eyes full upon his friend's countenance.

Frere smiled a melancholy smile, "Hot-headed, petulant, and jealous of interference yet!" he said. "My poor Lewis, I did not come to catechise you,—affairs of quite another nature brought me here,—I am trying to carry out an arrangement between my uncle Ashford and your *ci-devant* foe, Lord Bellefield." As he mentioned Lord Bellefield's name, Lewis shuddered and his eyes again sought the ground. "And now that I have cleared up this alarming doubt," resumed Frere, "tell me what ails you, for that you are miserable, and that I mean to know wherefore, and do my best to render you otherwise, are two self-evident facts."

"'Tis useless," returned Lewis in a low voice, "the die is cast, and neither you nor any one else can help me,—would to Heaven you had come a day

sooner, and taken me away from this accursed place; as it is, my own mad passion has hurried me on, and my fate is fixed. Now," he continued glancing at the clock which stood at a quarter to twelve, "I must ask you to leave me,—we may meet to-morrow—or—if anything should prevent it—and if—I have not an opportunity of telling you all you seek to know,—my papers—that is I will leave you a letter explaining everything—good night." Scarcely able to control his voice, in this which Lewis felt might too probably be a last farewell, he hurried through the speech in a strange, almost incoherent manner.

Frere regarded him fixedly: "Unless you condescend to explain to me what you purpose doing within the next twenty-four hours," he said, "I'll not leave you till that time has expired. I tell you what it is, Lewis—I have not lived three-and-thirty years in the world without having learned to read men's faces, and I read in yours that you are standing on the verge of some great folly, madness, or—crime—and now, what is it?"

Lewis paused for a moment in deep thought, and then said calmly, "Sit down, Frere, you are an Englishman and a man of highly honourable feeling; moreover, you are my oldest, my most cherished friend; I am as you say, maddened by circumstances, and on the verge of a great crime,—sit down, I will tell you all, and you shall judge between God and man, and me."

Calmly, clearly, truthfully, in the deep silence of night, did Lewis recount to his friend the strange passages with which the reader is already acquainted: he related the simple facts, whether they told for or against him, just as they occurred; without entering into unnecessary detail, he left nothing important untold, till Frere had conceived a clear idea of Lewis's whole career from the hour he entered Broadhurst, to the moment in which he was speaking.

"The upshot of all this is," observed Lewis in conclusion, "that I am weary of life; littleness, brutality, and oppression in man, weakness and treachery in woman, and the tyranny of passion in oneself, render this world an incipient hell,—to-morrow must end it one way or the other; either he will shoot me, or I shall shoot him; the latter contingency I shall not long survive; such remorse as I should feel would be unendurable.—To save myself from the guilt of suicide I shall volunteer into some fighting regiment, engaged in these civil broils, Tyrian or Trojan, Austrian or Venetian, I care little; my sympathies side with one, my associations with the other, and with either I may obtain the only prize I covet,—a soldier's death."

"Now listen to me, Lewis," returned Frere, gravely; "I once at your own request promised you that *while we both lived I would never give you up, but would stand between you and your fiery passions.* and I thank God, who in his mercy has sent me here at this particular moment, to enable me to fulfil my engagement. You have suffered and are suffering deeply, and from my heart I pity you; but seeing, as I do only too clearly, the cause of all this misery, it

would be no kindness in me to omit to point it out to you. Your two leading faults of character, pride and an overweening degree of self-confidence, are at the bottom of it all. Pride made Lord Bellefield your enemy—when he offered money for the dog, he never intended to insult you; your proud answer irritated his pride, and from that time forth he sought to injure you—evil produced evil, dislike grew to hatred, hatred begat revenge, revenge cherished, only required opportunity to become realized into assault and murder, that opportunity has now arrived, you have been guilty of the first, you contemplate the second. So much for pride—now for self-confidence;—you imagined nothing could tempt you to forget your dependent position in General Grant's family (a position which your pride led you falsely to consider a degradation,) so far as to forfeit your self-respect by loving Annie, so you permitted yourself to enjoy her society, till your affections were beyond your own control—mistake number one;—then self-confidence whispered that it would be heroic to overcome this passion, so instead of avoiding the danger, you stayed to brave it till you had sacrificed your happiness if not hers also—mistake number two;—still untaught by experience, in your own strength you endeavoured to crush out the memory of the past; still thinking only of self, you fled your country, recklessly severing ties, and neglecting duties—two years' vain struggling have proved your boasted strength to be abject weakness, unable to save you from becoming the slave of your evil passions, and I arrive here to find you contemplating the sin of—, well, if I call it murder, you will deem that I exaggerate—so I will say the sin of gambling in a lottery of manslaughter—with every chance against you." Lewis again raised his eyes to Frere's face, as he replied calmly but in a cold hard tone of voice,—

"You have described my miserable career harshly indeed, but in the main truly. You profess yourself my friend,—in making this painful recapitulation, therefore, I presume you to have some friendly object; what is it?"

"First to exhibit to you the disease, then to point out the remedy," returned Frere.

"And if you can do this," exclaimed Lewis,—*"if, remembering what I am, you can show me how I might have avoided my errors in the past, how I may do aught to retrieve them in the future, I will indeed reckon you my friend,—nay, I will bless your coming as that of an angel sent from Heaven to aid a desperate, well-nigh despairing man."*

"Pray what religion do you profess?" asked Frere, abruptly.

Lewis started, but recovering himself, replied coldly, "The same as you do yourself."

"And do you believe in the truth of it?"

"Why ask such a question?" returned Lewis, with a slight degree of annoyance perceivable in his tone, "whatever may have been my faults, I am no infidel."

"I will tell you why I ask," replied Frere; "because, though you confess with your lips the

truths of Christianity, in your life you have practically denied them."

Lewis made no answer, and Frere continued in an earnest impressive voice, his manner becoming every moment more animated as he grew excited with his subject,—

"If, as you say you do not doubt, Christianity be true, it amounts to this. The God who made and governs this world, has been pleased to reveal to us His will—namely, that if we believe in Him and obey Him, He will save us from eternal misery and bestow upon us eternal happiness;—to enable us to fulfil the second condition, that of obedience, He has given us a code, not so much of laws, as of principles of action, by which we may become a law to ourselves; in order to demonstrate how these abstract principles are applicable to the exigencies of our mundane career, He sent His Son into the world, 'a man subject to like passions as ourselves, only without sin,' because He was a consistent embodiment of the doctrines He taught. Now had you taken these precepts, to which you accord an unpractical and therefore an equally senseless and useless belief, as the rule of your actions, how different a result would have followed;—instead of provoking animosity by haughty looks and proud words, you would have remembered that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath;' instead of returning evil for evil, you would have considered the example of Him, who 'when He was reviled, reviled not again,' and called to mind His precepts, 'resist not evil, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you;' instead of seeking to avenge your own quarrel by deeds of violence, which outrage nature, and bring their own punishment with them even here, in the pangs of conscience, you would have thought of His words who hath said, 'Vengeance is Mine, I will repay'—and left your cause in His hands. Instead of attempting to do everything in your own strength, and failing thus miserably, you would have recollected that, 'God's strength is made perfect in our weakness,' and prayed to Him for support and assistance. Even now, instead of having recklessly determined to expose yourself to the chance of committing what you own to be a crime of such frightful magnitude, that the remorse it must entail on you would be unbearable, the question would be, not, how at any sacrifice you must vindicate your honour in the eyes of men, but 'how then can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?'"—he paused, then asked abruptly, "Do you admit all this?"

Lewis's features worked convulsively, as in a hollow broken voice he replied, "Yes, I do, God help me!"

"And He will help you," returned Frere, "if your repentance is indeed sincere; but that must be proved by acts, not words—Will you give up your revenge, and agree not to meet Lord Bellefield to-morrow?"

"No, by heaven!" exclaimed Lewis fiercely, springing to his feet. "The sole possession my father

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bequeathed to me, was his name and his spotless honour, and it shall never be said, that he left them to one whom men had a right to call coward."

"And yet a coward you are," returned Frere, sternly, "not in the particular of brute courage, shared with you by the tiger and the wolf, but in the far higher attribute of moral courage, the martyr spirit which enables the highest order of minds to endure the scorn of worldly men rather than offend God, and degrade themselves, by the commission of evil. I will ask one more question, and then I have done with you—you say you believe in a future and eternal life; are you fitted to enter upon that life to-morrow, through the dark portal of a sudden and violent death?"

As Frere uttered these awful words, in a tone of the deepest solemnity, Lewis, who had been impatiently pacing the room, stopped short, as though arrested in his course by a thunder-stroke. Placing his hand to his brow, he staggered as if about to fall, and Frere sprang up to support him. Recovering himself, he murmured—

"I must be alone, in half-an-hour you shall know my decision."

Then opening the door, he motioned to Frere to await him in the painting room, and closing it after him, locked it. What passed in that half-hour,—how prostrate before the Great White Throne the proud man wrestled with his agony, can be known but to One, the searcher of hearts. When at the expiration of the prescribed time the door was gently unclosed, and Frere entered, he found Lewis, pale indeed, and trembling, but calm as a little child.

"Bless you, dear old friend!" he said, "*Truth, and you, have conquered*; I place myself in your hands,—do with me as you will."

CHAPTER LX.

SHOWS HOW IT FARED WITH THE LAMB, THAT THE WOLF HAD WORRIED.

ABOUT nine o'clock in the evening, marked by the occurrence of the events narrated in the last chapter, General Grant was informed that a young man, who refused to give his name, requested five minutes' private conversation with him. Somewhat surprised at this demand, the General followed the servant into an apartment used by Charles Leicester as a study, and desired the person might be shown in, and in another moment a tall swarthy young fellow, dressed in the garb usually worn by the lower classes in Venice made his appearance. As soon as the servant had quitted the room, the stranger presented a note to the General, saying, "If you will read that, sir, you will perceive the object of my visit, and learn the necessity which forces me to intrude upon you at such an untimely hour."

The note, which was written in a delicate but somewhat illegible female hand, ran as follows:—

"A dying woman implores you, sir, to visit her, not for her own sake, for her hope rests in God and not in man, but for the sake of one who must be

dearest to you in the world—your daughter. The writer has information to impart to you, which may save you and her from years of deepest misery; the bearer of this note will conduct you safely to one who again implores you by all you hold sacred not to neglect this summons, or delay returning with the messenger, lest you should arrive *too late*. The writer pledges her word, the word of one about to enter upon eternity, that you shall return safely."

"This is a very strange note," observed General Grant, suspiciously eyeing the young man, who stood awaiting his decision; "how am I to know that this is not some cunningly devised scheme, dangerous to my life or liberty?"

"I swear to you that you may safely trust me," replied the stranger, eagerly; "adopt what precautions you will, leave your money, or aught that is of value, at home—take pistols with you, and if you see any signs of treachery, shoot me through the head. I could tell you that which would render you as eager to accompany me as you now appear unwilling to do so, but I have promised to leave *her* to explain the affair as seems to her best—she is my sister, and dying; if you delay you will arrive too late."

"You are an Englishman, I presume?" inquired the General, still undecided.

"I am so," was the reply, "and have served my country on board a man-of-war."

"A sailor! what was your captain's name, and what ship did you belong to?" demanded the General.

"The Prometheus—Captain Mauvers," was the concise answer.

"Were you in her during the year 18—?" continued his questioner, and receiving a reply in the affirmative, added, "Where were you stationed then?"

"We accompanied a convoy of transports, taking the —th and —th foot to Madras, and then proceeded to China," was the answer.

The General nodded approvingly. "Quite true," he said; "Captain Mauvers is a friend of my own, and I know his vessel to have been then employed as you have stated. I will trust you; wait five minutes while I prepare to accompany you."

Within the time he had mentioned, General Grant returned, wrapped in a military cloak, beneath which he wore a belt supporting a sabre and a brace of pistols.

"If I do not return in two hours, give this note to Mr. Leicester," he said to the servant who attended them to the door; then motioning to the stranger to precede him, he quitted the Palazzo Grassini. Leaving the square of St. Mark they advanced towards the Rialto; crossing this, and passing the fruit and vegetable market beyond, they reached a spot where a gondola was waiting. Having stepped into it, the General, on a signal from his guide, seated himself near the stern, while the young sailor took an oar, and assisted his companion in propelling the light vessel. Having proceeded some short distance in this manner, the rowers paused at a flight of steps. Here the stranger signified to General Grant that they must disembark;

then resuming his office of guide, he led the way along the banks of the canal, and through courts and narrow alleys, inhabited by the lower orders of Venice, till he stopped before a rude door. At this he tapped twice in a peculiar manner. An old crone appeared in obedience to his summons; and cautiously unclosing the door admitted them. Taking a lamp from her hand, the young man led the way up a steep flight of stairs, closely followed by his companion.

"Wait one minute," he said, as they reached the top; returning almost immediately, he continued in a low whisper:—

"She is awake, and perfectly collected, but appears sinking fast, she is anxious to see you without delay;—tread as lightly as possible, and follow me."

Advancing a few steps, he opened the door of a bedroom, and the General, stooping his head to avoid striking it against the top of the doorway, entered. The apartment though small was clean, and more comfortably fitted up, than from the external appearance of the house he had been led to expect. On a low truckle-bed in one corner of the room, lay the form of the dying girl; at a sign from her brother, General Grant approached, and seating himself on a chair by the bed-side, waited till she should address him; for a few minutes she appeared quite unable to do so, and her visitor feared, as he gazed on her emaciated form and sunken features, that she had indeed delayed her communication till the paralysis of coming death had sealed her lips, never again to unclose in this life. In his earlier days, General Grant had been familiar with death in some of its most appalling shapes; he had seen men fall by his side, mutilated by ghastly sabre wounds, to be trampled under the hoofs of maddened plunging horses; he had stood immovable when the deadly artillery ploughed up the ground around him, and mowed down whole ranks as the scythe of the reaper prostrates the nodding corn; and when the word of command had gone forth, he had led on the remnant that were left, till charging to the cannon's mouth, the bayonet revenged the losses they had sustained; and when the fight was won, he had sat by the couch of some wounded comrade, and watched the strong man battle as it were with death, and yield his last sigh in a fruitless struggle with the inexorable enemy. But he had never before seen any one worn to the brink of the grave by sorrow and disease, and despite his utmost efforts to the contrary, the sight shocked and distressed him deeply. The picturesque stage of decline had long since passed away, and in the appearance of his victim the destroyer stood revealed in his true colours. The features of the poor sufferer were characterised by an expression of fatigue and distress, that told of long days and weary nights of patient endurance; she was so emaciated, that the form of the skull and the outline of the bones of the cheek and jaw were distinctly visible through the parchment-like skin, giving a strange unearthly appearance to the face, while the parched lips, the dark fever spot burning in the centre of each cheek, and at intervals the low husky cough, which

once heard can never be mistaken, evinced only too surely the presence of that fell disease, which seems, as its peculiar attribute, to select its victims amongst the young and fair. Her whole appearance was so worn and corpse-like, that when, after a paroxysm of coughing, she raised her drooping eyelids and fixed her earnest appealing glance upon her visitor, he started as though he had seen one raised from the dead by the agency of some special miracle.

"I thank God that you are come, sir," she said, in a low sweet voice, "that I may yet do some good before I die. I have been the cause of much evil in my short life, and I felt it a duty to tell you the truth of my sad history, and do the little that is possible to save another from enduring the same misery that has brought me to the condition in which you see me;" she paused, and the silent, inward cough—the voice of death—again shook her fragile frame. "You do not know me," she resumed; "I am Jane Hardy." As she mentioned her name the General started, and, bending his head, drank in her every word with deep attention. "About three years ago," she continued, "or perhaps rather less, a gentleman who was staying at Broadhurst was thrown from his horse while hunting. He was stunned by the fall, and one of his companions brought him to our cottage. There was no one but myself at home; and I fetched water, and bathed his temples. As soon as he began to revive, the friend who had brought him said laughingly, that he could not leave him in better hands, and quitted us to follow the hunt. As the gentleman began to recover, he entered into conversation with me. He was very witty and clever, and told me of the fine sights he had seen in foreign lands, and many other beautiful and wonderful things which I had never heard of, and before he went away he drew me to his side, and kissed me, and said he should come again to see his kind little nurse, and I—God help me—I was young and simple, and I believed all he said, and from that hour I loved him. Well, sir, he came not only once, but often, and I listened to his soft words and specious promises, until I ceased to think of, or care for, anything but him. I had no mother to warn me; my poor father had become stern and morose, and I feared him, and sought only to conceal my attachment from him. With some of the facts you, sir, are already acquainted. My father was captured on one of his poaching expeditions, and sent to gaol. I sat up the whole night, waiting for his return, and in the early morning came, not he whom I was expecting, but my tempter. He told me what had occurred, revealed to me for the first time his real rank, promised to obtain my father's pardon by means of his wealth and influence, and, as the price of his assistance, implored me to fly with him. He could not make me his bride in England, he said; his position forbade it; but he vowed he would carry me to some bright land in the sunny south, and that we should be united, and live happily there. Weak fool that I was! I believed him, and consented.

"The rest of the tale is soon told. I accompanied

him to London; he was kind to me, and my dream continued. By his desire I followed him to Rome, under the care of his valet. For a time I was treated with every attention; servants obeyed me, luxuries surrounded me: but his promise of marriage he never fulfilled. Then he began to grow tired of me, and my punishment commenced. He soon proved to me the true nature of his disposition; his temper was fearful, at once passionate, sulky, and vindictive; and I was a safe object on which to vent it. Still I could have borne this uncomplainingly if I could have believed that he continued to love me. But his coldness and indifference became every hour more apparent, till, at length, I awoke one morning to learn that he had deserted me. I discovered his direction, and wrote to him. I forebore reproaches; I knew that I had lost his love,—I knew, alas! too late, that he had never really loved me; and all I sought was to return to England, beg my father's forgiveness, and then, if it pleased God, to die. But I entreated him to send me money enough to take me home again. He left my letter unanswered for a week, and then enclosed me a cheque for five pounds, telling me that I had already cost him more than I was worth, and that I need expect nothing further at his hands."

"And the name of this diabolical scoundrel was——?" inquired General Grant, eagerly.

"Lord Bellesfield," was the reply, in a clear, distinct, though feeble tone of voice.

"What proof can you give me of this?" was the cautious rejoinder.

"These letters," returned the girl, producing a small packet from beneath her pillow.

The General took them, examined the post-marks and the seals, compared the signatures with that of a letter he took out of his pocket, read two or three of them, and then returned them, muttering in a voice that trembled with suppressed rage, "They are genuine, and they are *his*."

"The rest of my tale is soon told," resumed Jane Hardy; "Lord Bellesfield had left debts behind him, and when it was known he had quitted Rome, not meaning to return, those to whom he owed money seized the few valuables that I possessed (chiefly dresses and trinkets which he had given me), and my last hope, that of returning to England, was taken from me." Here a fit of coughing, prolonged till it seemed as though it must annihilate her feeble frame, effectually interrupted the speaker. Her brother held a strengthening cordial to her parched lips, and after a lapse of some minutes, she was enabled to resume her narration, though her voice was so weak and husky that it was with difficulty her auditor could catch her words. "I have little more to tell," she said; "I suffered much, very much misery, but, thanks to the kindness of some sisters of charity, (rightly were they so called,) I was saved from the depths of degradation, into which too many, deserted as I was, have been forced." Again she paused from weakness, and with the tenderness of a woman, Miles Hardy wiped the cold dews of approaching death from her

brow, and put back the rich masses of her (even yet) beautiful hair. The General was visibly affected.

"Can nothing be done to save her?" he said; "I will ascertain who are the most skilful physicians in Venice, and send them to her. No money shall be spared."

A dark look flitted across Miles's face, but the dying girl turned towards the speaker, and a faint smile testified that she had heard and understood him.

"Tell me," she whispered, "that my last moments have not been spent in vain. Your daughter—they say she is good and beautiful; he will take her heart for the plaything of an hour, and then crush it as he has crushed mine. You will not let her marry him?"

"Sooner would I see her stretched on her death-bed before me," was the stern rejoinder.

The girl smiled again. "You have made me so happy," she whispered; then with difficulty, and pausing between each word, she continued, "Tell him I forgive him, and pray for him; I pray that he may repent." Again she paused, apparently struggling for breath; "Miles, it is very dark," she said; "come nearer, dear!" Her brother placed his arm round her, and nestling her head in his bosom, an expression of child-like happiness spread over her features. Having lain thus for some moments, she suddenly started up, exclaiming aloud, "Oh God! my chest!" In a moment the severe pain seemed to pass away, and the happy smile returned; "May He bless you, dearest!" she murmured; then a solemn change came over her countenance, there was a slight struggle, and then the jaw relaxed, the eyes glazed, and she fell back in her brother's arms a corpse.

When, later on that night, women came to perform the last sad offices to the dead, an English Bible was found beneath the pillow, and a leaf was turned down at the text, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much;" words of mercy we should do well to bear in mind, and humbly trust they may indicate the future of many a "broken and contrite heart."

While General Grant was thus occupied, Annie, little dreaming of the various events that had occurred, and which so nearly concerned her happiness, was thinking over the scenes of the morning, and afflicting her spirit by the recollection of Lewis's parting words. What would she not give that he could know the truth; know *why* she had allowed herself to be engaged to a man whom Lewis had good reason to believe she both disliked and feared; but it was impossible, situated as she was, to enlighten him, and she must submit to bear that most bitter of all trials, the knowledge that one we love thinks evil of us, and has just and reasonable grounds for such misconception. Then her engagement to Lord Bellefield, now more hateful to her than ever,—what should she do to avoid it? to whom should she turn for counsel and assistance?—Laura?—she had great faith in her good sense, and, above all, in her energy of character—could she, dare she, confide in her? and she had just settled that she certainly could *not*, when a gentle tap was

heard at the door. Annie cried, "Come in," and Laura entered.

"I hope I am not disturbing you, dear," she said, "but I grew fidgety about you, fearing the alarm and fatigue of the morning might have been too much for your strength."

Annie smiled mournfully, and shook her head, at the same time making room for her friend on the settee, upon which she was reclining. Laura placed herself by her side, and taking Annie's hand in her own, stroked it caressingly.

"Poor little hand," she said; "how soft and white it is, but it's getting sadly thin; really, dear Annie, I must lecture you. You eat nothing, and your spirits have quite deserted you—you who were such a happy merry little thing,—it makes me miserable to see you."

She paused for a reply, and at length it came; but in a form she did not expect, and which tended not at all to remove her anxiety.

"Do you think I am very ill, Laura?" Annie asked; "so ill that I am at all likely to die?"

"No, darling; I hope—I trust not," returned Laura, earnestly; "but why do you ask, and in so strange a tone that one could almost fancy you wished that it might be so?"

"Because I do wish it," was the sad rejoinder; "if I live I must be very unhappy—there is no help for it, and so I wish to die. Is that wrong? I am afraid it is."

Laura paused ere she replied,

"I don't think you are likely to die—grief kills very slowly. I am sure you need not die of grief, or seek to die to escape a life of unhappiness, if you would only be reasonable. I love you as I should have loved a sister, had I possessed one; my only desire is to render you happier; I am a woman, as yourself, and as little likely as you would be, were our situations reversed, to do or counsel anything which could wound your feelings or compromise your delicacy; and yet you lock your sorrow in your own breast, and refuse to give me sufficient insight into your heart to enable me to be of the slightest comfort or assistance to you. Is this wise, or even kind?"

Such an appeal, coming at that particular moment, was irresistible. Annie threw her arms round her friend, hid her face on Laura's shoulder, and sinking her voice almost to a whisper, inquired,

"What is it you wish to know?"

"You dislike Lord Bellefield, and are anxious not to marry him?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" was the unmistakeable answer.

"You love—"

Annie sank back, but Laura's arm, passed round her slender waist, detained her.

"You love Lewis Arundel?"

This time Annie did not reply, but a convulsive pressure of the hand answered Laura's question better than words could have done.

"Then, if you love him as he deserves to be loved, how could you allow yourself to be forced into an engagement with Lord Bellefield?"

"Must I, indeed, reveal to you all my folly and weakness?" murmured poor Annie.

"Really I am afraid you must, dear, if you wish my advice to be of the smallest use to you," returned Laura, with a kind encouraging smile; "but, perhaps, the follies may prove not to have been so very foolish, and the weaknesses turn out amiable ones after all. Come let us hear!"

Thus urged, Annie recounted with smiles, and tears, and words now dropping in broken sentences, now poured forth with all the eager vehemence with which feelings long restrained at length find vent, that portion of this veritable history which especially related to herself, and the rise and progress of her unfortunate attachment; until she reached the point whereat, overwhelmed by the belief that Lewis had departed from Broadhurst, suspecting her love and not reciprocating it, she had permitted herself to be hurried into an engagement with Lord Bellefield, sacrificing herself to guard against the possibility of any imputation being cast upon her maidenly reserve. Here Laura interrupted her by exclaiming—

"My poor child! I see it all now; you are to be pitied, not blamed; would to Heaven you had known the truth earlier! how much misery it might have saved you. Lewis Arundel quitted Broadhurst, because he loved you with all the impassioned tenderness of his fiery nature, and found even his iron will powerless to control, or even longer to conceal, his feelings."

"How do you know this?" exclaimed Annie, sweeping back her luxuriant ringlets from her flushed cheeks, and fixing her large eager eyes upon her friend's countenance.

"From his own lips when he first heard that you were coming here," was the reply. And Annie, pressing her hands to her eyes, hid her face in the sofa cushion and burst into tears; but this time they were tears of joy.

Then, when she had in some degree recovered from her agitation, Annie learned the history of Lewis's wanderings to cure his love, and how signally the remedy had failed, and how he had turned painter, and was cleverer than anybody else, (a fact of which she felt convinced before she heard it,) and how Laura had discovered his secret through the medium of his sketch of Annie and Faust,—(she did not mention the Giaour pictures, fearing to alarm her friend,)—and how Charles and she had seen a great deal of him and become very fond of him; (oh how Annie loved her for saying that!) and how at last one day she had gained his confidence, and he had told her all, and how she had resolved never to breathe a syllable of it to Annie, unless she could clear herself in the matter of accepting Lord Bellefield, and thus prove herself not unworthy to possess the knowledge that the priceless blessing of Lewis's noble and generous heart was hers, and hers only. And when Laura had finished, Annie, like a true woman, contrived by a series of "cunning-simple" questions to make her tell her tale all over again, particularly those portions which related

to Lewis's nobleness of nature, and the depth, strength, and permanent quality of his affection for herself: and when all had been said and resaid that could by any possibility be found to say, even on this interesting matter, Annie fixed her soft imploring eyes on her friend's countenance, and asked in a tone of the most innocent but complete helplessness,—

"And now, dear Laura, tell me what *is* to be done?"

Up to this moment Laura had considered the whole question to hinge on one point,—was Annie worthy of the love of such a man as Lewis or not? This satisfactorily decided, all other difficulties seemed, by comparison, insignificant; but now, when the monster obstacle had disappeared, the engagement to Lord Bellefield, the General's obstinacy, Lewis's pride, Annie's womanly reserve, and Charley's indolence and dislike of saying or doing anything which could by the most remote possibility irritate or annoy any one, all flashed across her, and bewildered her. Still she had great faith in her own energy, and in the goodness of her cause, and so replied, vaguely, but confidently,

"Why, my love! it's perfectly absurd to give way to despair as you have been doing; of course, something must, and therefore can and shall be done; but what it is to be will, I confess, require some little consideration!"

And just when their deliberations had reached this point, Laura received a summons from her husband to say that he desired to speak with her; so she imprinted a kiss on Annie's smooth brow, and they parted.

"I say, Laura, read this," exclaimed Charley, looking worried and perplexed, as he handed his wife the following note:—

"Dear Charles, I have desired your servant to give you this note in case I should not return in the course of the next two hours. I am about to accompany a young stranger, representing himself to be an English sailor, to visit his sister, who is on her death-bed, and has some communication to make to me. I have examined the man, and believe his tale; but if I should not return within the time specified, it is probably a clever fabrication, and as no lie can be framed for other than an evil purpose, you had better apply at once to the police, and look after me in whatever way they may advise. Yours faithfully,

"ARCHIBALD GRANT."

"Pleasant that," resumed Charley, as Laura, having finished the note, returned it with looks of alarm. "Evans declares it's more than two hours since Governor Grant started, and there are no signs of him yet. Why people can't stay quietly at home when they've got a good house over their heads, instead of rushing out to seek dangerous adventures, I can't think. I should have supposed the General had arrived at a time of life when he would have sense enough not to be gulled by messages from girls, either living or dying. Perhaps the summons was meant

for Bellefield after all, and the bearer delivered it to the wrong man; what a joke that would be, eh?"

"Really, Charles, I don't think it is anything to laugh at," returned Laura, anxiously; "is your brother at home?"

"No, Belle's out too, my family is becoming shockingly dissipated."

"Had you not better apply to the police, as the note proposes?" urged Laura.

"Police, indeed," muttered Charley; "the General can't remember that he is out of London. I wonder he did not direct me to send a cab for him. These confounded sulky Austrian officials are rather different customers to deal with from our blue-bottles,—Messrs. A. I. and Co. The only thing is to go down to the consul's office, and that must be done, I suppose, but it's an awful bore."

So saying, Charley yawned, stretched himself, made Laura ring for his boots, and had just accomplished the labour of pulling them on, when rapid footsteps were heard—doors opened and shut, and the object of their anxiety stood before them, his face flushed with exercise, and bearing in his whole manner traces of excitement and agitation.

"Well, General," began Charley, "we were just going to commence fishing for you in all the canals—" when his auditor interrupted him by inquiring in a quick eager voice,

"Your brother is not in the house, is he?"

"No; he has been out all the evening, and is not yet returned," was the reply.

"Leave us, Laura, there's a good girl," exclaimed the General; "stay," he continued, as Laura was quitting the room, "do not say anything which can alarm Annie."

Laura nodded her acquiescence, and departed.

"I am very anxious about your brother," resumed the General. "As I was returning from this most strange and painful interview, the young man who had summoned me still acting as my guide, some person followed us, and, as we were crossing the Rialto, approached, and, tapping my companion on the shoulder, detained him. They conversed in Italian, but I made out enough of what they said to catch the following words spoken by the new-comer:—

"I have traced him the evening through. He went from—' (the names of the places I could not hear) ' to —, which he has this moment quitted. Jacopo and the others are prepared; we only await your directions. Why have you not joined us sooner?"

"It was impossible," was the reply; "but all will yet go as it should."

"Then, turning to me, my guide continued,—'You have now only to walk straight on to reach the Square of St. Mark; no one will interrupt you. Farewell, air; and remember *her* wishes.'

"This referred to his poor sister, about whom I will tell you another time. He and his companion then quitted me. Mechanically I walked forward, reflecting on the interview, which had harassed and distressed me greatly, till, suddenly recalling the

words I had just overheard, a new idea struck me, and I turned and looked back; as I did so I perceived, at some distance off, a man carelessly advancing towards me—at the moment several others rushed out upon him, there was a short struggle, then, as it seemed to me, he was overpowered, a cloak was flung over his head, and he was hurried away. Instantly I ran to the spot, but it was some considerable distance from the place where I had been standing, and when I arrived there no traces of them were visible. The whole affair from beginning to end was over in less than a minute, but from the glimpse I had, I feel convinced, the man I saw carried off was your brother."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Charles, starting, "kidnap Bellefield; why, what possible motive could any body have for doing that?"

"One only too powerful—revenge!" was the alarming reply. "My guide was young Hardy, whose sister Bellefield has cruelly betrayed and forsaken. Come, Charles, let us obtain aid to seek and save him; God grant we may not arrive too late."

(To be continued.)

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

BY J. M. W.

"Then I gazed into the Future far as human eye can see, Saw the vision of the World, and all the wonders that would be."—*Locksley Hall*.

THE vision of the future is vast and brilliant enough to satiate the imagination of the most poetic among us; and how men who pride themselves on being very *sober* and *practical* are reconciled to the necessity for introducing visions of fairyland into the everyday business of life, we are amused to think. Surely they are a little frightened at heart, and could very well dispense with the beauty and brilliancy of the prospect opening before them and their children's children. Beauty and brilliancy—the Fine Arts, and the Pleasing Manufactures—do not seem sound, substantial investments for the British capitalist; yet, strange to say, the British capitalist, in these latter days, begins to find that they *pay*—nay, pay *well*. What is more, the mere capitalist discovers that his contemporary, who has taste and knowledge in his brain, as well as gold in his pocket, doubles his money possessions faster than *he* does, who has no intellectual business to attend to; and thus the unskilled capitalist, like the unskilled labourer, stands no chance in the competition with the skilled. The result is, that the men who are now in the van of British commerce and manufactures are men of enlightened views and elevated aims, and those who would not imitate or cooperate with them from sympathy and confidence, are forced to do so through very shame and the fear of losing what they already possess. They do not halt like the spirit of the age, but they yield to it, nevertheless, and in time will be moulded by it, and will be loath to see their children influenced by the spirit of

the coming age, as it is their destiny to be. Without adequate knowledge, and without faith in the progress of humanity, such men shrink from calling up any reasonable picture of the state of things likely to grow up out of the work of this present generation. If any one present to their minds some idea of this, they do not know what to make of it.

Such a man I talked with recently, as I stood on the bridge over the Serpentine, looking at the elegant fabric that rose like an exhalation before us. His talk set me thinking of the "unknown future," and "the good old times," as he called them. While he went on with melancholy forebodings and vague visionary fears, I was calling up a picture of the past, and making him figure in it in a way he little suspected—good man and merchant as he is. I will tell you what I was thinking of, reader, provided you promise never to divulge the matter to my practical friend, who wonders "how all this nonsense of universal exhibiting and promiscuous visiting of foreigners will end!" and "what our sensible forefathers would think of that silly glass toy!"

Closing my eyes for a moment, I opened them again, and looked around. The place was the same, "but with a difference." It was Hyde Park, not as it is now, but as it was nineteen hundred years ago. All marks of civilization were gone. Park, roads, bridge, Serpentine, barracks, houses, people, all had disappeared. I stood on the verge of a tangled thicket, which skirted a great primeval forest on the north, and the carol of innumerable birds alone broke the silence. From the spot on which I stood, the ground sloped gently for about a mile down to a broad winding river, that glittered like molten gold in the morning sun. I knew the fair stream that was one day to be called the "royal towered Thames." Wild swans sailed gracefully hither and thither over its surface, appearing and disappearing among the reeds on the bank of the opposite reach, called afterwards by the invading Saxon, Balder's Sea, or the Sun God's Bay. The ground between me and the river (now populous Chelsea and Brompton) showed no trace of man or his works. Where the Hammer-smith and Putney omnibuses now run, the wild roe and the fox—the snake and the lizard—the badger and the squirrel had all to themselves, save when the hungry wolf came to dispute a claim to existence with them. A rich mossy turf, broken here and there by patches of coarse grass, gorse, underwood, and now and then a tall forest tree, was all that the eye could see towards the south. North, east, and west stretched the primeval forest—now bursting into leaf-bud. It might have been the utmost recess of an uninhabited island, so wild, fresh, and untrodden was the solitude. As I was enjoying the repose, and the savage beauty of the scene—quick and graceful as an aquatic bird, a coracle or light canoe shot across the stream, paddled skilfully by a human hand. Man, then, held dominion here. I watched my new acquaintance land on the near bank, and wander up and down. His attention seemed riveted on the eminence

where I stood. He stopped and gazed—advanced, and stopped again. At length he stood still for some minutes, then retreated as if in alarm—again he advanced slowly. It was a strange pantomime of astonishment, fear, and curiosity.—Was I, the modern Briton, clothed in broadcloth and crowned with beaver skin, the cause of all this excitement in the breast of an ancient Briton? At last courage seemed to predominate within him, and he drew near. I felt no more astonishment than one does at the strangest metamorphoses in a dream, when in the graceful form of the naked, woad-dyed, splendidly tattooed savage before me, with his long streaming black hair and short hunting-spear, I recognised my practical round-shouldered friend already introduced to the reader, although I knew well enough that he would never stir from home, on a spring morning, without his everlasting great coat, comforter, and umbrella. I was not in the least shocked, either at the coolness of his stare or of his costume; I was only a little surprised, I remember, to see how nimbly and gracefully he bounded over the ground, and to hear how remarkably well he spoke Welsh. My own sudden proficiency in that language seemed also quite a matter of course.

"Oh, son of Gwynne the brave!" he began, with an agitated voice, and fierce gleaming black eyes; "thou, too, art a seer and a prophet. Is it with thee as it is with me? Is this fair hunting-ground changed to thy view as by the wand of the sorcerer? Have the armed sons of the southern land, that dwell in palaces of stone, made this ground of the brave Trinobantes their own? Dost thou see, as I see, all this green hill, over which our fathers hunted, cut up by the accursed instruments of the Roman, and made to wave with a new grass that they will force us to eat instead of the noble acorn? Are my eyes enchanted that I no longer see the thickets that sheltered the wild beasts? Are the tall trees laid low? Is all the ground laid bare to the plough of the invader? Do I, indeed, see our descendants tamely reaping corn where we have hunted the fallow deer and fought with the wolf?" And he tossed back his hair wildly from his face, and looked about him like a clairvoyant, who dreads the thing he sees. I looked around too. It was as he had said—a change had come o'er the scene. Between us and the river side, the ground was covered with waving corn, and near at hand, on the site of the Great Exhibition, stood a farmer's dwelling, of a fashion I had never seen. A woman clothed in a flowing robe was bearing a vessel of water on her head; she had filled it from a spring that bubbled near; and labourers were scattered in the fields. The scene was no longer one of savage beauty. The hand of man had converted it into one of agricultural industry and prosperous repose.

"Oh, most noble Trinobant!" I replied, "to me, as to thee, is it given to discern the things which are yet in the bosom of futurity; but this future that I gaze upon is fairer and more desirable than that state of things in which you have lived. See here abundance. Food for a score where was lately barely food

for one man, and that obtained at peril of his life. Say, is it not better so?" I turned, and the slight motion recalled me from my short dream.

"Better, how?" asked Mr. Jones, testily: "I have been talking this half hour about the dreadful spirit of innovation (improvement, enlightenment, you call it); I have been telling you of the corruption of morals that this terrible influx of foreigners will cause among us; to say nothing of the revolutionary spirit they will spread among the disaffected lower classes; I even tell you of the horrid conspiracy they had formed to murder our blessed queen and her artist-husband, and which was fortunately discovered and knocked on the head by a policeman, and you actually turn round and ask me if it is not *better* so. Allow me to say that you young fellows of the progress-party are all a little mad. Good morning! I can't stand looking at that great glittering bazaar any longer. And if you'll take a lesson from the wisdom of your ancestors——"

"I shall come to the same conclusion as if I took a lesson from you," I said, laughing.

"The creature *man* is the same in all ages; it is only the costume that is different," said the commonplace philosopher. "Your great glass-house, and the communion of all people within it, will never change his nature a bit, unless to make him more conceited and less simple in his habits. We shall all be wanting to live in glass-houses next."

"Well," I replied, eagerly, "and what harm would there be in that?"

"Oh, none; only the little boys of the next generation must learn not to throw stones. Glass-houses, indeed! what nonsense! Good morning."

And away went the old-fashioned gentleman, flourishing his umbrella and muttering to himself.

Ten minutes afterwards, I stood within the Crystal Palace, and forgot him and all other things but that wondrous structure. The *coup d'œil* of the whole from the central point of the ground floor is astounding. The immense length, the height of the transept, the light and elegant supports and galleries; the innumerable right-lines, forming symmetrical figures of various sizes, but perfectly harmonious in their combination; the fine lines spread net-wise over the roof, as if it were the work of a huge geometric spider; the unsubdued light, the aerial, cheerful elegance, produce the strangest sensation of novelty, at the first glance. The feeling of admiration deepens as you remember how rapidly this enormous building has sprung up at the will of an energetic nation. As you move slowly along, and begin to understand how strong and firm it all is, more and more are you astonished that it should be so, for it looks ten times more unsubstantial from within than it does from without. It seems like a mere network of lines and light, like a morning mist ready to dissolve into thin air, and

"like the baseless fabric of a vision
Leave not a wreck behind."

You cannot class it with the great works of archi-

itecture. Solidity, massiveness, the fretted vault, the sculptured capital, the solemn depth of shadow, and the partial light, revealing more by their mysterious blending and contrast than the flood of day pouring into the Crystal Palace on all sides, above and around; all these are wanted here. There is too much blank light, and there is no shadow at all. On a sunny day it has a wonderfully airy and gay effect, and if it may not be properly pronounced grand or beautiful, it is very elegant and gigantically pretty. It does not bring thoughts of the great supernatural ideas which over-arch our mortal life. It does not help to move

"the burden of the mystery
Of all this unintelligible world"

from our hearts. We do not feel as we look around, that we are brought nearer to the eternal, immutable, all-perfect Source and Centre of all things; we do not pause and keep silence because the place is hallowed by the inspiration of a lofty genius. No, we are moved to surprise and admiration at the wonderful *cleverness* of the whole, the signal evidence of the power and intelligence of civilized man to create new worlds (material worlds) out of the fair globe which we inhabit; and we are lost in speculating as to how far off from his present stage of mechanical skill is the point at which God will say to man, "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further." As far as reason will carry us now, we may safely say that point is far distant.

The feeling of strangeness and novelty, combined with that of airy cheerfulness, is what takes possession of the mind on first entering the Crystal Palace. The sort of thing is quite new, and you have no foregone conclusions, about what it ought or ought not to be like, to reconcile with your first impressions. After the novelty has ceased to astonish, as you wander along the elegant airy galleries, and look down into the vast nave, slowly, a true perception of the enormous size of the building steals into the mind. You see wagons and horses standing in the transept, and they look like children's toys. Large old elms spread their branches, and seem small; the very sparrows believe they are flying about under the blue canopy of heaven. As you are looking at the pigmy size of a fellow-creature below, you see many more,—about five thousand workmen, returning hurriedly from dinner. They blacken the ground near the entrance like swarming emmets. This lasts only for a few minutes; they disperse themselves throughout the building, and it seems empty once more. An army could perform its evolutions conveniently in that long-drawn nave. The galleries themselves are the most charming promenades imaginable, and to see a gorgeous procession sweep through them in the sunshine will be an enlivening sight. As it stands, the only fault that I can find with the appearance of the Crystal Palace is the flat roof of the nave. It would have been better, I think, had it been vaulted like the transept. The blue paint used in the decoration is also not quite pleasing; it should have been of a more

delicate hue. When the awning is placed under the roof and along the south side of the building, the effect of the whole interior will be much improved. At present, there is too much light; articles valuable for their colour will lose all richness in the glare. The want of shadow, too, reminds one of the portraits of Queen Elizabeth. A tinted awning would remove these objections very easily. It is a most surprising thing that there should be so little to find fault with, and that the projectors should have had a little difficulty in executing so great and elegant a design. Perhaps it would have been impossible, in ten years' study, to have hit upon anything more appropriate for the intended Exhibition. Mr. Paxton's words occurred to us often while we were wandering about among the bales and packing-cases assembled from every land "from Indus to the Pole." He says in a paper addressed to the Society of Arts on the 13th of November, 1850:—"A structure where the industry of all nations is intended to be exhibited, should, it is presumed, present to parties from all nations a building for the exhibition of their arts and manufactures, that, while it affords ample accommodation and convenience for the purposes intended, would of itself be the most singular and peculiar feature of the Exhibition. How far this has been accomplished, I must leave to the community to decide."

The community will pronounce a decision thoroughly satisfactory to the able projector of the edifice; of that there is little doubt; and we hope future communities, as well as the present generation, will have further cause to be grateful to the memory of Mr. Paxton. May his wish of converting the whole into a winter garden, after it has served its original purpose, be realized! He says, "I would convert the building into a permanent winter garden, and would then make carriage drives and equestrian promenades through it. Pedestrians would have about two miles of galleries, and two miles of walks upon the ground-floor, and sufficient room would then be left for plants. The whole intermediate spaces between the walks and drives would be planted with shrubs and climbers from temperate climes. In summer the upright glass might be removed, so as to give the appearance of continuous park and garden."

Think of the blessing this winter garden would be to invalids, studious persons, and young children! Of the fashionable world we take no account; they are well able to provide for their own pleasures. Surely there is something very nearly akin to genius in the man who plans a Crystal Palace (the very name seems taken from an Arabian tale!) for the purpose of collecting within it all the cunningly devised works of every nation under heaven, that each may see how clever the others are, and learn from and esteem them accordingly; and then proposes to convert it into a garden more beautiful than the far-famed hanging one of the Babylonian Semiramis. And if the ingenuity, taste, and skill of the man who devised the building deserve the thanks and admira-

tion of the world, what shall we say of the mind of the man who first proposed to the country the whole scheme of a Great Industrial Exhibition for all Nations? When you, good reader, hold this in your hand, the completed plan will be in operation; and, as far as may be judged from the promising state of matters now, it will be as successful as its projector and his royal wife can desire. But if it were not to prove successful—were it even to turn out a complete failure, we should say that it was an idea worthy of a great prince,—noble, benevolent, and of extended utility. The spirit in which the thing was conceived, is that in which it should be carried through. What the nature of that spirit is, cannot be better described than in Prince Albert's own words, addressed to an assembly of dignitaries of the chief cities of the British Empire. When we remember that the person who speaks is a young prince, and a foreigner, this beautiful speech is the more remarkable.

"I conceive it to be the duty of every educated person closely to watch and study the time in which he lives, and as far as in him lies to add his humble mite of individual exertion to further the accomplishment of what he believes Providence to have ordained. Nobody, however, who has paid any attention to the particular features of our present era, will doubt for a moment that we are living at a period of most wonderful transition, which tends rapidly to accomplish that great end to which indeed all history points, the realization of the unity of mankind."

It may fairly be disputed whether all history *does* point to such an end, but I suppose most men would be glad enough to believe it, and at all events we congratulate the prince whose heart and imagination are kept for ever warm by such a thought. He goes on eloquently, thus:—

"Not a unity which breaks down the limits and levels the peculiar characteristics of the different nations of the earth, but rather a unity the results and products of those very national varieties and antagonistic qualities. The distances which separated the different nations and parts of the globe are gradually vanishing before the achievements of modern invention, and we can traverse them with incredible speed; the languages of all nations are known, and their acquirement placed within the reach of everybody; thought is communicated with the rapidity, and even by the power of lightning. On the other hand, the great principle of the division of labour, which may be called the moving power of civilization, is being extended to all branches of science, industry, and art. Whilst formerly the greatest mental energies strove at universal knowledge, and that knowledge was confined to the few, now they are directed to specialities, and in these again even to the minutest points. But the knowledge acquired becomes at once the property of the community at large; whilst formerly discovery was wrapt in secrecy, it results from the publicity of the present day, that no sooner is a discovery or invention made than it is already improved upon and surpassed by competing efforts.

The products of all quarters of the globe are placed at our disposal, and we have only to choose which is the best and cheapest for our purposes, and the powers of production are entrusted to the stimulus of competition and capital. So man is approaching a more complete fulfilment of that great and sacred mission which he has to perform in this world. His reason being created after the image of God, he has to use it to discover the laws by which the Almighty governs his creation, and, by making these laws his standard of action, to conquer nature to his use—himself a divine instrument. Science discovers these laws of power, motion, and transformation; industry applies them to the raw material which the earth yields us in abundance, but which becomes valuable only by knowledge; art teaches us the immutable laws of beauty and symmetry, and gives to our productions forms in accordance with them. The Exhibition of 1851 is to give us a true test and a living picture of the point of development at which the whole of mankind has arrived in this great task, and a new starting-point from which all nations will be able to direct their further exertions. I confidently hope that the first impression which the view of this vast collection will produce on the spectator, will be that of deep thankfulness to the Almighty for the blessings which he has bestowed upon us already here below; and the second, the conviction that they can only be realized in proportion to the help which we are prepared to render to each other; therefore, only by peace, love, and ready assistance, not only between individuals, but between the nations of the earth."

Honour to the head and to the heart of the man who has set himself to work to lay the foundation of a Temple of Concord; not the old Pagan deity, but the most noble Christian virtue, Charity. The result, if it do not equal his hopes, (which, alas! cannot be expected of any earthly scheme,) will, we trust, be of immense immediate advantage to all nations, and that it must have incalculable effects for good in future days, we feel to be as certain as that two and two make four. The city of London will probably profit immensely by the influx of visitors in a mere money sense, and we can conceive few events more calculated to enlighten and improve John Bull's estimate of foreign nations than the visits of so many to this land of ours,—

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war."

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur. Old John of Gaunt, had he lived in these days, would have joined heartily with Prince Albert in his desire to show England what other nations can do in the useful arts, and he would have felt that more good would be done to John Bull by the friendly shakes of the hand he will have to give to outlandish foreigners, whom he has been taught to despise, than John Bull has any notion of. Nothing smooths away misunderstanding

and ill-grounded dislike like personal contact. Many persons, I know, are in a terrible state of alarm at the revolutionary crowd from the continent that may be expected to inundate London, and poison the minds of our innocent tradesmen and artisans. Such persons show a marvellous want of perception of the grand characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race; to them we say, Wait and see.

The material of the Great Palace itself is now attracting much attention, with a view to the erection of dwelling-houses of a similar kind; and if the window-tax be abolished, glass will be as common as brick and mortar. Of the antiquity of the manufacture of glass, and the course of its improvement up to the present time, some idea may be gathered from the following extracts from Rees' Encyclopædia:—

"De Neri will have glass to be as ancient as Job, for that writer speaking of wisdom, (chap. xxviii. ver. 17,) says, 'Gold and glass shall not be equalled to it.' This, we are to observe, is the reading of the Septuagint, Vulgate Latin, St. Jerome, Pineda, &c., for in the English version, instead of glass we read crystal.

"Most authors will have Aristophanes to be the first author who mentions glass: Aristotle has two problems upon glass; the first, Why we see through it? the second, Why it is not malleable? If these problems be Aristotle's, which the learned very much doubt, this would be the earliest testimony in favour of the antiquity of glass; but the first author who makes unquestionable mention of this matter is Alexander Aphrodisæus, who uses it in a simile,—'As the floridness of a colour is seen through glass.' Among the Latin writers Lucretius is the first that takes notice of glass,—'*Nisi recta foramina tranant, qualia sunt vitri.*' Dr. Merret, however, adds that glass could not be unknown to the ancients, but that it must needs be as ancient as pottery itself, or the art of making bricks. How old soever glass may be, the art of making and working it appears of no great antiquity. The first place mentioned for the making thereof is Sidon, in Syria, which was famous for glass and glass-houses. The first time we hear of glass made among the Romans was in the time of Tiberius, when Pliny relates that an artist had his house demolished for making glass malleable, or, rather, flexible; though Petronius Arbitr, and some others, assure us that the emperor ordered the artist to be beheaded for his invention. According to Bede, artificers skilled in making glass were brought over into England in the year 674 by Abbot Benedict, who were employed in glazing the church and monastery of Wearmouth. Till this time the art of making glass was unknown in Britain; though glass windows did not begin to be used before the year 1180. Venice for many years excelled all Europe in the fineness of its glasses; and in the thirteenth century the Venetians were the only people that had the secret of making crystal looking-glasses. The great glass-works were at Muran or Murano, a village near the city, which furnished all Europe with the finest and largest glasses.

"The glass manufacture was first begun in England in 1557: the finer sort was made in the place called Crutched Friars, in London; the fine flint glass, little inferior to that of Venice, was first made in Savoy House, in the Strand, London. The first glass plates, for looking-glasses and coach windows, were made in 1673, at Lambeth, by the encouragement of the Duke of Buckingham; who, in 1670, introduced the manufacture of fine glass into England, by means of Venetian artists, with amazing success, so that within a century past, the French and English have not only come up to, but even surpassed the Venetians, and we are now no longer supplied from abroad. The French made a considerable improvement in the art of Glass, by the invention of a method to cast very large plates, till then unknown, and scarce practised yet by any but themselves and the English."

If the reader is curious concerning the latest improvements in the art of glass-making, he would do well to read a book recently published by A. Pellatt, (Bogue, Fleet Street,) from which he will learn much, and be amused much. Full as London is every year of Exhibitions for the delectation of visitors, this *annus mirabilis* will far outdo every former year. The great one will not swallow up the smaller ones. Of some of these, the most memorable, we shall probably give some account in a future number. Two or three panoramas of considerable interest we hear talked of already: one of these, occupying the ground of the old Chinese Exhibition, is likely to be among the most popular, embodying the principal sites and scenes of Scripture history, from correct sketches by Mr. Bartlett. When pains-taking artists of this kind are copied by the projectors of panoramas, it is a decided advantage to the sight-seeing multitude, who thus see only what is real, instead of what is doubtful, clap-trap, or decidedly bad. Another of the marvellous London sights will be Wyld's large globe, in Leicester Square. It is something to have geography and a few kindred *ologies* made easy for the million; and it is also something (no little, I should say, if I lived in the neighbourhood) to get that mournful receptacle for rubbish—the area of Leicester Square—covered over at all. Honour to the map-seller! *Vive Monsieur Wyld!* echo the Frenchmen of the *quartier*.

CHRISTIANITY IN CEYLON.¹

THIS handsome volume is merely a portion of the work which Sir James Emerson Tennent meditates publishing on the history and present condition of Ceylon. His official residence in the island, and the intellectual energy and activity he has bestowed on the investigation of the great religious, moral, social and commercial considerations connected with the govern-

ment of this valuable possession of the British crown, render him a very fit person to undertake such a work for general information. The reason for the appearance of this branch of his subject in a separate form, Sir James states in a brief preface. It is simply this: Upon entering into the question of religion in Ceylon, he found materials accumulate in great abundance, and of so interesting a character, that it was impossible to make them "a subsidiary portion of a more comprehensive work," and still more impossible to leave them out altogether. As no intimation is given of the contemplated size of the forthcoming work, it is not easy to judge whether or not the present volume could have been made a subsidiary portion of it with advantage to the whole. But unless the remaining portion be very much shorter than we hope it will be, there would have been some advantage to the public in keeping them both together, and not much difficulty in doing so, as the present volume is printed in very large type, and contains only a very moderate quantity of matter. However, we are by no means disposed to quarrel with our author for putting forth a book in so attractive a form; and as regards substance, we can have no hesitation in affirming that it gives a complete, though necessarily compendious account of the state of religion, past and present, in Ceylon. The Sketches of the Brahmical and Buddhist Systems of Religion, as they have prevailed, and still prevail in the island, are written with the enlightenment of a philosophical student, and the practical knowledge acquired by personal observation of their effects.

The very name of Ceylon conjures up a hundred visions of Oriental scenery, dear to the imagination of every European; that is, of every European who is blest with such a faculty. The wonderland, the dreamland, the beautyland, the Paradise or Happy Land of the West, has ever been the East; and, in the language of the school-historians, "the cradle of civilization was in the East." Of all the islands in the east, Ceylon is the one which we confess to loving the best—not that we have seen it with our bodily eyes;—neither it nor any other; but we have associated the island of Taprobane, Scendib or Ceylon, with the adventures narrated in Arabian tales, with the early navigation of Greeks and Romans, and the earlier conquests of the great forgotten rulers of Central Asia. We have some notion that Sindbad's valley of diamonds was in Ceylon. At all events, there are in Ceylon just such long, narrow valleys, flanked by "eagle-baffling mountains," and emerging after a long winding course on the sea-shore; and here precious stones are found,—"rubies and cat's eyes, sapphires and emerald." Merchants from foreign lands were wont to trade with the natives for them, or search for the treasures themselves. And as Persians were among these merchants, there are few things we are more willing to believe, than that among these Persians came Sindbad from Bassora; and we have no doubt that there is some foundation for the story about the lumps of raw flesh and the roc's egg. We hear of things quite as strange every day. Then the sea-coast of Ceylon re-

(1) "Christianity in Ceylon; its Introduction and Progress under the Portuguese, the Dutch, the British, and the American Missions. With an Historical Sketch of the Brahmical and Buddhist Superstitions." By Sir James Emerson Tennent. K. C. S. LL. D. &c.

minds us of the pearl-fishery, the great business of the maritime population of "Ormuz and of Ind;" and its interior regions—vast plains of cinnamon groves and plantations,—mountains, and great tropical forests, where the elephants range in vast herds. Then there are the ruins of temples and mountains, sacred to a world-old faith, to which the natives cling with the tenacity of ignorance and a sluggish intelligence. Their *summum bonum* is *le bien être physique, en attendant*, the far-off end of all existence, seen in dim perspective; viz. a positive-negative bliss in *Nirvana*. In the picturesque towns and villages scattered over the plains, or grouped under the palm-trees, we see a gentle, graceful population, swarming in the morning or evening light,—

"Dusk faces, with white silken turban wreath'd."

With these pictures and imaginings, Sir James's subject has, at a first glance, little in common. The account of a supposed early Christian Church in Ceylon in the sixth century, even of a supposed visit of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew the Apostles to the island, are scarcely visionary enough to blend with them; but the moment the words Brahma and Buddha sound on the ear, we seem to have found something belonging to the place. Our author touches upon the subject of the dispute as to whether Brahmanism or Buddhism be the more ancient faith,—whether Buddhism be a later effort to purify Brahmanism, or the original primitive religion of which the Brahminical system is a corruption; but he does not pronounce dogmatically on so difficult a question. We give the following short passage on Brahmanism:—

"The religion of the Hindoos has hitherto rested securely on two grand supports,—the scheme of physical science which pervades all the details of their sacred mythology, and their slavish submission to the divine caste of the Brahmans. The latter, the Levites of the East, have been venerated as the vicegerents of spiritual authority upon earth, and the depositaries of human knowledge, and expounders of all heavenly wisdom. From Brahm, the universal and self-existent intelligence, by whom the universe was willed into existence, (but to whom, strange to say, no temples are erected in Hindostan, since his attributes are too sublime and ethereal to be reduced to any intelligible type under which they could be adequately worshipped,) proceeded at the same time the Hindoo triad, Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Shiva the Destroyer. To Brahma was confided the formation of all the beings that were to people the myriads of worlds that had been produced from the great mundane egg, and direct from his presence proceeded the countless progeny of animated forms that have since moved through the universe.

"From his head issued, first of all, the caste of the Brahmans, and simultaneously with their birth flowed from his lips, in finished and substantial form, the sacred volumes of the Vedas, for the instruction of mankind in all needful knowledge. Of these, from the beginning of time, the Brahmans were ordained

the exclusive guardians, and the sole teachers and interpreters of their transcendent truths. From the arm of Brahma proceeded the military caste of the Kshatryas; from his breast Vaishyas, or pastoral and mercantile races, with their innumerable subdivisions, and from his foot the laborious caste of the Shudros, whose doom is that of toil and of humbleness, of slavery and degradation.

"Caste, in all its visible arrangements, is thus not only conferred by the Brahmans to a sacred and lofty origin, but in its distribution and subordination its adjustment from the commencement is asserted to have been unaltered, and it is presumed that to the extinction of the universe it must remain the same and immutable. Caste is not a distinction of *degree*, but of *essence*. A member of one recognised caste could by no merit or exaltation be elevated into one higher in the scale; and if by the violation of the institutes of Brahma, an individual should be overtaken by the awful visitation of an expulsion from caste, he falls, not into a lower receptacle, for whose rites and institutions, its functions and its duties, he would be utterly disqualified, *but he drops altogether out of the pale of mankind*. He becomes an outcast, a pariah, for whom humanity has a form, but no recognised place,—a name that concentrates all that a Hindoo holds loathsome and abhorred."

The whole of this vast and gloomy religious system is so compact and entire, embracing every act, thought, and word of daily life, that it is next to impossible an unthinking, indolent population should ever be set free from its superstition. The high-caste men have too many privileges to be disposed to find any fault with it, and the feudal dependence of the lower castes upon the higher makes all the efforts of the Christian missionary to lead them to a purer faith an almost hopeless labour. But still the Christian missionaries, Portuguese and Dutch, worked hard, in times past, to convert the Tamils of the north, and the Cingalese, or, as our author writes, Singhalese, of the south, from their respective errors. The Tamils were Brahmans and the Singhalese Buddhists, with few exceptions; and are so still, where the doctrines of Christianity have not superseded the older religion. Before giving an account of the progress of Christianity among the Singhalese, we will quote from our author some observations on the widely extended faith of Buddha which it has to contend against. No mere shadowy opposition, as will be seen.

Buddhism, our readers may not be aware, is generally believed to have been professed in Hindostan before Brahmanism prevailed there:—That its chief seat was Bahar. The famous temple of Juggernaut is supposed to have been originally a Buddhist, and not as now a Brahminical temple.

"In its migrations to other countries since its dispersion by the Brahmans, Buddhism has assumed and exhibited itself in a variety of shapes. At the present day its doctrines, as cherished among the Jains of Guzerat and Rajpootana, differ widely from its mysteries as administered by the Jaina of Thibet: and both are

equally distinct from the metaphysical abstractions propounded by the monks of Nepal. Its observances in Japan have undergone a still more striking alteration from their vicinity to the Syntoos, and in China they have been similarly modified in their contact with the rationalism of Loo-tsen and the social demonology of the Confucians. But in each and in all, the distinction is in degree rather than in essence; and the general concurrence is unbroken in all the grand essentials of the system.

"Whilst Brahminism, without denying the existence, practically ignores the influence and power of a creating and controlling intelligence; Buddhism, exulting in the idea of the infinite perfectibility of man, and the achievement of the highest attainable happiness by the unflinching practice of every conceivable virtue, exalts the individuals thus pre-eminently wise into absolute supremacy over all existing beings, and attempts the daring experiment of an *atheistic morality*. Buddha himself is not worshipped as a deity, or a still existent and active agent of benevolence and power. He is revered merely as a glorified remembrance, the effulgence of whose purity is to serve as a guide and incentive to the future struggles and aspirations of mankind. The sole superiority which his doctrines admit is that of goodness and wisdom; and Buddha himself, having attained to this perfection by the immaculate righteousness of his actions, the absolute subjugation of his passions, and the unerring accuracy of his unlimited knowledge, became entitled to the homage of all, and was required to render it to none."

It will be seen from the following, that the ultimate state of bliss or repose of the Buddhist approaches very nearly to, if it be not identical with, annihilation. This doctrine most persons, not versed in metaphysical subtleties, will be disposed to regard as essentially the same with the Brahminical one of the final absorption of the soul in the supreme essence; for such persons will argue that the loss of conscious individual existence is identical with non-existence or total oblivion.

"Externally coinciding with Hindooism, so far as the avatar of Buddha may be regarded as a pendant for the incarnation of Brahma, the worship of the former is essentially distinguished from the religion of the latter in the important particular that it regards that exalted being, not as an actual emanation or manifestation of the divinity, but as the guide and example to teach that enthusiastic self-reliance by means of which mankind of themselves, and by their own unassisted exertions, are to attain to perfect virtue here, and to supreme happiness hereafter. Both inculcate, but with diversified characteristics, the mysterious doctrine of the metempsychosis; but whilst the result of successive embodiments is to bring the soul of the Hindoo a step nearer to the final beatitude of absorption into the essence of Brahma, and actual identification with the Creator, the end and aim of the Buddhistical transmigration is to lead the purified spirit to *Nirwana*, a condition between which and

utter annihilation there exists but the dim distinction of a name. Nirwana is the *exhaustion* without the *destruction* of existence, the *close* but not the *extinction* of being.

"In deliberate consistency with this principle of human elevation, the doctrines of Buddha recognise the full eligibility of every individual born into the world for the attainment of the highest degrees of intellectual perfection and ultimate bliss; and herein consists its most striking departure from the Brahminical system, in denying the superiority of the 'twice-born' over the rest of mankind, in repudiating a sacerdotal supremacy of race, and in claiming for the pure and the wise that supremacy and exaltation which the self-glorified Brahmans would monopolise for themselves.

"Hence the supremacy of *caste* is utterly disclaimed in the sacred books which contain the tenets of Buddha; and although in process of time his followers have departed from that portion of his precepts, still distinction of birth is nowhere authoritatively recognised as a qualification for the priesthood. Buddha being in fact a deification of human intellect, the philanthropy of the system extends its participation and advantages to the whole family of mankind, the humblest member of which it sustains by an assurance that by virtue and endurance he may attain an equality, though not an identification with the supreme intelligence. Wisdom thus exalted as the sole object of pursuit and veneration, the Buddhists, with characteristic liberality, admit that the teaching of virtue may not be confined to their own professors alone; especially when the ceremonial of others does not involve the taking of life. Hence in a great degree arises the indifference of the Singalese as to the comparative claims of Christianity and Buddhism, and hence the facility with which, both under the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the British Government, they have combined the secret worship of the one with the ostensible profession of the other. They in fact admit Christ to have been a teacher, second only to Buddha, but inferior, inasmuch as the latter, who was perfect in wisdom, has attained to the bliss of Nirwana."

This similarity between the pure morality of Buddhism and the morality of the Christian faith, in both of which the same great everlasting laws are recognised as of divine origin, makes it an easy matter for the Singalese to become a professing Christian, and that without any violation of his conscience or swerving from his original faith. The following anecdote is sufficiently illustrative of this fact; so that a Singalese can scarcely be said to deceive when he assents to the Christian religion (as he understands it) but remains a Buddhist in his heart. They are not accustomed to anything like accuracy of thought, and have no proper perception of what truth is. Truth mixed with falsehood is in all their thoughts, words, and works. Alas! is it not so with many people calling themselves members of a sound Christian community?

"A curious illustration of the prevalence of this

disposition to conform to two religions, was related to me recently. A Singhalese chief came, a short time since, to the principal of a government seminary at Colombo, desirous to place his son as a pupil of the institution, and agreed without an instant's hesitation, that the boy should conform to the discipline of the school, which requires the reading of the Scriptures, and attendance on the hours of worship and prayer; accounting for his ready acquiescence by an assurance that he entertained an equal respect for the doctrines of Buddhism and Christianity.

"'But how can you,' said the Principal, 'with your superior education and intelligence, reconcile yourself thus to halt between two opinions, and submit to the inconsistency of professing an equal belief in two conflicting opinions?'

"'Do you see,' replied the subtle chief, laying his hand on the arm of the other, and directing his attention to a canoe, with a large spar as an outrigger, lashed alongside, in which a fisherman was just pushing off upon the lake—'Do you see the style of these boats, in which our fishermen always put to sea, and that that spar is almost equivalent to a second canoe, which keeps the first from upsetting? It is precisely so with myself: I add on *your* religion to steady my own, because I consider *Christianity* a very safe outrigger to *Buddhism*.'

Until the time of the British dominion in Ceylon, (it was ceded to us at the peace of Amiens) very little seems really to have been done by the Christian Missionaries. The Portuguese, with their ceremonial religion, in many respects similar to the pomps and pageantry of the religion they desired to extirpate, found no difficulty in obtaining nominal converts to the Roman Catholic faith. The celebrated St. Francis Xavier, "the Apostle of India," was the first who preached to the Tamil population of the North of Ceylon, some forty years after the Singhalese in the South had numbered many nominal converts. But all these conversions seem to have been merely the effect of an obsequious desire to obtain favour with their governors. If the Roman Catholic faith, with its many attractions to an imaginative and sensual people, failed to conquer the national superstition, still less success had the Presbyterian form of Christianity, brought into the island by "those gentlemen-pedlars, the Dutch."

For a great part of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the Catholics and Presbyterians in Ceylon seem to have been more heartily engaged in quarrelling with each other, than in warring against Paganism. The natives took part with each according to the accident of geographical position. This painful state of things gave way to a better, at the occupation of the island by the British. There are now Missionary establishments in Ceylon, of various sects and nations. The American Mission; according to Tennent, is upon the whole the most effective. Their education of females has had the most beneficial result, as will be seen from the following:—

"But the great effort of the missionaries, and that

in which their success has been the most remarkable, is the *education of girls*. In the face of the proverbial jealousy of Orientals, as to everything that concerns their women, it required more than ordinary foresight and courage to encounter the difficulty, amounting almost to hopelessness, of effecting any successful result from such an unpromising undertaking as the establishment of female schools, and, above all, of boarding schools, for the complete separation of girls from their family and friends. No incident in the early struggles of the mission occasioned more severe animadversion of the natives, or created a stronger repugnance to their objects, than the spectacle of the European ladies assuming a prominent position in their own household, and being permitted to sit at table with the males of the family; the idea of a woman presuming to eat in the presence of her husband being something utterly repugnant to all their previous habits and views of propriety.

"As a portion of that social policy which thus condemns the women of India to a position of submissive inferiority and domestic toil, there exists an active hostility to the education of females, as tending to disturb their relative position in society, and to destroy their feeling of passive subordination to the other sex. So universally prevailing is this sentiment, that when the Americans first opened their female schools, reading and writing were sciences unknown to the female population of Jaffna; and it is doubtful whether there could have been found in the peninsula a woman of any rank who knew the letters of the Tamil alphabet.

"The first pupils of the American Mission at Oodooville were enticed to come by presents of dress, by the prospect of reward at each stage of their progress, and by the promise of a dowry of five or six pounds, in the event of their remaining in the institution till married with the approval of their teachers. Yet, even when allured by these encouragements, so strong was the prejudice against female instruction, that the parents who had yielded and allowed their daughters to attend were visited with reproaches for their folly, and the children themselves evinced a sense of shame and confusion, when, for the first time, they engaged in the novelty of learning to read.

"But there was an object to be attained in this undertaking, of much deeper importance than might at first be apparent. Notwithstanding the intellectual degradation of women, and the badge of social inferiority imposed upon them, the custom of the Hindoos in Jaffna, in relation to marriages and dower, had invested their females with an authority and control over property, which go far towards restoring them, in practice and reality, to that position and influence from which ignorance and prejudice have displaced them. It is a paramount object of ambition with Tamil parents, to secure an eligible alliance for their daughters, by the assignment of extravagant marriage portions. These consist either of land, or of money secured upon land, and as the law of Ceylon recognises the absolute control of the lady over the property

thus conveyed to her sole and separate use, the prevalence of the practice has by degrees thrown an extraordinary extent of the landed property of the country into the hands of the females, and invested them with a corresponding proportion of authority in its management."

It is evident that the women of Ceylon are by no means in so helpless and dependent a state as their sisters in Persia and Turkey. Whether they can succeed to sovereign power, as the high-caste women of Hindoostan often do, is not mentioned by our author. His visits to the American Mission establishments at Manepy and Oodooville are interesting, as bearing upon the important subject of education, and are in every way satisfactory. The American Mission deserves the thanks of the British government for its successful labours in the cause of Christianity and civilization in this fine island.

"My earliest visits, after reaching Jaffna, were made to the institutions and schools of the several missions, and especially to those of the American missionaries. On the evening of my arrival, so soon as the decline of the sun rendered it practicable, I drove to the printing-office at Manepy, a hamlet within five miles of the fort, embowered amidst luxuriant groves, above which rises the graceful spire of the village church. The establishment was in active operation; the presses in motion, the binding-rooms full of bustle and business, and the book stores crowded like a repository in Paternoster Row, with shelves of bound volumes, and piles of printed sheets, that rose in columns to the ceiling. The contents of these apartments are all destined for the schools of the various missions, and for almost gratuitous circulation amongst the Tamils of Jaffna.

"The Female Seminary of Oodooville is but a few miles from Manepy. It happened to be the commencement of the recess, and the pupils had been dispersed for the holidays; their residences were not, however, very far distant, and having heard of our intention to visit the schools, there was a numerous attendance of scholars, who had flocked in joyfully in order that we might not be disappointed of our object. They were most interesting creatures, from six to ten and twelve years old, clad in white jackets, but wearing the gold and silver ornaments and bangles with which the Indians are so eager to decorate their children. In their gentle, and at the same time happy demeanour, as well as in the neatness and modesty of their dress, they showed to much advantage, as compared with the scarcely delicate costume of the females of Jaffna in general. But what interested me most was that a number of young married women were present, who had been educated at Oodooville. There was a joyous expression in their features, as if they felt proud of their association with a place endeared to them by pleasant recollections, and with which they were still identified in the persons of their children, who had already been enrolled as its inmates. They testified the most agreeable interest in all that passed in the examination of

the pupils, waiting for their answers with lively attention, and expressing their satisfaction with a smile when any of their little favourites made a ready reply. At the conclusion of their lessons and exercises, the scholars sung a hymn with Tamil words to a plaintive Hindoo air, and I think I never listened to music more touching, or that left a more pleasing impression on my memory, than was produced by the sweet and melodious voices of that happy little choir."

From our author's interesting chapter on the moral and social character of the Singhalese, a great deal of important information may be derived. The Singhalese seem to have the gentleness and mildness of the Hindoo nature, joined with more liveliness and energy. They are prone to deceive, and with them, until lately, lying and theft were not considered crimes at all, or even disgraceful practices.

Throughout Ceylon there are monuments of the industry and art of a bygone civilization. Great temples and colossal statues of Buddha, in which the ideas of power and repose are embodied, are to be found in the sacred places of the island. What our author says with regard to the wonderful tanks of the island is well worthy attention. He devotes a long note to a description of one of these, from which we extract the following:—

"No monuments of antiquity in the island are calculated to impress the traveller with such a conception of the former power and civilization of Ceylon, as the gigantic ruins of the tanks and reservoirs, in which the water during the rains was collected, and preserved for the irrigation of their rice lands. The number of these structures throughout vast districts now comparatively solitary, is quite incredible, and their individual extent far surpasses any works of the kind with which I am acquainted. Some of these enormous reservoirs, constructed across the gorges of valleys in order to throw back the streams that thence issue from the hills, cover an area equal to fifteen miles long, by four or five in breadth, and there are hundreds of a minor construction."

But the energy and industry which formed these useful works seem to have departed from the people, for they are nearly all in ruins, and are allowed to remain so. However, we think Sir James Tennent gives sufficient cause for hope in the efforts which the government and the various Christian Missions are making in the island, and in time the Singhalese may be all that the most benevolent can desire. One thing must not be forgotten by the teachers and missionaries themselves, or by those who concern themselves in their labours.

"The scope and the soil for missionary labour in the East, at the present day, is in many respects, but especially in this particular, widely different from that cultivated by the first Apostles of Christianity. Man-kind, in the area within which their earliest efforts were made, had been already awakened to inquiry from the long torpor of an exhausted superstition. The philosophy and the ethics of Greece had shed their light over the regions of Western Asia, and dis-

turbed the crude mythology of the Romans and their tributaries. The long stagnation of the human mind was at length moved. Philosophy had given a noble expansion to intellectual power, and diffused an energetic contempt for the absurdity of pagan rites. Satire had directed its shafts in ridicule of popular delusion; and rhetoric had roused, whilst science directed an impulse to the exposure of error, and the search after truth. Contemporary with these great social phenomena, two powerful auxiliary movements were in active operation, to aid the extension of Christianity—the dispersion of the Jews, with their sacred books and antiquities, over every region of the Western World, and the diffusion of the literature and language of the Greeks, (the vernacular of the Apostles, and probably of their august Master himself,) over all the southern dominion of Rome, where the Greeks, before their final submission, had planted their colonies, from the shores of the Hellespont to the confines of the Atlas.

“Coextensive with the march of the Apostles, therefore, were the facilities which they found already prepared for the triumph of their missions; but these facilities, their humble followers throughout the East, at the present day, have, in every instance, slowly and laboriously to create amidst difficulties more obstructive, and influences more adverse, than the dangers which beset the path of the Apostles, or the active persecution which overtook their earliest disciples. Instead of the strife of theology, they have to overcome the apathy of indifference, and experience has proved that they encounter a more formidable opponent in the stupor of ignorance than in the dialectics of scepticism.”

The educated among the Singhalese are, it seems, nice students of style, and care more for the form in which a truth is communicated, than for the truth itself; indeed, they will read anything that is agreeably and gracefully put before them. But no attention has been paid to this point by the Christian teachers, who often offend their pupils by using very inelegant, inappropriate, and sometimes offensive language. The following for instance, is much to be regretted:—

“In the preparation of the Church of England version of the Scriptures, and the Book of Common Prayer, an innovation has likewise been admitted, to which it will be long before the ear and taste of the Singhalese will be thoroughly reconciled. So pliant is their dialect, and so artistically has it been inflected, to adapt it to the relative station of the personages addressed, that in one particular alone, the variations of a single pronoun, a native of Ceylon is enabled to apply with delicate propriety no less than ten or twelve degrees of respect, each appropriate to the recognised rank of the individual addressed, and ranging from a familiarity expressive of contempt, to a degree of awe and veneration, with which, in their ideas of worship, the Supreme Being alone should be approached. In the version of the Scriptures translated by the Church of England missionaries of Cotta, all these distinctions have been equalized; they have omitted the use of the honorific ‘wohause,’ and addressed the Deity through-

out, with the ordinary appellation of ‘to’ or thou. The alteration has given rise to the most vehement remonstrances on the part of the higher class of natives, and of the many who, like them, have been reared in that national veneration for rank, which the Buddhists have substituted somewhat inartificially for the prohibited distinctions of ‘caste.’ They have protested, as *blasphemous*, against application to the Supreme Being of epithets which would be felt as an insult if addressed to themselves. They lately rose in a body, and retired from a Church, when the obnoxious version was introduced, and they have intimated, should an innovation so offensive be persevered in, to seek in some other communion of the Christian Church that respect for their feelings which they conceive has been disregarded in their own.”

We have attempted to give some general idea of the contents of this volume, but to all persons really interested in our East Indian dominions, we would say, “Read it for yourselves.” There is no parade of the pedantry of Oriental learning, and probably the author is more acquainted with men and manners in Ceylon, than with the Pali or Sanscrit languages; but his knowledge is quite sufficient for his readers, on the more abstruse matters connected with his subject, and on all others he will be generally accounted a good authority. We look forward to the publication of the rest of his work with considerable interest. The style of this first portion is easy, fluent, and manly. The few notes to each chapter are full of valuable matter, and the illustrations on wood, from designs by Nicholl, are very fine specimens of this kind of engraving.

“I can never so far sacrifice my judgment to the desire of being immediately popular, as to cast my sentences in the French moulds, or affect a style which an ancient critic would have deemed purposely invented for persons troubled with the asthma to read, and for those to comprehend who labour under the more pitiable asthma of a short-witted intellect.”—*Coleridge’s “Friend.”*

“He who thinks his place below him will certainly be below his place.”—*Saville’s “State Maxims.”*

EDITORIAL ERRORS.

We have received the following, relative to a note in our last Number stating, that in the Battle of Fontenoi the English were defeated by the French:—

“MR. EDITOR,—Learn that the Battle of Fontenoi was gained by the Irish brigade. The French had not moved the English; Saxe admitted it; and the English did not fly; they retreated in good order.—From an OLD SOLDIER.”

We beg to assure our Correspondent that we spoke of this engagement only in general terms, as a victory gained by the French, well knowing that it involved no disgrace to our brave countrymen, whose valour was never more conspicuously displayed. If the “Old Soldier” is familiar with the *actions* of Versailles, he must be well aware that our neighbours have not failed to make the most of this success.

It is necessary, also, to correct a statement relating to General Dembinski, viz. that he was obliged to support himself by selling cigars at New York. This was inserted upon the authority of a recent American newspaper, and happily proves to be as apocryphal as many other statements from the same quarter. The veteran hero, as we find from the Journals, is released from captivity, and is, we believe, now at Paris.

YETHOLM, AND THE SCOTTISH GIPSIES.

THE village of Yetholm, the head-quarters of the Scottish Gipsies, lies embosomed among the far famed Cheviot hills, and being surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains, seems completely sequestered from the rest of the world. A clear and rapid stream called the Bowmont, a tributary of the Till, separates the village into two portions,—*Kirk* Yetholm and *Town* Yetholm; a broad level haugh intervening between them. The former is the residence of the gipsy population. Changes are few and far between in that sequestered district, and the description given of it more than thirty years ago, is still applicable. "A mill, and a church, and churchyard rise from the brink of the water, beyond which appear the straggled houses of the village, built in the old Scottish style, many of them with their gable-ends, backs, or corners turned to the street or *towngate*, and still further up, the Tinkler Row, with its low unequal straw-covered roofs and chimneys, bound with rushes and hay-ropes; men and women loitering at their doors, or lazily busied among the carts and panniers, and ragged children scrambling on the *middenleads* (dung-hills), in intimate and equal fellowship with pigs, poultry, dogs and *cuddies* (asses)."¹ The surrounding scenery is wild, solitary, and pleasingly rural. The hills have no pretensions to magnificence of height or to romantic shapes, but they are smooth and steep, and of the most beautiful verdure. It seems a land, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, which a patriarch would have chosen to feed his flocks and herds. The remains of here and there a dismantled and ruined tower, remind us of the sturdy moss-troopers, whom it harboured only a century and a half ago.

"Their gain, their glory, their delight,
To sleep the day, maraud the night,
O'er mountain, moss and moor."

The whole of the district indeed abounds with memorials of ancient border warfare, and many floating traditions may still be collected among the farm-houses and cottages of the peasantry, respecting the Kers, the Douglasses, the Somervilles, the Scotts, and other border *rovers*, who issued from their fastnesses among "Cheviot's mountains lone,"

"In England for to drive a prey."

It is not known with any degree of certainty, at what time the gipsies first took up their residence at Kirk Yetholm, or what reasons led them to prefer it. It is probable, however, that their choice of this situation may have been owing to the peculiar facilities which this sequestered district afforded for the indulgence of their roaming and predatory habits. The family of the Faas—the hereditary monarchs of the Kirk Yetholm gipsies—seem to have been the first who settled there; it is supposed, at a very early period. The Youngs were the next in order, and they were followed by the Gordons, Baillies, and other clans. They were long patronised by the ancient family of the Bennets of

(1) Blackwood, vol. i. art. 2.

Grubet,² from whom they received a feu of their cottages for nineteen times nineteen years, which they still hold from the Marquis of Tweeddale, the present proprietor of the estate. Fifty years ago, the gipsy colony amounted to fifty persons; in 1839, it consisted of twenty-six families, including in all, one hundred and twenty-five individuals.

The earliest notice of the gipsies in the historical records of Scotland, is contained in a letter from James IV. to the King of Denmark, dated 1506, in favour of Anthony Gawino, Earl of Little Egypt, and his followers; "an afflicted and miserable tribe, who alleged that they were upon a pilgrimage over the Christian world, by command of the Pope, and having sojourned for a time in Scotland, now wished to go to Denmark." James therefore solicits the extension of his royal uncle's munificence towards them, adding, at the same time, that the destiny, manners, and lineage of these wandering Egyptians must be better known to him, because the kingdom of Denmark was nearer to Egypt. Thirty-four years later (Feb. 15, 1540) a singular document called a "writ of privy seal" was granted by James V. in favour of John Faa, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt. This writ enjoins all sheriffs and magistrates to support the authority of John Faa, "in execution of justice upon his company and folks conform to the laws of Egypt, and in punishing of all them that rebel against him;" and more particularly they are directed to assist in apprehending "Sebastian Lalowe, Egyptian, one of the said John's company," with his eleven "complices and partakers," who have rebelled against him, and "removed out of his company, and taken frae him divers sums of money, jewels, claiths, and other goods, to the quantity of one great sum of money, and on nac wise will pass hame with him; howbeit, he has bidden and remained of lang time upon them, (waited for them long,) and is bounden and obliged to bring hame with him all them of his company that are alive, and one testimonial of them that are dead;" the nonfulfilment of which obligation, he pretends, will subject him to "heavy damage and skaith (hurt), and great peril of loss of his heritage." A special injunction is then given to all magistrates, to lend John Faa their prison stocks and fetters, and whatever may be necessary for reducing his refractory subjects to order; and masters of vessels and mariners are charged to receive John Faa and his company, when they shall be ready to go "furth of the realm to the parts beyond the sea." It appears from this curious edict, that the "Lord and Earl of Little Egypt" had succeeded in completely imposing upon the government, by this story about his "band" and "heritage," and had so adroitly managed matters as to obtain from the authorities not only toleration, but a recognition of his jurisdiction within his own band, "according to the laws of Egypt." In the following year, however, the Lords of Council appear to have discovered the deception that had been practised upon

(2) The last of this family, Sir William Bennet, was the friend and patron of the poets Thomson and Allan Ramsay. The former was a frequent visitor at Marlefield, Sir William's seat.

them, and revoked the letters and privileges formerly granted to John Faa and his followers, and proceeded forthwith to pass sentence of banishment upon the whole race. In spite of this peremptory injunction, the gipsies appear to have pursued their trade of tinkering and fortune-telling in Scotland with impunity, for the next quarter of a century, till, at length, both their numbers and their crimes increased to such a degree during the "troubulous times" of Queen Mary, that in 1579, it was found necessary to adopt vigorous measures for their repression, and a statute was enacted for the "punishment of the strang and idle beggars," in which "bards, minstrels, and vagabond scholars," are conjoined in ignominious fellowship with "the idle people calling themselves Egyptians," and it is provided that "being apprehended they shall be put in the King's ward and irons, sae lang as they have ony goods of their own to live on, and when they have not whereupon to live of their own, that their ears be nailed to the tron, or to another tree, and their ears cuttit off, and banished the country, and if thereafter they be found again, that they be hangit."

This stringent statute, though repeatedly renewed and strengthened with additional clauses, seems to have utterly failed in restraining the depredations of these vagrants, and in 1603 a proclamation was issued banishing the whole race out of Scotland for ever, under the severest penalties. This, and various other sanguinary edicts which followed, were put into execution without mercy against this unhappy race, and the records of the Scottish criminal courts make mention of great numbers of "Egyptians," both men and women, who were hanged and drowned in the most summary manner. Notwithstanding these severities, the gipsies prospered amid the intestine feuds by which the country was torn asunder, and received large accessions from among those whom famine, oppression, or civil broils, had deprived of the ordinary means of subsistence. Fletcher of Saltoun, who wrote about 150 years ago, states that "in all times there have been about 100,000 of these vagabonds who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land or even those of God and nature." In the progress of time, however, as the power of the laws, and the material prosperity of the country increased, the gipsy tribes were gradually reduced in number, and many were entirely rooted out. As they were driven from the more populous districts of the country they seem to have taken refuge in the border counties, chiefly in such situations as afford a ready escape, either into a waste country or into another jurisdiction.

Kirk Yetholm thus became the head-quarters and stronghold of the Scottish Gipsies, as they were successively extirpated from their other haunts and fastnesses. Like the rest of their tribe in Britain, the Kirk Yetholm gipsies are a mixed race between the ancient Egyptians, who arrived in Europe about the beginning of the fifteenth century, and vagrants of European descent. Still their tawny complexion, black, piercing eyes, and remarkable cast of countenance, together with their

wandering and predatory habits, and peculiar language, sufficiently attest their origin. They derive their ostensible means of livelihood from the mending of pots and pans, the manufacture of horn spoons, called *cutties*, and of baskets and besoms, and the sale of coarse articles of earthenware. They are great adepts in hunting, shooting, and fishing, and are not particularly scrupulous either as to time and place, or the means they employ in following their sport.¹ Many of them cultivate music with success, and in days not long gone by, the favourite fiddler or piper of the district was often to be found in the gipsy village. They are notorious for their pilfering and plundering habits everywhere except at home, where they generally contrive to maintain a tolerably decent reputation for honesty. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, states that in their visits to the vales of Ettrick and Yarrow they not only cleared the rivers and *burns* of fish, but the farmers' outhouses of poultry and eggs, and the *lums* (chimneys) of all the hams and black puddings that hung there for the purpose of *reisting*. It was also well known that they had no scruples in killing a lamb or a wether occasionally, but they always managed matters so dexterously, that no one could ever ascertain from whom these were taken. Old Will Phaup, a well-known character at the head of Ettrick, was accustomed to give them shelter for many years. They asked nothing but house-room and grass for their horses, and though they sometimes remained for several days, he left every chest and press about the house open, with the certainty that nothing would be missing, for he said, "he aye kend fu' weel that the tod (fox) would keep his ain hole clean."

The Yetholm gipsies, like all their tribe, have a strong tendency to vagrant habits; they are usually absent on excursions ten months in the year; they travel in different bands, and have rules among themselves by which each tribe is confined to its own district. The slightest invasion of the precincts which have been assigned to another tribe, produces violent quarrels, in which there is often much blood shed. They usually travel with a train of asses and small carts, or *tumblers*, as they are called, in which they place the decrepit and helpless, the aged and infant members of the family. At night they frequently find accommodation in barns and byres, and other outhouses, and when this cannot be obtained they take the canvass covering from the cart, and squat below it, to use the words of a border magistrate, like a covey of partridges in the snow. Although they are almost

(1) "A stalwart Tinkler wight was he,
And weel could mend a pot or pan,
And deftly Will could throw a *hee*,
And neatly weave the willow wae."

"And sweetly wild were Allan's strains,
And mony a jig and reel he blew,
Wi' merry lilt he charm'd the swains,
Wi' barbed spear the otter slew."

Lay of the Rockwater Minstrel.

Our readers will remember the description given in *Guy Rimer* of the "goodly stew composed of fowls, hares, partridges, and moor game, balled in a large mess with potatoes, onions, and leeks," on which Meg Merrilies regaled Dominic Sampson. "There's been mony a moonlight watch to bring a' that trade thagither," said Meg; "the folk that are to eat that dinner thought little o' your game laws."

universally a lawless race, neither fearing God nor regarding man, yet they are not altogether destitute of a certain kind of honour peculiar to themselves. They reckon it a disgrace to steal near their homes, or from those who befriend them, and they punctually discharge their pecuniary obligations. If confidence is placed in them they will not forfeit their promise, or betray trust. They are deeply grateful for favours bestowed on them, and will long remember a kindness done either to themselves or to their relatives; but if thwarted in their plans, or checked in their depredations, they are exceedingly vindictive, and are restrained by no check either of fear or conscience from taking desperate vengeance upon those who offend them.¹ The following graphic account of their habits and pursuits is given by Leyden in his "Scenes of Infancy:"—

"On Yeta's banks the vagrant gipsies place
Their turf-built huts; a sun-burnt, swarthy race!
From Nubian realms their tawny line they bring,
And their brown chieftain vaunts the name of king:
With loitering steps from town to town they pass,
Their lazy dames rock'd on the pannier'd ass;
From pilfer'd roots or nauseous carrion fed,
By hedgerow greens they strew the leafy bed,
While scarce the cloak of tawdry red conceals
The fine-turn'd limbs, which every breeze reveals;
Their bright black eyes thro' silken lashes shine,
Around their necks their raven tresses twine;
But chilling damps and dews of night impair
Its soft sleek gloss, and tan the bosom bare.
Adroit the lines of palmistry to trace,
Or read the damsel's wishes in her face,
Her hoarded silver store they charm away—
A pleasing debt for promised wealth to pay.

Their notions of religion are exceedingly limited and imperfect. Like most ignorant persons, says a writer in Blackwood,² they are extremely superstitious, —carefully noticing the formation of the clouds, the flight of particular birds, and the *songhing* of the winds, before attempting any enterprise. They have been known for several successive days to turn back with their loaded carts, asses, and children, upon meeting with persons whom they considered of unlucky aspect, nor do they ever proceed upon their summer peregrinations without some propitious omen of their fortunate return. They burn the clothes of the dead, not so much from any apprehension of infection being communicated by them, as the conviction that the very circumstance of wearing them would shorten the days of the living. They likewise carefully watch the

corpse by night and day till the time of interment, and conceive that "the deil tinkles at the lykewakes of those who felt in their *deathdraw* the agonies and terrors of remorse."

The reader will, doubtless, recollect the picturesque description given in Guy Mannering, of the superstitious ceremonies practised by Meg Merrilies beside the dying smuggler, at the Kaim of Derneclueh. Kirk Yetholm was the residence both of Jean Gordon, the prototype of the character of Meg, and of her granddaughter Madge, who, as Sir Walter acknowledges, sat to him as the representative of her person. The latter is described by one who knew her well, as "a remarkable personage of very commanding presence, and lofty stature, being nearly six feet high. She had a large aquiline nose, and penetrating eyes even in her old age, bushy hair that hung around her shoulders, from beneath a gipsy bonnet of straw, a short cloak of a peculiar fashion, and a long staff, nearly as long as herself. Jean was accounted the queen of the Yetholm clan, and had great sway over her tribe. She was quite a Meg Merrilies, and possessed the savage virtue of fidelity in the same perfection." Sir Walter Scott tells an excellent story respecting this heroine, which is strikingly illustrative both of the good and bad features of the gipsy character. Having been often hospitably received at the farm-house of Lochside,³ near Yetholm, she had carefully abstained from committing any depredations on the farmer's property. But her sons (nine in number) had not, it seems, the same delicacy, and stole a brood-sow from their kind entertainer. Jean was so much mortified at this ungrateful conduct, and so much ashamed of it, that she absented herself from Lochside for several years. At length, in consequence of some temporary pecuniary necessity, the farmer was obliged to go to Newcastle, to get some money to pay his rent. Returning through the mountains of Cheviot, he was benighted, and lost his way. A light, glimmering through the window of a large waste barn, which had survived the farm-house to which it had once belonged, guided him to a place of shelter; and when he knocked at the door, it was opened by Jean Gordon. Her very remarkable figure, for she was nearly six feet high, and her equally remarkable features and dress, rendered it impossible to mistake her for a moment, and to meet with such a character, in so solitary a place, and probably at no great distance from her clan, was a terrible surprise to the poor man, whose rent (to lose which would have been ruin to him) was about his person. Jean set up a loud shout of joyful recognition—"Eh sirs! the winsome gudeman of Lochside! Light down, light down, for ye maunna gang farther the night, and a friend's house sae near." The farmer was obliged to dismount and accept of the gipsy's offer of supper and a bed.

(1) "The like o' you, laird, that's a real gentleman for aae many hundred years, and never hounds pur Jolk aff your grund as if they were mad tykes, name o' our folk wad stir your gear if ye had as many capons as there's leaves on the trysting tree. But there's Dunbog has warned the Red Rotten and John Young aff his grund, —black be his cast! he's aae gentleman, nor drap's bluid o' gentleman, wad grudge twa gangrel pur bodies the shelter o' a waste house, and the thristles by the road side for a bit cuddy, and the bits o' rotten birk to boll their drap parritch wi'. Weel there's aae abune a',—but we'll see if the red cock craw not in his bonnie barn yard ae morning before day dawning."

"Hush! Meg, hush! hush! that's not safe talk."
"What does she mean?" said Mannering to Sampson, in an under tone.

"Fire raising," answered the laconic Dominie.
Guy Mannering, Chap. III. see also Chaps. VII and VIII.

(3) Vol. I. p. 56. See also Statistical Account of Scotland, Article Yetholm.

(3) Lochside tower stands on a piece of ground, now a peninsula, but formerly an island in Yetholm loch, a picturesque sheet of water. It was the baronial residence of the Kers of Lochnower, a branch, probably, of the Kers of Cessford, the ducal house of Roxburgh. This ancient tower, and the surrounding scenery suggested to the author of Waverley the picture he draws of Avenel Castle, in the Monastery.

There was plenty of meat in the barn, however it might be come by, and preparations were going on for a plentiful supper, which the farmer, to the great increase of his anxiety, observed was calculated for ten or twelve guests, of the same description no doubt with his landlady. Jean left him in no doubt on the subject. She brought up the story of the stolen sow, and noticed how much pain and vexation it had given her. Like other philosophers, she remarked that the world grows worse daily, and like other parents, that the bairns got out of her guiding, and neglected the old gipsy regulations, which commanded them to respect, in their depredations, the property of their benefactors. The end of all this was an inquiry what money the farmer had about him, and an urgent request that he would make her his purse-keeper, as the bairns, as she called her sons, would soon be home. The poor farmer made a virtue of necessity, told his story, and surrendered his gold to Jean's custody. She made him put a few shillings in his pocket, observing it would excite suspicion, should he be found travelling altogether penniless. This arrangement being made, the farmer lay down on a sort of *shake-down*, as the Scotch call it, upon some straw, but, as will easily be believed, slept not. About midnight the gang returned with various articles of plunder, and talked over their exploits in language which made the farmer tremble. They were not long in discovering their guest, and demanded of Jean, whom she had got there?—'E'en the winsome gudeman of Lochside, poor body,' replied Jean; 'he's been at Newcastle, seeking for siller, to pay his rent, honest man, but deil be licket he's been able to gather in, and sae he's e'en gaun hame, wi a toom purse, and a sair heart.'—'That may be, Jean,' replied one of the banditti, 'but we maun ripe his pouches a bit, and see if it be true or no.' Jean set up her throat in exclamations against this breach of hospitality, but without producing any change of their determination. The farmer soon heard their stifled whispers and light steps by his bedside, and understood they were rummaging his clothes. When they found the money which the providence of Jean Gordon had made him retain, they held a consultation, if they should take it or no; but the smallness of the booty, and the vehemence of Jean's remonstrances, determined them in the negative. They caroused, and went to rest. So soon as day dawned, Jean roused her guest, produced his horse, which she had accommodated behind the *hallan*, and guided him for some miles, till he was on the high-road to Lochside. She then restored his whole property, nor could his earnest entreaties prevail on her to accept so much as a single guinea.

This adventure has evidently furnished a hint for the scene between Meg Merrilies and Bertram, in the ruined tower at Derncleuch.

Jean Gordon's sons appropriately terminated their pilfering career by "the waefu' woodie." According to tradition they were all condemned to die at Jedburgh on the same day. It is said the jury were equally divided, but that a friend to justice, who had slept during the whole discussion, waked suddenly,

and gave his vote for condemnation in the emphatic words, "*Hang them a'.*" Jean was present, and only said, "The Lord help the innocent in a day like this." Poor Jean herself was brutally ducked to death in the river Eden at Carlisle by the cowardly rabble of that town, as a penalty for her stubborn Jacobitism. She struggled stoutly with her murderers, and often got her head above water, and while she had voice left continued to exclaim at such intervals, "*Charlie yet! Charlie yet!*"

Jean was married to one of the Faas, the gipsy royal family, and either her husband, or more probably one of her sons, was murdered at one of their clan meetings by Rob Johnston, another gipsy, who instantly fled, and contrived to elude the pursuit of justice for more than ten years. But it was easier to escape from the grasp of the law than to elude gipsy vengeance. Jean Gordon traced the murderer like a bloodhound, followed him to Holland, and from thence to Ireland, where she got him seized, and brought to Jedburgh. He was sentenced to be hanged on the 13th June, 1727. Before the sentence could be carried into execution, however, he contrived to break the jail, and once more made his escape. But his efforts to elude the long-breathed hatred of the avenger of blood were all in vain. He was retaken, and again lodged in jail, and at length, in August, 1728, Jean obtained a full reward for her toils, by enjoying the gratification of seeing the murderer hanged on the Gallow-hill.

From the time of James V. down to the present day, the Faas have been the hereditary monarchs of the Scottish Gipsies, and a number of curious anecdotes have been preserved respecting the manner in which these vagabond potentates wielded their sceptre. The intrigue of one of these sovereigns, the celebrated Johnnie Faa, with the Countess of Cassilis, has been commemorated in a fine old ballad, entitled "The Gipsy Laddie." According to popular tradition, the heroine of the story was Lady Jean Hamilton, a daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington,¹ and wife of John, the sixth Earl of Cassilis. During the earl's absence, either in England or on a foreign embassy, Johnnie Faa came to Cassilis castle, a massive old tower on the banks of the Doon, in Ayrshire, and by means of his "glamourye" succeeded in persuading the countess to elope with him. Unluckily for the fugitives the earl returned shortly after their flight, and instantly collected his vassals, and set out in pursuit. Having overtaken the gipsies on the borders of England, a battle ensued, in which, overpowered by numbers, Johnnie Faa and his followers were all killed or taken prisoners. The survivors were brought back to Cassilis, and there hanged upon "the Dule Tree," a splendid and most umbrageous plane, which still flourishes upon a mound in front of the castle-gate. The room, from the window of

(1) This celebrated statesman was President of the Court of Session, and Secretary of State of Scotland. He is better remembered, however, by the nickname of Tam o' the Cowgate, which he received from his royal master James VI., than by any other title.

which the countess, by a refinement of cruelty, was compelled to witness the dreadful scene, is still called "the Countess's Room." The unhappy lady was confined for the rest of her life in a tower at the village of Maybole. During her imprisonment she is said to have completely covered the walls of the mansion with tapestry. One of her daughters was afterwards married to the celebrated Bishop Burnet, but the family has been continued by the progeny of the earl's second wife. According to another version of the story, the hero of this adventure was not Johnnie Faa, who was king of the gipsies about the year 1590, but a Sir John Faa of Dunbar, to whom the lady was previously engaged, when her affections were shamefully violated by her forced marriage with the Earl of Cassilis. All are agreed, however, that the hapless lover, whether gallant knight or gipsy chief, was accompanied by a band of these desperate outcasts, and that the whole band perished excepting one,—

—the meanest of them all,
Who lived to weep and sing their fall

in the following strains:—

The gypsies came to our gude lord's yett,
And O, but they sang sweetly;
They sang sae sweet, and sae very complete,
That down came our fair lady.

And she came tripping down the stair,
And all her maids before her;
As soon as they saw her weel fa'ured face
They cuist the glamourye¹ ower her.

"O come with me," says Johnnie Faa,
"O come with me, my dearie;
For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye."

Then she gied them the gude wheat bread,
And they ga'e her the ginger;
But she gied them a far better thing,
The gowd ring aff her finger.

"Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,
And bring to me a plaidie,
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn
I'd follow the gipsy laddie."

* * * *

And when our lord came hame at e'en,
And speir'd for his fair lady,
The tane she cried, and the other replied,
"She's away wi' the gipsy laddie."

"Gae saddle to me the black black steed,
Gae saddle and make him ready,
Before that I either eat or sleep
I'll gae seek my fair lady."

And we were fifteen weel-made men,
Although we were na bonnie,
And we were a' put down for ane,
A fair young wanton lady.

In concluding our sketch of this vagrant race, it is gratifying to be enabled to state that efforts have at length been made, with a view to their instruction and

(1) A species of magical illusion, which the gipsies were formerly believed to exercise.

civilization, which bid fair to be crowned with success. According to the barbarous policy of former times, the gipsies were allowed to remain, from generation to generation, ignorant, demoralized, and degraded, without the slightest attempt being made to instruct or to reclaim them, although their crimes were all the while punished with unrelenting severity. Within these few years, however, under the influence of a wiser and more benevolent feeling, a different mode of dealing with them has been adopted. The practicability of reclaiming this hapless race has been fully demonstrated. The Rev. John Baird, minister of Yetholm, has long exerted himself in the most praiseworthy manner to improve the character and condition of his lawless parishioners, and he is now assisted in his benevolent labours by a society, which was formed for that purpose a few years ago, in Edinburgh. The plan followed is simply to keep the children at home during the excursions of their parents (who are absent usually about ten months out of the twelve), to give them a useful education, and afterwards to find situations for them as servants or apprentices. In this they have to some extent succeeded. They have now about forty children regularly at school, of whose conduct and progress the teacher reports favourably, and about thirty adults have been withdrawn from the vagabond life of their tribe, and are now in the fair way of becoming useful members of society. The reformation of a race so long beyond the pale of civilization must necessarily be a work of time, but the practicability of reclaiming them to the usages of civilized life has been demonstrated, and we trust the meritorious effort will not be relaxed till the gipsies have been elevated to their proper place among the ordinary population of the country.

MAJOR EDWARDES ON THE PUNJAB.*

MAJOR EDWARDES is already known to the English public as a valiant and facetious gentleman. A book of his writing will, therefore, be expected to be a graphic and sensible performance. Carlyle's theory, that a man who can fight well will also write well, appears to have reason in it, and is not indifferently illustrated in the present volumes. This "Year on the Punjab Frontier," contains a good deal of interesting information, intermingled with much lively description, entertaining anecdotes, sketches of notable individuals, incidents by flood and fire, hairbreadth 'scapes, and perilous adventures. To write what is called a "review" of it is nowise our present business or intention, inasmuch as we are persuaded that readers will prefer to see something of the work itself; portions of which we shall accordingly proceed to select for their edification and amusement, troubling them meanwhile with as little commentary as possible.

By way of beginning, it may not be amiss to set forth the author's reasons for publishing the work. In

(2) "A Year on the Punjab Frontier, in 1848-9." By Major Herbert B. Edwardes, C.B., H.E.I.C.S. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

a straightforward and unpretending preface, he says—
 “The book is simply what it professes to be—the record of a busy year, on an important frontier, in a country, and at a crisis, which have excited the national attention of Englishmen. In writing it I have three objects in view; and I will put the most selfish first, to save any one else the trouble. 1. It is to put on record a victory which I myself remember with more satisfaction than any I helped to gain before Mooltan—the bloodless conquest of the wild valley of Bunnoo. It was gained neither by shot nor shell, but simply by balancing two races and two creeds. For fear of a Sikh army, two warlike and independent Mubommudan tribes levelled to the ground, at my bidding, the four hundred forts which constituted the strength of their country; and for fear of those same Mubommudan tribes, the same Sikh army, at my bidding, constructed a fortress for the Crown, which completed the subjugation of the valley. . . . 2. A second object is, to give my countrymen at home an insight into the actual life and labours of an Indian political officer. An indistinct notion prevails that ‘a political’ is a sort of person attached to Indian armies, to embarrass all military operations, and do his utmost to bring disgrace upon the British arms. Amongst other duties, political officers *are* generally attached to military expeditions; to interpret the political views of Government in sending them; to be the medium of all negotiations; and to assist the General with their local knowledge, and local influence. In a country so totally strange as India to the soldiers of her Majesty’s army, and so very partially known as it can ever be, even to those of the Honourable Company’s service, the practice is not only advantageous, but necessary. . . . 3. Lastly, I have been actuated by a desire to contribute my mite of local knowledge to the world’s common stock. . . . In the present work, I subscribe something towards a knowledge of the countries trans-Indus. If it is not all that could be wished, an indulgent reader will remember, that it was acquired in little more than ‘a year on the Punjab frontier;’ and that not a year of *dillettante* travelling, going where I listed to seek, and lingering where I found pleasant spots, with a mind at ease, time at command, and nothing to do but fill note-books with reflections; but a year of intense labour in great public duties, with never any certainty of life for four-and-twenty hours. Yet I find that what I collected in a year, I have been six months reducing into form—months I could ill spare from one year’s rest. . . . Within a few weeks of the publication of this book, I shall be again on my way to the ‘Punjab frontier;’ but I cannot bid adieu to England without telling all in it, nobles and commons, gentle and simple, how gratefully I have felt, how long I shall remember, how earnestly I will endeavour to deserve, the great kindness they have shown me. May the past and present alike strengthen me for the future.”

There is an introductory chapter, presenting “a rapid review” of the events which led to the occupa-

tion of Lahore by the British troops, and the appointment of a “British resident, having authority in the Sikh councils,” which the author deems needful to a right understanding of the work. From this we learn that the “British Resident,” appointed by Lord Hardinge, to “control and guide” the Sikh chiefs, after the establishment of a “Council of Regency,” was Sir Henry Lawrence; and that one of the first affairs to which his attention was called, in his capacity of President of the Council, was the “Revenue of Bunnoo.” The British officer whom the Resident had intended to associate with the Sikh commander as colleague and adviser, was Lieutenant Nicholson; “but,” says Major Edwardes, “as he could not be spared from the duties on which he was engaged, I was ultimately chosen to take his place in the Bunnoo expedition; an accident to which I am indebted for many opportunities and honours which would have fallen far more happily on my friend.” This was in the middle of February, 1847. The object of the expedition was to induce the Bunnoochees to pay revenue. The Major says he had hardly a month allowed him to talk over an independent people, who had resisted the Sikh supremacy for a quarter of a century; and he thinks it is not very surprising that he signally failed in the attempt. He says:—

“We entered Bunnoo on the 15th of March, and were burnt out of it by the sun on the 1st of May. Of a lakh and three-quarters of rupees of revenue, due from the valley, we had collected only half a lakh; and as to a peaceable settlement for the future (that is to say, an engagement on the part of the people to pay *anything* annually of their own free will), we had fully ascertained that it was hopeless.” It was not until a second visit that the author accomplished the objects mentioned in the preface.

He does not consider, however, that the expedition was quite fruitless, but that certain ends were gained by it which could not have been so readily gained otherwise. We must not stay with him to enter into particulars concerning his proceedings, but, skipping a great deal of descriptive and other matter, cast about for something which may be read with interest in a detached shape. The following, at page 71 of the first volume, seems not inapplicable, and will introduce us to a strange state of society:—

“The Bunnoochees do not constitute the entire population of Bunnoo, and the reader would have a very imperfect idea of its people and social state; if I omitted to mention three classes of men whose influence materially affects the valley. These are the Oolumá, or religious characters; the Hindoos, and the Vizeeree interlopers.

“A well educated man will, in all probability, be religious; but an ignorant one is certain to be superstitious. A more utterly ignorant and superstitious people than the Bunnoochees I never saw. The vilest jargon was to them pure Arabic from the blessed Koran, the clumsiest imposture a miracle, and the fattest fakeer a saint. The myriads of holy vagabonds, who are the spawn of the prophet, found in the Bunnoo-

chees an easy prey, and in their fertile fields a luxurious livelihood. 'Where the carcass is, there are the eagles gathered together.' Far and near from the ungrateful hills around, the Moollah and the Kâzee, the Peor and the Syud, descended to the smiling vale armed in a panoply of spectacles and owl-like looks, miraculous rosaries, infallible amulets, and tables of descent from Muhommud. Each new comer, like St. Peter, held the keys of heaven; and the whole, like Irish beggars, were equally prepared to bless or curse to all eternity him who gave or who withheld. These were 'air-drawn daggers,' against which the Bunnoochee peasant had no defence. For him the whistle of the far-thrown bullet, or the nearer sheen of his enemy's 'shumsheer' had no terrors; blood was simply a red fluid; and to remove a neighbour's head at the shoulder, as easy as cutting cucumbers. But to be cursed in Arabic, or anything that sounded like it; to be told that the blessed prophet had put a black mark against his soul, for not giving his best field to one of the Prophet's own posterity; to have the saliva of a disappointed saint left in anger on his door-post; or behold a Hâjee, who had gone three times to Mecca, deliberately sit down and enchant his camels with the itch, and his sheep with the rot; these were things which made the dagger drop out of the hand of the awe-stricken savage, his knees to knock together, his liver to turn to water, and his parched tongue to be scarce able to articulate a full and complete concession of the blasphemous demand. Even the weak kings of Cabul availed themselves of these fears, and long after they had ceased to draw secular revenue from Bunnoo, found no difficulty in quartering on any of the tuppels the superfluous saints of Cabul.

"It is no wonder, therefore, that when I came to register the lands, I found one-sixth of Bunnoo in the grasp of the Oolumá. Out of 278 forts registered in the richest parts of the valley, no less than 44 were, in the spring of 1848, the immediate property of religious characters. Indirectly, their possessions were far wider. Exempted from all tribute themselves, (for neither did the lay Mullick ever dare to take title for himself from the Oolumá, nor assess them for the Sikh invader,) these privileged classes soon grew rich, and began to put their savings out to usury. The Bunnoochee landowners, notwithstanding the natural fertility of their country, were poor. Every two or three years the Sikh army harried their fields, trod down their harvests, burnt their houses, and inflicted injuries which it took the intervals of peace to repair; and in these intervals the Bunnoochee Mullick, too ignorant to estimate his own titles, farmed them to a sharp Hindoo trader, and spent the produce in debauchery, indifferent if the Hindoo who had paid him fifty per cent., exacted two hundred per cent. from the people. To meet all these demands, the landowner was too often obliged to borrow; and his neighbour, the Syud, so illiterate, that he could not read the Koran of his great ancestor, could at least plead utter ignorance that the sacred volume prohibits usury to

good Muhommudans. He lent his money to the distressed Bunnoochee, and took some land in mortgage until the debt was paid. Whatever burdens that land was liable to in the community, whether title to the Mullick, or black mail to the Sikh, were defrayed by the unhappy landlord, while his holy creditor enjoyed the crops."

The Hindoos are the Jews of Cabul and the Punjab regions; the brokers and money-changers who make themselves generally useful to such of the inhabitants as have landed and cash affairs to manage; and with a Jew's sagacity they usually contrive to turn most of the concerns committed to them, to a private and personal advantage. In Bunnoo, however, they appear to be peculiarly degraded, and are subjected to many restrictions and spoliations. A few of the Major's sentences about them may be here inserted:—

"Once when I was encamped in the Sooraunce tuppels, two half-buried human bodies were discovered, whose wounds bore evidence to the violence of their death. I was afraid they were some of my own men, and instant inquiry was made in camp; when some Bunnoochees came forward to explain that they were 'only two Hindoos, who had gone out without a guard to collect some debts!' No Hindoo in Bunnoo was permitted to wear a turban, that being too sacred a symbol of Muhommudanism; and a small cottonskull-cap was all that they had to protect their brains from the keen Bunnoo sun. When they came into our camp they made a holiday of it, brought a turban in their pockets, and put it on with childish delight when they got inside the lines. If any Hindoo wished to celebrate a marriage in his family, he went to his Mullick for a licence as regularly as an English gentleman to Doctors' Commons, and had to hire the Mullick's soldiers also to guard the procession, and fire a *feu de joie*. Notwithstanding all these outward dangers and disabilities, the Hindoo in his inmost soul might hold 'high carnival,' for assuredly he was the moral victor over his Muhommudan masters. I do not remember a single chief in Bunnoo who could either read or write, and, what is much rarer among natives, very few indeed could make a mental calculation. Every chief, therefore, kept Hindoos about his person as general agents and secretaries. Bred up to love money from his cradle, the common Hindoo cuts his first tooth on a rupee, wears a gold mohur round his neck for an amulet, and has cowry shells (the lowest denomination of his god) given him to play with on the floor. The multiplication-table, up to one hundred times one hundred, is his first lesson; and out of school he has two pice (half-pence) given to him to take to the bazaar and turn into an anna before he gets his dinner; thus educated, Hindoos, of all others, are the best adapted for middle-men, and the Bunnoochee Mullick found in them a useful but double-edged tool. They calculated the tithes due to him from the tuppel, and told him a false total much under the real one; they then offered to buy them from him and cheated him dreadfully; and lastly, they collected the tithes

from the people who were equally ignorant, and took one hundred for fifty, backed by the soldiers of the very Mullick to whom they had given fifty for one hundred. If the landowner was distressed, the Hindoo competed with the Muhommudan priest for the honour of relieving him with a loan upon his land; and if the debt was afterwards repudiated, he easily obtained justice by bribing his friend the Mullick."

Concerning the "Vizeerees interlopers," and how they became established in Bunnoo, we shall be able to quote nothing, though they are rather an interesting people. Neither can we follow the Major in his account of his manifold and active efforts to organize the different interests of the population, and to establish peaceful arrangements in the territory which he had to govern. That he had no easy work of it, an "exciting incident," which shall be given next, will tend to show:—

"After transacting *cutcherry* (office) business for an hour or two, I was sitting with Swahn Khan, Vizeeree, and his interpreter, talking over Bunnoo affairs, when the cry arose that 'Swords were going!' Swahn Khan having no arms (according to camp rules), bolted out of the tent; while his 'man Friday' began dancing about, wringing his hands, and ejaculating: 'Oh! that I had now a sword! This is the evil of taking away men's proper tools!' Having, ever since the first attempt of this kind, kept a double-barrelled pistol on my table, I now cocked both barrels, and walked outside, for the row had grown quite deafening, and I thought there must be a dozen Ghazees at least; in which case one person inside a tent fourteen feet square would stand but a poor chance. Scarcely had I got out at one door, than the Ghazee¹ (for there proved to be only one) forced his way through the sentries and *chuprassess* (official messengers), and entered my tent at the other door. Hearing the rush, I turned round, and could see through the screens of the tent a Bunnoochee, with a naked sword, plunging after me like a mad bull. (The outside door of an Indian tent turns up, and is supported on props during the day, as a kind of porch, to keep off the sun. It is very low, and I knew that the Ghazee must stoop as he came out, so here I took my stand.) His turban was knocked off in stooping at the door, and when he stood up outside, he glared round for his victim like a tiger who had missed his spring. Then his eyes met mine; and seeing no resource, I fired one barrel into his breast. The shock nearly knocked him down, for there could not have been two feet between us. He staggered, but did not fall; and I was just thinking of firing the other barrel at his head, when a stream of soldiers and camp-followers, with all kinds of weapons, rushed in and bore away the wretch some twenty yards towards a native's tent, into which, hacked and chopped in every direction, he contrived to crawl; but was followed up, and was so mangled by the indignant crowd before my people

could interfere, that I wonder he survived a minute. He only lingered, however, till night, in spite of the remedies which the native doctor, by my orders, applied to him. The rage of the soldiery was beyond description, and I had great difficulty in preventing his being carried off to be burnt alive. Even late in the evening a deputation came to say that it was apparent the Ghazee could not live out the night, and 'had he not better be hanged at once, while he had any life in him?' I said, 'No; let him die; the example will be just as great, perhaps greater, if his body is exposed on the gallows afterwards.'

"My tent, immediately after this startling occurrence, was besieged by the officers and soldiers, some half naked, just as they had rushed from the fort works when they heard my pistol, and it was really quite sufficient compensation for the danger, to see the unfeigned anxiety of the men, and hear their loud greetings and congratulations. All discipline was lost in such a moment of strong feeling. Thirty swords at least, covered with blood, were held out among the crowd, and as many voices shouted, 'I hit the dog *this way!*' 'I cut him *that!*' And certainly they had not left much of him untouched, though they had been too much in each other's way to deal very fatal blows. Then came all the officers and sirdars of the force, throwing down nuzzurs and whirling money round my head, as is their custom on occasions of triumph or deliverance, and the sun set before I could get rid of the assembly. The worst part of the whole business is, that the Ghazee slashed one of my *ayees* (grooms) most severely before he entered my tent, and I am afraid he is anything but out of danger. The poor fellow was cooking his dinner, and the cowardly rascal sliced him with his *tulwár* all down the back."

We are treating the Major's book as a sort of quarry, wherein it is our business to hew stones. Here is one, rather queer-looking, which the reader may admire or not, as he finds himself inclined:—

"In the course of some other business, Ursula Khan, a fine young lad, sixteen years old, son of one of the Sooraunee Mullicks, came in to impart to me his own and his father's uneasiness about past murders.

"'What,' he asked, 'is to be the law?'

"I asked him jokingly, 'What does it signify to a lad like you? How many men have you killed?'

"He replied, modestly, 'Oh! I've only killed four, but father has killed eighty!'

"One gets accustomed to this state of society, but in England what monsters of cruelty would this father and son be considered. Indeed, few people would like to be in the same room with them. Yet, *ceteris paribus*, in Bunnoo they are rather respectable men."

It will thus be seen that the standard of respectability differs widely in different latitudes. Bunnoochee manners, again, are somewhat singular: the same Ursula Khan one day begged to be allowed to sit upon the carpet, and contemplate the Major's countenance, as he had *fallen in love* with him! The

(1) A Ghazee is a sort of Muhommudan Crusader—one who "devotes his life to fighting for the faith, and spilling the blood of infidels."—Vol. i. p. 156.

Major, however, is obviously right in saying, "The only way to take these things is philosophically. It is of no use to get angry, where no offence is intended." It might seem a little more difficult to bear with Oriental notions of humanity, respecting which we have here a rather curious anecdote. One Nizamoodden (a spy) informed our author that—

"He saw one poor man, a beggar, kneading some flour that had been given him in charity. A Douree¹ drew his sword and cut his head off. The bystanders asked what he did that for? He replied, 'Poor devil! life was a burden to him. With what difficulty he got that bread?' ("The very principle," says the Major, "upon which gentlemen in England shoot their old pet dogs and horses, and some tribes of Indians eat their grey-headed fathers and mothers.")

One of the privations to a serious man attendant upon a camp life in such a region as Bunnoo, is the constrained neglect of religious services; yet it seems there are English officers who, even under such unfavourable circumstances, make a point of reading the Church of England Liturgy on Sundays, whenever opportunity permits. Major Edwardes does not profess to have adopted this practice, nor does he seem to have particularly thought of it, until once, in February 1848, his friend Taylor wrote to him to inquire whether he observed the custom, and if not, whether he would be willing to do so, and thereby allow a certain Colonel Holmes (hitherto supposed by the Major to be a sort of nondescript in his religion) to participate in the advantages of the ordinance. What is said about Holmes and his relations to Christianity is rather curious, and seems worthy of transcribing:—

"If I knew that Colonel Holmes was a Christian at all, I certainly was not aware that he had any feeling about Christian duties, or had been in the habit of attending divine service at the house of Major George Lawrence at Peshawer. I thought that General Cortlandt and myself were the solitary members of our Church in that wild region; and if it never occurred to either him or me that it would be well to read together, I trust it was from no indifference to the sabbath itself. Indeed the suspension of the fort works upon that day, though a matter of necessity, and perhaps life and death, sufficiently proclaimed its sacred character in our eyes to both Hindoos and Muhommudans.

"And now that Taylor proposed to me to claim Holmes as a Christian, and ask him to join our service, it startled me.

"Colonel Holmes, or as he was commonly called by the Sikh soldiers, 'John Holmes, Saliib,' was a half-caste who had served in the Company's native army as a musician, but left it, and carried his knowledge of European drill across the Sutlej, to Lahore, where he speedily rose to be an officer, and was now the colonel of a regiment of regular infantry. He could talk English, and did his military duty well. He also professed Christianity; but there was much excuse for any one not knowing this, as he lived like a Mu-

hommudan, probably, 'as his father before him;' for in a petition for pension presented to government after the colonel's death, there were, if I rightly remember, set down in the catalogue of his surviving family, the extraordinary items of 'three mothers and two wives!' This was quite consistent with the manners of the native soldiers among whom he lived, and was obnoxious to neither Muhommudan or Hindoo, so long as he passed for one or the other, or was known by both not to be a Christian. But if we claimed him as a Christian, it would not fail to incur scandal, as the general principles and ordinances of Christianity are well known to all Asiatics, and with reference especially to marriage, are gladly supposed by them to be very indifferently observed.

"Such at least was my feeling on the point; and I attempted to bring Taylor to the same opinion. But he was too good to be ashamed of anybody; and though much better aware of Holmes's character than I was, and how little likely he was to reflect credit upon us, he still thought we might reflect some good on him. 'What chance,' he said, 'is there of his becoming better, if you exclude him from your congregation? and how can we tell at what moment the hearing of the truth may take effect upon him?' So that it was for the pure sake of doing religious good that Taylor battled; and I was so struck with the charity and generosity of the motive that I gave way; we had prayers in my tent, and Taylor was happy."

From Colonel Holmes and the catholic-minded Major Taylor, let us turn to another notability who appears in these pages—Shah Niwaz Khan, not quite unknown by name to Europeans, and whose fortunes furnish us with an instance of the singular vicissitudes to which the lives of persons of distinction in the East are liable. It may not be amiss to state that this young chieftain was natural heir to the sovereignty of the province or country called Tâk, but had been deprived of his territories by Sikh aggression.

"By one of those singular accidents," says the Major, "which give interest to a stirring life, I, who was to have charge of the Upper Dérâjât, met this young exiled chief, in the winter of 1846, in the hills of Jummoo, upwards of three hundred miles from Tâk . . . One morning, my moonshec introduced two Puthâns, who, he said, were in distress. They were dressed in the commonest white clothing, and had an air of misery mingled with 'ashamed to beg.' They talked of places I had never heard of, across the Indus, and of events of which I was ignorant; but I gathered that they had seen better days, and, without attending much to the story, gave them ten rupees between them. They took the money gratefully, and departed; and I saw them no more, till February of the following year, when I was ordered to proceed in charge of the first expedition to Bunnoo.

"Again my two Puthân petitioners appeared, and asked to be allowed to go with me, as their native country was also across the Indus, and they would fain visit their homes again, if they might do so under

(1) The Dourees inhabit the valley of Dour, westward of Bunnoo.

my protection. Moreover, their wives and families had taken refuge in Bunnoo, and perhaps they might be of service to me. I consented, and we all left Lahore together. On the march, I naturally busied myself with seeking information about the countries we were going to; and, during the heat of the day, collected a knot of natives round me, in the shade of a tree, and deliberately picked their brains. It was in one of these conversations that our talk brought us to Tâk, and, with my finger on the map, I asked who knew anything about that country? One of the two Pathâns modestly lifted up his head and said: 'My father was once king of it!' It was indeed Shah Niwaz Khan, Khuttykheyi, the son of that Alladad from whom the Sikhs had taken Tâk; and grandson of that Surwur who had brought streams from the mountains to fertilize it, and turn its desert plain into a richly cultivated land.

"As his tale unfolded, I thought of my miserable ten rupees at Jummo, and felt deeply grieved at having given such paltry relief to such great misfortunes. On inquiry, I found he had had no food for two days, after selling his arms and a few remaining ornaments; so I ordered him five hundred rupees out of the treasury, and sent him on rejoicing to Bunnoo, to see his exiled family, and bring me tidings from the valley."

After reading the above, the reader will probably be gratified to learn that Shah Niwaz Khan was subsequently re-established in his possessions. It became by-and-by a question, What was to be done with Tâk? and the question was ultimately settled thus:—

"I was then, and am still, of opinion that a people is almost always more justly ruled and better off under the British Government, than under their own native chiefs; but I was equally of opinion, from my own personal observation, that a Muhommudan tribe is infinitely happier under its own Khan, even if he be below par, than under a bigoted Sikh official. For this reason, now that Tâk was no longer to be a jageer, but to be governed by a Sikh Kârdâr, I unhesitatingly begged the Resident to give the charge to Shah Niwaz. He would, it is true, no longer be an independent prince like his father, and he would have to collect revenue for the Sikhs instead of for himself; but it would make him well off in worldly circumstances, it would restore him to his home and country, and it would place over the people a grandson of that Surwur Khan, whose memory was so dear to them, and whose laws they were always regretting . . .

"The proposal pleased Sir Henry Lawrence, who valued power only for the good it enabled him to do; and though the measure was vehemently opposed by the Sikh Chancellor, who prophesied a rebellion, and discountenanced even by the timid Tej Sing, who went so far as to shake his head in open council, poor Shah Niwaz Khan, who yesterday had no clothes, received a dress of honour (not much moth-eaten), and was despatched with a bounding and grateful heart, to administer the government of his native country."

Here we must pass from the first volume, which is

devoted to the Punjab countries in a state of peace, and go over to the second, which deals with the same countries in a state of war. To tell the whole story of revolution, devastation, and the final establishment of order and British domination on the Punjab, is of course impossible for us here: readers desiring to be sufficiently informed on these matters must consult the Major's book for themselves; the utmost we can do is to draw here and there a passage—odd specimen bricks, as it were, which may show the nature of the building material, but can give no conception of the architectural design. The first thing of the sort that comes to hand, is the following legend of a holy man of Mooltan, which seems to be piously accredited in that city:—

"Mooltan is surrounded by groves of date-trees, and the most beautiful gardens, which are doubly pleasing to the eye, as both adorning its appearance, and bearing witness to its wealth. The mangoes produced in these gardens are, perhaps, the most delicious in India, except those of Mazagâon at Bombay. Oranges, pomegranates, and peaches, are likewise produced in profusion, and better than in Hindostan.

"Mooltan probably owes these fruits to a sun ever burning above, and canals ever flowing below. Its heat is immortalized by some malicious visitor in a miserable couplet which no translation can spoil:

'Churchyards, beggars, dust, and heat,
Are the four best things at Mooltan you'll meet.'

"The churchyards, beggars, and dust are not to be denied by the most patriotic Mooltanees; but are explained away into evidences of sanctity, wealth, and traffic. The heat, which is equally incontestable, is thus accounted for. Once upon a time, there lived at Mooltan a holy man, called Peer Shumsh. His thoughts were in heaven, so he kept no kitchen; but when he happened to be hungry, he, in all simplicity, begged a dinner. One day he was seized with hunger in the city, very near a butcher's; so he begged, and received a chop; for the butcher was a good Muhommudan. Peer Shumsh went on to a cook-shop, and laying his chop on the girdle, said in an absent way: 'Cook that for the love of Muhommud!' The cook was a bad man, and did not care a sheep's tail for Muhommud; so he just took the chop, and threw it into Shumsh's face! There is no doubt if the outraged Shumsh had prayed for the whole city of Mooltan to be swallowed up by an earthquake, it would have happened; but to his everlasting honour, he did not. He mildly picked up the chop, and turning his eyes towards the sun, implored that luminary to supply what man denied. The sun, to the consternation of all Mooltan, descended three degrees, and cooked the chop of Peer Shumsh to a turn; after which, as an everlasting punishment to the city, the sun never went back; but continues to the present day, a burning example to all young Muhommudans, three degrees nearer to Mooltan than to any other city in Asia!

"But the reader must not suppose that Peer Shumsh has spoiled the climate."

While we are in the neighbourhood of Mooltan, let us take a glance at Dewan Sawun Mull, "a man of mind," whom Runjeet Sing appointed to the government of the province in 1821, and who ruled there until his death in 1844. We are informed that during these twenty-three years, Sawun Mull, by his great executive abilities, raised Mooltan to a higher state of prosperity than it had ever before attained; and while giving satisfaction to his government by regular remittances of revenue, he contrived to accumulate a handsome fortune for himself. The worthy Dewan was not without his failings, as will presently appear, and it seems he had some great advantages which former governors had not; but still it is Major Edwardes's opinion that he was really a great governor, and as native governors go, a very good one. Newspaper readers may remember that he was the father of the famous, but feeble, Moolraj, who raised the insurrection in Mooltan.

"From all that I ever saw of his country, or heard of his acts, he more closely approximated to the rulers of British India than any of his countrymen. For instance, it was the distinctive character of his government to protect the poor. If there is any class in India who can complain of British rule, it is the native aristocracy, to whom immunity from law is the breath of life. Consequently, under us, they fade away and disappear. Like wasps, they die when they have lost their sting. It is pleasant, doubtless, to see their hoards diffused; a village rises where a palace falls; and mantles of khim khaub and shawl cut up into jackets for the poor. But it would be better if we could keep both classes in the order and law of nature. Perhaps we shall educate and rear in time a rank of Indians that can be rich without vice, powerful without oppression, and capable of sharing in their country's government, yet of resisting bribes. I have heard that, in the Isle of Wight, a race of cats, without tails, has been perpetuated by one who had been docked. Then why despair?

"What in us is an imperfection, in Sawun Mull amounted to a vice. He could not tolerate a gentleman. A low-bred man himself, he hated any one who had a grandfather. Rich merchants he loved, and called around him, for they earned their money as he did himself; but inherited wealth he regarded as contraband, a thing to be seized as confiscated wherever found. Thus the same man who would lend money to a Jut to buy a plough, or dig a well, would keep a Mullanee Puthan out of his estate, and think he did God a service. Between the poor he did justice with great pains and impartiality; but a rich man, even if in the right, never got a verdict from Sawun Mull, without paying for it.

"With all this, he was respected by both rich and poor. One of the ablest natives I ever saw, told me 'he served Sawun Mull for three years, and sat before him in Durbar, where he transacted business every day during that period, yet never heard one foolish word come out of his mouth.' On reflection, he said: 'Yes, there was one bad habit he had got his

tongue into, and I never could account for such a wise man so forgetting his wisdom. If a soldier offended him, he would say at once: Take away his arms! strip off his sword and shield, and turn him out of the service!'"

It was a hasty word of this sort which ultimately cost him his life:—

"He had a good soldier, who wanted to leave him, and whom he did not want to lose, so he put him off, at first, by soft words and promises; but, at last, when the soldier demanded his pay and his discharge he got up a law-suit against him, and threatened to put him in prison. The soldier remonstrated, and reiterated his demand. Sawun Mull got angry, and told his guards, as usual, to 'seize the rascal, and take away his sword and shield!' The soldier called out to the guards to lay hands on him at their peril, but stand back, and he would give up his arms. He then pulled off his sword and shield, and surrendered them. The guards asked if they should take him off to prison? 'No,' said the Dewan, 'let him sit at the door, that I may see him, and have a few last words, as I go out.' They were his last, indeed! The soldier had retained under his scarf a loaded pistol, and burning with indignation at the shame that had been put on him, after years of faithful service, he resolved to revenge himself, if it cost his life; so he cocked his pistol, under cover of the scarf over his breast and shoulders, and awaited the Dewan's coming. At last, the Durbar broke up, and Sawun Mull, with a smile of gratified malice, stopped before the arrested soldier, and commenced taunting him with the folly of his resistance. In the midst of the abuse, the soldier pulled the trigger, and the contents of his pistol were lodged in the Dewan's left breast, above the heart. The soldier was, I believe, cut to pieces by the guard. His victim bore up for about ten days, and was apparently recovering, when the wound broke out again, and caused instant death."

Such was the end of the "great and wise Sawun Mull." The reader will perceive there are queer doings sometimes going forward in the Punjab. There are, however, far more terrible things than this recorded in these volumes. Those who are fond of strong excitements may probably expect some glimpses of the smart *fighting*, in which the author is known to have been engaged; but, though the book affords some striking details and animated descriptions of the kind, they are much too long, and, in other respects, too inconvenient, for extraction. Here, nevertheless, is a small "predicament," which may possibly amuse somebody:—

"The battle of Kineyree was, for a long while, one of endurance; that of Suddoosam, though it lasted from noon till sunset, was one of incessant action. In the former, it was my painful duty to keep still, and quiet my men; in the latter, I did nothing but ride up and down the line, encouraging the different divisions to advance from point to point; now driving skulkers out of a village or a corn-field; now reproving a standard-bearer for letting other colours

go a-head of him; now hurriedly thanking Cortlandt for pointing his own guns; now dashing off to keep on Sheikh Emamooddeen. The equestrian vicissitudes I underwent that day are truly ludicrous to remember, though very serious matters at the moment. I commenced the action on a big chestnut Arab, named Zál; but, sulky at being so long without his dinner, he refused to leap a canal, which had brought the artillery to a halt, and fell with me right in the middle. Nor with all my pulling and hauling could I get him out, and I was obliged to leave him till the fight was over. General Cortlandt then got me a bay horse from an officer in his artillery; but I had not gone two hundred yards when over he came backwards, and bruised me dreadfully on the ground. A shot had grazed his nose. Fat Sodik Muhommud Khan, Badozye, who was my aide-de-camp all that day, next put me on a grey belonging to one of his own followers; and this beast I had fairly ridden to a stand-still, when up came one of my *ayces* (native grooms) with a grey Cabul horse of my own, called Punch. 'What are you doing here?' I asked, for I had mounted Lake on this horse in the morning. 'Lake, Saliib, has sent it with his compliments, as he hears you have lost Zál, and he has borrowed another horse for himself!' So I finished my day upon Punch; and, when the fight was over, I thanked Lake for the timely thought. Lake burst out laughing, and said, 'I send the horse back? Never. That villain of a syce walked off with it, and left me without any horse at all!'

Some days after the battle of Sooddoosâm, there came a report that Dewan Moolraj was preparing to give battle again—Edwardes's army being then within a short distance from Mooltan. In the hurry of preparation, a grave accident befell the Major—we have throughout called him *Major*, though he was as yet only a Lieutenant, the account of which we must endeavour to find room for. He was in the act of writing to the Resident at Lahore, to urge the policy of immediately besieging the city of Mooltan, when he heard the unexpected news of the enemy's advance. The reader should note the nobly patient spirit manifested by the writer in regard to his misfortune, so gently, yet touchingly exhibited in the next passage:—

"I was in the very act of writing, when a horseman rode in from the picket, and reported that Moolraj's army were crossing the bridge, and were coming on to give us battle. Astounded, but unable to disbelieve, I beat to arms, summoned the chief officers, ordered the line to be turned out at once, and was holding a hurried conference with Lake and Cortlandt in my tent, while all three of us were jumping into boots, or buckling on swords and pistols, when a second horseman from the picket entered. I had just loaded my pistols and went on cramming them into my belt while listening to the man's report. The hammer of one got entangled, but, without looking to see what was the matter, I seized the barrel in my right hand, and pulled the pistol into its place. A loud report, a short pang, and I had lost the use of my right hand

for life! The ball had passed through the palm, and lodged in the floor at my feet. But there was no time for regrets.

"The line had turned out, and Lake rushed to the field to take my duty and his own. Nobly he would have done both, but I must own it was a great relief to me to hear that as our line advanced the enemy retreated again behind the city walls, and proved to have been only a party of cavalry sent out to reconnoitre our position. Had Moolraj given us battle that day, the result must have been more doubtful than it had ever been before. All Lake's attention and guidance was demanded by his own undisciplined Dâoodpotras. He had had no time to become acquainted with my men, or they with him; and the accident which had happened at such a critical moment to their customary leader would have been an omen of certain defeat to their superstitious minds. Even as it was, the occurrence was unfortunate; for while it prevented me from being surrounded by my officers, as I was wont to be all day, and confined me like a prisoner to my bed, in Moolraj's hall of audience it was a subject of loud rejoicing and congratulation. At first I was reported dead, and Moolraj made a present to the messenger who brought the news; burying me with the decent remark, that I was 'a stout youth, and it was a pity I should be cut off so young!' On hearing that I had only lost my hand, he probably took the present back again, and thrashed the messenger.

"After this accident, I was twelve days without a doctor; at least a European one. The native doctor of General Cortlandt's troops sewed up my hand with a packing needle, and thought he had done a fine thing; but the agony it caused me I never can forget; for what with the laceration of the wound, the tightness of the stitches, and the intense heat of the sun, inflammation ensued, the hand swelled, the stitches grew tighter, and the pain greater, till at last I would have thanked either Lake or Cortlandt, if, instead of nursing me, they had drawn a sword and chopped the limb clean off. One day, too, a sympathising friend in the Indian navy came in to see me, and, intending to seat himself on my bed, sat down on my wounded hand which was stretched out on a pillow by my side, and then asked me, 'How I did?'

"At last Dr. Cole arrived from Lahore, cut the stitches, and relieved me of all pain in a moment; though it was many weeks before I could even put my hand in a sling; and, in spite of all that surgical skill could do, I shall never grasp a sword again. To a soldier, this is a great loss. On horseback, in subsequent engagements, I have felt quite defenceless; and though it seldom falls to a commander's lot to be personally engaged, yet it may so happen at any time; and it is not pleasant to know to a certainty beforehand that you have no chance of escape."

The Major informs us in a note that the consequences of this accident were aggravated by the discovery that he was not entitled to the poor com-

pensation of a pension, "from the wound not having been received in action;" however, the Directors of the East India Company were good enough to honour him with "a special grant of one hundred pounds a-year, with reference to his eminent services." The Major has no complaint about the inadequacy of this, though some perhaps will think it rather a shabby bounty, considering the nature of the loss. For his own part, he only regrets that the *left* hand is not better educated, so as to leave a man prepared for accidents. He writes, playfully, in another place; "By the bye, why are we not all taught as children to use both hands alike? Nature gives us two hands, and fashion takes one away again. In civilized countries, the whole population are educated cripples. We laugh at the Chinese for robbing women of their feet, and forget that we ourselves cut off the arms of our children as soon as they can hold a spoon."

From what follows, the reader will be able to appreciate the kind of handling to which the wounded in these irregular armies are liable to be subjected, and the strange notions of surgery that prevail alike among the native practitioners and their victims:—

"In waiting so long for Dr. Cole's arrival, I was only sharing the fortunes of my men. To the wounded of Kineyree were now added the wounded of Sooddoosâm; and it was a dreadful sight to see them palliating mortal wounds with herbs and simples, or aggravating them with the prescriptions of their ignorant Hukeems. Some instances of their treatment will scarcely be believed, but were gravely persisted in, in the face of all remonstrance. If a man's arm was carried off at the elbow, he was made by his 'medical adviser' to plunge the stump into a caldron of hot oil, salt, and blue stone; whereby the flesh shrivelled up like the end of a leg of mutton. Even after Dr. Cole's arrival it was very difficult to induce the wounded to discard their own barbarous surgeons; for they would undergo any suffering rather than have a limb cut off; and they had heard that English surgeons always amputated, and never attempted to heal a wounded limb. Dr. Cole tried very hard to persuade one man to have his leg off; but he said, 'That was a poor cure; there was a fletcher in Mooltan, who would splice his leg with the bone of a goat as neat as could be.' And sure enough the maker of bows and arrows was bribed to come out from Mooltan, and undertook the case with the utmost confidence. Having killed a goat, he extracted the bone of its leg; then laid open the man's thigh, cut out the broken bones, measured off an equal length of the goat's, fitted it in, covered it up, and bound all tightly round with wet sinews, as if he had been mending a splintered bow. The patient was dead forty-eight hours afterwards, but nobody blamed the joiner; all shook their heads, and said, 'Wonderful! There is no controlling a man's destiny!'

"Of all the wounded in my force, the one who caused me the liveliest sorrow was Gholam Surwur Khan, Khâghwânee. This noble officer had not the rare ability of his friend Foujdar Khan in either camp

or council; but for grandeur of stature, personal strength, skill as a swordsman, and reckless bravery in the field, he had no equal among thousands of brave men, and might well be called the Pride of the Border. Yet I have already recorded the close of his active career as a soldier. When our guns at Sooddoosâm were brought up by the canal, Moolraj's infantry on the right were emboldened to come out, and taunt our cavalry on the left. Surwur Khan called on his fifty men to follow him, and leaping over the canal charged into the foremost body, and drove them back upon their line. He was in the act of cutting down one of the last, when the foot soldier raised his musket, and shot Surwur Khan through the right arm, breaking both bones, and rendering it useless for life. To this case I particularly drew Dr. Cole's attention, and he was of opinion that amputation alone could save Surwur's life; yet he positively refused to lose his good sword arm, saying that without it he might as well be dead. 'There was a wise man at Ooch,' he said, 'who would mend his arm with a goat's bone, so that nobody could tell the difference;' and he set out in a dying state. An iron constitution, and implicit faith, carried him through; and though the wound was still open when I saw him last, and the arm hanging uselessly by his side, yet Surwur was quite well, and told me with a hearty laugh, that when I returned from England he would be quite able to wield his sword again. I need not add that in this case the sage of Ooch dispensed with the experiment of the goat's bone; but doubtless he considers that he established his superiority over the European Doctor Sahib."

English soldiers are the right fellows to make the best of an unpleasant situation. Here is a snatch of soldierly enjoyment in the midst of military dangers. In the camp before Mooltan, waiting to commence the siege, there were gathered, partly by accident, as many as half a dozen British officers, with one or two members of the navy, who had been sent with steamers to run up and down the Chenab; and thus, says Edwardes, "we had a delightful United Service Club; containing members of the army and navy, and a military surgeon." We give his description of a rather jolly evening:—

"For some time, 'Adam's ale' was the most generous potation we had wherein to drink each other's healths; but gradually the immortal Bass, and even such sophistications as Châteaux Margeaux and Lafitte found their way into the wilderness of war, and verified the saying that Englishmen will take England with them all over the world. One day I remember great mirth was excited by the arrival of a boat full of military stores, from the bottom of which, out of cannon-ball and gunpowder, came four and twenty dozens of soda-water, and (of all things in the world!) a 'prime Stilton cheese,' which Sir Frederick Currie had rightly conjectured would be acceptable under the walls of Mooltan. My wound did not prevent me from joining the merry party which assembled at dinner every evening under the *shumyânûh* (awning)

in front of my tent; for the members of the club used to carry me out of my bed, and set me down close to the table where I could hear all the jokes, and contribute my own little share. At Mooltan the nights were always cool after the hottest day, and it was such a luxury to breathe the refreshing night air, and look up at the mild moon and stars, instead of a flaming sun, that it was generally midnight before we were tired of calling on the doctor to sing 'Annie Laurie,' or the 'Treasures of the Deep.' Happy nights indeed were those, though spent after days of danger and anxious thought, in the midst of a barbarian camp, and within three miles of a powerful and blood-thirsty enemy."

One of these dinner parties was attended with a disaster which threatened to be extremely serious: the camp being still before Mooltan, and the contemplated siege on the point of being commenced:—

"On the evening of the 17th of August, every member of the party which sat down to mess in our camp was seized with violent sickness during dinner. One by one we rose and left the table, and when we called for the doctor, found he too was sick, and could not assist any of us. Now that it is all over, I cannot help laughing at the scene, though it was serious enough at the time. There we were—Lakc, Lumaden, Cortlandt, young Hugo James, Cole, and myself—all sitting outside our tents in the bright cool moonlight, with servants pressing our foreheads, and every one of our heads in a basin, groaning like passengers in a steamer. In vain every one shouted, 'Cole! Cole! come here!'—a voice no longer to be recognised for the merry doctor's replied at convulsive intervals: 'It's no use your calling—my dear fellows—you're all poisoned, and—I'm poisoned myself—and, O dear! I am sure I shall die!'"

"So convinced was Cole that he should never get over it that he bequeathed his rifle to Lumaden, who was, between his own fits, supporting the doctor. 'Take it, my dear boy—it's the two-ounce, and—will reach—O my goodness!' In the midst of all our sufferings (which for the time they lasted were really severe), the unseasonable sound of suppressed laughter reached my ears, and listening for a moment I heard three voices making extremely merry over the sad condition of 'the Feringhees.' My suspicions were naturally aroused by a tone and language so strange in the midst of my own people, and advancing to the spot I found a barber, a water-carrier, and a scullion, collected round a fire, on which one of them was cooking his dinner. Calling for a light, I scrutinised their faces, and not knowing them, asked who they were. They had become serious now, and putting up their hands, replied: 'We are my lord's servants.' 'Why,' I said, 'I never saw you before in my life.' Several old servants stepped forward, and explained that these strangers had been entertained in the place of other servants who were ill; an affair with which they had not thought it worth while to trouble me in such busy times. 'And where did they come from?' At first nobody knew; but at last it appeared that

they had all come out of the city of Mooltan; and that for the last fortnight (during which we had all experienced similar attacks, though much milder,) our meals had been cooked, and our water-jars filled, by the assistance of these visitors from the enemy's camp.

"There were no means of legally convicting them of a systematic conspiracy to poison us; but I did not hesitate to make the barber shave off the beards of the water-carrier and the scullion, and the scullion and water-carrier shave the barber on the spot; after which I had them all soundly flogged and turned out of the camp, when they ran as hard as legs could carry them to Mooltan.

"We all got over the attack in a few hours—even our good friend the doctor—and were never attacked again, so that we thought we were not uncharitable in the conclusion that our *ci-devant* domestics had been emissaries of Dewan Moolraj—that treacherous host who murdered his two guests in the Eedgah—that dastardly enemy who bribed Shoojan Sing to poison his general at Sooruj Koond."

The Major has no mercy on "poor Moolraj." With the healthy instinct of an able and brave man, he hates to see ambition and imbecility go together; and he has, very justly, no measure in his contempt for that spurious compassion which would sanctify the misfortunes of a villain. In his belief, "Moolraj is not the less a murderer because he was one on a large scale; because he murdered with an army instead of a kitchen knife," and with a robust indignation, he denounces him as the "assassin of his invited guests—a traitor, who dethrones the dynasty under which his family rose from insignificance to honour—a rebel, who, striking for his own independence, has riveted the chains of his country."

Here, for the present, must our desultory roamings through these volumes terminate. Should it be possible to arrange matters so as to enable us to return to them in another number, readers may be assured that we shall not neglect the opportunity. The book is one of excellent substance and execution in its kind. Frank and decisive in his opinions, sensible and serious at bottom, but continually flashing over with wit and geniality, the Major shows himself alike in soldiership and authorship as a man of true English mettle—one of those "good yeomen whose limbs were made in England," and who is manifestly a credit to his country. Readers who can afford it will do well to obtain these volumes, and peruse them carefully in connexion with the maps and plans provided to elucidate them; the time so spent will not be misemployed, as we are persuaded no one but a blockhead can read the book without having his stock of information considerably enlarged; his manly attributes stirred and burnished up, and his fancy playfully and pleasantly entertained. The author is as wise, too, as he is lively. There are remarks and aphorisms scattered throughout the volumes, of admirable pith and pertinence. For instance, this, which persons in perplexity might ponder with advantage:—"He who has to act upon

his own responsibility, is a slave if he does not act also upon his own judgment." And again—"No man can stand firm with a quicksand underneath him." Very beautiful, too, is this passing allusion to his rude Afghan troops:—"Wild, barbarous, indifferent to human life, they were yet free, simple as children, brave, faithful to their master, sincere towards their God. The crowded city has its virtues, but so has the desert and the mountain; and he who walks the world aright will find something good wherever he finds man; and nothing barren from Dan to Beersheba." Altogether, this is a highly enjoyable and instructive book; not without its faults, of course, but they are so trifling, it is worth nobody's while to mention them. We shall, perhaps, return to it on another occasion.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO^s. MORE.¹

LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE, QUINDECIM ANNOS
NATA, CHEISELE INCEPTVS.

"Nulla dies sine linea."

... Soe my fate is settled. Who knoweth at sunrise what will chance before sunset? No; the Greeks and Romans mighte speake of chance and of fate, but we must not. Ruth's *hap* was to light on y^e field of Boaz: but what she thought casual, y^e Lord had contrived.

Firste, he gives me y^e marmot.* Then, the marmot dies. Then, I, having kept y^e creature soe long, and being naturallie tender, must cry a little over it. Then Will must come in and find me drying mine eyes. Then he must, most unreasonable, suppose that I c^d not have loved the poor animal for its owne sake soe much as for his; and, thereupon, falle a love-making in such downrighte earneste, that I, being alreadie somewhat upset, and knowing 'twoulde please father . . . and hating to be perverse, . . . and thinking much better of Will since he hath studied soe hard, and given soe largelic to y^e poor, and left off broaching his heteroclitic opinions. . . I say, I supposed it must be soe, some time or another, soe 'twas noe use hanging back for ever and ever, soe now there's an end, and I pray God give us a quiet life.

Noe one w^d suppose me reckoning on a quiet life if they knew how I've cried alle this forenoon, ever since I got quit of Will, by father's carrying him off to Westminster. He'll tell father, I know, as they goe along in the barge, or else coming back, which will be soone now, though I've ta'en no heed of the hour. I wish 'twere cold weather, and that I had a sore throat or stiff neck, or somewhat that might reasonable send me a-bed, and keep me there till tomorrow morning. But I'm quite well, and 'tis the

(1) Continued from p. 282.

dog-days, and cook is thumping the rolling-pin on the dresser, and dinner is being served, and here comes father.

Father hath had some words with the Cardinal. 'Twas touching the draught of some forayn treaty which y^e Cardinal offered for his criticism, or rather, for his commendation, which father c^d not give. This nettled his Grace, who exclaimed,—“By the mass, thou art the veriest fool of all the council.” Father, smiling, rejoined, “God be thanked, the King our master hath but one fool therein.”

The Cardinal may rage, but he can't rob him of the royal favour. The King was here yesterday, and walked for an hour or soe about the garden, with his arm round father's neck. Will coulde not help felicitating father upon it afterwards; to which father made answer, “I thank God I find his Grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject within this realm. Howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee between ourselves, I feel no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castlc in France, it shoulde not fail to fly off.”

—Father is graver than he used to be. No wonder. He hath much on his mind; the calls on his time and thoughts are beyond belief: but God is very good to him. His favour at home and abroad is immense: he hath good health, soe have we alle; and his family are established to his mind and settled alle about him, still under y^e same fostering roof. Considering that I am the most ordinarie of his daughters, 'tis singular I s^d have secured the best husband. Daisy lives peaceable with Rupert Allington, and is as indifferent, me seemeth, to him as to alle y^e world beside. He, on his part, loves her and theire children with devotion, and woulde pass half his time in y^e nurserie. Dancey^o always had a hot temper, and now and then plagues Bess; but she lets noe one know it but me. Sometimes she comes into my chamber and cries a little, but the next kind word brightens her up, and I verilie believe her pleasures far exceed her payns. Giles Hieron lost her through his own fault, and might have regained her good opinion after all, had he taken half the pains for her sake he now takes for her younger sister: I cannot think how Ceey can favour him; yet I suspect he will win her, sooner or later. As to mine own deare Will, 'tis the kindest, purest nature, the finest soul, the . . . and yet how I was senselesse enow once to undervalue him.

Yes, I am a happy wife; a happy daughter; a happy mother. When my little Bill stroaked dear father's face just now, and murmured “pretty!” he burst out a-laughing, and cried,—

“You are like the young Cyrus, who exclaimed,—‘Oh! mother, how pretty is my grandfather?’ And yet, according to Xenophon, the old gentleman was soe rouged and made up, as that none but a child woulde have admired him!”

“That's not the case,” I observed, “with Bill's grandfather.”

"He's a More all over," says father, fondly. "Make a pun, Meg, if thou canst, about Amor, Amore, or Amores. 'Twill onlie be the thousand and first on our name. Here, little knave, see these cherries: tell me who thou art, and thou shalt have one. 'More! More!' I knew it, sweet villain. 'Take them all.'"

I oft sitt for an hour or more, watching Hans Holbein at his brush. He hath a rare gift of limning; and has, besides, the advantage of deare Erasmus his recommendation, for whom he hath alreddie painted our likenesses, but I think he has made us very ugly. His portraiture of my grandfather is marvellous; ne'ertheless, I look in vayn for y^e spiritualitie which our Lucchese friend, Antonio Bonvisi, tells us is to be found in the productions of y^e Italian schools.

Holbein loves to paint with the lighte coming in upon his work from above. He says a lighte from above puts objects in their proper lighte, and shews their just proportions; a lighte from beneath reverses alle y^e naturall shadows. Surelie, this hath some truth if we spiritualize it?

Rupert's cousin, Rosamond Allington, is our guest. She is as beautiful as . . . not as an angel, for she lacks the look of goodness, but very beautiful indeed. She cometh hither from Hever Castle, her account of y^e affairs whereof I like not. Mistress Anne is not there at present; indeed, she is now always hanging about court, and followeth somewhat too literallie the Scripturall injunction to Solomon's spouse—to forget her father's house. The King likes well cnow to be compared with Solomon, but Mistress Anne is not his spouse yet, nor ever will be, I hope. Flattery and Frenchified habitts have spoilt her, I trow.

Rosamond says there is not a good chamber in the castle; even y^e ball-room, which is on y^e upper floor of alle, being narrow and low. On a rainy day, long ago, she and Mistress Anne were playing at shuttlecock therein, when Rosamond's foot tripped at some unevennesse in y^e floor, and Mistress Anne, with a laugh, cried out, "Mind you goe not down into y^e dungeon"—then pulled up a trap-door in the ball-room floor, by an iron ring, and made Rosamond look down into an unknown depth; alle in y^e blacknesse of darkness. 'Tis an awfulle thing to have onlie a step from a ball-room to a dungeon. I'm glad we live in a modern house, we have noc such fearsome sights here.

Rosamond is sociable with alle, and mightilie taken with my husband, who, in his grave way, jests with her pleasantlie enough. Daisy, who seldom thinks anything worth giving an opinion on, said yestereven, when they were bantering eache other in Robin Hood's Walk, "I'm glad, Meg, she fancies your husband insteade of mine." 'Twas a foolish speech, and had better have bene left unsaid. What a pity that folks who say soe little shoulde say aught amiss. I have noe jealousy in my composition.

Father, hearing little Tom Allington hammering over y^e 34th Psalm this morning,—

"Child," says he, "don't say O! as unemphaticallie as if 'twere A, E, I, or U. David is labouring to expresse a thought too big for utterance. . . . 'Oh,—taste and see that the Lord is good.' Try it agayn. That's better, my little man. Yet once more."

I'm glad Rosamond is going. That tiresome saying of Daisy's rankles. A poisoned shaft will infect the soundest flesh. What a pity we ever use such. I never will.

Yes, she's gone, but Will is not happy. Oh God, that I should ever know this feeling! We can never be sure of ourselves; we can never be sure of one another; we can never be sure of any but Thee. For Thou art Love itself, without a shadowe of turning; and dost even condescend, in Thine exquisite tenderness, to call Thyself a *jealous* God . . . for of whom are we jealous but of those whom we passionately love? And such is the love, not the sternesse, wherewith Thou sayest unto our souls, "Thou *shalt* not love any God but me! thou *shalt* not make to thyself anie earthlie idol! for I the Lord *thy* God am . . . a *jealous* God,"—I cannot bear a rival on my throne, which is your heart. Love me firste, him next, even as much as you love yourself; and then I will bless y^e both.

Fecisti nos, etc.

Sancta mater, ora pro nobis, ora, ora.

Alas! am I awake, or dreaming still? He beganne to talk indistinctlie in his sleep last night, and as I cannot beare to heare people speak when they sleep but their heart waketh, I gently shooke him, and made him turn about; but not until that he had distinctlie exclaimed, "Tu, Jcsu, es justicia mea." Thercon, a suddain light broke in on me, and I felt, I know not how to expresse what sense of relief, at the apprehension that his disquietation was not for Rosamond, but on y^e old count of justification by faith. Waking up, he says,—“Oh, sweet Meg, I am soe unhappy,” and gives way to tears; but I try to relieve him. But the matter is too hard for me; we cannot unravel it, soe he holds his peace, and sleeps, or affects to sleep, the while I pray to every saint in y^e calendar.

I am glad I did him injustice; which is a strange thing for a wife to say.

How many, many tears have I shed! Poor, imprudent Will!

To think of his escape from y^e Cardinal's fangs, and yet that he will probablie repeat y^e offence. This morning father and he had a long, and, I fear me, fruitless debate in the garden; on returning from which, father took me aside and sayd,—

"Meg, I have borne a long time with thine husband; I have reasoned and argued with him, and still given him my poor, fatherly counsel; but I perceive none of alle this can call him home agayn. And therefore, Meg, I will no longer dispute with him." . . . "Oh,

father!" . . . "Nor yet will I give him over; but I will set another way to work, and get me to God and pray for him."

And have not I done so alreadie?

I feare me they parted unfriendlie; I hearde father say, "Thus much I have a right to bind thee to, that thou indoctrinate not her in thine own heresies. Thou shalt not imperill the salvation of my child."

Since this there has beene an irresistibile gloom on our spiritts, a cloud between my husband's soul and mine, without a word spoken. I pray, but my prayers seem dead.

. . . Last night, after seeking unto this saint and that, methought "why not applic unto y^e fountain head? Maybe these holie spiritts may have limitations sett to y^e power of their intercessions—at anie rate, the cars of Mary-mother are open to alle."

Soe I beganne, "Eia mater, fons amoris." . . .

Then, methoughte, "but I am onlie asking her to intercede—I'll mount a step higher still." . . .

Then I turned to y^e greate Intercessor of alle. But methought, "Still he intercedes with another, although the same. And his owne saying was, 'In that day ye shall ask me nothing. Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, he will give it you.'" Soe I did.

I fancy I fell asleep with y^e tears on my cheek. Will had not come up stairs. Then came a heavie, heavie sleep, not such as giveth rest; and a dark, wild dream. Methought I was tired of waiting for Will, and became alarmed. The night seemed a month long, and at last I grew soe weary of it, that I arose, put on some clothing, and went in search of him whom my soul loveth. Soon I founde him, sitting in a muse; and said, "Will, deare Will?" but he hearde me not; and, going up to touch him, I was amazed to be broughte short up or ever I reached him, by something invisible betwixt us, hard, and cleare, and colde, . . . in short, a wall of ice! Soe it seemed, in my strange dreame. I pushed at it, but could not move it; called to him, but could not make him hear: and all y^e while my breath, I suppose, raised a vapour on the glassy substance, that grew thicker and thicker, soe as slowlie to hide him from me. I could discern his head and shoulders, but not see down to his heart. Then I shut mine eyes in despair, and when I opened 'em, he was hidden altogether.

Then I prayed. I put my hot brow agaynst y^e ice, and I kept a weeping hot tears, and y^e warm breath of prayer kept issuing from my lips; and still I was persisting, when, or ever I knew how, y^e ice beganne to melt! I felt it giving way! and, looking up, could in joyfulle surprize, just discern the lineaments of a figure close at t'other side; y^e face turned away, but yet in the guise of listening. And, images being apt to seem magnified and distorted through vapours, methought 'twas altogether bigger than Will, yet himself, nothing thelesse; and, y^e barrier between us having sunk away to breast-height, I layd mine hand on's shoulder, and he turned his head, smiling, though

in silence; and . . . oh, heaven! 'twas not Will, but ———.

What could I doe, even in my dreame, but fall at his feet? What could I doe, waking, but the same? 'Twas grey of morn; I was feverish and unrefreshed, but I wanted noe more lying a-bed. Will had arisen and gone forthe; and I, as quicklie as I could make myself readie, sped after him.

I know not what I expected, nor what I meant to say. The moment I opened the door of his closett, I stopt short. There he stode, in the centre of the chamber; his hand resting flat on an open book, his head raised somewhat up, his eyes fixed on something or some one, as though in speaking communion with 'em; his whole visage lightened up and glorified with an unspeakeable calm and grandeur that seemed to transfigure him before me; and, when he hearde my step, he turned about, and 'steade of histing me away, helde out his arms. . . . We parted without neede to utter a word.

Events have followed too quick and thick for me to note 'em. Firste, father's embassade to Cambray, which I shoulde have grieved at more on our owne accounts, had it not broken off alle further collision with Will. Thoroughlie homesick, while abroad, poor father was; then, on his return, he noe sooner sett his foot a-land, than y^e King summoned him to Woodstock. 'Twas a couple o' nights after he left us, that Will and I were roused by Patteson's shouting beneath our window, "Fire, fire, quoth Jeremiah!" and the house was a-fire, sure enow. Greate part of y^e men's quarter, together with alle y^e out-houses and barns, consumed without remedie, and alle through y^e carelessnesse of John Holt. Howbeit, noe lives were lost, nor any one much hurt; and we thankfullie obeyed deare father's behest, soe soone as we received y^e same, that we woulde get us to church, and there, upon our knees, return humble and harty thanks to Almighty God for our late deliverance from a fearfulle death. Alsoe, at father's desire, we made up to y^e poor people on our premises their various losses, which he bade us doe, even if it left him without soe much as a spoon.

But then came an equallie unlookt for, and more appalling event: y^e fall of my Lord Cardinal, whereby my father was shortlie raised to y^e highest pinnacle of professional greatnesse, being made Lord Chancellor, to y^e content, in some sort, of Wolsey himself, who sayd he was y^e onlie man fit to be his successor.

The unheard-of splendour of his installation dazzled the vulgar; while the wisdom that marked y^e admirable discharge of his daylie duties, won y^e respect of alle thinking men, but surprized none who alreadie knew ffather. On y^e day succeeding his being sworn in, Patteson marched hither and thither bearing a huge placard, inscribed, "Partnership Dissolved;" and apparelled himself in an old suit, on which he had bestowed a coating of black paint, with weepers of white paper; assigning for't that "his brother was dead." "For now," quoth he, "that they've made

him Lord Chancellor, we shall ne'er see Sir Thomas more."

Now, although y^e poor Cardinal was commonlie helde to shew much judgment in his decisions, owing to y^e naturall soundness of his understanding, yet, being noe lawyer, abuses had multiplied during his chancellorship, more especiallie in y^e way of enormous fees and gratuities. Father, not content with shunning base lucre in his proper person, will not let anic one under him, to his knowledge, touch a bribe; whereat Dancey, after his funny fashion, complains, saying,—

"The fingers of my Lord Cardinal's vericest door-keepers were tipt with gold, but I, since I married your daughter, have got noe pickings; which in your case may be commendable, but in mine is nothing profitable." Father, laughing, makes answer,—

"Your case is hard, son Dancey, but I can oulie say for your comfort, that, soe far as honesty and justice are concerned, if mine owne father, whom I reverence dearly, stodee before me on y^e one hand, and the devil, whom I hate extremely, on y^e other, yet, the cause of y^e latter being just, I shoulde give the devil his due."

Giles Heron hath found this to his cost. Presuming on his near connexion with my father, he refused an equitable accommodation of a suit, which, thereon, coming into court, father's decision was given flat against him.

His decision against mother was equallic impartial, and had something conique in it. Thus it befelle.—A beggar-woman's little dog, which had beene stolen from her, was offered my mother for sale, and she bought it for a jewel of no greate value. After a week or soe, the owner finds where her dog is, and cometh to make complaynt of y^e theft to father, then sitting in his hall. Sayth father, "Let's have a faire hearing in open court; thou, mistress, stand there where you be, to have impartial justice; and thou, Dame Alice, come up hither, because thou art of y^e higher degree. Now then, call each of you the puppy, and see which he will follow." Soe Sweetheart, in spite of mother, springs off to y^e old beggar-woman, who, unable to keep from laughing, and yet moved at mother's losse, sayth,—

"Tell'ee what, mistress . . . thee shalt have 'un for a groat."

"Nay," saith mother, "I wou't mind giving thee a piece of gold;" soe the bargain was satisfactorily concluded.

Father's despatch of businesse is such, that, one morning before the end of term, he was tolde there was noe other cause nor petition to be sett before him; the which, being a case unparalleled, he desired mighte be formally recorded.

He ne'er commences businesse in his owne court without first stepping into y^e court of King's Bench, and there kneeling down to receive my grandfather's blessing. Will sayth 'tis worth a world to see y^e union with which the deare old man bestows it on him.

In Rogation-week, following the Rood as usuall,

round y^e parish, Heron counselled him to go a horse-back for y^e greater seemlinesse, but he made answer that 'twoulde be unseemlic indeede for y^e servant to ride after his Master going a-foot.

His grace of Norfolk, coming yesterday to dine with him, finds him in the church-choir, singing, with a surplice on.

"What!" cries y^e Duke, as they walk home together, "my Lord Chancellor playing the parish clerk? Sure, you dishonour the King and his office."

"Nay," says father, smiling, "your grace must not deem that the King, your master and mine, will be offended at my honouring his Master."

Sure, 'tis pleasant to heare father taking y^e upper hand of these great folks: and to have 'em coming and going, and waiting his pleasure, because he is y^e man whom y^e King delighteth to honour.

True, indeed, with Wolsey 'twas once y^e same; but father neede not feare y^e same ruin; because he hath Him for his friend, whom Wolsey said woulde not have forsaken him had he served Him as he served his earthly master. 'Twas a misproud priest; and there's the truth on't. And father is not misproud; and I don't believe we are; though proud of him we cannot fail to be.

And I know not why we may not be pleased with prosperitic, as well as patient under adversitie; as long as we say, "Thou, Lord, hast made our hill soe strong." 'Tis more difficult to bear with comelnesse, doubleesse; and envious folks there will be; and we know all things have an end, and everie sweet hath its sour, and everie fountain its fall; but . . . 'tis very pleasant for all that.

(To be continued.)

TRIUMPHS OF STEAM.

PART V.

PROSORPTEIA is a rhetorical figure which has ever been freely employed by poets and *prosateurs* with reference to our earth, and comparison to an animated being is readily enough suggested by the vast orb in motion, like a huge moth wheeling round an enormous flame, in which, according to some philosophers, it is doomed finally to terminate its existence. We may venture, therefore, to indulge in the same figure of speech, but prefer to regard our orange-shaped home as a creature of more intelligence, whose anatomy need not be resigned exclusively to geologists, but is susceptible of ordinary physiological description. It is a multi-mouthed and poly-armed creature, for every river boasts its *embouchure*, while the arms of the sea extend in all directions, stealing lovingly round the necks of land in their proximity. Railroads are the world's muscles and sinews; for they unite the distant parts together, and convey between them what is required from each. The nervous system is commonly known as the Electric Telegraph, which communicates accurately and instantaneously between

town and town, as between member and member; and if you ask, reader, What represents the vital fluid? we would remind you of the circulating medium. Banks and cash-boxes, of course, form naturally the vascular system. We are not about to describe the vascular system. Save us from monetary essays, from currency questions, and California perplexities. Sinews are our subject—not the “sinews of war,” but the sinews of peace, which contract by their enormous power the ends of the earth into union.

Truly, of all the wonders worked in the last half-century—(and how pleasantly every one boasts of them, as though each had lent a helping hand, and

—“throws out acclamations of self-thanking, self-admiring,

With at every mile run faster, ‘O the wondrous, wondrous age!’”

while, in fact, many employed the utmost of their power in narrow and ignorant opposition to these great deeds)—of all the advantages talent and civilization have achieved for man in this period, the vast improvement in our means of transport is at once the most striking to our senses, and is chiefly pregnant with promise of still grander effects yet to be revealed. Its importance cannot be over-rated; for easy inter-communication, national and foreign, is the groundwork of civilization. In proportion as facilities exist for mutual intercourse and the transport of merchandise, will the nation’s resources become developed, and the people advance in social progress. One glance of comparison with the past, if not needed for conviction, must at least prove interesting as a note of progress made, and excite a further note of triumph at our onward career. First, then, for a sketch of the past;—and we are going a long way back, even to the Assyrians; but the most anti-antiquarian of our readers may allay all alarm. At a rate worthy of this express age, and consistent with our present subject, shall we restore them to the scenes of modern days.

During the infancy of commerce, the removal of goods would be effected entirely by the simple burden-bearing powers of man and the animals he had subjected to his use; who, following the course of streams, would thus select the most level route between the posts of communication. This laborious method of transport would become lightened by the introduction of vehicles on the sledge principle; and afterwards by those supported on wheels; and such carriages requiring a hard and smooth surface for their advantageous employment, would indicate the necessity for the production of roads.

The earliest roads of which we possess any record were those constructed in the empire of Semiramis, but these do not appear to have been applied to the use of commerce. It is to the Carthaginians we are indebted for the invention of paved roads; and the works of this kind executed by that people and their parent Phœnicians are the first that were applied to a commercial purpose. Roads were formed with much care by the more polished of the Grecian states, but

highways were never in a very flourishing condition with a nation so constantly at variance among themselves. The Romans borrowed the invention from their Punic adversaries, but, disdaining their pacific object, undertook and accomplished gigantic military roads worthy of their warlike genius and national grandeur. These magnificent works—one singular feature of which was the selection of hills for the sites of the roads, and the avoidance of low ground (that the leaders might observe the surrounding country and the motions of an enemy from the watch-towers with which they were studded)—displayed the abilities of the Roman citizens in an eminent degree,—by the levellings, excavations, viaducts, and other engineering operations required for their completion, and which could not have been accomplished without much enterprise and talent. In order to maintain dominion over the nations she had vanquished, Rome sought to possess the means by which she could most rapidly pour her conquering troops into any portion of her acquired territories, and to this end established the vast system of direct roads which in their ruins reflect her greatness. The celebrated Via Appia (constructed A.U.C. 442, and extending 300 miles from the capital), the Via Aurelia and Flaminia, were the earliest of these lines of communication: and Italy, Sicily, Corsica, Sardinia, Germany, France, Spain, and England, all exhibit traces of these monuments of Roman skill. In Italy alone their extent has been estimated at 14,000 miles; and their total extent at 48,500 miles, including the labours of this nature performed in Asia and Africa. Some are represented as being divided by a footpath paved with bricks; the carriages travelling in each direction being confined to their appropriated division, as in a double line of railway.

England is indebted to the invasion of the Cæsars for the first artificial ways which penetrated her wastes and wilds. These were respectively the Ikenald, connecting Norwich with Dorsetshire; the Fosse-way, passing through Bath, and extending to the Ermine Street, which commenced at London, and passed through Lincoln and Carlisle into Scotland; and Watling Street, the fourth main line, commencing at Richborough, passing through London, and continuing to Chester. From these main trunks branches extended in directions suited to the requirements of the invaders. When the Romans forsook Britain, the rude islanders utterly neglected the roads graciously bequeathed by the retiring conquerors, and conducted their limited intercourse after a somewhat similar fashion to that enjoyed by the Ojibbeways and Blackfeet of modern times. Miserable indeed were the means of traffic many centuries later, nor was it till the reign of Queen Mary that the first act of the legislature was passed which provided for the maintenance of the roads, by the introduction of a system, not peculiar to England, but at one time of European prevalence.

This statute, still in force, “for amending of highways, being now both very noisome and tedious to

travel in, and dangerous to all passengers and carriages," required all persons, according to their ability, to work on the roads four days yearly, or to provide substitutes for their own labour. A new era dawned upon the communicating means of the country in the sixteenth year of the reign of the "merrie monarch," when the first toll-road was constructed, which traversed the counties of Hertfordshire, Cambridgeshire, and Huntingdonshire, and which long remained an isolated work of its kind. At the beginning of the last century, until which time journeys in England were almost entirely equestrian, turnpike roads attracted in a greater degree the attention and favour of the people and the government: but the records of travelling at that period afford to railway express passengers a most fruitful theme of antithetic fun.

The carrying trade between Yorkshire and Lancashire, and the West of England and Birmingham, was chiefly effected by pack-horses; while travellers were accommodated by the fly-wagon. These dock-tailed quadrupeds, gaily adorned with parti-coloured worsteds, and enlivening their way with the cheery sound of the tinkling bells they bore, journeyed along a narrow flagged pathway, skirted on both sides with deep deposits of mud, which paths are still to be met with in the districts mentioned. Nearly the whole of the merchandise of Scotland was conveyed by pack-horses till within the last hundred years; including not only grain and coals, but even turf, hay, and straw. Carts were employed in long journeys, as journeys were reckoned then. And long enough they must be admitted to have been, when the Selkirk and Edinburgh carrier occupied fourteen days in the performance of his thirty-eight miles; part of which lay through the district of Galt Water; and gladly the acute carrier availed himself of the bed of the stream, as affording the easiest travelling, when this was permitted by the state of the flood. This rate of speed was certainly outdone by the one Edinburgh and Glasgow six-horse stage-coach, which was established in 1678, not many years after the introduction of these vehicles, which succeeded the "loug-wagon" of earlier days. The distance to be traversed is forty-four miles each way, and by dint of most persevering and praiseworthy efforts, the performance was duly accomplished in the wonderfully short period of *six days*—actually exceeding fourteen miles a-day! Seventy years later, its successor required a day and a half to make the journey between these cities; and the time now needed for transit is the same number of hours. In 1667, the coach occupied forty-eight hours on its way from London to Oxford; and in 1742, the solitary stage between these cities reached its destination in thirty-six hours. A century later the Great Western express achieved the same distance in one hour and three-quarters. From London to Nottingham, in 1692, the coach was four days on the road, exactly the same period required by the Exeter coach in 1725. Now, the Great Western express traverses the 193 miles in *four hours*.

The "Birmingham Flying Machine" astonished

Middlesex, Warwickshire, and the intermediate counties, in 1765, by travelling from London to Bromwich, through Coventry, in one day and a half; journeying to and fro twice a-week, and charging only a guinea and a half for an inside passenger. One monthly stage-coach pursued its stately way between the English and Scotch metropolitan cities in 1763, completing each trip in from twelve to fourteen days, and conveying, it is estimated, every month about twenty-five passengers. Forty-eight hours were occupied by the coaches of 1830, and one-quarter of that time by the rail-trains of to-day.

Almost to the close of the last century the greater portion of the roads were in a terrible condition, as memoirs of those days sufficiently attest. In Lancashire, that web of railways, occurred Arthur Young's well-known "eighteen miles of execrable memory," over which he travelled in 1770, where he actually passed three broken down carts, and which he "seriously cautions all travellers who may purpose to travel this terrible country to avoid as they would the devil; for a thousand to one they break their necks or their limbs by overthrowing or breakings down;" warning them "they will meet with ruts four feet deep, and floating with mud only from a wet summer." Merchandise was transported at this time almost exclusively by wagons travelling at their top speed twenty-four miles a-day. The cost of traffic was prodigious, the rate levied between Leeds and London being 13*l.* a ton, and 2*l.* between Liverpool and Manchester. Within the last half century Mr. Macadam, and after him Mr. Telford, bestowed their attention upon our rough and crooked ways, the former gentleman devoting himself to surfacial improvements, the latter engineer to the foundations of the highways; and their extension and perfection during this period has been miraculous. Now, the turnpike-roads and paved streets throughout England and Wales exceed 22,500 miles, the debt and unpaid interest of which amounts to upwards of 8,000,000*l.*; they are maintained at an annual cost of about 1,000,000*l.*, and are studded with nearly 8,000 toll-gates. The cross-roads, exclusive of the foregoing, are estimated at 97,000 miles, and 1,200,000*l.* is reckoned to be the yearly expense of maintenance. If space permitted, we should like to sketch the phases through which the vehicles passed that rolled along their surface before they attained the excellent equipment and general perfection of the "fast light coaches," and the last night-mails. They latterly travelled at the average rate of 10½ miles an hour, but at their highest speed achieved 11 miles an hour, including stoppages. The delay incident on changing horses was reduced by the admirable promptitude and arrangements observed, to the circumscribed limit of one minute. In the year 1837 the Commissioners of Stamps licensed 3,026 mails and stage-coaches; of which number 1,507 either took up the reins in London, or resigned them in that city. But all are now supplanted. The deserted road no more echoes their lively rattle, nor glistens with their gay beauty—

"For now, alas! the place seems changed;
 They are no longer here;
 Part of the sunshine of the scene
 With them did disappear."

As the steam-ship has superseded the American liners, so the British four-in-hands have bowed to the supremacy of the locomotive. That thrilling bugle, wound upon the summit of the hill overlooking the village, which whilome summoned the relay of gallant steeds led forth by the brisk ostler, and congregated the curious and the gossips of the hamlet to gaze upon the smart "turn-out" and its ever-varying freight,—that bugle is silenced now by the shrill steam-whistle, which has already, by its familiarity, almost ceased to excite the spasmodic saltations of elderly ladies of the most susceptible nerves. The soldierly guard has acquired on railways a policeman-luc, while the Tony Weller family is well-nigh extinct, full many a dirge having been chanted to his pleasant memory. The aborigines of "the road" have been gradually swept away before the "drivers" of more fiery steeds: stage-coachmen and guards, in 1842, having been reduced to 2,107; and in the following year the remnant of this branch of the family of Jehu and their faithful attendants numbering only 146. Since that year no returns have been rendered. The fate of that small few is involved in equal mystery with that of the lost tribes, for no Fenimore Cooper or Bulwer Lytton has arisen to trace the history of the last genuine knight of the ribbons. Do you seek a specimen of his once jocund race? Look rather for an Irish sedan-bearer, a Knight Templar, an ancient Pict, or a live Megatherium: equal are the chances of success. He is another man, the coachman of to-day; a distinct species, an inferior being: a mere caterer to the gigantic and remorseless destroyer of his predecessors. And the gay and gallant post-boys—steam has not left them unchanged. The delightful prerogative of unceasing juvenility is for ever withdrawn. Post-boys have at length become developed into manhood by that well-known, all-powerful, artificial incubator—steam!

Before proceeding to the introduction of railroads, we must not neglect to notice the valuable means of internal transport provided by canals. Checked though they have been, and staggered, by the rapid spread of railways, they are by no means inclined to relinquish the contest against their formidable opponents without a struggle. Canals were formed by the Egyptians and Chinese, ages ago, to a very considerable extent; but they could not be carried into the interior of countries much raised above the level of the sea before the introduction of *locks*, a word said to be derived from the Anglo-Saxon *loc*, signifying *enclosure*. Fumagalli ascribes "the first application of a series of locks by which water was made to walk up and down stairs," to the universal genius of Leonardo da Vinci; but Zendrini states them to have been the invention of the brothers Domenico of Viterbo, and first applied by them in 1481. Exactly two centuries after this date the famous Languedoc canal was completed, with its

100 locks and 36 aqueducts, and constructed at an elevation of 600 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. As with the roads so with the canals, the Roman works were of greatest magnificence, of which the *Aqua Claudia* and the *Anio Novus* are of chief celebrity. But the most colossal of their hydraulic works were the vaulted drains, the main trunk of which, named the *Cloaca Maxima*, remains to this day, after a duration of 2,000 years, as perfect as at the date of its construction; a remarkable trophy of laborious skill. The first modern aqueduct was that of the canal of Martesana in the Milanese, which was carried over the torrent of Molgora in 1460, by means of a bridge consisting of three arches of about thirty feet span. England was far behind the rest of Europe in availing herself of these important aids to commerce, which backwardness is attributed to the facilities of her coasting-trade and the extent of her navigable rivers: but once embarked in the enterprise she conducted it with her usual spirit. The first project for a work of this nature in Britain was that of canalising the river Avon from the Severn near Tewkesbury, through Worcestershire and Warwickshire, which was proposed by Mr. Sandys of Flatbury, Worcestershire, in the year 1635: but the civil dissensions which followed diverted men's thoughts from cutting canals to the more exciting but less commendable operation of cutting human throats, so the scheme was abandoned. Canals in this island date their origin from 1755, in which year was passed the legislative enactment (the first of its kind) for the formation of a canal $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, lateral with Saukey Brook, extending from the river Mersey to St. Helen's in Lancashire. Before its completion, the Duke of Bridgewater obtained an Act of Parliament, in 1759, enabling him to cut his first canal from Manchester to Worsley, where he owned a large estate rich in fields of coal.

The duke was so fortunate as to secure the services of the talented and remarkable James Brindley, who conducted the work with extraordinary ingenuity. On this canal, the aqueduct crossing the Irwell was stretched from bank to bank at a height of 39 feet above the level of that river; concerning the practicability of which construction, generally ridiculed, a celebrated engineer of the day having been consulted, he remarked scoffingly, that "he had often heard of castles in the air, but was never shown before where any of them were to be erected." From this period canals rapidly channelled England in all directions, and in 1803, at the close of that year, 2,295 miles were completed. Since that time nearly 500 miles have been added, besides the Irish and Scotch canals; thus aggregating in the United Kingdom upwards of 3,000 miles. Of these the most remarkable is the Caledonian Canal, from Fort William to Inverness; executed under the superintendance of Mr. Telford, and extending $60\frac{1}{2}$ miles, including Loch Ness, Loch Oich, and Loch Lochy; yet requiring 23 miles of artificial cutting. It was completed in 1834: its surface breadth being 120 feet; its depth, 15 feet; and its

width of bed, 50 feet. Twenty-eight locks, each 172 feet in length, were required for this really magnificent work; and the total cost is stated at 1,149,613*l*. Our rivers are navigable to an extent exceeding 1,800 miles, so that there is now available in England alone, upwards of 4,000 miles of internal navigation. In the United States of America, the extent of canals now in operation is upwards of 4,400 miles, requiring an outlay of 27,870,964*l*. This statement includes the Erie Canal, connecting the Hudson River with Lake Erie, which is 363 miles in length, and cost upwards of 5,000,000*l*. sterling. In France the total length of their canals is about 2,700 miles. For the conveyance of heavy goods at a slow rate,—say three miles an hour,—no method can be compared to this means of transport, with respect to the resistance presented to motion, or, in other words, the force of traction required. But the tardiness of this mode of traffic, and the interruptions to which it is subject from deficiency of water in summer and frost in winter, the value of speed, and superior certainty, will award the preference to railway transit. Moreover, goods are conveyed more safely as well as more expeditiously on the railroad. There are regular *dépôts* established along the aqueous traffic lines, for plundering and disposing of the stolen property; and it has been estimated that the loss of coal by pilferage on navigation, amounts to five per cent. It does not appear from the traffic returns or the dividend tables, that Canal Companies have yet suffered much from the establishment of their rivals. A comparison has been made of the amount of goods annually transported on the Grand Junction Canal before and after 1836, the year in which the London and Birmingham Railway was opened. From this it is gathered that during the three years previous to that event, the merchandise yearly removed amounted to 756,894 tons; and during the subsequent 12 years to 1,039,333 tons. Competition, too, has produced its usual effect of stimulating ingenuity. Accordingly, the method of passing locks is much expedited and facilitated on some canals, by machinery which raises the barges in a few minutes to the required level; and an ingenious steam apparatus for propelling boats has been constructed by Messrs. Christie and Co. of London, after an invention of Captain Beadon's, and is now working on the Bridgewater Canal. Nor do the proprietors despair of sharing some of the returns derivable from passenger traffic; for the "Aquatic Locomotive," a new system of screw propulsion, has been introduced, which is to convey passengers at a half-penny a mile, at a very respectable speed. If defeated at every other point, and worsted in the fire and water struggle, one resource will always remain to canals:—their sites may be converted into railways. Here our theme also changes to the ferrous highway.

As it is sufficiently obvious that the value and efficiency of a road is in an inverse proportion to the expense required for its maintenance, and the amount of tractive force necessary to overcome the resistance

of a specific load, the chief points to which engineers would direct their attention should be the hardness, smoothness, evenness and durability of their structures, that friction and the prejudicial effects of gravitation might as much as possible be diminished. Wheel-tracks were devised as the primary step towards our iron-ways, and were constructed of stone, some centuries ago, first, it would appear, in Milan and other Italian cities; by which means the expense of thus paving the whole width of the way was avoided, and the injurious effects were obviated which horses suffered by working on stone roads. In Great Britain several tracks of stone "tram-roads" have been laid down, among which is that near Aberdeen, formed of granite, and the Commercial Road, London, which has been thus paved by Mr. Walker. They produce great friction, and are not durable, in consequence of the amount of abrasion to which they are subject. Railways are no Italian invention, but are indigenous to our native soil; first occurring in the form of wooden rails. Timber, it is true, has been rudely laid along the Russian roads from time immemorial: but this can in no way be considered as the origin of our colliery expedients for removing with the greatest facility their mineral stores. Mr. Nicholas Wood has traced the introduction of railways to some period between the years 1602 and 1649, when they were employed at Newcastle for conveying the produce of the pits to the wharfs on the Tyne and the Wear.

Mostly, the coal-pits were situated on higher ground than the *staths*, (or places of embarkation,) which would of course render the road easier in the direction of the load; and in places called *runs*, where the declivities were steep, the course of the wagons was controlled by the *convoy*, a species of break regulated by the driver. The earliest form of railway consisted simply of two parallel rows of wooden rails, about seven inches broad, and four feet apart, fixed by wooden pegs on transverse sleepers of the same material: but, as the upper rails became speedily unserviceable, and the frequent pinning soon destroyed the supports, the *double-way* was adopted in Northumberland, Durham, and other counties, consisting in the addition of an upper rail, which, though repeatedly changed, would not so soon destroy the substructure. In the Whitehaven collieries, about the year 1788, the next improvement was made in the fashion of rails by the introduction of iron, in the form of flat bars of wrought-metal nailed down to the subjacent wood; which were in turn superseded, thirty years later, by solid rails of cast-iron, originally suggested (so states Mr. R. Stevenson) by Mr. Reynolds of Colebrooke Dale, Shropshire. On the first introduction of cast-iron plate rails, the flanch formed part of the substance of the rail; but about 1750, the present method was substituted of casting the flanch on the tire of the wheel. Malleable-iron rails, now almost universally employed, were originally the subject of experiment with Mr. Nixon at Walbottle colliery, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in the year 1805; but the form employed, known as the *edge-rail*, by cutting the tire of the

wheels, or by the great expense attending an increased width of surface, retarded the use of wrought-iron until Mr. John Birkenshaw, of the Bedlington Iron-works, designed an improved form, affording the required superficial breadth with less material, so disposed as to present the greatest amount of strength; the letters patent specifying them as "malleable-iron bars formed in prisms." Modifications of these wedge-shaped rails are now chiefly employed in England. On all the colliery lines the sole tractive power was horses, or the influence of gravitation, but their superiority to the old roads was such, that the power of the horse was rendered of greatly multiplied utility. On an ordinary road the estimated draught of a horse, exclusive of the weight of the cart, is from 15 to 30 hundredweight: but on a plate-rail tram-road it exceeds 4 tons, and on an edge railway equals from 15 to 20 tons, including the wagons.

Public railroads are exactly coeval with the nineteenth century, for the legislative act authorizing the construction of the Surrey line in 1801, was the first Act of Parliament of this nature; all earlier railways having been purely private works, chiefly associated with mines or collieries. Cast-iron plate-rails, fastened on rough blocks of stone, were adopted on the Surrey tram-road, which unites Croydon and Wandsworth, and is nine miles long, including the branch to Carchalton, being of nearly the same length as the first Scottish railway, the Kilmarnock and Troon line in Ayrshire, the Act for which was passed in 1808. An outlay of 60,000*l.* was required for the execution of the Surrey line, and the sole motive power employed was horses. Three years afterwards a new locomotive agent of as much, but of very different *mettle*, made its modest début on the railway at Merthyr Tydvil in South Wales. Fresh from the manufactory of Messrs. Richard Trevithick and Andrew Vivian, of Camborne in Cornwall, the "car without horses, the car without wings," displayed its first performances "with a rush and a roar" undoubtedly, if not with "the speed of a dream": but drawing on this first experiment ten tons of iron, and the carriages containing them, a distance of nine miles, at the rate of five miles an hour, without requiring a second supply of water. Not content with a private stage, the locomotive ventured into public on the Stockton and Darlington line, between Stockton and Wilton Park Colliery, opened on the 27th of September, 1825; which was the first *public* railway on which steam-power was employed; and where it was associated with horse-power, and applied both by locomotive and stationary engines. This union of agents proved far from harmonious, especially as there was only a single pair of rails, with passing stations; and great delays necessarily occurred. The attention of the scientific and commercial world was now, however, fully awakened to the importance of this new form of power, which had been so successfully applied to navigation. Not only were the Darlington engines of inferior construction, but the field selected for the development of their capabilities was particularly unfortunate, from the steep gradients abound-

ing on that line. Yet the day of triumph was not far distant. Alrcady the "Grand Experimental Railroad" was more than schemed; for in the year preceding the opening for traffic of the Darlington and Stockton line, the first prospectus had appeared of a company established for the formation of a double railway between Liverpool and Manchester. They obtained their Act of Parliament in 1826, despite the determined opposition of the Canal proprietors, who had procured the rejection of the Company's petition for leave to bring in a bill the year before. This scheme originated with Mr. William James of London in 1822, (the projector also of the London and Birmingham Railway,) who influenced Mr. Saunders of Liverpool, commonly regarded as the father of the undertaking, so much in favour of the project, that that gentleman caused a survey of the line to be made at his own expense. A work published in 1820, called "A General Iron Railway," claims however for the author, Mr. Thomas Gray of Leeds, the honour of having founded the existing railway system. Mr. Wilson of Brussels wrote a pamphlet in 1845, explaining the merits of Mr. Gray, who, when he presented a copy of his book to Mr. Wilson, said to him in prophetic tones:—"Here is the main-spring of the civilization of the world: all distances shall disappear; people will come here from all parts of the continent, without danger, and without fatigue; companies will be formed, immense capital paid and invested; the system shall extend over all countries; emperors, kings, and governors will be its defenders; and this discovery will be put on a par with that of printing." The insufficiency of the existing means of transport was most strongly felt at Liverpool, "the greatest thoroughfare in the world," and it is not the least honour of her enterprising merchants that they "with fostering care," as Mr. H. Scrivenor says, "nursed the new-born system at a time when land-owners, canal proprietors, and others, desired its destruction, and combined to crush the project in its bud. Then it was they shielded it from attack, and drew forth its latent principles, discovered its giant strength, and at much cost of time and money exhibited all its virtues in practical results which finally silenced opposition."

Was ever a great boon offered to mankind which provoked not the opposition of short-sighted selfishness and ignorance? When it was proposed to extend the metropolitan turnpike-roads to greater distances, the farmers of the surrounding counties became dreadfully alarmed at the prospect of additional competitors, reduced prices, and resolute ruin. They petitioned Parliament against the measure, alleging, "That the remoter counties would be able, from the comparative cheapness of labour in them, to sell their produce in London at a lower rate than they could do; and that their rents would be reduced and cultivation ruined by the measure!" How have their sapient predictions been verified? As Mr. Porter says, "The plan has been *beneficial* to them, inasmuch as, by providing for the indefinite extension

of the city, it has rendered it a far better market for their peculiar productions." What wonder that such an innovation as Railways was strenuously opposed, threatening, as it did, the coaching interest, and the posting interest, the canal interest, and the sporting interest, and private interests of every variety. "Gentlemen, as an individual," said a sporting M.P. for Cheltenham, "I hate your railways; I detest them altogether; I wish the concoctors of the Cheltenham and Oxford, and the concoctors of every other scheme, including the solicitors and engineers, were at rest in Paradise. Gentlemen, I detest railroads; nothing is more distasteful to me than to hear the echo of our hills reverberating with the noise of hissing railroad engines, running through the heart of our hunting country, and destroying that noble sport to which I have been accustomed from my childhood." And at Tewkesbury, one speaker contended that "any railway would be injurious;" compared engines to "war-horses and fiery meteors;" and affirmed that "the evils contained in Pandora's box were but trifles compared with those that would be consequent on railways." Even in go-a-headative America, some steady jog-trotting opponents raised their voices against the nascent system; one of whom (a canal stockholder by the way) chronicled the following objective arguments. "He saw what would be the effect of it; that it would set the whole world a-gadding. Twenty miles an hour, sir! Why you will not be able to keep an apprentice-boy at his work; every Saturday evening he must take a trip to Ohio, to spend the Sabbath with his sweetheart. Grave plodding citizens will be flying about like comets. All local attachments must be at an end. It will encourage flightiness of intellect. Veracious people will turn into the most immeasurable liars; all their conceptions will be exaggerated by their magnificent notions of distance. 'Only a hundred miles off! Tut, nonsense, I'll step across, madam, and bring your fan!' 'Pray, sir, will you dine with me to-day at my little box at Alleghany?' 'Why, indeed, I don't know. I shall be in town until twelve. Well, I shall be there; but you must let me off in time for the theatre.' And then, sir, there will be barrels of pork, and cargoes of flour, and chaldrons of coals, and even lead and whiskey, and such-like sober things, that have always been used to sober travelling, whisking away like a set of sky-rockets. It will upset all the gravity of the nation. If two gentlemen have an affair of honour, they have only to steal off to the Rocky Mountains, and there no jurisdiction can touch them. And then, sir, think of flying for debt! A set of bailiffs, mounted on bomb-shells, would not overtake an absconded debtor, only give him a fair start. Upon the whole, sir, it is a pestilential, topsy-turvy, harum-scarum whirligig. Give me the old, solemn, straightforward, regular Dutch canal—three miles an hour for expresses, and two for ordinary journeys, with a yoke of oxen for a heavy load! I go for beasts of burthen: it is more primitive and scriptural, and suits a moral and religious people

better. None of your hop-skip and-jump whimsies for me."

The incredulity and laughter with which Mr. Stephenson's opinions were listened to by Parliamentary Committees concerning the velocity he expected to attain, are well known. He was implored by the Directors who engaged him not to indulge before these legislators in the visionary schemes, which led him to contemplate the achievement in speed of twelve or fourteen miles an hour, lest he should bring discredit on their enterprise. He says, that "he sought England over for a man to support him in his evidence before Parliament, and could find only one man, James Walker; and was then afraid to call that gentleman, because he knew nothing about railways. He had then no one to tell his tale to but Mr. Saunders, who did listen to him, and kept his spirits up." But the exigencies of Liverpool inspired her inhabitants with sufficient energy to overcome all obstacles. Certainly there were two canals between that town and Manchester, but they were inadequate for the existing traffic of those emporiums of commerce, which then amounted to more than a thousand tons daily, and would greatly increase with added facilities of transport. It was estimated that these towns annually consumed not less than a million tons of coal, supplied from the mines of St. Helens; a distance of thirty miles by canal, but which would be reduced one-half by the proposed railway, and effect upon the carriage the yearly saving of 100,000*l.*

Thus stimulated, the Company's engineers vigorously set to work, in June, 1826, conscious that there was no child's play before them. The tunnels to be excavated, and mosses to be drained, the viaducts to be erected, and levels to be sunk, would tax and test to the utmost their ingenuity and skill. Exclusive of tunnelling, the cuttings amounted to nearly 720,000,000 cubic yards, Professor Barlow tells us, and the embankments to 277,000. Chat Moss, a bog so soft as to be impassable by a pedestrian, except in unusually dry weather, was the first scene of their operations; and a trial of perseverance it proved of no ordinary kind; especially as it was the reverse of a "labour of love," being a difficulty not naturally and necessarily imposed upon the construction of the line, but entailed upon the Company by the blind opposition of Lords Sefton and Derby to the course of the original line, recommended by Mr. Stephenson, the chief engineer, which would have traversed a portion of these noblemen's property. Moreover, the compulsory adoption of this inferior line involved the additional evil of a double gradient, a mile and a half in length each way, and rising one foot in ninety-six in both directions.

This is a permanent and most serious disadvantage to the working of the line. It is evident that it is far more important to make a railway level than a turnpike road, as the resistance to the descending tendency of a load on an inclined plane is far greater on the latter road than on the iron one; for as double

the impulsive force is required on a smooth macadamized road rising one foot in *twelve*, to that which would draw the same load on a level line, the rise of only one in *two-hundred-and-forty* feet on the railway, requires the impulsive force to be doubled; and a nearly quadrupled power on these particular gradients. If the mortification were not sufficiently severe at first, its measure was completed not many months after the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line; when a second line was contemplated between these towns, which these very lords, "grown wiser than of yore," were willing enough to admit through their grounds; experience having taught the proprietors of land the increased value of property in the vicinity of railways. But there was no help for it *then*. Chat Moss, the beloved of snipes and Jack-o'-lanthorns, must be drained and levelled, although $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, and, in some parts especially, of almost unlimited capacity for the reception of solids without apparent surfacial improvement. Through this semi-fluid an iron rod would sink by its own weight; and tons upon tons of embankment were absorbed before this yielding morass could be rendered fit for the support of any superstructure.

Night and day, *navvy* and horse worked, but winced not at the pulpy foe. Gradually they gorged with their interminable heapings the last and most insatiable half-mile on the Eastern border; and on May-day, 1830, the Rocket Engine steamed a carriage full of enterprise across the Moss. The ingenious method by which this difficulty was mainly overcome is thus described by Mr. R. Ritchie. "As the materials laid down for an embankment, about four feet high, gradually sunk, it became impossible to use either clay or gravel. Recourse was therefore had to *the moss itself* for the forming of the embankment, which, from its less specific gravity, would not be so liable to sink; and by cutting drains every five yards apart, and laying the moss dry between the drains, it formed an excellent material for the embankment, requiring only four or five times the quantity which would have been used on solid ground. In forming the road on the surface of the moss, drains were first cut on each side of the line, and lateral ones to carry off the water, and by this means the surface acquired tenacity and consolidation. Upon this hurdles, wickered with heath, were laid transversely. Upon these were placed two feet of ballast or gravel, to form the permanent road, and on which the wooden sleepers for the rails were bedded." The Parr Moss, too, was solidified; the Sankey Viaduct, from sixty to seventy feet in height, was erected; the Liverpool Tunnel, through 1,970 yards of moist earth, sand, or sandstone, was completed at a cost of nearly 35,000*l.*; and the finishing touch applied to the constructive works of this Railway (thirty-one miles in length between the terminal stations) by spanning the Irwell with a noble stone bridge, in September, 1829; the total expense amounting to nearly 740,000*l.*

And now the great question presented itself for the Company's solution, of the tractive power to be em-

ployed on their completed highway. Three rivals entered the lists; horses, stationary engines, locomotives; but flesh and blood soon withdrew from a contest with iron; lungs could not compete with boilers; breath stood a sorry chance opposed to steam. Two gentlemen in the direction of the Company, accompanied by Mr. H. Booth, made a tour of inspection, and quickly narrowed the question to the rival forms of engine. Messrs. J. Walker and J. U. Rastrick, both civil engineers, were next commissioned to make observations and comparisons on the different methods of applying steam power. They accordingly laid two separate reports before the Board, advocating the adoption of the stationary steam-engine. But Mr. George Stephenson, "the father of the locomotive system," was strongly of a different opinion, and was supported in his views by the majority of the Directors, who resolved to attempt the introduction of the locomotive engine; and, therefore, to encourage and stimulate the invention of improvements, of which they deemed this machine to be susceptible, they offered a premium of 500*l.*, to be contended for in 1829, for the most approved engine, fulfilling the conditions of limitation in weight to six tons, (those in use averaging nine tons,) freedom from smoke, a capability of drawing at starting three times its own weight, and of travelling seventy miles with that load at a minimum rate of ten miles an hour. Four competitors presented themselves for trial. October the 6th was the day appointed for the struggle, and the selected arena was about two miles in extent, on the eastern side of Rainhill Bridge, the only perfectly level part of the railroad.

London, Newcastle, Darlington, and Leith, engaged in the noble rivalry; Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericson entering the "Novelty" on the lists; the smallest engine, weighing 2 tons 15 cwt.; Mr. Burstall of Leith brought forward the "Perseverance," weighing 2 tons 17 cwt.; the "Rocket," whose "training" was first completed, was supplied by Mr. R. Stephenson of Newcastle, and weighed 4 tons 3 cwt.; and the fourth candidate was the "Sans Pareil," also weighing 4 tons 3 cwt., and constructed by Mr. Ackworth, of Darlington. Every run was a *heat*, certainly, but of course the competitors ran in succession. No spurred and leather-unmentionable rider in this contest lashed his steed. Shovels and pokers took place of whips and rowels; and, instead of melted-down jockeys in rainbow-hued jackets, men smoke-begrimed and fustian-clad governed the reins. But never did a Derby day or St. Leger give birth to so honourable an excitement as prevailed in this salamandrine race. No betting-ring was required to give it interest. And who was victor? "Perseverance" for once failed to "overcome all difficulties," and easily yielded the contest to names of greater pretension; while the "Novelty," unfortunately bursting a vessel, was compelled to seek retirement and professional aid. Mr. Ackworth's engine made a gallant show, performing $22\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the course in 1 hour 37 minutes; but the Sans Pareil, becoming

disabled after the same fashion as her metropolitan rival, lost her chance of victory. So the "Rocket" won the field, attaining 29 miles per hour at her greatest speed, and 11½ miles at her slowest pace; accomplishing the whole journey twice at an average rate of 12½ miles per hour, and receiving the premium at the award of the judges, Messrs. Rastrick, Wood, and Kennedy.

These experiments established the locomotive engine as the motor power best adapted for the development of the Railway system; and in the interval of preparations for the public opening of the line, which witnessed the first conclusive proofs of their superiority to all rival forces, we will review briefly the history of the introduction of these "resonant steam-eagles," but must reserve this for our next chapter. B.

SARAH STERLING'S TRAVELS AND OPINIONS.

A RURAL individual once said in my hearing, "*We don't ought to speak ill of old maids, now; for, to my certain knowledge, old maids isn't what they used to was.*" As I happened to have the advantage of the said individual in point of grammar, I smiled at the Doric form of his declaration; but I recognised the truth it contained when I compared the common opinion concerning the selfishness and crossness, "the sour looks and stern rebukes," of old maids, with what I knew, at first-hand, of that class; especially of my aunt Sarah, who has been to me as a mother from the days of my cradle to these present ones of my clerkship in the substantial firm of Cottenham, Brothers, wholesale hosiers, Wood-street, Cheap-side.

My aunt Sarah, or, to give her her due style and title, Miss Sarah Sterling, is a maiden lady of some five-and-forty autumns; and, though I say it who should not say it, being her nephew and her favourite, she is a jewel of a woman. If all maiden ladies were as womanly and as worthy—as gentle-hearted and as strong-headed; if they were all as cheerfully pious towards God, and as unselfishly active for their neighbours' good, as my aunt Sarah, the common, old-fashioned accounts of the sisterhood would be about as appropriate and true at the present day as a description I once saw in an old book of the "littell greene hilles of Old Bourne" (Holborn), or King Richard III.'s assertion, that he saw fine strawberries growing in the garden of the Bishop of Ely's palace there. "*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur ab illis.*" This quotation is not altogether regretful. True, the times change and we change; but all changes are not for the worse. Many classes among us are, I think, changing for the better. Certainly, "old maids," as my friend the countryman said, "*isn't what they used to was.*" I would cite my aunt Sarah as an example of their improvement among the middle class of an English country town; and will bring her own hand

in her own letters to support my opinion. Do not suspect me of any breach of confidence in thus publishing the private letters of a simple, unlearned woman—though she will assuredly know nothing about it. She trusts in my good sense and right feeling towards her, and I will not betray that trust.

It will be necessary to explain to the reader the circumstances under which the following letters were written.

My aunt Sarah has an annuity of 150*l.* With this income she contrived to do a great deal of good and to enjoy life thoroughly, (in a quiet way,) in her little cottage near the town of Rochester. Rochester is her native town, and the present abiding-place of nearly all our kindred. My aunt loves it so well that I do not suppose anything would tempt her to leave its neighbourhood for any length of time, except such a motive as the one which brought her to London last spring and carried her to Belfast this autumn. This motive was a sense of duty. One of her sisters, the wife of an Irish physician, a native of Belfast, who had an indifferent practice in Rochester, died at the beginning of the present year, leaving her husband inconsolable for her loss, and seven children, most of them under twelve years of age. Miss Sterling immediately betook herself to her brother-in-law's house, and assumed the care of the household. Poor Mr. Denham has since told me that, if it had not been for her prompt kindness, her unwearied patience, and gentle ministrations to his grief-bowed soul, at that period, he believes he should have thrown himself into the Medway, in utter despair. At the end of two months it became necessary for him to decide upon some new plan for supporting his family. His practice in Rochester was not sufficient; and the very sight of the streets and houses there had become odious to him. Still he knew not which way to turn. At one time he thought of emigrating to New Zealand; but he shrank from exposing his delicately nurtured children to the hardships of a long voyage and a new country. He was consulting my aunt one day, on this very subject, when he received two letters. On opening them he found his difficulty solved. They were from his own bachelor brother and maiden sister, who lived together in the flourishing town of Belfast, in the North of Ireland. Brother John was, like himself, a physician; but, unlike himself, he had made money, and was now in possession of so extensive a practice that he wrote to invite his widowed brother to become his partner, and *that* without purchase-money. John Denham said he must have a partner, and that for two reasons he would rather have his brother than a stranger; first, because he knew that Horace was skilful and experienced; and, secondly, because he *was* his brother. Then, as Horace was his brother, he could not think of taking money from him, especially as he had a large family to support, and had not been very successful in the world. Brother John then referred him to sister Rachel's letter for information concerning domestic arrangements, in case Horace should accept his offer.

Sister Rachel's letter contained an affectionate entreaty that he would come to them very soon. She reminded him of the cheapness of provisions and house-rent in Belfast; but what was of the most importance to Mr. Horace Denham, she showed the educational advantages for his children which he could obtain at a cheap rate in this town. The recently established Queen's College there would enable him to give his four boys a much better education than he could afford to give them in England. She said he might send them all to the College in their turns, instead of being obliged to stint the allowance of intellectual food to some of them, in order that the others might fare the better. This last argument was a decisive one to Mr. Denham, who fully believed the old proverb that "learning is better than house and land." His anxiety about his children was now partially removed, and uttering a fervent "Thank God!" he handed the letters over to my aunt. She had sympathy with all benevolent and generous people, and she was strongly attached to her sister's family, therefore there could be no doubt that she read these letters with a thankful heart. The tears stood in her eyes, (not bright young eyes, O reader, but the worn, somewhat sad eyes of a woman nearly fifty,) and stretching out her hand to her brother-in-law, she said fervently—"God is very good, Horace. We ought, indeed, to thank him. He has saved you out of all your troubles."

"Not out of *all*, Sarah," he replied, with a dark mournful look; "he has not restored *her* to me. Henceforth, I shall work without her presence to gladden me, and if I am successful, she will not be near me to smile."

"The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" said my aunt. "Horace, you have, for years, been blessed with a good, true, and loving wife. Many men go through life without knowing such happiness.—You have been more favoured than most mortals. Now, the dreary hour of privation has come to you also; you must bear it bravely and piously. You must not suffer your spirit to rebel against God. Patience! courage! good brother; and in due time the most Merciful will remove the burden of sorrow from your soul."

The next day it was settled that Mr. Horace Denham should dispose of his house and furniture and sell the remnant of his practice as soon as possible, and that he should repair alone to Belfast to settle his plans with his brother and sister, and prepare a house there for the reception of his family. At the end of a month the sale was completed, my Aunt Sarah had let her cottage for a year, and was prepared to take charge of her sister's children, in a cheap lodging at Kennington, near London, until their father should return from Ireland to fetch them. Mr. Denham saw them all safely though not very comfortably settled in the said lodging at Kennington, and then set off for Belfast with his eldest boy, a lad of fifteen, whom he was anxious to have engaged in his studies at the Queen's College immediately, as at that age

idleness and loss of time are extremely injurious to the mind. I, also, came up from Rochester with my aunt and the Denhams, having just obtained the situation before mentioned in the firm of Cottenham, Brothers. I had always lodged with my aunt in Rochester, and as it would have been an unnecessary pain to both of us to part, as long as she remained in or near London, I hired a room in the same house at Kennington. Here I soon became a favourite, and a sort of *Pater Familias* among the young Denhams. Between us my aunt and I made the children very happy. She was always contented because she was always actively employed for the good of others; and I was never so happy in my life as I was in that uncomfortable crowded little house, this last summer. The boys and girls were full of mirth and right feeling, and my aunt did every thing she could to give them pleasure. I often contrived to take them to exhibitions and to the theatres, and on Sundays, after morning church, we all took a trip into the country together. Our pleasures were simple and innocent enough; but I think we shall all remember them as long as we live.

In the mean time a continuous correspondence went on with Mr. Denham. At the beginning of October he came to London to fetch away his children to their new home. When my aunt found out that Miss Rachel Denham was in delicate health and was utterly unused to the management of children, and that her brother-in-law had not been able to get a housekeeper that he liked, she determined to go with the party to Belfast. Mr. Denham opposed this, because he saw that she quite disregarded her own convenience, and had even given up a favourite plan, of living for the winter in London with me. But my aunt persisted in her resolution; and as I thought that the change might be good for her as well as for her friends, I raised no objection to her going.

On the morning of the third day after I had seen the whole party start off from Euston Square in a double second-class carriage which they had to themselves, I received my aunt's first letter.—One word for her letters, generally. She was fond of writing; and as her letters were like herself, unaffected, sensible, and full of cheerfulness and warm-heartedness, every one of her family was glad to receive them. For my own part, though I can see well enough that they are not clever or witty, that they have no graces of style, and are evidently the production of a woman more conversant with every-day life than with books and the fine arts, yet they have a certain charm for me; a freshness and an indomitable good nature which show that old maids sometimes retain the best part of girlhood all their lives. It is scarcely necessary to add that my Aunt Sarah has a pleasant countenance—that her health is perfect and her temper genial and sunny. She has a habit of looking on the bright side of things; and, if fate should turn the dark one towards her, she rubs *that* up, till it begins to shine a little. Her opinions and descriptions of persons

and places are almost always worth hearing, because they are original. In this first letter, written before the journey was completed, she writes thus :—

LETTER I.

HOTEL, FLEETWOOD,
Oct. 1850.

"MY DEAR NEPHEW,—We have arrived here swiftly and safely, and as we have yet an hour to wait before we go on board the steam-packet which is to carry us to Belfast, I shall amuse myself with writing a little to you. When, like Benedict in the play,—

Here, now, little Frank interrupted me, and I have quite forgotten what I was going to say. I dare say it was nothing very important. I should not like to spend many days as I have spent this; but I do not regret this one experience of railway travelling, as I have learned to pity those who have much of it. Ten hours of incessant noise make the quiet of my own back parlour seem like a paradise. The noise of the train was disagreeable to me at the first, and during the last part of the journey it was quite a torture. The hurry, the bustle, the confusion, the rapid motion, I can bear well enough; but the *noise* is perfectly terrific. Strong as my head is, I expect it will ache for a week to come. What a life those people must lead who go up and down the lines every day, and take charge of that huge brazen dragon which rushes along with us! I wish you would inquire among your mechanical and engineering friends whether there is any probability that railway travelling will ever be performed more quietly. Depend upon it, my dear boy, we are far removed from a state of perfection in mechanics while all sorts of work by machinery are so very noisy. Some of the wise inventors must invent a way of getting rid of the noise. It must be extremely injurious to health. I have been thinking, acting so strongly as it does upon the nervous system. Surely the loud, sharp, unceasing noises of a journey by railway must be as bad for the nerves and the brain as forcing the eyes to gaze for many hours together upon brilliant and startling colours. For my own part, I feel sure that my brain would become permanently deranged if I were to travel up and down a line of 200 miles every day for a month. I am happy to say neither Mr. Deaham, nor the children, nor Ann (that best of nursery-maids), seemed to feel the noise as I did. My contrivance of sewing blankets into old wrappers to serve as cushions on the journey was found serviceable. By their aid the hard seats of the second-class carriages were made almost as comfortable as those of the first-class. Remember, Sterling, my dear, that you never take a long journey by railway without having a cushion of some sort to sit upon, and in cold weather put your feet upon your carpet-bag and throw your wrapper over your legs; never sit with your feet on the floor. By these means your feet and legs will not become cold from the draught which comes in at the bottom of the carriage. Don't laugh at my old maidish or motherly warnings, but take heed to them, and de-

pend upon it, you will be the better in health and temper.

"I shall not say much about the road, for various reasons. You know part of it; and descriptions of what you do *not* know would be very uninteresting. We passed through so quickly that there was scarcely time to note more than a few prominent facts; such as these;—Litchfield Cathedral and Stafford Castle are two fine buildings; the station-houses are generally neat and pretty;—the country is beautiful in some parts, especially in Warwickshire; it is pretty in many places, but it is flat and uninteresting for the greater part of the journey to Preston. Wigan, Warington, and other manufacturing places made me melancholy. I dare say it was foolish; but I hated the sight of those innumerable factory-chimneys, belching forth their foul black breath, and making a murky atmosphere over and around each town. As the train stopped at these places, we could see into the windows of some of the factories. There were mysterious wheels spinning round rapidly, men and women, boys and girls, moving their arms, or taking a few steps regularly backwards and forwards, as if they were performing some magical incantation which set those weird wheels in motion. I don't know now what was really going on there, and don't wish to know, for it would destroy a certain beautiful fancy which was in my mind at the time. I half believed that the human beings and the human inventions I saw there were working together to produce webs of a happy life for the race that shall come hereafter: that they were working consciously, and with their whole hearts, to that end; so that the toil and trouble to themselves was clean forgotten: that they lived in and for others and the future; so that their own lives were a happy dream, instead of a sad reality of misery. We practical women have poetic or semi-poetic fancies sometimes.

"I have spoken before of the noise; but nothing I have said of it can give you any idea of the din and uproar at Preston, where we left the first train to get into another, which was to take us to Fleetwood. From the time we stopped at Preston till the time at which we started for Fleetwood, was about ten minutes; and during all that interval four trains came gasping, shrieking, and roaring into the station, and went gasping, shrieking, and roaring away, off in an opposite direction. Now, as our party was large, and wanted keeping together, and we were afraid of losing the Fleetwood train, we all remained on the platform, and witnessed the arrivals and departures of the other trains. The hurry and bustle of the passengers, (among whom some of our little folks got upset several times,) the loud talking, the sorting and tossing to and fro of luggage, the running hither and thither of the people coming to and from the various trains, the deafening noise of the engines as they came under cover, composed the most wonderful picture of discord and confusion I ever beheld. Euston Square Terminus is nothing to Preston, at that moment, in the article of noise. Our excitement was, of course,

increased by our fears lest every train which we saw rush off should be the one for which we were waiting. The porters and railway officers were far too busy to give a satisfactory answer to Mr. Denham's questions, and the uproar prevented his hearing half the words he got in reply to his inquiries—the uproar, and the peculiar clipped pronunciation of the men, who have, I suppose, no time to give each word its due length. Little Mary Denham was alarmed to hear one porter at Warrington tell another that our party 'were all goin' to prison' (Pres'on).

"At last we were safely shut into a carriage bound for Fleetwood; and we had another hour's rushing and roaring to that place. The sun was shining brightly, and the afternoon was very clear and beautiful. As I looked out of the window next me, I discovered something in the distance glittering like silver. It could not be a river—surely it must be the sea! Morecombe Bay! Every one was curious to catch a first view of the sea, and the children crowded round the window eagerly, quite forgetting their fatigue, poor little things! Presently I saw that the road over which we were rushing was actually on the sands, and that we were apparently going headlong into the sea. All round us lay the famous and dangerous Lancaster Sands. Do you remember the stories old Mr. Barton used to tell about the coach that went across the sands twice a-week from Lancaster to some other place on the opposite side of Morecombe Bay, (Ulverston, I think,) and how the coach and all the passengers were sometimes nearly drowned in the rapidly advancing tide? Well! I learned from a gentleman in the Fleetwood train that the coach runs twice a-week still, and that, in spite of the frequent loss of life on the Lancaster Sands, the people around the Bay are still very much addicted to walking and driving across them. We soon become familiar with perils when we live long among them. The Neapolitans, you know, *will* build their villages on the sides of Vesuvius, though they are destroyed every thirty years or so, by the eruptions of the mountain.

"Mr. Denham and the gentleman just mentioned got into some interesting talk about Morecombe Bay, and the beautiful Westmoreland and Cumberland lakes and mountains, and the local customs and traditions. I caught very little of what they said, on account of the children, who were talking eagerly to me and their nurse. There is much interesting matter to be learned about this bay, I am sure. I wish I had read more. Ah! my dear boy, while you are young get all the information, and make to yourself as many objects of interest as you can. The more you know, and the more people and things you care about, the greater will be your chance of content and usefulness through life. I don't know what has set me moralizing in this way; probably the conviction that I have lost a great deal of pleasure in this long journey by my want of knowledge, historic, biographic, legendary, geologic, and agricultural, of the country through which we came. This conviction saddens me, while it makes me most anxious that you, and young people

generally, should not grow old in ignorance. My ignorance, however, has not prevented my enjoying a walk about Fleetwood. It is a new town with handsome houses standing empty. Excepting just about the railway terminus and the place where the steamers lie in the bay, the town has a deserted look; as if some evil genius had a spite against the people who built it, and after allowing them to erect noble houses and public buildings, cast a spell over the place, so that no one could live there. It is melancholy to see rows of fine new houses as blank and empty as one of those newly discovered cities in Central America you told me about one day. The situation of Fleetwood is said to be unhealthy, which may account for its few inhabitants; it is a watering-place too, and as the season is over, *that* may also have helped to give the place its deserted look.

"The view over the bay, from the beach here, is lovely. I went out for a walk with Mr. Denham while Ann was giving the children a sort of tea-dinner at the hotel,—we were to have a similar meal afterwards. I enjoyed it much—the walk, I mean. The sun was shining brightly, preparatory to his setting in the sea. We walked along the shore away from the town. The beautiful bay was spread out before us, as smooth and still as a sheet of glass. Far away on the opposite coast my eyes rested on some dark blue masses, which a mist was slowly covering. Horace told me they were the mountains at the foot of Windermere. Windermere! That word and the sight of those hills awoke all my old longing. Sterling, my dear, you and I will go and see Windermere next year. If we both live, and nothing happens to prevent, you must get a holiday in the summer, and we will endure the railway noise, and come to this uninhabited city. We will then go across the bay to those dear mountains, and see what beauties they enclose. Let us both think about this scheme, and enjoy it in anticipation; I do, already, my dear boy. My only regret this afternoon during the walk, was that you were not with me. If I could have sent you one rapid glance at the calm extensive view of sea and shore—sent it into your dingy office in Wood-street, it would have gladdened your heart for a week. But perhaps not,—perhaps it might have made you discontented with your vocation; and therefore, an unprofitable servant; so it is best that I could not. I was especially charmed with six small substantially-built houses which face the sea, on a grassy terrace a little way out of Fleetwood. They are near enough to the town for convenience, and are yet as still and secluded as if there were no town at all behind them. I could not help fancying how happy you and I might be in one of those unpretending yet really pretty houses. I dare say they are cheap enough. The view alone would make them worth an additional 50*l.* per annum at Brighton. Here, I dare say, you might get the house and the view too for 15*l.* a-year. That is a mere guess; but the rents are very low in Fleetwood, I hear; and provisions are cheap, if we may judge by the hotel

charges. The meal we had on our return (called *tea*) consisted of good tea and plenty of cream, white and brown bread, toast, dry and buttered, muffins, tea-cakes, and biscuits; a great dish of hot broiled bacon, fresh eggs, a cold fowl, tongue, ham, and a fine cold sirloin of beef. Of this we ate as much as we wished, and paid only eighteen pence a-head. Mr. Denham thought the price so low that he talked laughingly of staying at Fleetwood, and taking one of the empty houses; as we might go further and fare worse. Good-bye; we must prepare to go on board the steamer. It sails at nine. It is a fine moonlight night and very calm. God bless you and us all.

"Your affectionate aunt,

"SARAH STERLING."

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES OF WORTHIES OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

OF the numerous divines who in distant or more recent times have enriched the theological literature of England, there is none to whom we can assign a more distinguished position, than to the preacher-poet, Bishop Jeremy Taylor. He has been called—and not improperly—the Chrysostom of the English Church. In richness of expression, fertility of invention, and copiousness of illustration, he is confessedly unrivalled by any sacred orator of any age or country. His mellifluous periods charm the ear and please the taste, whilst they minister to the purposes of piety. Above all, it is upon record that he adorned the faith he preached, by the practice of his life, no less than by the persuasive eloquence of his lips. He passed unscathed through many trials, and whilst drinking deep of the bitter waters of affliction, he afforded his weaker brethren an encouraging example of humility and patience. In the darkest hours of his earthly pilgrimage, his sweetness of disposition never forsook him. Though his bark was tossed upon a troubled sea, he waited with confidence and resignation the issue of the voyage. In the shade of adversity, as well as in the sunshine of prosperity, he found ample opportunities for the display of the gentlest and most attractive graces of the Christian character, and his name is inseparably associated with our most exalted ideas of moral purity and self-denying piety.

It is much to be regretted that the memorials which remain to us of a life so full of interesting and remarkable incidents as that of Taylor, should be so extremely scanty. In recent years he has not wanted indeed for able biographers, but their sources of information appear to have been very limited. "The life of a student," observes Bishop Heber, "is passed within a narrow circle, and of the men whose writings are most widely read and admired, the personal history is often enveloped in the deepest obscurity." And thus in the absence of authenticated information, the

biographers of Taylor, like those of Shakspeare, are frequently compelled to resort to conjecture or surmise, and to fill up with invention and suggestions the imperfect outline which has been transmitted to posterity by his contemporaries. Although this course is not the most satisfactory one, it will be necessary for us to adopt it whilst sketching, as we propose as briefly as possible to do, the career of the most accomplished of English pulpit orators.

At the beginning of the 17th century, Nathaniel, the father of Jeremy Taylor, was settled in the town of Cambridge, where he carried on the business of a barber. He had eleven children, of whom Jeremy, baptized in the year 1613, (for there is no certain record of the time of his *birth*,) was the third. Though engaged in a comparatively humble occupation, he was a man of reasonable learning, being able, as we are informed, to instruct his children in grammar and the mathematics. That he occupied a position of some respectability in the town of Cambridge is also shown by his having been churchwarden of the parish of the Holy Trinity, in the year 1621. It must also be borne in mind that the trade of a barber-surgeon was, in those days, one of considerable importance, as in addition to shaving and hair-dressing, he was expected to perform all the ordinary surgical operations. It should be likewise mentioned that on the score of *family*, Nathaniel Taylor had some claim to consideration from his fellow-townsmen. He was the lineal descendant of an illustrious victim of the Marian persecution,—the revered and learned Rowland Taylor, chaplain to Archbishop Cramer. His ancestors had also long possessed a small estate in Gloucestershire, and it is reasonable to suppose that these circumstances must have added to his consequence, and raised him rather above the sphere of a provincial tradesman.

His son Jeremy seems to have been sent to school at a very early age, for he attended a free-school in Cambridge in the year 1616, at which time, if he were baptized in the year of his birth, he could have been only three years old. His aptness for learning, quickness, and docility soon attracted attention, and at the age of fifteen, (or according to another authority thirteen,) he was removed to the university, and his name was entered as a "poor scholar," or sizar, of Caius College. Tradition has preserved no anecdote of his boyhood, nor is anything definitely known of his college career. But it is worthy of remark, that only one year before he entered the university, a stripling of still greater promise, and destined to accomplish even higher things, had become an inmate of a neighbouring college. This was no other than John Milton; and it is fair to imagine that the two youths must have been occasionally thrown into each other's society, and that they found in common sympathies and congenial studies, a bond of intimacy. Although the paths which they were destined to tread in after life were widely different, and the parts they were called on to play in the politics of the period directly opposite, it is impossible not to see that in genius and disposition there were many points of resemblance between them.

Both of them, also, were distinguished at this period for their personal beauty. The greatest intellects of the age were enshrined in temples of corresponding comeliness. Of Milton's youthful appearance, in his days of studentship, a characteristic sketch has been drawn by our greatest modern poet, which is worthy of quotation:—

“ Yea, our blind Poet, who, in his later day,
Stood almost single; uttering odious truth—
Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,
Soul awful—if the earth has ever lodged
An awful soul—I seem'd to see him here
Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress
Bounding before me, yet a stripling youth—
A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks,
Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,
And conscious step of purity and pride.”¹

And in like manner it is said that Taylor's florid and youthful beauty,—his sweet and pleasant air,—his grave and graceful presence—entranced the beholder, and seemed to give an outward indication of intellectual preeminence. It may also be inferred that Taylor, like Milton, frequently sighed over the scholastic jargon then taught in the universities, and longed to inhale a freer and healthier atmosphere. For “the asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles,” the future author of the *Ductor Dubitantium* must have had as profound a contempt as the author of *Paradise Lost*. And it requires no great effort of the imagination to picture these two illustrious members of the intellectual aristocracy of the nation comparing together, at such a time and place, their notions of the beautiful and true, and stimulating each other to more heroic exertions.

Having taken his degree of Master of Arts, Taylor was ordained before he had reached the age of twenty-one, and it was not his lot to remain long in obscurity. By a happy accident he was solicited to take the place of a college friend, who had been appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cathedral, and was either unable or unwilling to attend. The opportunity for distinction was not lost upon the young divine. His eloquent sermons and graceful elocution won the enthusiastic admiration of his auditors, and procured him an introduction to Archbishop Laud. His friend Bishop Rust, (his successor in the diocese of Dromore,) who preached his funeral sermon, and introduced therein a brief sketch of his career, observes that his personal beauty and sublime and raised discourses caused his hearers “to take him for some young angel, newly descended from the visions of glory!” Soon after his first sermon at St. Paul's, he was summoned to Lambeth, to preach before the Archbishop. His discourse, upon that occasion, according to Rust, “was beyond exception, and beyond imitation: yet the wise prelate thought him too young; but the great youth humbly begged his grace to pardon that fault, and promised, *if he lived, he would mend it.*” It was, however, prudently resolved by Laud that “such mighty parts should be afforded better opportunities of study and improvement, than a course of constant

preaching would allow of.” He foresaw the perils to which the excitement and applause of crowded congregations might expose the youthful orator; and he accordingly thought it better to send him to Oxford, where he might pursue his studies in undisturbed seclusion. With characteristic liberality, he placed him in his own college of All Souls, where he soon obtained a fellowship; and, after the lapse of about two years, presented him to the rectory of Uppingham in Rutlandshire.

The liberality of “my lord of Canterbury” to Taylor did not stop here. Soon after promoting him to the rectory of Uppingham, “he preferred him,” says Rust, “to be chaplain to King Charles the Martyr, of blessed and immortal memory.” Being now comfortably settled in the world, with every prospect of future honours and happiness, the prosperous divine resolved on matrimony. Of the lady of his choice, nothing is known except that she bore the musical maiden name of Phœbe Langdale. On the 27th of May, 1639, the marriage was celebrated in the parish-church of Uppingham, the gifted bridegroom being then in the 26th year of his age. But however cheering his prospects at this moment, Taylor's domestic felicity was not of long duration. Within three years his wife bore him three children, the youngest of whom died in May, 1642, and the mother soon followed her darling to the tomb.

The desolation of the pastor's home was but the beginning of his afflictions. The storm of political contention, which was destined to end in civil war, and to mar the fortunes of so many distinguished men, had begun its furious career. The impeachment of Laud, in 1640, had excited Taylor's eloquent indignation; and when the royal standard was raised at Nottingham, on the 22d of August, 1642,² it is supposed that he almost immediately left his parsonage, and joined the army in his capacity of a royal chaplain. Very shortly afterwards his living was sequestered, under the authority of a parliamentary resolution which decreed the forfeiture of the livings of the loyal clergy. A puritan preacher was placed at Uppingham in his stead, who, if the “*Mercurius Aulicus*” (a royalist news-letter) can be relied on, was a curious specimen of the round-head divines of that period. The following is one of the anecdotes of this *neck* successor of the accomplished Taylor, contained in the above-mentioned newspaper:—

“Monday, May 6.—Now, if you would see what heavenly men these lecturers are, be pleased to take notice, that at Uppingham in Rutlandshire, the Members have placed one Isaac Massey to teach the people, (for the true pastor, Dr. Jeremy Taylor, for his learning and loyalty is driven thence, his house plundered, his estate seized, and his family driven out of doors.) . . . This Massey, coming lately into a house of the town, used these words, ‘*This town of Uppingham loves Popery, and we would reform it, but they will not,*’ (and without any further coherence, said;) ‘*but I say, whosoever says there is any king in*

(1) Wordsworth: “The Prelude.”

(2) Or, according to Clarendon, on August 25th.

England besides the Parliament at Westminster, I'll make him for ever speaking more. The master of the house replied, 'I say there is a king in England besides the Parliament in Westminster;' whereupon Massey, with his cudgel, broke the gentleman's head. Whoever doubts that Mr. Massey is injured by these relations, may satisfy themselves by inquiring of the inhabitants of Uppingham parish."¹

During the hottest period of the civil war, Taylor is supposed to have followed the royal army in all its perilous marches. He is said to have been a spectator of the decisive battle of Newbury, and to have accompanied the discomfited cavaliers in their retreat from that memorable field. In 1644 he was with the royal forces in Wales, and was taken prisoner by the parliamentary army during the siege of Cardigan Castle. It is impossible, however, to follow his movements accurately at this period of his life. After his release from imprisonment, he left the army, and thenceforth took up his residence in Wales, where he was fortunate enough to find a quiet retreat amid the turmoils of civil strife.

At this period of his life, under the pressure of poverty and adversity, he embraced the profession of a schoolmaster. Tradition states that he instructed his scholars sometimes in one, and sometimes in another cottage, in the village of Llanvihangel, in which he had taken up his abode. But it has been ascertained that he had two assistants, (who were compelled like himself to labour in this way for their subsistence,) namely, William Nicholson, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, and William Wyatt, who became a prebendary of Lincoln;—a circumstance which would seem to imply that the work of instruction, whatever might be the station or degree of the scholars, was carried on in a systematic manner, and on an extensive scale. In conjunction with Wyatt, he published in 1647 a Grammar of the Latin language; and the biographer is thus enabled to trace another point of resemblance in the lives of Milton and Taylor, since both of these great men not only adopted for a short period the profession of the schoolmaster, but also both endeavoured by the compilation of grammars to smooth the way for the youthful learner, and to leave behind them permanent memorials of the task to which they had temporarily dedicated their lofty intellects.

During his residence in Wales, Taylor contracted a second marriage. The name of the lady with whom, in this darker period of his life, he was induced to enter into the bonds of wedlock, was Joanna Bridges, who is reputed to have been a natural child of King Charles I. It would appear that this was a very advantageous match for the impoverished divine. In addition to the endowments of a handsome person and agreeable manners, the lady is said to have been possessed of a good estate in the north-eastern part of Carmarthenshire. But, like most of the royalists' possessions, it is probable that the property

(1) "Bishop Jeremy Taylor: a Biography." By the Rev. A. Willmott, 1847.

had become much reduced and encumbered by fines and other exactions, and was, therefore, insufficient in amount to relieve Taylor at once from the duties of school-keeping. Of his engagements and way of life, however, at this epoch, nothing again is precisely known; but it is certain that his pen was not idle in his retirement, for in the same year in which his Grammar was given to the world, he published his great work on the Liberty of Prophecy.² In this treatise he vindicated the principles of religious freedom upon their broadest basis; so much so that it has been characterised as the "first distinct and avowed defence of toleration which had been ventured on in England, perhaps in Christendom." Its spirit is beautifully represented in the noble apologue with which it concludes, and which its author professes to have taken from the "Jews' books," wherein the patriarch Abraham is rebuked by the Lord of Hosts for denying to an unbelieving wayfarer the rites of hospitality.³ Although written "in poverty and tribulation, without books, or leisure to consult them," in style and matter it is unsurpassed by any other production of its author. By Coleridge, the greatest critic of modern times, this treatise was regarded with almost extravagant admiration. "He saw in it all the confluent powers of the author, swelling the majestic stream of genius, as it rolled onward in its diversified and winding course."⁴ No one, we believe, can read this great work, or any considerable portion of it, without feeling that the writer was far in advance of his age; and that the object which he had in view, and which is declared upon the title-page to be the demonstration of "the Unreasonableness of prescribing to other Men's Faith, and the Iniquity of Persecuting Differing Opinions," as far as argument is concerned, was most satisfactorily attained.

In the dedication to this celebrated production, a brief but beautiful allusion is made by Taylor to his personal history, which the biographer cannot pass over without notice, although some of the circumstances to which it alludes are involved in obscurity, nor has any clue been obtained to the name of the "noble enemy," whose mercy and gentleness it commemorates. "In the great storm," says Taylor, "which dashed the vessel of the Church all in pieces, I had been cast on the coast of Wales, and, in a little boat, thought to have enjoyed that

(2) By "Prophecy," Taylor meant, in the language of the period, preaching or expounding.

(3) "When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travail, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age. He received him most kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man eat, and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven. The old man told him, that he worshiped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, 'I thrust him away because he did not worship thee.' God answered him, 'I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me; and couldst not thou endure him one night?'"

(4) Willmott's Biography.

rest and quietness, which in England in a greater I could not hope for. Here I cast anchor, and thinking to ride safely, the storm followed me with so much impetuous violence, that it broke a cable, and I lost my anchor; and here again I was exposed to the mercy of the sea, and the gentleness of an element that could neither distinguish things nor persons. And but that He who stilleth the raging of the sea, and the noise of his waves, and the madness of his people, had provided a plank for me, I had been lost to all the opportunities of content or study. But I know not whether I have been more preserved by the courtesies of my friends, or the gentleness and mercies of a noble enemy."

The shipwrecked divine was not cast, indeed, upon an altogether inhospitable shore. On the contrary, it is gratifying to perceive that the misfortunes by which he had been overtaken, proved, as temporal misfortunes often do, the sources of some unexpected benefits. The clouds which had overshadowed him were big with blessings. In his forced seclusion, surrounded by untoward circumstances, he was visited with unlooked-for gleams of comfort. In the village in which he had fixed his temporary abode, rose the charming towers of Golden Grove, the residence of Lord Carbery, an amiable and accomplished nobleman, who was delighted to extend to Taylor his friendship and protection. The introduction to Lord and Lady Carbery, whenever it took place, was an important epoch in the life of the persecuted royalist. In the neighbourhood of Golden Grove he passed some of the happiest hours of his life, cheered by the attentions and solitudes of affectionate friends, and partaking of the pleasures and advantages of highly cultivated society. The situation of the place was most delightful. It was surrounded by a landscape of surpassing loveliness, and by objects peculiarly calculated to influence and interest the poetical mind. The neighbouring fields were clothed in the most attractive garb of pastoral beauty; the river Towey flowed through the grounds,¹ and lofty trees flung their shadows over its stream. A glorious avenue of elms was long remembered as Taylor's Walk, where he meditated some of the sublimest strains of his well-nigh superhuman eloquence. Amidst such scenes the harassed mind might well find rest. Past annoyances and misfortunes were forgotten, and a spirit of calm contentedness and sober joy supervened. The heart of the pious divine overflowed with gratitude and thankfulness. Instead of brooding over what he had lost, he delighted to indulge in the enumeration of the privileges he possessed, and the pure pleasures he enjoyed. Thus in his great work on Holy Living, he exclaims with reference to this period of his life:—"I am fallen into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me; what now? Let me look about me. They have left me the sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me; and I can still discourse, and unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my

cheerful spirit, and a good conscience; they have still left me the Providence of God, and all the promises of the Gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too; and still I sleep and digest, I eat and drink, I read and meditate, I can walk in my neighbour's pleasant fields, and see the variety of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights,—that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God himself. And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down on his little handful of thorns. Such a person were fit to bear Nero company in his funeral sorrow for the loss of one of Poppæa's hairs, or help to mourn for Lesbia's sparrow: and because he loves it, he deserves to starve in the midst of plenty, and to want comfort while he is enriched with blessings."

Of the charms of outward nature, Taylor was in the highest degree susceptible. His happiest illustrations are drawn from familiar sights and sounds, and from the most frequently-recurring objects in the rural landscape. He had an eye for all the beauties of English scenery, and a full appreciation of the poetry of country life. Looking through nature up to nature's God, a close observer of the beauties and mysteries of the visible universe, Jeremy Taylor has been properly designated the Shakspeare of English theologians; casting the hue of poetry over every theme he touched, and relieving with graceful similitudes and gorgeous imagery the weightiest and most solemn disquisitions. To his lengthened residence near Golden Grove, and to the circumstances which attended his sojourn there, we are probably indebted for the most beautiful and picturesque passages in his works. As those passages rise before our memory, we naturally picture to ourselves the peaceful pleasures and cheerful life of the pious pastor: his morning walks, his mid-day musings, his evening reveries; now tracing the upward flight of the lark, now watching the bursting rosebud, and now the waving foliage of the forest, with the rapt attention of the poet and philosopher. Listen for a moment to the musical cadence of one of those charming similes for which he is so famous. "Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention, which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and unconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministry here below. So is the prayer of a good man," &c.

We cannot read such a sentence as this, without feeling it to be the language of genuine inspiration—the utterance of an earnest lover of nature, who had often beheld with no common attention what he describes. There can be no question, that Taylor was an experienced observer, as well as a poet of the highest order. As he walked abroad into the fields, he found everything around him suggestive of features and incidents of human life. We know not, for instance, where to turn for a grander or more appropriate array of images, than is presented to us in his beautiful parallel between the life of a man, and the brief glory of a summer's day. "Some are called of age at fourteen, some at one-and-twenty, some never; but all men, late enough; for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But, as when the sun approaching towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by-and-by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns, like those which decked the brow of Moses, when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher and higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly. So is a man's reason and his life."

Although utterly free from the charge of habitually indulging in gloomy or desponding views, it is not surprising that Taylor's musings should, at this period, have frequently worn a melancholy aspect. His genius was inclined to pathos. He had espoused an unprosperous cause, and his life had been tinged with many sorrows. In such a frame of mind, it was natural that the loveliest of earthly objects should suggest to him some sorrowful reflections. Whilst walking, for instance, in the gardens of Golden Grove, and musing upon by-gone days, the sight of the summer rose in its progress from maturity to decay, might well suggest to him that exquisite illustration of the frail tenure of earthly beauty, presented in the pages of his *Holy Dying*. "It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood; from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and deadly paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose, newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and out-worn faces. The same is the portion of every man and

every woman; the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness, and cold dishonour, and our beauty so changed, that our acquaintance quickly knew us not."¹

Independently of their warmth of colouring and poetical embellishments, the productions of Taylor at this period are usually considered the most valuable that have proceeded from his pen. His treatises of *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying* belong to this epoch. He also compiled a practical manual of devotions, to which he gave the name of the *Golden Grove*, as an appropriate acknowledgment of the many privileges he had enjoyed under his patron's roof. In a chaster and different style, as befitted perhaps the solemn theme, he composed the *Great Exemplar*,—a life of Christ, which has attained great popularity. Some of his most exquisite sermons were also written and preached in the sequestered village where he had found such a congenial retreat. Among the most interesting of them, is the discourse which he delivered in the month of October, 1650, on the death of his patron's lady—the amiable and accomplished Countess of Carbery. It is easy to believe that every phrase of this inimitable funeral sermon came from the preacher's heart. To the illustrious deceased, Taylor was deeply indebted: he had long known and esteemed her as a friend, and the recollection of past kindnesses weighed upon his spirit. With a heavy heart, but "with a faithful hand," he presented her portrait to the weeping hearers, and a holier or more attractive picture was never delineated from any pulpit. "I have seen a female religion," he said, "that wholly dwelt upon the face and tongue; that like a wanton and undressed tree, spends all its juices in suckers and irregular branches, in leaves and gum, and after all such goodly outsides, you should never eat an apple, or be delighted with the beauties or the perfumes of a hopeful blossom. But the religion of this excellent lady was of another constitution: it took root downward in humility, and brought forth fruits upward in substantial graces of a Christian, in charity and justice, in chastity and modesty, in fair friendships and sweetness of society: she had not very much of the forms and outsides of godliness, but she was largely careful for the power of it, for the moral, essential, and useful parts; such which would make her to be, not seem to be, religious." And again:—"The other appendage of her religion, which also was a great ornament to all the parts of her life, was a rare modesty and humility of spirit, a confident despising and undervaluing of herself. For though she had the greatest judgment, and the greatest experience of things and persons, that I ever yet knew in a person of her youth, and sex, and circumstances, yet, as if she knew nothing of it, she had the meanest opinion of herself; and like a fair taper, when she shined to all the room, yet round about her own station she had cast a shadow and a cloud, and she shined to everybody but herself." . . . "In all her religion, and in all her actions of relation towards God, she had a strange evenness and untroubled passage, sliding towards her ocean of God and of infinity with a certain and silent motion."

(1) *Holy Dying*.

It must be here observed, that the publication of the Golden Grove ruffled for a brief period the quiet stream of Taylor's life, and subjected him to legal persecution. Some passages in the preface to this manual were considered to reflect upon the ruling powers, and to mark the writer out as an obstinate malignant. An order for his arrest was accordingly transmitted to the local authorities, and he was imprisoned for a short period in Chepstow Castle(?) When we say "for a short period," we are, however, merely following the conjectures of other biographers, whose industry has been unable to discover the length of time he remained in durance, or even to declare with certainty the place of his confinement.

Although there is no record of the commencement of their intimacy, it is supposed that about this time Taylor became an object of interest to an Englishman distinguished in these troublesome days for his attachment to the Church of England,—the celebrated John Evelyn. It would appear from Evelyn's diary, that Taylor preached several times in London in the spring of 1654, and on the 12th of April, 1656, he dined at Say's Court (Evelyn's residence), with Berkeley, Boyle, and Wilkins. On his return to Wales, he was visited by a severe domestic affliction, in "the death of a little child, that lately," he said, when communicating to his friend Evelyn the sad event, "made us very glad, but now he rejoices in his little orb, while we think, and sigh, and long to be as safe as he is." In the course of a few months his dwelling was again invaded by the destroying pestilence, and "two sweet, hopeful boys" were taken from him, and buried side by side. Although piously submitting himself to the will of heaven, Taylor was deeply affected by these visitations. How fondly he loved his wife and little ones may be conjectured from the warmth and passion with which he has described in one of his sermons the happiness of domestic life. "No man can tell," he says, "but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges: their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society: but he that loves not his wife and children, feeds a lioness at home, and broods a nest of sorrows; and blessing itself cannot make him happy."

It seems to be agreed upon all hands, that it was the loss of his children which drove Taylor permanently from Wales, and induced him to bend his footsteps to the metropolis, whither he had been frequently invited by Evelyn. "When he had spent some years," says Bishop Rust, "in this retirement, it pleased God to visit his family with sickness, and to take to himself the dear pledges of his favour, three sons of great hopes and expectations, within the space of two or three months: and though he had learned a quiet submission to the Divine will, yet the affliction touched him so sensibly, that it made him desirous to leave the country." In London he is supposed to have occa-

sionally lectured to a private congregation of Episcopalians. It is also on record, that he endured about this period a short imprisonment in the Tower, on account of the publication of a collection of Offices, to which the printer had prefixed a picture of our Saviour, and thus rendered himself and the author liable to the penalties of an act against idolatry, which had been recently passed by the Puritan parliament. He had not, however, resided long in the metropolis, when an introduction to Edward Lord Conway once more changed the scene of his life and labours. This nobleman, whom Bishop Rust describes as "a person of great honour and generosity," was possessed of large estates in the north-eastern part of Ireland, and entertaining a high esteem for Taylor's personal character, as well as considerable confidence in his zeal and ability, he tendered him the lectureship of Lisburn, then an inconsiderable town, in the province of Ulster. The stipend paid to the lecturer was, however, so small, that Taylor at first declined it; but other inducements being subsequently held out to him, he departed for Ireland in the summer of 1658, and fixed his residence at Portmore, near the mansion of Lord Conway.

In very many respects, Portmore proved to Taylor a most desirable retreat. The surrounding landscape scarcely yielded in beauty to the Golden Grove. The delightful greensward of Lord Conway's park was washed by the limpid waters of two beautiful lakes, "each studded with romantic islets." Bishop Rust speaks of it as "a place made for study and contemplation;" and it was described to Heber, as a spot in which "the painter, poet, or devout contemplatist might delight to linger."¹ In such a place a mind like Taylor's found many sources of happiness. Though he continued poor and dependent, he was grateful to the Providence who had placed him in so delightful an asylum. From Lord Conway he received many kindnesses, and Evelyn remained his staunch friend, supplying him regularly with sums of money by way of pension. Such assistance, the philosopher of Say's Court was happy out of his abundance to dispense to the poor and pious scholar, and Taylor felt no degradation in accepting it.

The two years which he passed at Portmore, afforded our great divine the requisite leisure for the completion of his most elaborate production, the *Ductor Dubitantium; or, Cases of Conscience*. In the spring of 1660 he quitted Ireland, and proceeded to London with the manuscript of this work, which he caused to be published in the June following. He found, however, that he had arrived in England at an important crisis. During his absence, the great Protector had died, and from the moment of his decease, it was obvious that the days of the Commonwealth were numbered. The feeble mind of Richard Cromwell was unequal to the task of government, and the majority of the nation, disgusted with Puritan excesses, anxiously waited for the restoration of royalty. Affairs had reached a climax, when

(1) Willmott's Biography.

on the 24th of April, Jeremy Taylor placed his hand to the memorable declaration of the royalists of London, to which the exiled monarch promptly responded. On the 29th of May, Charles II. made his triumphant entry into the metropolis, surrounded by devoted adherents, who had suffered severely in his cause, and who hailed with extravagant joy his restoration to the throne of his ancestors. Many of these, alas! were doomed to encounter disappointment and neglect, but Taylor was among the fortunate few whose services were thought worthy of acknowledgment, and whose unwavering loyalty was remembered in the day of triumph. On the 6th of August following, he was nominated to the see of Down and Connor; a preferment below his merit, but which more than satisfied his ambition. That such a man should have been appointed an *Irish* Bishop naturally excites surprise. Among the clergy of the period there were few, or perhaps scarcely any, who had so high a claim to the distinction of the mitre, and it would have been but just and reasonable to have nominated to one of the vacant *English* Sees, so bright an ornament of the English Church. To banish to a distance the greatest of pulpit orators, whose seductive eloquence might have captivated the careless ear of royalty itself, appears to us an act only to be accounted for on the supposition of Heber, that it was suspected the known fervour of his religious zeal, and the circumstance of his relationship by marriage to the royal family, might have led him to speak more plainly, and to rebuke the vices and follies of the great with more asperity, than would have been at all times agreeable to courtly cars.

Having thus traced the career of Taylor through the dismal straits of obscurity and poverty, to dignity and opulence, we find but little more remaining to be told of him. In January, 1661, the ceremony of his consecration as Bishop of Down and Connor took place in the Cathedral of St. Patrick, and he was very shortly afterwards sworn in a member of the Irish privy council, and elected vice-chancellor of the university of Dublin. In the discharge of his episcopal duties he soon displayed such unwearied zeal, activity, and prudence, that the diocese of Dromore was, in April 1661, annexed to that of Down and Connor, "on account," as it was expressed, "of his virtue, wisdom, and industry." In the midst of dissensions and oppositions, peculiar to the country and the period, he displayed a meek and tolerant spirit, which disarmed the fury of his bitterest antagonists, together with a zeal which was on all occasions tempered alike by charity and discretion. The sturdy champions of the Covenant, who professed, "in the wildest and most gloomy sense," (to quote the words of Bishop Heber,) "the austere principles of their party," abounded in Taylor's diocese, and were in possession of many of the church livings. With these men it was difficult at all times to deal with gentleness: a more powerful argument than episcopal censure or expostulation was often necessary to enforce conformity; but there is abundant evidence

that Taylor never resorted without reluctance to measures of extremity, and that he regarded his mission in Ireland as peculiarly one of conciliation. But, above all, the amiability of his personal character was, on all sides, the subject of observation. He had preserved through each vicissitude of fortune the sweetness of disposition for which he had been in his youth remarkable, and as soon as Providence thought fit to endow him with large possessions, he was especially distinguished for the graceful and unostentatious benevolence with which he distributed to others out of his great abundance. His extensive charity was regarded by his contemporaries as the crowning virtue of his life. "But he was not only a good man Godward," says his friend, Bishop Rust, "but he was come to the top of St. Peter's gradation, and to all his other virtues added a large and diffusive charity; and whoever compares his plentiful incomes with the inconsiderable estate he left at his death, will be easily convinced that charity was steward for a great proportion of his revenue. But the hungry that he fed, and the naked that he clothed, and the distressed that he supplied, and the fatherless that he provided for; the poor children that he put to apprentice, and brought up at school and maintained at the university, will now sound a trumpet to that charity which he dispersed with his right hand, but would not suffer his left hand to have any knowledge of it."

In the influential position to which he had been so properly elevated, Taylor laboured for six years, and during the whole of this period his activity and energy were on all occasions conspicuously displayed. At length, on the 3d of August, 1667, he was attacked with fever, and on the 13th of the same month he breathed his last at Lisburn, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. In the mellow autumn of his life, with all its matured experience, and in the full possession of his faculties, he was summoned from the scene of his usefulness by the inscrutable decree of an all-wise Creator. "He passed," says his eloquent biographer, Mr. Willmott, "through the dark gate into the Garden, when the eye of fancy had not grown dim, nor the arm of intellect become feeble. Having borne the heat and burden of the day, he received his wages before the sun was set and the dews of night began to descend. Called home in the rich autumn of his life, he was busy in the field and in the harvest; the sheaves lay piled around him when he fell asleep, 'And from his slack hand dropp'd the gather'd rose.'"

We are unwilling to weaken our estimate of Taylor's character by any further panegyric; but it would at the same time be scarcely proper for us to conclude this sketch without drawing attention to his varied acquirements, and extensive acquaintance with every department of human knowledge. As a scholar, no less than as a divine, he is entitled to our high consideration. With indefatigable industry, as all his writings prove, he ransacked every storehouse of ancient and modern learning. Not content with the beaten path of scholarship, he deviated often into

unfrequented bye-roads, presenting his readers with the result of his labours and researches, in the shape of some apt allusion or appropriate anecdote. Among the divines of the period, he was as conspicuous for sound learning, as for the superior grace and eloquence of his discourses; and in the disposal of his time, he seems to have kept steadily in view that great saying of his illustrious predecessor, Richard Hooker:—"There is in this world no kind of knowledge whereby any part of Truth is seen, but we justly account it precious; yea, that principal Truth, in comparison of which all other knowledge is vile, may receive from it some kind of light."

As a Theologian, it is well known that Taylor entertained some peculiar views. His ardent imagination, and speculative temperament, withdrew him, upon certain topics, from what was thought to be the strict line of orthodoxy. Upon these subjects, however, it is neither our province nor our wish to enter. Of one thing we may rest assured,—for it is corroborated by the whole tenor of his life,—that his opinions were the result of sincere conviction; and it can also be mentioned to his honour, that when precipitated into the stormy arena of controversy, whilst he displayed the natural warmth and sensitiveness of an earnest and truth-seeking man, he was at all times distinguished for that spirit of meekness and forbearance which formed, both in the hour of adversity and prosperity, so engaging a feature in his character.

We have elsewhere spoken of Taylor as a poet; and a great one we believe him to be. He possessed, in an almost equal degree with his great contemporary Milton, that divine gift of imagination, which when allied to moral purity, and controlled by reason and experience, may be regarded as the highest faculty of the human mind. But whilst his numerous prose works are filled with passages which are in themselves true poems, and only require the aid of metrical arrangement to make them so in the common acceptance of the term, yet he attempted versification with but little success. When it is recollected, however, that true ease in writing is the result of practice and labour, as well as of natural aptitude, it ought not to occasion surprise that Taylor should have found himself so little at home in the task of poetical composition. His genius was cramped by the unaccustomed fetters of rhyme and metre; and in writing verse, as it has been well observed, he had but the use of his left hand. But his failure, after all, was only comparative. Many examples of gorgeous diction and musical expression might be selected from his verses which would do no discredit to his reputation; and we subjoin a brief specimen from a hymn, in which his biographer, Mr. Willmott, professes to discover "the fervour of Crashaw, with some of the fancy of Cowley:"—

"O beauteous God, uncircumscrib'd treasure
Of an eternal pleasure,
Thy throne is settled far
Above the highest star,

Where thou prepar'at a glorious place
Within the brightness of thy face,
For every spirit
To inherit,
That builds his hope upon thy merit,
And loves thee with a holy charity.
What ravish'd heart, seraphic tongue, or eyes
Clear as the morning's rise,
Can speak, or think, or see,
That bright eternity?
Where the great King's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper stone," &c.

Having made these remarks on the life and character of Jeremy Taylor, our pleasantest, but perhaps most difficult task remains behind. It is that of presenting to our readers a few extracts from his works, which, whilst of necessity brief and unconnected, may at the same time forcibly illustrate the character of his genius. We will commence with one or two quotations from his beautiful sermon of "The Marriage Ring."

"They that enter into the state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she has no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God as subjects do of tyrant princes; but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again; and when he sits among his neighbours, he remembers the objection that is in his bosom, and he sighs deeply. The boys, and the pedlars, and the fruiterers, shall tell of this man when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a poor wretched person.

"The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys, hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream; but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsman took them in their stranger snare. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valley of marriage to refresh their troubles; and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness.

"As the Indian women enter into folly for the price of an elephant, and think their crime warrantable, so do men and women change their liberty for a rich fortune, (like Eriphile, the Argive; she preferred gold before a good man,) and show themselves to be less than money, by overvaluing that to all the content and wise felicity of their lives; and when they have counted their money and their sorrows together, how willingly would they buy, with the loss of all that money, modesty, or sweet nature to their relative!"

In the following directions for the conduct of the newly married (from the same sermon), the wisdom of the preacher is no less apparent than the fancy of the poet:—

“Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation: *every little thing can blast an infant blossom*; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine when first they begin to curl, like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces.”

Before we take leave of this admirable discourse, we may observe that we know of nothing more beautiful, even in Taylor's prose works, than the following description of the duties and character of a good wife:—“But she that hath a wise husband must entice him to an eternal dearness, by the veil of modesty, and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness, and the jewels of faith and charity; her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetness and friendship, and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies.”

We will select from another sermon a remarkable illustration of the dignified and graceful march of Taylor's eloquence. The extract appears to us so perfect an example of the highest style of sacred oratory, that we earnestly commend it to the reader's attention. The subject is the triumph of Christianity:—

“Jesus entered into the world with all the circumstances of poverty. He had a star to illustrate his birth; but a stable for his bedchamber, and a manger for his cradle. The angels sang hymns when he was born; but he was cold, and cried, uneasy and unprovided. . . All that Christ came for was, or was mingled with, sufferings: for all those little joys which God sent, either to recreate his person, or to illustrate his office, were abated or attended with afflictions; God being more careful to establish in him the covenant of sufferings, than to refresh his sorrows. Presently, after the angels had finished their hallelujahs, he was forced to fly to save his life, and the air became full of shrieks of the desolate mothers of Bethlehem for their dying babes. God had no sooner made him illustrious with a voice from heaven, and the descent of the Holy Ghost upon him in the waters of Baptism, but he was delivered over to be tempted

and assaulted by the devil in the wilderness. His transfiguration was a bright ray of glory; but then also he entered into a cloud, and was told a sad story of what he was to suffer at Jerusalem. And upon Palm Sunday, when he rode triumphantly into Jerusalem, and was adorned with the acclamations of a king and god, he wet the palms with his tears, sweeter than the drops of manna, or the little pearls of heaven that descended upon mount Hermon; weeping in the midst of this triumph over obstinate, perishing, and malicious Jerusalem. . . .

“They that had overcome the world could not strangle Christianity. But so have I seen the sun with a little ray of distant light challenge all the power of darkness, and without violence and noise climbing up the hill, hath made night so to retire, that its memory was lost in the joys and sprightfulness of the morning: and Christianity, without violence or armies, without resistance and self-preservation, without strength or human eloquence, without challenging of privileges or fighting against tyranny, without alteration of government and scandal of princes, with its humility and meekness, with toleration and patience, with obedience and charity, with praying and dying, did insensibly turn the world into Christianity, and persecution into victory.”

The following sentences on the duty of comforting the afflicted, are equally worthy of quotation:—

“Certain it is, that as nothing can better do it, so there is nothing greater, for which God made our tongues, next to reciting his praises, than to minister comfort to a weary soul. And what greater measure can we have, than that we should bring joy to our brother, who with his dreary eyes looks to heaven and round about, and cannot find so much rest as to lay his eyelids close together—than that thy tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents, and make the weary soul to listen for light and ease, and, when he perceives that there is such a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows, at the door of sighs and tears, and by little and little, melt into showers of refreshment? This is glory to thy voice, and employment fit for the brightest angel. But so have I seen the sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up with the images of death, and the colder breath of the north; and then the waters break from their enclosures, and melt with joy, and run in useful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance awhile in the air, to tell that there is joy within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her Redeemer. So is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourses of a wise comforter; he breaks from the despairs of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow; he blesses God, and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning; for to be miserable is death, but nothing is life but to be comforted; and God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of

supported orphans, of rejoicing, and comforted, and thankful persons."

The sermon on the Day of Judgment is usually acknowledged to be the sublimest effort of Taylor's oratory, and proves that he was equally at home in the solemn and terrible, as in dealing with gentler emotions and softer themes. A brief extract from this celebrated discourse will sufficiently illustrate its graphic power and awful grandeur:—

"Consider what infinite multitudes of angels, and men, and women, shall then appear! It is a huge assembly when the men of one kingdom, the men of one age in a single province, are gathered together in heaps and confusion of disorder; but then, all kingdoms of all ages, all the armies that ever mustered, all that world that Augustus Cæsar taxed, all those hundreds of millions that were slain in all the Roman wars, from Numa's time till Italy was broken into principalities and small exarchates: all these, and all that can come into numbers, and that did descend from the loins of Adam, shall at once be represented; to which account, if we add the armies of heaven, the nine orders of blessed spirits, and the infinite numbers in every order, we may suppose the numbers fit to express the majesty of that God, and the terror of that Judge, who is the Lord and Father of all that unimaginable multitude!

"In that great multitude we shall meet all those who by their example and their holy precepts, have, like tapers, enkindled with a' beam of the Sun of righteousness, enlightened us, and taught us to walk in the paths of justice . . . Here men shall meet the partners of their sins, and them that drank the round when they crowned their heads with folly and forgetfulness, and their cups with wines and noises. There shall ye see that poor perishing soul, whom thou didst tempt to adultery and wantonness, to drunkenness or perjury, to rebellion or an evil interest, by power or craft, by witty discourses or deep dissembling, by scandal or a snare, by evil example or a pernicious counsel, by malice or unweariness. That soul that cries to those rocks to cover her, if it had not been for thy perpetual temptation, might have followed the Lamb in a white robe; and that poor man, that is clothed with shame and flames of fire, would have shined in glory, but that thou didst force him to be partner of thy baseness."

Little as we may be doing justice by these quotations to Taylor's powers, the temptation to proceed with them is very powerful. But having regard to the patience of our readers, and our own limited space, we feel that our best course will be to conclude this paper with a few short extracts, which we shall leave, without further comment, to the consideration of those who have followed us thus far in our imperfect sketch of Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

SIN—ITS INSIDIOUS PROGRESS.

"I have seen the little purls of a spring sweat through the bottom of a bank, and intenerate the stubborn pavement, till it hath made it fit for the impression of a child's foot; and it was despised, like

the descending pearls of a misty morning, till it had opened its way and made a stream large enough to carry away the ruins of the undermined strand, and to invade the neighbouring gardens: but then the despised drops were grown into an artificial river, and an intolerable mischief. So are the first entrances of sin, stopped with the antidotes of a hearty prayer, and checked into sobriety by the age of a reverend man, or the counsels of a single sermon: but when such beginnings are neglected, and our religion hath not in it so much philosophy as to think anything evil as long as we can endure it, they grow up to ulcers, and pestilential evils; they destroy the soul by their abode, who at their first entry might have been killed with the pressure of a little finger."

HOPE.

"Hope is like the wing of an angel soaring up to heaven, and bears our prayers to the throne of God."

HUMILITY.

"All the world, all that we are, and all that we have, our bodies and our souls, our actions and our sufferings, our conditions at home, our accidents abroad, our many sins, and our seldom virtues, are as so many arguments to make our souls dwell low in the deep valley of humility."

CHEERFULNESS.

"But cheerfulness and a festival spirit fills the soul full of harmony—it composes music for churches and hearts—it makes and publishes glorification of God—it produces thankfulness, and serves the end of charity; and, when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and making joy round about; and, therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious and full of holy advantage, whatever can innocently minister to this holy joy does set forward the work of religion and charity. And, indeed, charity itself, which is the vertical top of all religion, is nothing else but a union of joys concentrated in the heart, and reflected from all the angles of our life and intercourse. It is a rejoicing in God, a gladness in our neighbour's good, a pleasure in doing good, a rejoicing with him; and without love, we cannot have any joy at all. It is this that makes children to be a pleasure, and friendship to be so noble and divine a thing: and upon this account it is certain that all that which innocently makes a man cheerful, does also make him charitable; for grief, and age, and sickness, and weariness, these are peevish and troublesome; but mirth and cheerfulness is content, and civil, and compliant, and communicative, and loves to do good, and swells up to felicity only upon the wings of charity."

"THE COMMON LOT."

"I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friends' desire, by giving way, that after a few days' burial, they might send a painter to his vault, and, if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death unto the life. They did so, and found his face half eaten, and his midriff and backbone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his

armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change, and it will be as bad with you and me; and then what servants shall we have to wait on us in the grave? what friends to visit us? what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funeral?"

SYMPATHY.

"If you do but see a maiden carried to her grave a little before her intended marriage, or an infant die before the birth of reason, nature hath taught us to pay a tributary tear. Alas! your eyes will behold the ruin of many families, which though they sadly have deserved, yet mercy is not delighted at the spectacle; and therefore God places a watery cloud in the eye, that when the light of heaven shines upon it, it may produce a rainbow to be a sacrament and a memorial that God and the sons of God do not love to see a man perish."¹

GENERAL BENEVOLENCE AND FRIENDSHIP.

"A good man is a friend to all the world; and he is not truly charitable that does not wish well, and do good to all mankind in what he can. But though we must pray for all men, yet we say special litanies for brave kings and holy prelates, and the wise guides of our souls, for our brethren and relations, our wives and children."

SUPERSTITION.

"I have seen a harmless dove made dark with an artificial night, and her eyes sealed and locked up with a little quill, soaring upwards and flying with amazement, fear, and undiscerning wing; she made towards heaven, but knew not that she was made a train and an instrument, to teach her enemy to prevail upon her and all her defenceless kindred. So is a superstitious man, jealous and blind, forward and mistaken; he runs towards heaven as he thinks, but he chooses foolish paths, and out of fear takes anything that he is told; or fancies and guesses concerning God, by measures taken from his own diseases and imperfections."

CERTAINTY OF DEATH.

"All the successions of time, all the changes in nature, all the varieties of light and darkness, the thousand thousands of accidents in this world, and every contingency to every man, and to every creature, doth preach our funeral sermon, and calls us to look and see how the old sexton Time throws up the earth and digs a grave, where we must lay our sins or our sorrows, and sow our bodies, till they rise again in a fair or intolerable eternity."

ADVERSITY.

"All is well as long as the sun shines, and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts us to our own purposes. But if you will try the excellency, and feel the work of faith, place the man in a persecution; let him ride in a storm; let his bones be broken with sorrow, and his eyelids loosed with sickness; let his bread be

dipped with tears, and all the daughters of music brought low; let us come to sit upon the margin of our grave, and let a tyrant lean hard upon our fortune, and dwell upon our wrong; let the storm arise, and the keels toss till the cordage crack, or that all our hopes bulge under us, and descend into the hollowness of sad misfortunes."

THE ESCAPE OF MADAME KOSSUTH.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

DURING the month of August, 1848, the President-Governor of Hungary, Louis Kossuth, with the principal officers of his provisional government, were in the fortified town of Arad, on the river Marosch. Between that place and the town of Zegadin, on the Tisch, in the vicinity of Arad, Georgey, with the Hungarian troops under his command, lay encamped; while behind him, towards the Tisch, was the Russian army of reserve, under Paskiewitch. Dembinski, with his men, besieged Temeswar, and he had already carried its third wall. Between him and the Tisch lay the united Austro-Russian forces. The army of Bem had been defeated at Hermanstadt by the Russian General Lüders, and he had fled with a small band of faithful followers toward Temeswar.

With this position of the combatants, the plan of Dembinski was to unite with Georgey near Arad, and then to attack the Russian forces. Before this was effected, news reached him of the capitulation of Georgey, and that the Governor, M. Kossuth, had been compelled to forsake Arad, and retire to the town of Vilagos. Before leaving Arad, the Governor separated from his wife and children, and their parting scene is said to have been one of the most touching nature. Under the circumstances of the moment, it was a subject of more even than doubt whether they would ever again meet on earth. It was only when a young Hungarian nobleman, named Ashbot, now in exile in Kutayich with M. Kossuth, solemnly swore to his wife that he would never leave her husband, that Madame Kossuth consented to be separated from him, and seek safety in flight. The children were confided to the care of a private secretary of the Governor, and this individual subsequently delivered them up to the tender mercies of Haynau, for the purpose of securing his own pardon and safety. The children set out before their mother, and the latter, in her flight, endeavoured to keep at least so near to them as to hear now and then of their safety.

Madame Kossuth sought out a brother of hers residing in the town of Vilagos, and he is now imprisoned in the fortress of Comorn, with many others of the unfortunate Hungarian patriots, for eighteen years, on account of the succour which he then gave to his sister. Leaving him, she next went in search of her children, and wandered to a *pesta*, or farmhouse, of Boeksak, belonging to a relative. There she fell ill of a typhus fever, which nearly ended her

(1) Sermon at the Opening of Parliament.

life; and when so far recovered as to be able again to travel, she continued her journey in search of her children. She soon learned that they had been given up by their protector to the Austrian General Haynau, and taken to Pesth. Her own safety depended wholly upon the fidelity of the Hungarian peasants, and on their attachment to her husband.

Now, having no other object in view than her own safety, without friends better off than herself, she soon became reduced to a state of complete destitution. In disguise, she wandered over the most miserable part of Hungary. She even, as a means of safety, as well as support, sought for service as a servant, and by telling that she was a poor woman who had just been discharged from a public hospital—which, indeed, she very much resembled—was so fortunate as to find employment in the family of a humble carpenter, in the town of Orash Haya, who little thought he was served by the lady of Louis Kossuth, the late Governor of Hungary. Everywhere notices were exposed in the streets offering forty thousand florins for her capture, and proclaiming death as the punishment of the person who should dare to harbour or conceal her from the authorities.

Among the persons who fled with M. Kossuth before the overwhelming number of his enemies, was an elderly lady, whom it is necessary to designate as Madame L—, and who, from being unable to ride as fast and as long as those who were stronger and younger than herself, soon became exhausted, and was left behind. She had a son, a major in the Hungarian army, near the person of the Governor, and both the son and mother were warmly attached to his interests. Madame L—, when unable to proceed longer with the fugitives, in order to reach a place of safety in the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey, determined to remain in Hungary, and devote herself to the finding of Madame Kossuth, and restoring her to her husband.

For this benevolent purpose Madame L— disguised herself as a beggar; and after a long and weary journey, oftener on foot than in any conveyance, she crossed the vast sandy plains of southern Hungary, and at length reached the place in which Kossuth's children were, but could hear nothing of their mother.

She learned that the children had been sent, soon after their mother had lost sight of them, to the house of General G—, now in the service of the Sultan in Syria, to be kept with his own three children, hoping that they would thus be screened from those who sought after them. The eldest, named Louis, after his father, was seven years of age; and all were told that if they acknowledged they were the children of the Governor, they would be imprisoned by the Austrians, and never see their parents again. So that when an Austrian officer traced them to the house of General G—, he was at a loss to know which of the children were those of General G—, and which those of M. Kossuth; and approaching the eldest of the latter, he said,—“So, my little man, you are the son of the Governor?” To which the youth replied, “I am not, sir.” His firmness surprised and vexed

the officer, who was certain, from the statement of their betrayer, that those before him were the long-lost treasures of his ambitious search. He now endeavoured to frighten the children, and drawing a pistol, directed it to the breast of the boy, and said that if he did not at once acknowledge that he was the son of Kossuth, he would put a ball through his heart. Young Louis—who, it is said, shows himself, now in exile at Kutayieh, much of the character of his father—replied in a tone equally firm: “I tell you, sir, I am not the son of Kossuth.” The officer, baffled by the child's simplicity of manner and apparent sincerity, was divested of his convictions, and led to believe that he had been imposed upon.

But before Madame L— could get near them, other agents of the Austrian Government had been more successful, and the three children had been carried off in secret to Pesth, near the clutches of the butcher Haynau. The mother and sister of M. Kossuth had also been captured, and placed in strict confinement. It may be here mentioned, in this little narrative of the sufferings and deliverance of the relatives of Louis Kossuth, that Madame L—, on finding where and how his children were situated, found out her own maid-servant, and so succeeded as to have her engaged at Pesth as their nurse. This person never left them until the moment of their final deliverance from their Austrian jailors was arrived. After thus having provided for the welfare of the children of M. Kossuth, Madame L— renewed her search for their destitute, suffering mother.

Finding no trace of her, Madame L— determined to follow the fugitives, and if she reached Widdin, to ascertain from M. Kossuth himself where his poor wife had gone, and then return in search of her. Continuing in the disguise of a beggar, sometimes on foot, at others in a farmer's cart, this heroic woman reached the frontiers of Hungary, and crossing them, entered the fortified and walled town of Widdin, where the late Governor of Hungary and his brave unfortunate companions then were, enjoying the protection and hospitality of the Sultan of Turkey. Madame L— applied to M. Kossuth, but not being known to him personally, and the Austrian General having set so high a price on the capture of his wife, he at first regarded her in the light of an Austrian spy. Having, however, soon found her son, who had followed the Governor into Turkey, he readily convinced M. Kossuth of the identity of his mother. All the information which M. Kossuth could give her was, that there was a lady in Hungary in whose house he believed his wife would seek a refuge; and if she was not still there, this lady would most probably know where she was.

The Governor now furnished Madame L— with a letter to this lady, and another with his own signet-ring for his wife, which would be evidence of her fidelity. It is not here necessary to follow Madame L— on her toilsome journey. Devoted to the philanthropic work which she had undertaken, she wandered over the sandy steppes of Hungary, until

she succeeded in reaching the little town in which the lady resided, and delivered to her M. Kossuth's letter. This she read and immediately burned it, not daring even to allow it to exist in her possession. This lady informed Madame L—— that the wife of Governor Kossuth had left her residence in the guise of a mendicant, and intended assuming the name of Maria F——n; that she was to feign herself to be the widow of a soldier who had fallen in battle, and that, if possible, she would go to the very centre of Hungary, in those vast pasture-lands, where she hoped no one would seek after her.

With this information Madame L—— again resumed her journey. She feigned to be an aged grandmother, whose grandson was missing, and that she was in search of him. She made many narrow escapes while passing guards, soldiers, and spies; until at length she reached the plains before mentioned. She went from house to house, as if in search of her grandson, but in reality to find one who would answer the description given her of poor Maria F——n. At length in a cabin she heard that name mentioned, and on inquiry who and what that person was, learned that she was the widow of a Hungarian soldier who had fallen in battle, and that she had a child who was with its grandparents. They then described her person, but added that she had suffered so much from illness and grief, that she was greatly changed. "Before she came here," said the speaker, "she worked for her bread, even when ill; but after her arrival, she became too much indisposed to labour, on account of which they sent to the Sisters of Charity for a physician, who came, bled, and blistered her; and when she was able to go, she had been conveyed to the institution of the Sisters, where she then was." Madame L——, feeling convinced that the poor sufferer must be none other than the object of her search, expressed a desire to visit her.

At the Sisters of Charity, Madame L—— had much difficulty in procuring access to Maria, and the latter was as much opposed to receiving her. At length Madame L—— told the Sisters to inform her that she had a message for her from her husband, who was not dead as she had supposed, and that she would soon convince her, if she would permit her to enter. Poor Maria, between fear and hope, gave her consent, and Madame L—— was allowed to see her. Madame L—— handed her the letter of Governor Kossuth. She recognised, at once, the writing; kissed it; pressed it to her heart; devoured its contents, and then destroyed it immediately. Soon, a story was made up between the two females: they told the Sisters of Charity that Maria's husband "still lived," and that she would rejoin him. A little wagon was procured; as many comforts were put in it as could be had without suspicion; and these two interesting women set out on their escape from the enemies of their country.¹

(1) It is not known by what route the ladies reached the capital of Hungary; but it is certain that, supposing their presence would not be suspected at Pesth, they heroically proceeded to that city,

Madame L—— had a relative in Hungary who had not been compromised in the war; so this person arranged to meet the ladies at a given place, and in the character of a merchant, travel with them. After they had left the pasture-grounds, he passed as the husband of "Maria," and the elder female as his aunt. At night they stopped at a village, and were suspected, on account of the females occupying the bed, while he slept at the door. They started early in the morning, and the "husband" remained behind to learn something more of the suspicions to which their conduct had given rise. He again overtook them, as they stopped to feed their horse, and bade them be greatly on their guard.

In the evening, while the two ladies were sitting together in a miserably cold room, the face of poor Maria so muffled up as to conceal her features, and induce the belief that she was suffering from her teeth, both appearing much as persons in great poverty, overcome by her afflictions, Maria had a nervous attack, and talked and laughed so loud that her voice was recognised by an Austrian officer who happened to be in the house. This person sent a servant to ask them to come into his room, where there was a fire. Madame L—— inquired the name of the "good gentleman" who had the kindness to invite them to his room, and when she heard it, Maria recognised in him a deadly enemy of her husband. While they were planning a means of evading him, the officer himself came into their apartment. Immediately arising, they made an humble courtesy, in so awkward a manner as to divest him of all suspicion. Madame L—— spoke, and thanked him again and again for his kindness, but added that such poor creatures as they were not fit to go into his room. So soon as the officer retired, Maria had another attack, which would certainly have betrayed them, had he been present. Madame L—— implored her to be composed, or they would be lost.

Starting again, they were not molested until in the evening, when they were apprehended and conducted by two policemen before a magistrate. There the former spoke of them as suspicious characters; but they were not told of what they were suspected. While the examination was going on, Madame L—— slipped a bank-note into the hand of the superior of the two policemen. This bribe quite changed the affair; the two men became their friends, excited the pity of the magistrate in their favour, and they were

then in the possession of General Haynau. It has since then become a source of pride to both of them, that they, safe in their disguise, passed that celebrated military "butcher" in the streets of Pesth. Among the letters with which this lady was charged by the exiles of Widdin was one for the lamented martyr of Hungary, Count Casimir Bathiany, then confined in a prison of the city, waiting the cruel fate to which the "butcher" subjected him. When it was decided that he should be ignominiously put to death by the hangman's rope, that excellent and very mild Hungarian patriot endeavoured to put an end to his own existence with a razor; but unfortunately not succeeding, Haynau dragged his mutilated and bleeding body from the prison, and ended his life on the gallows. The letter which Madame L—— had for him was from his brother, who had escaped into Turkey with M. Kossuth; and she had the satisfaction of causing it, through the venality of his jailors, to be placed in the hands of the sufferer, to whom it was no little source of consolation to know that his brother lived in safety.

allowed to depart. Thus they went on from station to station, until they reached the frontiers of Hungary near the Danube. They entered the little town of Saubin, and asked permission of the head of the police to pass over the river to Belgrade. This was refused, until they said they wished to go there for a certain medicine for a daughter who was ill, and that they would leave their passports as a security. He then gave his consent, and they crossed the Danube, and entered the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey.

It was night when they entered Belgrade. They knocked at the door of the Sardinian Consul, who had recently been stationed in that frontier town by his king, whose whole heart sympathised in the Hungarian cause, and who had formed a friendly alliance with M. Kossuth for the freedom of Italy and Hungary. The Consul had been advised by M. Kossuth that two females would probably seek his protection, but not knowing them, he inquired what they wished of him. Madame L—— replied, "Lodging and bread." He invited them in, and Madame L—— introduced him to Madame Kossuth, the lady of the late Governor of Hungary.

It will readily be conceived that the Consul could scarcely believe that these two miserable beings were the persons they represented themselves to be. Madame Kossuth convinced him by showing him the signet-ring of her husband. In his house Madame Kossuth fell ill, but received every possible kindness from her host. They learned that all the Hungarians and Poles had been removed from Widdin to Shumla; and notwithstanding that it was in the midst of a severe winter, they decided upon proceeding at once to the latter place. The Sardinian Consul applied to the generous and very liberal Prince of Scrvia, in whose principality Belgrade is, for his assistance in behalf of the ladies, and in the most hospitable and fearless manner he provided them with his own carriage and four horses, and an escort; and in this way they started through the snow for Shumla. Their journey was without any apprehensions of danger, for the British Consul-General at Belgrade, Mr. F——, had provided the party with a passport as British subjects, under the assumed names of Mr., Mrs., and Miss Bloomfield; yet the severity of the weather was such that Madame Kossuth, in the ill state of her health, suffered very much. Often the snow was as deep as the breasts of the horses, and not unfrequently four oxen had to be attached to it in their places. A journey which in summer would have required but a few days, now was made in twenty-eight.

On the twenty-eighth day, a courier was sent in advance of them to apprise Governor Kossuth of their approach. He was ill; and, moreover, on account of the many plans of the Austrians to assassinate him, the Sultan's authorities could not allow him to leave Shumla, and go to meet his wife. The news of her deliverance and her approach occasioned the liveliest satisfaction to all the refugees; and the Hungarians and Poles went as far the gates of the city to meet

this heroic martyr of the cause of Hungary. It was night when the carriage neared the city; as it entered the gates, she found the streets lighted up with hundreds of lights, green, white, and red, the colours of the Hungarian flag, and was welcomed with the most friendly shouts from the whole body of the refugees.

When Madame Kossuth descended from her carriage, she found herself in the presence of her husband, who had risen from his bed of illness to receive the poor "Maria F——" of the plains of Hungary. In place of receiving her in his arms, M. Kossuth, overcome by feelings of admiration for the sufferings which his wife had undergone, and by gratitude for her devotion to the cause of her country, threw himself at her feet and kissed them. She endeavoured to speak and offer her husband consolation and tranquillity, while her own poor feeble heart was ready to burst with emotion. Her voice failed her, and amid the reiterated shouts of the Hungarians and Poles, this heroic woman was carried to her husband's apartments.

* * * * *

In March of the past year some seventy persons—the chief of the Hungarian refugees, among whom were also several Poles—were conveyed in one of the steamers of the Sultan of Turkey to the place designated for their future residence in Asia Minor. From Shumla they travelled by land to Varna, on the Black Sea; from thence they were taken in the steamer to Ghemlik, in the Gulf of Madanieh, in the Sea of Marmora, without being allowed to stop at Constantinople. They crossed from that place to Broosa, at the foot of Mount Olympus, and after a short delay there, agitated by hopes and fears, they continued on to Kutayieh, where they all still are. Madame Kossuth is with her husband, and, greatly through the labours of Madame L——, who undertook another journey into Hungary for this purpose, she now also has her children with her. Among the individuals who persist in remaining at Kutayieh with the ex-Governor of Hungary and his lady are Madame L—— and the relative who during the dangerous wanderings in Hungary figured as her husband. Many of the refugees are but ill provided for. The amount which the Turkish government allows M. Kossuth for his subsistence is insufficient for the support of so many persons. It is a well-known fact that the duration of the detention of M. Kossuth depends wholly upon the Sultan, whose protection was so generously and so effectively granted to the refugees. It is also known that the Sultan has refused to detain him for a longer period than one year, and that this period ends with the month of May of the present year. To detain him beyond that period, will be to assume a responsibility in the eyes of the world which will weigh heavily upon the character of the Sultan; who has, thus far, possessed the sympathy and the admiration of all well-thinking men on both sides of the Atlantic. We would invoke that generous prince to carry out what he has so successfully begun; and to permit Kossuth and his unfortunate companions to seek a home in the

distant New World, where they cannot, even should they desire it, which we disbelieve, disturb the tranquillity of Austria, and where assassins can never molest them. In the United States they will all find a hearty welcome; and in the paths of private life each will find that sympathy and assistance to which their patriotism and their sufferings so strongly entitle them.

LE BISCELIAS.

Translated from the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

In the month of February, during those dreary days in which the Parisian shivers from cold, I was inhabiting a room which could not boast even a fireplace, on the quay of Santa Lucia at Naples; the thermometer of Reaumur was at fifteen degrees, the inhabitants of the Villa Reale wore white pantaloons, and the streets were inundated with violets.

One morning I was awoke rather earlier than usual, by the sound of laughter and voices of every description. Shaking off my drowsiness, I rose and opened the window. I perceived a dozen large boats with oars and sails, moored to the quay, which were preparing to leave for Sorrento, where a fête was to be celebrated. The boatmen were addressing those who passed with the cries and gestures of madmen, promising them a favourable wind, a quick passage, the best rowers in the world, and every species of amusement. Each boat, on receiving as many passengers as it could contain, spread its sails and departed. There is something captivating and contagious in Neapolitan gaiety. I experienced the infection, and dressing hastily, descended in time to obtain a seat in the last boat, in the midst of a joyous body of Neapolitans.

The sky was of a magnificent blue, and promised a fine day. Already the signal for departure had been given: the boat was unmoored, and the sail hoisted. We had scarcely advanced thirty yards, when the Captain perceived a man on the *Quay du Géant*, waving his handkerchief and running as fast as his *embonpoint* and his age (sixty years) would permit him. One stroke of the hook brought us close to the edge; the stout man jumped in and seated himself breathless at my side. This time we left the coast, borne by a warm and perfumed breeze, which scarcely ruffled the deep blue surface of the Mediterranean.

Vesuvius was adorned with its plume of white smoke, and the point of Capri appeared enveloped in a scarf of gauze, like the belles of the empire in the miniatures of Isabeau.

Before us appeared Sorrento in the midst of its orange-trees, Massa, more elevated on the coast, and the Strait of Campanella, like a door opening on the Gulf of Salerno; behind us, the quays of the town, overlooked by the fort St. Elmo, described a curve from Pausilippo to Portici, presenting an uninterrupted line of monuments, palaces, and houses.

Whilst I was admiring the double panorama of this beautiful and justly celebrated Bay of Naples, my fat

neighbour heaved sighs sufficient to fill the sails of a little boat. I at first imagined that he had not recovered from his run; but I soon perceived from his expressive grimaces that anxiety or trouble, rather than fatigue, caused the exercise of his enormous lungs. His gloomy look, his large knitted eyebrows, his contracted forehead, the shaking of his head, the movement of his lips, betrayed an internal monologue, presenting a striking contrast to the lively countenances of the other passengers. With him alone there was no bay of Naples, no smiling sky, no fête-day, no merry companions. However, after having wiped his face with his handkerchief, the stout gentleman looked around him benevolently, and took off his waistcoat to make himself more at his ease. His shirt was saturated with perspiration, and, doubtless, he considered his appearance not exactly suitable in a place where there were any of another sex, for he drew a white shirt from a small packet which he carried under his arm, and prepared to change his linen. The colour rose to my face. I expected to hear the husbands and fathers launch into abuse of no very gentle nature; but I did not then comprehend the easy manners of these good Neapolitans. No one appeared at all scandalized at this *sans-gêne*. My neighbour in drawing the sleeves of his shirt, murmured an apology to the company; the ladies and young girls turned aside their heads without interrupting their conversation, and no one appeared to notice this change of toilet, which was indeed executed with all possible decency and dexterity.

At the end of a minute, as if this operation had slightly relieved his sufferings, my stout neighbour awoke from his reverie, to ask the captain if he expected to arrive at Sorrento before ten o'clock. What was my surprise at seeing the passengers burst into fits of laughter at this simple question, and the captain himself bite his lips. A second question from the fat gentleman caused an increase of merriment. At my left, was seated a young girl who was laughing immoderately. I turned and asked her what it was that so greatly amused her.

"*E Biscegliese!*" replied she, in a low voice.

"And because this poor man is a Biscegliais," resumed I, "is this a reason why you should laugh in his face with so little ceremony?"

"Perhaps," replied the girl, "you have not seen the Don Pangrazio of the theatre of San Carlino?"

"Pardon me, I have seen him."

"Well then, if you know this amusing comedian, why do you not laugh with us?"

The reader must know that Bisceglia is a little town of La Pouille, where is spoken a patois which excites the risibility of the Neapolitans whenever they recognise the accent. From time immemorial, the character of Don Pangrazio, at the theatre of San Carlino, has been performed by Biscegliais, or by Neapolitans who can imitate the patois of La Pouille to perfection. Bursts of laughter are heard the instant Pangrazio appears. This popular taste, however, is the cause of a cruel and bitter injustice;

a Biscecliais no sooner appears in Naples, than every one roars with laughter the moment he opens his mouth; it would be to little purpose were he to put himself into a passion, the spectators would but increase their merriment on observing the anger of a Biscecliais.

Such was the fate of my neighbour, when, in his ill-humour, he wished all his travelling companions at the devil. In listening attentively, I discovered that the accent of Bisceglia gave a crying tone to his language, which was truly very comical, and that he resembled amazingly the Paucrace of San Carlino, who was then an admirable actor. However, as the Biscegliese did not entertain the same contempt for a foreigner as he did for a Neapolitan, I took pity on him, and engaged him in conversation with a very serious air.

"It is plain," said I to him, "that you do not go to Sorrento for pleasure."

"Altro!" replied my companion, "I am going to Sorrento to scold, to weep, to regulate, and to spend in doctors' and surgeons' fees, the rest of the thirty ducats, of the half of which the inn-keepers of this infamous country have already swindled me. Is that pleasure? Besides, I find nothing pretty, either in Naples or its environs. At Bisceglia, the town is more agreeable, and the people are at least civil; but what signifies that when I think of the spectacle which awaits me there? My poor nephew, the most handsome young man in La Pouille, lying on a bed of suffering with a broken arm! . . . Oh, what a fearful accident!"

"And how has your nephew managed to break his arm?"

"Who knows?" returned the Biscecliais. "Assuredly it was not in the service of God, although the poor fellow is an Abbé, and, by the protection of Monseigneur, he has already a revenue of six hundred ducats: it was doubtless for the dark eyes of some wicked woman, some Neapolitan beauty."

"Wait a little, do not accuse the Neapolitan women before understanding the matter."

"You do not know them then?" replied the Biscecliais. "There never happens a crime nor accident in the country but a woman is at the bottom of it. My nephew is twenty years old, he has a figure of perfect symmetry, and eyes which the queen of the Amazons would envy; what more is necessary? We will ask him presently who has reduced him to the state in which he now is, and you will see if he does not say it is a woman. Were it not for this, why should his arm be broken? An arm does not break of itself without the interference of a Neapolitan woman. And yet I warned him of the dangers he would encounter, and told him to beware of the dandies who spend all their money in new clothes, of the gamblers, and sharpers, but especially of the women. You will see whether he has heeded my counsel."

"I could swear you are mistaken in attributing your nephew's broken arm to the Neapolitan women; and I am curious to know which of us is right. If, therefore, you will permit me, I will accompany you

to the bed of your nephew; to learn, first, the state of his health, and then to request the narration of his adventures."

"You will confer an honour on him in so doing."

Having quitted the boat, we were directed by a child to the house of the abbé. The arrival of his affectionate uncle having been announced to the patient, a young man of an elegant figure appeared, with his right arm in a sling, and the other resting on the shoulder of the servant.

The uncle embraced his nephew, and both began talking with such rapidity, and at the same time, that the thread of their discourse escaped me. I only understood the uncle was reproaching the young abbé for his imprudence, and that the nephew was bewailing his sad fate with the most pathetic lamentations. Tears soon flowed. The servant added a soprano to this strange concert, and having wiped her tears with her bare arms, brought some seats on to the terrace. Calmness being in a measure restored, it was perceived that a stranger was a witness of this affecting scene. The uncle introduced me to his nephew, and after the ordinary civilities had passed, related to the god of the day our meeting in the boat, and added that we had made a bet.

"A bet!" repeated the young man. "You, too, uncle, you make bets! alas! you will lose them as your unfortunate nephew has lost that which has reduced him to the pitiable state in which you now see him."

The uncle explained the subject of our discussion during the journey.

"You are right, uncle," said the invalid with a sigh. "There is behind the scenes a woman, a Neapolitan, an ungrateful beauty."

"Pardon me, monsieur l'abbé," interrupted I: "it is fair that before acknowledging myself conquered, I should at least know what has happened to you. The satisfaction of my curiosity will recompense me for the loss of my bet. Have the kindness, therefore, to relate your misfortunes to me. The deep interest I shall take in your narration, will prove, I trust, that I am not unworthy of your confidence."

"Relate my misfortunes!" cried the young man, raising his beautiful eyes to heaven. "Re-open my wounds, and cause all the blood of my heart to flow. That is asking my death, Seigneur Français, and death by the most fearful torments. You know not that this poor heart has been ground to a thousand atoms, torn by nails of iron, and that its lacerated members now writhe under a load of anguish, never before experienced by a mortal. This heart was that of a Tancredi, a Rinaldo; but when I utter the name of the cruel one who has ruined, who has assassinated me, all the torments of hell overwhelm me. Judge then for yourself, if I can relate my sufferings, which are unparalleled on earth. At a subsequent period, Seigneur Français, we shall see."

Diable! thought I, when I heard this longed for recital, he will not be celebrated for his moderation. Miguel Cervantes was indeed right when he advised

narrators, by the mouth of the wise Don Quixote, to suppress all useless exclamations and reflections.

"God forbid," said I to the patient, "that my interest or curiosity should occasion such terrible sufferings. You will at another time relate your unparalleled misfortunes, and I promise you an amount of compassion proportioned to the extent of your sufferings; but your uncle and I have not yet determined the conditions of the bet. We must repair this neglect; I leave it to him to decide what I have lost."

"Dear uncle," said the abbé, demand a supper for us three, at the house of a merchant of pizze, with oysters of Fusaro."

"Be it so," said I, "an oyster supper."

"And some white wine of Capri?" asked the abbé.

"As much as we can drink."

"Allegri!" cried the invalid: "return to-morrow, Seigneur Français; I think, if I arm myself with courage, I shall probably be able to give you the narration you desire."

"Do not attempt that which is above your strength."

"Fear nothing. Under an appearance of delicacy, I enjoy excellent health. I am sensitive; but heaven has given me the soul of a hero of Torquato Tasso."

"Poor Torquato!" returned I, "he is one who truly suffered!"

"Like me, in this same village of Sorrento. Oh! yes, I resemble poor Torquato. . . . But there is a ring. It must be the doctor. He arrives just at the right moment, I will ask him on what day we can go to Naples to eat pizze and oysters from the lake of Fusaro."

It was in fact the doctor who then appeared. I perceived with pleasure that he was a Frenchman, and an intelligent person. He granted his young convalescent permission to go to Naples and eat whatever he pleased. I took leave of my new friends and went out with the doctor.

"The wound was not very serious, I apprehend?" said I.

"A violent contusion," replied he, "but happily not a fracture. The young man thought himself dead, or at least in danger of losing an arm, because the muscles, from being crowded together, gave him much pain. From his conversation you may guess the style of his letters to his uncle. The poor old man has taken this eloquence for sterling coin, and has hastened from Bisceglia, expecting to attend his nephew in his last moments. You must not, however, imagine that my young invalid is not seriously in love. He expresses himself with exaggeration, but he feels keenly."

"Then you know his adventure, and the cause of his accident?"

"From beginning to end. Geronimo conceals nothing from his friends."

"You would oblige me by relating this story. I am to receive the narration to-morrow; but I am afraid of the flowery language of our hero."

"You would not come to the end in less than half a day," said the doctor, "and all the epithets in the

dictionary would be employed. Follow me to the Sirène. We will drink some lemonade, and I will relate the adventure to you."

We entered the Sirène. Lemonade was brought to us on a terrace from which could be seen the whole bay of Naples, and then the doctor commenced his narration:—

II.

"OGNISSANTI Geronimo Troppi, such is the name of my patient, is a native of Bisceglia. Having neither fortune nor ambition, he took the *petit collet* six months since, and came here to seek the protection of some of his more wealthy friends.

"On the fourteenth of last August, the eve of the Assumption, a celebrated clergyman was to preach at Santa Maria del Carmine. Our young abbé, well shaved, with new gloves on, was entering the church about two o'clock, when he saw three carriages arrive containing eighteen people of the same company.

"In the middle carriage was a young lady in mourning, her fan in her hand, her arms uncovered and ornamented with velvet bracelets. When she descended, all the company surrounded her, to talk a little before entering the church. The abbé, who was listening, discovered from the conversation of these good people, that the lady wore her mourning for the last time, and that she was going; according to custom, to pay her devotions to the memory of some near relative, before leaving her mourning dress. Without possessing actual beauty, this young person was of a striking figure. A forest of naturally wavy hair was parted in thick bandeaux on a rather low forehead. Her eyebrows being so near to each other as almost to meet, would have given a sinister expression to her face, had not the lustre of her eyes, the movement of her nostrils, and the grace of her lips, on which seemed to play a mischievous smile, removed the serious and almost disagreeable air of the upper part of her face. The lady instantly perceived the ravages her beauty had made in the breast of our abbé. As coquetry in Naples is practised on a large scale, the glances, the encouraging looks which indicate preference, soon completely captivated the good Geronimo.

"*Grand Dieu!*" thought he, "if it is for a husband she is in black, grant that I also may quit my black habiliments to marry her!"

"During the whole of the sermon, the beautiful Neapolitan listened to the preacher with attention, and suffered nothing to disturb her pious meditations. One of the persons belonging to her company was, in the mean time, walking in the square in front of the church; he was a Calabrais, about thirty years of age, and formed like a Hercules. Don Geronimo walked up and down in front of the church, hesitating between a desire to address the Calabrais, and a dread of being ill-received. At length he took courage and approached the unknown.

"You are accompanying a young lady who appears as virtuous as she is beautiful, sir," said he to him.

"The Hercules looked smilingly upon the abbé.

"Too beautiful, and too virtuous," replied he, "for

the tranquillity of the world, and also gifted with grace and wit, but so disdainful, that the finest man in the two Calabrais, namely, your most obedient servant, is in despair! If it is your intention, seigneur abbé, to make me talk in order to gain information, you are addressing the wrong person. I will not utter another word on the subject.'

"And you are right," resumed the abbé. "All that does not concern me, since I do not know the lady. Doubtless she is in mourning for her father?"

"No, it is for her husband."

"So young and already a widow! poor creature! I can understand the cause of her disdain: she is inconsolable for the loss of her husband. You must not despair. This sorrow announces a good heart."

"Sorrow," said the Calabrais, "for poor Matteo! she could not endure him."

"Then she wishes to devote the rest of her life to the education of her children."

"What children? she has none."

"Widowhood and liberty have their pleasures, especially with a fortune, for doubtless her husband left her some property."

"A comfortable independence," said the Calabrais; "besides, Lidia's father is that rich lamp-seller whose shop is so brilliantly lighted in the evening, at Toledo, near the palace Borbonico."

"After the sermon," resumed the abbé, "the lady would do well to pray at the tomb of her husband."

"We are going to conduct her thither, to Capo di Monte."

"And then you will reconduct her to her own house, in the street of —"

"At Saint Jean Teduccio, out of town, where she has a small country house."

"Yes, and then a family repast will enliven the end of this sad day. Take courage, and do not despair, seigneur Calabrais. Often, with ladies, love is but two steps from disdain: you will see that the lady will not remain from the age of eighteen years to that of twenty without marrying again. Amongst so many adorers, she will find one to please her, and I predict you will be distinguished above your three rivals."

"In the first place," replied the Calabrais with a terrible look, "Lidia is only seventeen; then I have four rivals, not three, and if one of them were more successful than myself, I would take him by the neck with one hand, and by the legs with the other, and would break him on my knee. All you have said therefore, seigneur abbé, is full of error."

"Excuse my ignorance," murmured Don Geronimo, "I will no longer interfere with the matter, save to wish you good health and the success you deserve."

"In spite of the terror with which this formidable rival inspired him, and the perilous perspective which so many obstacles caused him to foresee, the abbé could not resist the desire of again exchanging a few glances with the beautiful widow. He went on quickly, and walked to the cemetery of Capo di Monte, pondering in the meantime over the information given him by the Calabrais.

"Lidia," said he—"a widow without sorrow—no children—seventeen years of age—a comfortable independence—daughter of a lamp-seller in the Rue de Tolède—country house at San Giovanni Teduccio—insensible to the homage of a ferocious man with large red whiskers—more favourable to me alone—that is the woman I need. I will sacrifice my future career to her. What happiness to marry so lovely a woman! But, alas! five rivals, counting the Calabrais! To what dangers I am exposed! Let us endeavour to escape the eyes of the jealous. Not to approach them and to communicate from a distance with the divine Lidia would be a master-stroke."

Don Geronimo concealed himself in the cemetery behind a tomb, from whence he soon heard the three carriages arrive, containing the widow and her company. Lidia knelt alone on a stone, whilst her friends awaited her at the gate. Having finished her devotions, she rose and perceived at a few yards from her the young abbé of the place Sta. Maria del Carmine, who was making signs to her. After having examined attentively the expressive features of Geronimo, she put her hand to her neck to ask if the band would not be an obstacle. The abbé replied in the negative by taking off the band and putting it in his pocket. The beautiful widow then showed two rows of teeth of pearly whiteness, and placed her finger on her mouth to recommend silence and discretion; she pointed with her fan towards her company, and with her head answered "yes" in a manner full of tenderness and candour: to this the abbé replied by placing his hands on his heart, like the first ballerino of San Carlo, and closing his beautiful eyes to express the excess of his happiness. When he reopened his eyes, the lovely Neapolitan had disappeared; but he heard her sonorous voice laughing at the expense of the young men in her company, as if to let Geronimo perceive that he was more favoured than his rivals.

On his return to Naples, the good abbé was almost beside himself with joy. His heart was dancing a tarantella in his bosom, and he would willingly have embraced every one he met. He assembled his household, namely his servant-boy, and announced to him his approaching marriage with a widowed countess, who was amiable and beautiful, and worth several million ducats; he promised handsome remunerations, provided his servant should not be guilty of awkwardness or stupidity, but should on the contrary redouble his zeal and attention during the preliminaries of the marriage; for, added the abbé, although the countess is mistress of her actions, she has to overcome the opposition of a powerful family, and to get rid of several suitors, among whom are two Princes, three Illustrissimes, and a General. The boy opened his large eyes, congratulated his master on so happy a change in his destiny, and promised to exert his utmost powers to effect the desired end.

"You are now to learn the particulars of this important secret which is to make my fortune and my happiness. Listen, Antonietto: without the assistance or interference of a third person, I offered the countess

my heart and my hand in the cemetery of Capo di Monte. My offer was accepted; the divine Lidia, surprised and captivated by my good looks and my eloquence, swore, on the very tomb of her former husband, to be mine for life; but time is necessary to dismiss politely the other suitors for her hand; and in order not to excite suspicion, we have mutually determined to communicate only by letter. It is in fulfilling the hazardous task of messenger, that you are to employ your ability and prudence, Antonietto. To-morrow, the fête de l'Assumption, you must go to San Giovanni Teduccio. You can ask some child in the village where the beautiful countess Lidia resides. When you see her leave her house for the church, you must follow her carefully, and endeavour to find an opportunity of slipping into her hands a note which I shall write this evening. If the countess be not accompanied by any attendant, you must request her to bring an answer when going to vespers. If she should question you concerning my fortune, my rank, and that of my family, tell her I am twenty years of age, that I have powerful friends and patrons, a superb living, rich relatives, and brilliant prospects; but that I will leave the church for which I have no longer any inclination, since my heart is inflamed with pure and unchangeable love. You will add further, that Geronimo Troppi, having neither father nor mother, is master of his actions, and in possession of his patrimony; that he will give dresses to his wife, that he will not prevent her going to the theatre, nor to balls, still less to the fêtes of Pedigrotta, and to those of the Madone dell' Arco. Now, reflect, Antonietto. Weigh well the words you have just heard, and fail not to employ the rest of the day and the whole of the night in forming your plans.

"Instead of forming plans, and reflecting on the means he possessed of serving his young master, Antonietto, with his mind filled with the all-absorbing idea of *self*, of which a true Neapolitan never loses sight, thought only of the advantages he himself would derive from the marriage of Geronimo. His first infraction of his master's orders, was to join a party of boys of his own age, and relate, with extraordinary amplifications, the wonderful events which he said were about to surprise the whole town. At night without depriving himself of five minutes' sleep, in order to prepare his part, he fell instantly asleep, lulled by golden fancies which concerned himself alone.

"Geronimo had composed a letter full of hyperbole and metaphor. He copied it on rose-coloured paper ornamented with birds, and folded it carefully. In giving this precious epistle into the care of his Mercury, the abbé added a hundred other injunctions, to which the boy appeared to listen with an attentive and respectful manner. Antonietto placed the letter in his pocket, and when he saw his master take a demi-carlin from his purse, telling him to take a place in a corricolo, in order to lose no time, his eyes sparkled with delight. Scarcely had he entered the street, when he turned the large piece of copper in his hand, and vowed solemnly not to waste his money in

needless expenses on the road. To satisfy his conscience, he asked the driver of a corricolo for how much he would take him to San Giovanni Teduccio. The coachman offered to let him stand on the step for two grani; but Antonietto did not condescend to reply to such exorbitant demands. He showed his demi-carlin with a majestic air, turned away, and commenced his journey on-foot. A fly, behind which he mounted, took him for nothing to the bridge of the Madeleine; the remainder of the road he walked, beguiling the time by songs and gambols. When he reached the village he found to his surprisè that mass had already commenced.

"In order to deliberate on this circumstance, which he had not foreseen, Antonietto entered the shop of a macaronaro. Before the fire were pieces of macaroni two feet long, suspended from a stick. The boy took three of these pieces, each of which he devoured at a single mouthful, and, having completed his repast by a glass of water, was about to indulge himself in a siesta, when, happily for our abbé, another child, enticed by the macaroni and the demi-carlin, came to offer his services to Antonietto. The boy knew the beautiful Lidia, and in the hopes of obtaining a reward, promised to point out to Antonietto not only the lady he wished to see, but also all who were present at mass, pretending to know their names and rank in society. The two boys went to the church, and speedily discovered the Signora Lidia, in the midst of a considerable multitude. The beautiful widow was listening devoutly to the service, when she felt a hand gently pulling her dress. She then perceived between two chairs the face of a child who was on all-fours.

"'What do you want with me, boy?' said she.

"'Take this, contessina,' replied Antonietto, presenting the letter. 'It is from Don Geronimo, your future husband, to whom you swore eternal fidelity yesterday at Capo di Monte. I shall come to fetch your answer at vespers, as my master ordered me.'

"Antonietto retired as quietly as he had come, and fell asleep at the foot of a wall, with his head in the shade and his feet in the sun. The metaphors of our hero had doubtless made a favourable impression on the heart of the lady, for on returning to the church, she motioned the little messenger to approach.

"'Here is my answer,' said she, drawing a letter from her bosom. 'Love has truly inspired your master. Tell him that he has acted rightly in leaving me to get rid of the tiresome suitors who constantly surround me. Tell him that he has as much prudence as amiability and talent; that I entreat him to read with indulgent eyes this note, in which he will find neither beautiful similes, nor poetry, nor eloquence, as in his letter, which would not dishonour the pen of the great Metastasio. Tell him to write to me next Sunday, and send his letter in the same manner as to-day, and that his prose or verse will always be well received; and say, also, that Lidia Peretti, widow of Matteo Peretti, is very willing to change her name for that of Lidia Troppi, and that if it depended upon

her alone, the affair would be concluded. He will understand what that means; and above all, tell him that I think of him, and tell him that which I dared not write, lest it should appear a want of modesty,—namely, that I love him because he is handsome. Try to remember all this, and here is a carlin to assist your memory as well as your legs.’”

III.

“Two months had elapsed since the first meeting of the widow and the abbé, when Lidia wrote to Don Geronimo to inform him that he might at length present himself to her family. On the list of names which he received, the abbé found that of a prebendary of his acquaintance, who consented to introduce him to the family. The day for the first visit was appointed; and Don Geronimo, accompanied by the prebendary, to whom he related his prospects and adventures during the ride, drove to the house of the beautiful Lidia. On descending from the carriage, they crossed a vestibule paved in mosaic and ornamented with frescoes. Through a half-opened door were to be seen the remains of a copious breakfast; our abbé observed that an air of comfort pervaded the whole house. The servant conducted the visitors to a little garden, at the bottom of which were seated three persons under the shade of a citron-tree. They were Lidia, her father, the lamp-seller of the Toledo, and her aunt, dame Filippa, an old lady who was loaded with necklaces and gold chains. Geronimo became confused before this assembly, in spite of the indulgence which softened the faces of the father and aunt, and the pleasure which animated the beautiful eyes of the young widow.

“My friends,’ said the prebendary, ‘the embarrassment which Don Geronimo Troppi now feels, proceeds from a noble and upright heart, which merits your encouragement and your kindness. The most difficult part is already accomplished, since my protégé pleases you. My good friend Michel, and you, Dame Filippa, you see what young persons are; they meet, they look, they love. Whilst you were giving light to your countrymen by selling lamps, your amiable daughter was kindling other and more dangerous fires, and it happened one fine day that she provided herself with a second husband when you least expected it. The Church will lose a good subject; but let us leave that, lest we increase the timidity of our lovers; and to put them at their ease, let us talk for a little about the rain and fine weather.’

“The weather is fine,’ said Lidia, impetuously, ‘and the subject on which you have spoken pleases us all. My father approves my choice. You have very prettily and politely stated the manner in which the mutual love of Don Geronimo and myself was awakened; but do not imagine that I am foolish or giddy. Oh, no; on the contrary, I am very prudent. I have obtained information respecting your protégé, by making the gossips talk. I have been told that he lives prudently, that he spends nothing beyond his income, that he is not a gambler, and Signor

Geronimo confirmed these accounts by speaking of marriage in his first letter. I then passed in review the other five persons who sought my hand. Two of those suitors are dandies, and more in love with themselves than with me; the third is a flatterer and deceiver of young ladies, and incapable of making a quiet husband; the fourth a gambler, who holds the cards in his hand from morning till night, and who would always neglect his wife for the bazzica; the fifth, although a very good sort of man, is too quarrelsome and noisy; his Calabrais accent prevented his pleasing me, and since he does not please me, I ought not to marry him; is it not so? Have I failed in prudence or wisdom in amusing these adorers with useless words and delays? What is necessary to a widow who wishes to decide on a second marriage? To feel an inclination for a person of good manners and an amiable disposition. It is true that the eyes of my body first distinguished Signor Geronimo; but I have also looked at him with those of my reason, and I have seen what I have seen; for I am very cunning, Monsieur; besides I have a good, affectionate father, who thinks only of my happiness; therefore at present, instead of speaking of the weather, Signor Geronimo will, in his turn, tell us how he became inspired with this affection, of which he has assured me in the prettiest letters that ever pen wrote since the days of letter-writing commenced.’

“During this speech, which had been uttered with extreme volubility, our abbé, delighted with such candid avowals, felt his courage return, and being thus called upon by the lovely widow, he replied with equal vivacity:—

“And I, too, divine signorina; I, too, have made use of the eyes of my reason, in spite of the bandage of love of which the poets speak. It is not only by your incomparable beauty, your bewitching grace, and all the treasures of your lovely person, that my affection has been awakened, it is also by your merit, your wisdom, your talent, your virtues, for I have examined all, and have carefully weighed all. I possess a penetrating eye—”

“Poor Geronimo! he could say no more. From the moment he had commenced speaking, the face of the beautiful Lidia had changed alternately from crimson to white and from white to crimson. The pleasure and tenderness which had been visible in the countenance of the young Neapolitan gave place to the deepest disappointment. This disappointment soon became a species of despair; and Lidia, clasping her head in her hands, exclaimed:—‘Good heavens! he is a Bisce liais!’

“‘Certainly,’ replied Geronimo, turning pale, “I am a Bisce liais; do not you know that since you have obtained information respecting me?”

“‘I ought to have known it,’ answered Lidia, striking her forehead violently; I ought to have thought of that, *Cagna della Madonna!* Idiot that I am! Alas! alas! *Grand Dieu!* he is a Bisce liais! My head turns! A Bisce liais like Don Pancrazio! Ah!

into what a snare have I fallen, holy Virgin! It must not be thought of. Signor Geronimo, I restore you your promise. On the word of an honourable woman, I loved you with all my heart; but I had not heard you speak, and I could never marry a young man who speaks like Don Pancrazio. Oh! no, it would be impossible; let us think no more about it.'

"'But, signorina,' resumed the abbé, 'will you not give yourself time to know me better? your ears will become accustomed to my accent, and I shall lose it by degrees in conversing with you.'

"'Signor Geronimo is right,' said the father. 'This prejudice against the Biscelias is unreasonable, my child, and you will have time to teach your husband to speak Neapolitan purely.'

"'That is self-evident,' said aunt Filippa: 'to refuse a young man of a good family on account of his Biscelias accent, would be folly.'

"'And will my affection for him return in proportion as he loses his accent?' asked Lidia despondingly. 'Can you assure me that the Virgin will perform such a miracle!'

"'Then you will not even see me?' said Geronimo sadly.

"'Listen,' resumed the young widow. 'Signor Geronimo, I consent to see you again as often as you please, but no longer on the footing of a betrothed. Try to make me accustomed to your accent. Come as a friend, and even as a sixth suitor for my hand. The successor of poor Matteo, my first husband, is not yet chosen; that is all I can say, and I say it in order that you may not flatter yourself with chimerical illusions; at present, pray let us talk of the weather.'

"'It was in vain that the father, aunt, and prebendary lectured the beautiful Lidia; the abbé prayed and wept in vain: the young Neapolitan was immovable.'

"'Do not speak further on the subject,' said she, 'Signor Geronimo, for I feel an irresistible desire to laugh, and in spite of my sorrow and regret, and the pity I feel for you,—I shall burst into a fit of laughter if you continue to speak thus. It is a great pity, I confess, to break off so excellent an engagement for a motive apparently so frivolous; but there is no remedy. If I were to marry a Biscelias I should always fancy I had Don Pancrazio at my side. The tenderness and respect due to a husband would not accord with such an idea. Let us talk of the weather. Let us be good friends, and think no more of projects which I have already laid aside.'

"'The prebendary commenced by pretending to admire the flowers in the garden. Lidia instantly began talking with such carelessness and freedom, that Geronimo's misery was complete. He did not attempt to take part in the conversation, and the prebendary, seeing that his eyes were filled with tears, motioned him to take his hat and beat a retreat. The compliments which passed in speaking of the happiness experienced in making the acquaintance of M. l'Abbé, and of the pleasure that would be felt in receiving him, were like so many daggers to poor Geronimo. He scarcely ventured to open his mouth to murmur a faint

adieu, lest he should again betray his fatal accent. In reconducting him to the door, the father advised him not to despair, dame Filippa made signs of encouragement, and Lidia gave him her hand at parting in a cordial manner, repeating that it was a great pity, but that all former arrangements must now be forgotten; the carriage-door was opened, the coachman drove on, and Geronimo, giving vent to his grief, wept like a child.

"'Calm yourself, my good friend,' said the prebendary. 'Offer your sorrows to God, and enter again within the pale of the church. She is a good mother, and will console you. It is well for a priest to have known adversity. This experience will serve you at a later period. Having been unhappy at an early age, you will the sooner become a christian philosopher. It is well for a young man to recognise the worthlessness of terrestrial affections, and to despise the feebleness of poor humanity.'

"'You think then,' said Geronimo, 'that all hope is lost?'

"'Hope still,' replied his friend; 'it would be sinful to despair.'

"'You speak about it very quietly and calmly,' resumed the young abbé; 'but I am desperately, madly in love. I shall not thus renounce my happiness. I will get rid of the fatal accent of my native town, and reconquer the heart of my adorable Lidia; since she loved me for two months without having seen me, she may yet love me again, and I will spare no pains to re-kindle that affection which is dearer to me than life itself.'

"'What I dreaded is then going to take place,' said the prebendary sighing; 'you will add to the number of extravagant abbés. I have only one piece of advice to give you: lay aside this dress, and give up your living.'

"'I will think of it, sir,' replied Geronimo.

"'In order to avoid a subject of conversation he did not like, our abbé buried his face in his handkerchief, and did not utter another word until they reached Naples. Having conducted the prebendary to his church, Geronimo dismissed the coachman and returned on foot to his own house. Finding, however, that he was haunted continually by his distracting thoughts, he rose from the chair into which he had thrown himself half fainting on entering, and endeavoured to find relief to his mind in walking through the streets of Naples. In the course of his perambulations he reached the church of Santa Maria del Carmine. The sight of the place where he had first beheld her who was the cause of all his sorrow, tended only to increase his misery. He entered the church to contemplate the place where Lidia had sat when listening so attentively to the words of the preacher. Whilst dragging himself listlessly along the aisle, with the aid of the curious marbles which adorn the church, he stumbled against a seat, and fell, exhausted with grief, on the simple stone which marks the burial spot of the young and unfortunate Conradin, who was decapitated by order of Charles of Anjou.

IV.

"Although his fall was the result of an accident, our abbé experienced a kind of pleasure in considering it the effect of his despair. Instead of raising himself, he remained stretched on the ground sighing deeply.

"Oh Copradin!" exclaimed he mournfully, "is it not dreadful that a mortal should be compelled to envy thy sad fate? I am, nevertheless, reduced to do it. Yes, I would willingly perish on the scaffold like thee. I should bless the axe which would deliver me from my love and my anguish. I bear in my heart the destroyer of my soul, and the barbarity of Charles of Anjou is not to be compared with the cruelty of my ungrateful mistress."

"A loud and singularly cheerful voice interrupted this lamentation.

"Ah! Signor Troppi, what are you doing there? This is not the time to compare yourself to the nephew of Mainfroi. Let him sleep quietly there, and let us think of something merry. A Lidia has given you pain, a Luigia shall console you. It would be a pretty idea if at twenty years of age, with your handsome face, and in a town like Naples, you were to die of love for an ungrateful mistress. Come, take my hand, and get up."

"He who thus spoke was the notary's clerk, Marco, the sworn enemy of melancholy. In his merry little eyes, in his mouth, which stretched from ear to ear, and in the whole of his countenance, was to be seen good temper aided and improved by good living.

"Come with me," continued Marco, raising the abbé like a child. "I will revive your spirits with a glass of good wine."

"It is hemlock or opium that I want," murmured Geronimo.

"Bah!" resumed the clerk "we will see in a little while whether you think of death or not."

"Don Marco then conducted the abbé to his own residence, situated in the Marché aux Poissons. Having taken three bottles of wine from a small case,

"Let me show you, said he, how exactly each of these bottles is suited to your present situation. This one, for instance, bears, most assuredly, the most mournful name in the world: it is *Lachryma Christi*. You will not venture to affirm that your tears exceed in bitterness those of our divine Saviour. Drink this glass at a single draught, to render homage to the sufferings of the son of the Madonna, and to humble yourself before him."

"Geronimo drank the wine, and found it excellent.

"And this one," exclaimed Marco, "you will see if this does not come à propos. What is it a despairing lover does? He flees from his inhuman lady-love; he leaves his country; but you cannot leave the kingdom without permission, unless you lose your living. Where will you then go? To Sicily? Well, then, drink this glass of Marsala. It is the wine of the only country to which you can take your broken heart. This argument being unanswerable, *nunc est bibendum*. As to this bottle with a long and narrow neck," continued Marco, "it is for your especial

benefit that God has sent it into the world. It contains muscatel from Syracuse, the delicious nectar which would soften the manners of a Carthaginian. Nothing more exquisitely delicate ever flowed from the vessels of Hebe. Taste this fine Muscatel, Signor Troppi, and if the black crape with which your imagination is hung, be not instantly changed into gauze more rosy than the shawl of Aurora, I shall give you up as really very ill. We shall thus judge of the depth of your wound."

"The three glasses of wine being emptied, Marco struck the abbé on the shoulder, saying:

"Now, young man, to action! let us take the devil by his horns. You are in despair? Very good! . . . You call death to your aid? Admirable! but wherefore? Ah! you have not thought of that. It is because you think your ungrateful mistress the most beautiful, the most amiable of women, and that you will never find a treasure to equal her. Now this is an error which you share with all ill-treated lovers. There is not one who, sooner or later, does not recognise his error. Now, if I were to oblige you to acknowledge it at once, without further painful delay, would it not be so much gained? Look around you, and you will see that the world is full of beautiful, good and amiable women; and when you see that, you will be consoled, you will marry, and will make me a wedding present!"

"Alas! my dear Marco," replied the abbé, "I know very well that there are other good and beautiful women; but for me, Lidia alone lives. Lidia loves me not, therefore I wish to die!"

"What a deuce of a reason that is!" returned Marco. "Every one has his own tastes and inclinations. You love a woman, I love wine. Marsala pleases me; Muscatel charms me: am I indifferent to *Lachryma Christi*? not at all. If you were to see the numbers of pretty faces who enter the churches, and go and place the light burden of their consciences in the box for sins, you would be astonished at the riches and variety of their youthful charms. Do as I do, and say: 'Lidia is beautiful, but here are many other women who may compare with her. It would be barbarous to despise them, because an ungrateful beauty disdains or deceives me.' Then you will be reasonable in your tastes and inclinations."

"It is useless to speak of tastes and inclinations," cried Geronimo. "It is an unhappy passion, of which I confess the folly, but which I cannot subdue, that assassinates me, and inspires me with this longing for death. Instead of lecturing me in vain, tell me rather by what means I can get rid of an insupportable life without offending Heaven, for I do not wish to lose my soul with my body."

"A mischievous smile lurked in the corners of Marco's eyes.

"That is different, Signor Troppi," said he, "I detest busy-bodies. I press the point no further. Get rid of your life, if you wish. I cannot suggest the means of dying you require, but I can direct you to a competent person. One of my friends, who,

although not in the church, is more learned than an archbishop, and has written on cases of conscience, will indicate the right path to you. Wait, that I may give you a letter to the illustissime docteur Jean Fabro.'

"The clerk took up a pen and wrote the following note:—

"'Doctor Jean, the bearer of this letter is a young Bisce liais, who wishes to die of love and despair, without going to hell. He is rich, half mad, and rather simple. Make a long story, and have a long consultation. A hundred piastres offered to the Virgin to atone for a crime which most assuredly he will never commit, will be divided between us. Do not grant him permission to kill himself. He will pay a tolerable price if you know how to flatter his feelings by appearing convinced of his despair.'

"'With the advice of Doctor Jean,' said Marco, folding the note, 'you will be able to enter paradise at any hour you choose to appoint.'

"Geronimo thanked his friend and hastened to the abode of the doctor, to whom he delivered the letter. Dr. Jean Fabro perused the epistle attentively, then with a mild and compassionate manner exclaimed:—

"'How many young and handsome men thus perish, destroyed by fatal passions, like tender leaves dispersed by a furious north wind! You are suffering, my good friend; that is easily seen by your mournful eyes; you are unhappy!'

"'More so than I can express,' replied Geronimo, drying a tear.

"'But have you sufficiently reflected on your fatal desire for death?'

"'Do not leave the subject of consultation,' said the abbé. 'To the point. Can you indicate a method of leaving this vale of tears without losing my soul? If you can, sell me the secret; I will pay the price and make use of the receipt when I please, for I intend to take the necessary measures in order to make Lidia regret my death.'

"'The expedient with which I shall furnish you,' replied the doctor, 'is infallible. You will not find it in the books of St. Augustin, St. Chrysostom, nor St. Ambrose, nor any of the fathers of the church. We must go to the Spanish casuists. Now they tell us that it is not forbidden to get a surgeon to bleed you. It is not a crime to unfasten the bandage; any accident might cause that, and your blood, which will flow freely of itself, will carry away also your innocent soul, which will naturally take its flight to heaven. A pious offering to the church will show that you had no criminal or impious design, and I will undertake, for a hundred piastres only, to procure you a confessor and absolution. You will pay him the money in advance, and then you will be at liberty to choose the time and place of your death.'

"'This expedient appears admirable,' said the abbé; 'all is arranged, I do not see that there would be any sin in it. Accept this piastre for the present, my dear sir, and when I have fixed the time of my death I will follow your advice scrupulously.'

"Simple as he was, the good abbé had his little share of cunning. In pondering over the advice of doctor Jean, he asked himself what would be the good of Jean Fabro's interference, and whether the first confessor he found would refuse absolution at the enormous price of one hundred piastres. Besides, it was imprudence to pay so large a sum beforehand: despair might give place to courage at the last moment; many persons, resolved to die, had been known to fail and return to life. The Madonna would not restore money that had once been paid. The wisest plan was therefore to leave the hundred piastres to the church as a legacy, and to call a confessor before performing the last act. Having taken these resolutions the abbé paused. A few days' delay served to convince him that he could live without his Lidia. One morning he ordered his barber to bleed him in his left arm, pretending to suffer from head-ache, and after depositing his will in safe hands, he drove to Saint Jean Teduccio, accompanied by Antonietto, who was singing merrily behind the carriage, never fancying that his master was thus hastening to his end. At twenty steps from Lidia's house, the coachman stopped his horses as he had been ordered, and the lively face of the little groom appeared at the door of the carriage.

"'What are your commands, excellenc?' said the boy.

"'Go and ring at the gate of the divine Lidia,' replied the abbé. 'When the servant opens the door, throw yourself on the ground, uttering lamentable cries, and say: Go quickly and call the signora, tell her to make haste, my master is there, dying in a carriage. He has not five minutes to live, and wishes to take an eternal farewell of your mistress. As soon as the signora, in tears, hastens from the house, you will bring her here, and then run to the Church in search of a priest.'

"Antonietto, persuaded that his master was going to have a joke, motioned his head in token of obedience, and then hastened towards the house, but returning hastily to the carriage, he said:—

"'Excellence, if the contessina should ask of what my unfortunate master is dying, shall I answer, weeping, that it is of love or grief?'

"'No, tell her that I have been bled in the arm, that I have unfastened the bandage, and am bathed in my blood.'

"'Very good, sir.'

"When the abbé heard the broken words and lamentations of his groom, he took off his coat, removed his shirt sleeve, and put his hand to the bandage.

"'One moment!' thought he, 'if Lidia be not at home, my death will produce no effect.'

"He waited until he heard the beautiful widow asking the cause of the noise, then slowly and with a trembling hand he unfastened the long bandage which was bound round his arm. On seeing the linen stained with blood fall on his knee, Geronimo recommended his soul to God. A cloud passed before his eyes, a

noise similar to that of the sea buzzed in his ears, the paleness of death overspread his features, he leaned his head on his shoulder, like the beautiful Narcissus, and fainted.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE STORM IN HARVEST.

THIS is a small copy of a print exceedingly celebrated in its day, and deservedly so. The qualities of Richard Westall's works were such as to ensure popularity. Effective grouping, bold and striking effects of light and shade, and concentration of interest upon the leading incident, were sure to tell. There is a grandeur of treatment in the work before us. The gloom of the passing storm, with its momentary flashes of lightning, the calm, yet solemn expression of the old reaper, the terror of the women and children, and dog, are admirably contrasted. But it is unnecessary to enlarge; the beauties of this work being such as every one will readily detect and appreciate. It is one of Westall's master-pieces.

MEDICAL ASYLUM.

[The substance of a letter addressed to a distinguished philanthropist.]

THE subject of a FUND, for the relief of distressed Medical Practitioners, has long engaged my thoughts; and it was no small encouragement to hear, when accidentally mentioned at Mr. T——'s, that such a plan, if properly brought forward, would have the full weight of your approbation and support. I have not yet consulted my professional brethren, personally; but I have reason to believe that, among the large body of influential practitioners throughout the country, it would find many liberal and strenuous supporters. It must have often struck you as a singular fact in these days of active philanthropy, that, among the numerous benevolent institutions, recently founded, or in progress of erection, no adequate institution has been formed for the relief of those necessitous members of a profession, whose lives have been spent in ministering to the afflicted,—and whose health and worldly substance have often been sacrificed to the calls of humanity. To such meritorious, but indigent, members of the profession, a fund like that now in contemplation would become a source of unspeakable relief—restoring to health and professional usefulness men and families who are at this moment condemned to a bitter dependence upon the contributions of private friends, or the offerings of casual benevolence. I have now before me instances of men who, after having exhausted their patrimony in fitting themselves for the exercise of a liberal and arduous profession, have, through ill health, or some stroke of unmerited adversity, been reduced to a state of lamentable destitution. In a few instances—a very few—perhaps, this position of their affairs has been the result of rash speculation or improvidence; but in by far the majority of cases, it has been caused by the utter impossibility of securing, even by acknowledged talent and unwearied industry, the means of a scanty sub-

sistence—far less a provision for sickness—for a family—for old age. But here I confine myself to those members of the profession who, without accidental or hereditary advantages of fortune, have no means of acquiring distinction or competence, but by the daily exercise of their talents—and professional merit without *tact* is no certain passport to successful practice.

It was observed by an illustrious poet, that the host of young and talented artists, who annually fall victims to the withering touch of neglect and disappointment, might be justly called an "*Army of Martyrs*:" and I can truly say from long observation, both at home and abroad, that the number of talented men of the medical profession—men of sensitive honour, and finished education—who pine away in obscurity, or waste their lives in fruitless efforts to earn an honourable livelihood, is greater than any one, not acquainted with the hidden sorrows of this vast metropolis, could ever imagine.

The following may be taken as a sketch from life:—A. B. after receiving a good classical education, is sent to College, there to prosecute his studies under Professors, in whose steps he is ambitious to tread. This stage in his professional education is attended with great expense, but he is considered a "young man of promise;" looks forward to professional distinction, and readily submits to privations. The close of his student-life, as he fondly believes, will be the commencement of a career that will indemnify him for all his present sacrifices. This period arrived, he travels a year or two on the Continent; visits the Schools and Hospitals, and makes himself thoroughly acquainted with the medical science and statistics of France and Germany. He returns home—in the opinion of his friends and teachers—a man who has profited by his opportunities; and feels confident that he is entering upon the wide field of professional life, with advantages that must speedily secure for him a career of honour and usefulness—with everything to recommend him but experience—and experience must be the work of time. In professional intercourse with men of high standing, he is complimented upon his acquirements; and inspired with a pleasing confidence in himself, and assured of many friends, he makes choice of some eligible locality, and "settles in practice." His name appears as physician or surgeon to the neighbouring hospital or dispensary; and patients, "attracted by the new door-plate," honour him with frequent consultations; but where he receives fifty fees in gratitude, he receives only one in gold. He is soon known to be "a feeling, kind-hearted man"—visits the poorest in their own wretched dwellings—ministers to their necessities in every form of disease and destitution—carries relief to the hearts and hearths of his poor patients,—and returns home with the *fruits* of his labour—the benediction and prayers of the destitute! "I was sick, and ye visited me."

This probably goes on for years. His slender patrimony has now melted away in acts of daily charity: he is still living on professional expectancy: his family

has increased: the calls upon his "well-known liberality" are met with increased labour: it is urged upon him that the very fact of having given so much, obliges him to give more. Labour that, with other men, closes with the close of day, and is followed with only studious leisure, social intercourse, and refreshing rest, is often prolonged by the "medical man" for consecutive nights, amid scenes of pain, sickness, dejection, and anxiety. Other men, of every class, have their allotted hours of retirement, domestic enjoyment, and repose; but the medical man is public property. His sleep, like his studious or social hours, is continually broken in upon by the calls of humanity—the whims of a selfish patient—the manoeuvres of some unscrupulous rival; but more than all, by a deep sense of his own responsibility, which—if other calls be silent—never suffers him to rest, but is still urging him on for the relief or recovery of his patient, whose sufferings are probably much less acute than his own. The world expects—the law compels—his duty urges him to answer every summons; and thus the fatigues of an anxious day are too often followed by those of a harassing night.

The unavoidable close to a life of so much labour, is often, as we can testify, exhausted health and spirits,—the gradual but certain failure of all that mental and bodily vigour, which, under happier auspices, might have transmitted his name as an example to posterity.

At length A. B. is earnestly exhorted to *contract* the sphere of his duties—to recruit his health in the country—to "think of himself and his family," and, in compliance with these urgent solicitations, he repairs to the country. But in the absence of his family, in the absence of those endearing ties that sweeten labour, and make even the yoke of poverty light, the fresh air brings no health to him. His anxiety increases; absences becomes insupportable, he returns home, finds his professional walk abridged by a younger man, making the same efforts as his predecessor, and like him, perhaps, to spend and to be spent; or, if more successful, doomed to purchase success with a shattered constitution and an anxious mind.

We need hardly proceed to the last features in the sketch of a medical man: Finding his professional labours have entirely failed, A. B. is persuaded to embark on the "sea of periodical literature," and this for a time furnishes him with a scanty subsistence. But active habits being followed by long sedentary occupation, his health becomes every day more precarious: youth has passed away; with an anxious eye he looks round upon those objects of his tenderest regard, who have no human means of support, but in the throbbing heart, and trembling hand, which become less and less efficient, as the demands upon his affection and his industry increase.—

Had the benefits of an *Institution*, such as we propose, been attainable at this moment, the life of this accomplished man might have been prolonged; relieved from temporary pressure, his mind would have recovered its healthy tone, and with that, his physical energies would have revived. But overworked, hope-

less, and exhausted, his death adds another item to the melancholy list of martyrs to the profession; while his widow and orphans are thrown upon the kindly offices of private friends,—for among the public charities of the metropolis, we repeat, there is none to which the widows and orphans of medical gentlemen can appeal.

Shall it continue thus? Shall the "medical man," who every day (for I speak of those who practise in the densely populated quarters of the capital,)—shall he who daily subjects himself to mental anxiety, to bodily fatigue, to deadly infection, in the discharge of his duties: shall he whose hourly task is to revive the hopeless, reclaim the abandoned, to restore the sick and prostrate to the useful arts and occupations of civilized life,—who daily perils his life for that of his patient,—shall he be denied the well-earned meed of public sympathy and support? Of the resolution, fortitude, and patience with which these objects are carried out by the profession, generally, it is impossible to speak too highly. It is by no means rare, among the practitioners of this class—ill-requited and little appreciated as they often are—to perform the two-fold duty of physician and almoner; to *give* instead of receiving a fee; for in too many instances, where medical aid is appealed to, the sufferer is languishing for want of wholesome food, not physic. In many cases, too, it is the *mind*, not the body,—or the body only through the mind,—that needs the physician; and whoever can dispense the moral medicine with judgment and sympathy, will do much to restore his patient to health, perhaps to happiness. It often happens, too, that he who prescribes must also furnish the means for carrying his directions into effect.—

A profession of such high and manifest responsibility, involves a life of anxiety, suspense, and self-denial, beyond what is imagined by the public. Hence the chronic diseases, the sudden deaths, to which so many members of the profession become the annual victims. Their sympathy, from the excessive tax laid upon it by the daily calls of humanity, becomes *morbidly* sensitive; and though some, from long habit, or constitutional apathy, may escape the tax thus imposed, it is paid by the majority, at the sacrifice of much health and comfort. It is for professional men of this class that I am anxious to bespeak the active sympathy of their more fortunate brethren, and the public; and surely it is but reasonable to expect that they, who so faithfully watch over the public health, should, in their own sorrows, look to the public for sympathy and relief—but especially to those members of the profession whom Providence has blessed with the means of increasing their own happiness by promoting that of others. And the plan I would recommend for uniting the efforts of all parties in effecting this important object, is—

A general subscription among all members of the profession, annually, or by donations: and as every member of the community must, at one time or other between his birth and his death-bed, have had some

experience, however slight, of medical skill and kindness, there is good reason to believe that many persons of influence and liberality would be glad to bear public testimony to the benefits they have derived from Medical Science. Thus, too, many long and often unrequited services rendered to the public by deceased members of the profession, might be acknowledged by corresponding donations to a "Relief Fund," for the benefit of their widows and orphans.

As soon as sufficient funds were realized for the purpose, it might be desirable to purchase ground in some eligible quarter, for erecting a house to be entitled the "Medical Relief Asylum," or some other distinctive name, for the benefit of distressed members of the profession. The house might comprise a common hall, a reading or lecture-room; a chapel, a library with chemical and philosophical apparatus, and the usual domestic offices, more or less extensive, according to circumstances, enclosed in at least an acre of ground, where the inmates might enjoy the advantages of air and exercise, supplying whatever is needful for an *invalid*, but excluding whatever is superfluous.

It is calculated that among the invalids elected to the benefit of residence in the proposed institution, many would be found both ready and able to employ their minds and pens in maturing and bringing out works for the advancement of science, the introduction of sanitary measures, and the general welfare of the state. It may be reasonably expected that, in a retirement so constituted, many gifted minds would recover their healthful activity; and, being relieved from the paralyzing effects of unrequited industry, the depression and debility arising from united labour and anxiety to provide for the current expenses of every day, would be thus enabled to accelerate the progress of mental culture, and repay their country by contributing something, at least, to her moral and intellectual wealth. Presuming that they are all educated men, many of them highly so, they would thus find leisure to condense the substance of their *experience* in professional or classical literature, and to publish their MSS. when approved by good judges, the profits of which would belong to the Institution.

Such results are at least possible, and it requires only the countenance and support of professional men themselves to give vital efficiency to the whole scheme. Let their *fat* be once pronounced, and the benefits of this plan will be neither distant nor doubtful. Every honourable member of the profession will then have this cheering prospect,—that, if disabled by accident or disease, he has still a *home* that will open its door to receive him, and where, with the ordinary comforts of life, he will enjoy the solace of congenial society.

If, in addition to what is above suggested, accommodation were provided for a limited number of inmates, widows and orphans of practitioners—who had fallen victims to disease or accident in the course of professional duties; or if, in lieu of residence, *donations* or *pensions* could be awarded, according to the merits of each case; and if a school, for a limited

number of children, could be attached to the establishment, little would be wanting to render it complete. B.

[P.S.—It is gratifying to observe that since the above letter was written, it has been proposed to erect and endow a College for the reception of distressed Members of the Medical Profession or their Widows; and a school for the education and maintenance of their sons, to be called, "THE ROYAL BENEVOLENT MEDICAL COLLEGE." For this very laudable purpose, a considerable sum has been already subscribed; and it is earnestly hoped that, in their attempt to carry out the scheme, the projectors may confidently rely on the support and liberality of the public.]

LEWIS ARUNDEL;¹

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEIGH."²

CHAPTER LXI.

THE FATE OF THE WOLF!

AFTER the disturbance at the Casino, Lord Bellefield, accompanied by Rastelli, repaired to a shooting gallery, where his lordship practised with pistols for an hour. Having by repeated successes assured himself that his late fall had not shaken his nerves to a degree which could interfere with his skill as a duellist, he turned to his companion, observing, "Now, Rastelli, devise some method of killing time for the next hour or so; I am anxious not to return to the Palazzo Grassini till the family have retired for the night. I had rather avoid meeting any of them till this little affair is over. What can we contrive to do with ourselves?"

"Come home with me, and let us have a quiet game at *écarté*," was the reply; "that will amuse without exciting you. I wish you to keep cool, in order to punish for his temerity the insolent Luigi." As he spoke, the dark eyes of the Italian flashed with the fire of revenge.

Lord Bellefield remarked his eagerness, and smiled contemptuously. "Calm yourself, my good Rastelli," he said, quietly lighting a cigar, "justice shall be done, depend on it."

"How cold and phlegmatic you English are!" exclaimed Rastelli, irritated at his companion's apparent apathy; "had the brigand insulted me as he has insulted you, if I had not stabbed him on the spot, I should have known no peace till he lay bleeding at my feet."

Lord Bellefield placed his hand on his friend's shoulder, and approaching his lips to his ear, said in a low impressive voice, "Listen! we Englishmen do

(1) Continued from p. 310.

(2) The Author of Lewis Arundel must plead illness as the cause of his furnishing only one chapter this month. Should his health be sufficiently restored, it is his intention to conclude the tale in the July Part.

not talk about these things, we *do* them." There was a cold grating bitterness in his tone, which told of such fiendish malice working at his heart, that the Italian's display of boyish passion shrank into insignificance beside it.

Together they repaired to Rastelli's dwelling; cards were produced, and their game began. With the calculating prudence of an accomplished gamester, Lord Bellefield played cautiously and for moderate sums, till he had tested his adversary's calibre; then, confident in his own skill, he artfully led on the young Italian to propose higher stakes, until, at the expiration of an hour and a half, he had won above a couple of hundred pounds.

"You are becoming excited, and beginning to play wildly, *amico mio*," he said, pushing back his chair; "we will pause for to-night."

"And when will you give me my revenge?" inquired the Italian, with flushed cheeks and trembling lips.

"When you like—to-morrow evening, if it so please you;—always supposing our peep-of-day amusement goes as it should do," answered Lord Bellefield, carelessly.

"And what if you should be hit?" questioned Rastelli, with a grim smile, which involuntarily suggested to his auditor the idea that such a catastrophe would not deeply distress him.

"To provide against such a contingency, I shall make my will to-night, and appoint you executor and residuary legatee; so that when you have satisfied the few claims against me, the remainder of my property will be yours, to compensate for this evening's run of ill-luck," was the jesting reply.

Rastelli, having by this time in a degree recovered his good humour, answered in the same light tone; then having made their final arrangements for the morrow's meeting, they shook hands and parted.

As Lord Bellefield gained the street, the conventional smile faded from his lips, and a dark sullen expression imparted a gloomy ferocity to his countenance. His look did not belie the nature of his thoughts, which ran somewhat after the following fashion:—

"A nice thing I'm in for!—to think of that accursed Arundel turning up in such an out-of-the-way place as this! my ill-luck follows me everywhere. That scoundrel is my evil genius. I shall be rid of him to-morrow, for I'll shoot him like a dog; that's some comfort." He paused, then a new idea seemed to strike him, and he muttered—"Curse him, he means to murder me; I read it in his fiendish eyes. I wonder whether he is anything of a shot? A nice way to lose one's life, in a quarrel with a tutor! it's next door to going out with one's valet. Well, I'm in for it, and must chance it; a quick aim and a hair trigger may pick him off as it has done many a better fellow, before he has time to be mischievous. I wonder whether Charles or old Grant know of his being here?—if not, the thing can be easily hushed up." A sound as of a man's footstep caused him to start and look round,

but seeing no one he resumed,—"Assassination is said to be one of the fashions of this place; I wish I was a little more *au fait* as to the customs of the natives, or had longer time to act in. I might get my friend quietly disposed of without risk or trouble." He reflected a moment on the feasibility of such a scheme; but the spirit of revenge and hate was strong within him, and muttering a fearful curse, he added, "No! ——— him, I'd rather shoot him with my own hand! that blow sticks by me."

At this moment a man started out from a dark archway, so suddenly, as nearly to run against Lord Bellefield, who, drawing himself up indignantly, was about to commence an angry remonstrance, when his elbows were pinioned from behind, some person tripped up his heels, a cloak was flung over his head, and despite his attempts to free himself, he was overpowered and hurried away by a party of several men. After proceeding some short distance, they reached the bank of a canal; here they paused, and still holding the cloak over their captive's head to prevent him from giving an alarm, they bound his hands. One who seemed to possess authority over the others, superintended this operation in person.

"Not so tight," he said, to an over-zealous individual who was tying the cord as though it were never to be unfastened, "not so tight, it will numb his arms. Now," he continued, "raise him carefully;" and in obedience to his command, Lord Bellefield felt himself lifted from his feet, and placed in a lying posture, at the bottom of what he rightly imagined to be a gondola.

Having ascertained, by listening, that a portion of his captors were engaged in rowing the boat, Lord Bellefield made an effort to remove the cloak from his face, at the same time slightly raising himself; immediately a heavy hand pressed him down, and a deep low voice uttered the following caution,— "There is the point of a naked stiletto within an inch of your heart; if you again attempt to move or speak, I plunge it in!"

Thus warned, nothing remained but to lie still, and await his captor's pleasure, which alternative, distracted by mingled rage and fear, Lord Bellefield was forced to adopt. From the time occupied by their transit, it appeared that they must have proceeded some considerable distance ere the gondola again stopped. Carefully guarded as before, the prisoner was taken on shore, and half-led, half-carried over some uneven, stony ground, in traversing which his conductors were more than once forced to turn aside, as if to avoid some obstacle that lay in their path; he was then told to ascend steps; doors were unbarred to afford them ingress, and the air struck cold and damp, as from a vault. At length, apparently, they reached their destination, and the prisoner was made to sit down on a stone bench; a light was procured, and then the order was given,— "Untie his hands, remove the cloak, and leave us."

The persons spoken to obeyed, and in another moment Lord Bellefield was able to look round him.

The chamber in which he found himself was small, the roof was high and vaulted, and the walls appeared of an immense thickness; the door was of oak, thickly studded with iron nail-heads; there was no fire-place; an antique lamp, hanging by a chain from the roof, lighted the apartment, and a grated window, sunk in the thickness of the wall, seemed to afford the only means of communication with the outward air. As Lord Bellefield became aware of these particulars, the men who had released his hands and removed the cloak quitted the room, locking and barring the door on the outside; in another moment the sound of their retreating footsteps echoed along the stonc passage, and died away in the distance. A shudder passed over Lord Bellefield's frame as he found himself thus strangely left alone with one whose purpose he could scarcely imagine other than hostile. As his companion—who wore one of those half-masks termed a domino, which effectually concealed his features—did not seem inclined to address him, Lord Bellefield had time to examine, with a beating heart, the preparations made for his reception. The only article of furniture the apartment contained, with the exception of the stone bench on which he was seated, was a heavy oak table. At the end nearest him lay a drawn sword, the blade crossed by that of a naked stiletto, in front of which was placed a loaded pistol. A similar arrangement of weapons garnished the other end of the table, at which stood the motionless figure of the stranger. The whole thing was so strange, and so like some fancy of a horrible dream, that it was with difficulty Lord Bellefield could believe the evidence of his senses. At length, the silence became unendurable to such a degree, that, even at the risk of hurrying on his fate, he resolved to break it. Addressing his captor, he asked, in a voice which trembled in spite of his efforts to appear cool and indifferent,—“What place is this to which you have brought me?”

The person addressed paused a moment, and then, without removing his mask, replied,—“The ruins of the convent of the Black Flagellants, situated on an island in the lagunes, a mile from Venice.”

Up to this moment, Lord Bellefield had been possessed with a secret belief that his captor was none other than Lewis Arundel; and having already had a convincing proof both of his enemy's bodily strength, and of the implacable nature of his feelings towards him, the idea that he had kidnapped him, and carried him off to this desolate place in order to force upon him a combat à l'outrance, with weapons in the use of which his skill as a duellist would avail him little, was by no means an agreeable one. This fear his companion's speech had dispelled, for the voice, though deep and stern, was not the voice of Lewis. Ignorant of the existence of any other person likely to nourish deep feelings of revenge against him, Lord Bellefield immediately conceived that he had fallen into the hands of some English ruffian connected with banditti, in which case their object would probably be plunder; and the solitary chamber, the naked

weapons, &c., mere scenic arrangements got up for the sake of intimidating him, and so making a better bargain. Much relieved by this view of the affair, he began—

“Your object in bringing me here is of course plunder, all this absurd mummery is therefore utterly needless; you have only to name some reasonable sum for my ransom, and as I cannot get out of the scrape otherwise, I must pay it.”

“You will find it no mummery, and are wrong in supposing money will be of the slightest avail to you,” was the reply.

Lord Bellefield, however, still considering his idea a right one, and accounting for this speech as he had already accounted for the presence of the weapons, viz. as a means of intimidating him, to extort from his fears a higher ransom, he continued—

“My good fellow, you have completely mistaken your man; all your tragedy nonsense is quite thrown away upon me. The affair is simply a matter of business: you require money, and knowing my rank, imagine me a Cræsus. I am nothing of the kind, but I can make it well worth your while to set me free; conduct me safely to the square of St. Mark, and I will give you a hundred Napoleons.”

“A million curses on your money!” exclaimed the other furiously; “may the bitter malediction of a desperate man cleave to the rank and riches which have served to add a false splendour to as mean and pitiful a scoundrel as ever disgraced God's earth. Fool! let me undeceive you—I am Miles Hardy” (as he spoke he flung down his mask), “the brother of your victim—I have brought you here to die; now do you think your money, that money which you refused to give to save her from a life of infamy, or a beggar's death, is likely to bribe me to change my purpose?”

For a moment Lord Bellefield was utterly confounded by this declaration; he had never been aware that Jane had a brother, and the surprise added to his discomfiture; besides, hardened as he was, he felt that he had deeply wronged the girl, and a superstitious instinct of the justice of the retribution which had overtaken him, helped still more effectually to terrify and crush him: for once his haughty spirit and presence of mind failed him, and mistaking utterly the character of the man with whom he had to deal, he resolved first if possible to deceive, then to cajole and bribe him.

“Refuse money to Jane Hardy!” he began in a tone of feigned surprise; “you must have strangely deceived yourself: while she remained with me I lavished hundreds upon her, and when, with the caprice of her sex, she chose to leave me for some more fortunate swain, as I imagine, ignorance of her abode alone prevented my settling a liberal allowance upon her. Even now I am ready to do so if she wishes it—where is she?”

A look of contemptuous anger, which had overspread Miles Hardy's face as Lord Bellefield uttered these falsehoods, gave place to an expression of deep solemnity as he replied, “She is, where you will be

ere another day dawns, wretched liar that you are,—gone to answer for her sins before her God!"

"Dead!" exclaimed Lord Bellefield, involuntarily shocked into an expression of feeling. Miles regarded him attentively; had he discerned in him any symptoms of real grief for her loss, any signs of true penitence for the destruction he had wrought, there was that working in the brother's heart which might even yet have saved him. But a doom was upon the seducer, and a fresh display of his evil, sordid nature, hastened it. "Poor girl!" he said, "pon my word, Hardy, I'm quite shocked at this sudden intelligence; I really was excessively fond of her at one time—a—I mean to say before she chose to run away from me; however, you must not take the affair so deeply to heart; I can assure you these things are happening every day, and I always meant to make her a liberal settlement; but as that is now unfortunately impossible, we must see what can be done for you." Having delivered himself of this heartless speech, which he considered a model of diplomacy, Lord Bellefield paused to observe its effects upon his auditor. Miles stood for a moment as if absorbed in grief, murmuring to himself, "My poor Jane, and was it for such a thing as this you sacrificed your young life? My poor, poor sister!" Then suddenly raising his head, he said with a glance of the most withering scorn—

"Your mean lies will prove of as little use to you as your money; I loathe it, them, and you alike. I have told you I brought you here to die, and I have told you true; but I am no murderer, and if you have the courage of a man, you have one chance yet remaining: on that table lie six weapons, three for you, and three for me; choose which you will, and come on; only if the first fails we must try the second, and if that does not end the matter, there still remains the third. Come, make your choice."

"Well, but hear me"—began Lord Bellefield, turning very pale.

"Not a word," was the angry answer, "instantly defend yourself; if you refuse, I will shoot you where you stand;" so saying he advanced a step towards the table.

Lord Bellefield, who had risen during the last speech, slowly followed his example, casting, as he did so, a scrutinising look round the apartment, and especially towards the window, the action did not escape Hardy's quick sight.

"Your search is useless," he said, smiling contemptuously; "were you here alone, with proper tools at hand, and knowing how to use them to the best advantage, it would take you two hours to break out of this place; if you call ever so loudly, there is no one to hear you—my companions are half way back to Venice by this time;—you have nothing left but to overcome me, or to die the dog's death you deserve."

"'Tis false!" exclaimed Lord Bellefield, eagerly; "my friends have succeeded in tracing me, and even now I hear the tread of soldiers in the passage; hark!"

With a gesture of surprise, Hardy turned towards the door. This was all Lord Bellefield wanted. Springing forward, he seized the pistol, levelled it, and, with the speed of thought, fired. Looking round, Hardy perceived too late the snare that had been laid for him. As he did so, a sharp stinging pain, followed by a sensation like the burn of a red-hot iron, passed round his left side. The ball, aimed at his heart, had struck against the handle of a clasp-knife which, sailor-fashion, he wore slung round his neck by a string, and, glancing off, entered the side, and passed round one of the ribs under the skin, lodging among the muscular fibres of the shoulder-blade. Furious at the cowardly stratagem to which he had so nearly fallen a victim, and half-maddened with the pain of his wound, Hardy seized the other pistol, and, shouting—"Die, you infernal, treacherous scoundrel!" snapped it at his adversary; but, owing to the priming being damp, the pistol rusty, or from some other unexplained cause, the cap exploded without discharging the weapon. Flinging it down with an oath, he snatched up the sword that lay nearest to him, and exclaiming, "Come on, and be — to you!" scarcely gave his antagonist time to follow his example, ere he attacked him furiously.

For a minute or two, cut and thrust followed each other so rapidly, that all seemed confusion. Then, as their first fury became expended, and they fought more cautiously, Lord Bellefield perceived, to his extreme satisfaction, that he was the better swordsman of the two, Hardy having merely picked up the use of the cutlass on board a man-o'-war, while his antagonist had learned fencing amongst the other military exercises of a cavalry regiment in which, till within the last two or three years, he had held a commission. If, therefore, he could contrive to defend himself till Hardy's fury should have, in some degree, worn out his strength, he trusted either to disarm his adversary, or by a well-directed thrust to rid himself of him for ever. Nor was he disappointed in this expectation; for having with some difficulty parried a furious thrust, he caught Hardy's sword with the blade of his own weapon, and, by a sudden turn of the wrist, sent it flying out of his hand, leaving his enemy defenceless, and at his mercy. But mercy being a quality for which his lordship was never famous, more especially when, as in the present instance, its exercise might compromise his own safety, he drew back a step to get room for his thrust, with the benevolent intention of running his opponent through the body. With the speed of lightning, Hardy perceived the only chance remaining for him, and unhesitatingly adopted it. Snatching up one of the stiletos, he rushed upon Lord Bellefield, and, receiving his thrust through the fleshy part of his left arm, closed with him, and buried the dagger in his heart. Uttering a sound between a gasping sob and a groan, the young nobleman staggered, raised his arm as if in act to strike, and fell back a corpse.

Thus did the vengeance of the great God whom he had insulted by a life of selfish crime, overtake this

wicked man in the pride of his youth and strength; and thus in the same night were the libertine and his victim called to appear before the Judge of all the earth, to answer for their deeds, whether they had done good, or whether they had done evil. For the humble penitent, we may indeed sorrow, yet not as without hope, knowing that "the blood of Christ Jesus cleanseth from *all* sin;" but for the impenitent sinner, cut off in the midst of crime, dying with his selfish heart untouched, his evil nature unregenerated, "there remaineth no longer any hope, but a fearful looking-for of judgment to come."

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF A FAMILY.¹

FIRST NOTICE.

THIS work is, as its name discloses, our old friend, the "Story of a Family," republished in two very pretty little volumes, the latter half of the second containing new matter wherewith the tale is properly wound up; the abrupt and untimely conclusion which cut short the story in SHARPE being cancelled. The object of the present notice is to afford, to those of our readers whose "financial arrangements" do not permit them to seek knowledge at the fountain's head by purchasing so desirable an addition to their library, some idea of the ultimate fate of the Dramatis Personæ, in whose fortunes we cannot but believe they must even yet feel no inconsiderable interest. Should any of our readers, "rashly importunate," venture to inquire why such a review is needed, and for what reason the "Story of a Family,"—unlike the lost sheep pathetically deplored by that distressed member of the Agricultural Association, "Little Bo-peep,"—did not "bring its tail behind it," we can only satisfy their curiosity by telling them another "story" of that "Happy Family," the House of Commons.

On one occasion, a youthful member of this illustrious assembly, whose zeal outran his discretion, chanced to express himself with so much vehemence, that the usually taciturn Speaker (so named on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because, in a parliamentary sense of the word, he never speaks) was forced to call him to order, which he did by observing—"Unless the honourable member is more careful in his language, I shall be forced to NAME him." "And pray, Mr. Speaker," inquired the young delinquent, in whom the bump of veneration was fearfully undeveloped, "pray what would be the consequence if you *did* name me?" The Speaker paused aghast at such presumption—then, shaking his head with an air of ominous mystery, replied in a tone of the deepest solemnity—"Heaven only knows!"—And so say we to the inquiring minds who would seek to penetrate the secrets of the Adytus of literature.

That the "short, SHARPE, and decisive conclusion of the Tale" was an unsatisfactory one, we will not attempt to deny. Martin Tupper, the philosopher of

proverbs, has declared that "Every end is happiness;" but unless we admit the plea of exceptions proving the rule, the end, or rather the "no end," of the Story of a Family which appeared in SHARPE, would assuredly confute this dictum of our modern Sancho Panza—for we have yet to learn that it was productive of happiness to anybody.

And thus having begun with the end, we will, still setting established precedent at defiance, proceed with the middle, and plunge at once *in medias res*, by reminding our readers, that we left poor Ida sorrowing over the death-bed of that paragon of papas, the amiable and excellent Percy Lee. Here, taking example by the Authoress, we will yet leave her a short time longer while we follow the fortunes of Madeline Tyrrell, alias Mrs. Chester, whose character, full of great faults, and still greater virtues, we own to possess a degree of fascination for us with which that of Ida, sweet, loveable and child-like, with an instinct of good never at fault, and a gentle simplicity of diction with which she murmurs forth uncomfortable truths which bowl down the bad characters, like so many nine-pins, has failed to inspire us. The contrast between Ida and her Governess, and the influence each, dissimilar as are their two natures, possesses over the other, evince perhaps more than any other portions of the work, the writer's unusual power of reading and delineating that inscrutable mystery—the human heart.

Be it remembered that Ida, having influenced Madeline to allow her to show the journal of her inner life to Mr. Tyrrell, and lectured that outraged husband into a proper frame of mind for reading it, is summoned to the death-bed of her father—leaving the good seed she has sown in the hearts of the estranged couple to fructify. The scene we have chosen for our extract, will show the effects of her well-meant efforts as a peacemaker. Little Arthur, the curly-haired pledge of Madeline's matrimonial infelicity, knocks at her bed-room door, and the following conversation takes place between them, the child being delightfully ignorant of the relationship in which he stands towards the "White Lady."

* * * * *

"Come in, love, I am awake," said Madeline, languidly lifting her eyes from her book, and fixing them upon the door. The tap was low and timid, and she felt sure that it announced Ida. Slowly the door moved forwards, and a little face, bright yet shy, all garlanded with waving ringlets, looked in. Madeline stared at it as though it were a spectre, pressed her hand tightly upon her heart, and could not speak.

"May I come in, ma'am?" asked little Arthur, looking almost inclined to run away. "I promised to be very quiet."

"Children are the greatest of helps to self-control. A kind of instinctive shame checks the indulgence of any violent passion or impulse before them, whether it be anger or grief, bitterness or folly. Their eyes are too new upon earth to be suffered as yet to look upon its evils; they must not witness the result

(1) "The Story of a Family," By S. M. Authoress of "The Maiden Aunt," &c. 2 vols. G. Hoby, Mount Street, Berkeley Square, 1851.

where they cannot possibly comprehend the cause. Madeline forced a smile, and beckoned to him encouragingly, though the ineffectual words died inaudibly upon her lips. He came in, and stood beside her chair, laying his hand upon her knee, and looking up in her face.

"'You have been very ill,' said he, in a cautious whisper, as though he had been schooled to speak softly, 'you look so white. Are you better?'

"'Yes, my darling,' she answered, suffering her trembling and icy fingers to rest upon his, but closing her eyes, as if quite unable to meet his clear cloudless gaze.

"'All this while have you been in bed?' continued the little boy. 'Oh, how tired you must be! I was very ill once, a long, long while ago; a great many years, I believe. I can remember it, though. I was in bed for three weeks, and I could not get up at all, and they put pillows behind me when I was to eat my dinner, and fed me with a spoon; and my head went from side to side like a little baby's, though I was three years old. I wasn't strong enough to keep it straight, you know. And I had my marbles in the bed with me, but I couldn't play with them. And papa nursed me,—oh, so kind and so careful! He never went to bed at all, but sat by my side all the night, for fear I should be frightened, or, I think,' (with a look of awe and doubt,) 'for fear I should die and go away from him. I am glad I did not die.'

"Tears forced their way from under her closed eyelids, and poured down her cheeks like rain.

"'Why do you cry?' asked Arthur earnestly. 'Am I naughty? don't you like me, or are you only sorry because I was so ill? Don't cry,—I am quite well again.'

"He seemed troubled, and she struggled for sufficient calmness to re-assure him.

"'I am only crying because I have been ill,' said she in a stifled voice. 'Go on talking to me, I like to hear you.'

"'Perhaps you were crying because you thought you should die?' rejoined the child. 'Were you naughty, and did that make you afraid? Oh, if you are sorry, God will forgive you. I didn't like to die, because I was afraid of a new place, and of leaving papa; not because I was afraid of God. But you have no papa, have you? And you are so old, you can't be afraid.'

"Madeline drew him close to her bosom, and kissed him tenderly. He sat on her knee, and put up his hand coaxingly to her cheek, smoothing the rich dark mass of hair which shadowed it beneath the falling lace of her cap.

"'I think you will get quite well again very soon,' said he, 'and then you shall finish painting my picture. Papa looked at it, and he said you would finish it when you got well.'

"The words had a strange, unreal, impossible sound; Madeline did not answer them. She kept her eyes fixed on the ground, and breathed with difficulty. A sudden oppressive sense of a presence

was upon her; she felt that someone had entered, though she heard no step; it seemed as though an unseen hand of giant strength were holding down her eyelids, and, like one struggling with the nightmare, though her life depended on her looking up or speaking, not for her life could she do either. So highly strung and stretched was every nerve, that when a sound actually broke the momentary silence, which, reckoned by her throbbing heart, would have been ten times its length, it was with difficulty that she restrained a scream. Yet the words were commonplace, every-day words, and the voice quiet and courteous.

"'I hope you are better this morning?'

"The spell was broken; she looked up, and beheld Mr. Tyrrell. She made a great, an astonishing effort; she seemed to compress, to crush her emotion, and sweep it aside for the moment, as though it were a tangible thing, over which she had power. There was an unnatural numbness upon her, both in thought and feeling, and a strange lurking consciousness that life was, so to speak, intermitted, and that it would be resumed, ere long, with fearful energy of re-action; that she must, therefore, resolve desperately to use and to command the interval, uncertain of its duration and of its end. She put the child gently from her knees, and he went to his father, saying,—

"'Oh, papa! you came too quick. I was going to tell her you were coming, but I hadn't got to it yet.'

"She was not conscious of noting the words, but she found, afterwards, that she remembered the minutest particulars; how the little fellow put his hand into his father's, and quietly submitted to be led from the room; how the latter, having closed the door upon him, and stood for a second, as if uncertain, advanced, and drew a chair by her side. She observed the merest trifles: that a corner of the hearth-rug was displaced by the leg of his chair; that a fly had settled upon his arm, and travelled along the coat-sleeve, till it reached his hand, and was shaken off by a slight involuntary movement. The picture never rose up before her thoughts afterwards without the fly and the fold in the hearth-rug. When she lifted a momentary glance to his face—not his eyes, those she could not meet—she saw that his colour came and went rapidly; she felt, rather than heard, that there was suppressed agitation in the calmness of his voice, and this helped to strengthen her. Yet his manner was deliberate, assured, and very gentle.

"'I fear I have startled you,' said he, again addressing her. 'If you are not strong enough to see me, to listen to me, I will go. I can wait till you are more completely recovered.'

"'I am quite strong enough,' she answered.

"'Then, if that be the case,' replied he, 'I will speak. I will not distress you long; I have only a few words to say. My object is not to distress, but to relieve you. It is better, I think, at once to—to—' he hesitated—

"'I understand,' interposed she, quickly, and bowing her head; 'it is better.'

"Why was this tone of consideration so inexpressibly bitter to her, and for what was it preparing her? For silence. He did not speak again for some minutes; the pause was intolerable, and at last she lifted her eyes, and met his earnest, melancholy gaze fixed immovably upon her face. It seemed to fascinate her and she surveyed him as though taking note of the change of years. A little more expansion of the lofty forehead, a line or two of thought, a shade of pathos, a touch of softness—the picture was mellowed, not faded. And how was it with her? The radiance and buoyancy of her beauty were gone for ever, nor could she guess how much of loveliness time, sorrow, and discipline had given in its place. She knew not how the gradual moulding of the heart had traced its work upon the countenance; she thought herself a wreck, a mere phantom of the past, and involuntarily she shook her head as he gazed upon her, her lips parting with a painful, yet half-deprecating smile.

"'Madeline,' said he, at length, and the name fell upon her ear like a stroke upon an open wound, 'we have both been wrong.—Nay!' (putting up his hand) 'hear me. My fault has been as great as yours. I feel it so. We have both suffered—you the most, for you had not that consolation which has been the innocent charm and study of my life.' He hurried over this reference to their child, as if he feared to agitate her too powerfully. 'Now, I am not looking to the past with any bitterness, nor to the future with any romance. I see the whole truth, clearly, strongly, coldly, if you will; and seeing it, I am ready—anxious—to resume the duty to which I was once fully as faithless as yourself. I disguise nothing. This is my wish. But not for an instant will I be a restraint upon you; you shall decide for yourself and for me.'

"She had covered her face with her hands, but he felt that she was listening; he felt, too, how stiff and heartless were his words. Doubt of her feelings, desire to spare them, pride, shame—all united to constrain him; yet his voice softened and faltered as he proceeded:—

"'Whatever you may *once* have felt,' said he, rather hurriedly, 'I know that indignation and the lapse of years, and the sense of wrong, must long since have effaced it. I know you, Madeline; I appeal to no past feelings. I was unworthy of the gift which I first sought, and whatever your offences may have been, I deserved that it should be withdrawn.'

"'No, no,' murmured she, sobbing, and keenly feeling the generous delicacy of his words; 'let there be truth between us! I was sorely tried, and my sin was heavy. The depth of my humiliation has avenged it.'

"'You are right!' he exclaimed, taking up her words with a mixture of vehemence and solemnity; 'there must be perfect truth between us now. Listen then to The Truth. When we were together seven years ago, I was a mere man of the world; my standard of life was neither natural nor supernatural, but artificial; and to it my feelings, sympathies, con-

ceptions, hopes, were all bound as with bands of adamant. You were a woman with infinite capacity of womanly perfection; but without one help, one guidance, one healthful memory of instructed childhood, one habit of wise discipline, ere the tender will had hardened itself in opposition. I need not go on. Such as you were, I took you, and took also the duty and the privilege (you gave me the power) of making you that which you were capable of becoming. How did I fulfil this duty? Do you suppose I have never thought of this? never asked myself, with keenest reproach, why, when you opened to me a way into the very depths of your character through your generous, self-abandoning, confiding heart, I repaid you by obstinately refusing to use it? You did not know me; and I stood aloof, and suffered you to destroy your own happiness and mine, rather than by a word enlighten you. Do you suppose, Madeline,' he continued, dropping his voice as he drew nearer to her, 'that in solitude, at nightfall, in those hours when conscience is suddenly revealed to the soul as an angel of judgment, beneath whose sentence it must needs fall prostrate,—that at such times I have never told myself, with bitter, ineffectual tears, that if she whom I had irrevocably lost could be restored to me, I would be to her other than I had been? We have all such thoughts of the dead in our tender moments, and when there has been real wrong, they make the helpless remorse of a lifetime. But you and I are happier, for we have the power of reparation. And when my boy—our child—'

"'Oh, no more! no more! Have mercy upon me!' she exclaimed, and with a sudden, irresistible movement, flung herself at his feet. 'Give me your pardon; say to me, "Go in peace," and let me hide myself again for ever!'

"Tyrrell felt that he had conquered. How gently he raised her! 'I have forgiven everything,' said he, as with grave tenderness and authority he took her hands in his; 'but I retract my former words,—I will not leave you liberty of choice. I decide for you; a year hence you shall abandon me if you will; till then, my wife, come back to me, and have faith in me.'"

* * * *

Any comment on this scene would be misplaced. To those who do not recognise in it the truest pathos, the deepest, most earnest poetry of real life,—poetry, because it is real, and therefore appeals from heart to heart,—our opinion of it would appear overstrained and exaggerated, while those who think with us will agree that it is a soul-picture to love and ponder over,—a thing to feel, but not to prate about.

Of course, after this explanation, the separated husband and wife come together again, and enter with some fear, but more hope, upon a new course of existence. Tyrrell, in order to escape the good-natured comments of society, on Madeline's account, even more than on his own, determines to quit England for a season. Accordingly, he applies for and obtains the governorship of A—, a juvenile colony, possessing a real live bishop and a taste for edu-

cational reform. Setting sail for this antipodal Utopia, Tyrrell, Madeline, and the curlypated, no longer motherless Arthur, disappear for some time from the pages of "The Story of a Family," though in tracing the further history of Ida and Godfrey, we learn the success of their experiment, which we should be forestalling the interest of the tale were we to mention out of its proper place.

We propose to give in our next Number a second and concluding notice, wherein the reader will learn what further befalls the various characters, and be enabled to judge whether our opinion of the entire work agrees with his own.

A MORNING WITH MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.

OUR readers may perhaps recollect a short paper inserted a few months ago and entitled, "A Lady that has seen the World." It recorded my meeting with a female pilgrim to Jerusalem, who subsequently went round the earth entirely by herself, and who, when the paper was written, was on her way home to her native city, Vienna. I had often anxiously desired to meet again so remarkable a fellow-traveller, and, by the merest hazard in the world, I chanced, through a newspaper paragraph, to hear that she was at the present moment in London, and immediately obtained her address. As she was at that time lodging at a friend's house some distance from town, a meeting was appointed at his counting-house in the city. From Jerusalem to Crutched Friars was certainly a rather abrupt transition, and as I pushed my way through the multifarious obstructions of our crowded streets to the place of rendezvous, I could not help speculating as to what changes had been wrought by the interval of time and travel that had elapsed since our previous meeting.

I reached the house, hurried up two flights of dirty stairs, tapped at the door of an office differing in no respect from the thousand dark and dingy ones in the city. "Come in," was the response; and on entering, in the shadow of the room and looking strangely out of place in the midst of a heap of ledgers and day-books, was, sure enough, the well-remembered face of my old fellow-traveller, who rose and received me with the most lively expression of satisfaction. I, too, was rejoiced to find no change for the worse in the appearance of my friend after so severe an ordeal as a journey round the world.

I remarked in my previous paper that there was little in the person or bearing of Madame Pfeiffer (such is the name of our adventurer) to mark her out as the heroine of such a remarkable exploit. Her age may be (for in such cases we may only presume to guess) verging, perhaps, upon fifty; her stature is small, her figure slight, her features plain, her dress homely, and her whole appearance the very reverse of commanding. Her manner is remarkably quiet, not to say even humble; and it is only in conversation with her, when her dark eye kindles into animation

over the recital of some passage in her travels, that one perceives any outward manifestation of the courage and enthusiasm that so remarkably distinguish her.

After exchanging our mutual congratulations, the conversation (which was carried on in French, Madame speaking English but imperfectly) naturally turned upon the subject of her recent journey. Reminding her of our original meeting on the shores of Palestine, and of the indifference with which she endured fatigue and hardship on that occasion, I playfully observed "that I considered that she had served her apprenticeship to myself, and that I had always boasted of a pupil who had left her tutor so infinitely behind." She admitted that it was even so, and that her power of bearing privation, tested in that journey, together with the taste for travelling she then acquired, had led her to meditate still more extensive wanderings.

"It was after my journey to Iceland, which followed that into Palestine—"

"Iceland! my dear madame!" I exclaimed with a sudden start. "Why, I had not the slightest notion you had ever visited that country."

"Oh yes, and published a book about it," was her quiet reply; and she immediately resumed, "after this Iceland journey, then, I left Vienna and embarked at Hamburg for Rio Janeiro, and, after remaining some time on the coasts of Brazil, penetrated into the interior, visited the savage tribes, and crossing the continent of South America, reached Valparaiso, which, as you know, is on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Thence I crossed over to the island of Tahiti, where, during my stay, I was upon the most intimate terms with Queen Pomare. Leaving that beautiful spot, I crossed the wide Pacific Ocean to Canton, with which city I was much delighted."

"Of course," I remarked; "you do not mean the interior of the Chinese quarter, into which Europeans are not allowed to penetrate?"

"Indeed I do," was her reply. "I am, perhaps, the only person that has ever gone through it. I must admit that the attempt was rash, but I could not overcome my curiosity. Madame Gutzlaff, the Missionary's wife, assured me she had never ventured to think of such a thing."

"But how did you contrive to accomplish it?" I inquired.

"I hired two native Chinese to show me about," was her reply. "On reaching the prohibited entrance of the city it occurred to me that if I paid them *there* they might perhaps go off and leave me. I was obliged therefore to resort to a little stratagem. Making signs that I had no money, but showing an order upon one of the English houses of business, I pointed to the city, and expressing in the same way my desire to go through it to the English quarter, they consented to accompany me through the streets. In I ventured. Such a sight had never been seen in Canton before. The people gathered in crowds, the women held up their children as I passed along, the curiosity and amusement of the people were prodigious,

and your gracious queen, on the opening of the Exhibition, could hardly be more run after than was my poor insignificant self."

"And were you not horribly afraid?" I inquired.

"Not in the least," was the reply.

"And did you meet with no insult?"

"Not the slightest. Nothing could exceed the civility of the people. After traversing the city my Chinese guides brought me to the house of the English merchant, who could scarcely believe that I had come off scatheless from so unprecedented an enterprise. Well, from Canton I visited several of the principal ports of China, and thence, touching at Singapore, made my way to Ceylon, where, not satisfied with remaining at Point de Galle, I visited the capital, Kandy. Calcutta was the next point of my journey. I ascended the Ganges on the deck of a bungalow, went far into the interior, examined the antiquities, visited the courts of some of the native princes, by whom I was kindly received, and, satisfied with my survey of India, returned to the coast, embarked for the Persian Gulf, and then ascending the Tigris, looked in upon Dr. Layard in the midst of his excavations at Nineveh."

Such a narrative of adventure, and from the mouth of a female, might well take away one's breath. I really seemed to be dreaming as I looked upon the frail little body before me, and heard her describe a devious career like this with far less excitement of manner than the mistress of a cockney boarding-school would throw into her account of the perils of a journey to Boulogne. "What next?" I inwardly exclaimed, as Madame, renewing her narrative, quietly went on.

"I entered next upon a *rather* dangerous journey among the countries occupied by the wandering tribes of Kurdistan. Here I more than once fell into the hands of robbers."

"You surely were not alone on this occasion?" I exclaimed.

"Entirely so," she replied; "and to that cause I probably owed my complete immunity from outrage. What could they do? They saw before them a poor unprotected woman, advanced in years and with all she possessed in the world done up in a small bundle. They would stop my horse, gaze upon me with astonishment, ask a few questions, and then suffer me to pass on unmolested. On one occasion, being exhausted with thirst, I begged for water from the leathern bottles they carry it about in, and they gave it me immediately."

"Then there are many more Robin Hoods than have ever been commemorated in song; there is honour even among thieves. Human nature is the same in the forest of Sherwood and the wilds of Kurdistan!"

"Well," she resumed; "after I had done with the Kurds, I made my way through Persia and Circassia to the shores of the Black Sea, along which I sailed to Constantinople; thence to Greece, Sicily, and Italy, and so back to my own door at Vienna, after an

absence of *three years*. And now guess, what do you think this journey cost me?"

Having already observed the simple and self-denying habits of my old companion, I was prepared for a rather low estimate, but when I considered the mere distance she had gone over, without allowing her any thing to eat, I mentally named a figure, (a sum of several hundreds,) which some experience in travel led me to fix upon as the very minimum of her expense. What was my surprise, then, when she declared that she had performed this extensive series of wanderings into the interior of so many countries, where the means of conveyance are almost wanting, for the insignificant sum of a hundred and fifty pounds!

The next time I met Madame was at the hospitable house of a friend. She had been making the most of her short stay in London, had visited the principal objects of interest, and been present at the inauguration of the Glass Palace by her Majesty. She confessed that the vastness of London oppressed her, and it was not one of the slightest instances of her courage and self-reliance, that she boldly sallied forth one morning to make her way on foot from Hackney to Piccadilly, with nothing but an address-card, and the merest smattering of English to guide her in her devious course.

The conversation turned upon her present plans. Far from her taste for travel having been satisfied, it seemed only "to have grown by what it fed on," and she was already preparing for a second voyage around the globe. Although scientific research was not to be expected from a solitary woman, yet her travels had not been without fruit, since she had made collections in botany and entomology which formed a valuable addition to the museum of Vienna. The Austrian Government had not merely paid her for these, but had made her a present of a hundred pounds towards the prosecution of her further adventures, while the Professors had given her instructions in the best mode of preserving specimens, and collecting objects of value to science.

Her present views were to go by the Cape to Australia and New Zealand, and thence to Borneo and the islands of the Indian Archipelago. She had already taken her passage, and was to sail during the following week.

Reverting to the manner in which I had rediscovered her, I observed, that it was through a New York newspaper, under the head of "What is talked about," stating that she was in that city, after performing her voyage round the world. What was my surprise to learn, then, "that she was never there in all her life," and that the statement was a pure mystification, like so many others in which our transatlantic brethren seem to delight. "It was this account," I remarked, "that contained your adventure with a robber, stating moreover that you had valiantly defended yourself, and cut off one or two of your adversary's fingers with a knife, and that, I suppose, is also an invention of the editor's."

"On the contrary," she replied, "it is strictly true.

I was travelling through the wild interior of Brazil in company with Count —, whom you remember made one of our party to Mar Saba and the Dead Sea. We were attended by a single servant, and having understood that the road was safe, had neglected to provide ourselves with defensive weapons. On passing through a secluded spot, we were suddenly attacked by a powerful Negro armed with a sword. He rushed upon the Count, who being unable to parry the blow, received a severe wound, when I drew forth a clasp knife which I carried about my person, and in the excitement of the moment rushed upon the robber, and cut him desperately in his hands. The servant flew on the robber, the robber attacked the Count, whom I in my turn sought to defend, though drawing down vengeance on myself, but as our adversary was powerful and well armed, the issue would have been fatal to us all had not some travellers, attracted by our cries, hurried up to the spot, whereupon the Negro took to flight."

"Did you receive no injury in the conflict?" I inquired.

"Far from it, I bore away with me a lasting memento," was the reply, as she then extended her arm, enveloped in a muslin sleeve, and invited me to make an examination of it. As I did so, my hand sunk, with a sickening sensation, into a hollow, midway between the elbow and the shoulder, the token of a deep and ghastly wound, which she will carry with her to the grave.

Reminiscences such as these filled up the remainder of our interview. I was disappointed in my hope of seeing this extraordinary woman again. She has set sail upon her long and perilous enterprise, at a time of life when most persons are only anxious to repose calmly by the fireside for the remainder of their days. Notwithstanding the old proverb concerning "the pitcher and the well," let us earnestly hope that she may return safe and sound to her own home, and add another chapter to the record of her most marvellous experiences.

A SCENE IN THE APENNINES.

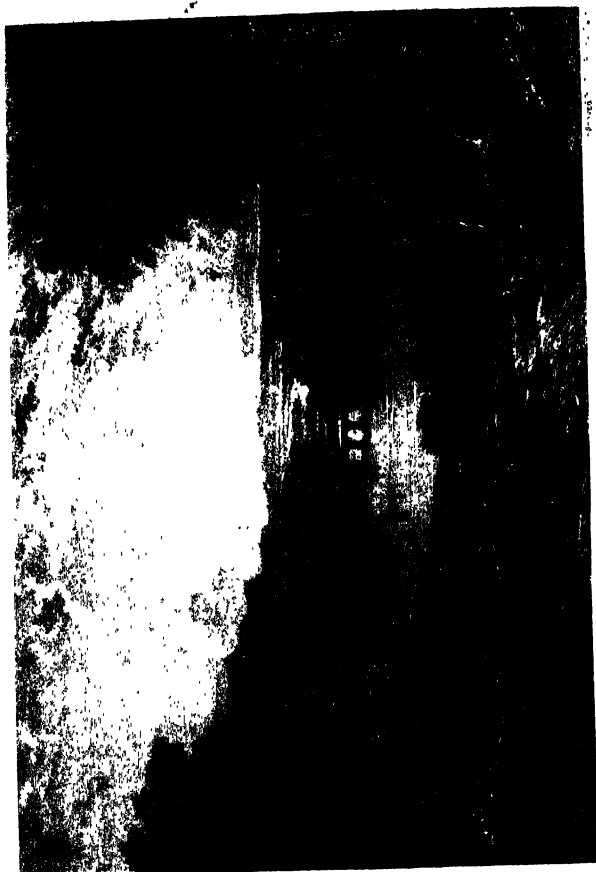
GEORGE BARRETT, of all our water-colour artists, delights most in depicting sunset and sunrise, and the more poetical aspects and tones of nature. There is always something exquisitely soothing in his productions. He may be termed, far better than Turner, our English Claude, since his vein of art is precisely similar, nor does he ever venture to depart from it. The subject before us admirably reflects his peculiar qualities. The vast expanse, the glowing colour, the intensity of tone, the solemn hush into which the whole landscape is sinking, are given as no other painter can give them. The engraving is a perfect gem, and fully worthy of the picture.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"Lelio, Hervor, and other Poems." By Patrick Scott. Chapman & Hall.—We have here some original and brilliant poems from the pen of a writer whose mind is evidently imbued with the true spirit of poetry. The language is noble and chaste, the subject of the main composition is grand and new, while the sentiments are such as strongly excite the sympathy. "Lelio" is a theory of conscience, illustrated by a tale, which is coloured by a reflection of the opinions prevalent in the present day. In some of the passages, Mr. Scott's poetry reminds us of John Martin's painting. It suggests infinite grandeur, majesty, and splendour, impressing us at the same time with the idea of silence and gloom. There is a powerful attack upon various social phases of the present day, which the reader will not fail to understand. In "Hervor" we have a gallery of pictures representing the features and the feats of continental kings. In an allegorical story, Liberty is represented making a pilgrimage to an ancient tomb, in search of the sword long buried there, and Mr. Scott takes the opportunity of dealing right and left upon his contemporaries. There is no flattery in the poem, for your real poet never stoops to adulation; but there is truth, and this is the age for frankness. We are much pleased with this piece, but, of course, it is upon "Lelio" that the weight of our attention rests. It is infinitely beyond the common order of contemporary writing, and there are passages, upon which the author has been most prodigal of rich fancies and sublime conceptions.

"Recollection of Mrs. Anderson's School." By Jane M. Winnard.—Those who are familiar with our pages will need no further inducement to peruse this very agreeable and instructive tale from the graceful pen of one of our most valued contributors. It is a little book, but one which required no ordinary ability to write, for while it charms the young, for whom it is principally intended, it will be read with pleasure and satisfaction by those of graver years.

"Coleridge; his Philosophy and Theology: an Essay reprinted from the Eclectic Review."—If the test of mental superiority is the power of acting upon and stimulating other minds, the author of the "Antient Mariner" may justly be considered an extraordinary person. Many men of the highest powers have acknowledged their obligations to him. He has left behind him, indeed, no great philosophical work; but the influence he has exercised is great and lasting. The present pamphlet, written by one of Coleridge's admirers, has for its object to set forth his method of reconciling the claims of theology and philosophy, and ensuring their harmonious action. It is well worthy of perusal, for the originality and depth of its views. The character and claims of the great master are well appreciated by his commentator, himself evidently a man of original powers of mind, and wielding a forcible and practised pen.



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BREAD STREET HILL.

TO THE READERS OF SHARPE.

THERE are some things in the duty of the Editor of a popular Journal, which we have always felt to be works of necessity rather than labours of love, and amongst these may be included that of Preface-writing. Not that we object to meet our readers pen in hand ; on the contrary, we never feel happier than when, seated in our editorial chair, we are either preparing an article of our own, or deciding upon the merits of those of our contributors ; but we must own that we feel an almost insurmountable difficulty in avoiding common-place platitudes on having for the *fourteenth* time to return thanks for "liberal support," "continued patronage," &c., and then to rehearse the oft-told tale of our "determination to merit," and "intentions to improve." So thoroughly are we satisfied of our inability to say anything of the sort, which our readers would care to peruse, that we had mentally determined to omit the usual half-yearly address *in toto*, but we find that we must bow to tyrant custom, and fill the page, which our printer declares that he has reserved expressly for a Preface, and the absence of which our friends, we are told, will construe into a token of disrespect. Now, with all deference to their better judgment, we think this would be treating us harshly, after we had flattered ourselves that the volume just completed was of a sufficiently sterling character to need neither introductory apology nor eulogistic prelude. We have rather been confirmed in this good opinion of the merits of our contributors and ourselves, by the knowledge that two if not more of our serial articles have already been deemed worthy of reproduction in a separate form, not only in this country, but also in the United States, where our *go-ahead* friends have not alone reprinted our labours as soon as published, but actually, in the case of "Lewis Arundel," (being too impatient to wait for the conclusion of the tale from the pen of the Author,) have quietly manufactured a termination of their own, and completed the work before it had appeared in our own columns. We suppose complaint is useless, but we are determined to act upon the system of reprisals, and avail ourselves of occasional selections from the pens of our Transatlantic brethren ; and though we cannot stoop to the practice of fabricating for them that which they have yet to write, we shall hold ourselves justified in introducing to the readers of SHARPE such specimens of American talent as their best living writers have already produced. Our present volume contains original translations of several pieces, which have adorned the periodical literature of our continental neighbours, and we trust that by these additions we have given increased variety to our pages, and done good service to our readers, and enabled them to judge of the comparative merits of our foreign cotemporaries.

More might be said, but we find that we have filled our prescribed space, and if we have not attained to the dignity of a preface, we have, at least, made a sufficiently lengthy apology for its absence ; we shall therefore lay down our pen with the heartfelt wish that we may meet all our old friends, and a large accession of new ones at the commencement of the new year, and that our Fifteenth Volume may be as popular as any of its predecessors.

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SHARPE'S LONDON JOURNAL.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.'

THE knowledge of an extensively organized conspiracy embittered the last years of the Emperor Alexander, and increased his constitutional melancholy. His attachment to Tzarsko Zelo made him linger longer at his summer palace than was prudent in a man subject to crysipelas. The wound in his leg reopened with very unfavourable symptoms, and he was compelled to leave his favourite residence in a closed litter for St. Petersburg; and the skill and firmness of Mr. Wyllie, his Scotch surgeon, alone saved the diseased limb from amputation. As soon as he was cured, he returned again to Tzarsko Zelo, where the spring found him as usual alone, without a court or chamberlain, only giving audience to his ministers twice a-week. His existence resembled rather that of an anchorite weeping for the sins of his youth, than that of a great Emperor who makes the happiness of his people.

He regulated his time in the following manner:—in summer he rose at five, and in winter at six o'clock every morning, and as soon as the duties of the toilette were ended, entered his cabinet, in which the greatest order was observed.

He found there a cambric handkerchief folded, and a packet of new pens. He only used these pens in signing his name, and never made use of them again. As soon as he had concluded this business, he descended into the garden, where, notwithstanding the report of a conspiracy which had existed two years against his life and government, he walked alone with no other guards than the sentinels always stationed before the palace of Alexander. At five he returned, to dine alone, and after his solitary meal was lulled to sleep by the melancholy airs played by the military band of the guard regiment on duty. The selection of the music was always made by himself, and he seemed to sink to repose, and to awake, with the same sombre dispositions and feelings which had been his companions throughout the day.

His empress Elizabeth lived like her consort, in profound solitude, watching over him like an invisible angel. Time had not extinguished in her heart the profound passion with which the youthful Czarowitz had inspired her at first sight, and which she had preserved in her heart, pure and inviolate. His numerous and public infidelities could not stifle this holy and beautiful attachment, which formed at once the happiness and misery of a delicate and sensitive woman.

(1) Translated from the French of Alexandre Dumas, with omissions and additions, by Miss Jane Strickland.

At this period of her life, the Empress at five-and-forty retained her fine shape and noble carriage, while her countenance showed the remains of considerable beauty, more impaired by sorrow than time. Calumny itself had never dared to aim her envenomed shafts at one so eminently chaste and good. Her presence demanded the respect due to virtue, still more than the homage proper to her elevated rank.

She resembled indeed more an angel exiled from heaven, than the imperial consort of a Prince who ruled a large portion of the earth.

In the summer of 1825, the last he was destined to see, the physicians of the Emperor unanimously recommended a journey to the Crimea, as the best medicine he could take. Alexander appeared perfectly indifferent to a measure which regarded his individual benefit, but the Empress, deeply interested in any event likely to restore her husband's health, asked and obtained permission to accompany him. The necessary preparations for this long absence overwhelmed the Emperor with business, and for a fortnight he rose earlier, and went to bed later, than was customary to him.

In the month of June, no visible alteration was observed in his appearance, and he quitted St. Petersburg after a service had been chaunted, to bring down a blessing from above on his journey. He was accompanied by the Empress, his faithful coachman Ivan, and some officers belonging to the staff of General Diebitch. He stopped at Warsaw a few days, in order to celebrate the birthday of his brother, the Grand-Duke Constantine, and arrived at Tangaroff in the end of August 1825. Both the illustrious travellers found their health benefited by the change of scene and climate. Alexander took a great liking to Tangaroff, a small town on the borders of the sea of Azof, comprising a thousand ill-built houses, of which a sixth-part alone are of brick and stone, while the remainder resemble wooden cages covered with dirt. The streets are large, but then they have no pavement, and are alternately loaded with dust, or inundated with mud. The dust rises in clouds, which conceals alike man and beast under a thick veil, and penetrates everywhere the carefully closed jealousies with which the houses are guarded, and covers the garments of their inhabitants. The food, the water, are loaded with it; and the last cannot be drunk till previously boiled with salt of tartar, which precipitates it; a precaution absolutely necessary to free it from this disagreeable and dangerous deposit.

The Emperor took possession of the governor's house, where he sometimes slept and took his meals. His abode there in the day-time rarely exceeded two

hours. The rest of his time was passed in wandering about the country on foot, in the hot dust or wet mud. No weather put any stop to his out-door exercise, and no advice from his medical attendant nor warning from the natives of Tangaroff, could prevail upon him to take the slightest precaution against the fatal autumnal fever of the country. His principal occupation was, planning and planting a great public garden, in which undertaking he was assisted by an Englishman whom he had brought with him to St. Petersburg for that purpose. He frequently slept on the spot on a camp-bed, with his head resting upon a leather pillow.

If general report may be credited, planting gardens was not the principal object that engrossed the Russian Emperor's attention. He was said to be employed in framing a new Constitution for Russia, and unable to contend at St. Petersburg with the prejudices of the aristocracy, had retired to this small city, for the purpose of conferring this benefit upon his enslaved country.

However this might be, the Emperor did not stay long at a time at Tangaroff, where his Empress, unable to share with him the fatigues of his long journeys, permanently resided, during his frequent absences from his head quarters. Alexander, in fact, made rapid excursions to the country about the Don, and was sometimes at Teherkask, sometimes at Donetz. He was on the eve of departure for Astracan, when Count Woronzoff in person came to announce to his sovereign the existence of the mysterious conspiracy which had haunted him in St. Petersburg, and which extended to the Crimea, where his personal presence could alone appease the general discontent.

The prospect of traversing three hundred leagues appeared a trifle to Alexander, whom rapid journeys alone diverted from his oppressive melancholy. He announced to the Empress his departure, which he only delayed till the return of a messenger he had sent to Alapka. The expected courier brought new details of the conspiracy, which aimed at the life, as well as the government of Alexander. This discovery agitated him terribly. He rested his aching head on his hands, gave a deep groan, and exclaimed, "Oh, my father, my father!" Though it was then midnight, he caused Count Diebitch to be roused from sleep and summoned into his presence. The General, who lodged in the next house, found his master in a dreadfully excited state, now traversing the apartment with hasty strides, now throwing himself upon the bed with deep sighs and convulsive starts. He at length became calm, and discussed the intelligence conveyed in the despatches of Count Woronzoff. He then dictated two, one addressed to the Viceroy of Poland, the other to the Grand-Duke Nicholas.

With these documents, all traces of his terrible agitation disappeared. He was quite calm, and his countenance betrayed nothing of the emotion that had harassed him the preceding night.

Count Woronzoff, notwithstanding this apparent

calmness, found him difficult to please, and unusually irritable, for Alexander was constitutionally sweet-tempered and patient. He did not delay his journey on account of this internal disquiet, but gave orders for his departure from Tangaroff, which he fixed for the following day.

His ill-humour increased during the journey; he complained of the badness of the roads and the slowness of the horses. He had never been known to grumble before. His irritation became more apparent when Sir James Wyllie, his confidential medical attendant, recommended him to take some precaution against the frozen winds of the autumn; for he threw away with a gesture of impatience the cloak and pelisse he offered, and braved the danger he had been entreated to avoid. His imprudence soon produced consequences. That evening he caught cold, and coughed incessantly, and the following day, on his arrival at Orloff, an intermittent fever appeared, which soon after, aggravated by the obstinacy of the invalid, turned to the remittant fever common to Tangaroff and its environs in the autumn.

The Emperor, whose increasing malady gave him a presage of his approaching death, expressed a wish to return to the Empress, and once more took the route to Tangaroff; contrary to the prayers of Sir James Wyllie, he chose to perform a part of the journey on horseback, but the failure of his strength finally forced him to re-enter his carriage. He entered Tangaroff on the fifth of November, and swooned the moment he came into the governor's house. The Empress, who was suffering with a complaint of the heart, forgot her malady, while watching over her dying husband. Change of place only increased the fatal fever which preyed upon his frame, which seemed to gather strength from day to day. On the eighth, Wyllie called in Dr. Stephiegen, and on the thirteenth they endeavoured to counteract the affection of the brain, and wished to bleed the imperial patient. He would not submit to the operation, and demanded iced water, which they refused. Their denial irritated him, and he rejected everything they offered him, with displeasure. These learned men were unwise, to deprive the suffering prince of the water, a safe and harmless beverage in such fevers. In fact, nature herself sometimes, in inspiring the wish, provides the remedy. The Emperor on the afternoon of that day wrote and sealed a letter, when perceiving the taper remained burning, he told his attendant to extinguish it, in words that plainly expressed his feelings in regard to the dangerous nature of his malady. "Put out that light, my friend, or the people will take it for a bier candle, and will suppose I am already dead."

On the fourteenth of November, the physicians again urged their refractory patient to take the medicines they prescribed, and were seconded by the prayers of the Empress. He repulsed them with some haughtiness, but quickly repenting of his hastiness of temper, which in fact was one of the symptoms of the disease, he said, "Attend to me, Stephiegen, and you too, Sir Andrew Wyllie. I have much pleasure in

seeing you, but you plague me so often about your medicine, that really I must give up your company if you will talk of nothing else." He however was at last induced to take a dose of calomel.

In the evening, the fever had made such fearful progress that it appeared necessary to call in a priest. Sir Andrew Wyllie, at the instance of the Empress, entered the chamber of the dying prince, and approaching his bed with tears in his eyes advised him "to call in the aid of the Most High, and not to refuse the assistance of religion as he had already done that of medicine."

The Emperor instantly gave his consent. Upon the fifteenth, at five o'clock in the morning, a humble village priest approached the imperial bed to receive the confession of his expiring sovereign.—"My father, God must be merciful to kings," were the first words the Emperor addressed to the minister of religion; "indeed they require it so much more than other men." In this sentence all the trials and temptations of the despotic ruler of a great people—his territorial ambition, his jealousy, his political ruses, his distrusts and over-confidences, seem to be briefly comprehended. Then apparently perceiving some timidity in the spiritual confessor his destiny had provided for him, he added, "My father, treat me like an erring man, not as an Emperor." The priest drew near the bed, received the confession of his august penitent, and administered to him the last sacraments.

Then having been informed of the Emperor's pertinacity in rejecting medicine, he urged him to give up this fatal obstinacy, remarking, "that he feared God would consider it absolutely suicidal." His admonitions made a deep impression upon the mind of the prince, who recalled Sir Andrew Wyllie, and giving him his hand, bade him do what he pleased with him. Wyllie took advantage of this absolute surrender, to apply twenty leeches to the head of the emperor, but the application was too late, the burning fever continually increased, and the sufferer was given over. The intelligence filled the dying chamber with weeping domestics, who tenderly loved their master.

The Empress still occupied her place by the bed-side, which she had never quitted but once, in order to allow her dying husband to unbosom himself in private to his confessor. She returned to the post assigned her by conjugal tenderness directly the priest had quitted it.

Two hours after he had made his peace with God, Alexander experienced more severe pain than he had yet felt; "Kings," said he, "suffer more than others." He had called one of his attendants to listen to this remark with the air of one communicating a secret. He stopped, and then as if recalling something he had forgotten, said in a whisper, "they have committed an infamous action."

What did he mean by these words? Was he suspicious that his days had been shortened by poison? or did he allude, with the last accents he

uttered, to the barbarous assassination of the Emperor Paul? Eternity can alone reveal the secret thoughts of Alexander I. of Russia.

During the night, the dying prince lost consciousness. At two o'clock in the morning, Count Diebitch came to the Empress, to inform her that an old man, named Alexandrowitz, had saved many Tartars in the same malady. A ray of hope entered the heart of the imperial consort at this information, and Sir Andrew Wyllie ordered him to be sought for with haste.

This interval was passed by the Empress in prayer, yet she still kept her eyes fixed upon those of her husband, watching with intense attention the beams of life and light fading in their unconscious gaze. At nine in the morning, the old man was brought into the imperial chamber almost by force. The rank of the patient, perhaps, inspiring him with some fear respecting the consequences that might follow his prescriptions, caused his extreme unwillingness. He approached the bed, looked at his dying sovereign, and shook his head. He was questioned respecting this doubtful sign. "It is too late to give him medicine; besides, those I have cured were not sick of the same malady."

With these words of the peasant physician, the last hopes of the Empress vanished; but if pure and ardent prayers could have prevailed with God, Alexander would have been saved.

On the sixteenth of November, according to the usual method of measuring time, but on the first of December, if we follow the Russian calendar, at fifty minutes after ten in the morning, Alexander Paulowit, Emperor of all the Russias, expired. The Empress, bending over him, felt the departure of his last breath. She uttered a bitter cry, sank upon her knees, and prayed. After some minutes passed in communion with heaven, she rose, closed the eyes of her deceased lord, composed his features, kissed his cold and livid hands, and once more knelt and prayed.

The physicians entreated her to leave the chamber of death, and the pious Empress consented to withdraw to her own.¹

The body of the Emperor lay in state, on a platform raised in an apartment of the house where he died. The presence-chamber was hung with black, and the bier was covered with cloth of gold. A great many wax tapers lighted up the gloomy scene. A priest at the head of the bier prayed continually for the repose of his deceased sovereign's soul. Two sentinels with drawn swords watched day and night beside the dead, two were stationed at the doors, and two stood on each step leading to the bier. Every person received at the door a lighted taper, which he held while he remained in the apartment. The Empress was present during these masses, but she always fainted

(1) The autopsy exhibited the same appearance generally discovered in those subjects whose death has been caused by the fever of the country: the brain was watery, the veins of the head were gorged, and the liver was soft. No signs of poison were discovered; the death of the Emperor was in the course of nature.

at the conclusion of the service. Crowds of people united their prayers to hers, for the Emperor was adored by the common people. The corpse of Alexander I. lay in state twenty-one days before it was removed to the Greek monastery of St. Alexander, where it was to rest before its departure for interment in St. Petersburg.

Upon the 25th December, the remains of the Emperor were placed on a funeral car drawn by eight horses, covered to the ground with black cloth ornamented with the escutcheons of the empire. The bier rested on an elevated dais, carpeted with cloth of gold; over the bier was laid a flag of silver tissue, charged with the heraldic insignia proper to the imperial house. The imperial crown was placed under the dais. Four major-generals held the cords which supported the diadem. The persons composing the household of the Emperor and Empress followed the bier dressed in long black mantles, bearing in their hands lighted torches. The Cossacks of the Don every minute discharged their light artillery, while the sullen booming of the cannon added to the solemnity of the imposing scene.

Upon its arrival at the church, the body was transferred to a catafalco covered with red cloth, surmounted by the imperial arms in gold, displayed on crimson velvet. Two steps led up to the platform on which the catafalco was placed. Four columns supported the dais upon which the imperial crown, the sceptre, and the globe, rested.

The catafalco was surrounded by curtains of crimson velvet and cloth of gold, and four massy candelabra, at the four corners of the platform, bore wax tapers sufficient to dispel the darkness, but not to banish the gloom pervading the church, which was hung with black embroidered with white crosses. The Empress made an attempt to assist at this funeral service, but her feelings overpowered her, and she was borne back to the palace in a swoon; but as soon as she came to herself, she entered the private chapel, and repeated there the same prayers then reciting in the church of St. Alexander.

While the remains of the Emperor Alexander were on their way to their last home, the report of his dangerous state, which had been forwarded officially to the Grand-Duke Nicholas, was contradicted by another document, which bore date of the 29th of November, announcing that considerable amendment had taken place in the Emperor's health, who had recovered from a swoon of eight hours' duration, and had not only appeared collected, but declared himself improved in health.

Whether this was a political ruse of the conspirators or the new Emperor remains quite uncertain; however, a solemn *Te Deum* was ordered to be celebrated in the cathedral of Casan, at which the Empress Mother and the Grand-Dukes Nicholas and Michael were present. The joyful crowds assembled at this service scarcely left the imperial family and their suite a free space for the exercise of their devotions. Towards the end of the *Te Deum*, while the sweet

voices of the choir were rising in harmonious concert to heaven, some official person informed the Grand Duke Nicholas, that a courier from Tangaroff had arrived with the last despatch, which he refused to deliver into any hand but his own. Nicholas was conducted into the sacristy, and with one glance at the messenger divined the nature of the document of which he was the bearer. The letter he presented was sealed with black. Nicholas recognised the hand-writing of the Empress Consort, and hastily opening it, read these words,—

“Our angel is in heaven; I still exist on earth, but I hope soon to be re-united to him.”

The bishop was summoned into the sacristy by the new Emperor, who gave him the letter, with directions to break the fatal tidings it contained to the Empress Mother with the tenderest care. He then returned to his place by the side of his august parent, who alone, of the thousands assembled there, had perceived his absence.

An instant after, the venerable bishop re-entered the choir, and silenced the notes of praise and exultation with a motion of his hand. Every voice became mute, and the stillness of death reigned throughout the sacred edifice. In the midst of the general astonishment and attention he walked slowly to the altar, took up the massy silver crucifix which decorated it, and throwing over that symbol of earthly sorrow and divine hope a black veil, he approached the Empress Mother, and gave her the crucifix in mourning to kiss.

The Empress uttered a cry, and fell with her face on the pavement;—she comprehended at once that her eldest son was dead.

The Empress Elizabeth soon realized the sorrowful hope she had expressed. Four months after the death of her consort she died on the way from Tangaroff, at Beloff, and soon rejoined him she had pathetically termed “her angel in heaven.”

The historical career of the Emperor Alexander is well known to every reader, but the minor matters of every-day life mark the man, while public details properly denote the sovereign.

The faults of Alexander are comprised in his infidelity to a beautiful, accomplished, and affectionate wife. He respected her even while wounding her delicate feelings by his criminal attachments to other women. After many years of mental pain, the injured Elizabeth gave him the choice of giving her up, or banishing an imperious mistress, by whom the Emperor had a numerous family.

Alexander could not resolve to separate for ever from his amiable and virtuous consort,—he made the sacrifice she required of him.

His gallantry sometimes placed him in unprincipled situations, and brought him in contact with persons immeasurably beneath him. He once fell in love with a tailor's wife at Warsaw, and not being well acquainted with the character of the pretty grisette, construed her acceptance of the visit he proposed making her, into approbation of his suit. The fair Pole was too

simple, and had been too virtuously brought up, to comprehend his intentions. Her husband was absent, so she thought it would not be proper to receive the imperial visit alone; she made, therefore, a re-union of her own and her husband's relations—rich people of the bourgeoisie class—and when the Emperor entered her saloon, he found himself in company with thirty or forty persons, to whom he was immediately introduced by his fair and innocent hostess. The astonished sovereign was obliged to make himself agreeable to the party, none of whom appear to have divined his criminal intentions. He made no further attempt to corrupt the innocence of this beautiful woman, whose simplicity formed the safeguard of her virtue.

A severe trial separated him for ever from his last mistress, who had borne him a daughter; this child was the idol of his heart, and to form her mind was the pleasure of his life. At eighteen the young lady eclipsed every woman in his empire by her dazzling beauty and graceful manners. Suddenly she was seized with an infectious fever, for which no physician in St. Petersburg could find a remedy. Her mother, selfish and timid, deserted the sick chamber of the suffering girl, over whom the bitter tears of a father were vainly shed, while he kept incessant vigils over one whom he would have saved from the power of the grave at the expense of his life and empire. The dying daughter asked incessantly for her mother, upon whose bosom she desired to breathe her last sigh, but neither the passionate entreaties nor the commands of the imperial lover could induce the unnatural parent to risk her health by granting the interview for which her poor child craved, and she expired in the arms of her father, without the consolation of bidding her mother a last adieu.

Some days after the death of his natural daughter, the Emperor Alexander entered the house of an English officer to whom he was much attached. He was in deep mourning, and appeared very unhappy:

"I have just followed to the grave," he said, "as a private person the remains of my poor child, and I cannot yet forgive the unnatural woman who deserted the death-bed of her daughter. Besides, my sin, which I never repented of, has found me out, and the vengeance of God has fallen upon its fruits. Yes, I deserted the best and most amiable of wives, the object of my first affection, for women who neither possessed her beauty nor merit. I have preferred to the Empress even this unnatural mother, whom I now regard with loathing and horror. My wife shall never again have cause to reproach my broken faith."

Devotion and his strict adherence to his promise balm'd the wound, which, however, only death could heal. To the secret agony which through life had haunted the bosom of the son was added that of the father, and the return of Alexander to the paths of virtue and religion originated in the loss of this beloved daughter, smitten, he considered, for his sins.

The friendship of this prince for Madam Krudener had nothing criminal in its nature, though it furnished a theme for scandal to those who are apt to doubt the

purity of Platonic attachments between individuals of opposite sexes.

In regard to this emperor's political career, full of ambition and stratagem, we can only re-echo his dying words to his confessor:—"God must be merciful to kings!" His career, however varied by losses on the field or humiliated by treaties, ended triumphantly with the laurels of war and the olives of peace; and he bore to his far northern empire the keys of Paris as a trophy of his arms. His moderation demands the praise of posterity, and excited the admiration of the French nation at large.¹ His immoral conduct as a man and a husband was afterwards effaced by his sincere repentance, and he died in the arms of the most faithful and affectionate of wives, who could not long survive her irreparable loss. His death was deeply lamented by his subjects, who, if they did not enrol his name among the greatest of their rulers, never have hesitated to denote him as the best and most merciful sovereign who ever sat upon the Russian throne.

PETER AFFLECK;

OR, THE PORTALS OF SCIENCE.

(A DUNDEE STORY.)

BY W. W. FYFE.

AMONGST the numerous organs of public opinion that have seen the light in the ancient and royal burgh of Dundee, there was one which we question whether any person now living be old enough to remember. It has long since descended to "the tomb of all the Capulets." But in its peaceful and prosperous days, ere party discussions disturbed the land, every true man paid for his paper; every syllable which the voracious print contained was matter of firm, conscientious belief to town and country; and the most problematical reports or opinions were infallibly stamped with authenticity the moment they obtained the *imprimatur* of the press. In these halcyon days, an aged printer, from whom we many years ago received an account of the following whimsical incidents, was initiated in the mysteries of the *black art* of Dr. Faustus, in the humble capacity of a printer's devil—a very harmless sort of imp in general, who may principally be regarded as the victim of appearances, which, as he is usually well begrimed with lamp-black, are certainly against him. Our friend, however distinguished in after life as an author and a scholar, was, by the universal assent of the town, allowed to be "an auld farrant laddie,"—a character which, if it destroyed his proper standing amongst the boys of the different "traps," or streets, engaged

(1) The French authorities would have removed the trophies of Napoleon's victories, and the commemoration of the Russian share in the disastrous days of Jena and Austerlitz. The Emperor Alexander magnanimously replied, "No, let them remain: it is sufficient that I have passed over the bridge with my army!" A noble and generous reply. Few princes have effaced public wrongs so completely, or used their opportunity of making reprisals so mercifully. (See Chateaubriand's Autobiography.)

from year's end to year's end in a warfare of missiles, which, had Mr. Macadam's system of road-making then been known, would have been fearful to contemplate, gained for the youthful printer an unwonted degree of consideration from the "douce" seniors of the community. Amongst the worthy patrons and admirers of the "auld farrant laddie" was Mr. Peter Affleck, his quondam teacher; but who, having in fact exhausted upon the young prodigy his entire stock of literature, science, and art, had now, in a manner, changed places with the boy, and literally looked up to him as a miracle—but a miracle of his own creation, which made a very great difference indeed to "the master;" for it is not to be supposed he could be so devoid of professional feeling as not to have cogent reasons for overlooking the pedantry and self-importance which, in common with most of his brethren of the birch, Mr. Affleck manifested on all proper occasions. In truth, it soothed his pride to fancy that the astonishing gifts of intelligence which the printer's apprentice began to display were nothing less than natural results of the extra pains bestowed on his instruction. The master thought he beheld but the reflection of his own genius in the brightness of his pupil. He was, therefore, very favourably disposed to listen at all times to the wonderful recitals which young "blackie" (who soon learned how to avail himself of the good man's credulity) did not fail to pour forth in reference to the mysteries of the printing-office. It never appeared that Peter's ideas on the subject arrived at a more definite shape than that of vague astonishment and admiration. He resembled a faithfully attached friend of a certain philosopher, whom a great phrenologist pronounced to be composed of wonder and adhesiveness. Peter wondered, indeed, as much as Katerfelto,

"With his hair on end,
At his own wonders wondering for his bread."

Those who may account it strange that such should be the case must remember that we speak of a long by-gone period. The schoolmaster had not been abroad in those days; and the circuit of his information was sometimes inconceivably limited. That of Peter Affleck's was, perhaps, still more so than might otherwise have been the case, had he spent all his days amidst the bustle of a town. But for many long years had he been thrown back on the very meagre resources of his own mind, whilst settled as a schoolmaster amidst the dreary wastes of the Shetland Isles. A character of great natural simplicity had not well been able to resist the contagion of intense ignorance and prevalent superstition; and, if well read in a few classic authors, a master of the dead languages, and versed in some points of abstruse science, as regarded modern inventions and matters of every-day life the poor schoolmaster was therefore nearly as ignorant as a child. The intuitive perception of this on the part of the young printer was consistent with character; and his zeal to impart information to one to whom he had hitherto been indebted very greatly, outran his discretion. Of one fixed idea Mr.

Affleck became at length possessed in consequence of the boy's prelections; and we are sorry to say that it is doubtful if more than one ever vegetated in his mind on the subject. After ponderous cogitation and long rumination, the worthy schoolmaster felt thrilled with the awful and mysterious conviction that the printing and publishing offices in question were "The Portals of Science." What precise notion he may have attached to this, if he attached any, we cannot pretend to say; the exact form taken by the esteemed pedagogue's conclusions is that which we have given.

We must by no means omit to mention that Mr. Peter Affleck had a son—the very opposite in all respects of his worthy father—as rough as he was dignified, and as mischievous as he was sedate. When, therefore, young Peter was everlastingly teased and taunted with the example of our friend of the printing-office, the latter, his trade, office, and all concerned, became excessively distasteful in his eyes; and it was with no great good-will that Master Affleck heard of his father's intention to take an early opportunity of entering "The Portals of Science," for the express purpose of awakening the dormant faculties of young Hopeful to the importance of knowledge. In deep consultation with his favourite pupil it was resolved that the most appropriate moment for executing this project, which had long lain near the good man's heart, should be one which, in point of interest, should resemble the moment of projection of the alchemists. It will be easily surmised that, however compatible with the degree of veneration entertained by the schoolmaster, this was not in reality the most auspicious time that could have been chosen for intruding upon the bustle of the printing-office. The fact is, that there were posts even in those days, and even "latest news;" and that these conflicting elements produced fully as great a ferment in that day as in the present, when the sands of time are running out and intelligence pouring in. It was, nevertheless, decided that such should be the precise instant of the preceptor's approach.

It is necessary to describe the house appropriated for the purposes of the press, although it is long since numbered amongst the things that were. It stood in a well-known part of the town, denominated "the Vault." Two back streets, connected by a thoroughfare, went under this name, one of which was, however, more properly St. Clement's Lane, and the other, which sufficiently attested the accuracy of its name by the hollow reverberations retorted to the tread of men and the hoofs of animals by its resounding causeway, was the Vault. The two streets already mentioned defile from the principal oblong square of the town, called the High Street, at either side of the public building containing the town-house and, formerly, the jail; but which is well known to occupy the site of the great church and cemetery of St. Clement's, a fabric of extreme antiquity, not even supposed to have survived so far down as the Reformation. Connected with this ecclesiastical edifice there

had been one of those numerous monastic institutions in which the town of Dundee so much abounded, that at its sack and pillage by the celebrated general of the Restoration, one of the gay cavaliers of the Claverhouse faction roundly swore that, for his part, he could always have foretold that the ging-eared worshippers of "the jug and the lily," (a pot sustaining a daffodil being the insignia of the town,) would be ruined by a *Monk*. The ruins of the cloister and monastic cells partly existed in the rear of the town-house even in our day; and the latter were actually converted in the progress of improvement into "lock-ups" for the adjoining police-office. Thus in the penitential cell, where some holy ascetic had lashed and lacerated his frame under the influence of his creed, the drunken brawler was in after-times doomed to repent at leisure of his transgressions. At the time of which we speak, there had, however, been no such use made of the cells. On the contrary, the place in which they were situated, a narrow strip of green vacant grass behind the town-house, bordered on one side by the low and mouldering ruins of the cloister, and, beyond, hemmed in by a confused huddle of dwelling-houses, was rarely, if ever, visited; and then with footsteps awed by dread. There was no positive superstition attached to the place more than to any common place of sepulture; but what gave it somewhat of an ominous character was the accredited report of subterraneous passages and empty labyrinths that led to nothing, of which, indeed, the very ring of the vaulted street adjoining was enough to satisfy the passer-by, especially in the lone and silent night as he hurried homewards. More than this, there stood within the precincts of the sort of *cul de sac* called the Vault, an ancient hostellerie, constructed in the form prescribed by our ancestors for these houses of public entertainment, viz. with a walled court-yard in front, above the gateway of which creaked and swung the huge emblazoned sign; and with innumerable small, as well as some large apartments, with quaint bow-windows. This old hostellerie had, by dint of breaking through doors, and ingeniously connecting new and old buildings, been, in fact, converted into the printing-premises in question. And, strange to tell, from that day forth, as if the imps of darkness had sunk dismayed before the quenchless light of knowledge, the evil repute of the neighbourhood, especially of the subterranean vaults and of the ancient ruins, had in a measure ceased.

Whether the frequenters of the house of revelry had more than necessary to do in sustaining the superstitious feelings originally attached to the spot, is uncertain. Perhaps they found the passages excavated by the monks convenient, in the same way as the inhabitants of Eyemouth, in former times, when smuggling was more prevalent, which is said to have occasioned more of that town to be built under the ground than above it. Be this as it may, although the preternatural appearances in and around the Vault were less talked of latterly than they once had been, nothing is more certain than the fact that the man who was now ready to be the first to enter the

"Portals of Science" would have been about the last to enter the subterranean purlieus of the Vault. As for his son and heir, most places, indeed, were alike to him; he was even familiar with one of the very arcana of the ancient town, called "Little Hell," from its many abominations, and long since removed to make way for the fashionable Union Street, running parallel to the old thoroughfare of Couthe's Wynd, gifted by King James IV., in one of his gaberbunzie moods, to a bold flesher named Couthe, who had done his majesty, when beset at the approach of his own palace at Whitehall adjoining, service similar to that of Jock Howieson on Cramond Brig.


Mr. Peter Affleck and his hopeful son—who, by the way, added to his father's aggravation at his general conduct by a habit he had contracted of expressing himself invariably in the pure vernacular, which in Forfarshire presents a broader Doric aspect than perhaps anywhere in Scotland—entered the "Portals of Science" by advice of their friend at court, the young apprentice, precisely as the clock struck twelve on the night of publication, and within a comparatively short time of the hour when the mail, by which the newspapers were then franked by the member for the Burghs, must be despatched. Their coming had been casually hinted at, and indeed encouraged, though by no means anticipated at such a conjuncture, on the part of the master-printer, whose usual urbanity, however, completely gave way on beholding the inauspicious visitation. The compositors were busy at their posts rattling up the "latest news," as if for life or death; the foreman was driving everything before him; the master and reader had resigned his functions of corrector of the press, in the consciousness of inaccuracies being now of less consequence than the delay of rectifying them. He stood with watch in hand at the "stone," or imposing-table, urging every possible sort of exertion to catch the post, when the unhappy schoolmaster and his son appeared upon the scene.

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Affleck," cried the printer, "could ye no come in the morn? Ye see we're just at touch and go."

"Eh, father," suggested Hopeful, "they're just at touch and go. Come awa' and see."

"Silence, Peter," said the schoolmaster, with an air somewhat betwixt the word of command, and an expression of mortification. "Certainly, sir, surely," he replied to the printer; but at the same time advanced farther into the composing-room after his son, who had espied his father's ally, the apprentice, at another part of the apartment. The printing-office was not, indeed, furnished with those sliding panels which figure in the romances of *Mrs. Radcliffe*; but it so happened that in the course of its construction various doors, almost equally mysterious, had been opened for convenience-sake in the old panneling, of which, indeed, they were composed, leading to the numerous interior staircases or flights of steps, that still perplex the mazes of very old houses. Our friend, the "auld farrent laddie," alarmed for the

consequence of his share in the schoolmaster's inapposite intrusion, pulled up one of these doors, which happened to be at his hand, significantly facilitating thereby the egress of the Afflecks; and the father, seizing the son by the collar, after a preliminary shaking and another stern injunction of silence, plunged through the aperture, whilst the door, being made to close with what is termed "a pace," relapsed into its position, hardly to be distinguished on either side from the rest of the panelling, as soon as the apprentice relaxed his hold;—so closely was it fitted to prevent draught, that sound was nearly excluded as well as air.

The hurry of the composing-room went on for nearly an hour, the bustle was subsiding, for the point at which they had been driving was all but gained, when those within began to have leisure to attend to a series of scuffling noises which seemed to proceed from behind the wainscot. It seems that Mr. Affleck and his son had got beyond the door in the wainscoting, but no further, and were then left in utter darkness. There was another door beyond it which opened on the stair; but this being also closed for the same reason as the first, and in the same manner, had eluded the search alike of father and son, though diligently plied, from the confusion caused by the mouldings of the wainscot all around where they were now immured. Whilst engaged in their exertions to extricate themselves, and confident every moment of accomplishing that point, the father in stern whispers, enforced by desperate shakings, still enjoined silence on his son, from shame probably at the prospect of being detected blundering in the passage, or possibly from a natural unwillingness to be the cause of interrupting the pressure of business within. The youngster was with difficulty kept down, and the joint release of the pair was in reality owing at length to his breaking bounds. Two points of apparent egress they had, indeed, almost at once discovered; but neither of these fulfilled the conditions required at the moment. The first of these was a fire-place, which, despite his son's asseverations of its leading to the "lum head," the worthy dominie had not exactly made up his mind for either attempting himself, or suffering the daring explorer of "Little Hell" to attempt. The other was a closet, or as Hopeful pronounced it, a "bunker." But then it was a bunker such as the schoolmaster's entire mathematical powers were puzzled to define. This recess was, indeed, neither horizontal, nor was it perpendicular, being formed of the space betwixt the roof of a lower stair, which caused its floor to dip at a very considerable angle, and to a rather alarming extent when fathomed in perfect darkness,—and of the underside of a garret-stair, which presented zigzag inequalities following the dip of the lower section. It somewhat on the whole resembled a large  which has tumbled over. This mysterious aperture, whilst it gave hope baffled escape. With the fireplace the dilemma was trifling. It was either to sally up its ample gorge, through the soot, or to remain where they were. But this other

insidious and alluring man-trap was a matter more perplexing, the more especially as presenting itself for the only means of egress to be perceived, at least by groping in the place. Young Affleck had penetrated its mysteries very speedily, had he been permitted; and, as it was, repeatedly dived farther into the recess than his agitated parent was at all pleased with. Round and round and round groped the twain; till, at last, a horrible suspicion began to fill the schoolmaster's mind with a vivid superstitious dread to which since a sojourner in Shetland he had almost been a stranger,—he had begun to conceive that he and his son had been bewitched. He placed his hand on Hopeful's mouth, however, with a lingering reluctance to draw on any exposure to the compositors, before communicating this alarming conviction; and it was only in consequence of being unable to prevent the kicks of desperation that ensued the information, that their deliverance was effected.

"Preserve us a', Mestir Affleck!" cried the master of the house, "glowering," as Hopeful afterwards asserted, into the recess. "Whare hae ye been a' this time? What for did ye no cry out?"

"Yer stairs turned upside doon," said the junior, shaking himself loose from the parent gripe, whilst the poor dumbfounded schoolmaster mumbled something unintelligibly by way of apology, and was hurrying off in the direction in which he had originally entered the premises.

"Upside doon!" cried the printer, in astonishment, as he directed young Hopeful to hold the one door whilst opening the other, till by the light streaming through he perceived that all was as usual. "This way, Mr. Affleck," he added, "this way;" now fully and fairly persuaded that the worthy pedagogue had screwed his courage up to enter "the Portals of Science" at dead of night, by imbibing somewhat too strong potations: "here's the stair, sir; here's the stair." So saying, the printer, to whom our dominie, more and more ashamed, astounded, and confused, muttered a still more unintelligible apology, vanished beyond the inner wainscot. The father and son thus directed, managed this time to effect their escape by the staircase, the former still continuing his ejaculations:—

"Never mind, never mind—sorry to trouble you," &c. At length, with a sigh, like one relieved of an oppressive burden, he observed to his son that he had given up all hopes of ever getting out, and rushed down the inside stair followed by Hopeful, shouting,

"Heth! I'm gled we've won oot! Father, giv' thae be the Portels o' Science, I do'ot if we'll be muckle enlightened by this visitation."

"Silence, Peter," cried the father, resuming his ordinary equanimity, but continuing his rapid flight down stairs; "truth lies at the bottom of a well." So saying, he discovered that he had reached the limits of his descent by that rather awkward movement which a person makes in taking a step too many, and bringing himself unexpectedly in contact with the ground. They were still in utter darkness,

and the response of the son rather grated on the father's ear, as he rejoined:—

"I dinna care whare it lies, if I were anee oot o' this hole."

The fact was, that Mr. Affleck, followed by his son, instead of rising to the street had, in his confusion, rapidly hurried down an extra stair, and that led to a cellar, if cellar it could be called, which was neither more nor less than one of the redoubtable vaults of the locality. And when the honest man spoke of a well, little did he think that if there were any truth in his proposition he should soon run so narrow a chance of finding it out in person. The subterranean apartment in which the two were now plunged was, like their former man-trap, notable for two things; and one of these was a well, the other being a subterraneous passage, supposed to lead from some catacombs, unexplored, to the old crypt of St. Clement's, passing on its way through the cellar. Well and passage were remarkable for one common feature. No one knew whether the well had a bottom; it was only certain that it had no top; at all events no covering. And as for the passage, although it had been shrewdly suspected of having served the jolly monks once on a day to pass to the refectory of the old Hospice for the comfort of their carnal men in seasons of mortification, no one had ever ventured to explore it within the knowledge or memory of living man. Not so Mr. Peter Affleck and his offspring. Before they were many hours older, they had fathomed both these mysteries.

On gathering himself up, the recently prostrated schoolmaster began to feel all his superstitious fears returning. What was worse, from the previous instance of the effect of communicating them to his son, he was debarred the solace, which is sometimes considerable, of sharing his terrors. He felt, however, more firmly convinced than ever that he was suffering from the cantrips of witchcraft. Something, nevertheless, behoved to be done. Stumbling and poking about in the cellar, he had just got upon the verge of the yawning well, when young Peter, who had narrowly escaped the danger, judging by his father's voice that he must be near it, exclaimed, on approaching:—"Tak' care, father, tak' care; there's another trap, wantin' the stair. Tak' care, or ye'll whumble ower, head foremost, wi' an awfu' squelsh; an' am thinkin' we're far enough doon alreddy."

Mr. Peter Affleck was about to reply, by suiting the action to the word, when, mistaking the direction in which the danger lay, he unfortunately precipitated himself into the well, clutching at his son and dragging him along with him, whilst their cries, resounding through the dismal vaults, startled something that fitted away as if on leaden wings into the distance, and even roused some neighbouring cock, which forthwith faintly crew, as if ever so far away. Fortunately the well, if deep, was not wide, and Peter's person having in his fall been thrown in the first instance across it, he descended by the feet—a considerable distance, however—spasmodically throw-

ing out his legs against the sides of the aperture, and aided by the obstruction which he carried along with him in the shape of his son, he found himself ultimately brought up in the shaft or pit into which he had sunk. Freezing with affright in this cruel position, neither father nor son could for a length of time muster spirit to stir. Young Peter at last commenced his escape from the depths; and the well being lined with brick, or perhaps cement in blocks, pieces of which had given away, afforded to one by no means unaccustomed to such exertions an easy mode of access. To do the youth justice, he encouraged his father by every means in his power to follow his example; but it was not until he had stripped his jacket, and let it down by one sleeve, so as to afford the father a hold of the other, that with much pain and difficulty the schoolmaster found himself, more dead than alive, on what he rather hoped than believed might be *terra firma*.

The state of the schoolmaster, as he lay on the damp cellar floor, quaking with intense alarm, was truly pitiable. It was less the recent sense of imminent danger, or the re-action of the effort of self-preservation—an instinct which exerts itself too powerfully in the human breast to be easily overcome—than the state of moral perturbation in which this renewal of his former perplexities in an aggravated form produced, principally occasioned by his northern superstitions. Hours seemed to pass before the miserable man was re-invigorated for action. They were not in reality hours, except in the amount of agony compressed into them; but both to father and son, in their perfect despair, these fearful moments absolutely distended into ages of interminable, unendurable, and speechless fear. At length the elder Affleck, after making some desperate lounges—raised upon his elbow—such as Mr. Kean exhibits in the closing conflict of Richard III., regained his feet at such a distance from the well as he deemed to be safe, and, as good fortune would have it, felt that he had approximated to the side or wall of the cavern. He rightly enough surmised, that in cautiously groping his way along by its guidance, he was tolerably secure, at all events, from pitfalls, and might, perhaps, arrive at the point of egress.

Slowly and silently piloting their way by the wall, father and son, revived slightly by this assurance, moved onwards. Ere long, they turned an angle, but afraid to relinquish their hold upon the wall, continued still to steer their course by its means. On and on they went, slowly but surely, the atmosphere becoming damper and denser as they advanced; the space, too, through which they moved, becoming, or rather *feeling* more contracted; and what proved most harrowing to their feelings, they were perceptibly descending deeper and deeper beneath the surface. At length the younger, unable amidst his fears to resist the impulse of curiosity, stretched forth his hand; half a step from the wall along which he had been feeling brought it in contact with a similar wall beyond it. He instantly pronounced, in a tone of cheerfulness,

which smote, however, most diabolically on the parent ear, that they were in "Little Hell." The schoolmaster relieved his troubled spirit by a groan, and was ready to faint. He felt that sort of dread sensation which a strong writer—not a transatlantic one—has supposed a man would feel, if with his body at the temperature of red-hot iron, a plate of ice were thrust down from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. A cold shiver thrilled through the midst of his terrible agitation, and the chattering of his teeth sounded through the subterranean passage like the solemn click of the "death watch" in an antique chamber. At that moment a rushing as of air smote upon their faces, and the leaden flapping of wings was heard once more. They had arrived at a point where the passage they were threading appeared to diverge in two directions, down one of which—that along the wall whereof they were advancing—Apollyon himself seemed, judging by the noise of wings, to be now coming upon them. They were pretty well decided already, as far as decision could be the property of faculties now so completely unhinged as theirs, that it was too late to recede. But the diverging path opportunely served for a flight of desperation. Terror added wings to their speed. To their surprise, the ground appeared now to rise, although they were sensible that they were not retracing their steps. The atmosphere became less suffocating and sepulchral, and, blessed be heaven! they thought that in the distance they could faintly discern a gloomy twilight. But the horrible wings were in pursuit! Nearer and nearer they came. Peter and his son literally flew along the narrow passage as if pursued by fate. But, alas! as they seemed about to emerge from the Cimmerian darkness into the spot which "counterfeited gloom," of rather produced it without any counterfeit, a small keg or barrel, which somehow lay in the way, tripped the foremost, father or son, we forget which, and father, son, and barrel, were speedily rolling over and over on the damp floor of the passage, whilst, brushing with loathsome proximity to their faces and persons, a huge overgrown bat, the most terrified party, perhaps, of the lot, flapped lazily over them, and almost instantly soaring upwards, disappeared. The fresh morning air, whose influence was very perceptible in the position in which the dominie and his son now found themselves, operated favourably, after a time, in their revivification, for this crowning catastrophe had well-nigh deprived both of animation, when it was discovered by one or other that they lay adjacent to a flight of steps.

Joyfully, at least with a melancholy pleasure,—a pleasure which, like all others, being comparative, was, in their case, not far short of the superlative degree, owing to the ordeal through which they had passed to reach it, for "sweet is pleasure after pain,"—they emerged into the morning moonlight, as it was not yet dawn, where it lay sleeping as in dreams upon the low broken columns of the ruined cloister, and saw it chequered by scattered shadows of decay and desolation on the small green patch of grass that

remained unprofaned of the cemetery of St. Clement's. To climb the gate which guarded this property of the "common guild" was no easy task; but it was nothing compared with what our adventurers had undergone. The memory of that night never faded from the recollection of either. It is almost superfluous to say that the scholars of Peter Affleck that morning missed him for once from his post; and that young Hopeful, who, something loth however, had been deputed to announce that his father had a "sair heid," added, in confidence, his own particular explanation of the overnight exploits that had occasioned it, and even volunteered to lead the forlorn hope of an exploring party through the mazes whose secrets he had thus been privy to unravelling. We may add that the project was not at all popular, and was never undertaken, chiefly from the visible disinclination of young Affleck himself, when it came to the point, to stand to his word. As for his father, he had no stomach for the undertaking, and it was long ere he could so much as endure a reference even to the "Portals of Science," which he dropped from amongst his habitual topics of discussion; and if he manifested any continuance of favouritism for "the auld farrent laddie," we have reason to believe he never again put to the test his influence for gaining him admission to inspect the marvels of the printing-office.

Great changes have come over the localities referred to since these ludicrous events transpired; so great, that few will be able to recognise them. The ruins have been almost totally removed, and replaced by places of durance vile, and other public offices. The hostelry has been totally or partially rebuilt and heightened, and in lieu of a printing-office has become a tavern once more. The vaults are still there, roofed over by the reverberating public causeway, but they are blocked up in all directions, and used extensively as wine merchants' cellars. The aversion of old Affleck to speak much or at all of his subterranean researches tended to restrict the legend of the existence of subterranean passages, as before, to the rising generation. And the enterprise of the son being effectually damped towards the prosecution of any discovery in that direction, all recollection of these mysterious labyrinths was speedily lost in oblivion, where, but for our present disclosures, they would have remained.

AFRICA.¹

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

NOTHING does Great Britain more credit than her efforts to suppress the slave-trade. Nothing is more unfortunate for the Americans than the continuation in their southern States of this infamous institution. We admit, of course, that our country gave America that detestable inheritance, and that it forms no stigma on their national character, for to abolish it at once is an impossibility. Perceiving, therefore, that

(1) Continued from vol. xiii. p. 226.

our transatlantic brethren are anxious to rid themselves of this burden, we lay little blame to any but the holders of slaves, the landed proprietary, who cling to the vile system, and threaten the disruption of the Union if any attempt is made on their monstrous privilege. Nevertheless, it is the duty of the true liberal party to persevere, and aid England in her honourable enterprise. The African squadron does much, but other plans may do more. None could regret more than we the removal of that magnificent naval police force which patrols the coasts of the slave country; but there are remedies to be applied in the seat and cradle of the disease which may accomplish more than the most vigilant cruisers. It may be interesting to sketch the present state of this unnatural trade, to relate a few anecdotes in connexion with it, and to describe a plan proposed for its extirpation.

About sixty years have passed since England opened a war upon the slave-trade. At that time Great Britain carried away from Africa thirty thousand; Portugal twenty thousand; France, Holland, and Denmark sixteen thousand—in all sixty-six thousand; while other traders made it up to a hundred thousand. We relinquished the traffic; but for a long period it continued to increase, and in 1839, the number of victims was one hundred and fifty thousand. It fell before 1845 to thirty-two thousand six hundred, but doubled next year, though at present, owing to the cooperation of Brazil, it has been reduced to an average between those two figures. The average number since 1807, has been seventy-seven thousand. Had Great Britain continued to share in the trade, we might probably have counted the slaves by millions, instead of thousands, for myriads have been liberated by her cruisers, and myriads more are saved from capture by her refusal to countenance the abominable transaction. Yet still the system exists at will in Africa, and the interior of that dreary continent is a theatre of oppression of the weak by the strong, horrible to contemplate. It will continue to be so while the profits are so enormous, and the native kings find advantage in the sale of human flesh. Princes in Africa excel Hobbes in their ideas of divine right, and ambitious of rivalling their brethren of Christendom, revel in all the excesses of barbarous ferocity. They are woman floggers, man hunters, sacrificers of human beings, slave sellers, and “fountains of justice” at the same time. The King of Dahomey, among others, annually collects all the warriors, male and female, in his dominions, sallies forth from the capital, invades a neighbouring territory, destroys what he cannot plunder, and bears home a mighty multitude of captives. These are distributed among the nobles and the people, with a choice reserve for his majesty. Most are sold as slaves, many are kept as servants, and a few are put aside to be hacked in pieces, or beaten to death with clubs, for the amusement of the court, and the propitiation of the gods! Mr. Forbes, a late traveller,¹ saw several

of these miserable wretches doomed to die. They were placed in canoes or cradles, carried up to a high platform, held aloft by the arms of the soldiers—all the while sitting in meek patience, looking for their fate—and then dashed to the ground, to be struck limb from limb by the infuriated savages below. Our humane countryman, doing honour to his nation, ransomed two or three of the intended victims, but the royal taste for blood was too hot and eager to forego its feast altogether, even in consideration of glittering new-minted dollars, or scarlet cloth, or bright-barrelled guns, or a case of the sparkling dew swept from the slopes of Ben Nevis.

Clearly, the great support of the slave-trade is its profitable nature. It is useless to show the princes of Africa, or the people degraded by their rule, that other sources of revenue are more honourable, or more manly. They retort, “but not more profitable.” A traveller in Zanzibar remonstrated with the merchants, advising them to follow a more honest occupation. “Which is that?” they asked. Some ivory was then in the market, so the Englishman said, “We will buy and pay you for that in preference to buying men!” In the reply was summed up the grand cause of African degradation. It was a laconic but eloquent answer: “It is easier to catch a man than an elephant!” The income derived by the slave sellers is enormous; but it is by bartering for money the life and blood of the land. The true materials of wealth are the productions of the soil and the fruits of the people’s industry. With all her millions of population, however, with all her inexhaustible resources, with her vast territories, and the multiplied natural advantages she enjoys, Africa exports to every other part of the globe no more than Cuba with twelve hundred thousand inhabitants. The reason is evident,—cotton, coffee, sugar, grain, ivory, even gold, must be bought and sold at a fair price, because the principle of competition prevents extravagant profits; but Africa has a monopoly of the slave-trade curse. When will the native trader, accustomed to buy a slave from the kidnapper for twenty-five shillings, to sell him for five pounds, turn to a traffic in ivory at fifty per cent.? When will the merchant accustomed to buy a slave for five, and to sell him for a hundred and five pounds, (2,000 per cent.) turn to cotton with a profit of thirty per cent.?

What we propose chiefly to dwell on is the slave-trade of the interior; the horrors of the middle passage and the plantations being familiar to every reader. We may describe a few episodes of this great system as displayed in the deserts and the oases they contain, and it will be seen what a strange wild life is that of the slave-hunter and the slave in the great cradle of human misery. Yet we must not think of these races as altogether savage. It may make us blush to confess the truth, but it is absolutely a fact, that in the cities of Ghat and Ghadames in the oases of the Sahara wilderness, there are more children who can read and write than in any English town of similar size. The Negroes on the banks of the Niger

(1) “Residence at the Court of Dahomey.” By Frederick E. Forbes. 2 vols. Longmans: 1851.

copy the Koran in beautiful characters, and many arts of refinement have been introduced among them; but the slave-trade, as a means of accumulating gold, is an absorbing lust, devouring all the better feelings of their nature.

We have heard of European bishops assuming many offices besides those of religion; but in Africa they stray still more boldly from their mission. A traveller saw one of them at Ghadames, with a mind full of speculations in slaves. He was a delicate gentleman, who imitated the women in foppery, blackening his eyelids and staining his finger and toe-nails with dark-red henna. He asked, "What is the expense of a journey to Constantinople?" adding, "I shall go and buy some slaves at Ghat and convey them to Constantinople. Don't you think I shall make money by it?" The traveller warned him that if he took slaves to Malta they would touch British ground and be free, which disconcerted the aspiring bishop of the faithful.

Ghadames is a considerable city in the desert on the south borders of Tripoli, and forms a stage in the progress of the slave caravans from the distant country of Bornou. The melancholy trains arrive continually on their way to the coast. The poor creatures, men, women, and children, are naked, with the exception of a slight leathern fillet round their loins. Their forms emaciated with hunger and fatigue, their features pinched, and their whole appearance miserable—nothing can present a stronger picture of human degradation. The merchants are half bandits, and some of them vie with the wild beasts in ferocity. Richardson saw one six feet nine inches high, with limbs like the trunks of palm-trees, and a tread that seemed to root his foot at every step. As he walked the low-covered street, he lowered his huge lance, "as large as an ordinary gas-light post, for fear of catching the roof," and "his big sword, swinging from his back, scraped the mortar from both sides of the walls." Such a monster was a fit leader for a slave caravan, and his power subdued the little spirit that remained in his victims. Many of the slave chiefs are of a similar description, yet bonds are necessary to tame the poor captives on their journey. A resident in Ghadames, strolling through the city with a friend, saw some merchants gambling. They were playing for iron manacles and fetters! "These," they said, "are for slaves; each has a pair of them, to prevent him from escaping while travelling through the desert." Collars for the neck were also exhibited, and when our countryman inquired who manufactured them, he was told, the people of Soudan. There are iron mines among their mountains, and the manacles and fetters are fabricated there. They are only used in the desert for the slaves of the soil, and are never sold. So Africa forges her own chains, and the wretched dwellers in Soudan dig among the hills the metal that is to gall their limbs on the weary march over two thousand miles of desert!

Still in the career of the poor slaves there are sunny spots, short hours of pleasure, and among these is the

farewell festival, on the last borders of their country. They collect together to dance and sing, resigned to their inevitable lot, and looking forward to a happier day after the end of life, when

"To Eden's beauty and matchless bloom
The soul will flutter from death's cold tomb;"¹

for, strange to discover, the only hope of these desolate exiles is in a future state, on the joys of which their fancy is for ever dwelling. After the short dance and a few songs, the slaves proceed to the tombs of their dead relatives, to bid them adieu, paying pious rites to their manes and chanting, half as a prayer, half as a hymn, their desire "to be restored to them and liberty after death." They carry chafing-dishes and burn sweet gums in them, but the tears they shed and the hopes they breathe are a richer incense, because they are the true oblations of the heart. When the slaves remain in an African town under native masters, their burial-place is apart from that of the free population, the pride of class accompanying humanity even into the grave, as it would, if possible, beyond. Among the bondpeople in the cities, an occasional day of rejoicing occurs, but is always commenced by a visit to the tombs and a song of happiness and freedom in a future life. Then they collect in a garden, dress gaily if they can, feast if they have the means, dance and sing, and forget their slavery during the few hours of their revel.

In some of the oasis-cities the slaves are well treated and learn to love their masters. We have an account of one venerable sheikh, with the wrinkles of ninety years on his cheeks and brows, whose serfs beheld him as an earthly god, and revered all his words, not from terror but affection. But with the slave merchants the case is far different. They appear to their miserable prisoners like demons of evil, and the Razzia, or slave hunt, is dreaded more than the approach of any storm. Meeting a caravan on the sterile face of the desert, a melancholy sight presents itself. Children, leaning like old men on staves, crawl over the ground. Perhaps a thousand human beings are dragged along in the miserable train. Camels bearing ostrich feathers, hides, wooden bowls, spoons, sandals, wooden combs, leather pillow-cases, bags, purses, pouches, bottles and skins for water, spears, lances, staves, daggers, swords, shields, with jars of liquid butter, baskets of grain, dried beef, pepper, fruit, tobacco, gums, cottons, and other commodities, are crowded with them, though the chief merchandise is human flesh. The labours of the journey are tremendous, but the strength of the Negro appears equally so. Children of five years of age walk the whole distance across the mighty wilderness of Sahara, and women vie with the men in their powers of endurance. The wretched creatures, if they are allowed to keep any toys and trinkets, find some solace in them, decorate their persons, and feel a pleasure in this task of vanity.

(1) Shirley Hibberd, the poet of lakes, and woods, and streams, whose imagination resembles, in its freshness and beauty, the flowers it perpetually delights in.

Often, however, no such indulgence is permitted. The slaves, generally young girls, are driven on with the lash, and if, to appease their thirst, they offend by plucking some of the fresh green herbage by the way, they are barbarously whipped as a punishment. They are allowed to drink once in the morning and once in the evening, if water be abundant, but when the supply is scanty, a single draught is all that is given to quench their thirst. Misfortune teaches them many a severe lesson. One traveller saw a little child three years old, riding a tall camel, alone and fearless. It knew that a sign of fear or a sound of complaint would condemn it to drag on foot over the ground. Another, a young girl, was limping along over the stony desert, all but exhausted by the journey. A savage driver seized her, fastened a rope about her waist, dragged her after him, tied her to the camel, and drove the beast forward. The poor girl ran, and fell; she was pulled over the stones, bleeding in every limb, and then lifted up, still hauled forward by the cord, until, limping, falling, and sinking at intervals, she accomplished that stage. Next day the same weary labour awaited her, and so she made her way from the huts of her own country to the seaport, where she was to be shipped off to labour in the plantations of Cuba.

Sometimes the troops of girls are given into the charge of boys, who whip and goad them along with sharp pieces of wood. Children of thirteen, hardened in brutality, excel the ferocity of men; and women placed under their command, are tortured by the little tyrants with the last excess of malignity, stripped, flogged, and driven until they drop. A poor maiden from Bornou was once dragged along until she became blind from the unbearable fatigue, and then whipped until she became insane.

In the journal of a recent traveller through the wilderness of Africa, we meet with many passages like the following:—

“Evening. Died a young female slave. She had been ill a month. She was of the most delicate frame, and cost seventy dollars as a great beauty. She was buried in the grave-yard of the Marabet without any ceremonies. Happy creature to have so died!”

The next day, succeeding that on which this entry was made, Richardson visited the tent of a slave-driver, and saw a girl lying ill on the ground. The savage was lashing her with a whip of bull’s hide. A quarter of an hour afterwards, the traveller was sauntering through a desert burial-ground, when he met the slave-driver’s servant with a small axe in his hand.

“What are you going to do?”

“Dig a grave only.”

“What! are you going to dig the grave of the young negress whom Haj Ibrahim was just now beating?”

“Yes,” answered the man, and he was ashamed of his master’s cruelty.” The poor creature had been whipped on the point of death—perhaps killed by the lash. They dug a narrow grave, a few inches deep, placed the warm body in, lying on the right side, with

the face towards Mecca, and covered it with a garment of black cotton. The servant felt it once more to see if the girl was really dead. He fancied her heart was still beating, and stopped up the nostrils with clay. Frequently the unhappy wretches are buried alive, and smothered by the earth, which is found disturbed above them. The traveller aided in placing some small stones over the spot, and the poor young slave was left sleeping in the desert.

The men are often still more severely treated, being gashed with daggers for the least offence. The Haj Ibrahim, who whipped the dying girl, is described as a favourable specimen of his class, who “treated his slaves as much like a gentlemanly Moor as he well could do.” He carried with him on his journeys a gigantic tent, made of dried bullocks’ skins, to shelter the poor creatures at night; for the Nigritians cannot bear the cold, and soon die when exposed to it. Consequently, as a matter of pecuniary prudence, they are forced to bear huge burdens of wood, to make fires on the camping grounds. The moment the halt is sounded, the slaves collect and prepare immense piles of billets, interlaid with masses of desert scrub, which are kindled, and around these the poor creatures gather to warm themselves, and forget in a few hours of repose the pains and labours of the day. Even these short intervals of rest are broken into by the cruelty of the drivers, or the anguish of some dying wretch worn out by the fatigues of the march. A resident in Ghat once saw a negress, just arrived with a caravan, lying on the ground, fast sinking under an accumulation of agony. Her bones were nearly through the skin, which was parched and shrivelled like a dry water-bottle. Her owner was rubbing her with some oil. He asked the stranger for some medicine, but our countryman saw that the girl needed, not physic, but food. “Give her something to eat,” he said. The merchant replied, “I have nothing.” “What do you eat yourself?” “Bread and bayeen.” “Give her that.” The avaricious wretch made no reply, but turned away. He evidently considered such food too good for a slave, even to save her life.

We in this country, enjoying the comforts our civilization has ensured us, seldom remember that such scenes are at this moment actually taking place in Africa. We do not take home to our hearts the reality of the thing. While looking at this page, the reader should recall to mind that slave-caravans are toiling over the Sahara, that weary and thirsty wretches are dragged along by ropes, some fainting by the way, some dying, some whipped along with thongs of bull’s hide, some goaded with spears, and all torn from their native homes to till the soil of a country not their own, for the advantage of strangers. It is said that numerous Europeans are engaged in the interior of Africa, aiding the native princes in their kidnapping expeditions, and realizing abundant profits from their adventures. A traveller inquired of a Soudan trader where the slaves were obtained. He said, in the wild land beyond his country, and that many men, with white hands and faces, assisted to

capture the thousands that were annually dragged away. He added that collars, fetters and manacles were used to tame them into subjection when they were sent down the Black River to the Great Salt Water, as they call the Atlantic Ocean. His interrogator asked how the slaves were caught. The trader instantly sprang up, and seized an Arab gun. He then squatted low on the ground, creeping along the floor, as though waiting and watching in silence. By a curious pantomime he suggested the idea of an unwary native approaching, and then made a sudden spring, as a tiger on his prey, with a horrid shout, to terrify the victim. After a sufficient number have been collected by this or a bolder process, the caravan is formed, and the slaves are driven over the border, in most cases never to return. They invariably discharge their feelings in songs and prayer-hymns as they move along by day, or gather round the camp fires by night. A republican poet of America has rendered into English verse a slave-chaunt, written down in the Saharan desert by a traveller. There is nothing added to the original, and the words are almost literally given. Nothing can exceed the sad melody of the cadence, or the melancholy music of this, their Song of Supplication to Heaven.

"Where are we going? Where are we going?

Where are we going, Rubec?!

Hear us! save us! Make us free.

Send our Atka² down from thee!

Here the Ghiblee wind is blowing;

Strange and large the world is growing;

Tell us, Rubec, where are we going?

Where are we going, Rubec?

"Bornou! Bornou! Where is Bornou?

Where are we going, Rubec?

Bornou land was rich and good,

Wells of water, fields of food;

Bornou land we see no longer,

Here we thirst, and here we hunger,

Here the Moor-man smites in anger;

Where are we going, Rubec?

"Where are we going? Where are we going?

Hear us, save us, Rubec!

Moons of marches from our eyes,

Bornou land behind us lies;

Hot the desert wind is blowing,

Will the waves of sand arc flowing!

Hear us! tell us! Where are we going?

Where are we going, Rubec?"

Occasionally we find an account of some of these poor creatures treading the homeward path, free again after years of toil, and bounding on in their child-like hope to see all things as they had left them. Stories of past times there may be among every people, but no elaborated romance from the pen of the finest writer ever could touch the heart more than the story of one young slave woman restored, after years of servitude, to liberty. She accompanied the traders on their way to Bornou, dwelling in silent happiness on the joys of her deliverance, until the well-remembered track was entered upon, and the hills of her own

country came in view. Then all her feelings played at once in the passion of a new-born pleasure; she laughed, she wept, she danced along the road, she poured out incoherent blessings on her conductors, she burst into rapturous songs of joy, and at length, in the delirium of her excitement, fell into convulsions and hardly escaped with life. In the dismal picture of the slave trade in Africa we have been drawing, how pleasant to find one little oasis like this on the bleak and desolate waste of misery and serfdom!

Such is a sketch of the slave-trade in Africa, and such are the miseries to which humanity is there exposed. To effect a change, to uproot the system, to convert the slave-hunters into honest traders, the slavers into tillers of their own soil, and to shut the ports of Africa against merchants seeking to perpetuate the unnatural traffic, would be to achieve a victory as great as that for which any statesman or conqueror ever yet won a laurel or a triumphal arch. An infinity of plans has been proposed; but we cannot examine more than one of them. It appears reasonable. It is simple, and might be carried into practice at a moderate expense. Its author is Macqueen, an important authority in connexion with Africa. Its chief feature is to make Africa the instrument of her own emancipation, and, by developing her resources, to destroy the profit of the slave dealer.

"Only raise," he says, "in any more commanding and accessible portion of Africa, say on the greatest entry, the banks of the lower Niger, 300,000 bales of cotton, 20,000 tons of coffee, and 100,000 tons of sugar at a cheap rate, and throw these yearly into the market of the world, already fully supplied by slave labour, and the result would be that this additional produce would reduce so greatly the general prices of all produce in every quarter, that the external slave trade would cease to be profitable and therefore cease to exist."

If Government, or a chartered company with a large capital, were to send agents with power to make treaties, to all the native princes along the slave coast of Africa, they might be brought by considerations of interest to forbid the passage of slaves through their dominions. At present the chief receives from two to four shillings for every slave carried through his kingdom. Calculate the yearly average, and grant him double the amount, besides presents of such commodities as barbarians love, and the amount of the whole would not equal half the cost of our squadron. Add stipulations of mutual friendship, and engage to buy the principal products of the soil, to be admitted into English ports at the terms of the most favoured nation. Stipulate for perfect liberty of trade, in return for which protection might be guaranteed to the prince. Show the chiefs and the people that by cultivating cotton, indigo, coffee, and sugar, by collecting gold, ivory, silver, copper, iron, and gums, they can procure more profit with less danger than by continuing the traffic in slaves, and that traffic will

(1) God.

(2) Atka is a document given to the slave on his emancipation.

(3) The choice of locality is a matter for grave consideration, so many parts of Africa being too unhealthy.

cease. To appeal to their feelings of humanity, blunted by the practice from an immemorable date of the slave-trade, is like whispering in a hurricane. It is simply useless.

To command the mouth of every African river by a settlement would destroy four-fifths of the facilities for carrying on the trade. It may seem a formidable project, but other projects far less feasible and useful, but more costly, are undertaken and paid for.

Such is the plan of Mr. Macqueen, to whose great knowledge of Africa, its resources, its people, the temper of its chiefs, and the state of the slave-trade, much respect is due. We lay it before the reader, and trust that in the multitude of schemes projected for the advancement of this country in commercial prosperity, Africa will not wholly be forgotten. It is as much a question of interest as of philanthropy, for the realization of the idea would bring us the chief necessaries, comforts, and luxuries of life, far cheaper than they are at present, amidst a limitless field for the employment of British enterprise, capital, and industry. In return for the productions of their soil, the inhabitants of Africa would willingly receive British merchandises, provided our manufacturers were judicious enough to study their taste. There is a science in trade which many of us have yet to learn. It is useless to carry dull-coloured cottons and cloths to an Oriental market,—useless to offer boots of polished leather to men who tread the desert,—useless to tender close-fitting pantaloons to those who wear none but the loosest and lightest clothing. Weavers in Spitalfields cannot alter the tastes of wearers on the banks of the Niger. They must conform to them. Now that the Exhibition of Industry has been opened to view, something of this may be taught to our manufacturers. At any rate, we are convinced a mighty market yet remains to be created on the shores of Africa. We conclude as we commenced, by saying that Europe has done much, but accomplished next to nothing, for that great continent. We have now, however, entered into new relations with it. Steam has brought its coasts within a month's voyage. We shall know it better; we shall hear from it more frequently; and it is to be hoped, for the sake of humanity, that some great efforts will be made to suppress the slave-trade. The philanthropists of the last age reaped a rich harvest by their labours; but the good cause is incompletely prosecuted, and there is still work for another Howard, another Wilberforce, and another Clarkson on the western shores of Africa.

THE KING'S SHILLING.

BY DINAH MARIA MULLOCK.

LITTLE FANNY was a merry laughing-eyed lassie of some eight or nine years old, whose childish figure was well known as the town clock in the populous streets of the market town where she dwelt, and her clear, glad voice as recognisable as the tones of the church bell.

And, as she was well known, so was she well loved

and esteemed. No maiden of her years could have more friends than had Fanny. From that awful dignitary the beadle, who was wont to give her patronising pulls of the hair whenever she came in his way, down to the surly mastiff which kept guard over Daniel Wright's timber-yard, and always wagged his tail at the little girl's approach, and wriggled his large body about in a manner which was, though sufficiently expressive of his satisfaction, vastly undignified for an animal of his size, years, and condition; from the highest to the lowest, everybody and everything liked Fanny.

Perhaps she had so many friends, because she was utterly destitute of natural protectors. She was not exactly a foundling, but approached very nearly to that condition. Seven years before, a poor and sickly woman, with a young child in her arms, came to Bridge-End, and took up her abode in a room in one of its humblest cottages. She contrived to earn a little by doing needlework, but one day, while on her way to her employer's, she fell down in a fit, and was carried home by two stout workmen from the timber-yard. One of these men brought his wife to see her, and tend her, but all was in vain,—two days afterwards she died, blessing her new friends with her last breath, because they promised to protect and cherish her child.

So little Fanny became one of the already numerous family of John and Nancy Brightwell, sharing alike with the seven bouncing boys and rosy girls, bread and butter as well as chastisements. But, truth to tell, the latter fell least frequently to Fanny's portion, for she was a good and obedient child, and as Nancy often observed to her neighbours, was a real treasure to her adopted parents. She carried John Brightwell's dinner to the timber-yard far more carefully than either Jane or Ellen did, and moreover, she already sewed so neatly, that Nancy actually entrusted to her the greater portion of the manufacture of her husband's new shirts.

What was very wonderful too, although held up as a model to the before-named Jane and Ellen, Fanny was regarded with affection by both of them. But, after all, there was no marvel in this:—the little girl was so cheerful, so loving, so willing to perform little services, above all, so unselfish. There was the secret. We all love those most who love themselves least.

Nothing more was known of Fanny's origin than I have related. Her mother had said nothing of any relatives or friends, and there were no letters or papers that could lead to any discovery as to who or what she was. All that was left at Mrs. Rushbrook's death, was contained in a little deal box:—some few articles of clothing, and two or three books, all of which were preserved with religious care by the good Nancy; "For who knows," she was wont to say, "but what they may help to find Fanny's relations, some day." Besides this, there was a small gold locket, which the dying mother took from her own neck, and placed round her child's, begging her future pro-

tectors to let her wear it always; there were two locks of hair in it, one dark-brown like Mrs. Rushbrook's, the other of a golden colour. This little ornament, attached to a black riband, was always perceivable round Fanny's neck.

Thus, there was a considerable proportion of romance attached to the little maiden's history: but inasmuch as the good people of Bridge-End are not addicted to poetry or novel-reading, but are as matter of fact a race as shall be found in the three kingdoms, this circumstance did not tend to Fanny's popularity among them. At first, indeed, they shook their heads, and deprecated the false charity of the Brightwells in taking into their family the child of a woman they knew nothing of; the infant had far better have been consigned to the tender mercies of the parish authorities, argued these wiseacres,—the Brightwells had a large family enough of their own, without adopting stray children of no one knew who.

But the kind-hearted carpenter and his wife pursued what they believed to be their duty, steadily and cheerfully, without heeding the remarks of their neighbours. "Heaven won't suffer us to starve because we have taken pity on this desolate infant," they said to each other:—and indeed from the time of Fanny's domestication with them, the fortunes of the Brightwell family gradually improved.

Fanny attained her ninth year, without any very remarkable events chequering her career, although, arguing from the romantic style of her advent into Bridge-End, something of the kind might not unreasonably have been expected. All that had occurred to her, were the mere common-places incident to every little maiden of her age and station. She had her long curls cut off, to satisfy good Mrs. Brightwell's notions of the propriety and neatness due to the mature age of nine years. She had an adventure with a goat, who, when she made advances of a friendly nature towards him, had rushed at her, and bruised her with his hard horns, causing her to feel considerable pain, and more terror. This was indeed an era in her existence, for from that time, her universal love of all created things received a wholesome admixture of fear, and she confined her demonstrations of tenderness to those animals who appreciated and returned her affection. Finally, the only manifestation of her growth in years and wisdom which remains to be noted, consists in the fact, that about this time her organ of constructiveness must have been very largely developed, for she, having a girl-like passion for dolls, and her very limited means not permitting the purchase of one, even of the humblest description, she manufactured, out of some pieces of wool and calico, a figure of such exquisite proportions, that save for its want of hands and feet, and for the general inexpressiveness and indefinite outline of its features, it might be pronounced a very masterpiece in the art of doll-making. Such as it was, it was little Fanny's delight—the very apple of her eye; and her dire distress may be imagined,

when one day, while she was absent on an errand, little Harry, the youngest of the Brightwells, who was just beginning to walk and talk, and to be sensible of the delight of doing mischief, seized the doll, and amused himself by gradually pulling it to pieces, scattering the rags around him as he sat in state on the floor.

Poor Fanny! in silence she stood and beheld the remnants of her cherished plaything floating about the room. Tears stood in her eyes, and rolled down her cheeks, for it was a deep grief to her,—as deep perhaps, in its way, as any she knew in after life. But not a word of reproach escaped her lips. The mischief was done, and she was too gentle and good-hearted to feel any pleasure in scolding the unconscious child. "He didn't know what harm he was doing,"—she said to herself as she quietly picked up the rags, threw them away, and resigned herself to her fate.

There was a reward in store for her, however, sooner than she anticipated. A day or two before, Mrs. Brightwell had performed that indispensable household duty, denominated by her, "rummaging out her things,"—and while clearing the contents of a huge press, which among other articles contained Fanny's deal box, had discovered a silver shilling, carefully wrapped up in paper, hidden in a corner, it having evidently escaped either from some possessions of Nancy's own, or from the deal box aforesaid. Mrs. Brightwell inclined to the opinion that the money was her own, and through some unaccountable carelessness had been put away with some article or another. This, unlikely as it was, (for, as she remarked to her husband, "shillings were never so plentiful with them, that they should mislay one without knowing it,") was yet less improbable than that the coin should have remained concealed in Fanny's box all this while, so often as they had examined it.

"Moreover," argued the sage Nancy, "poor Mrs. Rushbrook would have been glad enough to spend a shilling, if she had had it. It isn't likely *she* would have let it be in that box;—and it couldn't have been there without *her* knowing of it."

Finally, the good woman took possession of the mysterious coin, and safely bestowed it among various others in an old teapot in her corner cupboard. But her conscience was very tender, and she fidgeted exceedingly about the affair.

"I'm not easy about it," said she to her husband; "I don't feel honest, like, in having money I don't know how I came by. If it *did* come from Fanny's box, the child ought to have it—not me."

So, when Nancy found (though not through Fanny, be sure,) that Harry had destroyed the beautiful doll, and that the little girl had already begun to collect the materials for making another, the thought flashed on her mind, that here was an opportunity for doing that which would at once make Fanny's heart exceeding glad, and ease her own conscience. And so without pausing to think about it, she went to her teapot, and selected the identical shilling, which was distinguish-

able from all others, because although new and bright, as if newly coined, there was a round hole bored through it, and the two letters D. H. were rudely cut in the silver. And then the good woman called Fanny to her, and gave the money into her hands, merely saying it was for her to buy a nice, *real* doll with, instead of the one Harry had destroyed.

Fanny was too bewildered to thank her. Her joy was so extreme, it well-nigh overpowered her, and indeed, well-bred young ladies often think it proper to faint on experiencing less emotion than did my little lassie, as she stood with her shilling in her hand, staring wildly at it with her large blue eyes. That shilling! it was bliss—it was everything to her! Magnificent visions floated before her eyes of dolls with waxen faces, and eyes and noses, and with hands and feet fashioned of pink or blue kid. What could not a shilling buy? To her ideas, it was a mine of inexhaustible wealth. Among all her acquaintance, she knew of no one who had ever possessed so much money at one time:—no, not even including Miss Jacobs, that juvenile capitalist, who had a wax doll, dressed in the height of fashion, with a yellow dress, a pink cloak, and a blue bonnet, and who received a regular allowance of pocket money from her grandfather—not even Miss Jacobs had ever owned more than a silver fourpence at a time. Fanny was in a perfect whirl of wondering happiness, and she had not quite recovered herself, even when she was in the street, surrounded by a little crowd of playmates, all staring with eyes and mouths wide open at “Fanny’s shilling!” She tried to preserve that composure and self-possession suitable to the possessor of so much wealth, and looked on with a benignant smile, while her friends examined the precious coin and made their remarks. “What was she going to do with it? Did she mean to wear it round her neck, by a riband slung through that curious little hole? Or would she spend it?”

Before they had half satisfied their curiosity, the little maiden broke from them, and proceeded alone on her way to the High Street, in a certain shop of which she had often remarked a doll of a peculiarly charming character, with blue eyes, and flaxen hair, handsomely dressed in a robe of glazed calico. This doll was for sale at the moderate charge of ten-pence, and Fanny calculated that the remaining two-pence would purchase some little toys for Jane and Ellen: for her thoughts were not all for herself, and even this sudden flush of prosperity could not make her selfish.

So she walked slowly up the street, looking into the shop windows with the air of one who is consciously able to purchase all their contents, and grasping her shilling tightly in her hand the while. Suddenly she felt some one plucking at her dress, and at the same time, a timid little voice said, “Pity, pity, Mademoiselle, for my old grandfather!”

Turning round, she saw a little girl of her own age, ragged, and nearly barefooted; her pale face bearing evident marks of cold and hunger, and her sunken eyes filled with tears. Beggars are rare in Bridge-End, and Fanny had never beheld such a picture of

distress as this child presented. Instinctively, she stopped to listen to what she had to say.

“Pardon, Mademoiselle; but we are so poor, so miserable. We are French, and I do not speak your tongue rightly. I never begged before, never; but he is old, and we are starving, and—~~and~~—Oh, help us!” she cried, clasping her thin hands together, and looking into Fanny’s face with an expression of imploring anguish.

Fanny’s eyes grew tearful, and she paused for a moment. “How could you tell I had any money?” asked she, innocently, and she looked furtively at the bright silver shilling.

“I did not know, I was not sure; but I thought,” said the French girl, in her broken accents; “and it seemed easier to ask of you, a little girl such as I am, than of a grown woman. Oh, Mademoiselle! if you can, help us! We have no friends, no help, if you do not help us. Take pity on us, or we must starve!”

If Fanny had hesitated before, she was quite vanquished now. “Come with me,” said she, quickly; and she led the way down the street, past the shop in whose window stood *the* doll, in its gay robe, and stepped into a baker’s shop.

“A large loaf,” said she to the man, who knew her well, as she was often sent for bread by Mrs. Brightwell.

“Shall I chalk it down?” asked the baker, giving her the loaf.

“No,” and she placed the shilling in his hand.

“Eh! what a curious shilling! bright as a new one! and yet it’s cut and bored as if it had been in use for years;” and the man sounded the coin two or three times before he could satisfy himself of its goodness, and give her the change.

“There,” said Fanny to the French girl, giving her the loaf and all the money that remained from the shilling; “take that to your poor grandfather, and don’t be sad or hungry any more. Good-bye!”

And leaving the grateful child without staying to listen to the blessings which poured from her lips, Fanny ran away home.

“Where’s your doll, child?” was the inquiry of Mrs. Brightwell which greeted her ears on her return. She stood, blushing and fidgetting, and stammered forth a reply that “she had not bought it.”

“Then what have you done with the shilling I gave you? Tell me this instant, Fanny. I shall be wonderful cross, I can tell you, if you’ve been and spent it on trumpery.”

“I—I haven’t spent it at all; I gave it away,” said the half-frightened child, thus sorely pressed; and she piteously told the story of the poor French girl, while Nancy listened, scarce knowing whether to feel vexed or pleased at this instance of the tender-heartedness of her adopted child. Her own generous sympathies applauded what she had done, but she feared to encourage such disinterestedness in one who would in after life have to work for her bread. So she said nothing, but bade the child go about her

usual avocations. And thus, to all appearance, ended poor Fanny's hopes of possessing a *real* doll. Two or three days afterwards, she passed the toy-shop again. But the lady in the pink calico dress was gone. It was not in childish nature to repress a sigh; but we will answer for it that never once did the wish cross Fanny's heart that she had not given her bright shilling to the poor girl and her grandfather.

One day, a week after this occurrence, a stranger arrived at Bridge-End, and located himself in the principal apartment of the Brown Bear. A stranger is always an interesting object in a little country-town; but this gentleman attracted particular observation, because he seemed to know no one in the place, and appeared to have no reason for coming, except to walk about the town, looking at the names above the shops, and at length walking into that of Mr. White, the baker.

His first action was to sit down, his second, to pull from his pocket a shilling, carefully wrapped in paper. Holding it before the puzzled baker's eyes, he said, sternly, "Do you know this piece of money?"

"Know it, sir? Really, I can't say; I can't be expected to recollect every shilling."

"This is a very peculiar one," interrupted the stranger, "and if you have once seen it, you *will* know it again. Besides," added he, impatiently, "I have traced it to you, and that's enough. You *must* know it, and you *must* tell me from whom you received it."

Thus adjured, Mr. White looked carefully at the shilling, and at length suddenly exclaimed with considerable energy:—"Well, if I didn't think at the time it was a queer one! I had my doubts of taking it, I do assure you, sir, but it sounded all right, and little Fanny—how could she ha' got it, I wonder?"

"Little Fanny!" cried the stranger, bounding from his seat in strong agitation. Then, in a moment regaining his composure,—"Who is the person you call by that name, and where does she live?" he inquired.

"At Mrs. Brightwell's, Pleasant Cottage, up the town," replied the baker, adding in his regard for the child, "I'm sure, sir, poor Fanny didn't know it was a bad shilling. Don't be too hard upon her, sir, poor little thing!"

But before he had finished his speech, the stranger (whom Mr. White firmly believed to be a policeman in disguise) had vanished, and before the good baker had half finished his wonderings and speculations as to the probable end of it all, the gentleman was in the Brightwells' cottage, deep in conversation with honest Nancy.

That evening, Nancy Brightwell went into the town to make some purchases. Her eyes were red with weeping, but they had been joyful tears that the kind-hearted creature had shed that day. To a select circle of acquaintances she told the story: "Fanny's father was found! The stranger was no other than Colonel Halton, an officer, rich, and able to make his daughter a lady. Little Fanny a lady!" And Nancy wept again, and again began relating her tale, though

in a somewhat incoherent manner. "Yes, indeed. and the poor gentleman, so stern and proud as he looks, cried like a child when I told him all about Mrs. Rushbrook's (that's his wife) dying, and being buried in the churchyard yonder. And he told me how he was took prisoner, and how they said he was dead, and how, when he came back, after being in a prison for four years, he heard that the agents he left with all the money for his wife and child, had been rogues and ran off with it. And he couldn't find his poor wife anywhere, as how should he, when the poor thing, obliged to work for her living, had thought fit to take another name? For she was an orphan, and had no friends or relations to go to, when misfortune came on her."

"But how did he find out Fanny now?" inquired a sagacious listener.

"Ah! that's the most wonderful part of it, you see. It seems Colonel Halton, when quite young, ran away from his friends, ('cause they wanted him to be a lawyer,) and 'listed as a private soldier. So he always kept the 'King's Shilling' the recruiting Sergeant gave him, and he bored a hole through it for a riband, and cut his initials on it, and gave it to his wife before they were married, for a keepsake. Well now, look here. Somehow or another, often as I've looked through the things in that little box Mrs. Rushbrook, poor thing, left, I never found this shilling till the other day. I gave it to Fanny to buy a doll, and she, bless her heart, meets with a poor starving beggar, girl, goes into White's shop, and buys a loaf of bread for her, instead of spending it for a doll. Well, White pays this shilling, among other money, to the miller, and the miller goes to London and pays it for some article in a shop, where Colonel Halton is buying something. He knew his shilling at once, and never rested till he traced it to Fanny. Oh, he knew she was his child, the instant he set eyes on her, bless you! And—and they are going to live near here in some grand house, and my Jane and Ellen are going to school, and my boys are to be—Oh, I can't wait, I'm in such a hurry! But only think, folks, what a Providence there has been in all this. For if I had found the shilling before I did, or if Fanny had spent it at the toy-shop instead of the baker's,—who knows?—she would most likely have remained poor little Fauny to the end of the chapter, and never have been as she is, happy with her own Papa, and going to be a rich lady. A lady! think of that! My little Fanny a lady, and a Colonel's daughter!"

MAJOR EDWARDES ON THE PUNJAB AGAIN.¹

AGREEABLY to promise, we are going to present the reader with a few more passages from Major Edwarde's interesting volumes. Those who have gone over the

(1) "A Year on the Punjab Frontier in 1848-9." By Major Herbert B. Edwarde, C.B., H.E.I.C.S. Two volumes. London: Bentley.

former paper will have obtained a notion of the general features of the Punjab countries, and learned something of the kinds of people that inhabit them. Further remark about the literary qualities of the work will be unnecessary; so we may at once proceed to extract such matter as we have space for, and which we think may be acceptable. The following is the author's description of the Indus, which, in boldness and precision of outline, could hardly be surpassed had it been written with an eye to poetical effect.

"The Indus pursues its course with the sagacity of a living thing. Burning with all the zeal of the Muhommudan races on its banks to perform its pilgrimage, it seems, from its high altitude in Tibet, to have scanned the map of Central Asia, and discerned that it was nearer to the Indian Ocean than the Caspian. In vain the Indian Caucasus, seeking a bridegroom for her daughter Oxus, stands across its path; it detects an opening, and rushes by. In vain the Solimánée Range stretches out its arms to draw it into the thirsty vales of Afghanistan; it leaps through the rocks of Attock and Kálábágh, and takes refuge in the sandy deserts of the south, nor resumes its western course till the mountains of Solomon are passed, when it turns with its fellow-traveller, the Sutlej; and the two, with loud songs, as of pilgrims whose place of pilgrimage is in sight, roll on uninterruptedly to the sea."

From this we pass on to what the Major calls "a highly interesting circumstance" connected with the Indian trade, which came under his notice:—"Ali Khan, Gundapoor, the uncle of the present chief, Gooldad Khan, told me he could remember well, as a youth, being sent by his father and elder brother with a string of Cabul horses, to the fair of Hurdwár, on the Ganges. He also showed me a Pushtoo version of the Bible, printed at Serampore, in 1818, which he said had been given him, thirty years before, at Hurdwár, by an English gentleman, who told him to 'take care of it, and neither fling it into the fire nor the river; but hoard it up against the day when the British should be rulers of his country!' Ali Khan said little to anybody of his possessing this book, but put it carefully by in a linen cover, and produced it with great mystery, when I came to settle the revenue of his nephew's country, 'thinking that the time predicted by the Englishman had arrived!' The only person, I believe, to whom he had shown the volume was a Mullick, who read several passages in the Old Testament, and told Ali Khan 'it was a true story, and was all about their own Muhommudan Prophets, Father Moses and Father Noah.'

"I examined the book with great interest. It was not printed in the Persian character, but the common Pushtoo language of Afghanistan; and was the only specimen I had ever seen of Pushtoo reduced to writing. The accomplishment of such a translation was a highly honourable proof of the zeal and industry of the Serampore mission: and should these pages ever meet the eye of Mr. John Marshman, of Seram-

pore,' whose own pen is consistently guided by a love of civil order and religious truth, he may probably be able to identify the 'English gentleman' who, thirty-two years ago on the banks of the Ganges, at the then frontier of British India, gave to a young Afghan chief, from beyond the distant Indus, a Bible in his own barbarous tongue, and foresaw the day when the followers of the 'Son of David' should extend their dominion to the 'Throne of Solomon.'"²

We shall give next one of the author's personal adventures, in that part of the Déraját called Koláclce, where, amongst other troubles, he had to deal with an obstinate merchant chief, named Shahzâd Khan, head of a tribe called Nássurs, and who refused to pay a tax which the Sikhs had been accustomed to exact from all merchants and traders who pastured their camels in the neighbourhood, while journeying to and from Hindoostan. The Major describes Shahzâd Khan as "a thorough Afghan in his hatred of all Hindoos, and all forms of taxation." He had defied Dost Muhommud, the Ameer of Cabul, and the Nuwab of Dera; and "was it to be supposed," said he, "that he would knuckle down to the dogs of Sikhs?" So unconscionable a "free trader" was the Khan, that Edwardes found it needful to attempt to force him into order and submission; and accordingly he planned a night attack upon his camp—the account of which the reader shall now have an opportunity of perusing.

"We pushed on through a very ugly night, and came in sight of the watch-fires of the Nássur camps about day-break. The guides pointed out Shahzâd's far away in the rear of all, under the outer ridges, which lie like pebble-stones beneath the mountain called Solomon's Throne; and I called a halt under shelter of a ravine, to look at it, breathe the horses, and let the stragglers close up. Great was then my surprise to discover, by the morning light, that the gallant band of nearly three hundred men had dwindled down to about seventy or eighty! The heroes had taken advantage of the night to lose their way; and I was afterwards told by the infantry reserve, that one hundred Dooránees turned back from the middle of the Loonce river, and declared that 'the Sahib was not going on.' I told the Sikh Hussáldâr to muster his men: he reported twenty present out of sixty. Of the two hundred Dooránees, there may have been forty; Káloo Khan had about five men, and I had about twelve or fourteen others.

"This was clearly quite inadequate to perform the feat for which we had come—viz. to seize Shahzâd Khan in the midst of his people, and carry him off prisoner. The stout rebel, who had fought with Dost Muhommud, the Nuwab of Dera, and Dewan Lukkee Mull, was not very likely to be overpowered by eighty men; yet I felt that it would be more honourable and more wise, if I hoped for influence in this wild country, to be defeated in a bold attempt,

(1) Editor of "The Friend of India."

(2) A point in the Suliman Range, bounding the Déraját, westward of the Indus.

than not to make it, after going twelve miles to do so; so getting the men together, with a heart not over light, I led them on at a gentle trot to the rebel camp.

"The grey dawn was just removing the friendly veil that had hitherto concealed us, the watch fires of the mountaineers were dying out, and we could see the savage Cabul dogs of the merchants spring up from beside the ashes, before their accursed howls of alarm and warning reached our ears.

"The Doorânees now galloped to the front, as if no power on earth should prevent them from being first in the fray; and though I succeeded in calling them in, and keeping them with the rest of the party, they still whirled their guns over their heads, and shouted valorously that they would eat up the Nâssurs.

"But the Nâssurs seemed in no hurry to be eaten, and turned out, at the baying of the dogs and the shouts of the Doorânees, like a nest of hornets, with juzails, swords, clubs, and even stones.

"I thought the best chance I had was to make my few fellows fight, whether they would or no, so led them round to the rear of the Nâssur camp, and got them between it and the hill, under a dropping fire of bullets, which did little or no harm; then, beckoning with my hand to the Nâssurs, I told Kaloo Khan to shout to them, in Pushtoo, to surrender; a bare-faced proposition, to which the Nâssurs replied only with a handsome volley of both bullets and abuse. 'Come on,' they cried, 'come on, you Feringhee dog, and don't stand talking about surrender!' In truth, it was no time, for the fire was getting thick; so seeing nothing else left, I drew my own sword, took tight hold of a chain bridle, given me prophetically by Reynell Taylor, stuck the spurs into Zâl, and, calling on all behind me to follow, plunged into the camp.

"The attacking party always has such an advantage that I am quite sure, if our men had followed up, few as they were, they might have either seized or killed Shahzâd; but it shames me to relate that out of seventy or eighty not fifteen charged, and scarcely a dozen reached the middle of the camp. . . .

"The *mêlée*, therefore, was much thicker in our neighbourhood than was at all pleasant, and how we ever got out of it is unaccountable; but we did, after cutting our way from one end to the other of the Nâssur camp. Somewhere about the middle of it a tall ruffian, whom I was told afterwards was Shahzâd's brother, walked deliberately at me with his juzail, and sticking it into my stomach, so that the muzzle of it pushed me out of my saddle, fired! The priming flashed in the pan, and as he drew back the juzail I cut him full over the head; but I might as well have hit a cannon ball,—the sword turned in my hand; and the Nâssur, without even re-setting his turban, commenced re-priming his juzail, an operation which I did not stay to see completed. Between 1845 and 1849 there was no lack of peril on the Punjab frontier, and I, like all the rest, had my share; but I have always looked back to the moment when that juzail missed fire as the one of all my life when I looked death closest in the face.

"On getting out to the fresh air again, I looked round, and found myself with two men, one of whom was a highwayman I had pardoned a week or ten days before. The brave Doorânees and Sikhs might be seen circling and curvetting about the circumference of the camp, handsomely followed up by the enemy, and I was thinking what course to pursue, when my eye fell on the Nâssur herd of camels tied down in a ring. 'Now,' said I to the highwayman, 'the victory is ours, after all,' and away we both dashed at the camels, whose long necks were already bobbing about with fright, like geese looking out of a market basket. Up they all jumped, and tore themselves free from their fastenings; and I put a lot of them before me, and drove them off as if I had all my life been a moss-trooper, my friend the thief entering heart and soul into the business, and giving them a professional poke with his spear, which set them stepping out gloriously. The Nâssurs who were in charge yelled like demons, and one 'took up a rock,' as Homer would have said, (a great stone as big as his own head,) and hurled it at me with such good aim that it hit me below the knee, and would have unhorsed me if that excellent villain, the highwayman, had not put his hand under my shoulder and tossed me back again into my saddle. The heroes outside now joined us, and very glad I was to see them, for the whole swarm of angry Nâssurs were in hot pursuit of their camels. The Sikh runaways at this point did something to make amends, forming line in the rear behind us, and keeping off the Nâssurs with their musketry till we had pricked the spoil quite out of reach, when they galloped up to us, and left the Nâssurs puffing in the middle of the plain.

"I think none of us spoke for some time; but the scuffle had been so sharp, and might have been so serious, and most of us had been giving and taking blows with such good-will, that our brains were busy enough revolving the confused events which had crowded themselves into the last ten minutes.

"When we had made about a mile I called a halt, and looked about to see who was hit besides myself. Three horsemen only were wounded with musket balls, and I began to think we had got off cheaply, when a whisper arose that 'Kaloo Khan was missing!'

"'Missing?' I said, 'why, he was by my side in the middle of the camp just now. Who saw him last?' A Doorânce follower of Muhommud Alim's spoke up, and said: 'He saw him knocked over the crupper of his horse, but was too busy looking after his own master to help any one else!'

"What was to be done? It was certain that he was either dead, or a prisoner. The men I had with me would not have gone back for all the Khans in Asia; and if they could have been persuaded, our return would only have been the signal for Kaloo Khan's murder, if he still lived. The same argument applied to the reserve of infantry, who could not now be very far behind.

"A follower of the young Khan's, well versed in this kind of work, suggested a reprisal; and seeing

no other remedy, I despatched a messenger in search of the reserve, with orders to turn back and surround another Nássur camp nearer home, and close to the fields of the Gundapoor, where resistance was impossible; and, if they could, secure two or three Nássur chiefs, to exchange for Kaloo Khan. This they did, and made prisoners of two Mullicks, one of whom was Sir Must Khan, who divided with Shahzâd the chieftainship of the tribe. The reserve also brought away upwards of two hundred more camels, to add to those which we had captured from Shahzâd; so that in all we got three hundred and twenty.

"I will give the conclusion of this episode here. Shahzâd Khan struck his camp immediately after the fight, and marched away out of the Dérâjât into the Sheraunee hills, with all his flocks and herds and people, and poor Kaloo Khan, who had got no less than six or seven severe, but not dangerous, sabre cuts, over his head, shoulder, and arms, which the Nássur women sewed up with hairs pulled out of his own horse's tail.

"I received intelligence that Shahzâd's brother was grazing the majority of his camels on the left bank of the Indus, and I sent a party after him, but he had got a message from Shahzâd first, and made a forced march into the Mooltan territory, whence he recrossed the Indus, and got up through the Ooshteraunee hills to his brother.

"At last I gave the camels, seventy-five in number, which I had carried off from Shahzâd's own camp, to Ali Khan, Kaloo Khan's father, who took them to the mouth of the nearest pass, and bartered them for his son, who returned very weak in flesh, but stout in heart, and justly proud of his honourable wounds, to which, indeed, he has since added more than one in my service, in battles where still harder knocks were received than in the skirmish under the Tukht-i-Sooliman.

"On Kaloo Khan's return, Sir Must Khan and the other Nássur hostages were dismissed with honour; and at parting, I bound a handsome turban round Sir Must's head, and told him I should henceforth consider him the chief of the Nássur clan, and treat all who adhered to Shahzâd as rebels.

"Of the two hundred and forty camels carried off by the reserve, along with Sir Must, only ten proved to belong to Sir Must himself, and ninety-six to other honest men, all of which were given back to them. The remainder proved to be the property of Shahzâd himself, who, anticipating an attack from my close neighbourhood, had put the majority of his camels under the charge of other Nássurs, who were on good terms with the Sikh Government.

"These, therefore, I confiscated; gave thirteen of the finest (worth about 100%) to Kaloo Khan, to pay his doctor's bill; one to each of the four wounded horsemen; and sold the rest on account of Government, realizing thereby three thousand six hundred rupees, in satisfaction of the fifty rupces of 'trinnee,'¹

which Shahzâd said 'he never would pay to the dogs of Sikhs and Feringhees!'

"From that time until I left India the face of Shahzâd Khan, Nássur, was seen no more in the pastures of the Dérâjât; and though the Mooltan war raged upon the frontier, and a son of Dost Muhommud of Cabul came down as far as Bunnoo with an army, and invited Shahzâd to join him and take revenge, the Nássur saw further into the future than the Doorânce Prince, and declined descending from his mountain hiding-place.

"Nor was I ever again told by any other Cabul merchant in the province under my charge, that he would not come when he was called, or would not obey the laws of the Sikh territory in which he lived, and bought and sold."

This wild exploit, with every appearance against it in the outset, seems thus to have been signally successful. The Major, however, does not conceal from us that older heads than his by no means approved of such a mode of establishing authority; and he acknowledges that he got a proper good "wiggling" from the resident (Sir F. Currie) on account of his questionable proceeding. But as the affair ended well it could not be very seriously regretted, and the Major even appears to think that, all circumstances considered, it might perhaps be justified.

We must, at any rate, pass on to something else and here are a couple of paragraphs illustrative Afghan *piety*—and, we regret to say, rather suggestive of the ludicrous.

"I have never seen races more exact in religious observances, than those of the Dérâjât. Whatever occupation they might be engaged in, whether business or pleasure, it was always interrupted at the hours of prayer; and if one forgot it, another would pull him by the sleeve, and remind him. In my tent, which was always full of people concerned in some cause or other, they would break off the conversation, and beg to be excused for a moment; then take a scarf, and spreading it in the corner towards Mecca, devoutly commence their genuflections. If there was not room for all to pray at once, the business in hand went on, and the solemn effect of the sonorous Arabic ejaculations of the Koran was oftentimes sadly marred by the evident attention which the devotee paid to the proceedings; producing that very common squint—one eye to this world, and one to Heaven.

"Once I remember asking from those who were not praying, how many koss it might be to a certain village, and received for answer, 'Ten;' when a man praying in the corner snapped one of the Prophet's titles in two, and called out, 'Fourteen,' in a kind of parenthesis between the syllables. A still more indecorous interruption occurred during the Kolâchee settlement. One of the Gundapoor toomuns was at his noon-tide prayer, while his tenant, a Jut, was giving me his deposition as to the produce of the estate. Suddenly we were all startled by the toomun turning round, and saying, 'That's a lie! Wait till I've done my prayers, and I'll tell you all about it.'

(1) Grazing-Tax.

As a general remark, the Afghans of the Dérâjât are wont to draw a favourable comparison between themselves and their brethren in Western Afghanistan, by describing the latter as 'Khoodâ-purust, wuleykin Khoodâ-turrus naheen;' i.e. a God-worshipping, but not God-fearing people; and, as far as my experience goes, I think they have justice on their side."

If the reader has no objection he shall now be introduced to one of the cleverest rascals to be found along the whole Punjab frontier—Bhowanee Sing—a bold "borderer," who occupied the fortress of Girâng on the Indus, under the great Runjeet Sing, and kept it faithfully on behalf of his descendants; but being a fellow of "predatory instincts," he became a confirmed free-booter, and levied the most unconscionable "black-mail," throughout his entire neighbourhood. The author calls him a specimen of the "true Sikh," whose very "type and embodiment" he affirms to be "a highwayman in possession of a castle." He says: "Take any man of that nation—I care not who—and give him a mud tower as his earthly portion, and next week he will be like Ali Baba, the Captain of Forty Thieves. Let him alone—that is, don't overmatch him with kings and other great policemen—and he will die a great man. It is the history of the Punjab in a nutshell."

"Bhowanee Sing," he proceeds, "had all the elements of a great rascal. He was small in stature, but his heart was a large and a hard one, and its pulsations were those of a sledge-hammer among the people round him. It was impossible to look at his wild elfin locks, and fiery eye, without clenching your fist—he looked such a villain. Perched upon the battlement of Girâng, he took an admirably just view of his position. He saw beneath him a plain very often fertile, if very often barren, and in possession of a people who were too great thieves themselves not to submit to plunder as a law of the universe. Beyond them was a plain still wilder, where rich merchants fed their camels. Nothing could be easier than to ride out and take them. The means at his disposal were ample. There was a strong fort to sally out from, and come back to, and lock up plunder; and there was a garrison of seventy-one soldiers who had no objection, of course, to be seventy-one thieves, and who, moreover, would cost nothing, but be paid by Government. If the victims complained to the Nazim of the province, what cared he for the Nazim? Was he not particularly told to keep himself independent? And if they carried their complaints to Lahore, he had only to send a share of the plunder to Lahore also. In short, Bhowanee Sing saw that there was a fine opening.

"Acting upon these views, he soon turned the royal fort of Girâng into a nest of highway robbers; the very people of the country were in his pay and service; and he extended his operations like a net over the whole country between the Indus and the Ooshteraanee hills, the boundary of Sungurh and the boundary of Choudwan. Herds and herds of camels he caused the Beloochees to drive away; and then

sallying out with his horsemen, he pretended to pursue them, fired blank cartridge till all the country echoed, routed his own thieves, brought the rescued camels to Girâng, and then claimed the gratitude of the owners, with a heavy ransom equal to a quarter of the value.

"And from all this there was no appeal found in the Punjab; and Bhowanee Sing went on thus for, I believe, twenty years, doing evil, and growing rich. At last the British came; and at this point Bhowanee Sing would have left off, if he had been really the clever fellow he had hitherto appeared. But this is the way with bad men; they are certain to break down. Like ill-cast bells, they crack when they are hard rung. 'What is the British Resident to me?' said Bhowanee Sing; and he robbed on. Among others, one day his gang pounced upon a herd of camels that belonged to a Meankheyl merchant, whose name was, I think, Juhân Khan. The Meankheyls encamped hard by, took horse and pursued the robbers, who, finding themselves pressed, divided, and took separate paths across the jungle. One party was overtaken, and the furious Meankheyls came down on them sword in hand. Far in front rode one on a foaming mare, and already he was within a few yards of the spoilers, when the hinder robber turned, stuck the butt of his spear into the ground, and dropping on his right knee behind it, planted his left foot firmly against the butt, while with both hands he depressed the point, and received the charge of the Meankheyl. Vainly the horseman tried to turn it with his sword; the force of his own onset lent it strength, and entering his lungs, it issued at his back, and bore him to the earth. It was Juhân Khan, and he died two days after. The rest of the pursuers stayed to pick up their leader, and the robbers made good their retreat within the gates of the fort of Girâng.

"Juhân Khan's surviving brother, Deen Muhommud, swore revenge; and betook himself to Mooltan, where he heard there was a British officer. There he found Lieutenant Nicholson, one of the Resident's assistants, who read his petition; and writing an English note on the back, told him to take it on to me in Bunnoo, and he would get redress. I sent for Bhowanee Sing, who swore he had seized the camels because Juhân Khan would not pay his trinne, or tax on grazing. Deen Muhommud produced the Government receipt for the trinne, and the Governor of the province deposed that, had any trinne been due, Bhowanee Sing had nothing to do with its collection; so I made Bhowanee Sing deposit one hundred rupees for every camel, and the case stood over for trial, as the season for the return of the Powinduh caravans was expiring, and Deen Muhommud could stay no longer. Meanwhile Bhowanee Sing was removed from his castle at Girâng, and brought a prisoner to Lahore, where he found for once that bribery was of no use.

"It was not till my present visit to the very scene of the murder, that the trial of Bhowanee Sing came on. His noble friends in the Lahore Durbar sent

him honourably down, without fetter or handcuff, and an escort more than a guard of cavalry. I put him in irons. Then, for the first time, the people of the country saw that his day was gone. A perfect 'cloud of witnesses' rose up against the fallen robber; and when at last, after a most laborious trial, Bhowance Sing was convicted, and in consideration of the lax laws under which he had lived, was sentenced to only twelve years' imprisonment, and forfeiture of the deposit money to Deen Muhommud, the brother of the murdered Meankhey! was not the only one who thought the punishment a too 'impotent conclusion' to a long career of rapine."

Major Edwardes assures us that Bhowance Sing was but one out of hundreds of strong-handed oppressors of the Punjab people, whom the British Resident and his assistants dispossessed of their scandalous strongholds, laying upon the ruins of their lawlessness the foundations of a more beneficent supremacy. The success of the English in India is intelligible enough, and has its sufficient justification in the fact, that wherever British rule and influence have been extended in that country, the condition of the general population has been materially and morally advanced. This, indeed, is the true sanction of all conquest. Power rangeth through the world, working with such instruments as occasion offers to its service, and failing not, in the round of revolutions, to make it clear that Might, wielded by wisdom and generosity, is the exact measure of the Right.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO^s. MORE.¹

LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE, QUINDECIM ANNOS NATA, CHELSEIÆ INCEPTVS.

"Nulla dies sine linea."

Who coulde have thoughte that those ripe grapes whereof dear Gaffer ate soc plentifulle, s^d have ended his dayes? This event hath filled y^e house with mourning. He had us all about his bed to receive his blessing; and 'twas piteous to see father fall upon his face, as Joseph on the face of Jacob, and weep upon him and kiss him. Like Jacob, my grandsire lived to see his well-beloved son attain to y^e height of earthlie glory, his heart unspoyled and untouched.

The days of mourning for my grandsire are at an end; yet father still goeth heavilie. This forenoon, looking forth of my lattice, I saw him walking along the river side, his arm cast about Will's neck; and 'twas a dearer sight to my soul than to see the King walking there with his arm around father's neck. They seemed in such earnest converse, that I was avised to ask Will, afterwards, what they had been saying. He told me that, after much friendly chat together on this and that, fater fell into a muse, and presently, fetching a deep sigh, says,—

"Would to God, son Roper, on condition three things were well established in Christendom, I were put into a sack, and cast presently into the Thames." Will sayth,—

"What three soe great things can they be, father, as to move you to such a wish?"

"In faith, Will," answers he, "they be these.—First, that whereas the most part of Christian princes be at war, they were at universal peace. Next, that whereas the Church of Christ is at present sore afflicted with divers errors and heresies, it were well settled in a godly uniformity. Last, that this matter of the King's marriage were, to the glory of God, and the quietness of alle parties, brought to a good conclusion."

Indeed, this last matter preys on my father's soul. He hath even kuelled to the King to refrain from exacting compliance with his Grace's will concerning it; movingly reminding him, even with tears, of his Grace's own words to him on delivering the great seal, "First look unto God, and, after God, unto me." But the King is heady in this matter; stubborn as a mule or wild ass's colt, whose mouths must be held with bit and bridle if they be to be governed at alle; and the King hath taken y^e bit between his teeth, and there is none dare ride him. Alle for love of a brown girl, with a wen on her throat, and an extra finger.

How short a time agone it seemeth, that in my prosperity I sayd, "We shall never be moved; Thou, Lord, of Thy goodness hast made our hill soe strong!" . . . Thou didst turn away Thy face, and I was troubled!

Thus sayth Plato: of Him whom he soughte, but hardly found: "Truth is his body, and Light his shadow." A marvellous saying for a heathen.

Hear also what St. John sayth: "God is Light; and in him is no darkness at all." "And the Light was the life of men: and the Light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not."

Hear also what St. Augustine sayth: "They are the most uncharitable towards error who have never experienced how hard a matter it is to come at the Truth."

Hard, indeed. Here's father agaynst Will, and agaynst Erasmus, of whom he once c^d not speak well enough; and now he says that if he upholds such and such opinions, his dear Erasmus may be the devil's Erasmus for what he cares. And here's father at issue with half y^e learned heads in Christendom concerning y^e King's marriage. And yet, for alle that, I think father is in the right.

He taketh matters soe to heart that e'en his appetite fails. Yesterday he put aside his old favourite dish of brewis, saying, "I know not how 'tis, good Alice; I've lost my stomach, I think, for my old relishes" . . . and this, e'en with a tear in his eye. But 'twas not the brewis, I know, that made it start.

He hath resigned the Great Seal! And none of us knew e'en of his meditating it, nor of his having done

(1) Continued from p. 338.

soe, till after morning prayers to-day, when, instead of one of his gentlemen stepping up to my mother in her pew with the words, "Madam, my Lord is gone," he cometh up to her himself, with a smile on's face, and sayth, low bowing as he spoke, "Madam, my Lord is gone." She takes it for one of the manie jests whereof she misses the point; and 'tis not till we are out of church, in y^e open air, that she fully comprehends my Lord Chancellor is indeed gone, and she hath onlie her Sir Thomas More.

A burst of tears was no more than was to be looked for from poor mother; and, in sooth, we alle felt aggrieved and mortyfyde enough; but 'twas a short sorrow; for father declared that he had cast Pelion and Ossa off his back into the bottomless pit; and fell into such funny antics that we were soon as merry as ever we were in our lives. Patteson, so soon as he hears it, comes leaping and skipping across the garden, crying, "A fatted calf! let a fatted calf be killed, masters and mistresses, for this my brother who was dead is alive again!" and falls a kissing his hand. But poor Patteson's note will soon change; for father's diminished state will necessitate y^e dismissal of all extra hands; and there is manie a servant under his roof whom he can worse spare than the poor fool.

In the evening he gathers us alle about him in the pavillion, where he throws himself into his old accustomed seat, casts his arm about mother, and cries, "How glad must Cincinnatus have been to spy out his cottage again, with Raecilia standing at the gate!" Then, called for curds and cream; sayd how sweet y^e soft May air was coming over the river, and bade Cecil sing "The King's hunt's up." After this, one ballad after another was called for, till alle had sung their lay, ill or well, he listing the while with closed eyes, and a composed smile about his mouth; the two furrows between his brows relaxing graduallie till at length they e^d no more be scene. At last he says,

"Who was that old prophet that could not or would not prophesy for a King of Judah till a minstrel came and played unto him? Sure, he must have loved as I do, the very lovely song of one that playeth well upon an instrument, yclept the human heart; and have felt, as I do now, the spirit given him to speak of matters foreign to his mind. 'Tis of res angusta domæ, dear brats, I must speak; soe, the sooner begun, the sooner over. Here am I, with a dear wife and eight loved children . . . for my daughters' husbands and my son's wife are my children as much as any; and Mercy Giggs is a daughter too . . . nine children, then, and eleven grandchildren, and a swarm of servants to boot, all of whom have as yet eaten what it pleased them, and drunken what it suited them at my board, without its being any one's business to say them nay. 'Twas the dearest privilege of my Lord Chancellor; but now he's dead, and gone, how shall we contract the charges of Sir Thomas More?"

We looked from one to another, and were silent.

"I'll tell ye, dear ones," he went on. "I have been brought up at Oxford, at an Inn of Chancery, at Lincoln's Inn, and at the King's Court; from the

lowest degree, that is, to the highest; and yet have I in yearly revenues at this present, little above one hundred pounds a-year; but then, as Chilo sayth, 'honest loss is preferable to dishonest gain: by the first, a man suffers once; by the second, for ever:' and I may take up my parable with Samuel, and say: 'Whose ox have I taken? whose ass have I taken? whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? of whose hand have I received any bribe to blinde mine eyes therewith?' No, my worst enemies cannot lay to my charge any of these things, and my trust in you is, that, rather than regret I should not have made a purse by any such base methods, you will all cheerfully contribute your proportions to the common fund, and share and share alike with me in this my diminished state."

We all gat about him, and by our words and kisses gave warrant that we would.

"Well, then," quoth he, "my mind is, that since we are all of a will to walk down-hill together, we will do soe at a breathing pace, and not drop down like a plummet. Let all things be done decently and in order: we won't descend to Oxford fare first, nor yet to the fare of New Inn. We'll begin with Lincoln's Inn diet, whereon many good and wise men thrive well; if we find this draw too heavily on the common purse, we will, next year, come down to Oxford fare, with which many great and learned doctors have been conversant; and, if our purse stretch not to cover e'en this, why, in heaven's name! we'll go begging together, with staff and wallet, and sing a Salve Regina at every good man's door, whereby we shall still keep company, and be merry together!"

Now that the first surprise and grief, and the first fervour of fidelity and self-devotion have passed off, we have subsided into how deep and holy a quiet!

We read of the desertion of the world as a matter of course; but, when our own turn comes, it does seem strange, to find ourselves let fall down the stream without a single hand outstretched to help us; forgotten, in a moment, as though we had never been, by those who lately ate and laughed at our table. And this, without any fault or offence of ours, but merely from our having lost the light of the king's countenance. I say, it does seem strange; but how fortunate, how blessed are those to whom such a course of events only seems strange, unaccompanied by self-reproach and bitterness! I could not help feeling this, in reading an affectionate letter deare father writ this forenoon to Erasmus, wherein he sayd, "I have now obtained what, from a child, I have continually wished! that, being entirely quit of businesse and all publick affairs, I might live for a time only to God and myself."

Having no hankering after the old round he soe long hath run, he now, in fact, looks younger every day; and yet, not with the same kind of youth he had before his back was bowed under the chancellorship. 'Tis a more composed, chastised sort of rejuvenescence: rather the soft warmth of

autumn which sometimes seems like May, than May itself: the enkindling, within this mortal tabernacle, of a heavenly light that never grows dim, because it is immortal; and burns the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever: a youthfulness of soul and mind characterised by growth; something with which this world and its fleeting fancies has nothing to do: something that the king can neither impart nor take away.

. . . We have had a tearfull morning . . poor Pateson has gone. My father hath obtained good quarters for him with my Lord Mayor, with a stipulation that he shall retain his office with the Lord Mayor for the time being, as long as he can fill it at all. This suits Pateson, who says he will sooner shift masters year by year, than grow too fond of any man again, as he hath of father; but there has been sad blubbering and blowing of noses.

This afternoon, coming upon Mercy seated in y^e alcove, like unto the image of some saint in a niche, her hands folded on her lap, and her eyes steadfastly agaze on the setting sun, I could not but mark how years were silentlie at work upon her, as doubtless upon us all; the tender, fearfull girl having thus graduallic changed into the sober, high-minded woman. She is so seldom scene in repose, so constantly astir and afoot in this or that kind office, mostly about the children, that I had never thought upon it before; but now I was alle at once avised to marvel that she who had so long seemed sifter for heaven than earth, shoulde never literallic have vowed herself y^e spouse of Christ, more in espécial as all expectation of being y^e spouse of anic else must long since have died within her.

I sayd, "Mercy, thou lookst like a nun: how is't thou hast ne'er become one in earnest?"

She started; then sayd, "Could I be more usefull? more harmless? less exposed to temptation? or half so happy as I am now? In sooth, Meg, the time has been when methought, how sweet y^e living death of the cloister! How good that must needs be which had the suffrages of Chrysostom the golden-mouthed, and holy Ambrose, and our own Anselm! How peacefull, to take wing like y^e dove, and fly away from a naughty world, and be at rest! How brave, to live alone, like St. Antony, in the desert! only, I would have had some books with me in my cave, and 'tis uncertayn whether St. Antony had knowledge of letters, beyond y^e heaven-taught lesson, 'God is love,' . . . for methought so much reflection and no action would be too much for a woman's mind to bear—I might goe mad: and I remembered me how the dove that gladly flew away from the ark, gladly flew back, and abode in y^e ark till such time as a new home was ready for her. And methought, cannot I live apart from sin here, and now; and as to sorrow, where can we live apart from that? Sure, we may live on y^e skirts of the world in a spirit as truly unworldlie as though we were altogether out of it: and here I may come and go, and range in the fresh air, and love other

folks' children, and read my Psalter, and pore over the sayings of the wise men of old, and look on the faces I love, and sit at the feet of Sir Thomas More. Soe, thcre, Meg, are my poor reasons for not caring to be a nun. Our deare Lord is in himself all that our highest, holiest affections can seek or comprehend; for he made these our hearts; he gave us these our affections; and through them the Spirit speaks. Aspiring to their source, they rise up like the white smoke and bright flame; whilc, on earth, if left unmastered, they burn, suffocate, and destroy. Yet they have their naturall and innocent outlets even here; and a woman may warm herself by them without scorching, and yet be neither a wife nor a nun."

Ever since father's speech to us in y^e pavillion, we have beenc of one heart and one soul; neither have any of us said that aught of the things we possessed were our own, but we have had all things in common. And we have eaten our meat with gladness and singleness of heart.

This afternoon, expressing to father my gratefull sense of our present happiness . . . "Yes, Meg," returns he, "I, too, am deeply thankful for this breathing space."

"Do you look on it as no more, then?" I sayd.

"As no more, Meg: we shall have a thunder-clap by-and-by. Look out on the Thames. See how unwontedlie clear it is, and how low the swallows fly. . . How distinctlie we see the green sedges on Battersca bank, and their reflected images in the water. We can almost discern the features of those poor knaves digging in the cabbage gardens, and hear 'em talk, so still is y^e air. Have you ne'er before noted these signs?"

"A storm is browng," I sayd.

"Aye, we shall have a lightning-flash anon. So still, Meg, is also our moral atmosphere just now. God is giving us a breathing space, as he did to the Egyptians before the plague of hail, that they might gather their live stock within doors. Let us take for example them that believed and obeyed him; and improve this holy pause."

Just at this moment, a few heavie drops fell agaynst the window pane, and were scene by both. Our eyes met; and I felt a silent pang.

"Five days before the Passover," resumed father, "all seemed as still and quiet as we are now; but Jesus knew his hour was at hand. E'en while he yet spake familiarly among the people, there came a sound from heaven, and they that stood by said it thundered; but he knew it for the voice of his dear Father. Let us, in like manner, when the clap cometh, recognise in it the voice of God, and not be afraid with any amazement."

Gammer Gurney is dead, and I must say I am glad of it. The change, to her, must be blessed, and there seemed some danger lest, after having escaped being ducked for a witch, she shoulde have been burnt for a heretic. Father looked on her as an obstinate old

woman; Will counted her little short of a saint and prophetess, and kept her well supplied with alle she could need. Latterly she was stone deaf; so 'tis a happy release.

The settled purpose of father's soul, just now, is to make up a marriage between Mercy and Dr. Clement. 'Tis high advancement for her, and there seems to have been some old liking between 'em we never knew of.

Though some months have passed since my father uttered his warning voice, and all continues to go quiet, I cannot forbear, now and then, to call his monition to mind, and look about for the cloud that is to bring the thunder-clap; but the expectation sobers rather than saddens me.

This morning, leaning over the river wall, I was startled by the cold, damp hand of some one from behind being laid on mine. At the same time a familiar voice exclaimed, "Canst tell us, mistress, why fools have hot heads and hands icy cold?"

I made answer, "Canst tell me, Patteson, why fools should stray out of bounds?"

"Why, that's what fools do every day," he readily replied; "but this is All Fools' Day, mine own special holiday; and I told my Lord Mayor overnight, that if he lookt for a fool this morning, he must look in the glass. In sooth, mistress Meg, I should by rights wear the gold chain and he the motley; for a proper fool he is, and I shall be glad when his year's service to me is out. The worst o' these Lord Mayors is, that we can't part with 'em till their time's up. Why now, this present one hath not so much understanding as would foot an old stocking; 'twas but yesterday when, in quality of my taster, he civilly enough makes over to me a half-caten plate of gurnet, which I wave aside, thus, saying, I eat no fish of which I cannot affirm 'rari sunt boni,' few are the bones. . . . and I protest to you he knew it not for fool's latin. Thus I'm driven, from mere discouragement, to leave prating for listening, which thou knowest, mistress, is no fool's office; and among y^e sundrie matters I hear at my lord's table . . . for he minds not what he says before his servants, thereby giving new proof 'tis he shoulde wear the motley. . . . I note his saying that y^e king's private marriage will assuredlie be made publick this coming Easter, and my Lady Anne will be crowned. . . . more by token, he knows y^e merchant that will supply the Genoa velvet and cloth of gold, and the masquers that are to enact the pageant. For the love o' safety, then, mistress Meg, bid thy good father e'en take a fool's advice, and cat humble pie betimes, for, doubt not this proud madam to be as vindictive as Herodias, and one that, unless he appease her full early, will have his head set before her in a charger. I've said my say."

Three bishops have been here this forenoon, to bid father to y^e coronation, and offer him twenty pounds to provide his dress; but father hath, with courtesie, declined to be present. After much friendly

pressing, they parted, seemingly on good terms; but I have misgivings of y^e issue.

A ridiculous charge hath beene got up 'gainst dear father; no less than of bribery and corruption. One Parnell complaineth of a decree given agaynst him in favour of one Vaughan, whose wife, he deponeth, gave father a gilt flaggon. To y^e noe small surprise of the Council, father admitted that she had done soe: "But, my lords," proceeded he, when they had uttered a few sentences of reprehension somewhat too exultantlie, "will ye list the conclusion of the tale? I bade my butler fill the cup with wine, and having drunk her health, I made her pledge me, and then restored her the gift, and would not take it again."

As innocent a matter, touching the offering him a pair of gloves containing forty pounds, and his taking the first and returning the last, saying he preferred his gloves without lining, hath been made publick with like triumph to his own good fame; but alack! these feathers show which way sets the wind.

SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES OF WORTHIES OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

ISAAC BARROW.

IN reviewing the lives and characters of some of the most famous divines who have distinguished themselves by contributions to the theological literature of the Church of England, after Hooker and Taylor, the greatest name that occurs to us is that of Dr. Isaac Barrow. Of this illustrious triumvirate of theologians it has been admirably remarked by Bishop Heber, that "Hooker is the object of our reverence, Barrow of our admiration, and Taylor of our love." Having dwelt at some length on the lives of Hooker and Taylor, we shall now attempt to sketch, with all possible brevity, the principal incidents in the life of Barrow, whose genius was certainly of a character peculiarly calculated to excite in us feelings of *admiration*, and of whom it has been well said, that he "possessed the clearest head with which mathematics ever endowed an individual, and one of the most unsophisticated hearts that ever beat in the human breast."¹

Dr. Isaac Barrow was the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Barrow, a substantial citizen of London, carrying on the business of a linen-draper. Although engaged in trade, Mr. Barrow was descended from a family of some distinction in Suffolk; but it appears that the family name had been corrupted, before it reached him, from *Barrough* to Barrow. His wife was the daughter of a gentleman of good estate in the county of Kent, and a lady of sweet disposition and amiable manners. Their son, Isaac, was born (or rather is supposed to have been born) in the month of October, 1630.² His mother died when he was

(1) T. F. Dibdin: *Literary Companion*.

(2) This date has been disputed on the authority of some conversation with Barrow, reported by a friend, in which he is said to have intimated that he was born on a rather remarkable day, namely, the 29th of February.

about four years old, and perhaps some of the peculiarities of his boyhood may be fairly attributed to his having been deprived at so early an age of the advantage of maternal instruction and the watchful solicitude of a mother's love. Certain it is that he grew up a rough, rude, robust, and wayward boy, fonder of pastime than study, and fonder of fighting than any other pastime. His education commenced at the Charter House, where he remained for two or three years, and where, we are told, he was always prominent in those sports which led to quarrelling and fighting among his playmates. His personal appearance corresponded with his waywardness of disposition. From his earliest years he was remarkable for his negligent and slovenly attire; and, in this respect, his disposition never changed, for at no period of his life did he deem it necessary to sacrifice to the graces, or to condescend to the neatness and nicety of apparel which befitted his station. Of intellectual pre-eminence his boyhood afforded no sign or token. "For his book," says a biographer, "he minded it not; and his father had little hope of success in the profession of a scholar, to which he had designed him, and often solemnly wished that, if it should please God to take away any of his children, it might be his son Isaac."

Fortunately, for Barrow, he was removed from the Charter House before he became a confirmed idler, and was placed in a school at Felstead, in Essex, where a change in his habits and disposition was soon discernible, and where he began gradually to apply himself to learning. In the course of a short time he had made such progress, and gained so good a character, that he was appointed what his biographer calls "a little tutor" to the young Viscount Fairfax; and, in December, 1643, he was entered as a member of Peterhouse College, Cambridge, of which college his uncle, Isaac Barrow, was a fellow. In February, 1645, he commenced his residence at the University, and removed to Trinity College. The circumstance which induced him to change his college was the expulsion of his uncle, who had been sacrificed to the turbulence of the times, and ejected from his fellowship at Peterhouse by the Presbyterians. The treatment of the uncle, probably, tended to deepen the feelings of enthusiastic loyalty in which the nephew had been educated. At any rate, Barrow was noted at college for his loyalty, and he was one of those who could neither be induced by persuasion, nor by prospect of worldly advantage, to subscribe to the Covenant. Whilst steadfastly adhering to what he believed to be the strict line of duty, many were found, even amongst those of a more complying disposition, to respect his motives and conduct. It is narrated by his biographer, Mr. Abraham Hill, that "one day Dr. Hill, Master of the College, laying his hand on his head, said, 'Thou art a good lad; 'tis pity thou art a Cavalier:' and when in an oration on the Gunpowder Treason he had so celebrated the former times as to reflect much on the present, some fellows were provoked to move for his expulsion, but the

Master silenced them with this: '*Barrow is a better man than any of us.*'"

But Barrow's residence at the University was unfortunately attended with a greater inconvenience than the trifling annoyances which arose from political differences. To his great discomfort, he was exposed to the pressure of pecuniary embarrassments, and, but for the interposition of a generous and powerful friend, he would have been compelled to relinquish all hope and prospect of academic distinction. His father (who held the appointment of mercer and linen-draper to King Charles I.) had suffered much in his estate by his attachment and obstinate adherence to his sovereign's cause, and was unable to furnish the very moderate allowance required for his son's support at the University. In this extremity Barrow was fortunate enough to attract the attention of the learned and celebrated Dr. Hammond, who, having detected his ability, determined, with commendable liberality, that poverty should be no bar to his advancement. Supported by Hammond's generosity, the young student applied himself to learning with renewed earnestness and vigour, and, although a notorious royalist, and remarkable for the honesty and candour with which on all occasions he made known his opinions, he became a scholar of his college in 1647, a bachelor of arts in 1648, and a fellow in 1649.

Having established a reputation at the University, another difficulty, which he must have long foreseen, presented itself to Barrow, and this was the choice of a profession. The extinction of the royal authority, the peculiar position of the Church of England, and the ascendancy of practices and tenets to which he could not subscribe, prevented him at first from turning his attention to divinity. Conceiving the clerical profession closed against him, he was led by the bent of his inclination to prepare himself for the practice of physic, and his vigorous understanding easily mastered the elements of the sciences of anatomy, chemistry, and botany. But after his election to a fellowship, the study of medicine appearing inconsistent with the oath which he had taken on his admission, (requiring him to make divinity the principal end and object of his studies,) he began to apply himself to theology, and theology, curiously enough, caused him to direct his attention to mathematics; a department of knowledge in which he was destined to achieve a European reputation. As he proceeded in his theological investigations, his experience led him to the conclusion that the science of mathematics should be treated as the basis of every other. He found, in other words, by his own requirements, that "a divine must be a chronologist, a chronologist an astronomer, and an astronomer a geometer." His attention, however, was by no means wholly engrossed with his mathematical studies. Having been long distinguished as an elegant classical scholar, he added to his other acquirements a knowledge of Arabic, in which he made considerable progress. Nor did he neglect the lighter and more graceful accomplishments of the

student. He was a diligent reader of poetry, both ancient and modern, and frequently exercised himself in poetical composition. That a just idea may be formed of his character and attainments, we must also state that he had before this period carefully studied the writings of Bacon, Descartes, and Galileo, and was thoroughly versed in all the philosophy and scientific discoveries of his age.

In 1652 Barrow became a Master of Arts, and the following year, on the resignation of the Greek professor, Dr. Dupont, he announced himself as a candidate for the vacant chair. It cannot be doubted that Barrow had peculiar qualifications for this distinction, and his claims were earnestly [supported by Dupont, whose pupil he had been; but a clamour was raised against him on account of his theological views, which it was said inclined to Arminianism, and he was consequently rejected. This disappointment preyed upon his spirits, and the aspect of public affairs added to his gloom. Compelled as he was to witness the triumph of principles that he abhorred, and the total ruin of the cause to which he was attached with his whole heart and soul, and for which his relations and dearest friends had suffered and sacrificed so much, his position appeared to him at this period a truly miserable one. To divert the current of his thoughts, and to prevent his mind from dwelling overmuch on sorrowful and disagreeable incidents, he at length resolved to try for a time a change of scene and circumstances; and, all things considered, his resolution was certainly a wise one. To a man like Barrow, of vigorous frame, undaunted courage, observant spirit, and enterprising disposition, a few years of wandering and adventure had many attractions, and appeared likely to be productive of great advantages. He had no tie of any description to detain him in England: the world was all before him; and his inclinations pointed to foreign travel as the most profitable exercise for his intellect, and the remedy best adapted to heal the wounds of a disappointed spirit. Having fully adopted the design, there were, however, some difficulties of a pecuniary nature to be encountered before it could be carried into execution. But Barrow was not to be deterred from his purpose by trifling obstacles: to procure the necessary funds for his journey he sold his library, and with the sum thus realized, about the year 1654, he set out on his travels.

It is much to be regretted that he did not leave behind him some account of his adventures and observations in foreign lands. In the absence of better information, we can but detail the course of his wanderings, during a period of nearly four years, as narrated by his literary executor and biographer, Mr. Hill, to whose sketch we have before referred. He proceeded at first to France, staying a short time in Paris with his father, who was residing there in attendance on the English Court, and from thence betook himself to the classic ground of Italy. At Florence he remained some time, and would have stayed longer but for the dearness of the place. On leaving the city of the Medici, it was his intention to

visit Rome, but the prevalence of the plague there compelled him to relinquish the idea. With no very definite object, beyond a vague desire of visiting Eastern climes, he then embarked at Leghorn for Smyrna. The voyage was rather a perilous one, and was by no means destitute of excitement and adventure; for the vessel in which he sailed was attacked by an Algerine corsair, and was only saved by the skill and desperate valour of her commander and crew. Upon this occasion Barrow justified his reputation for courage, and gave an encouraging example of English spirit. As soon as the hostile craft commenced the attack, "he betook himself to his arms, stayed upon the deck, cheerfully and vigorously fighting, till the pirate, perceiving the stout defence the ship made, sheered off and left her." It has been stated that when remonstrated with afterwards on having needlessly exposed himself to danger, and asked why he did not go down into the hold, and leave the defence of the vessel to those to whom she belonged, he replied:—

"It concerned no man more than myself: I would rather have lost my life than have fallen into the hands of those merciless infidels."

From Smyrna he proceeded to Constantinople, where he remained above a year. During this time he was principally engaged in studying the works of St. Chrysostom, which were composed in that city. Having satiated his curiosity, and stored his mind with much valuable learning and information of every kind, he left the Turkish capital for Venice, on his return homewards. The vessel in which he sailed met with an accident on reaching her place of destination, which might have been attended with fatal results; for her passengers were no sooner landed than she took fire, and, with all the goods on board, was entirely consumed. From Venice Barrow travelled through Germany and Holland, and by this route reached England, without meeting with any adventure that has been specially recorded.

Shortly after his return home, the time having now elapsed when, by the terms of his oath, as a Fellow of Trinity, he was compelled to take orders, or to quit the college, Barrow was episcopally ordained by Bishop Brownrig. It was not, indeed, without great reluctance and many misgivings that he took this step; for the times were unsettled, and a dark cloud still hung over the Church. But in the course of a few months the prospect cleared; the reign of the Puritans was at an end, and the kingdom returned to its allegiance to the royal authority. We will not attempt to describe the feelings with which Barrow hailed the joyful event of the Restoration. All his life long he had been distinguished for his undeviating and consistent attachment to the royal cause. In his case loyalty was not a mere impulse or sentiment, but a *principle*. Upon all occasions, he inculcated a reverence for the monarchy as a positive duty, without regard to feeling or expediency. Separated by natural disposition, as well as by the circumstances of his life, from the intrigues of party and the turmoil of political strife,—utterly careless of the worldly consequences which

might result from his profession of opinion,—and neither calculating on promotion, nor fearing obloquy, he persevered in his unobtrusive career of fidelity and duty, like Milton's Abdiel,—

“ Unshaken, unsecluded, unterrified.”

Amidst the general acclamations which hailed the return of Charles II. to the throne of his ancestors, the learned subject of our sketch was not wholly silent. In the exultation of the moment, he indited a Latin ode on the Restoration, in which, with suitable pomp of language, he introduced Britannia congratulating her monarch on his return from exile. But notwithstanding his demonstrations of loyalty, and his many and great claims on the royal regard, in the distribution of honours and emoluments, Barrow was entirely passed over. With many other learned and faithful friends of the monarchy, he was consigned in its day of triumph to oblivion and neglect, whilst preferments and distinctions were conferred on many a worthless parasite and shameless renegade. Although he had never sought promotion, Barrow was naturally grieved and disappointed at the treatment he experienced, and in the bitterness of his spirit he wrote the well known distich :

Te magis optavit rediturum, Carole, nemo,
Et nemo sensit te rediisse minus.

Though neglected by the Court, his merits were, however, at length recognised by the University; for in 1660, (the year of the Restoration,) he was chosen Professor of the Greek language at Cambridge. As soon as he was installed in this office, for which it will be remembered he had unsuccessfully struggled some years before, he delivered a course of lectures, which are reported to have been of unparalleled excellence; but having lent the manuscript of them to a friend, it was never returned, and these valuable performances were in consequence irrecoverably lost. In 1662 he was appointed Gresham Professor of Geometry, and in the following year, a professorship having been established in the University, under the will of Mr. Lucas, he was nominated to it. It was Barrow's principle, however, to hold no office without being able to dedicate to it all the attention which it might appear to require at his hands, and we find him, therefore, successively resigning both the Gresham and Lucasian professorships, entirely from conscientious feelings. To the latter chair, he had the gratification and distinction of recommending as his successor, Isaac Newton, then a young man of twenty-seven, who had already given many indications of consummate ability and original genius. It may also be mentioned that on the marriage of Charles II. with Catharine of Braganza, he wrote an epithalamium in Greek verse, which was deemed highly creditable to the University.

In recording the remaining events of Barrow's life, we are not enabled to embellish our narrative with any startling incidents. After his return from foreign travel, he passed his remaining years—and valuable

years they were to the cause of learning—within the precincts of the University. His life was emphatically the life of a scholar; his character was that of the student rather than the man of the world. It is remarkable that notwithstanding his great reputation as a preacher and divine, he held scarcely any ecclesiastical preferments. Once, it is said, he was offered a valuable living, but a condition being annexed to it that he should superintend the education of the donor's son, he rejected the proposal with disdain. A small living in Wales was, at length, presented to him by his uncle, and he was afterwards appointed a prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral, by Dr. Seth Ward, bishop of that see. He deemed it right, however, as he was not able personally to perform the pastoral duties which properly devolved on him, to apply the income of both these preferments to charitable purposes, and on his elevation to a higher office in the University, he resigned them altogether. Few men in their way through life have shown a greater disregard for wealth, or have made greater sacrifices from conscientious scruples, than the subject of our present sketch, and irrespectively of the estimate which may be formed of his abilities, it is impossible not to admire his singular moderation and magnanimity of character.

In the year 1672, Dr. Barrow (he had received his degree of D.D. by mandate in 1670) was appointed by Charles II. Master of Trinity College. The careless and profligate monarch was not blind, indeed, to Barrow's merits; for he was in the habit of speaking of him as “ the unfair preacher,” meaning by that expression, that he exhausted every subject on which he touched, and left nothing for others to say after him; and when he conferred on him the mastership of his college, he made the remark that he had advanced to that dignity *the best scholar in his kingdom*. Whatever may be thought of Charles's judgment in such matters, it is certain that the important office could not have been conferred on an abler or better man than Barrow. As soon as he was appointed, he turned his attention to the formation of a library, the want of which had long been felt by the students, and to the erection of a suitable edifice to contain it. In the prosecution of this design, his zeal and industry knew no bounds. Upon this single affair, it is averred by his biographer, “ that he writ out quires of paper, chiefly to those who had been of the college, first to engage them, and then to give them thanks, which he never omitted.” These letters are still preserved in the edifice which was erected by means of his untiring exertions, and which remains an enduring memento of his public spirit and energy of character.

Had a longer life been vouchsafed him, we are safe in asserting that Barrow would have been remembered as a still greater benefactor to his college and to the world. His active mind was never at rest. He was always revolving schemes of improvement, and the experience of his past conduct pointed to a brilliant future career of usefulness. But as it often happens

to the wisest and the best of men, when least expected, death was waiting for his prey. At the comparatively early age of forty-six, the great scholar and divine was seized with a malignant fever, which proved fatal. He died on the 4th of May, 1677, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

In person Barrow has been described as "low of stature, lean, and of a pale complexion." His bodily strength and powers of endurance were most remarkable. He had a clear, piercing grey eye, full of intellect and spirit, but was somewhat short-sighted; and it is also stated that he had a peculiarly thin skin, and was very sensible of cold. In his personal appearance he was negligent and slovenly to a reprehensible degree, and he had some strange and eccentric habits. One of his peculiarities was an inordinate love of fruit, in which he occasionally indulged to a dangerous extent. In justification of his practice, he maintained that fruit was physic to him as well as food, and he often said that if in autumn it killed hundreds, yet it preserved thousands. He was also much given to the use of tobacco, which he called his *Panpharmacum*, or universal medicine; holding, with many habitual smokers, that it assisted his powers of reflection, and regulated his thinking. His conversation was cheerful and facetious, and he avoided upon principle the appearance of gravity and over-strictness of demeanour so often assumed by pretenders to wisdom and piety. We say upon principle, for in one of his sermons he has admirably vindicated the grounds upon which he regulated his conduct in this respect;—forcibly observing, amongst other things, that it is most expedient "to put the world out of conceit that all sober and good men are a sort of such lumpish and sour people, that they can utter nothing but flat and drowsy stuff, by showing them that such persons, when they see cause, in condescension, can be as brisk and smart as themselves; when they please, can speak pleasantly and wittily, as well as gravely and judiciously."

From these insignificant records of Barrow's personal demeanour, we cheerfully pass to a general estimate of his character. Of his high principle, untiring energy, patience, and self-reliance, after the events of his life which we have recorded, it is unnecessary for us to speak. His judgment was clear and sound, and his writings bear witness to the variety of his acquirements, and the vigour of his mental faculties. His moral qualities were fully equal to his intellectual. The purity and rectitude of his conduct defied the darts of calumny. His character was peculiarly distinguished for manliness, simplicity, and truthfulness, and to the utmost moral firmness, he united a high degree of physical courage. The pugnacious disposition which he had manifested in boyhood, subdued by proper discipline, was gradually transformed into a spirit of firmness and fortitude, adapted to every exigence of life. We have already related one anecdote of his personal intrepidity: another, of a different nature, has been preserved, which is still more characteristic

of the man. He was on one occasion a visitor at a friend's house, and had left his bed early to take a morning's walk, when he was attacked by a huge and fierce mastiff, who being chained up all day, was suffered at night to be at large. With ready presence of mind, he seized the dog by the throat, threw him down, after a severe struggle, and held him to the ground. To prevent his enemy breaking from him, he was compelled to lie upon him with his whole weight, and in this position took counsel with himself as to what it would be right for him to do. "Once," he said, "he had a mind to kill the animal, but he quite altered this resolution, judging that it would be an unjust action, for the dog did his duty, and he himself was in fault for rambling out of his lodgings before it was light." At last, having cried out loud for assistance, some people of the house came up, and relieved him from his disagreeable predicament, without any other hurt than a strain of the hand, which he felt for some days afterwards.

Barrow was never married. In early life his fellowship precluded him from aspiring to matrimony, and when he became Master of Trinity, the permission to marry which was inserted in the patent was erased at his special request. His habits were, perhaps, at this period better fitted for a single life, and if he missed the advantages of the married state, he avoided many dangers to which the scholar is proverbially liable in that condition. Although he had not, like Taylor, the society of a loving wife to cheer and console him in his days of gloom and despondency, on the other hand, he was free from the domestic annoyances to which, as we have seen, his predecessor, Richard Hooker, was exposed: if his hours of leisure were unsolaced by the companionship of a cheerful and prudent helpmate, he had not to endure the manifold discomforts to which the simple-minded author of the Ecclesiastical Polity was subject in the married state:—he was never called away from his friends to "rock the cradle," nor were his studies interrupted by the scolding of a pert virago.

Having sketched the events of Barrow's life, and attempted an estimate of his character, our next duty is to enter on a brief examination of his writings. In his twofold character of a mathematician and a divine, posterity is deeply indebted to him. His mathematical works, written in Latin, have procured him a continental reputation, and some authorities have assigned him a position only inferior to that of his illustrious friend, Sir Isaac Newton. As a theologian, his claims are still higher, and it must certainly excite surprise that a divine so wonderfully endowed was not promoted to a higher dignity in the church of which he was so great an ornament.

In the pulpit, although it has been observed that he rarely put forth all his strength, the genius of Barrow was displayed to great advantage. His sermons were full of matter, and had the character attributed to them by Charles II. of utterly exhausting the topics on which they were composed. They were, in fact, more like treatises than pulpit orations, and

were invariably written with great care, being often transcribed three or four times before the author's fastidious taste was satisfied with their language or structure. Their length, as mere sermons, was excessive, and must have sometimes tried the patience of congregations; for the shortest of them occupied at least an hour and a half in the delivery. It is reported that on one occasion he preached before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the city of London for the space of three hours and a half; and being asked, on descending from the pulpit, if he was not tired, he replied, with the utmost *naïveté*, that he was—of *standing so long!* But notwithstanding the great length of his discourses, it is certain that Barrow was not esteemed a tiresome preacher by those who had the privilege of listening to him. Though he did not aim at the higher graces of oratory, his style was admirably adapted to his matter. For pointed and pregnant periods, and for clear, strong, masculine language, he has no superior amongst English theological writers, and perhaps scarcely an equal. All that he has written is especially distinguished for consistency, propriety, and good sense, and there is "a certain air of powerful and conscious facility" in his manner, (to quote the expression of an able critic,) which gives to his productions a peculiar charm.

Having made these remarks, it remains for us to add a few quotations which may convey to the reader's mind some idea of Barrow's intellectual character. As we cannot find space for any long extracts, our object will be to select the passages most characteristic of the man, and best adapted to illustrate his style and manner.

We begin with an extract, which may well take precedence of any other, as a beautiful delineation of the Christian character, and as a powerful argument on behalf of the religion of which the author was so distinguished a minister:—"An honest pagan historian saith, of the Christian profession, that 'nil nisi justum suadet et lenè;' the which is a true, though not full character thereof. It enjoineth us that we should sincerely and tenderly love one another, should earnestly desire and delight in each other's good, should heartily sympathise with all the evils and sorrows of our brethren, should be ready to yield them all the hope and comfort we are able, being willing to part with our substance, our ease, our pleasure for their benefit or succour; not confining this our charity to any sort of men, particularly related or affected toward us, but, in conformity to our heavenly Father's boundless goodness, extending it to all; that we should mutually bear one another's burthens, and bear with one another's infirmities, mildly resent and freely remit all injuries, all discourtesies done unto us, retaining no grudge in our hearts, executing no revenge, but requiting them with good wishes and good deeds. It chargeth us to be quiet and orderly in our stations, diligent in our calling, veracious in our words, upright in our dealings, observant in our relations, obedient and respectful towards our superiors, meek and gentle to our inferiors; modest and

lowly, ingenuous and compliant in our conversation, candid and benign in our censures, innocent and inoffensive, yea, courteous and obliging in all our behaviour towards all persons. It commandeth us to root out of our hearts all spite and rancour, all envy and malignity, all pride and haughtiness, all evil suspicion and jealousy; to restrain our tongue from all slander, all detraction, all reviling, all bitter and harsh language; to banish from our practice whatever may injure, may hurt, may needlessly vex or trouble our neighbour. It engageth us to prefer the public good before any private convenience, before our own opinion or humour, our credit or fame, our profit or advantage, our ease or pleasure; rather discarding a less good from ourselves, than depriving others of a greater. Now, who can number or estimate the benefits that spring from the practice of these duties, either to the man that observes them, or to all men in common? O divinest Christian charity! what tongue can worthily describe thy most heavenly beauty, thy incomparable sweetness, thy more than royal clemency and bounty! how nobly dost thou enlarge our mind beyond the narrow sphere of self and private regard, into a universal care and complacency, making every man ourself, and all concerns to be ours!"

His sermon on the nature of Christian Charity contains the following beautiful delineation of the most attractive of Christian graces, which is at any rate worthy of the second place in our selections:—"Is any man fallen in disgrace? Charity doth hold down its head, is abashed and out of countenance, partaking of his shame. Is any man disappointed of his hopes or endeavours? Charity crieth out Alas! as if it were itself defeated. Is any man afflicted with pain or sickness? Charity looketh sadly, it sigheth and groaneth, it fainteth and languisheth with him. Is any man pinched with hard want? Charity, if it cannot succour, will condole. Doth ill news arrive? Charity doth hear it with an unwilling ear and a sad heart, although not particularly concerned in it. The sight of a wreck at sea, of a field spread with carcasses, of a country desolated, of houses burnt and cities ruined, and of the like calamities incident to mankind, would touch the bowels of any man; but the very report of them would affect the heart of charity."

It may be mentioned to Barrow's credit that he steadily and vigorously assailed the fashionable vices of the age in which he lived; and we know not where his clear strong sense and power of argumentation appear to greater advantage than in his admirable discourses on the abuses of the faculty of speech, which were especially rife at that period.

In one sermon we find him forcibly rebuking the habit of swearing, which, however impious and unseemly, was too frequently cultivated as an accomplishment by the gay Cavalier and the profligate courtier of the Restoration. Whilst, however, the royalist gentleman indulged in the utterance of oaths and curses, as a proof of his breeding and gentility, the royalist divine

denounced from the pulpit this odious practice, as not merely hateful in the sight of God, but as "uncivil and unmannerly," when judged by ordinary rules of politeness. "If men would but a little consider things," he says, "surely this scurvy fashion would be soon discarded, as much fitter for the scum of the people than for the flower of the gentry; yea rather, much below any man endued with a scrap of reason, not to say with a grain of religion. Could we bethink ourselves, certainly modest, sober, and pertinent discourse would appear far more generous and manly, than such wild hectoring God Almighty, such rude insulting over the received laws, such ruffianly swaggering against sobriety and goodness. If gentlemen would regard the virtues of their ancestors, (that gallant courage, that solid wisdom, that noble courtesy which first advanced their families and severed them from the vulgar,) this degenerate wantonness and dirtiness of speech would return to the dunghill, or rather, (which God grant,) would be banished from the world."

With equal point and vigour does he describe and condemn the prevalence of slander and scandal, and the mischievous habit of reckless and foolish speaking, which then pervaded society to a great extent. The records of judicial proceedings prove to us that actions for slanderous words were particularly common at this epoch; much more so, indeed, than at any subsequent period. The courts were continually occupied with the vindication of private character; and this circumstance strongly points to the depraved appetite of the community. It was, therefore, by no means without correct data for the remark, or in any tone of exaggeration, that Barrow spoke of slander as a sin, which though it had been in all times and places epidemical and rife, did especially seem to reign and rage in that age and country. "There are implacable dissensions," he observes, (when attempting to account for the remarkable prevalence of this vice,) "fierce animosities and bitter zeals springing up; there is an extreme curiosity, niceness, and delicacy of judgment; there is a mighty affectation of seeming wise and witty by any means; there is a great unsettlement of mind and corruption of manners generally diffused over people: from which sources it is no wonder that this flood hath so overflowed that no banks can restrain it, no fences are able to resist it; so that ordinary conversation is full with it, and no demeanour can be secure from it. If we do mark what is done in many (might I not say, in most) companies, what is it, but one telling malicious stories of, or fastening odious characters upon, another? What do men commonly please themselves in so much, as in carping and harshly censuring, in defaming and abusing their neighbours? Is it not the sport and divertisement of many to cast dirt in the faces of all they meet with; to bespatter any man with foul imputations? Doth not in every corner a Momus lurk, from the venom of whose spiteful and petulant tongue no eminency of rank, dignity of place, or sacredness of office, no innocence or integrity of life,

no wisdom or circumspection in behaviour, no good nature or benignity in dealing and carriage, can protect any person?"

Whilst rebuking the authors and concocters of slanderous and malicious stories, the great divine does not spare the much larger class of reckless and foolish speakers who propagate, from a sheer love of mischief, the malignant lie that has been set afloat by others. "Another way" [of foolish speaking], he says, "is receiving from others and venting such stories which they who do it certainly know, or may reasonably presume, to be false; the becoming hucksters of counterfeit wares, or factors in this vile trade. There is no false coiner who hath not some complices and emissaries, ready to take from his hand, and put off his money; and such slanderers at second hand are scarcely less guilty than the first authors. He that breweth lies may have more wit and skill; but the broacher showeth the like malice and wickedness. In this there is no great difference between the great devil that frameth scandalous reports, and the little imps that run about and disperse them."

One of Barrow's finest passages, and probably the passage oftenest selected for quotation, is his definition and description of the qualities and properties of wit. Although better known than anything else in his writings, we cannot refrain from presenting it to our readers:—"To the question, what the thing we speak of is, or what this facetiousness doth import, I might reply as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a Man, 'Tis that which we all see and know: any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance, than I can inform him by description. It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of a fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in reasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale: sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound: sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting, or cleverly retorting an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it: sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, giveth it being; sometimes it riseth from a lucky hitting upon what is strange, sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose; often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and

inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless roivings of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way, (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by,) which by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit and reach of wit more than vulgar.

. . . . It also procureth delight, by gratifying curiosity with its rareness or semblance of difficulty; as monsters, not for their beauty, but their rarity; as juggling tricks, not for their use, but their abstruseness, are beheld with pleasure, by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts; by instilling gaiety and airiness of spirit; by provoking to such dispositions of spirit in way of emulation or complaisance; and by seasoning matters, otherwise distasteful or insipid, with an unusual and thence grateful tang."

On the spirit of detraction, so commonly observable in narrow and ill-natured minds, Barrow has left us these fine remarks, in a sermon on that subject:—"An honest and charitable mind disposes us when we see any man endued with good qualities and pursuing a tenor of good practice, to esteem such a person, to commend him, to interpret what he doeth to the best, not to suspect any ill of him, or to seek any exception against him; it inclineth us, when we see any action materially good, to yield it due approbation and praise, without searching for, or surmising any defect in the cause or principle whence it cometh, in the design or end to which it tendeth, in the way or manner of performing it. A good man would be sorry to have any good thing spoiled: as to find a crack in a fair building, a flaw in a fine jewel, a canker in a goodly flower, is grievous to any indifferent man; so would it be displeasing to him to observe defects in a worthy person, or commendable action; he therefore will not easily entertain a suspicion of any such, he never will hunt for any. But on the contrary, 'tis the property of a detractor, when he seeth a worthy person, whom he doth not affect, or whom he is concerned to wrong, to survey him thoroughly, and to sift all his actions, with intent to descry some failing, or any semblance of a fault, by which he may disparage him; when he vieweth any good action, he peereth into it, labouring to espy some pretence to derogate from the commendation apparently belonging to it. . . . As good nature and ingenious disposition incline men to observe, like, and commend what appeareth best in our neighbour; so malignity of temper and heart promoteth to espy and catch at the worst: *one, as a bee, gathereth honey out of any herb; the other, as a spider, sucketh poison out of the sweetest flower.*"

We have perhaps quoted sufficient, and more than sufficient, to justify the remarks which we have made on the characteristics of Barrow's English prose. Although his sermons are not, like Taylor's, thickly studded with poetical embellishments and rhetorical graces, there is a nervous, manly, forcible strain of

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reasoning eloquence running through them all which will never fail to commend them to the attentive perusal of those who recognise the careful study of our best authors as an important part of their intellectual training. We conclude this paper with a few sentences on the goodness and greatness of God, which appear to us especially deserving of citation as a favourable sample of the author's more elevated style:—

"Wherever we direct our eyes, whether we reflect them inward upon ourselves, we behold His goodness to occupy and penetrate the very root and centre of our beings; or extend them abroad towards the things about us, we may perceive ourselves enclosed wholly, and surrounded with His benefits. At home, we find a comely body framed by His curious artifice, various organs fitly apportioned, situated and tempered for strength, ornament, and motion, actuated by a gentle heat, and invigorated with lively spirits, disposed to health, and qualified for a long endurance; subservient to a soul endued with divers senses, faculties and powers, apt to inquire after, pursue, and perceive various delights and contents. Or when we contemplate the wonderful works of nature, and, walking about at our leisure, gaze upon this ample theatre of the world, considering the stately beauty, constant order, and sumptuous furniture thereof, the glorious splendour and uniform motion of the heavens, the pleasant fertility of the earth, the curious figure and fragrant sweetness of plants, the exquisite frame of animals, and all other amazing miracles of nature, wherein the glorious attributes of God (especially His transcendent goodness) are most conspicuously displayed, (so that by them not only large acknowledgments, but even congratulatory hymns, as it were, of praise, have been extorted from the mouths of Aristotle, Pliny, Galen, and such like men, never suspected guilty of an excessive devotion,) then should our hearts be affected with thankful sense, and our lips break forth into His praise."

LE BISCELIAS.¹

V.

"OUR poor Geronimo thought himself really on the road to the other world. He would doubtless have been there, if he had not forgotten, in his distress, to reopen the wound with his nails, as he originally intended. Fear and emotion had caused him to faint. Lidia, who hastened from the house on hearing the cries of the groom, found the abbé lying in the carriage, with his arm bare, the sleeve of his shirt drawn up to the shoulder, his eyes nearly closed and his mouth half open. This pitiable sight moved the young widow. Although there were no traces of blood, it might easily be seen that Geronimo had endeavoured feebly to put an end to his life, and that a circumstance almost independent of his will had prevented his committing suicide. Lidia refastened the bandages quickly, threw some cold water on the face

(1) Concluded from vol. xiii. p. 373.

of the invalid, rubbed his temples with vinegar, and soon had the pleasure of seeing him revive. Geronimo opened his eyes, his colour returned, and he soon felt as well as it was possible for a lover overwhelmed with grief. He was conducted to the house, where the whole family began to reproach him gently.

“‘Do you know,’ said the young widow to him, ‘that it is very improper to come here to die at my door, to scandalize me in this manner? I should have been reproached as if it had been my fault. People would have talked of it for the next ten years. Thank goodness! all has passed off with but little noise. Was a man ever known to kill himself because his accent was laughed at? That was truly an idea worthy of a Biscéliais! No one but a native of Bisceglia would ever have dreamt of such a thing! Let us take care that this adventure is not related to any one, for Don Pangrazio would certainly have it acted at San Carlino if it were made known. Signor Geronimo, now that you have recovered from your alarm, pray banish all your extravagant notions.’

“The curé of San-Giovanni-Teduccio, who soon arrived, conducted by Antonietto, gave the abbé a short lecture, and promised silence. Geronimo swore that he would no longer think of death, and returned to Naples, cured of his folly, and ashamed of his absurdity. However, his confusion was agreeably diminished by the thought of his resurrection. In the evening, whilst he was playing at ‘*scoppa*,’ in a café in the Strada di Toledo, a woman requested his attention for a few moments; she was the servant of the young widow.

“‘My mistress,’ said the woman, ‘has sent me to town, Signor Geronimo, to tell you that she earnestly requests you to live—that you would disoblige and grieve her were you to think still of dying—that you must come and see her often, as do her other friends, and she will willingly teach you to speak Neapolitan correctly.’

“This delicate attention restored the hopes of the poor abbé. He fancied it was intended for an encouragement, and doubted not that in taking lessons in Neapolitan, the pupil would inspire the instructor with a tender affection. The following morning, he went to the house of the beautiful Lidia to testify his docility. His five rivals had preceded him, but he displayed no jealousy, and joined them in the attack of gallantry. Two of his rivals had pretensions to wit; Geronimo opposed them without affectation, and, if he had not always the advantage in the skirmish of bon-mots, he atoned for his defeat by his modesty and good temper. Two other rivals, dressed very fashionably, and loaded with gold chains and ornaments, were models of dandyism, whom Geronimo could not pretend to equal in magnificence of dress. He contented himself with vying with them in the grace of his attitudes. The Calabrais alone, with his ferocious manner and stentorian voice, inspired him with as much fear as dislike, but the abbé carefully avoided any discussion that might degenerate into a quarrel. He was a little laughed at on account of his accent,

but he took all the raillery in good part, and kept his temper admirably. Aunt Filippa, who took him under her special protection, came to his aid, and Lidia complimented him on his good temper.

“One Saturday morning, the two dandies went to San-Giovanni-Teduccio in order to give into Lidia’s charge the key of the box which they had purchased for the evening at San Carlino. While so doing, they expressed a desire that Signor Geronimo should be of the party. The abbé entering at the moment, the young widow turned to him and said,—

“‘We are going to San Carlino to-night, and I offer you a seat with us. You will be able to compare the Biscéliais accent with the Neapolitan, which will be an excellent lesson for you.’

“‘That is to say,’ returned Geronimo, ‘you wish to compare me to Don Pangrazio. Since such is your pleasure, I will not refuse you the amusement. I will go to San Carlino; and we will see how far I resemble an old buffoon.’

“Notwithstanding his amiability, the abbé could not conceal his mortification in thinking of the ridicule with which he was menaced. To calm his dissatisfaction, Lidia invited him to remain to dinner. She helped him with her own beautiful hand to ‘*ravioli*,’ ‘*lazagui*’ and veal ‘à l’*humido*,’ so that on leaving the dinner-table he felt his good temper and even his cheerfulness perfectly restored. In the evening, the carriage which had been ordered from Naples arrived, and Geronimo departed with dame Filippa and her beautiful niece. On reaching the theatre, the abbé found his five rivals waiting in the hall. The orchestra was playing the overture. Soon the curtain rose, and Don Pangrazio entered loaded with all kinds of preservatives from misfortune: the bull’s horns, the hands of coral, the rat made of lava from Vesuvius, the heart, the pitchfork and the serpent. He was received with a burst of laughter, as usual; then he advanced to the front of the stage with a sheepish air, in order to confide to the public his superstitious fears.

“‘Gentlemen,’ said he, ‘if I have forgotten anything, inform me of it, I pray you, for charity’s sake. These large horns which I carry under each arm preserve my forehead from a similar ornament. By turning this coral hand, the first and little finger of which are open, towards persons of a suspicious appearance, I shall avoid all pernicious influence. This rat is to eat all papers that might cause me anxiety. This pitchfork will prevent my losing my way, and will keep all lesser accidents far from me. This serpent will preserve me from deceit and perfidy, and this cornelian heart is a certain talisman against the arts and coquetry of the women of this country. My attire is complete, and I have been told that I may now venture into the Strada di Toledo. I perceive with pleasure that one is safe at Naples, and that unless he forgets some one precaution, a prudent man runs no risk in this capital; however, I am not free from uneasiness. I have had a disagreeable dream, and I really feel inclined to return to Bisceglia.’

“Upon this, Don Pangrazio related his dream, in

which he discovered all kinds of prognostics. In the midst of his hypotheses he saw the extraordinary figure of Tartaglia, thus named on account of his stammering. Tartaglia is a personage in great favour with the Neapolitans, like Don Pangrazio. He represents a man much injured by the climate, and suffering from a chronic ophthalmic disease. His sunken cheeks, his long nose surmounted by enormous blue spectacles, his look of ill-health and the defect in his speech, constitute the particular marks of the wizard, whom it is dangerous to meet. In fact, every conceivable accident happens to the unfortunate Pangrazio at the same moment. Whilst he is busied with his amulets, one thief steals his handkerchief, another his snuff-box, and a third his watch. A girl pretends to take him for her lover whom the corsairs have seized and taken to Barbary; she embraces him, and torments him to a terrible degree by her caresses. Pangrazio attempts to make his escape, when a carriage knocks him down into the mud. He rises in a furious temper, cursing the thieves and wicked girls of Naples, when two young men, elegantly dressed, approach him politely, and assist him to remove the mud from his clothes.

“Is it possible! Signor Pangrazio,” said they, “that a person of your rank and merit is in this state? How happy we are to be able to assist and guide you in this town, with which you are unacquainted! Take care of the cheats; mistrust the whole world without exception. Here, waiter! a brush, a towel and some water for Signor Pangrazio.”

“The Biscélliais is delighted with so fortunate a ‘rencontre,’ and speaks with rapture of the politeness and amiability of the men of rank at Naples. Not content with assisting him to brush his clothes, these amiable young men request the honour of his company at dinner, that they may enjoy the pleasure of his conversation for at least a few minutes longer. They order the waiter to serve Signor Pangrazio with the best and most expensive dishes: rice with green peas, cutlets fried ‘à la Milanais,’ eggs, radishes, salad and cucumbers. Pangrazio prefers macaroni to all these things; they serve him with a plate of it, which he divides with his fingers and consumes. In the mean time, the two young men breakfast and empty the costly dishes which the Biscélliais would not touch; then exchanging looks, they rise, take their hats, and, amidst a profusion of compliments and salutations, disappear, leaving the unfortunate Pangrazio in a very disagreeable situation, and in one which he finds very onerous to his economical Biscélliais purse. The old man can scarcely believe himself the dupe of his credulity. After amusing the public with his droll conjectures on the absence of the two young men, he concludes by paying the bill, but not without endeavouring to bargain. Pangrazio ascribes all his misfortunes to the wizard Tartaglia; he makes a rush at the throat of the old stammerer, and endeavours to strangle him; he is however seized, and prevented from avenging himself on the object of his fear and dislike. After this, the Biscélliais sends to the devil

the whole of his useless talismen and returns to his native village, vowing never to return to Naples—until the following day, in order again to act before the company who shall be pleased to honour the theatre with their presence. The five rivals of our abbé repeated with infinite glee the speeches and maledictions of the superstitious and duped old man. Geronimo joined in the general laugh, but not heartily; however, his turn came when the cheater of the young men of fashion and their disgraceful flight excited laughter and jests. The two fashionable suitors of the young widow bit their lips; the abbé amused himself at their expense, and as Lidia joined him, he considered himself amply avenged for the comparison between himself and Don Pangrazio.

“The play being ended, Geronimo proposed a walk in the town. The Calabrais had already taken possession of Lidia’s arm; Geronimo offered his to her aunt, the other young men followed behind. The abbé having invited the ladies to take some ices, the whole party seated themselves round a table at the Café de l’Europe. After the refreshments had disappeared, the conversation ceased. One of the fashionable young men called for the ‘Gazette des Deux-Siciles,’ the other for the ‘Salvator Rosa.’ The two beaux-esprits pretended to read the ‘Quotidienne’ and the ‘Débats,’ although French was to them as perfectly unintelligible as Hebrew. The Calabrais employed himself merely in humming a tune.

“Come, Lidia,” said Aunt Filippa, “it is time for us to leave; our beds are a league from here.”

“We must ride home,” said the young widow.

“I will go and fetch a carriage,” said the Calabrais, leaving the table hastily.

“One of the fashionable young men whispered to the other, entreating him to pay the expenses.

“I have left my purse at home,” replied his friend.

“As for me, I always leave mine with my servant. I cannot imagine what the stupid fellow is doing.”

“The two beaux-esprits became intensely interested in the French journals.

“It is exactly like this evening’s play,” exclaimed Lidia with a melodious laugh.

“Bravo!” cried Aunt Filippa, holding her sides; “where is the Don Pangrazio? Call Don Pangrazio to pay the bill. I see very well that the Biscélliais alone has money, and we must not trust to the fine airs of fashionable young men.”

“Gentlemen,” said Geronimo, “I had foreseen your eagerness to pay, but as it was I who offered ices to the company, I cannot suffer another to share the expense; therefore, I gave a piastre to the waiter on entering.”

“The Calabrais soon returned with a carriage. Whilst he was conducting Lidia to it, the aunt took Geronimo aside and whispered to him,—

“The Madonna protects handsome young men. This has been a fortunate evening for you; I am going to talk to my niece.”

VI.

"The day after this adventure, Don Geronimo received a challenge from Don Giacomo, the Calabrais, which he accepted, and went the following morning with his two seconds to the Porta Capuana, the spot appointed for the combat. After waiting some minutes, a fly arrived, containing the seconds of the Calabrais; they descended, and one of them, approaching the abbé and his seconds, said,

"Gentlemen, we beg ten thousand pardons for having caused you to rise so early on account of a bravado. Don Giacomo has left the town, and we have heard that he has sent information to the police. If we are not arrested by the gendarmes, it is because the attempt is useless, and the combat impossible, one of the combatants having departed."

"If so," said the abbé, "let us go and breakfast together."

"With all that," murmured Antonietto, "I have acted against my own interest, and have lost a magnificent legacy."

"They then entered a café, where they breakfasted with good spirits and a good appetite.

"We will let every one hear of the courage of Don Geronimo and the cowardice of his adversary," said the four seconds.

"And in truth, this event created some noise in the town. It was talked of in the cafés with much glee, and when Geronimo returned for the first time to San-Giovanni-Teduccio, the lovely widow gave him her forehead to kiss, saying,—

"If your adversary had not been a coward, you would have hazarded your life for me. I shall remember it, my good friend."

"Yes," added the old aunt. "You are an amiable young man, Don Geronimo, and what is more, you are brave. I like those kind of people. When you have a wife, she may feel herself in safety, being protected by your arm. It is not so with the beaux-esprits and men of fashion. I will say no more, but so much the worse for those who have ears and do not listen to me."

"Dame Filippa had remarked that 'the Madonna protected handsome young men,' and certainly this was verified in the instance of Geronimo, for, one fine day, our abbé found that he had got rid of all his rivals, not by intrigue, but thanks to his little share of courage and the special protection of the Virgin. The two beaux-esprits having received nothing but discouraging and ironical replies to their elegantly turned phrases, considered Lidia too insensible to the beauties of eloquence to be worthy their homage. The two fashionable young men, deeply mortified by the adventure at the Café de l'Europe, imagined they would screen themselves from ridicule by laughing at Lidia and at the plebeian manners of her aunt. Kind friends were not wanting to repeat and exaggerate these remarks and jests. The young widow heard of them, and shut her door against the jesters; so that out of six lovers, there was left only one, namely, our abbé, to visit San-Giovanni-Teduccio. Lidia treated him with familiarity, as a friend of no importance; but her

father and aunt doubted not that friendship would soon give rise to a more tender sentiment.

"In the mean time, Geronimo passed his days at the house of the young widow. He dined there frequently, played at cards with the elderly persons, conducted the family to the theatre and to fêtes, and was invited to all parties of pleasure. Besides which, he enjoyed the privilege of carrying the parasol, the shawl, and all little parcels in general belonging to the lady, of performing numerous commissions, of preserving 'madame' from draughts of air, calling coachmen, paying for refreshments, and scolding the boatmen.

"The uncle of our abbé had, doubtless, exaggerated the dangers to which a young man in Naples is exposed; yet his severe remarks about the women were not absolutely false. The Neapolitan women are intelligent, energetic, and gifted with extraordinary presence of mind, but they are also self-willed, sarcastic, pitiless to those who displease them, hostile in words even to those whom they love, as if they were angry with them for having pleased them. Love of command and dominion is the predominant feature of their character. The Neapolitan men adopt a half serious and half comic language, in order to excite coquetry, or to beat a retreat in case of failure. Poor Geronimo was a native of Bisceglia. He could not imitate the light tone of the Neapolitans, who, even when endeavouring to depict their attachment, preserve their independence and gaiety. When he spoke of his affection, it was in the most serious manner possible.

"Lidia, although she had not the faults of the Neapolitan women in a very marked manner, was nevertheless hasty, changeable, and abrupt. Eagerness to obey her did not obtain from her those delicate rewards which a French lady bestows with so much talent; she interrupted protestations of devotion by laughing, and dwelt only on proofs of indifference: so that after three months of unwearied assiduity, Geronimo could not tell whether he had gained or lost in the esteem of the lovely widow.

"When the winter arrived, Lidia returned to town, and Geronimo still continued his daily visits. His attentions were redoubled without receiving any better treatment, and he might have remained in that condition until death, had not an incident at that time occurred which completely changed the course of events.

"It was towards the end of January, on one of those clear and lovely mornings of which the sky of Naples is so lavish, that the young widow took it into her head to make an excursion to Sorrente. She persuaded Maitre Michel, her father, to leave his shop, and the old aunt to dress herself; the rest was left to Don Geronimo. They took the train to Castellamare, and hired a carriage for the two leagues between Castellamare and Sorrente, following the sea-shore along the most beautiful and most picturesque road in the world. On reaching Sorrente, dame Filippa and her niece each mounted a mule, and the whole party began to ascend the mountain. They had not proceeded more than two hundred steps,

when dame Filippa, holding the bridle of her mule's head, called Maitre Michel back and kept him by her side. The mule driver, with the sagacity of his race, perceived that a *lille-à-lille* between the young persons was desired, and stayed behind to gather wild flowers. Geronimo, with one hand resting on the saddle which bore his adored Lidia, and with the other playing with his cane, walked in silence for some distance. At length, heaving a deep sigh, and looking tenderly at his companion, he exclaimed,—

“ ‘Is it possible that this lovely Nature, which is beginning to awake after the sleep of winter,—this zephyr, which is wafted from Sicily,—these perfumes of spring, speak not to your heart, beautiful Lidia?’ ”

“ ‘Unquestionably,’ replied the young widow, ‘Nature says many pretty things to me; but I can assure you, it does not speak to me of you, at this moment, so probably you do not care to know of what I am thinking.’ ”

“ ‘You do me injustice,’ returned Geronimo. ‘Be your reflections what they may, I shall only be too happy to hear them.’ ”

“ ‘In order to communicate yours to me; is it not so? Well, that is useless; I know all that you are dying to tell me, and I will repeat it verbatim. Here it is: O divine Lidia! look at this lovely sky, these rocks on which the aloe and fig-tree press amorously against each other; listen to the murmur of the wind in the branches of this green oak, which is inviting you to sit under its shade—the voices which rise from the bosom of the sea, where the gold-fish sport in the sun—the insects humming under the grass and moss;—all these things tell you that Don Geronimo is dying of love for you, and that you must make haste and give him your heart.’ ”

“ ‘You wish to discourage me by your jests,’ said Geronimo, ‘but you have not guessed what I am thinking of; it is something far different.’ ”

“ ‘Then you intend to favour me with a tirade of reproaches, in which you will delicately remind me of the little services you have rendered me, the martyrdom I cause you to endure, the dangers you have incurred for my beautiful eyes, and, after dwelling on the horror of ingratitude, you will amiably add that you are willing to pardon these frightful wrongs if I will consent to call you by the delightful name of husband. I know all that by heart, and instead of hearing a new edition, I prefer looking at the lizards which are crossing our path, the ears of my mule, and the shadow of your hat.’ ”

“ ‘As you please; but you have not guessed my thoughts.’ ”

“ ‘I can do very well without knowing them.’ ”

“ ‘I will wait until you are disposed to listen to me, for they are things you must know. I could have wished to tell you them here, in the hope of finding you in an indulgent mood on so lovely a day as this. It must be for another time.’ ”

“ ‘Speak now, Signor Geronimo; I have time to listen to you at present—my indulgence shall equal the docility of my mule.’ ”

“ ‘Then I will avail myself of the opportunity. Lidia, when a vessel has struck on the rocks, when it escapes the fury of the waves and returns to the harbour, if the captain does not think of the dangers it has encountered, and the trials it has experienced, it may chance to sink at a time when he least expects it. The weary horse dies, if his master does not give him food and repose after his fatigue.’—

“ ‘The commencement is august,’ interrupted Lidia. ‘I know what you are going to say,—your heart resembles a vessel that has struck against the rocks, and a weary horse.’ ”

“ ‘Ungrateful, unjust, pitiless woman!’ exclaimed Geronimo, ‘shall I never find indulgence in your heart? What moment of the day, what day of the year, must I select in order to speak to you of love, which you are driving to despair? Have I not given you sufficient proofs of my devotion and perseverance? It is not my affection which fails me, but my strength. I feel that my courage is leaving me. To-day you must answer me, seriously; to-morrow will be too late.’ ”

“ ‘Oh!’ exclaimed the young widow, ‘I was wrong in expecting reproaches; you have favoured me with menaces instead of reproaches. As to the serious answer you demand, you shall have it now. If your strength and courage fail, I am very sorry; but I cannot take a husband without loving him, and I do not love you enough to marry you. If it were not so, do you think I should wait in this manner for weeks and months? You see me every day from morning to night—what prevents you from inspiring me with love? You know not, neither do I. Is it not enough for you that I prefer no one to you? If you despair of touching my heart, it is not my fault. As soon as I share your attachment, you will know it. To question me is useless, therefore silence your menaces and complaint, and let us stop here; this magnificent view will calm your mind.’ ”

“ ‘Lidia stepped lightly from the saddle, and advanced to a small terrace whence the Gulf of Salerno with its vast panorama was visible; but the excited feelings of Geronimo were in no way calmed by the extensive and beautiful prospect.’ ”

“ ‘Sublime nature!’ exclaimed he, weeping, ‘I call thee to witness my last effort, and the insensibility of her for whom I would willingly give my life.’ ”

“ ‘Pray don't scream so,’ said Lidia; ‘I like you much better when you speak in a lower tone, as you did just now.’ ”

“ ‘It is the Divine will,’ pursued Geronimo, heedless of the interruption, ‘which displays itself in this fatal insensibility. To it will I bow. O grief! O deception! O salutary discouragement! I will return where heaven bids me.’ ”

“ ‘Bravo!’ exclaimed Lidia, laughing; ‘he wishes to return to Bisceglia, like Don Pangrazio.’ ”

“ ‘The arrival of the rest of the party interrupted the conversation of the young people. The excited state of Geronimo did not escape the eye of dame Filippa. When the company had examined and admired the Gulf of Salerno, the ladies remounted’ ”

their mules to return to Sorrento. In descending the mountain, dame Filippa motioned Geronimo to remain behind with Michel, and approaching Lidia, said to her:—

“My niece, you give pain carelessly to Don Geronimo, who is an excellent young man, and who loves you tenderly. This is very wrong. Take care; such conduct causes unhappiness. It is time to finish this cruel game, which Christian charity and reason alike condemn. *Virtù della Madonna!* Of what are the young girls of the present generation made? In my time we did not torment the men thus. Without waiting three whole months before I decided on accepting a devoted lover, I married the first who made me an offer, and that before I was eighteen years of age, I can assure you.”

“Dear Aunt,” replied Lidia, “you did as you pleased, and very wisely, I am sure. Permit me to act differently. The young girls of your day were much better than those of the present, that is evident. It is not my fault if I am not fifty years old. Since I am poor in years, permit me not to contract a second marriage against my wishes, and do not scold me.”

“Poor in years, poor in reason and in experience, my lovely one,” resumed dame Filippa. “I do not scold you, I think only of your happiness. This coquetry, this fickleness, does not become a sensible girl like yourself. You want a husband—see how rare a good one is. Your youth and beauty have attracted many suitors; how different is Don Geronimo from all the others! he loves you passionately. You have reflected and delayed long enough; take him for your husband at once, or soon you will be unable to do it. I see very clearly that he will wait no longer. Do not delay until Sunday or even until to-morrow; let me tell him this very moment that you give your consent.”

“For pity’s sake, dear Aunt, do not be in such a hurry. If you admire Don Geronimo so much, why do not you marry him?”

“It would be folly for me to marry him, and folly for you to refuse him. Once more, I seek your happiness. I see clearly, and perceive that it is time to cease this cruel game. You will not attend to me now; soon, regret will come.”

As though he had guessed what dame Filippa had been saying and the uselessness of his services, Geronimo did not attempt to enter into conversation with Lidia during the remainder of the journey. He walked by her side with his head down, his eyes fixed on his boots, speaking to himself and kicking the stones with a discontented air. The return to Sorrento was performed sadly and silently, a circumstance which seldom happens with two Neapolitan lovers. Whilst Michel was ordering dinner, Geronimo wandered through these gardens, and at length seated himself on this rock, the foot of which is washed by the sea. Lidia rejoined him after a few minutes.

“You are angry with me,” she said; “you will not speak to me. Come, my good knight-errant, I

bring you peace at length. After all, there has not been much time lost yet. A delay of three months is not the death of a man.”

“Do not jest thus,” replied the abbé; “on the contrary, it is death; death or the church! I no longer hesitate between these two. Your motives are excellent. You do not love me; I am a Biscegliais, I resemble Don Pangrazio; nothing can be said against all this! Since a thousand proofs of affection, sacrifices, efforts, fidelity, devotion, are not considered of any value,—

“Pardon me, dear sir,” interrupted the young widow, “of what sacrifices, of what proofs of love are you speaking? Have you conquered the Holy Land, refused the hand of the Queen of Cyprus, or the vice-royalty of Sicily, in order not to desert me? Have you received even a bruise in my service, or incurred any other danger than that of being overturned in a fly when you went to the Porta Capuana? No one has been killed, or even wounded, hitherto.”

“It is not my fault,” returned Geronimo, “nor yours either, that I am still alive. Do you regret that I have not a wound in my body, or any serious injury? You have but to command, and I shall with pleasure obey you, in whatever you are pleased to order.”

“Foolish boasting, idle words!” replied Lidia. “Take care, lest I should be tempted to put this contempt for life to the test.”

“Do it,” exclaimed Geronimo, “and you will know, in losing me, whether I loved you; do it, I entreat you.”

“You wish it? I will do so. Can you swim?”

“Certainly.”

“Well, without exposing your life to danger, I should like to see whether you would venture to take a bath in your clothes. Throw yourself into the sea, not from this place, which is thirty feet above the surface, but from that projecting rock, which is not twelve feet high. You tremble—you are pale—you are afraid; console yourself, I do not insist further. Let this lesson suffice, and speak no more of dangers, of wounds and death, for if you do, I shall always remind you of the bath.”

Geronimo bit his lips and stamped on the ground, then throwing down his hat, he took off his coat, and hastened to the edge of the rock. Before precipitating himself into the deep, like the unfortunate Sappho, he turned round to look at his mistress with a supplicating and yet indignant air.

“The head first!” cried the cruel one, laughing. And, in truth, in he plunged head foremost, and swam back to the shore; but he had no sooner regained the bank than he fell down, and remained perfectly motionless. Lidia, who was watching him, became pale in her turn, and hastened to the edge of the water with alarm.

“What is the matter, my friend?” said she, kneeling down at his side.

“It is but little, madam,” replied the abbé, with a desponding smile; “merely an arm broken. What

is that compared to the conquest of the Holy Sepulchre? When I am no more, pray for me; I feel that I am dying—Adieu, Lidia—you are the cause of my death. It would have been better to marry me than to weep over my grave.

“Geronimo uttered a deep groan and fainted. The bruised wrist became swollen; the muscles of the arm became black from the effect of the contusion. The young widow uttered piercing cries for help, which caused her father to hasten to the spot, followed in the distance by dame Filippa. The invalid was with difficulty conveyed to the hotel. Whilst the servant, in tears, was calling a doctor, Geronimo, numbed, shivering, and suffering from his wound, reopened his eyes, which were inundated with tears.

“Do not weep, my friend,” said Lidia, “you will soon recover. I will take care of you, I will console you, I will no longer tease you. I curse my caprice and folly, and I hope, by dint of care, attention, and affection, that I shall make you forget this sad day.”

“It is too late, madam,” returned Geronimo. “Love is departed from my heart, and will not return again to it. I abandon all thoughts of you and of marriage, and am determined to remain in the church.”

“There!” exclaimed the aunt. “Did I not tell you, my niece, that these games would end badly for you? You have drawn your bow so well that it is broken. Come, it is now your turn to give some proof of affection. Speak! can your tongue, which is so fluent when deriding others, find nothing to say to express your affection?”

“It is too late,” repeated Geronimo; “love has cast me into the sea—I wish no more to hear its voice. This experience shall suffice. The will of Heaven be done. Madam, I pray you, leave an unfortunate one who has been unable to please you, and whom your cruelty has cured of his folly. Henceforth I belong not to myself; I belong entirely to God and the church, my holy mother.”

VII.

“Such is, according to all appearances,” continued the doctor, “the end of the intimacy between Lidia and my patient. The tears and repentance of the young widow have been unable to shake his wise resolution. For fear of being influenced by her, he refused the care which Lidia wished to bestow upon him, and left the hotel as soon as I had placed the first dressing on his wound. He hired a small house in the village, and gave strict injunctions to his servant to admit no woman. The good old prebendary who introduced him to the family of Michel, visits him twice a-week to strengthen him in his pious intentions, and to be the bearer of the encouragement and praises of the clergy, who are deeply affected by this return to devotion, and regard this adventure as a miracle. Geronimo will never forgive love for bruising him, and causing him to incur the risk of breaking his neck. His affection seems now to be fixed on a different object, and I should not be surprised if he were to become a sincere and exemplary priest.”

I thanked the doctor for his history, and invited him to take his share of the supper proposed for the following day; then taking leave of him, I returned to Naples by the train.

At the entrance of the Strada di Toledo is a small passage called “Vico del Campaniello,” where the famous merchants of “pizze” have established themselves. The large hall of each shop is divided into small cabinets by thin partitions, which do not reach to the ceiling. A curtain forms the opening of these cabinets. Many carriages are seen, when the opera is ended, in the little street Del Campaniello, which, indeed, is frequented by all classes, both rich and poor. The “pizza” is a cake made of thick pastry, and ornamented with fish. You select from among the cakes one that appears proportioned to your appetite. The baker then places the cake in his oven, from which it is withdrawn baked and ready for eating in the space of a few minutes. Oysters, olives, and fruit constitute the rest of the supper, of which the “pizza” is the most important part.

Don Geronimo, the old uncle, and the doctor were punctual to the hour appointed for the rendezvous. The young abbé, who was well acquainted with the best houses, led us to the most celebrated merchant of “pizze” in Naples. We regaled ourselves with oysters from the lake of Fusaro, and with wine of Capri. My two Biscegliais friends selected cakes of an extraordinary size, on which twenty-four fish were ranged like the rays of the sun. The doctor and I were satisfied with choosing cakes with six fish, and even those we found it difficult to consume. Don Geronimo ate his enormous portion with an air of satisfaction that was truly refreshing. He was devouring the last fish when the curtain was drawn slightly aside, and a child entered, who began to speak hastily and earnestly to the young abbé.

“Do you understand,” said the doctor, addressing me in French.

“Not a word,” answered I.

“This child is the illustrious Antonietto, whose adventures I have related to you. He is come to inform Geronimo that Lidia, having heard of his return to Naples, has followed him, and is now waiting at the door in a carriage to seize upon him when he goes out. We shall doubtless witness some droll scenes now.”

“Antonietto,” said the abbé, “go and tell the signora that I am with my uncle and two strangers, and that I beg her to allow us to sup in peace, and to make no disturbance. Tell her that the trouble she is taking is perfectly useless; that I neither desire nor ought to see her, and that my determination never to marry is unalterable.”

The boy disappeared, but in a minute afterwards the curtain was again withdrawn.

“Sir,” said Antonietto, “the contessina will not go away without speaking to you herself. She is weeping and will not listen to me.”

“Go and tell her,” said the abbé, “that I am gone out by the back door.”

"The signorina," replied Antonietto, "knows very well that there is no back door."

"Then tell her, that if she persecutes me in this manner, I shall curse the day I met her at Santa Maria del Carmine, and shall be obliged to depart for Rome."

"That will make no difference to her, sir; she will wait for you in her carriage."

"Let us go away directly, then, before there are many people here."

Thus saying, Don Geronimo rose and took his hat, muttering something about the caprice and obstinacy of women.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I deeply regret the unfortunate circumstance which has thus interrupted our delightful supper. I hope at another period to enjoy the honour of your company. At present, I find there is but one course left for me, that of flight."

The abbé left the shop with rapid strides, and placing his head at the carriage door, said in a severe tone:—

"Madam, I repeat it for the last time: I am a priest."

He then fled with the utmost rapidity to the Strada di Toledo, where he disappeared in the crowd. The young widow had descended from the carriage in order to follow Geronimo, but being unable to overtake him, returned in tears, and seizing the doctor's arm, said,

"Dear sir, is it possible that this naughty ungrateful one loves me no longer? He who has been talking to me of his love from morning till night for the last six months, without failing for one single day to visit me!—he who never picked up the thimble or the reel of cotton I let fall, without kissing it before returning it to me!—he will not even listen to me! Is it possible thus to despise a woman whom he adored as if she were an angel of heaven? Must I do penance?—must I humble myself?—must I throw myself into the water, in my turn, to obtain pardon? I am ready to do anything; I am resigned to all, except to the loss of my darling Geronimo. No, that cannot be. He is too handsome, too amiable; I love him too much. Doctor, doctor, intercede for me!"

Lidia was prevented by her sobs from proceeding further. A nervous trembling agitated her whole frame. She took the doctor's arm with both her hands, and placed her head on his shoulder, weeping bitterly and unrestrainedly.

"Calm yourself, my dear young lady," said the doctor, "calm yourself. Do not create a noise in public; you will repent of it afterwards."

"What signifies the public to me? Let the whole world know my grief, my faults, and my repentance, and let Geronimo forgive me! Ah! fool that I was thus to ill-treat a man I so fondly loved. It is God who is punishing me. Yes, I merit this for my contempt and cruelty; but the suffering I have occasioned has been visited upon me a hundred-fold. Alas, poor me! what will become of me, alone in the

world, in this wide universe so desolate and dreary since I have lost my Geronimo?"

"Do not weep," resumed the doctor; "I promise you that I will speak to Geronimo, and request an interview, and I doubt not that if he consents to see you, his affection will be rekindled."

"Do not imagine it," said the uncle; "my nephew is now a priest."

Lidia hastily quitted the doctor, and seized the arm of the old Biscéllais.

"You are his uncle," cried she; "ah! do not set your face against me. I am truly to be pitied. Have compassion on a poor woman whose heart is lacerated with grief. Your nephew will lose nothing by marrying me. I am rich. My first husband left me a fortune, and my father, who gains more than a thousand ducats yearly by selling lamps, has no other child beside myself. Dame Filippa, my aunt, would willingly give the half of her fortune if she could only prevent my weeping, for she is as generous as she is wise. Ah! why did I not heed her advice! Dearest uncle, accept me for your niece; I will love you as if I were your own child. I will wait upon you, I will make your coffee myself, and I make it in the old Italian manner, which is far better than all the new systems. Ask Maitre Michel, my father, if he ever wanted anything whilst I kept his house. And at your age is it not much more agreeable to be surrounded by children who love you fondly, than to be attended by mercenary servants? I shall enliven your house, or else you will come into ours. Old men like to live in a cheerful and well-conducted household; it comforts them, and raises their spirits. I will beguile your time with my songs and gaiety, and will never give myself a moment's repose until you are served; I will with my own hands pour out the glass of muscatel which will warm your heart, and you will see what a disturbance I shall make if they do not serve you with water as clear as crystal. And instead of going to Bisceglia to die there in solitude, separated from your nephew by the church, you will be surrounded by little children, who will look at you with their large eyes, and call you '*zio carissimo*' as soon as they can speak, and they will be the image of their papa, and you will make them jump on your knee, while you say to yourself: Oh! happy day, when in the Vico del Campaniello I was moved by the tears of poor Lidia, who is now my much-loved niece, and who has surrounded me with these darling and affectionate little creatures."

Whilst Lidia, with touching grace and feeling, was rapidly unfolding this charming picture, a grimace similar to a smile moved on the lips of the Biscéllais, and a little tear endeavoured to pass his grey eyelashes.

"Do not offer any opposition," said I, "you are affected, and in truth, one must have a heart of iron to witness without compassion such touching grief."

"Come," said the doctor, "things may yet be managed. Embrace this charming niece whom heaven sends you."

"By my faith, it is done!" cried the old man, clasping the young widow in his arms. Be my niece and my daughter. I will speak to Geronimo, and to-morrow you shall hear from me."

Lidia re-entered her carriage with a joyful heart; we conducted the old Biscéllais to his nephew, and employed ourselves in concerting and preparing the important negotiation whilst going to the house. Geronimo heard his uncle's narrative calmly, and suffered us all three to speak without answering us; at length, when we had exhausted our last argument in favour of marriage, he said:—

"A night of reflection is necessary. To-morrow I shall take a definite resolution. Return at noon, and you shall then go to the signora and inform her of my intentions. I promise you I will examine the *pros* and *cons* deliberately, and will place in the balance her grief, her regret, the regard I owe her, the wishes of my uncle, and the interest you all testify in this unhappy lady, and even my former affection, which I shall not attempt to stifle, if nature and human weakness raise their voices."

The following day, I reached the cottage of the abbé at a quarter past twelve. The uncle and the doctor were walking in the court in front of the house. They presented me with an opened letter, in which I read the following words:—

"DEAREST UNCLE,—I rose very early this morning, still undecided after a night of sleeplessness and reflection. I went to my pious and venerable protector in order to submit my case to him. He commanded me to close my ears to the counsels of men who were influenced by worldly feelings, and to obey the voice of conscience. Heaven calls me, and I should be culpable in hesitating any longer. Naples having become a place of snares and temptations for me, I intend leaving instantly for Rome; there I shall study for three years, at the end of which period I shall have the happiness of being ordained. My protector has added to my benefice the sum of five hundred ducats to defray my travelling and lodging expenses. Go yourself to the lady whom this information interests, and tell her of my departure. Speak gently and kindly to her. Tell her to forget me, to console herself, and to rejoice as a Christian that I am in the service of God. Then repeat for the last time, that I belong irrevocably to the church. Tell the French gentleman and my excellent doctor, that when we next meet, my dress and office will not prevent my offering them an oyster-supper either at the house of a 'pizze' merchant or elsewhere. The enjoyment of their company is one of those pleasures which a good priest may grant himself. Adieu, dear uncle; rejoice that I have escaped from the dandies and the Neapolitan women. Fear nothing more for your respectful and devoted nephew," &c. &c.

At the news of this precipitate flight, and of the pious intention which it appeared perfectly impossible to alter, Lidia uttered heart-rending cries. For a whole week, she remained drowned in tears; and

her grief became so violent as to cause her friends serious alarm on account of her health. At the theatre of San Carlino, she was seen to weep frequently when the speeches of Don Pangrazio were exciting bursts of laughter throughout the house. Two months had elapsed since the departure of Geronimo, when she met, under the portico of San-Gennaro, a handsome young man, who offered her the holy water with an air of deference that surprised her. This young man followed her, discovered who she was, obtained an introduction to the family, gained the consent of Maitre Michel and the protection of dame Filippa. He had a small fortune, good education, a good temper, and a very handsome face and figure, like Geronimo. He married the lovely widow, and restored to her the gaiety, appetite, capriciousness and love of pleasure which she had for a short time lost. Lidia now leads the most agreeable life a Neapolitan lady can desire. She rules her household, governs her husband, quarrels with him at least once a-week, becomes reconciled to him in less than twenty-four hours, scolds him for going to the café, which however does not prevent his returning there, and often whips her two children, who are the images of their father.

Ognissanti Geronimo studied theology for three years at Rome, then having been ordained, he returned to Naples, where he has become an archpriest and one of the most devoted members of the Italian clergy. His natural eloquence, regulated by study, has become more sober. He frequently selects for the subject of his sermons, the danger of the company of women, the salutary effects of accidents connected with divine grace, and the consolation which religion grants to those who have been tried by affliction.

A PAPER ON PEDESTRIANISM.¹

WE hope all our readers are pedestrians, ladies inclusive. It is, we are happy to know, a truly English taste: the pedestrian feats of our countrymen—ay, and countrywomen too—are famous all over the world. They brave alike the snows of Switzerland and the sands of Arabia. Mrs. Campbell and her daughters crossed over Mount Blanc, and Miss Martineau tells us, that she walked almost all the way from Suez to Mount Sinai. Indeed, there is no exercise that opens so many sources of enjoyment, or charms away so many cares. Are you tormented with the constant predominance of *one idea*? harassed with an overweight of business? or stupified by some grievous and heavy affliction?—our advice to you is, Set off and walk; no matter where, so it be in the open country. Away with you, over hill and dale, until you are thoroughly leg-weary, and if there be a cure for your ailments, you will find it in the change of air and scene, the lovely face of nature, that natural and divinely-appointed medicine, which, next

(1) "Hints for Pedestrians, by Medicus." London: Simpkin & Marshall. Edinburgh: Black. Liverpool: Grapel. 1s.

to religious trust, is perhaps most effectual in soothing human suffering. Even the torments of a guilty conscience, as the old philosophers said, may be lulled, if only for a while, by the potent charm of pedestrianism. For our humble part, we have ever been passionate admirers and diligent practitioners of this exercise, and owe to it a world of enjoyments most precious at the time of fruition, and no less pleasant in the retrospect. We delight, therefore, to meet a fellow-enthusiast, such as the author of the useful and lively little manual from which we mean to borrow a few pages to edify the judicious amateur, and also to stimulate, if possible, the laggard and the lazy to wholesome exertion.

“ Let those now walk who never walk'd before,
And those who always walk'd, now walk the more.”

“ In travelling, he says, we multiply events, and innocently. We set out, as it were, on our adventures; and many are those that occur to us, morning, noon, and night. The day we come to a place we have long heard and read of, is an era in our lives; and from that moment the very name calls up a picture. How delightfully, too, does the knowledge flow in upon us, and how fast! Would he who sat in a corner of his library, poring over books and maps, learn more, or so much, in the time, as he who, with his eyes and his heart open, is receiving impressions all day long from the things themselves? Our sight is the noblest of all our senses; it fills the mind with most ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues longest in action without being tired. Our sight is on the alert when we travel; and its exercise is then so delightful, that we forget the profit in the pleasure.”

Leaving panegyric, the author now addresses himself, in a business-like way, to the numerous preparations incident to an extended walk:—

“ Having paid our court to the seasons, in the most seasonable manner we could, let us then now descend to look into some of the dry and *matter of fact details of preparation* for a pedestrian trip, which, though somewhat at first uninviting, yet we promise thus much to every and all—poet or naturalist—philosopher or man of business—that the *poetry of nature's* changing garb and features,—the science of her thousand ways of wonder-working life—the tone of her sweet influence on the mind and body—will be *promoted*, in no trifling degree, by our securing, as far as practicable and foreseen, those *conditions actually essential to the comfort and success* of a pedestrian ramble; for, if great things are only the summing up of small things—as, in the fable, the grateful ant stung the leg of the man, whose deadly aim was thereby diverted from sacrificing the poor bird, to whose kind act of rescue when in danger the ant had previously owed her own life—how can we despise even the least matter which can exercise an influence for good or evil on our journey's successful issue? Who has not had to experience the bitter mortification of having a trip on foot spoilt by some trifle, unheeded or unanticipated in the hey-day of the start! What

corn began to complain on the second day? What sore heel, from the wear of an ill-fitting boot or shoe, has not destroyed all the soaring pleasure of our excursion, just when the country began to open to our eager gaze? and who that has so paid the penalty of incaution and neglect at starting, does not wish to take good care that such shall not happen again to themselves,—or to any friend, indeed, starting on a similar trip, and who will listen to the voice of experience in the matter?

“ To enter, then, forthwith into all manner of ‘Hints’ and practical suggestions.

“ In the first place, the reader will be, perhaps, surprised to learn how many things need to be attended to in preparing for a few days' or weeks' excursion into the country; and, further, that you must begin to *train and harden* yourself a day or two before actual setting out.”

This is sound and sensible advice, which no one should neglect to follow. We have not, however, space here to enter upon his consideration of the *impediments* of corns, chilblains, neglected nails, his experiences on socks, shoes, knapsack, &c. and a compact arrangement in the smallest possible space, of the numerous articles which, until the improvement fondly anticipated by N. P. Willis, of starting off in our ethereal portion, and leaving our empty bodies behind to the care of our house-keeper, is realized, will be requisite for even the most hardy pedestrian. This is indeed the great dilemma. To carry a sufficient number of articles to ensure a moderate degree of comfort, will render the knapsack inconveniently heavy, while, unless it be tolerably stored, the tourist may be obliged, like the poet with his one shirt, to lie in bed while his unique coat and pair of pantaloons are being dried, after some untoward encounter with “the elements.” Such, alas! has often been our own fate. On all these points our author is a first-rate authority, and gives us the best instructions how to hit the *juste milieu*.

Let us now proceed to start with him on his ramble.

“ Having all matters arranged, the toggery all donned, the knapsack fairly strapped on, we should say, select in the next place some suitable *companion* of congenial feelings and cheerful humour: for much of the pleasure of a tour depends on this having of company, even if only a dog to whistle to. ‘The influences of agreeable conversation, in alleviating the toilsomeness of travel, have been pleasantly depicted by Shakspeare:—

“ These high, wild hills, and rough, uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.”

Richard II. Act ii. sc. 3.

Indeed, every one knows that the Irish bull, that a journey of ten miles is reduced to five a-piece when undertaken with a companion, is founded in truth and nature. It may be that the cultivation of the mind, and the improvement of the taste, might have enabled

the traveller to have found, at least in part, that companionship he desired in the birds, beasts, plants, trees, brooks, hills, and stones, he encountered in his excursion; but still the force of the observation remains the same, that the most pleasing and unwearying efforts demand an impulsion from the mind as well as from the mere bodily powers.¹

"An additional reason for seeking cheerful companions is, that the mind is unbent from intense thought or anxious care by the presence of others and their extemporaneous converse, when, if left alone to yourself, it might prove next to impracticable to unshackle the trammelled habits of intense application; and unless such be accomplished, the chief end of the excursion is missed: the mind must be at ease to allow the body to reap the benefit of its exertions. Davis observes most justly, in his interesting Manual, p. 355,— 'As we have seen that, for an agreeable and beneficial exercise, there must be an harmonious action in a large number of the parts and organs of the body, so there should be a like *harmony of excitation* to call this action forth. The will, the great stimulant of muscular contraction, must direct its efforts with singleness of purpose to the acting limbs.'

"The allotting of the amount of exercise each day is, for the commencement of such a tour, and to the unaccustomed, of the greatest consequence; and we must proceed to show why it is so, in order that this condition, absolutely essential to the pleasure and benefit of the pedestrian excursion, may be cautiously secured. People may be accustomed to walk about all day in town, and yet find a day's walk in the country very different; and, from their not rightly estimating this experience, may be very apt to overdo themselves at starting, and so get fatigued with the new and exhilarating demands upon their animal frame and spirits: therefore it would be well to *limit their first and even second day's work* to something under what they might possibly accomplish at a great stretch; for, if the first day become a toil instead of a pleasure, the spirits begin to flag, and a listlessness as to the objects undertaken steals over the mind, owing to fatigue. Few minds can then, under the pressure and lassitude caused by the first day's forced march, muster up courage sufficient to throw themselves out of bed early, to begin with spirit and alacrity the second day. Davis remarks, (p. 323,) that 'all exercises should be accurately apportioned to the age, strength, and previous habits of the individual. Where this rule is neglected, exercise becomes an evil, and that of serious magnitude.' And further on, alluding to undue exertion of any powers, whereby their growth and development suffers in the young— 'A state of weariness comes on, that sleep refuses to alleviate. Such a call is made upon the digestive organs and the nervous system, for velocity of action, that these parts are first to fail; and fever, accompanied with serious digestive disorder, ensues. . . . Under an extraordinary stimulus, the task may possibly be performed; but the consequences are

(1) "Davis' Manual, p. 354."

disagreeable and prejudicial. Excessive fatigue takes the place of that moderate tiredness which conduces to sleep, and the balmy soother of wearied nature refuses to do her office; a painful restlessness, attended with fever, and, in extreme cases, with delirium, distresses the frame; and when at length lumbers steal over the troubled system, they are not followed with any commensurate degree of refreshment.' Dr. Combe relates a very striking instance of the folly of over-exertion of this kind.

"Exercise pushed, then, to the point of inducing fatigue, so as to render the muscles sore and trembling from overstrained efforts, remaining stiff and sore after a night's disturbed repose, is not the way to derive either benefit or pleasure from a country tour. On an average, we should say, that, for those who can accomplish by effort some twenty miles for a day's walk, a dozen or fifteen is the outside they should lay out for the first day's exercise; then, by getting a refreshing night's rest, they will have the power and disposition to walk twenty miles on the next day, and perhaps twenty-five on the third, and increase a little each day as they feel equal to do so: thus they will adopt the safest way to secure all the beneficial and agreeable results of a pedestrian journey. Experience will probably have already convinced some of our readers that our advice, resulting from the same instructive source, is not to be despised, even by comparatively old hands, on commencing a tour after a period of sedentary pursuits and comparative bodily inactivity: though there may be some buoyant spirits who feel as if they had done nothing unless they came in like a horse after a day's hunting, tired and jaded with a glorious run, (in exciting companionship of the baying hound and bugle note,) forgetting, most probably, as such highfliers generally do, that the hunter gets the next day for recruiting repose; so that, in fact, he only runs generally three or four days out of the week. This reflection will be sufficient to moderate, we hope, the zeal of those *freshmen* who seem not yet to have learnt that discretion is the better part of valorous enterprise! We are certain that many a *green tourist* gets dispirited, if not almost disgusted, with what he pays too dear for in the purchase of, whereas the fault lies entirely with the folly of his own extravagant bid, and not in the article. This remark applies not only to this little episode of our common life, but to that ordinary routine of our course, as well, which— because we pursue with too absorbing an aim, too avaricious a grasp—palls, wearies, and disgusts. What saith the sage Armstrong (page 36 of his valuable poem on health) in reference to overwrought exertion?

" 'For know, whate'er
Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
The sanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil
Protracted; spurs to its last stage tired life,
And sows the temples with untimely snows.'

" *Early rising* is at all times so unquestionable a

good habit, and so conducive to mental and bodily vigour, that few words need be added to enforce the carrying out of this practice, as well on the starting as on all succeeding days; the pure freshness of the air penetrating like a cordial to the inmost recesses of our nature, fulfilling body and mind with the glow of conscious and joyous existence, until a sensation of almost bursting life chases the blood through its several channels with the bounding flow of healthful activity—an enjoyment the sluggard never realizes, even in the *all-capable range of his snoring ideal life*. A few miles stepped out before breaking the fast, will make light work of the rest of the day's labours; and a *keen appetite* acquired for breakfast is of itself no mean recommendation—indeed, of such preponderating value is this motive alone with many, that did it co-exist with no other, it would raise them from their couch, and cause them to sally forth early. We need scarcely stop to remark, besides all just stated, that, as far as the search of the *picturesque* goes, no time equals the morning for beauty and *sharpness of outline*, whether the objects be mountain peak or mirrored lake: all nature around wears a youthful brow, and, if the sun shines out, then, in the flowing language of Shelley's translation of a hymn in *Faust*—

“ ‘The world's unwither'd countenance
Is bright as on creation's day.’

“An old Latin doggerel has presumed even to fix the hour for rising, in order, we suppose, that, by adopting the benevolent suggestion of a standard hour, mankind may derive the advantage of imitating the regulated visits of Aurora's early beams:—

“ ‘Surge quintâ,
Prande nonâ,
Coena quintâ,
Dormi nonâ,
Nec est mortî
Vita prona:’

which, being rendered into English, will run thus, making allowance for our modern confusion of meal times:—

“ ‘Rise at *five* who has the power;
Breakfast and lunch at *nine's* good hour;
Dine at *five's* revolving magic;
So shall death by sickness tragic,
Who by *nine* sleeps if he can,
Ne'er cut short life's little span.’

Thus, then, we have got our chart to steer by; and, though an adage of olden time, it will hold good now-a-days—at all events, in country rambles and health-seeking tours. We have the *hour*, then, laid down, though the cloth wants laying for—

“*Breakfast*; and, moreover, something to garnish it with, suitable for the devastations of a hungry pedestrian. We can't exactly produce the materials, but we can suggest what we have found, from experience, the most hunger-proof amongst provisions—that is, instead of tea or coffee, a good jug of well-made cocoa or chocolate. There is something substantial in it: the stomach takes some time to discuss

its endless resources of liquid nutriment. If to such a host in itself, you append plenty of bread and butter, and an assortment of fish, flesh, or fowl, or eggs, you cannot starve though you wait till afternoon for your next substantial meal, viz. dinner. Tea is all very well in a drawing-room; or when pursuing literary avocations, a light meal is required, in order to let the brain have more opportunity for concentrated thought; but when at ploughman-like labours, the nearer you come to his solid subsistences, the better. We fancy *tea* will come in with a better grace towards the fag end of the day, say after dinner, as a *diluent of aromatic and grateful nature*.

“In C. Croker's *Legends* we find, and cannot help extracting, the following rich and appropriate passage:—

“ ‘A fine day anywhere is a fine thing; but a fine day at Killarney is the finest of all possible things. Only see how clear the mountain looks, with but one little silvery cloud sleeping in the hollow of the Devil's Punchbowl, the broad face of the sun smiling on it, as if he was just going to say, “You brat of a cloud, I'll swallow you up in a twinkling!” It would be a pity to lose a moment—“Hallo, Gorham! breakfast, breakfast, all in a hurry, if you please; tea, coffee, bread, butter, toast, eggs, ham, honey, salmon, all very good—is everything ready, Gorham?” “Yes, sarc.”’

A-propos of Killarney. After such a breakfast as the above, we started off from the hotel, and were soon afterwards threading the gloomy defile called the Gap of Dunloe. When in its most gloomy depth, a ragged individual suddenly started up from behind a rock, and proclaimed himself as the appointed “guide” through the pass and neighbourhood. Now it so happens, reader, that we have a peculiar aversion to this sort of animal, and being, moreover, furnished with an excellent map, civilly declined the favour intended for us. Poor Pat, however, was not disposed to give up a chance, and insisted on the fearful perils of the way, and the absolute necessity of putting ourselves under his protection. “Sorra a jontleman, your honour, ever ventures through the Gap widout tacking a guide wid him,” he kept on, as we resolutely pursued our way, gradually quickening our pace; Pat, the meanwhile, striding on by our side, and repeating his importunate exhortations. At last, coming to a dead stand-still, and looking our persecutor in the face, we inquired, with provoking coolness, “Good man, will you have the goodness to go about your business?” But Pat was not to be thus daunted. “Well thin, sir,” he replied, with steady assurance, “if yer honour does not know yer own need, sorra a bit will I lave you in the midst of disthress, but I'm the boy will stick to you, aven in spite of yourself.” There was no standing this, so off we bolted at top speed. Pat dashed after us. For five minutes we were neck and neck, till having some slight advantage in longitude of limb, our persecutor by degrees dropped astern and at length became invisible. He had his revenge, however, for we lost our way, and what was worse, the

villain came to know of it. Guides are by no means to be despised in mountain excursions, and the traveller, when once in their hands, should never be obstinate, but implicitly obey their instructions and devoutly believe in their legendary narrations.

"Supposing that now our friends—we use the plural, because we wish it to be understood there must be a little knot of two, three, or four 'jolly companions every one,' banded together for the trip, in order that even one individual may reap the whole benefit of the tour—supposing, then, that all are in full sail now, passing along the pleasant hedgerow, the rude stone wall, or crossing some open moorland, *singing and shouting as you go* along; we would commend so goodly an exercise for the lungs, whose proportionate expansion calls forth, and gives new tone to, their elastic tissues, whereby the blood is more freely received from, and remitted to, the heart; and, by its *more than wanted contact* in these channels *with the vivifying air*, it circulates with a freer bound, imparting new zest to life; and so leap forth ideas of wit, pleasant mirth, and merriment, till it becomes difficult to trace the interfused relations of cause and effect, in our wondrously compounded union of mind and body."

On a point of much importance, our author's remarks are worthy of all acceptance, inasmuch as they are derived from experience; we mean, the best method of alleviating thirst. "What can be more simple, provided the means are at hand?"—we hear some tyro exclaim; "it is only to drink, and to drink enough, no matter what—pale ale, bottled porter, humble home-brewed, spirits diluted with water, or, in default of any other ingredient, the latter element alone in all its crystal purity." Pleasant but pernicious illusion! and which, like all the flowery paths of premature indulgence, only leads to increased suffering in the end. On the contrary, our author tells us, and wisely too, "Avoid drinking as you would poison, in short, drink as little as possible of anything, and do not give way to the first sensation of thirst. Be not always tempted by the crystal fountains you may meet with, being yourself warm. Should your thirst be overwhelming, take a mouthful, keep it for some seconds in your mouth, so as to warm it a little before swallowing." "Should the temptation to go on swallowing too fast be irresistible, a drop or two of spirits—mind, reader, *just a drop or two*—will check the sudden chill, which is apt to be dangerous to the heated frame." We were once talking to an old chamois-hunter who scaled the steeps of Monte Rosa, about this matter. "Do you venture to drink water when among the highest precipices of the Alps?" was asked. "It would be madness to do so," was his reply. "Once tasted, the rage for it is unconquerable. We merely moisten the mouth, from time to time, with a little drop of wine." This advice is, however, applicable chiefly to long and severe walks, for on ordinary occasions a glass of home-brewed at the porch of a village alehouse, especially if intended to wash down certain ploughman slices of home-made

bread-and-butter, is among the choicest delights incident to a country walk. *Probatum est.*

We proceed to the important article of dinner.

"It is not well to drive dinner too late. Though *circumstances* must often be allowed to have the principal meal under their sway, *rendering dinner hour elastic*, yet where it is practicable, the middle of the afternoon, about *three or four o'clock*, is best. This may generally be contrived beforehand, by so planning the day's work as that some decent 'hostelry' may be holding out its inviting emblems about this period of your performance; in case, however, you should be a denizen of some far-off and barren waste, where the chances of obtaining refreshment at all before nightfall are down at zero, then we presume that your olfactory nerves, presciently discovering the same calamitous state of things, will advertise you not to leave the last hospitable quarters without exercising the sagacious forethought of stowing away some sandwiches (whether plain meat, or anchovy paste between respectable folds of bread-and-butter, as is the fashion in the present day, deponent saith not.) The hour we name is a little in advance of our Latin prescription lately recited; and the old Romans who conquered this fair land might have chosen to vote for the arrival of sunset, before proceeding to such grave doings as dinner always supposes: but really we must desert antique, though illustrious exemplars, when our modern stomachs grow rebellious, and in hollow ventriloquial murmurs utter the scholastic adage, *Necessitas non habet legem*; (necessity has no law:) especially when we the stomach have generously undertaken to 'get up the steam' for all the rapid locomotions of the body, and all the sparkling creations of the brain, you can do no less than, in order to these ends, *duly* to cater 'fuel' for our gastronomic boiler!

"A dinner of *plain animal food* is the best, without many sauces, or partaking of made-up dishes. The main part of the day's excursion will have been accomplished, and only a few miles afterwards should be attempted to close the day's enjoyment. After the first process of digestion is pretty well over, usually occupying about an hour after the repast, the body, if not over-fatigued, is usually disposed for a little further rambling—if also the party be in tolerable health—half a dozen miles will be done at nearly, if not at quite, the same smart paco as previously. Such forms a pleasant division of the day's allotted task, and is by no means prejudicial.

"Whilst matters of a substantial class are occupying some necessary time in preparing, comfort will be consulted by a grateful ablution of the face and hands from the dust, &c.; and the recital of a stave out of 'Croker's Legends of Killarney' will not diminish the appetite of our travellers whilst the courses are removing, though that be fast vanishing in the glancing sheen of knives and forks.

"Father Cuddy sang for entertainment to his assembled friends the following, with mirth in his eye and melody on his tongue:—

“ Quam pulchra sunt ova
 Cum alba et nova
 In stabulo scite leguntur,
 Et a Margery bella
 Quæ, festiva puella!
 Pinguis lardi cum frustis coquantur.
 Ut belles in prato
 Aprico et lato
 Sub sole tam læte reudent,
 Ova tosta in mensa,
 Mappa bene extensa,
 Nitidissima lance consent.”

“ Croker furnishes very kindly a fair and elegant translation—thus :—

“ ‘ O ’tis eggs are a treat,
 When so white, and so sweet,
 From under the manger they’re taken,
 And by fair Margery,
 Och ! ’tis she’s full of glee,
 They are fried with fat rashers of bacon.
 Just like daisies all spread
 O’er a broad sunny mead,
 In the sunbeams so beautifully shining,
 Are fried eggs well display’d
 On a dish, when we’ve laid
 The cloth, and are thinking of dining.’

“ The Legends of Killarney ’ abound with humour and wit, and very likely our readers will feel tempted, from this specimen, to hunt up therein more racy Latin verses, by the celebrated Abbot of ‘ Sweet Innisfallen.’ A glass of beer, ale, or porter during dinner, along with a couple or three glasses of wine after, where the party prefers to take anything stronger than Adam’s ale, will be amply sufficient in reason; or the wine may be rendered, according to the dictate of either custom or invalidedness, into its equivalent tumbler of spirit and water. For the safe conduct of the person, and purposes of health, as well as from the dictates of good morals, we shall not mind the jeer or laugh which many accustomed to excess in revellings and wine may choose to assail our next quotation, which we shall make in favour of *temperance*, from an old-fashioned writer of assured high name :—

‘ Drink not the third glass :—which thou canst not tame,
 When once it is within thee ; but, before,
 May’st rule it as thou list :—and pour the shame,
 Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.
 It is most just to throw that on the ground
 Which would throw me there, if I keep the round,
 * * * * *
 Be not a beast in courtesy ; but stay,
 Stay at the third cup, or forego the place,
 Wine above all things doth God’s stamp deface.’

“ Our readers will perceive that our plan is to avoid sanctioning either extremes, of stimulating drinks, or abstinence unmitigated in its rigorous exaction : and the following will serve to rectify any mistaken views travellers may take of the temperance moderation, or of our own recommendations thereof.

“ ‘ Nor are the denunciations,’ writes a first-rate medical man and physiologist of the present day,

‘ sometimes issued against all fermented liquors, upon the plea that they are as unnatural to man as to the inferior animals, less canting and injudicious. It is not natural to man to abuse any of the gifts of Providence; but it is quite natural to him to use with temperance all the luxuries which his superior faculties at once enable him to procure and qualify him to enjoy, and this among the rest. With respect also to fermented liquors, slow indeed must those poisons be, which, used in moderation, frequently take half a century or more to produce their effects. We commonly say that a man makes a beast of himself when he gets tipsy; but it appears that it is from *not* making a beast of himself that this accident is apt to overtake him. But the world is too old for this kind of trash at present. Even the good folks of the temperance societies do not restrict their proselytes to acorns and water. They know better than to cut off the arm because it may sometimes be employed in mischief; and their injunctions are in general as judicious as their object is philanthropic and praiseworthy.’

“ There is one caution about taking food we should have given, viz.—that it is necessary, especially for the *dyspeptic invalid*, to wait ten or fifteen minutes before sitting down to a hearty meal, if fatigued with exercise. If you infringe this rule, the stomach will not be in a fit state to digest the food wherewith your eagerness and *sense of exhausted strength* may greedily cram it. Flatulence, feverishness, and oppression are the fruits of such hasty work.

“ Never walk immediately after a meal, for the same reasons—interrupting digestion in its earlier stage; towards the close, however, on the other hand, as before remarked, a gentle exertion of the body is indicated by fidgetiness coming on; prompting to such leisurely walking on as is grateful and healthful.

“ Before we leave the subject of potations, we must enter our gravest protest against the habit of taking stimulants early in the day, especially the stronger kind, as spirits: such is injurious, and a slavery of depraved habit. . . .

“ We now shall beat the drum for mustering to the last part of the day’s march, when the hill-tops smile in a glowing sunset, and the renewed song of birds pipes gaily to the waning glories of the god of day. Across that meadowed plain, and towards yon skirting wood, lies a mile or two of agreeable walk. Away, then!

“ After a little progress, the grateful breeze dies away, the oppressive heat of noon returns, and clouds come on apace, betokening the approach of a thunder-storm, ere half the broad meadow is traversed, and the sheltering wood, a mile off yet, is impossible to reach. How suddenly the fair face of heaven can change! In the ‘Recreations of Christopher North,’ the subjoined description *drenches* us with wet in the very reading, of ‘A Storm, closing a Pleasure Excursion.—Well, that is very extraordinary.—Rain—rain—rain! All the eyes of heaven were

(1) George Herbert.

(2) “ Dr. Fletcher’s Physiology, p. 121.”

bright as bright might be—the sky was blue as violets—that braided whiteness, that here and there floated like a veil on the brow of night, was all that recalled the memory of clouds—and as for the moon, no faintest halo yellowed round her orb, that seemed indeed “one perfect chrysolite;”—yet, while all the winds seemed laid asleep till morn, and beauty to have chained all the elements into peace—overcast in a moment is the firmament—an evanishing has left it black as mist—there is a fast, thick pattering on the woods—yes, rain—rain—rain—and ere we reach Bowness, the party will be wet through to their skins. Nay, matters are getting still more serious—for there was lightning—yes, lightning! Ten seconds! and hark, very respectable thunder! With all our wisdom we have not been weather-wise, or we should have known, when we saw it, an electrical sunset. Only look now towards the west. There floats Noah’s ark—a magnificent spectacle; and now for the flood. That far-off, sullen sound, proclaims cataracts. And what means that sighing and moaning and muttering up among the cliffs? See—see how the sheet lightning shows the long lake shore all tumbling with foaming breakers. A strong wind is there—but here there is not a breath. But the woods across the lake are bowing their heads to the blast. Windermere is in a tumult—the storm comes flying on wings all abroad—and now we are in the very heart of the hurricane. See, in Bowness is hurrying many a light—for the people fear we may be on the lake; and faithful Billy, depend on’t, is launching his lifeboat to go to our assistance. Well, this is an adventure. But soft—what ails our argand lamp! Our study is in such darkness that we cannot see our paper—in the midst of a thunder-storm we conclude, and retire to bed by a flash of lightning.’—

“Under the presumption that our friends are involved in this common drenching and fearful calamity, we picture to ourselves their precipitation and eagerness to escape part of the desperate wetting, which hurries them to seek the only shelter that a solitary tree near at hand seems to invite them to run to; where, in common with the feathered fowl and lowing cattle, they may betake themselves in breathless haste and anxious alarm. The *forked flash and instant crash* repeat their awful visits with terrific rapidity, whilst the whole plain around is deluged with the pouring rain! The party must surely be young and inexperienced in the common principles of Nature’s wondrous laws, or they would have *avoided* the very shelter so kindly near. A wetting was all that they could commonly have experienced by ‘standing out to sea’ in the open meadow: on the contrary, danger imminent and great awaits them under the tree; and hurry away they must, and that instantly, ere the next flash succeeds the dazzling one just gone! Why so? Because the electric fluid always, if sufficiently near—that is, if in what is technically called ‘striking distance,’ will follow the *best conducting* means towards the earth; and anybody in close neighbourhood or contact with such conductor, generally

shares the effects of such transmitted agency. Metallic substances, particularly if bright, and moisture in every shape, are amongst the first conducting powers. The very rain itself, therefore, is a conducting medium of the lightning most *favourable* because most *diffused*; yet things of a more solid and projecting form will be rather chosen by the lightning in its course, owing to their attracting it and concentrating it upon themselves: when such is the case, the object is either frequently damaged in itself, or wherever the conducting medium is cut off from the ground by some other thing interposed between the latter and itself, upon such the electric fluid spends its force—shattering, injuring, scorching, as the case may be; and then the object is said to have been ‘struck’ by the electric current. Trees, buildings, and tall objects in general, especially when wet, attract the lightning; and the less perfect their conduction may be, the more injury they are likely to sustain, as well also, objects close beside them: hence, when trees are struck, being shivered and burnt, cattle or men sheltering under them frequently lose their lives at the same time, sharing in the fate of the *conducting tree*. In the creature world, the endowment of a *nervous system* seems to render its possessors peculiarly susceptible to the influence of atmospheric electric changes, in addition to their common physical qualities: thus, a man may be ‘struck,’ because he is a conductor in common with inanimate things around; but the fluidity of his blood and the high temperature of his body, necessary for life, probably, render him a better conductor of electricity than mere dead animal matter. Hence the double source of dangers to us when we place ourselves in such circumstances as that, *around us* as well as *within ourselves*, such *favourable conducting means* are brought into a fearful *focus*. Many valuable lives have been sacrificed to the want of knowing these simple facts, of such easy recollection. The writer lost an old friend in this regretful way; and if he appear to some tedious on this subject—now, happily, commonly understood, in part at least—yet some one individual reading these pages may be cautioned off, thereby, from possible danger; and the already well-informed reader would be selfish indeed if he begrudged a moment’s patience over a passage which the author begrudged no trouble to indite—seeing that thereby, as before said, some one case may possibly occur where a party may be so exposed, and where no other means of gathering the necessary instructions, for instant adoption, may be within reach.”

We have drawn very largely upon our author for the materials of what we hope will prove a pleasant and suggestive paper at this delightful season, and we must now wind up by thanking him for his capital little book, and heartily recommending it to the attention of all our readers, as the very best we know of about Pedestrianism. That he has a veritable gusto for his subject, will be evident enough from his conclusion. He thus finally conducts us to our inn:—

"Our slippers, a hasty change of *all wet garments*, a cheerful fire quickly kindled by eager hands, and a cup of tea as quickly prepared, all form a series of shifting scenes in our little drama of the 'rural,' such as all lovers of the 'natural' must remember often to have seen enacted in the course of their devotional pilgrimage to the shrine of the 'picturesque.' If the said tea-drinking be close upon the 'hours' of rest, and if the article be brewed, as frequently is the case on such occasions, into 'veritable stingo'—travellers thinking they cannot have too much of a good thing—then it probably will be found to interfere with the crown of the pedestrian's labours, 'balmy sleep.' . . .

"We believe we have now completed our day's undertaking, leaving our little attempt in the hands of the charitable folks for whose benefit, combined with amusement, we have endeavoured thus to cater after our best fashion. Now we shall beg leave, then, to discharge the very *last* act of our *willing service*, viz. to bring the bed-candlestick, and attend the best-humoured of the party to his charming little bed-room, with modest old-fashioned oriel window, it may be, through whose crystal panes, mayhap, come streaming in the bonnie smiling beams of the bright harvest moon,—and, as they seem to *struggle* across the neatly carpeted floor, just reach the *snug little bed* with *white* dimity hangings, in the middle of the room, there to *fall* upon the dazzling snow-white counterpane, with a *spell* only felt in the country on a '*stilly night!*' If one single ray, the furthest flung of all the pencilled host, stray onwards to the bed's head, and there enable him to *spell the grateful invitation of the downy pillow*, we will take the parting liberty of reading aloud, for the gentle reader's benefit and closing sympathy, the lines under which he has already fallen fast asleep—

"To all and each a fair good night,
And rosy dreams, and slumbers light!"
"Byron's Hours of Idleness."

BOSWELL, THE BIOGRAPHER.

BY F. W. SHELTON.

"As I believe the merits and memory of such a person ought to be thankfully recorded, I shall offer a word of defence to the consideration of every reader, a part and but a part of that just commendation which might be from thence enlarged, and shall then leave it to his judgment whether my error be an excess or defect of commendation."—WALTON.

It argues a deal of magnanimity for a whole community to join in the cry of "*mad dog*" when an animal has been unjustly accused. It is as much as his life is worth to be abroad, and far easier for every man to fetch him a zealous kick in passing, or hit him with sticks, stones, brickbats, and billets of wood, than stop to inquire whether there be any "soundness in his bones." When the hue and cry is once raised, he is not much better than a "dead lion." This may be defensible policy during the summer solstice, when unmuzzled animals ought to conduct themselves with

much modesty, and restrict their walks to the limits, but it is entirely abominable to treat an honest, praiseworthy man "like a dog." Yet so it is; and it reveals the least amiable trait in human nature, that the majority are ever ready to snatch up an evil report and divulge it eagerly. Some carry their fondness for defamation to such a pitch that they are no better than hyenas, and rake up the dust of an unimpeachable man, or hunt the records in hopes to give the lie to his tombstone. A hundred years are not sufficient to have allayed his dust, or to have confirmed his greatness. But it is at least virtuous to join in the popular cry, and when the ultimate tribunal of public opinion has once passed upon a man unjustly, it is as hard for him to retrieve his own as for the poor, melancholy Magdalen. He goes down to posterity with contempt.

"The evil which men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

Has it ever occurred to any to plead for James Boswell, the biographer; to snatch his memory from the fangs of sarcasm, or the carplings of the critic? The idea certainly has entered into the brain of no one, or we should not venture, so ill-prepared, to stand up his humble defender. Inoffensive man that he was, will the peltings of the pitiless storm never cease to beat upon his house, or his name to be a proverb? For half a century he has been assailed with every term of ignominy or reproach by the whole literary world, down to the paltriest scribe: a poltroon, a sycophant, a canister at the heels of greatness, a jackal leading forth the great lion. "Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart—see! they bark at him." The phenomenon of his case has scarcely a parallel in the world of letters. How strange is it to have acquired such a Janus-faced, double reputation, looking one way on the gratitude of admirers, in another on the out-pointed fingers of scorn! Shame and honour, fame and infamy, praise and obloquy, never formed such a twin alliance before; nor did an infallible criticism ever assume so compound an expression of face, or contradict itself flatly in the same breath. Neither was reason, which presumes to sit upon his case, ever so *unreasonable*. To praise a man for his works' sake, and then with outrageous zeal cry out that those very works condemn him; to flatter the end, but to despise the means; to execrate for doing, yet by no means to have the work undone; to separate the artist from the immortal *chef-d'œuvre* of art, and consign them to different immortality, what is it but to thunder out the contradictory anathema: "O villain, thou shalt be condemned to everlasting redemption for this!"

Of all critics, Macaulay knows how with the severest hand to reveal the anatomy of character. Yet, subjected to a mode of writing and analysis like his, there is no man of weak points who might not be made to appear utterly contemptible. To bring together the incongruities, somewhat sparse when scattered through a long stretch of lifetime, and

concentre them upon a single page, sparkling with point and antithesis, arranged with a nice art to illustrate the most forcible figures of rhetoric, is a merciless way of dealing with the subject, though it may give compactness, strength, and splendour to the essay. There may be an antithesis of words for which the common observer might not have noticed any corresponding antithesis of actions. Foibles, separated far from one another in point of time, and forgotten in the circumstances which produced them, may be classified in ascending degrees of folly, until they have reached a terrible climax on paper. That which is very nice in fact, may be rendered very disgusting in description; and most men of healthy morals would "suffer some," after their character had been exposed on a *post-mortem* examination. There is, indeed, no gainsaying the conclusions arrived at, and the truth of the admirable analysis; but society cannot look on every phase at once, and many men who have passed tolerably well with the crowd, may be thus crucified on sharp points, and made the victims of a style of writing. Thus Boswell is condemned to unenviable fame for his achievement in literature; and Horace Walpole, in spite of his studies, wit, vivacity, and original turn, his eminent appreciation of art, and collections in *virtu*,—out of that very budget of letters which confirms his reputation, and makes his genius shine out, as well as fills up a chasm in history, is proved to be the most frivolous man of any age or country. Yet it is not more certain that one was the most eminent in biography, and the other in letter-writing, than that Macaulay himself is the most admirable of critics.

What we propose is, to set down something in extenuation; to throw a little more weight into the scale of "good works," and to show that the world has judged too harshly of James Boswell. But if it should be said that there is little ground of dispute, and that public opinion, when settled down, is infallible, we reply, that our age is not so far remote from his that it should have passed upon him its last judgment. It is not too late that a wrong decision should be revised or rescinded; although the case must soon reach the last court for the correction of errors. It is not too late while the great man yet speaks dogmatically, (and the echo of his voice never dies,) while commentators yet add to the mass of testimony, and these are in turn commented on, and lastly an intolerable sharpness of rebuke is administered to *Croker's Boswell's Johnson*. *Sub judice lis est*. We presume that no very grave misdemeanours will be imputed to the man as the reason for which he has been hunted down from age to age, and every rising generation taught to scorn their benefactor. It is not that he was a very strange man, certainly, with peculiar instincts which led him into eccentric modes of action, (for what man has not his weakness?) that he once walked among the crowds on some gala-day, wearing a placard upon his hat with the inscription "*Corsica Boswell*," or that once, being in wine, he behaved unseemly in the rigid presence of Mrs.

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Hannah More. To these vanities, light as air in comparison, he might have added weightier faults, and the British public would never have exacted such a penalty. Greater men have acted worse and fared better. One may be guilty of all manner of treason against society, and go at large; but who will forgive him for being a servile, fawning sycophant? Well, suppose the biographer to have done all that is alleged against him; to have dogged the steps of the great man; to have watched him in his out-goings and his in-comings; to have hung upon his lips, and treasured up his philosophy; to have suffered meekly his rebukes, and sought his approval with smiles bordering on adulation; was there nothing pardonable in this? Was there no good trait concealed beneath the garb of humility? Had he done all this in presence of mere earthly greatness,—had he humbled himself before the insignia of royal power, *that* might be deserving of scorn; but to pay unwonted homage to the attributes of immortal Mind—to sit meekly at the feet of Gamaliel—this is the best kind of sycophancy, and cannot be exercised by the dull, the ignorant, or the unreflecting. The public are every day guilty of worse weaknesses, when they are carried to the utmost bounds of extravagance; when they crown their favourites with roses, and drag them in triumphal chariots. Consistency is a jewel. What! may one almost worship the mere form of external beauty without censure, and be scorned for doing homage to the might of Intellect? Between the two, what comparison is there with regard to worthiness? The one temporal—the other eternal; the one apt to be a counterfeit presentment, at the best a mere *symbol*—the other, the thing itself which the first *signifies*. What are the best endowments of Venus; the most charming grace ever imagined; the loveliest smiles ever lighted? These must wax old, or be changed to a hideous aspect; but *that* shall

—“flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements.”

So far from deserving censure, we should judge the biographer to be worthy of all praise for his conduct, and so far elevated above his detractors as his enthusiasm carried him further in the adoration of genius. The charge lies not so much in the fact of his being a disciple, as in the manner in which he proclaimed himself to be such. But examine it seriously, and the accusation usually made against him falls to the ground. A sycophant is a parasite, and a parasite is one who courts the tables of the rich, and earns a welcome by flattery. It is not the mere act of prostration or outward humility which is sufficient to make up the character. The meaning of the word involves a base or unworthy motive, as when one crouches and fawns like a dog, through fear of chastisement, or plays a servile part to accomplish an unworthy end. The application cannot be made to Boswell, because the bad motive is entirely wanting. Had he been so contemptible as is alleged, the great man, who was above deceit, and not wanting in blunt-

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ness, would have found him intolerable, and thrust him out of his presence.

It is an indirect insult to the memory of the lexicographer to cherish the idea that he would harbour in his path a blockhead or a flatterer, or to warp into an expression of contempt the jocular remarks which he might have applied to the peculiarities of his friend. The attack loses all its speciousness, as the object of Boswell is well known; which was, to write the life of Dr. Johnson, and the illustrious author knew and encouraged the design. The perpetual attendance, and attitude of listening, so offensive in appearance, were necessary to the fulfilment of the plan. If a person were preparing to write a history, and his researches were to be diligent and of any value, would he not push them into every quarter where information could be obtained; into the most unexplored recesses of the library; into the most antique books which time had spared, as well as by personal inquiry to a degree of obtrusiveness which only the cause justified? And how then may one prepare himself to write biography when the subject still lives? There is but one resort, but one fountain of the knowledge which he wishes to acquire, and if he seeks it constantly is there anything mean in this? We know well enough that such is not the usual course adopted. Death is suffered first to reach his "shining mark," and then the biographer begins a vain search to discover that which is irretrievably lost. The record is professedly inaccurate; he can but present the *remains* of great men—the poor fragments saved out of the rich *matériel* of their lives. It appears that there is great credit to be bestowed on diligent research to recover some worm-eaten memento, and only contempt on the parsimonious care which would prevent it from being *lost*. There is great rejoicing over some *stray fact*, but a very cold reception for the "ninety and nine, which went not astray." How many gems and jewels are buried in darkness, which ought to sparkle gloriously in the light! How many pure and beautiful things are lost to literature, which must have been beyond all price, since their very fragments are *χρυσαιώτερα χρυσού*—more golden than gold! Hence works which are called "Lives" are for the most part failures, and while there are many admirable historians there is but *one biographer*. Indeed, the requisites for the latter are so different, and so peculiar, that it is to be despaired of whether any greater perfection will be arrived at in this department. Public acts make up history, and are no sooner developed than they find their safe and enduring place in the nation's archives. Out of such a mass, it is the duty of the historian not more to select and arrange, than to reduce to philosophical principles; but it is different with the biographer, where the map extendeth, not over the range of many centuries, but the short space of one man's life. It is the part of the first to deduce the proper lessons, to condense, to arrange: the narrative bears the same relation to the events, as the *Veni, vidi, vici*, of Cæsar to the battle. It is the duty of

the other not to philosophize, but to collect and record, it matters not how much, whatever will serve to lay open the character of the subject. One looks on as from a high point over the immense field, and leaps from promontory to sun-lit promontory; the other conducts you over a circumscribed place in the communion of a spirit, into the bowers of the garden, or the alcove of the library, as with Cowper at Chertsey, or Pope at the shades of Twickenham. The one is read with the cold eye of philosophy, which never shrinks aghast from the bloodiest battles; the other with the warmth of regard and human sympathy. The one is but a game, rendered amusing by the adroit players; the other illustrates a social existence, introduces you to the fireside, where the feelings and affections cluster, and into the circles of friends where wit, genius, and eloquence, flow uncontrained. Who is able to perform the latter office properly, unless it be some friend who sticketh closer than a brother? The great Dr. Johnson in this province falls far below his despised contemporary. The "Lives of the Poets," though admirable, cannot pretend to do this, and are tinctured in many cases by the strong prejudice of the writer, and charged with injustice. The art of biography consists in letting the subject illustrate his own history or character. Plutarch's Lives are rather History, or parts of History. They are written centuries after many of the characters ceased to exist, and some are thrown as far back as the heroic ages, and have to do with as veritable personages as Blue Beard or Jack the Giant Killer.

The biographer of Dr. Johnson, in accomplishing his work after such a plan, has conferred on the author a kind of immortality independent of the posthumous fame which follows great men, and which would not have been conferred by his works alone, although these retain their rank among the English classics. The stately periods, such as that with which Rasselas sets out, all weighed in the balance, and to be pronounced with grand intonation; the sesquipedalian words of the Rambler; the pomp of style so characteristic of the man; these have given way to purer taste, and to the chaster graces of the Saxon. The public taste has completely shifted since the days of the essayists. New schools have arisen, and thrust out the old disciples, who, if they are not forgotten, are hastily passed by the crowd, in their desire for fresher novelty. In poetry, the cumbersome books of the epic are thrown aside for the livelier cantos of Don Juan; and now none reads, for nobody writes, an epic poem. It is "all the same in prose." The newspaper has taken the place of the essay, and a more exciting romance supplies the place of Richardson's novel. The taste for reading has become too prevalent and too ravenous, either too utilitarian or too spoiled by excessive stimulus, to draw from the "pure wells of English undefiled." The ancient public of the Athenians was in many respects a prototype of the capriciousness of ours. *Τί νέον λέγεται;*—Is there any news? Who turns to refresh himself

with the speculations of Addison, when every newspaper will furnish him with more exhilarating themes; or examines the gentle limning in the portraiture of Sir Roger de Coverley? Who reads (except the scholar) Sir Charles Grandison, or Clarissa Harlowe, when any modern novel will afford more bloodthirsty heroes and melo-dramatic heroines? Even the Great Unknown is thrust aside; and where hundreds read Scott, thousands are at this moment delighted with the history of "David Copperfield," and the happy destinies of the gentle Agnes.

Thus, by the inevitable law of change, the most far-spread reputations must in time become abbreviated, or fade from their original brightness, while the waters of forgetfulness gather around and threaten to engulf the most imperishable works. After all, what do we know even of those whose reputation is freshest? When the best biographers have collected all their facts, and all the materials they can muster, what a poor, vague, unsubstantial idea do they present of the persons they commemorate! Even with the aid of a correct likeness affixed, do we fail to embody the character which they set forth, and illustrate by so many traits. We are acquainted with many facts concerning them; that Pope was irascible, Cowper melancholy, and Goldsmith a spendthrift; but do we see them, as it were, face to face, or grasp them as with the hand of friendship? The written works form but a small part of the emanations of a great mind; of the sparks and scintillation which attrition kindles. There is the flash of wit, so sudden and so subtle in its elements that its very nature is to evanesce; the apt thought, which must not be changed in its apt expression; the spontaneous eloquence which gathers its passion from the passing object, from the thunder-cloud which breaks that instant over-head, from the sunshine which bursts suddenly on the valley, from the voice of a small bird, or the expanding beauties of a flower; there are the gorgeous visions painted by a single dash of description—the inspiration enkindled in a moment, but which vanishes like the early cloud, or like the morning dew.

Who is there that can watch a man so closely as to lose nothing of the divine essence of genius which is continually escaping as a candescent body throws off its particles of light? There is only one instance in which this has been in any degree accomplished, and that by one who has ever since received for his pains the ingratitude of the Republic of Letters; an ingratitude more obdurate than that of the Athenians, which sometimes relented, and although it banished first, or condemned to death, yet afterward shed tears, and erected statues. We repeat, that no man ever enjoyed the same kind of immortality as the despised Boswell has conferred on his subject. The laurels are fresh and green as yesterday; they will be a century hence as green as they are to-day. He has had justice done to him at the expense of vast injustice to another; he has been grouped with his distinguished compeers in a manner so natural, so life-like, upon the canvass, that posterity extol the

picture with the highest words of criticism, yet in the same breath with the most malignant abuse revile the painter. The great author and lexicographer is embalmed to all ages. After he emerged from Bolt Court, and his palmiest glory began, it is to all the world as though he had never died. But he is before us, not wrapped in swathings, or Egyptian balsams; not in a resemblance which does not speak, or in the statue which cannot give from its dead eyes the expression of the soul. He lives—he moves: we behold him in his grotesque attitudes as vividly as if he were now present; we listen to the *ipsisima verba*, the sharp reply and rejoinder which wound up the case at issue, as though his lips moved. The guests arrive, the conversation is enkindled; Burke, Fox, Goldsmith, and Sir Joshua Reynolds are at the board. We have the soul of every banquet—the very essence of wit which flashed among that brilliant throng. The grave has long closed over the mortal part of each; the club is extinct, but the spirit of all is preserved. Who has wrought out this wonderful achievement? It is time that an end were put to looking the gift-horse in the mouth. If there is no gratitude in the world of letters, let justice be done. Because the biographer had his faults and failings, of which his own family were ashamed, is that any reason why he should not have the benefit of the maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum?* Does that afford the shadow of an excuse for more serious calumnies, and for certain persons to show their own smartness by attempting to exhibit his folly, and to display at the same time their own wit and his want of it? If he was willing to render himself ridiculous to his own age, it was for the benefit of posterity, and posterity should be the last to refuse indulgence, or to upbraid him with the folly. Those who were eye-witnesses to his obscurity without knowing the object, might justly have entertained for what had the aspect of sycophancy a feeling of disgust. But when the client's grotesque and squalid garb has passed away with the actor from the stage, and nothing but what is pleasant remains; nothing but the great work which cost him such a sacrifice of time, labour, and dignity; it is affectation, it is ingratitude, to heap contempt upon his memory. Let the truth be adhered to. A distinguished writer has pronounced him a man of contemptible parts with the same justice that he has pronounced Xenophon to be a man of small parts who wrote the *Cyropædia*.

In almost the same sentence wherein he sets him down the first of biographers—as much as Homer was the first of heroic poets, Shakspeare the first of dramatists, Demosthenes the first of orators—he declares him to be a man of the feeblest and meanest intellect; a contradiction which he himself acknowledges to be strange in the extreme. Now the very idea of writing biography after such a plan was *original*; and originality is the highest mark, and involves the very idea of genius: but to assert that he who not only conceived the idea, but carried it out successfully, was a fool or a blockhead, is absurd, unjust,

and contradictory, and ought to brand the calumniator with folly. It argues still greater rashness to appeal to the book itself, after acknowledging it to be a "very great work," as the ground and evidence of the charge. Certainly, the pleasure, the instruction to be derived from it ought to banish every such reflection against the author. One generation is too apt to be the mere echo of the opinions of another—to suffer old errors to slumber, and unjust stigmas to remain. The white flag ought to wave over the grave of the innocent, although for a century that grave has been dishonoured. In that singular work which we have mentioned, is a preservation of the past so remarkable, that we are reminded of the chambers which have been revealed at Herculaneum and Pompeii. There the brush and pencil of the artist are as fresh as the colours of yesterday; but desolation reigns in the solitary courts: the eloquence which prevails there is the eloquence of silence; and only imagination can re-people the deserted halls with the forms of the departed. Time has spared; the progress of decay has been arrested; and the beautiful tints remain fixed and vivid upon the walls. But it is more difficult to render permanent the hues and colouring which genius casts over its most unstudied thoughts, which are only intended to give present delight, to lull the flying pain, or charm the passing hour. Here is a gallery presented to us, yet filled with animation; voices echo in the chambers which have not been deserted; the tapestry moves; the glorious society are there; we enjoy the very soul of the banquet; the hilarious company of wit, learning, and eloquence. For one who has created this strong illusion, or rather preserved a stronger reality, has no better reward been assigned than a fame equivocal as that which attaches to Erostratus, who set fire to the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. The evil must one day be repaired. So long as that constellation is seen in the literary heavens, so long shall he who has pointed it out to our admiration shine,—it is true, with diminished light and with a different glory,—but no less a star in the midst of that splendid galaxy.

BQULOGNE.

A WRECK ON THE COAST.

THE firm and vigorous pencil of Stanfield is to be traced in this effective subject. The gray cast of the sky—which still bears traces of the storm—the perfect truth of the shipping—the forcible and well-grouped figures—all betoken the master hand. Boulogne sands have an evil reputation for shipwreck; and the loss, a few years since, of a number of female emigrants on their way to Australia will not soon be forgotten.

COMPANIONS OF MY SOLITUDE.¹

If it be true that Man is a *thinking* animal, *par excellence*, then does the bulk of the species perform its functions ill enough. This fact is forcibly borne in upon the mind after reading such a book as the one we are about to introduce to the reader. It is the work of a thinking man—a man who not only possesses the thinking faculty, but knows how to exercise it to considerable advantage both for himself and others. Many persons will require no further proof of this truth than the fact, that "Companions of my Solitude" is written by the author of "Essays in the Intervals of Business," "Claims of Labour," "Conquerors of the New World," and the two volumes entitled "Friends in Council."

To the last-mentioned of these works, the new one bears most resemblance; indeed, it is a sort of continuation or supplement to it. It is marked by the same gentle boldness of speculation in matters of thought,—the same decision and tolerance in matters of conduct and opinion,—the same depth and delicacy in matters of feeling,—the same scholarly and gentlemanly taste in questions of art and society. We may add that there is at times a tone of melancholy in the new book which we never detected in the others; but, as if to counterbalance this, we have much of the delicate evanescent humour which flashed here and there (always in the right place) over the pages of "Friends in Council." Of the style of composition, we need say little more than that it is the only style which could result from such a combination of mental qualities. There is no surer indication of a man's character than the style he writes. In no case, we imagine, can such an aphorism be more appropriate than in the present. The peculiar felicities of our author's style cannot be described accurately, but we may affirm in a general way, that they will be very much to the taste of those who are not enamoured of the flashy, frothy rhetoric, the glitter, the flippancy, the disagreeable straining after point and wittiness, which prevail so much in the current literature of the day. To all our readers ambitious of good writing, we would say, study the style of "Companions of my Solitude." See how well it unites dignity with grace, precision and exactness with ease! How well it conveys the author's meaning, and nothing but the meaning. You have all the right words in their right places, and there is no appearance of effort in the arrangement. Each sentence springs gracefully and naturally out of the preceding one. It is a rare style to have been produced in this *excessive* nineteenth century; a style that is close and pregnant;

"Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

Let all who value the purity of our noble English language give a hearty welcome to such writers. They will do much towards ridding us of the pestilent literary *patois* of the day, which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

Although the matter in this volume is not divided

(1) "Companions of my Solitude"—Pickering.



1. October 15

1. October 15

in the regular essay fashion, it is nevertheless a collection of essays on various subjects; the "Companions" of the author's "Solitude," of which he speaks thus at the commencement of the work:—

"When in the country, I live much alone: and as I wander over downs and commons, and through lanes with lofty hedges, many thoughts come into my mind. I find, too, the same ones come again and again, and are spiritual companions. At times they insist on being with me, and are resolutely intrusive. I think I will describe them, that so I may have more mastery over them. Instead of suffering them to haunt me as *vague faces* and half-fashioned resemblances, I will make them into distinct pictures, which I can give away, or hang up in my room; turning them, if I please, with their faces to the wall; and in short, be free to do what I like with them."

In this first chapter he says,—

"Meditating upon general improvement, I often think about the climate in these parts of the world; and I see that without much husbandry of our means and resources, it is difficult for us to be anything but low barbarians. The difficulty of living at all in a cold, damp, destructive climate is great. Socrates went about with very scanty clothing, and men praise his wisdom for caring so little for the goods of this life. He ate sparingly, and of mean food. This is not the way, I suspect, that we can make a philosopher here. There are people who would deride one for saying this, and would contend that it gives too much weight to worldly things. But I suspect that they are misled by notions borrowed from Eastern climates. Here we must make prudence one of the substantial virtues."

We cannot forbear quoting some observations on Puritanism, suggested by the post-office regulations, "which did not allow letters to go out from country places, or be delivered at such places, on a Sunday." He had been disappointed in receiving a letter from his little boy. "To be sure," he says, "I know pretty well what the letter would be;" and hereupon follows a capital child's epistle, which we quote to elicit a smile from parents.

"I hope you are well, papa, and I send you my love, and I have got a kite, and uncle George's dog is very fierce, his name is Nero, which was a Roman Emperor, nearly quite white, only he has got two black spots just over his nose. And I send my love to mamma and the children, and I am your own little boy and affectionate son,

'LEONARD MILVERTON.'

"Not a very important, certainly not a very artistic production, this letter, but still it has its interest for the foolish paternal mind, and I should like to have received it to-day. It is greatly owing to these Borgias that I have not received this letter. Most of my neighbours imagine that their little petitions were the sole cause of these post-office regulations; but, I beg to go somewhat further back, and I come to Pope Alexander the Sixth, and lay a great deal of the blame on him. The pendulous folly of mankind

oscillates as far in this direction as it has come from that; and an absurd Puritan is only a correlative to a wicked Pope.

"From such reflections I fell to considering Puritanism generally, and I am afraid I came to a different conclusion from that which would have been popular at any of the late public meetings; but then I console myself by an aphorism of Ellesmere's, who is wont to remark 'how exactly proportioned to a man's ignorance of the subject is the noise he makes about it at a public meeting.' Knowledge brings doubts, and exceptions, and limitations, which though occasionally some aids to truth, are all hindrances to vigorous statement."

"What are the objects of life, as far as regards this world? Its first wants, I answer, namely, food and raiment. What besides? Marrying, and the rearing of children; and, in general, the cultivation of the affections. So far, Puritans would agree with us.

"But suppose all these things to be tempered with gaiety, and festivity: what element of wickedness has necessarily entered? None that I can perceive. Self-indulgence takes many forms; and we should bear in mind that there may be a sullen sensuality as well as a gay one.

"But the truth is, there is a secret belief among some men that God is displeased with man's happiness; and in consequence, they sink about creation, ashamed and afraid to enjoy anything."

"Once I happened to overhear a dialogue somewhat similar to that which Charles Lamb, perhaps, only feigned to hear. I was travelling in a railway carriage with a most precise-looking formal person, the Arch-Quaker, if there be such a person. His countenance was very noble, or rather had been so before it was frozen up. He said nothing; I had a great respect for him. At last his mouth opened. I listened with attention; I had hitherto lived with foolish, gad-about, dinner-eating, dancing people: now I was going to hear the words of retired wisdom; when he thus addressed his young daughter, sitting opposite,—"Hast thee heard how Southamptons went lately?" (in those days South Western Railway shares were called Southamptons,) and she replied with like gravity, giving him some information that she had picked up about Southamptons, yesterday evening.

"I leant back rather sickened as I thought what was probably the daily talk, and the daily thoughts in that family, from which I conjectured all amusement was banished save that connected with intense money-getting."

Concerning amusement, as one of the necessaries of life to a virtuous man, he speaks to the purpose in various parts of this and his former works. In this place, he says,—

"You hear clergymen in country parishes denouncing the ill-nature of their parishioners: it is in vain: the better sort of men try to act up to what they are told, but really it is so dull in the parish, that a bit of scandal is welcome to the heart. These poor

people have nothing to think about; nature shows them comparatively little, as art and science have not taught them to look behind the scenes, or even at the scenes; literature they know nothing of; they cannot have gossip about the men of the past, (which is the most innocent kind of gossip,) in other words, read and discuss history; they have no delicate handiwork to amuse them; in short, talk they must, and talk they will, about their neighbours, whose goings on are a sort of perpetual puppet-show to them.

"But to speak more gravely, man, even the most sluggish-minded man, craves amusement of some kind, and his wiser and more powerful brethren will show their wisdom, or their want of it, in the amusements they contrive for him. We need not be afraid that in England any art or innocent amusement will be cultivated too much. The genius of the people, though kindly, is severe. And that is why there is so much less danger of their being injured, if any one is, by recreation. Cyrus kept the Lydians tame, we are told, by allowing them to cultivate music; the Greeks were, perhaps, prevented from becoming dominant by a cultivation of many arts; but the Anglo-Saxons, like the Romans, can afford to cultivate art and recreations of all kinds. Such pursuits will not tame them too much. To contend occasionally against the bent of the genius, or the circumstances of a people, is one of the great arts of statesmanship. The same thing which is to be dreaded in one place is to be cultivated in another; here a poison, there an antidote."

There is no subject discussed in the volume that deserves to be brought forward for general recognition and consideration, more than that which our author has aptly termed "the tyranny of the weak over the strong." It is a species of domestic tyranny more common than any other, and from which the oppressed can rarely free themselves, and that, on account of their good, and not their bad qualities.

"This is a most fertile subject, and has been nearly neglected. Weak is a relative term; whenever two people meet, one is comparatively weak and the other strong. The relation between them is often supposed to imply this. Taking society in general, there is a certain weakness of the kind I mean, attributable to the sick, the spoilt, the ill-tempered, the unfortunate, the aged, women, and the clergy. Now, I venture to say, there is no observant man of the world who has lived to the age of thirty, who has not seen numerous instances of severe tyranny exercised by persons belonging to one or other of these classes, and which tyranny has been established, continued, and endured, solely by reason of the weakness, real or supposed, of the persons exercising it. Talking once with a thoughtful man on this subject, he remarked to me, that of course the generous suffered much from the tyranny I was speaking of, as the strength of it was drawn from their strength. If you come to analyse it, it is a tyranny exercised by playing upon the good-nature, the fear of responsibility, the dread of acting selfishly, the

horror of giving pain, prevalent among good and kind people. They often know that it is a tremendous tyranny they are suffering under, and they do not feel it the less because they are consenting parties."

The fourth chapter is one of the most interesting in the volume. It has a delicate humour and a pathos that are positively charming, and we return to it again and again. The subject of it is a sort of day-dream:—

"I pictured to myself a descendant of mine, a man of dilapidated fortune, but still owning this house and garden. The few adjoining fields he will long ago have parted with. But he loves the place, having been brought up here by his sad, gentle mother, and having lived here with his young sister, then a rapturous, imaginative girl, his companion and delight. Through the smallness of their fortune, and consequently the narrow circle of their acquaintances, she will have married a man totally unfit for her; the romance of her nature has turned somewhat sour, and though occasionally high-minded, she is very peevish now, and is no longer the companion that she was to her brother."

He goes on speculating on the affairs of his imaginary descendant, and communes with him in thought; and many of the observations elicited are valuable for their sound sense and their novelty. The following remark concerning Rochefoucault may be cited *par exemple*.

"The people who write shrewdly are often the most easy to impose upon, or have been so. I almost suspect—without, however, having looked into the matter—that Rochefoucault was a tender lover, a warm friend, and, in general, a dupe (happy for him) to all the impulses and affections which he would have us imagine he saw through and had mastered. The simple write shrewdly, but do not describe what they do. And the hard and worldly would be too wise in their generation to write about what they practised, even if they perceived it, which they seldom do, lacking delicacy of imagination."

Our author is not a mere ponderer over abstract ideas, having no immediate connexion with what is going on in the world around him; on the contrary, the sympathetic nature of his mind is shown by the serious way in which he takes up most of the exciting topics of the day. The condition of the Church is one concerning which he speaks wisely, being able to consider it from many sides.

"As I went along, I thought of the Church of England, and of what might be its future fortunes. I had just been reading the works of two brothers: last night I had been reading an elaborate attack from the Roman Catholic side, upon the Anglican Church, by one brother; and this morning I had read a very skilful attack upon all present religious systems by another brother. And I thought to myself, the Church of England suffers from both attacks.

"One's acquaintance who meet in the street, shrug their shoulders, and exclaim, 'What a state the Church is in! Oh! that these questions that divide it

had never been raised.' I do not agree with them, and sometimes I tell them so. If there are these great differences among thoughtful men about great subjects, why should they (the differences) be stifled? Are we always to be walking about as masked figures?"

The largest portion of the volume, and to our thinking the ablest in thought as well as the noblest and most touching in feeling, is devoted to a subject which is too complex and too painful to be commented on in such pages as ours. The author has called it "the great sin of great cities." Let him who thinks that he has ought to do with this sin, and who would know what a large-hearted man of knowledge and experience has to say about it, let him read the sixth chapter of "Companions of my Solitude." And having read it, let his saddened spirit be renovated by reading the seventh, in which Ellesmere, the author's satirical legal friend, tells a tale, a simple unvarnished tale, illustrative of the divinity that is in a man who is capable of the highest sort of love. Ellesmere is a strong-minded man of the world, a high-bred English gentleman, a lawyer, silent, acute, sarcastic, and by no means given to sentimentality. He is induced, by a serious talk with the author upon the serious subject above alluded to, to tell a portion of his own private history. The only woman whom this proud English gentleman ever loved, and that with every fibre of his being, was a German maid-servant of the better-class, whom he was the means of saving from starvation. He loves her so well that he never allows Gretchen to suspect it, though he would gladly have made her his wife.

But Gretchen, he knows, has a lover in her own rank, "a poor man and far away." Shame on him if he should endeavour to shake her fidelity. He puts her in the way of earning her livelihood, and then goes away loaded with her grateful affection, intending never to see her again, but not, on that account, to forget her, as is the custom with less tenacious minds. Hear his own words on his after-conduct.

"Not being a philosopher or a philanthropist, I do not easily forget those I once care for. I studied how to protect her in every way. I mastered the politics of that German town, and learnt all the intricacies of the little court there. I ascertained everything respecting our relations with it, and who amongst our diplomatists was desirous of the residence there, when there should be a change. I busied myself more in politics than I had done; and, I believe, I must own that my speech on the — intervention, which had its merits, and cost me great labour, was spoken for Gretchen. Of course, I need hardly say that I spoke only what I most sincerely thought; but I should probably have let politics alone but for her sake. At last there was an opportunity of a new appointment being made of a minister to that German court, and the man who wished for it, and whose just claims I had aided as I best could, obtained it. His wife, Lady R., one of those brilliant women of the world who are often more amiable than we give them credit

for being, had long noticed the care with which I had cultivated her society. She imagined it was for one of her beautiful daughters, and did not look unkindly upon me. Before she went to reside at — I undeceived her, telling her the whole truth, the best thing in such a case, and binding her to secrecy. She promised to look out for Gretchen and take her into her household. I told Lady R. that Gretchen had a lover, and said that if anything could be done for him, without lifting him out of his rank, it should be. Neither would I have Gretchen made anything different from what she was. I could have given her money by handfuls, but that is not the way to serve people. At the same time I implored Lady R. to let me know immediately, in case anything should ever occur to break off the marriage.

"*Milverton*.—And you would have put in your suit and married this girl?"

"*Ellesmere*.—There was but little chance, I fear; but you may be sure no opportunity would have escaped me. As for the world, I am one of the few persons who really care but little for it. The hissing of collected Europe, provided I knew the hissers could not touch me, would be a grateful sound rather than the reverse,—that is, if heard at a reasonable distance. Well, but I told you I saw Gretchen once more. Yes, once more. You may remember that some time ago I had a severe illness, and was not able to attend the courts on an occasion when I was much wanted. This appeared in the newspapers of the day, and so, I conjecture, came to the knowledge of Gretchen, who in her quiet indomitable way had learnt English, and was a great student, as I afterwards heard, of English newspapers. She had also contrived to learn more about my life than I chose to tell her when I answered her question about my being happy; and the poor girl had formed juster notions of the joyousness and comfort of a lawyer's chambers in London. She begged for leave of absence to visit a sick friend: Lady R. conjectured, I believe, where she was going, and consented.

"A few days afterwards there was a knock at my door, (I was still very ill, and unable to leave my sitting-room, but solacing life as best I could by the study of a great pedigree case,) when my clerk, with an anxious and ashamed countenance, put his head in, made one of those queer faces which he does when he thinks a great bore is wishing to see me, and that I had better say 'No,' and exclaimed, 'A young woman from Germany, sir, wants to see you.'

"I knew instinctively who it was, but I had the presence of mind to make a gesture signifying I would not see her, (for I could not have spoken,) and I was afraid, in my present state of weakness, I should betray myself in some way, if I were to see her unprepared. While the parleying was going on in the passage, I collected myself sufficiently to ring for my clerk, and tell him he might appoint the young woman to come in the afternoon. By that time I had reflected upon my part, and was somewhat of myself again. She came: I scolded and protested;

she did nothing in reply, but look at me and say how thin I was; and there was no resisting the quiet, affectionate, discreet way in which she installed herself every day for some hours as head nurse. Even my old laundress relaxed so far as to say that Gradgin (for that was what she called her,) was a good girl, and not hoity-toity; and my clerk Peter, a very cantankerous fellow, was heard to remark, that for his part he did not like young women much, but Miss Gradgin was better than most, and certainly his master did somehow eat more of anything made by her than by anybody else, and never threatened now to throw the chicken broth he brought in at his head.

"I jest at these things, Milverton; and in truth, what remains for us often in this world but to jest? Which of the queens was it, by the way, who on the scaffold played with the sharpness of the axe, and said something droll about her little neck? Well, I jest; but this visit of Gretchen's was a very severe trial to me. It is a common trial though, I dare say. No doubt many a person dotes upon or adores some one else, who is, happily, as unconscious of the doting or adoration as Ram Dass, or any other heathen deity, of the fanatic love of his worshippers. To the loving person, however, it is like walking over hot iron with no priest-anointed feet, and yet with unmoved countenance, not even allowed to look stoical. I could not resist listening sometimes to Gretchen's wise, innocent, pleasant talk about all the new things she was seeing; and, perhaps, if I had not kept carefully before me the claims of the absent peasant lover, some day when she was moving about me like sunlight in the room, I might in some moment of frenzy, which I should never have forgiven myself, have thrown myself at her feet, and asked her to take these dingy chambers, and my faded self, and all my belongings, under her permanent control. But wiser, sterner, juster thoughts prevailed."

Truly has the wise man said, "Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." Of this strong man's love the end may be guessed. "There was an opportunity for advancing her lover. It was done, not without my knowledge. She had by this time saved some money. They were married six months ago. I sent the wedding-gown. Do not let us talk any more about it."

But before we leave off talking to our readers about it, we must make one more quotation, which is exquisite in its description and suggestions. It is about a genuine woman—this much-loved Gretchen.

"I have said nothing to you, Milverton, which describes herself; and, indeed, I always look upon all descriptions of women in books and elsewhere as having something mean, poor, and sensuous about them. I may tell you that she always, from the first time I saw her, reminded me a little of the bust of Cicero. She had the same delicate critical look, though she was what you would call a great large girl. She might have been a daughter of his, if he had married what he would have called a barbarian.

German woman. In nature she has often recalled to me Jeannie Deans, only that she has more tenderness. She would have spoken falsely (I am sorry to say) for Effie, and would have died of it.

"Lady R. (in whose house Gretchen was a servant,) when she was over here some little time ago, said to me, to comfort me, I suppose, that though Gretchen was a sweet girl, she did not quite see what there was in her to make her so attractive to a man like me. But these women do not always understand one another, or appreciate what makes them dear to particular men. She added, 'But still, I do not know how it was, Gretchen became the great authority in our household; they all referred to her about everything, and she did a good deal of their work.' In fact, she was the personification of common sense; only that what we mean by common sense is apt to be hard, over-wise, and disagreeable; hers was the common sense of a romantic person, and of one who had a great perception of the humorous. I think I hear her low, long-continued laugh, as I used to pour forth some of my odd theories about men and things to hear what she would say. And she generally did say something fully to the purpose. But action was her forte. There was a noiseless soft activity about her like that of light."

We have read many stories of unrequited love in the course of our lives, but none more noble and touching than that of the great lawyer Mr. Ellesmere. The manner of telling it, too, as we said before, gives a great additional charm; it is exquisitely natural and life-like. But we must close our remarks on this book, or we shall be tempted to transcribe the whole. We can only wish to all our readers an intimate acquaintance with the author's "Companions in Solitude."

DIORAMA OF JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND.

ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, HYDE PARK CORNER.

TURNING out of the "shock, the hum of men," in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park Corner, I entered the doorway of a public exhibition, and was transported in a few minutes far beyond this every-day life of high pressure and restless progress, away into life in the East, where sacred and chivalrous memories clothe every beautiful scene with additional beauty, or where, as Byron says of this "land of the Sun,"

"All but the spirit of man is sublime."

For persons whose minds have acquired a true interest in Palestine, and the localities of Scripture History, this diorama will have peculiar charms, for it depicts as faithfully as a diorama can, (more faithfully than any diorama we have ever yet seen,) all that a diorama pretends to do; and that is saying much. Here the spectators see before them (in many instances with an appearance of reality that is positively startling) places that have long been as household words in their mouths, and as hidden treasure to

their imagination. To the artist-eye one picture will be better than another, but all have merit; and to general spectators, we doubt whether any one of them will appear to have a fault. The usual coarse exaggeration in drawing and colour, which is so great a drawback to profit and pleasure in looking at most dioramas, (even some of those most favoured by the public,) is entirely absent here. Truth and taste have combined to make this diorama a real work of art.

The opening scene—a travelling party resting under a group of date palms in the desert; the moonlight view within the walls of the Convent of St. Catharine; the giant Cedars of Lebanon; the pass of Petra; the Garden of Gethsemane; scenes within the city of Jerusalem, and the banks of the River Jordan, are among the most interesting pictures. We have never seen a thing of the kind better managed. All went well, and was effective. The *viva voce* explanations were just what were wanted, and no more, since all present brought some knowledge of the Bible geography with them. The dioramic effects were really natural, and the music was of a far higher character than the ill-performed rubbish generally given at such entertainments. It was really an improvement. We were very sorry to return to London again.

THE STORY OF A FAMILY.

SECOND NOTICE.

IDA'S grief for the loss of her father,—“*père comme il y en a peu*,”—is naturally and touchingly described. The following short extract, which prefaces the account of the first evening on which the sorrowing girl makes an effort to join the family circle, is in the authoress's very best style.

* * * * *

“It is a trying moment, (who cannot remember such?) when, after some household grief, *the one* who is specially left desolate, first resumes her place in the family circle. How secret is the vigilance! how guarded the tenderness of the rest! What care to temper the conversation! what unreal cheerfulness of tone! what scrupulous choice of subject! And to the sufferer, how wretched a mockery of past habits which can never thoroughly be resumed, does it all seem! how miserable an attempt to simulate the absence of misery! She feels this acutely, even while she believes in the necessity of the attempt, and is grateful for the love from which it springs; and if the feeling be *one-sided*, surely it is one side of the truth. Why should we think entire recovery from sorrow desirable? why seek to efface, to ignore, if it were possible to forget, the affliction which is sent to sanctify our energies? When God strikes our goodly fabric to the earth, surely He does not always intend us to begin forthwith to construct another out of the ruins; He would perhaps rather teach us to live without these earthly tabernacles, in expectation of that house built without hands, eternal in the heavens.”

* * * * *

At the close of this same evening, Alexander, the unloved and unlovable cousin, seizes an opportunity, and, with his usual absence of tact, and want of delicacy of feeling, gives Ida so unmistakeable a hint of his intention on the following day to honour her by the offer of his hand, that even her simplicity cannot but comprehend him, and she accordingly commissions his uncouth sister Agnes to break to him the discomfiting intelligence, that he has misplaced his affections, and to hint to him, in the most gentle manner possible, that she would not have him at any price; thereby evincing a selfish want of consideration for Agnes the uncouth, which, as it is about the only fault Miss Ida commits throughout the two volumes, and therefore the strongest connecting link between our little heroine and the rest of Eve's frail daughters, we gladly recognise and point out. The obtuse ambassadress stumbles through her mission with an irritating bluntness, which completely takes the shine out of Alexander's superficial French polish, and puts that refined young gentleman into a most natural and undignified rage, in the course of which he reiterates the assertion that “she” (meaning Ida) “will repent it,” with so much apparent confidence in his own power to bring about the consummation he so devoutly wishes, that even the slow-witted Agnes sees more in it than the senseless threatening of an angry man, and is haunted by a presentiment of some fresh misfortune about to befall the unoffending Ida. She is not kept long in suspense. Her amiable father, uncle Alexander, reflecting that (particularly in novels,) “where there's a *will* there's a way,” has discovered a flaw in the testamentary document whereon the story hinges, and only awaits the *denouement* of his son's courtship, to make his discovery public, preparatory to transferring the contested fortune from Ida to himself.

In a somewhat stormy interview with his brother, the excellent, kind-hearted, pig-headed Uncle John, he communicates this intelligence, skilfully contriving to cast suspicion upon the memory of the deceased Percy Lee, by which insinuation he trusts to avert inquiry, and avoid the expense and uncertainty of litigation. Uncle John speaks out, and Mr. Alexander Lee retreats in dudgeon to the village inn, whence he indites two letters, one to his brother, setting forth his determination not to be appeased without an apology; the other to Ida, “recapitulating his explanations, and expressing his confidence that her reasonableness, unselfishness, and strong sense of right, would cause her to rejoice that she no longer stood in a position which she must feel to be false according to the rules of nature, custom, and justice,” winding up this precious epistle by offering her a home, which he feels tolerably certain she will not accept. The following extract, showing how these missives are received, affords a fair specimen of the writer's livelier style.

* * * * *

“When the letters were brought in, Ida was sitting between Uncle John and Aunt Ellinor, holding a hand of each. She was bewildered and distressed. Her

(1) “The Story of a Family.” Two Vols. G. Hoby, 123, Mount Street, Berkeley Square.

first intimation of what had occurred was from Agnes, who had broken into her room in an agony of tears to wish her good-bye, adding, almost inarticulately, that Uncle John would explain, and running away before Ida had time to do more than return her embrace. To Uncle John accordingly she went, and she found him pacing the library, red, furious, and incoherent, Ellinor soothing him, Frederick sitting by in disturbed silence, and wonder without parallel! Melissa sympathising with him! Yes, Melissa was fond of Ida, and her indignation was thoroughly aroused against Alexander, though it must be owned that it did not fairly break forth till after it had been clearly explained to her, that he intended to claim the whole property, up to which announcement she had contrived to believe, that the portion of the will which concerned Ida's heiress-ship might be disproved, while that which involved the alternative of dividing the property among all the members of the family, might continue to have the force of law. When she understood the real state of the case, her wrath knew no bounds, and in the first outbreak of it she even expressed, among other strong imputations of crime, an opinion that Alexander had himself forged the will, with a malignant desire to encourage false hopes in the rest of the family, which he might afterwards enjoy the diabolical pleasure of destroying. And though she did not absolutely maintain this view against opposition, she seemed by no means to consider it necessarily false, or absolutely groundless.

"As soon as Ida made her appearance, Uncle John stopped in his career, and said in a hurried under tone to the rest, 'We must break it to her carefully.' Melissa, a little affronted at the hint, withdrew into the back-ground immediately, and sat down in silence. Ellinor was literally afraid to speak. Frederick, who would have given worlds to undertake the commission, thought that, as matters stood, he should only complicate them by interfering. Accordingly, Uncle John was left to break it to her as carefully as he liked; a feat which he accomplished by a series of preparatory bursts, so tumultuous and spasmodic in character, interspersed with intervals of calmness so artificially deliberate and violently nonchalant, that Ida was frightened out of her wits, and, trembling in every limb, entreated to be told if anything very dreadful had happened. Thereupon Uncle John began to pace the room again, muttering denunciations; and while he was thus occupied, the others communicated the occurrences of the morning in a kind of three-part dirge, harmonious and mournful, each repeating, with variations, the phrases of the others, and terminating in a full united chord of dismay. Ida's relief was inexpressible.

"O! dear, is that all?" said she. "Well, it certainly seems much more just that Uncle Alexander should have the property. Pray, don't be vexed about it on my account."

"My dear child, how can you talk such stuff?" cried John, indignantly; "you know nothing at all about it. It is one of the most shabby, paltry, pitiful transactions"—

"No, no, dear Uncle John, don't use such words," interrupted Ida. "I know it is only because you love me so much that you can't bear the thought of any misfortune befalling me; but this is not a misfortune at all, not even a disappointment, for I never knew till—till quite lately, that there was any chance of my having all this money. I am sure I don't want it. And just think how unhappy I should be if there were to be a family quarrel, and I were in any way the cause of it! About money too! Such a poor, miserable reason for quarrelling. O! I am sure you could never think of being angry with your own brother about money!"

"A scoundrel!" exclaimed he, sitting down by her side. "And you'll just be a beggar, my dear little innocent darling! That's all! A beggar!" repeated he, with stinging emphasis.

"Ida looked up at him, with an approach to her old playfulness.

"That sounds very shocking," said she. "And only think what cruel aunts, and what a cruel Uncle John I must have, if they let me go about begging!"

"Ellinor now took her seat on the other side. 'You will live with me, my darling,' whispered she."

* * * * *

Some of his superfluous steam having thus found vent, Uncle John sits down to answer his brother's letter, and having at length overcome the difficulties of composition, reads aloud his production for the purpose of obtaining the opinions of his auditors. It commences after the following fashion:—

* * * * *

"MY DEAR ALEXANDER,"—I thought of presenting my compliments in the third person, but, you see, it's better not; for he said, "My dear John," to me, which is a tolerably clear sign that it means nothing."

"(By this time the audience began to perceive that uncle John was delivering himself of an introductory commentary upon his letter; a discovery which relieved them from a state of some bewilderment and anxiety. He proceeded with great and increasing emphasis, interspersing the text with extempore notes, which could with difficulty be distinguished from it, as the whole was declaimed in a sort of indignant, abusive tone, without breaks.)

"MY DEAR ALEXANDER,—I have no apology to make, since I regret nothing which passed this morning, except the part which you played; and a contemptible part it was, and one which deserves transportation a good deal more than a downright burglary."

"Oh, my dear uncle!" exclaimed Ida, "Uncle Alexander will never be friends with you again if you write in that manner."

"Upon my honour, my love, I don't much care if he never is friends with me again. His friendship is not so very creditable. And I must be sincere, you know."

"But can't you say what you think a little more gently?" pleaded Ida, exceedingly distressed. "Contemptible is *such* a word! And, indeed, I beg your pardon, I hope you won't be angry with me for saying that I think that would be really wrong about burglary."

"Contemptible! Burglary!" repeated Uncle John, looking down at his letter. "I've got a full stop at 'played';" and I haven't read any further. Oh! I see,—but you must let me say my say as I go on—I have written very moderately, I assure you. I wouldn't have written those strong expressions on any account, though they are quite true, just the same. No, no; after all, *he* is a brother, and *I* am a Christian," (he gave the sentence all the emphasis of an antithesis,) "and I shall take great care not to provoke him. I shall be very forbearing towards him—don't be frightened—I shall be as gentle as possible to him; a mean, pitiful, cold-hearted fellow! Now let me go on," (resuming his emphatic declamation.)

"'Played! I must always consider that you are taking an unfair advantage of a mere oversight, and getting possession of the property of your niece, whom you ought to protect, by means of a quibble. For I cannot for one instant suppose that you believe that Ida'—had—had anything to do with it. She is incapable of forgery—that is to say—of course, I—"

"'Good gracious, John!' cried Melissa. 'Ida! who ever suggested such an absurdity? Why, she was only four years old when the will was read!'

"'I know, I know,' returned the abashed Uncle John. 'That was just what I was going to say, if you would only listen.'

"He winked till he was nearly blind, cleared his throat, and trod hard on Melissa's tender foot under the table, and finally said that it was absurd to read the letter aloud: his sisters should read it to themselves, and give him their opinion of it. If Ida would show what she had written, nothing further was necessary. The fact was, the sentence in which he had broken down so lamentably, stood thus in the manuscript:—

"'I cannot for one instant suppose that you believe Ida inherits the estates in consequence of any such nefarious transaction as that at which you hinted this morning. Her father was as incapable of forgery as yourself.' When he arrived at the name of 'Ida,' he became aware of what was coming, and suddenly remembered how necessary it was to keep poor Ida in ignorance that any such infamous suggestion had been thrown out. He therefore made a desperate attempt to supply an impromptu substitute for the real paragraph—plunged madly into impossible sentences—found himself saying all sorts of things which he did not intend, and so came to an untimely end in spite of himself."

* * * * *

Ida has in the mean time written a quiet, sensible letter, which, after more discussion, and an attempt on the part of Aunt Melissa to substitute an absurd effusion from her own pen, is allowed to be sent, Uncle John's notable epistle being forthwith consigned to the flames. No opposition being therefore attempted, Mr. Alexander Lee establishes the validity of his flaw, and comfortably pockets the fortune.

We must now recur to Godfrey, who, be it remembered, was, when last heard of, suffering great anguish of spirit from a mistaken idea that Ida, shocked

at his confession that, in a moment of boyish passion, he had struck Frederick the unhappy blow which had occasioned his loss of sight, must always regard him with feelings of horror and aversion. Urged by this tormenting belief, he determines to emigrate, and seek refuge from his thoughts in active employment. At this juncture, fortunately encountering Tyrrell, the new-made Governor of A—, that gentleman offers him the post of private secretary, which he gladly accepts, and leaves England with Madeline and her husband, happily ignorant of Uncle Alexander's machinations, and Ida's consequent loss of fortune. Frederick, meanwhile, who, in spite of his blindness, has become a skilful musician, has obtained the appointment of organist at C—, a missionary training college. Accordingly, he, his mother and Ida, take up their abode at Seringa Cottage, a cheap domicile situated close to the scene of Frederick's labours. Here in a short time they become practically aware of the discomforts of, what we cannot but consider, a very unnecessarily severe attack of poverty. Ida, "bringing every faculty of her young intelligence to bear upon this new mystery in the practical complexity of life," sets to work to economise with all her might and main, and retrenchment is the order of the day. Bills are immediately called in, expenses curtailed, and the second female servant receives notice to quit. This "sweeping reform," is, however, deemed insufficient, and reading aloud of an evening is henceforth accomplished by the aid of a pathetic "single rushlight," but even the adoption of this ascetic luminary fails to make both ends meet, and the reader is trembling lest Ida, in her emulation of Joseph Hume, should reduce the family to a "Child's Night Light," when a new idea enters the head of our enterprising heroine, and secreting herself with unlimited black satin, she determines to realize capital by embroidering waistcoat pieces. The scheme answers beyond her most sanguine expectations; generalizing on the original idea, she drills a fatigue party of national-school girls in the exercise of embroidery, and lo! the enemy is dislodged, the demon of poverty flies before the needle points of Ida and her workwomen.

This part of the book is not, we confess, to our taste. We recognise from the first a spirituality about the character of Ida; she seems raised so completely above humanity, such as we usually find it, by her unerring instinct of simple, child-like faith, that a degree of reverence mingles largely with our feelings towards her. When in brighter days her lover becomes aware of this industrial episode, "the idea of Ida working for her bread was as intolerable to him as though he had been an unripe sentimentalist of eighteen." Now although we bear even less similitude to the "simple juvenile" alluded to thus slightly, than did Godfrey Lee, we quite agree with him on this point, and consider Ida taking thought for a rushlight, an association of ideas little short of sacrilege.

Leaving the party at Seringa cottage "on household cares intent," let us take a hop, skip and jump, and

clearing "seven long years" at a leap, imagine ourselves on the deck of a homeward-bound vessel from A——. But the authoress shall speak for herself.

* * * * *

"Little did Mrs. Aytoun think, when she said to herself, with that heavy, inward, noiseless sigh which belongs not to hope deferred, but to the absence of all hope, 'It is seven years to-day since Godfrey left us,'—little did she think that he was at that moment on the sea, and that the vessel in which he sailed was—homeward bound! His fellow-passengers thought him the dullest and most immovable of men; and one vivacious lady could not refrain from scolding him heartily, when he alone, of all the group assembled on deck, uttered no exclamation, gave no sign, when the captain pointed to a low film just showing above the far edge of the sea, in the twilight of a summer's morning, and said, 'That is England!' She said, she thought he had no human feeling at all; he had been quite silent and patient during that long weary calm, where they made no way, and it seemed as though winds and waters had ceased from their natural office to spite them, and that they were to wear out the rest of their lives eating away their very hearts for vexation, idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean; he had been quiet, silent, and patient when the wind sprang up, and all the hearts were springing with it, and the little world within the vessel was as full of gratulatory and exultant voices as a wood in spring; he was quiet, silent, and patient NOW. Did he not know that yonder cloud was England? Was he not glad? 'Very,' he replied, with an odd, shy, doubtful smile, and turned aside from his vociferous companions, keeping his very eyelids close, because of the burning light that was beneath them. His soul was charged well-nigh beyond its strength, and silence seemed to be literally his only hold upon sanity. Had he released it only for one moment, instead of joining in the mirthful ejaculations of the rest, he would have leaped and shouted like a maniac. As it was, he dared not look upon that growing shore for more than an instant at a time, but shut his eyes in a sort of terror at it, and at himself. For seven years one thought had been the strength and light of his inner life, and that thought was now about to become a fact, or—a memory! No wonder that, as he neared that dim visionary shore, it seemed to be towering up into mountains ready to fall upon him and crush him! No wonder that, as he prepared to take leave of Illo for ever, and knew not for *what* she should be exchanged, he was momentarily tempted to wish himself back in the anxious Past, labouring, inseparably united with her, and trying to believe that he neither leaned upon her nor looked to her!

"During his voyage out he had ample time for searching his heart, and for forming his resolutions. He had not thrown away this privilege of discipline. When he set foot upon the soil of his new home, there stood before his eyes, in vivid and palpable distinctness, the shape into which the inexpressive block before him, the capable but indefinite Future which

might be allotted to him, must be hewn and moulded; nor had eye, hand, or will once faltered in their task. The wrongs of which he felt himself to be guilty were all against his mother and Frederick, and every energy of his life was to be devoted to the labour of reparation; if, perhaps, he might at length be suffered to bring back into their home the sunshine which he had helped to banish from it. This was the work which he had to do. He sternly forbade himself to think of winning Ida, except in so far as such a thought was implied in the unceasing endeavour to render himself worthy of her. The disappointment which had planted in his heart so bitter a root of anguish, he looked upon now as a necessary step in the discipline of his purification. How could he ever dream of stretching forth his hand to grasp a happiness for which he was so utterly unfit? Consistently with this view, he never relaxed the rule of silence which he had imposed on himself and his family with regard to Ida. We will not examine whether he would have been able to maintain this strictness, had he not obtained frequent intelligence of her, without inquiry, through Madeline. Thus he knew that she was well, that she was unmarried, that she lived with his mother and Frederick, and that she was the joy of their hearts, the brightness of their daily life, the very angel of their fireside. In the perpetual presence of this thought he worked on, but never suffered himself to forget all that lay between himself and her, and turning away his eyes from the one shining possibility of his future, fixed them steadfastly upon those for whom he was bound to labour, and for whom he did labour with his whole heart.

"But it is necessary to explain the nature of this labour a little more definitely. There was a professorship in the college at C——, established for the instruction of the students in some, at least, of those languages a knowledge of which would be necessary to the support of their missionary toils in foreign lands. Three languages were the minimum qualification required of the professor ere entering upon the duties of his office; but a formidable catalogue of tongues and dialects, on which he was expected to deliver lectures in the course of those duties, was appended. It was in contemplation to subdivide these requisites, so soon as the funds of the establishment should allow it, and to provide a complete staff of instructors in this most important department. Godfrey determined to await this period, diligently qualifying himself in the meantime to come forward as a candidate whenever the opportunity should arrive; or failing that, to attempt the more daring enterprise of succeeding the present professor, whose occupation of his post was understood to be temporary. He was an old man, and had been himself a missionary; he had accepted so arduous an office out of zeal for the interests of the infant college, well knowing how difficult it would be to procure a duly qualified substitute. Godfrey was resolved that on his part the qualifications, at least, should not be wanting. The tedious voyage out was to him a time of strenuous,

uninterrupted activity, and he arrived at his destination, able immediately to pass a preliminary examination in the language of the people amongst whom he had come to reside. As soon as this was satisfactorily over, he went to the bishop, explained his views, his hopes, his intentions, and asked for advice and assistance. When was not the head of a listener to another man's hopes shaken? He spoke words of soberness and truth, of doubt and discouragement; but in the course of the interview he saw enough to convince him that he was dealing with no common character, and, in the end, while anxiously counselling Godfrey not to be too sanguine, he promised hearty co-operation with his efforts. The vigour and enthusiasm of those efforts never flagged; every leisure hour, of which the light duties of secretary to the governor of—afforded plenty, was engrossed by study; every opportunity was eagerly seized; and it is a trite observation that opportunities are sure to abound if eyes are opened to them.

"Madeline's cordial sympathy was given from the first; not so Tyrrell's; he was, as we have already said, a man of deeds; he had very little faith in enthusiasm, and he stood aloof and sneered politely. At the end of two years, however, he gave in. He sent for Godfrey, and offered him eighteen months' leave, to be passed either in a visit to England, or in a journey to certain places which he named, (we are purposely obscure in our geography,) for the sake of acquiring a more accurate knowledge of certain languages and dialects. The young secretary's face was in a glow directly, and his thanks were vehement and eloquent.

"You go home, then?" said Tyrrell, in a tone rather of assertion than of inquiry.

"There was a sudden melancholy flash in Godfrey's eyes, and there was unspeakable pathos in the quiet deep voice with which he answered, 'Oh, no, I must not think of it. I am not nearly ready yet.'

"From that moment Tyrrell was his fast friend, and made full atonement for past distrust by the zeal of his present sympathy and the earnestness of his assistance; and so, in hard and solitary labour, warmed by the good wishes of these few friends, the time wore away. At length, sooner than he had dared to hope—for he kept vigilant guard upon the buoyancy of his own nature—the trial arrived. The bishop, who corresponded with the warden of C—college, and without absolutely committing Godfrey, had intimated that he desired the earliest possible information of any new arrangements relative to the professorship of languages, announced that the long-expected change was about to take place. Two new professorships were to be substituted for the old one, which would be vacated in the course of the next six months; and the warden wrote that if the gentleman on whose behalf the bishop was interested had any serious intention of offering himself as a candidate for either of these posts, he must repair to England forthwith, duly armed with testimonials, which would be examined by certain commissioners, appointed by the trustees of the college. These judges were like-

wise empowered to make personal inquiry into the qualifications of the candidates. The warden had considerably given his friend the longest notice that was possible under the circumstances, and though he could not exactly give the day on which the examinations were to take place, he named the limit within which it had been determined that all the arrangements must be completed. Godfrey found that he must start directly; he was not likely to lose time about it. His heart swelled as he kneeled to receive the blessing of the good bishop, and it was with deep, almost dejected humility that he answered his fatherly words of counsel and sympathy at parting. 'Pray for me,' said he, 'that I may be strengthened to bear disappointment!'

"Tears gathered in his eyes as he took leave of the kind group that accompanied him to the shore; Tyrrell, Madeline, Arthur, grown a tall, slight, downcast youth of thirteen, and two little fairy girls, Godfrey's pets and playmates, who made many piteous appeals to him, 'not to go away to England, and never come back again.'

"'Tell Ida, that I am *very* happy!' murmured Madeline, as, deeply blushing, she returned the strong pressure of his hand. Her husband caught the whispered words, and the light that came to his eyes as he drew her arm through his, and looked down into her face, told eloquently the source of her happiness. It had come at last. After many doubts, misgivings, and struggles, after some faults and some weakness, and much quiet suppressed trouble of spirit, they had won their way through the cloud, and come out into the sunshine at last. After the birth of that youngest little prattler, Madeline's life had been in danger, and she had then been taught, too clearly for mistake, too deeply for forgetfulness, how very precious she had grown to her husband. Her sensitive, passionate nature was at rest for ever."

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It would be a hard-hearted novelist, indeed, who could disappoint this excellent young man, and accordingly we find him, some two pages further on, the successful candidate. Brim-full of happiness he posts down to Seringa Cottage, and encounters Uncle John at the railroad station seeking a lost box of Aunt Melissa's. Uncle John, little changed by years, bodily or mentally, accompanies him, undertaking to break his sudden arrival to his mother. Our concluding extract will show how he accomplishes his mission:—

* * * * *

"Don't speak to me, but take me as quickly as you can," strode away at a pace which Uncle John would sooner have died than check, and did very nearly die in struggling to equal. It was lucky that the distance was but short, for when Godfrey released his flushed and panting companion on the doorsteps of Seringa Cottage, he noticed not his exhaustion, and was quite unconscious of his own rapidity of movement. "Tell them very gently! Be very careful!" said he; and pulling his hat over his brows, he followed Uncle John into the passage, and stood con-

ceased by the half-open door of the sitting-room, with heart beating so tumultuously that for a moment he was as one blind, and literally could not see the very objects upon which his eyes darted as eagerly and hungrily as a falcon on the swoop. But the mist cleared away, and he saw. His mother sat by the window, her embroidery in her hand. There were more lines in her placid, delicate face than when he last saw it, there was more silver in the smooth bands that were drawn back beneath the close frilled cap, the dress seemed altogether more decidedly that of an old lady, but the quiet figure was as graceful, the gentle face as lovely as ever. Frederick was opposite to her; Godfrey could only see his profile. Not a change had passed over his serene and beautiful countenance; the glory which it had first put on in childhood still rested upon it. Ida was not in the room, and Godfrey did not see Melissa till she spoke.

"So you are come back at last!" said she, sharply; "and pray what news of my box?"

Till that moment Uncle John had entirely forgotten the existence of the box, and he was now so much startled, and felt such an intense anxiety to clear it effectually out of the way, that he answered on the impulse of the moment that it had come all right, and would arrive in five minutes; then giving Melissa three vehement and rapid winks, clearing his throat, and ostentatiously suppressing a smile, he walked up to Ellinor.

"I say, Ellen, when did you hear from Godfrey?" was his cautious beginning.

"My dear John," replied his surprised sister, "we were talking of his letter at breakfast to-day. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, to be sure I do," replied Uncle John; "that was the reason why I asked you. I want to know what he said about coming home."

"Coming home!" repeated the mother, the ready drops gathering in her eyes. "Oh, we must not think of that for a long time. God knows what is best! I can scarcely hope to live till that happy day."

"How do you know that?" rejoined her brother. "It may be nearer than you think."

Ellinor shook her head, and stooped over her work. "I say," reiterated Uncle John, "we never know what's going to happen to us, do we? No, you know that we don't! Well, then, isn't it very presumptuous, just because you know Godfrey's at the other side of the world, that you should take it for granted that he can't be here? Eh, Ellinor?"

"What do you mean?" inquired Ellinor, suddenly raising her eyes to his face, and so much startled by the expression which she there encountered, that she involuntarily dropped her work, and clasped her hands together.

"My dearest mother," interposed Frederick, "I am quite sure, from my uncle's voice, that he knows something about Godfrey. Pray don't be more agitated than you can help. It *must* be good news."

"Yes, and it is good news, master Frederick!" added the exulting Uncle John.

Mrs. Aytoun rose slowly, with an air of utter bewilderment. Her eyes were still fixed upon her brother's face. "Where is he?" exclaimed she, tottering rather than walking towards the door, and pausing as she reached it, for she was caught in the closest and fondest of embraces, and so rather carried than supported back again to her seat. It was a joyful confusion; sobs, kisses, broken words, and hands that clasped each other as though they believed that to relax for a moment would incur the doom of a new separation. And then Godfrey sat on the sofa, between his mother and Frederick, an arm round each, and made them understand that he was come home in earnest, and that he had earned the right of remaining: and Ellinor's eyes clung to his face with an unquiet happiness, as though seeing were any thing but believing; and Frederick drew closer and closer to his side, and reproached himself for unthankfulness as the burning wish passed across his heart that he might once, only once, look upon that beloved face! Uncle John stood apart, rubbing his hands, and detailing all that he knew, and all that he didn't know, to Melissa: interspersed with a hundred self-congratulations on having "broken it" so well to his sister, seeming almost to think that the meeting was *his* work, and he had reason to be proud of it.

"They soon remembered Ida. A hint from Frederick, who seemed to guess her feelings by intuition, caused Mrs. Aytoun to go in search of her, and gently tell her the great joy which had come upon them all. Ida's hands were cold and trembling when she placed them in Godfrey's, and she could scarcely command her voice to bid him welcome in unsteady accents. He was satisfied, however; who shall fathom the depths of that perfect satisfaction which seemed to fill his heart and saturate his whole nature, as the excitement passed away, and the questions ceased, and the narrative was over, and they sat together gazing upon each other in most eloquent silence, as though they were saying to Life, 'This is enough! Give us no more, but give us nothing else!'

"It was an hour after Ida entered the room, ere Godfrey actually raised his eyes to her face, and then he only looked from under the shadow of his hands. How much longer was it ere he ventured to tell her all which that first look had taught him?"

* * * * *

No Œdipus is required to answer this question, nor are any of the after incidents of the Story of a Family particularly calculated to astonish the prescient minds of the novel-reading public. Ida and Godfrey are happily married, and by the time two of the little "natural consequences" have opened their blue eyes upon this naughty world, a lawyer dies, which does not particularly distress anybody, leaving behind him a paper which ought to delight everybody, for it knocks on the head uncle Alexander's quibble, and restores a large share of the property to Ida, clearing the aspersed memory of Percy Lee. Of course, she and Godfrey do all that is liberal by the dispossessed Alexanders, and then, as the summit of human felicity,

indulge themselves by converting Evelyn Manor into a training-school to prepare young boys for admission into the Missionary College, wherein the brothers Lee are organist and professor. Thus finally ends the *Story of a Family*.

And now let us briefly state our opinion of the tale. As a work of art it has many faults: amongst which, perhaps, an apparent want of forethought, inducing a confusion of arrangement in the various situations and incidents, stands most prominently forward. The writer is herself aware of this defect, and accounts for it by stating in her preface that the story was composed *à plusieurs reprises*. To this fact may also be attributed a certain clumsiness in the machinery by which the necessary situations of the tale are evolved; as for example, when by the requirements of the plot Percy Lee's absence becomes necessary, the improbable nature of the business which takes him abroad. Another defect, which a longer experience of that most contradictory of paradoxes, human nature, will enable the writer to avoid, is a too great consistency in some of the subordinate characters, making them embodiments of an idea rather than living men and women; the Alexanders, father and son, are too consistently bad, Aunt Melissa too unflinching in her selfish sentimentality, Uncle John too constantly ridiculous. But one possessing the head to conceive, and the hand to execute, such life-pictures as Madeline and Ida, such sketches as Percy Lee, Frederick, Godfrey, Tyrrell, may well afford to pardon the friendly critic, who shall point out, where the pencil which has traced these forms of spiritual loveliness may have failed to portray correctly, the grotesque animation of an outline caricature; and remembering these remarks only in so far as they may aid her to avoid such blemishes for the future, let her thank God, who has entrusted to her the noble gift, the power to imagine and depict these shapes of beauty, the lowly and meek, yet only true great ones of the earth. By detailing their trials and struggles in achieving the real end of life, self-renunciation, may she continue to warn the careless-hearted, and to cheer those who faint by the way; and so doing her Master's work zealously, may she reap the exceeding great reward of those, who "shall convert the sinner from his sin, and save souls alive." In these days no light responsibility rests upon the shoulders of the tale-writer; thousands read his thoughts, thousands rise from the perusal the better or the worse for that which he has written. The greater the amount of talent, the greater the responsibility. It would be well if all sustained it as efficiently as the authoress of the "*Story of a Family*."

POEMS LEGENDARY AND HISTORICAL.¹

THIS is a volume, principally in the same style to which Macaulay has given such celebrity; and if the poems it contains do not altogether rise to the compact vigour and energy of that powerful writer, they

(1) "*Poems, Legendary and Historical*. By Edward A. Freeman, M. A. late Fellow; and the Rev. George W. Cox, S. C. L., Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford."

are not without very considerable merit, and will be perused with interest and pleasure. Perhaps the most pleasing are upon the fertile subject of the Fall of Granada; but as these are too long for extraction, we select the following. There is a mournful melody in the first, that admirably suits with its theme.

THE TOMB OF DON RODERICK.

AFTER the battle of Xeres, the same legends sprang up respecting the fate of Roderick, as in our own land were given forth about Harold after the fight at Hastings. Towards the end of the ninth century, in the city of Visco in Lusitania, (wrested by Don Alphonso the Great, King of Leon, from the Moslem,) there was found in a field outside the walls a small chapel, and near it, a tomb bearing the following inscription,

"*Hic Requiescit Rodericus Ultimus Rex Gothorum.*"

—See *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*, p. 156.

ON Xeres, when the shadows closed
O'er weltering heaps of countless slain,
Full many a valiant knight reposed
From wearying strife and pain.

And foe with foe, that woeful night,
Still lock'd in deadliest hatred slept;
While o'er that scene of ruthless fight
The night breeze sorrowing swept.

But whether in that fierce affray
Mid meaner foes Rodrigo fell,
Or lived to see a later day,
No mortal tongue may tell.

All wildly gasping and dismay'd
His war-horse scourd the cumber'd plain,
And through the gathering mist and shade
Its rider sought in vain.

And long (so hope deceives) they deem'd
That Roderick had not perish'd then;
And at the destined hour they dream'd
He yet would come again,—

To wreak a vengeance passing thought
On traitor heart and recreant hand,
For every woe their sin hath brought
Upon that hapless land.

Ev'n thus they deem'd he dwelt afar,
Abiding still the destined hour
To lead the Christian hosts to war
With more than mortal power.

Long ages past, it so befel,
Scarce raised above the holy ground
Where stood a hermit's lowly cell,
A humble grave they found.

'Twas said that mossy mouldering stone
Show'd forth the place of Roderick's sleep,
Where o'er that spot so still and lone
The wild flowers loved to creep.

Where'er he lie, he resteth well
From onset fierce and fiery fray—
Whether in battle-strife he fell,
Or pass'd in peace away.—G. W. C.

KING HAROLD'S FUNERAL.

DEW WILLIAM feasted in his tent,
His captains all around;
And sounds of gladsome melody
Through all his camp resound:
A thousand fires are flashing high
O'er Senlac's battle-plain,
And England heard the victor shout
That told her hero slain.

Oh sad the sight that bloody night
Beneath her bosom vell'd,
When as the Saxon battle-axe
Before the stranger fall'd:

And on the plain were bleeding
The noblest of our land,
And stark in death King Harold lay,
Amid that ghastly band.

Then came two priests across the plain
To William's royal tent,
And as they pass'd the threshold,
Their knee they humbly bent;
The knights and nobles of his train
Look'd stern with wrathful eyes,
But fear'd to harm that hallow'd garb,
And William bade them rise.

"Stand up," said he, "ye men of God,
I do not war with you;
Ne'er 'gainst the ministers of peace
True knight his falchion drew:
But tell us wherefore are ye come
Among our warrior train,
For whatso'er may be your prayer,
Ye shall not ask in vain."

Then rose the brothers from their knees,
And deep each bosom sigh'd,
To see amid their own dear land
The foeman's conquering pride:
Then out spake Ailric to the Duke,
"We come from Waltham tower,
To crave the body of the chief
Who fell in yonder stour."

"For know it was King Harold
Who built Waltham's minster fair,
And bade us, whenso'er he died,
To lay his body there;
Wherefore our founder's corpse we crave,
In his own church to lay,
That we may for his soul and thine
Our daily masses say."

Duke William's brow was bent in thought;
Then, like a noble foe,
He bade them, when the day should dawn,
Through Senlac's field to go,
And seek for noble Harold,
And bear him to the grave,
With all the rites that fit a king
And knight in battle brave.

All night upon that bloody plain
Those brethren knelt in prayer;
And oft they heard the dying groan
Of men who perish'd there;
And oft times burst upon their ear
The Norman's victor cry;
And watch-fires show'd the hallow'd flag
In triumph waving high.

As soon as night had pass'd away,
They traversed all the plain,
To seek for Harold's bloody corpse
Amid the heaps of slain:
They saw brave knights and men-at-arms
Lie cold upon the ground,
Where'er the Northern battle-axe
Had dealt its ghastly wound.

They saw stout thanes, whose dying hands
Still grasp'd its mighty haft,
Each with his manly bosom pierced
With many a deadly shaft;
None lay as slain in coward flight,
For all were valiant there,
And fix'd eyes on their foemen seem'd
To cast a haughty stare.

But where was Britain's mightiest lord
Those princely thanes among?
Where was the stoutest arm that e'er
The axe of Wessex swung?

So gash'd was every face with wounds,
The brothers could not tell
The monarch's form among the chiefs
Who round about him fell.

Then sought they for fair Editha
King Harold's corpse to find,
Fair Edith of the Swan's Neck,
That dame of loving mind.
They found the lady in her bower
All mournful and alone,
To think of captive England's tears,
And Harold's dying groan.

She came, all veil'd her lovely form
In mourner's sable guise,
All streaming were her golden locks,
And dimm'd her bright blue eyes;
Yet came she forth without a tear,—
They would no longer flow;
And speechless were her quivering lips,
So bitter was her woe.

She gazed around upon the dead,
And quickly spied the crest
Deck'd with a ribbon she had torn
From off her own fair breast;
She knew the belt her hands had wrought,
She knew his pennon'd spear,
And though all gash'd was every limb,
She knew his face so dear.

One kiss upon his death-cold lips
The lovely Edith press'd,
Then o'er his bloody limbs she threw
Her own sad mourning vest;
And bade them bear the corpse away
To Waltham's minster fair,
And grace the monarch's funeral
With mass and dirge and prayer.

They laid him in a royal tomb,
And oft the mass did say,
And oft the lady Editha
Came there to weep and pray:
And stretch'd upon her dying bed,
It was her latest prayer,
With Harold, her own king and love,
Her tomb and dirge to share.

THE AUTHOR.

G. S. NEWTON, R.A.

THIS is one of the most admirable *pieces de caractère* ever painted. The courtier on his way to the levee, or perhaps to a still more interesting assignation, is seized upon by an importunate author, who insists upon inflicting upon him his last new poem. Fearful of losing his meeting, and too well-bred to break off abruptly from his tormentor, he stands the picture of hesitation and despair—holding out his watch as a hint to the importunate scribe, who is, however, far too deeply absorbed in his own performance to notice it.

IGNORANCE.

"The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance,
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire."



CAROLINE'S FIRST VISIT TO THE OPERA.

BY JANE M. WINNARD.

"Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound
Of all that might delight a dainty ear,
Such as, at once, might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere."

SPENSER.

"And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

WORDSWORTH.

FIFTEEN springs have shed their blossoms on the head of my young friend Caroline Stanley,—but, as yet, she is not the embodiment of a Poet's idea of youthful beauty, or of Love's young dream. She is just a simple school-girl, to look at. I cannot conscientiously say that she is pretty, unless, indeed, with the prettiness of promise, or the promise of prettiness. She is tall and thin—*slender* is not the word, it is too poetical, and gives the idea of elegance, which Caroline is quite without, being as awkward as girls of her age and make usually are. How can they be otherwise? Grace implies a complete mastery over, and skill in using one's limbs. Caroline's limbs are growing and altering from week to week; she has no time to get accustomed to their peculiarities;—"*tout y est passager pour le moment.*" But in two or three years more that troublesome process of growing will be well-nigh finished, and then, I am almost certain she will begin to be graceful; not because her body is perfectly symmetrical, for that is not the case; but because her mind is active, poetical and artistic. Is it not true that what is meant by the word *graceful*, as applied to a human being, *i.e.* a certain flowing ease, freedom and roundness in the movements of the body, does not come from the body itself, but from the mind? Women, and men too, with well-proportioned bodies—admirably constructed as far as the mere modification of matter, the putting together of the machine is concerned—are often anything but graceful. There is no spirituality in their movements; they seem mechanical, not the effect of an intelligent volition. Others there are, unsymmetrical in body, lame even, with spinal curvature, with legs and arms too long or too short, who are, still, *graceful*, whose every motion gives you the idea of spiritual refinement and vitality, whose every attitude it is a pleasure to look upon, because you see the beautiful mind in it. In these last cases, I always found it was as difficult to keep the bodily defects in my memory, as in the other cases it was difficult to believe in the correct bodily proportions. Now, my young friend, Caroline Stanley, is by no means ill-made; and she has decidedly an active intellectual and imaginative mind; therefore, I am tolerably certain she will be a graceful woman. Her feet are somewhat too large for her present size; her arms are mere sticks, (they will plump up nicely, in a year or two;) her hands are well-shaped, and rather red; but then she can console herself with the saying of the very young beauty, recorded by De Grammont, who being sneered at for

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a similar defect, by a more mature and lily-handed lady, replied with as much *malice* as *naïveté*, that "*lo temps ne lui était pas arrivé pour les avoir blanchis.*" That is, Caroline *might* console herself with that reflection, if she stood in need of consolation on the subject, which she does not, being perfectly regardless, at present, of the colour of her hands, or of the prettiness or plainness of her person. She is as unconscious of, as she would be indifferent to, the fact, that she has a great chance of becoming a beauty. Her face is full of feeling and intelligence, she has sweet, dark eyes, a noble, generous mouth, a finely-shaped head, and a profusion of dark brown hair; she only wants the roundness and the bloom which three more summers will give her to be lovely.

I am thus minute in my account of this young girl, because I wish my reader to picture her to himself as I first saw her, about a month ago. So fresh, so pure, so eager, so loving and loveable a human bud is worth sketching in pen and ink, in default of a limner's skill to paint it with colours and a pencil.

Caroline is one of the younger daughters of an old friend of my husband's. Mr. Stanley is a country gentleman who is not so rich as his neighbours. He has great natural taste for music, has studied the art all his life, and has endeavoured to bring it to bear upon the improvement of society in his native place, with some good effect. All his children are more or less musical; but Caroline is the only one who showed considerable talent and taste for the art in early childhood; and upon her Mr. Stanley fixed his hopes of thorough sympathy and community of employment. At twelve years old the girl was placed under the charge of a cultivated woman, (a friend of her mother's,) who kept a select school near London. I believe the chief object in sending her there, was that she might be taught music by Herr—. Caroline reached her fiftieth birthday in a certain month of May, while her father was in London upon business, for a fortnight. He staid at my house during that time, and I was astonished at the amount of music he contrived to hear during the intervals of business. The London concerts, oratorios, and operas were a grand feast to him.

One morning, he said to me, "My dear Mrs.—, I am going to ask a favour of you,—my daughter Caroline is at school in Kensington."

"Yes, you would like her to come and stay here while you are in town?" I said. "Shall we go and fetch her to-morrow?"

He smiled, "You are the most quick-witted and impulsive of old ladies. You have guessed my wish exactly. But I dare not execute it. Her mother and her governess are judicious, sensible people; they would not hear of such a thing as a week's interruption of her studies. Just near the holidays, too. No, I have been given to understand *that*, very emphatically; and I dare not disobey orders. But, though I could not venture to take her away from school for a week's dissipation with me, yet, with your cooperation, I will give her a treat which she will remember

as long as she lives, and which will only take her away from the temple of Minerva for one night."

"What are you going to do with her?" I asked.

"To-morrow is her birth-day. That will afford me an excuse for making the request of good Mrs. Irons. I want to take her to the opera; she has never seen one."

"Delightful!" I exclaimed.

"You must go, too," said Mr. Stanley.

"Of course I will," I replied. "It is a long time since I went; but now there is something to go for. To see a young girl, who loves music, go, on her fifteenth birth-day, to see her first opera, I would get up out of a sick-bed. Get the Governess's consent, by all means, and bring Caroline here as early as you can to-morrow. I shall be dreadfully disappointed, I assure you, if she does not come. It will be a great pleasure to us all, you know."

"I will bring her an hour or two before dinner, to-morrow," said the pleased father, and he bade me "Good bye, for the present."

The next day I was much occupied in writing letters to my sons in India, and in receiving visits from some old friends, and had scarcely time to think about Caroline Stanley and my evening's engagement. Between four and five o'clock, just as my last visitor departed, the drawing-room door opened, and Mr. Stanley walked in with a music-book tucked up under one arm, and a young girl in a straw bonnet and a black silk scarf on the other. I rose and took the young girl by the hand. She blushed and smiled and glanced at her papa. She looked very, very happy, and a *very little* afraid.

"This is Caroline, I suppose?"

"Yes.—I got her away with some difficulty, though. She was hard to manage, was she not, Carry?"

"That was because you *tried* to manage her, papa," said Caroline. "Mrs. Irons is not to be *managed* at all. It is the best to tell her out at once, what you want, and then she will do it, or not."

I was pleased with the girl's look and tone. "You like Mrs. Irons?" I asked.

"Oh yes!" she replied; "we all like her."

We sat down; and Caroline spoke no more, unless she were spoken to. After inspecting the room rapidly, she seemed to have taken in its contents, and then she watched her father with an affectionate expression of countenance, till he asked her whether she would not like to look over the music of the opera.

"Oh yes! papa. Have you got it?"

"Yes, my dear. It is this great book, which you wondered I should carry through the streets. If I had not done so, my little Carry would have had no chance of looking over the opera. I know that Mrs. — has no copy of 'Figaro.'"

"Is it 'Figaro' we are to see to-night?" I asked as soon as I saw Caroline lost in a perusal of the music. "I do not think that is the best opera for a young girl to see first."

"Nor do I," said her father; "but I had only Hobson's choice—that or none. I do not think Caroline will see the defects that you and I see in the subject. She will only hear and feel the exquisite music which transcends it, and makes the plot forgotten."

"But it is that exquisite music which I should dread for her," I rejoined in a whisper. "With those deep, loving eyes, 'flowed with naphtha, fiery sweet,'—with that sensitive mouth,—I should fear the effect of Mozart's love-music upon her—at least such tender, thrilling, passionate strains as are scattered so profusely through this opera. Anti-poetical, frivolous, and disagreeable as the subject of *Le Nozze di Figaro* is, some of the music might have been written by Apollo, to celebrate the loves of Cupid and Psyche. No woman who has the faculty of appreciating good music, could hear it unmoved."

"But, my dear Mrs. —, little Carry is not a woman. She is a mere child. She will not see half that you see in the opera. I want her to hear the orchestral portions well performed: they will be capitally done to-night;—and I want to give her an idea of what good, classical singing is, and that she will get from—and—and—to-night. You don't expect she will fall in love with Figaro, or the Count, or Cherubino, do you? I do not think she is very inflammable. I believe she had a valentine this year, which she handed over to her Governess as a specimen of silly sentiment and incorrect orthography. Besides, she knows half the music of Figaro by heart. She never saw the libretto, and understands so little of Italian, that if she looks at it to-night, she will understand nothing of the story. She has imagination enough—musical imagination enough, to want no story—or to make one suited to her own being. The music, as I said before, she knows by heart."

"Not by heart," I said smiling—"By rote, perhaps.—Perhaps she may learn it *by heart* to-night."

"I'll risk it. There's not much sentiment in that little head," he said, pointing to his daughter, as with her bonnet tossed off, and hair very rough, she sat poring over the music-book in her lap;—beating time with one hand, and frowning and screwing up her mouth, with her whole soul bent on the composition.

"Perhaps you are right," I replied; "we often fear for the young when there is no danger for them; and we are careless and neglectful when the real peril is at hand. It is often best to trust them to what we so profaely call Chance, since, in the search for good, they must inevitably encounter some evil."

When Caroline appeared, ready dressed for the evening, I was able to make the observations upon her person with which I have already favoured the reader. Her white muslin frock and pink sash were all the adornments she required, except the unwonted colour in the cheek and brightness in the eye, which the anticipation of the coming pleasure gave. I looked at her with all the interest with which an old woman who has daughters of her own, and has lost some, looks on a young girl who is upon the eve of womanhood. She sat still, and smiled to herself as if she

were nursing a pleasant thought in her heart. She was not exuberant in her joy, as most young girls are, on a similar occasion. This was because the joy, in her case, was of a very deep kind. Music was a passion with her; and she was not going that night to the opera with the idea of seeing a place of fashionable amusement, but of hearing a master-piece of musical composition worthily performed. As she said to me, she "had been trying for hours to understand it all, and found that she could not—but had a presentiment that when she came to hear it all properly performed, she would know what it meant, much better."

Her father looked with fatherly pride upon his simple, pure-looking child. "Why, Carry! you do not seem half so pleased as I expected you would be! You take it all quietly enough."

"Oh! papa dear, you know I'm stupid and cannot say what I feel. I never *can* say how happy I am."

"Well! have you your cloak ready?—Hand Mrs. — her gloves; and now come along! for I would not miss the overture for the world," said Mr. Stanley.

"Miss the overture! Oh, papa! what a dreadful idea!—Pray make haste!" And she bounded down stairs without the *bouquet* which poor Henry Granville had rushed off to buy, before dinner was over, when he found that one of the friends I had invited him to meet was a young lady. In vain Mr. H. Granville ran after her, to perform his duty, and hand her into the carriage. She was already perched on the front seat when he got into the hall.

"You forgot your *bouquet*, my dear," said her father, handing it to her, significantly, as we drove along.

"So I did! They are very beautiful flowers. I am much obliged to you," and she looked at Mr. Granville. "I wish I had put them into water, though, and left them at home. It will be such a pity to see them fade."

"Not in *your* hands," said poor, astonished Henry Granville, trying to make a compliment.

"Why not? Besides,—you know, they can't be in *my* hands. I have got this to hold," (and the little unconscious bear held up the great music-book;) "you or papa must hold my flowers for me; will you?"

Here was a marvel! The elegant, much admired Harry Granville found a new thing under the sun!—a young lady who regarded him and his *bouquet* as scarcely worthy attention. He looked curiously at the little, untaught, unsophisticated thing. I smiled at them both, and hoped the gentleman might learn a profitable lesson.

It was a pleasant sight to see Caroline's eyes glancing, half eagerly, half timidly, on all sides, as we proceeded from the carriage to our box. The bustle and confusion in the lobbies, the groups of fashionably dressed men and women that we passed through in our rapid transit, caused her to cling to Mr. Granville's arm a little nervously; but by the time we were seated, she had recovered her equanimity. I expected that she would have burst into enthusiastic admiration at the first *coup d'œil* of the well-filled house,—or,

perhaps, be stricken mute with astonishment at its splendour. Nothing of the sort.

That simple school-girl stood up in front of the box, surveyed the whole house attentively, for a minute or so, and then fixed her eyes on the orchestra. Her father stood up beside her.—

"Well, Carry! what do you think of it all?"

"It is very large and very handsome;—but, but,—I am a little disappointed. I had imagined something much more brilliant."

I looked at the young face, and saw in it the traces of an imagination which would often transcend in its creations the wonders of man's works. She would always be liable to disappointments of this kind. Would she be disappointed in the works of genius? I asked myself.—Would the opera itself disappoint her?

She sat down quietly and unobtrusively, half hidden behind the little curtain, to wait for the overture. The flush on her cheek, and a light in her eye, made her look quite pretty. Her father sat beside her, and held her hand; she smiled affectionately at him. The conductor entered and took his place in the orchestra amid loud applause.

"What is that?" asked Caroline. Her father explained; they opened their book, and looked over the music together. The conductor waved his magic wand, and the rapid overture began. During the *three*, or *two*, minutes and a half, (I forget which it is,) that the overture to *Le Nozze di Figaro* ought to occupy in the performance, Caroline's face seemed to grow gradually brighter and brighter, as if that quick, warm, sunny music were running in her veins. At its conclusion her little hands joined vigorously in the applause, and she half rose.

"Oh, papa! if they would only play it again! How glorious! That is better than I ever thought it could be."

"Sit down, my dear. Yes, I see—they *are* going to repeat it! This overture is a great favourite; it is generally *encored*."

During the second performance Caroline shut her eyes, and never once looked at the book. When it was ended, she drew a deep breath. "Oh, papa! how delightful!"

Up went the curtain; Susanna and Figaro were discovered; and from that moment till the end of the act, Caroline Stanley forgot everything but the music and her father. Happy father! He sat beside her, with his whole soul wrapped up in his child, and her intense, quiet enjoyment; fearing to disturb it by any remark, and yet anxious to explain a peculiarity, or to point out a beauty in the composition or the performance. As they sat hand in hand, and exchanged glances of sympathetic pleasure, I thought I had never seen a picture of purer or more ecstatic felicity; and certainly I had never before appreciated the power of music as a bond of union between one soul and another. The caste of the opera was very strong. I will not name the singers. Let each reader fancy the parts of Susanna and the Countess, Figaro and

Cherubino, and the rest, filled up by his own favourite in each character. Caroline was enchanted, delighted beyond expression with the performers. I shall not follow her throughout the opera, although I can recollect nearly every change in that expressive young face; utterly unused as it was to serve as a mask to the feelings. I trembled for her at the commencement of "*Non so piu.*" Surely that wonderfully truthful expression of the first intimations of love in the youthful breast would awaken strange feelings in that sensitive heart of hers. What passed within her I cannot tell; but her face was as a mirror in which one saw a clear reflex of all that Cherubino describes. It was the same during "*Voi che sapete.*" Passionate tears were in her eyes. I glanced at her father—his attention was taken up by the singer. Caroline saw me look at her, and strove to conceal her emotion. She laughed sweetly during "*Non più andrai,*" and sighed with the Countess during the "*Dove sono,*" and "*Porgi amor.*" I shall never forget the expression of her face during the whole of the "*Deh! vieni!*" It was extraordinary in one so young. She seemed to feel the music thoroughly, and yet one would say it expressed feelings which it was impossible for her to enter into. What could a mere child know of the deep tenderness, the passionate yearnings of that matchless song? In the "*Crudel perchè,*" too, she seemed to sympathise first with the Count, and then with Susanna's arch trickery.

To say the truth, I was extremely puzzled by Caroline's whole behaviour. That she knew nothing by experience of the sweet and bitter, the fire and ice, the innumerable contrarities contained in the words *passionate love*, I was certain; yet she seemed to comprehend that love-music—not to recognise its merits as a scientific composition merely, but to *feel* it, in her soul. She asked no questions; she never looked bewildered, or as if she had any difficulty in comprehending what was going on. As to being tired—ask a lover whether the conversation of his beloved one tires him? I remember Mr. H. Granville, who had, of course, heard the opera a dozen times before, and could not comprehend how any one could like to sit silent during the whole performance, endeavoured to amuse her by some witticism concerning the singers, in the midst of the duet "*Sull' aria.*" Caroline behaved in a very natural, but very unpolite way. Without looking at the amiable young man, she held up an admonitory fore-finger, and frowning desperately, said in a quick, decided tone, "Don't talk just now, please!" yet there was something so inoffensive in her manner, that Harry Granville only drew back with a smile, and strove to listen to the music too.

The appearance of so young a girl, and her entire absorption in the music, attracted a good deal of attention to our box, but Caroline was quite unconscious of it, and continued to open her eyes wide, to shut them entirely, to frown with the intensity of her efforts to keep up with the orchestra, to wreath her sweet mouth with triumphant smiles, and to glance

for sympathy at her father, without taking the slightest notice of anything or anybody else. Between the acts, however, she looked out over the house with great curiosity, and admired the beauty of several ladies very enthusiastically. The dresses, too, she acknowledged were very fine. "The whole scene was magnificent," she thought; but she added that "people would enjoy the music better, if they all came in a quiet way, plainly dressed, and sat almost in the dark; with no light anywhere but on the stage!"

"What a strange idea for a young lady!" exclaimed Mr. H. Granville. "Most young ladies come here on purpose to show themselves, and to see the rest of the *beau monde.*"

"Then what a shame to waste good music upon them!" exclaimed the indignant little school-girl. "The idea of performing such music as this to a set of people whose minds are occupied with other things! I call it wicked!"

"You are apt to use strong language, my dear!" said her father laughing.

"But don't you agree with me, papa?"

"Not exactly, my dear. I do not think the ladies and gentlemen who come to the opera to laugh and talk, and stare at each other, positively *wicked*. I would not send them to prison for it, as I see you would, by your looks; but I think they have very bad taste, and are foolishly extravagant with their money. I think they might just as well assemble here occasionally, and enjoy themselves quite as much, without going to the expense of bringing together accomplished *artistes* from all parts of Europe. A few ballad-singers and rope-dancers would do as well."

"Poor Mozart! how ashamed we should be, papa, if he could appear suddenly in the midst of this great place, and see how little attention was paid to his beautiful music! And papa! what a sad thing for these people. How much enjoyment they lose! enjoyment that I am sure nothing else can give."

"Oh! they do enjoy it, Miss Stanley," interposed Harry Granville. "We don't listen to everything in an opera as carefully and rigidly as you do—especially one so familiar as '*Figaro*;' but you observe everybody is silent when — is singing, or —"

"Yes, they listen to the singer, but they don't listen to the music. It is Mozart, and not Signor — or Madame —, that Caroline is fighting for," I said.

"What! exclaimed the young man, "is it possible that Miss Stanley does not admire Madame — and Signor —?"

"Oh, yes!" said Caroline, "I do admire them very much. I can see how gifted they are, how well trained; that they have fine voices, and fine taste, and great industry,—genius even. But you do not expect me to admire their performance as much as Mozart's composition? There is an immense difference, is there not, papa?"

Mr. Stanley smiled at her seriousness.

"I think so, my dear; but people in general do

not understand music enough to make any such distinction; they are apt to confound the singer with the music."

"That is part of the thanks we pay to the gifted musical performer for making clearer and more beautiful in our minds the compositions of the great masters. We associate his performance with the thing performed, and we see that he too has genius," I said.

Caroline smiled.

"Ah, yes! As long as I live I shall never hear the music of 'Figaro' without recalling the performers of to-night. It is very different from hearing it *gone through* with a piano-forte and a single voice."

I did not wish to remain after the opera was concluded; and Caroline said she would not like to have her impression of the music spoiled, by seeing anything else. She would "rather go home and think it all over in bed." I never saw a girl at once so moderate and reasonable, and at the same time so susceptible of strong and passionate emotion.

To my surprise, Harry Granville, whose grand passion was the ballet, begged to return with us. It was clear to me that he was puzzled and piqued by the school-girl.

On our way home, he said,

"I hope you are not tired, Miss Stanley! You expended a vast amount of energy upon listening to that opera. You seemed to do it with your whole soul."

"Of course! Don't you do the thing you like best in the world, with your whole soul?—I can't bear to enjoy myself by halves."

"What an Epicurean notion!" exclaimed her father.

"Is it?—but is there anything wrong in enjoying oneself thoroughly, papa?"

"That depends upon the nature of the enjoyment."

"But, listening to the best music,—going every night to the opera, papa—surely there can be nothing wrong in that? It must be so improving. Don't you think we ought to go every night?"

"Certainly not, my dear. People in our position in society, with only a moderate income, cannot do so: we are moral, as well as intellectual, imaginative and sensitive beings; and our moral nature is the part of us that should be paramount. A sense of duty should be made strong within us, to rule over every impulse and inclination. You and I love music, dearly; but we have no right to injure others, and to injure our own moral nature, by gratifying our love for that or any art. It would be selfish in us to spend money in going every night to the opera, or in spending all our time in the study of music; the money and the time belong to the rest of our family. If we *could* forget that, we might become better musicians, but we should be inferior moral beings."

"And in time, I think, you would become inferior musicians," said I. "The various parts of our being are intimately connected; you cannot deteriorate morally, without producing a deterioration in your intellectual faculties, in time. Want of thorough truthfulness,—of justice,—of conscientiousness, affect

the judgment and the taste, in purely intellectual things; and still more in art, which is not purely intellectual, but in great part emotional. Depend upon it, if you neglect any duty in the pursuit of art, you will become an inferior artist."

"Very true," said Mr. Stanley. "To be a great artist, it is first of all necessary to bring one's life into accordance with duty. We must have—

—'Conscience revered and obey'd,
As God's most intimate presence in the soul,
And his most perfect image in the world.'

You look puzzled, Caroline. What is it you don't understand?"

"I do not understand about all the great men who have sacrificed everything to the development of their genius. Have they been immoral men? Surely, Mozart and Handel, Haydn and Beethoven, were right in devoting their lives to music?"

"Certainly they were, my love; they followed the voice of duty within them. What they sacrificed in pursuit of the art, was not the happiness of others, but the petty enjoyments of an ordinary life for themselves. They could have done no other work for the world, so good for it, and for themselves, as what they have left behind them."

"Then some people *may* devote their whole time and thought to an art?"

"Yes, in the highest sense of the word *art*, they may, because that includes the consideration of things above the earth—God and immortality."

"How are people who love an art very much to know, at first, whether they only love it, or are capable of doing something in it?"

"By studying it, and trying to work in it. That takes some time; but it is not very difficult to ascertain whether you possess merely the appreciative, or, indeed, the creative faculty."

Caroline looked up at her father, earnestly. I saw what was passing in her mind; but she said nothing. That night, after Harry Granville had gone, Mr. Stanley, Caroline, and I, sat for a long time talking. I questioned Caroline a little about the ideas she had attached to the music of the opera, and found that as she did not understand the Italian words sufficiently, she had attached a meaning of her own to the music, and one quite different from that to be found in the libretto. To her mind, Cherubino's strains described the fervent desires, the vague indefinite yearning, of the young musical aspirant to arrive at a proper knowledge, a full enjoyment of his art. The "*Deh vieni!*" expressed her own eager expectation of the time when she should be a *real* musician. Simple, strong-hearted Caroline! How she loves! how she aspires! To a mind like that there can be no danger of the kind I apprehended for her just yet! The effect of her first visit to the opera has been a great one, though of a different kind. I was charmed with the way in which this effect showed itself. After we had talked long, and were about to wish each other good night, Caroline put her arms round her father's neck. "I have

something to say to you, papa!—You said it is not always easy to tell whether people can only appreciate an art, or whether they really have power to do something in it. Can you tell whether I have any power to become a musician? I do not mean, a great composer; but a *small* composer, and a good practical vocalist and instrumentalist; above all, do you think I should be capable of appreciating the highest musical compositions?" She looked very earnestly into his face. He returned her look.

"I cannot tell, Caroline. What do you think yourself?"

"I think, papa, that my great love for music was not given me merely to amuse myself or my friends, in an idle hour. Herr — has taught me that. This wonderful opera to-night seems to have raised my desires and hopes in music. I feel as if it had given me new life; as if I had never known till now what love for music is in my heart. It seems to me that I could desire nothing better for myself on earth than to know music as well and to sing as perfectly as Madame —. If I could devote a great deal of time to the study of music, if you could spare money for me to have the proper instruction, if you and mamma thought it was right that I should do so, —"

"In short," interrupted her father, "if you were neglecting no duty, you would like to devote yourself for a time to the study of music?"

"Yes, papa! that I might ascertain whether what I feel here," and the young girl laid her hand on her heart, "is a little genius, or a great deal of love for music."

Her father embraced her affectionately. "You are anxious to do right, I see, and that, in my opinion, is rather in favour of your having genius. We will give you the trial, my darling. It cannot but be beneficial, even if you do not succeed in being all you desire. You are very young; you can spare a year or two. Nay, my darling; we will talk no more, now, you are over-excited. Good night, try to rest; perhaps, to-morrow you will not repeat the request of to-night, you may dream away the effects of the opera."

Caroline shook her head gravely, and departed.

"Well, Mrs. —," said her father to me, "what do you think of to-night's experiment? I don't think it will make a love-sick damsel of her."

"No! but it may make a *cantatrice* of her, which you and Mrs. Stanley would scarcely approve."

"We have no right to try to prevent the development of any good faculty. If that be the result of Caroline's first visit to the opera, her mother and I must reconcile ourselves to it. Caroline is a good girl; she will do right."

All this happened a year ago. I heard yesterday that Caroline is about to go to Germany with her father, there to become a pupil in some grand royal academy of music. One of her aunts is to remain with her while she studies there, and at the end of two years she is to proceed to Italy, where she is to stay, I know not how long, devoting herself

to the practice of her darling art. She is perfectly happy at present—not dazzled with the pomps and vanities of the external life, or with the honours and praises lavished on the successful *cantatrice*; but sunning her young hopes in the brightness of the glory which dwells for ever in the works of the great musical composer. That she has begun to think about the nature of music itself, is dimly groping after the unintelligible causes and effects of that beauty which is partially revealed in this the most immaterial of the arts, is evident from a girlish letter which her father received from her a few days after the above recorded visit to the opera. "Tell me all you know about this, dearest father," she writes. "Tell me, too, whether something I found in a book the other day, is not quite true. I fancy it must be. This is what the author¹ says:—'Music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure according to the temperament of him who hears it. The mistake of most people is to suppose that it is by the ear they communicate with music, and therefore that they are purely passive to its effects. But this is not so. It is by the reaction of the mind upon the notices of the ear, (the *matter* coming by the sense, the *form* from the mind,) that the pleasure is constructed, and therefore it is that people of equally good ear differ so much in this point from one another.'"

EGYPT UNDER ABBAS PASHA.

BY BAYLE ST. JOHN.

WHEN the late Mohammed Ali heard at length of the taking of Acre by his troops under Ibrahim, he exclaimed, "That place," adding an energetic but somewhat unsavoury expression, "that place has cost me," not the lives of so many thousand men, but, "so many thousand cantars of gunpowder." These words illustrate pretty forcibly the narrow and selfish views of that celebrated but overrated man. We do not believe, indeed, that during the whole period of his sway in Egypt, the thought ever crossed his mind that he was bound to govern for any other purpose than his own personal aggrandisement, or that he was to regard in the slightest degree the feelings, the comfort, the property or the lives of his people.

The system which arose from this wretchedly egotistical state of mind was to a certain extent successful. Although great schemes of conquest, which even a more magnanimous species of selfishness might have carried out, were destined to end in comparative shame and disgrace, yet a somewhat brilliant *de facto* sovereignty was erected and maintained to the termination of the old man's life; and he died regretting only that he had not been allowed to march to Constantinople. To the end of his days he was rolling in wealth, and possessed of arbitrary power in dominions of great extent, where he was not the less arbitrary because he was compelled to acknowledge a superior, and to send a tribute, instead of a fleet and an army, to the shores of the Bosphorus. The

(1) De Quincy.

provinces which he called his own, lay sleeping in a death-like tranquillity; and because he could ride through the streets without a guard, his flatterers told him that he had secured the fear, respect and love of the people. For he had many flatterers, this ancient of days;—not merely his own minions, whose business it was, but European gentlemen, who affected to be awe-struck in his presence, and gathered and treasured up and repeated his wise sayings, his profound observations, and, save the mark! his wit; but they never could impress on any impartial hearer the belief in any of these things. His sayings and observations were sometimes very foolish, sometimes distinguished by respectable common-sense; and his wit consisted in prefacing a very silly or impertinent remark with a peculiar grunt. Whenever, therefore, his courtiers, being in a narrative mood, began to tell how on a certain occasion the pasha said, "Hunk!" &c., a crowd of admirers were ready to smile, and one or two disinterested lookers-on were compelled to smile likewise, though, perhaps, for a very different reason.

Nothing is easier than to surround a man who has sufficient talents to fight or wheedle himself into a position of authority with a halo of false reputation; but it is rather more difficult to impress a character on the civilization of a country, and, now-a-days, to found an enduring dynasty. We shall not here recapitulate the enormous blunders of Mohammed Ali, in political and economical questions, nor explain how these blunders arose from a selfish desire to make what is vulgarly called a "splash," nor waste an anathema on his crafty cruelty and abominable tyranny. We wish merely to remind the reader that his period of power having come to a close, little good had been done, except, perhaps, improving to some extent the method of transacting public business.

Well, there were plenty of people to succeed him. The pasha had a large family of children and grandchildren, to whom he had behaved sometimes with indulgence, but generally with unreasoning and perverse severity. There was scarcely a member of his family with whom he had not had many little quarrels, and who did not avoid his presence as they did the plague. Even the favourite Ibrahim could not bear to live in the same city as his presumed father; and the rest would have been little less startled by the last summons of all, than they were by an occasional order to appear in the presence of the angry and savage old man. One feeling, however, was pretty general amongst them;—they regarded the pasha as a wonderfully important personage, and themselves consequently, being his children, as little less wonderful and important. Their hopes were in the uncertainty of life; and very many of them in their own minds had arranged what they would do in case they came to be viceroys, how they would make the money spin, and what mighty devices they would put in practice, to emulate and surpass the splendours of "Effendina"—*"Our Lord," par excellence.*

It must be confessed that Abbas Pasha alone had

the good sense to take up a position of his own. Whether he was as crafty and politic as some pretend before his elevation to power, it is difficult to decide; but the plan at that time generally ascribed to him, of forming what was called a Turkish or bigoted party,—a party of discontented great folks, and fanatical Ulemas,—a party which should appeal to the religious prejudices of the good Caireens, and oppose itself to the inroad of European adventurers and improvements,—this plan, if distinctly formed, was certainly a very sagacious one. Let us be frank: Europeans have done more harm than good in Egypt; that is to say, whenever they have appeared except as mere commercial men, bringing the goods of their own countries, and anxious to take away the surplus of the luxuriant crops of the valley of the Nile. As political advisers, partly, perhaps, because men undertook to advise who were fit only for the counting-house, partly because their own interests were concerned, their intermeddling has been most pernicious. Even the benefits, for some such there are, which have been conferred by their wisdom, have been mingled with an immense amount of misery. There is one fact which has attained an almost mythological dignity from its notoriety and the admirable manner in which it symbolizes European meddling in Egypt. An English merchant, who ought to have known the manners of the country, advised the construction of the Mahmoudiyeh Canal. It has been most useful to commerce; but twenty thousand people were starved or worked to death within six weeks, in order to complete it. Fifty illustrations of the same kind might be given; but we wish merely to have our meaning understood, when we say that if Abbas Pasha or his party ever contemplated, as there is reason to suppose they did, the utter destruction of foreign influence, the total change of a system, under which French and English measures alternated like whig and tory administrations, we must candidly admit, they had some very good grounds to go upon.

The creation of the party was a long and laborious work; very likely it was brought and kept together more by mutual discontents, ambitious hopes and straightforward bigotry, than by any very Machiavelian policy. Probably Abbas Pasha really liked ram-fighting, and was a pigeon-fancier, and did not assume these tastes as the elder Brutus played the fool, in order to accomplish his ends. But, however this may be, he certainly occupied a more respectable position than his uncle Ibrahim, whose whole ideas of the duties of government were getting money and playing at soldiers; and than any of the other members of this most obese and heavy-headed family. Even if it be true that he meditated a revolt against the broken-down conqueror of Syria, and was only withheld by fear of the European powers, this fact gives an impression of his energy, and by no means derogates from his character in this country. The Saids and the Ahmeds, the Ismaïns and the Mustaphas, would each and all of them strike a blow and rid the country of their beloved relations, if the little word *impossible*

did not stare them in the face. As it is, they are in perpetual feud with the head of the family, and there is no end to their bickerings, heart-burnings, jealousies and hatreds. Abbas is haughty and overbearing to them; they as insolent as they may be to him. Be sure that on all sides direful causes of affront have been given; but probably Abbas has been provoked by unbecoming pretensions. What else could be expected from a set of ignorant, debauched adventurers who have got a temporary footing in the country, and actually talk with the pride of an ancient respectable line of hereditary princes of their rights, and their expectations, and their rank, and so forth! Abbas of course has not the same natural influence over this unruly brotherhood as had the ruthless old man and his more savage immediate successor, and probably, in attempting to exert his rightful authority, has been betrayed into undignified squabbles. It is certain that many members of his family have fled or retired to Constantinople; among others, Mohammed Ali Bey, and the notorious Nazlet Hanem. Some remarks have been made on this subject, to the effect that Abbas is frightening away his dutiful relations by his violent and unreasoning conduct; but if Egypt never loses two of its natives whom it can worse spare than these, it will be fortunate. Without further inquiry than into their character, one would be inclined to admire and respect the man who had quarrelled with them. Mohammed Ali is a debauched worthless lad; and Madame Nazlet cannot have justice done to her without details into which our pen is not at liberty to enter.

It is a sad thing, certainly, to view the breaking up of a large family; but it would be a sadder thing to witness vice unpunished, and harmony arising out of the reckless indulgence of unbridled passions. Abbas Pasha himself, if report speak true, has little in his private life to plead for lenity in judging of his public character. His taste leads him to the most trifling amusements. Just as of old, when he was the supposed head of a kind of Conservative Turkish party, when he was Governor of Cairo, and silently nourishing his ambitious schemes, he spends time and money in the undignified, though not inelegant, and certainly innocent occupation of a pigeon-fancier. Near the new palace which he is building—(none of these Turkish princes seem to care about living where their fathers lived before them)—rises a magnificent square tower, entirely devoted to the lovely winged favourites of his Highness the Viceroy, who is reported to be quite learned in this department of natural history. Another of his tastes, for which Englishmen will have more sympathy, is for horses; and the public will remember his bold challenge to the Jockey Club. In what way he passes the remainder of his leisure hours we do not inquire; but we give him, in common with his relatives, the advantage of an excuse that has before been urged in their favour,—namely, that of an infamous education.

Abbas Pasha has not exactly carried out the views which were attributed to him before he reached his

present elevation. He has not, for example, done all that his fanatical anti-Frank friends could expect in shaking off foreign influence. He began, it is true, by getting rid, in rather a hasty and shabby manner, of many Europeans, chiefly English, in his employ; and showed a disposition entirely to put a stop to that enormous blunder of the Barrage. His first, and very wise impulse, was either to destroy the works altogether, or, abandoning them, simply allow the river to work its own majestic will. But a clamour was raised on all sides! After throwing so many millions of dollars into the river, why should not a few millions more be thrown? I believe the French, who have a fondness for this undertaking because it was suggested by or through Napoleon—(the Osiris of his day is parent of all wonderful inventions);—I believe, I say, that France made it almost a national question; and so this work, which already impedes the navigation of one of the finest rivers in the world, and which, if successful, would only achieve an object that one quarter of the expense in the establishment of steam-engines at various points for raising water would effectually accomplish, is allowed to drag on slowly towards its conclusion. We must give Abbas credit for the courageous good sense which suggested to him that the first loss was the best; and yet we must not withhold from him some praise for yielding to the influence of friendly persuasion, and refraining from carrying out his own opinion, however well founded, when he was told that by doing so he would incur the risk of being accused of treason to his grandfather's fame. The old man had fondly believed that his Barrage would join the Pyramids that look down upon it in that restricted category of the "Wonders of the World," and might well be supposed to lie uneasily in his grave if all the piles which he had caused to be driven, all the mighty walls, and piers, and arches, which he had caused to be raised with a disregard of expense and human labour worthy of Cheops, were allowed to sink and lie forgotten in the slimy bed of the Nile.

This was the first point on which it appeared that Abbas Pasha was not disposed to act up fully to his presumed plan of destroying European influence altogether; but on many other occasions he early showed a disposition to temporise between his prejudices and his interest. We cannot here enter into detail on matters of minor importance, but, coming down to a recent period, we may mention another instance of a similar nature. For many years before his death Mohammed Ali had held out hopes that he would construct, or allow to be constructed, a railway from Cairo to Suez. This was preeminently an English project—not likely to be unuseful to the country at large, it is true, but calculated chiefly to promote the more expeditious and comfortable transit of passengers to and from India. The Pasha, however, deceived by an excess of cunning, really entertained no intention of performing his promise. With great want of sagacity, he contounded the proposed stations on the line of railway, which he might have held in his own

hands if he chose, with the counters which he was told had formed the nuclei of the British power in India. He believed the English had some sinister designs upon his country, and were engaged in all sorts of schemes for introducing themselves into it. The same policy which made him refuse to deepen the entrance of the port of Alexandria lest a British fleet might come in, made him unwilling to throw a railway across the Desert of Suez, even if he kept the whole management in his own hands. The recommendations, he saw, came all from one country: the objections, nearly all, from another. France was opposed to the railway because it had another darling Napoleonic project in hand—namely, the cutting of the Isthmus of Suez, which was much talked of once, but which now nobody mentions but to laugh at. The difficulties of execution, immense as they were found to be by the Austrian commission, were not the most decisive objections. The real ones were contained in an answer to the very appropriate question: *Cui bono?* However, the railway was shelved for a time. It has lately come again upon the tapis; and although it is now proposed to lay down a line in the first instance between Alexandria and Cairo, to compensate for the water communication which M. Moujel is spoiling by his Barrage, yet there is every probability of proper extensions and branches being made in due time.

If, indeed, the project be really a serious one. Many say, in spite of the official manner in which the announcement has been made, that it is only a *ruse*, a piece of policy in order to propitiate English influence, and that as soon as certain manœuvres shall have been successful or otherwise, nothing more will be said about the railway. There is no answering for the diplomacy of Eastern courts; but this explanation seems a little too Machiavellian. I have no doubt the promise has been made, in part, because it is thought to be agreeable to the English; but I can hardly imagine Abbas Pasha is so foolish as not to know that if he coaxes Lord Palmerston with a sugar-plum, and when his lordship opens his mouth, puts a finger in instead, Lord Palmerston will bite pretty sharply.

Be these things as they may, it seems admitted on all hands that Abbas Pasha has now completely thrown overboard the party which he courted so assiduously as heir-apparent, and is seeking foreign, especially English, support. All this is fair enough provided he does not fall into the old error of sacrificing the natives entirely to strangers, as did his great predecessor, and provided he do not allow himself to be persuaded by flatterers—and he has flatterers; what man in power has not?—to engage in grand undertakings for the purpose of emulating the renown of the old Pharaohs. Egypt wants neither a resuscitation of old times, nor a hasty imitation of the new. She has to find out the form of its own civilization: and modern improvements, as they have been hitherto introduced, will only weigh her down into despair.

But it is said that Abbas Pasha has no views at all about the progress of the arts, and manufactures, and commerce; no thought of the amelioration of the

country; but that in endeavouring to gain the goodwill of Europe, he wants to serve some ambitious projects of his own. There may be something in this. Not that it is probable he intends to play the old game over again and throw off the yoke of Stamboul; but there is certainly a very arduous struggle now carrying on, both by open and underhand means, between Egypt and the Porte. There is an infinity of points of difference between the vassal and his lord; but the gist of the matter is, that the former wishes to preserve all the privileges, to be treated with the same indulgence, to be left with the same freedom of action, as his grandfather; he wishes to remain, in fact, a vassal little more than in name, free to indulge any arbitrary whims; whilst the latter is attempting, with some reason,—with great reason indeed, but perhaps in too precipitate a manner, and actuated by feelings that resemble private grudge,—to reduce Egypt to the same subjection as the rest of the Ottoman Empire.

The discussion is a serious one, and much may be said on both sides; but it must be accorded at once in favour of the Porte, that the Viceroy of Egypt is not to be considered as an independent sovereign merely paying tribute to a superior power, but as an officer of the Empire. Certainly, he holds a distinguished position; and his case is an exceptional one; but very imprudent would be any who should advise him to take the same ground as Mohammed Ali, even after his defeat and expulsion from Syria, was allowed to assume. He has been levying troops, and is said even to have victualled his fleet to give more weight to his negotiations; but it is not probable he will draw the sword when, by giving way a little, he may establish a character for moderation, and be left undisturbed in a position sufficiently splendid to satisfy a very respectable ambition.

On the other hand, it is hoped that no undue heat, no petty jealousy, no minor considerations of self-love—excited and encouraged by the numerous runagates from Egypt, as Artin Bey and his fellows—will finally govern the councils of Constantinople. Many missions have passed from this country to the Porte with the object of warding off the blows that are being aimed at the authority of Abbas Pasha. Probably they ask too much, as is always done in such cases; but, if report speak true, they have been answered with an asperity which seems calculated rather to provoke a quarrel than to lead to a satisfactory settlement. The great question now is about the Tanzimat promulgated by the Porte, which may be briefly described as a well-intended attempt to introduce some kind of order into the administration of the empire, to substitute certain rules in place of arbitrary will, and generally to control the actions of what are called the great men in their relations with those who, we suppose, may be described as the little men. Such a scheme, even if imperfect in its details and difficult to be applied, must command our sympathies. The provinces of the Turkish empire—and Egypt is at least as great in degree as the remainder—have been too long the

sport of caprice; and if it be the secret object of Abbas Pasha utterly to prevent the introduction of this new system—to refuse it even a fair trial—he will most certainly, whatever may be the effect of obstinate passive resistance, receive no countenance or support from England.

It is said, however, that he merely desires—and such is the purport of his remonstrances—that certain modifications, adapted to the peculiar situation of Egypt, shall be made. The Porte is the best judge as to how far these modifications are compatible with the spirit of its decree; and as the communications that have taken place have been chiefly verbal, we will not take upon ourselves to say whether they are even suggested by any peculiar necessity. The negotiations are in progress; and all we can say is, that unless Abbas Pasha be considered too dangerous a subject, and his removal be desired, it will be better to make up by amenity of procedure for the inexorable requirements of principle.

There was one great grievance in Mohammed Ali's time, namely, the existence of the *ferdeh*, or tax of one-twelfth upon income of all kinds, down to that of the poorest fellah. This was a great outrage on legality. It was opposed to all the constitutions of the Turkish empire; and it was understood that, after the Syrian affair, it should be voluntarily done away with by the Pasha. But an easy source of revenue is not easily given up; and, in spite of all remonstrances, the tax was maintained. There was no burden to which the people objected more than this. They paid,—but they murmured somewhat loudly; and even in the coffee-houses many were sometimes bold enough to say that the *ferdeh* was illegal. On one occasion, when Ibrahim Pasha was in Cairo, not long before his father's death, there was the semblance of a riot on the subject; but the stick and the halter were brought into play, and the conviction produced that, legal or not legal, the tax must be paid. Abbas Pasha himself for some time allowed this copious fountain to gush into his treasury; but it now suited the policy of the Porte to return vigorously to the charge in favour of legality; and towards the end of last year the *ferdeh* was finally abolished to the infinite delight of the whole population. The long-wished-for event was celebrated by illuminations in Alexandria and Cairo; and the general joy might have risen to something like enthusiasm had not a fresh, though temporary, cause of discontent accompanied the great boon.

This was the conscription, which nearly drove Egypt into a revolt last winter. In old times, when soldiers were wanted, men were pounced upon suddenly wherever they could be found, and marched off, leaving great grief behind; but before any dangerous excitement could be got up. This was justly considered a barbarous and inartificial method; and when, for what purposes remains a mystery, a certain levy of men was required, it was determined to proceed with regularity, and to make each district furnish its quota according to the number of inhabitants.

The idea, at first sight, seems both fair and wise; and if the people could have been got to acquiesce in the necessity of their supplying soldiers in any proportion at all, would have worked very well. But as nobody in Egypt wants to shoulder a musket, as everybody has the utmost hatred and abhorrence of military service, arising partly from constitutional want of energy, but chiefly from the knowledge that the soldier is ill-paid¹ and ill-fed, and rarely, if ever, returns—we never met but one old discharged campaigner in the country—it is not surprising if the public announcement of the intentions of Government produced the greatest possible perturbation. The first impulse of the whole adult population, except those who could boast of some very undoubted claim of exemption, was to fly to the mountains; and every desile, every cavern, every catacomb, every quarry in the Libyan and Arabian chains, were soon tenanted by people running away from enlistment. Wherever we went in our excursions, we became accustomed to see lines of human beings perched like crows on the summit of seemingly inaccessible cliffs, on the look-out for the enemy in the shape of the Sheikh-el-Beled; for the task of catching and forwarding the prescribed number of “strong active young men” devolved on the civil authority, aided sometimes by that estimable rural police, the Arnaut irregular cavalry. On many occasions we surprised these poor people in their retreats; and once, when they mistook us for recruiters, were assailed with slings diverted from their original purpose, namely, that of frightening the sparrows away from the crops. Accounts reached us at several places that blood had been shed; and the affair in various ways rendered our journey somewhat melancholy. Now we came upon a large town, as Geneh, seemingly deserted by its whole population, with closed shops and silent streets; then we met a party of recruits, chained neck and neck, going to their destination; and anon we saw a crowd of women, driven to despair by the loss of son, or husband, or brother, tossing up their arms, tearing their garments, and invoking curses on their oppressors. Public opinion in all despotic countries finds utterance through the weaker sex; they dare to say what would perhaps bring condign punishment on the men; they nearly made a revolt once in Cairo under Mohammed Ali, and on the present occasion they expressed their mind pretty freely. Some of the more noisy brought a good beating on themselves from some irascible Sheikh; but in general their anathemas were received with a kind of sheepish deprecating good-humour. It was difficult to ascertain how many recruits were at last got together, but, as near as I could gather, the number ordered was one in about every 180 souls.

The sight of so much unhappiness naturally excited great indignation and disgust; but not so much perhaps on reflection as the permanent misery and ill-treatment of a great proportion of the population.

(1) Soldiers will often stop a European in a by-place and beg. They get about twenty paras (a penny farthing) a-day.

Abbas Pasha has taken the old system as he found it, and, with the exception of the abolition of the *ferdeh*, has done nothing to alleviate the condition of the fellah. It is especially on the lands of the great men, the pashas and the beys, that these poor serfs are worst off. Their profession is that of agricultural labourers, but it must not be supposed that they have freedom to carry their services to what master they will. They belong to the land as much as do the palm-trees; and the nature of their occupation, their hours of labour, and their pay, are regulated by their lord and master in a perfectly arbitrary way. At Randa, opposite Sheikh Abadeh, we found a sugar estate occupying 1,300 men, and endeavoured to ascertain in as exact a manner as possible how they were treated. We found that, in the first place, they were, of course, forced to work, both on the land and in the factory, at a nominal pay of twenty-five paras, or three-halfpence a-head, and that some of them were in active employment nearly eighteen hours a-day. Now it is possible for a man to exist on such wages in that part of Egypt even with a family; and as bare existence is considered in most countries an adequate reward for unintelligent labour, there seemed not so much reason to complain. But then came the question, how was the payment made? The answer in substance was, the men are paid twenty-five paras a-day, but they never get the money; they receive what is called its value in the refuse of the molasses; but this only when it can be of little service to them, when the owner of the estate has glutted the market, and they can only sell at a loss of forty or fifty per cent. They would be only too happy to receive fifteen paras in hard cash; as it is, some of them necessarily eke out their living by stealing, and others by the produce of little plots of land, which they cultivate at night when they should be reposing after the fatigues of the day. The women and children assist them, when the latter are not pressed into what is called the service of the state; that is, compelled to dig canals, and perform other light work for which they receive neither pay nor food. Their parents bring them food, or some charitable person flings them a morsel of coarse bread, otherwise they would perish.

Such is pretty nearly the state of things in the private possessions of all the descendants of Mohammed Ali. In fairness, however, we must remind the reader that Abbas Pasha is only answerable for acquiescing in customs handed down. He has not established any new pernicious regulation that we have heard of; and even if he remain perfectly quiescent and leave things to go their own gait, King Log is better than King Stork. The mischievous activity of Mohammed Ali is not to be regretted; and if, by the influence of Constantinople prudently exercised, some little check is gradually put upon the caprices and violence of the great proprietors who call themselves princes,—and it is for the interest of Abbas Pasha that this should be the case,—Egypt, though not possessed of all the happiness she wants, might not be very discontented, and would have no reason

to look back with regret on the time of the old pasha. According to all accounts, some classes of the agricultural labourers are gradually enriching themselves in spite of the burdens which they bear; and, although wealth is still timid to show itself, a great amelioration in the state of the country may soon be perceptible.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

AN EASTERN ANECDOTE.

BY F. L.

OF Abon Hanifah, an Eastern sage,
Renown'd above the doctors of his age
For teachings earnest, eloquent, and bold,
This story (worthy such a sage!) is told.

It chanced one day, in sacred garb attired,
By thousands honour'd, follow'd, and admired,
Beneath a shady sycamore he stood,
And taught aloud the list'ning multitude,
When a pert brawler, pushing thro' the throng,
Wantonly struck him as he pass'd along.
What said the sage? indignant and distress'd,
How were the feelings of his soul express'd!
"Were I vindictive, rude aggressor, know
I had, perchance, return'd you blow for blow;
Were I to wrangling and contention prone,
Or bent on making ev'ry grievance known,
Unto the Caliph's bar I should repair,
And seek forthwith for reparation there;
But with my humour it doth more agree
To pray to Him who made both you and me,
That when upon the judgment-day we meet
As trembling suppliants at His mercy-seat,
'Through the same gate, forgiving and forgiven,
We may together reach the courts of Heaven!"

FLOWERS, AND THEIR LEGENDARY HISTORY.

"Call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues,
Ye vallies low, where the mild whispers use,
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap, the swart star sparsely looks.
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers;
Bring the rake primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crowtoe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy peak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk rose, and the well attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head."

LYCIDAS.

THE love of flowers is so intimately connected with, even if it does not arise from, a finer sense of the beautiful on God's earth, that it is formed, as it might be expected to form, a shade, slight it may be, but still a shade, in the character of nations.

The Spaniards love flowers with all the intensity of their semi-asiatic nature. Every terrace in Andalusia glows with flowers; from every balcony where the black-eyed "unchacha" sits embowered, trail rose-bushes. Every mantilla is fastened with a flower—no miserable abortion of muslin and paint, but a real

blossom, with the hue of an embodied blush, or the deep serene colour of a maiden's eye. The very beggar boys ask you for flowers, to twine round an altar, or deck a tawdry saint.

Then comes Italy, land of petrified beauty, where a stainless sky canopied the thousand flowers that bloom amid ruins of palace-temple, now one mighty tomb, where, as of yore round Pæstum by the sea, grow the violet, the hyacinth, and the wall-flower, that breathe out perfume sweeter than the pontiff's incense, while yonder moans the sea-god for his violated fane.

But the modern Sybarites still faint at fragrance too intense, as the legend tells us the Venetian ladies did, at the toilette of the Grecian princess, whom their proud Doge had wedded; and on this account, though beneath every palace terrace, the spray from the fountain, that mounts like a silver column to the skies, fall on orange blossom, the Italians do not love flowers with that perfect love that nestles them in the bosom in this our England.

In Greece—alas! for Greece—the narcissus still lingers wooingly by the spring, and the poppy flowers in the rare seen corn; and the mailed Klepht, forgetful of Apollo, crushes beneath his shoon, on the dark rock of Delphi, the hyacinth, or waters the *crocus*, whom his forefathers thought sprung from the buried corpse of a shepherd, with the blood of a hapless traveller.

The English are a flower-loving people—from the pale weaver that bends over his single tulip, to the royal maiden with her costly and frail exotics. No poets have sung more lovingly of flowers than our own. The poems of no nation contain more allusions to the lovely, though diminutive gems, that stud our meadows and bloom in that "wilderness of sweets" or wild grown hedge.

We hail the primrose, springing from the dead leaves, as we would an angel visitor that told of Hope; we are Northmen, and we long, after a dreary winter, for the genial breath of June; we greet the many-coloured multitude in the riper year, we lament their departure when falls

"The frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile is gone on upland glade and glen;"

and we sing with Herrick, gay, warm-hearted, impassioned, lyrical, anaerontic Herrick.—

"What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night.
'Twas pity nature brought you forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite."

How Burns wept as he turned up the daisy in the furrow at Mossiel! How Wordsworth, with his head weighed down with calm thought, bent over the humble Celandine! How that great patriarch of song, Chaucer, loved "the queen of flowers," that bew powdered the meadows of fair Woodstock when

the ground was all "green and white," and he watched it night and morning;

"When it upriseth early on the morrow,
That blissful sight softoneth all my sorrow."

And what a sweet benediction is his that falls like dew upon our heads, as we turn over his black-lettered page in some latticed nook of the Bodleian, looking down on garden and terrace beneath—

"Well by reason men may it call,
The emprise and throne of flowers all,
I pray to God that faire might she fall,
And all that loven flowers for her sake."

What sweet welling from the pure heart of the Lollard poet, unossified by a courtier's, a soldier's, or a burgher's life! Then there's Froissart, with his stanzas on flowers, and above all the Elizabethan writers, Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, Greene, Herrick, Lovelace, Carew, Browne, Wotton, Middleton, &c. and not forgetting our own Shelley and Keats. The Provençal troubadours sang of them, and the German minnesingers.

Legends throng around us from the far seats of religion and war and love. How various are the associations of a single flower—the rose! Now, sacred to Venus, twined round the altar of Paphos, regarded as a sweet emanation of her beauty; now, the badge of hostile faction; now, the enamoured of the nightingale; now, crimsoned deeper with the hearts's blood of its wearer, adopted by the victorious Earl of Richmond, it is still retained in the royal badge. The Hindoos have, too, their legends of the flower. Within its velvet bosom Camdeo was nurtured, till he strung his bow with bees, and tipped his darts with fire-coloured blossoms, and burst forth in the full effulgence of the Deity. The monks moulded the flower in their patera, in the rich bosses of their roofs, and in the tesseræ of their pavements. The Greeks used it on their tombs as the emblem of a short life. The Romans wore wreaths of it at their feasts, or dipped its leaves in their wine bowls. The Sun-worshippers of Rhodes used it as their emblem upon their drachmas; and the middle ages, rich in romance, made their own superstitious use of it—Whitsuntide they called their Rose Easter; and on Midsummer Eve, like Faust's own Gretchen, they made love divinations with its ruddy leaves. In the mountain churchyards of Wales, they planted the white rose on the grave of a virgin, and the red on that of a village patriarch. Then arise recollections of the golden rose, that the Roman descendants of the fisherman gave to the great to day, and banned to-morrow.

In Elizabeth's court gallants wore the rose behind their ear, and their sons mimicked it in ribbon, and wore it on their shoes.

The white rose was the favourite emblem of the followers of the young Pretender, as the violet was of those of Napoleon. With this type of innocence the Jacobin gentleman decked the button-hole of his laced coat on the Prince's birthday, as regularly as

June came round, and long after Culloden had been blasted by the trampling and the blood of men; very nearly, therefore, did this simple flower become again, as in the "Wars of the Roses," the signal for cruelty and murder. Smollet draws the band of emigrés at Boulogne, with all the pathos of one describing the exile of his own unfortunate countrymen. Adherents of a ruined cause, they wandered daily to the seashore, to see those white cliffs of England, which they might gaze at, but never again approach; with what fond interest must those poor, broken-hearted, faithful men, have watched the white rose clamber and bloom over their humble cottages—bloom and fade—meet emblem of their shattered hopes.

A STROLL THROUGH THE LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM IN 1851.

THE Great Exhibition has exercised in many quarters a talismanic influence. It has given a stimulus to every description of public-mindedness, (if we may be allowed to coin a long word for our purpose,) and has tended, in no slight degree, to relax the exclusiveness of the English character. Whilst its attractions grow upon us day by day, and every fresh visit unfolds new wonders, and raises it in our estimation, we are also mindful that, in addition to the more obvious advantages we have derived from it, it has been indirectly the means of opening up, in other places, additional sources of rational amusement; of diverting the current of sight-seeing out of its ordinary channel; and of affording the visitors who have been crowding our metropolis this fine summer, some unexpected gratifications.

Whether by accident or design, the authorities of the British Museum have most opportunely selected this period for admitting the public to the noble rooms in that establishment in which the collections of books and manuscripts are deposited. We are quite sure, from the expressions of gratification which have reached us, that the privilege which has been conceded is fully appreciated; and we feel also bound to observe that every exertion has been made to render this department of the Museum as interesting and attractive as possible. With regard to the general question of indiscriminate admission to public libraries, we are aware that it has been commonly objected that rows of book-shelves and varieties of book-binding cannot, under ordinary circumstances, be particularly edifying or attractive to the majority of sight-seers; and if the trustees of the British Museum had simply afforded the public an opportunity of strolling through the library, and gazing on the mere outsides of the literary treasures under their control, we think there would be some force in the objection, and that from such an arrangement little advantage would be found to accrue. But with a laudable desire of extending the usefulness of a national institution, and rendering its resources generally available, the only plan of fairly exhibiting the contents of a great library has been

adopted in the present instance, and carried out with great skill and discretion. Both in the rooms devoted to printed books and to manuscripts, the greatest rarities of the several collections are advantageously displayed in glass cases, with printed or written explanations; the works being generally opened so as to display any characteristic peculiarities of type or caligraphy. Many beautiful specimens of early printing, illuminated books and manuscripts, and curious literary relics, are thus brought under observation; and to any one of ordinary information and intelligence, it would be difficult to present an assemblage of objects more interesting or suggestive.

As many of our readers may have already visited, and as many more will be likely to visit, this new department of the Museum, we have ventured to throw together a few notes on some of the most remarkable bibliographical curiosities exhibited in the manner already mentioned. We may observe that an official catalogue or guide to a portion of the collection has been published, and appears to have been drawn up with great care and accuracy.¹ Many visitors may, however, wish for some more popular and descriptive information; and it is partly to supply that want that this paper has been written. Within our narrow limits we cannot, of course, notice every work or object exhibited; but we have selected those for description to which we consider it most likely that a visitor would wish his attention to be drawn.

In commencing our tour through the rooms in the Museum which are exclusively devoted to literature, we shall find that the first we enter (situated on the right-hand facing the entrance hall), has been appropriated to the reception of the magnificent library bequeathed to the nation in 1847 by the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville.² There are two table-cases in this room, in which are exhibited some early block-books, and the very first productions of the printing-press; a series of great value, as illustrating the history and progress of the art of printing. It is well known that the practice of taking impressions from wooden blocks, engraved in relief, prevailed in Europe at the commencement of the fifteenth century, and preceded the invention of printing with moveable types by many years; but it is singular enough to find that the same method of multiplying copies had been adopted in China from a period of very remote antiquity, and remains unchanged at the present day. It has been asserted by some historians (perhaps most extravagantly) that printed books existed in the Celestial Empire 300 years before the birth of Christ; but there is no doubt that the art of printing from blocks, as still practised, prevailed there as early as the year of our Lord 932.

The most remarkable block-book exhibited in the case before us is the *Biblia Pauperum*, supposed to have been executed about the year 1430, or rather

(1) "British Museum. A Short Guide to that Portion of the Library of Printed Books now open to the Public. Printed by Order of the Trustees, May, 1851."

(2) For a further description of this collection, and for a general sketch of the formation of the British Museum Library, we refer our readers to a former article in *SHARPE*, vol. ix. pp. 233—236.

later. In size the work has been described as a small folio, and consists of about forty leaves, each leaf containing a wood-cut, accompanied with sentences descriptive of the engravings. This book was undoubtedly intended, as its name imports, as a Bible for the commonalty, or rather as a substitute for the Sacred Volume, adapted to the capacity and the pecuniary means of the masses. At the time it was produced, a complete Bible in manuscript was worth at least a hundred pounds of our present money, and we may therefore infer that a process by which copies of even these rude representations of sacred stories were multiplied, must have been regarded as an important innovation. The *Biblia Pauperum*, having been a popular book, widely circulated among the laity, is rarely found in a perfect state. For some of the copies of it, however, large sums have been given, and it is justly esteemed a great bibliographical curiosity.

Next to the *Biblia Pauperum*, we have a single page printed from a block, entitled *Temptationes Demonis*, which is remarkable as the largest specimen of block-printing with which bibliographers are acquainted. It is 16½ inches in height, and 10½ in breadth, and is a production of such extreme rarity, that it is supposed to be the only copy in existence. This singular and precious relic may be described as a devotional broadside, commencing with the following title in Latin: "Here begin the temptations of the devil, tempting a man by the seven mortal sins and their branches. And immediately follows the defence of the good angel, the man's guardian, alleging (or producing) Holy Scripture against them." The three figures which appear on the block are, the devil with his hook, the man undergoing temptation, and the good angel who is protecting him. "The text commences with the seven deadly sins, against which are placed the texts of Scripture applicable to them, and the references to the passages in the Bible. Then follow the deadly sins in order, against each of which are placed the eight branches or sins resulting from it; and opposite to each of these branches, the text of Scripture particularly bearing upon it, with the references to the passage."¹

Another curious and valuable block-book exhibited in this case, is the *Speculum Humane Salvationis*, or the Mirror of Salvation; a compilation of passages from Scripture and profane history, ascribed to a Benedictine monk of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, known as "Brother John." It appears that this was a very popular work, as it was translated into several languages, and frequently reprinted. This copy is described in the *Guide* as of "the first edition;" and it may be mentioned as a curious fact, that in subsequent editions of this production the text accompanying the figures was printed with movable characters. These later editions, therefore, form a curious link between the impressions taken from wooden blocks and the earliest specimens of typography.

The transition from these rude block-books to the first book printed with movable metal types is, however, very great. It has always been remarked that the first efforts in the typographical art are well-nigh the most perfect. "The hand of Heaven," says a bibliographical enthusiast, "worked in a cause so beneficial to man. The art of printing sprung at once from infancy to maturity, and the growth, though rapid, was firm and complete." It is certainly a marvellous thing to find the first printed book presenting so beautiful an appearance as the Mazarine Bible, which is the name by which this celebrated production of the press is commonly known, on account of a copy of it having been discovered by De Bure in the library of Cardinal Mazarin. It is without date; but from the collateral evidence which has been adduced upon the subject, it is pretty clearly established that it was issued from the press of Gutenberg and Faust, at Mentz, before A.D. 1455. In the character of the type we trace a close resemblance to the manuscripts of the period, and few persons unacquainted with early typography, would suspect, at the first glance, that they were gazing on a printed page. From the neatness, care, and precision with which it is executed, we may surmise that immense pains and expense were lavished upon the work. "Those who have not seen it," says Dibdin, "can form little notion of the beauty and regularity of the press-work, and of the magnificent appearance of the volumes. They exhibit a masterpiece of art, and a miracle in their way."² The text, which is the Latin version known as the *Vulgate*, is remarkable for correctness; and indeed nothing is wanting to render this production one of the most remarkable achievements of human industry and ingenuity which the world has afforded. It must be stated that the two volumes exhibited in the Museum belong to different copies. The first, on vellum, (in magnificent condition,) is from the collection of Mr. Grenville, and the other (on paper) is from the library of King George III., which became the property of the nation in 1823. Previous to the latter date, there was no copy of this important work in the National Library, and the deficiency was often the subject of lamentation and complaint.

After the Mazarine Bible, the most remarkable production of the early printing-press is the *Mentz Psalter*,—a Latin translation of the Psalms, printed at Mentz by Faust and Schoeffer, in 1457. A copy of this work, which is of extreme rarity, (some six or seven copies being all that are known to exist,) printed on vellum, is exhibited next to the Bible. It is a beautiful production, from the collection of Mr. Grenville, and the visitor will not fail to admire its fine bold type, and the brilliancy of the ink, which has retained its lustre for so many years. This work is remarkable as being the first book which bears the date of the year when it was printed, the place of publication, and the printer's name. It is also the first example of printing in colours; the initial letters of each of the Psalms being printed from wood-cuts,

(1) North British Review, Nov. 1846.

(2) Dibdin's Library Companion, 1824.

executed with singular beauty and delicacy, in three colours,—black, red, and blue. Another edition of the same Psalter (also on vellum), executed by the same printers in 1459, and said to contain the first printed text of the Athanasian Creed, is also exhibited.

In the second table-case in the Grenville Room, we have several other specimens of the early German printers. Among these are the *Racionale Divinorum Officiorum*, by William Durand, printed at Mentz, with improved types of cast metal, in 1459; the *Catholicon*, a kind of grammar, compiled by John of Genoa, a Dominican monk, in the thirteenth century, printed at Moutz in 1460; and, above all, the Latin Bible of 1462, "finished and perfected for the service of God," (according to the inscription at the end,) "in the city of Mentz, by John Faust, citizen, and Peter Schoeffer de Gernsheim, clerk of the same diocese." The type with which this work is printed differs much from that of the Mazarine Bible, and is denominated by a bibliographer "the earliest specimen of the large secretary gothic" character employed by these printers. It is conjectured, from the close resemblance which the early printed books bear to manuscripts, that they were frequently, and of course fraudulently, sold as such. Being usually printed on vellum, with illuminated capital letters, a purchaser might have been easily deceived, until he came to compare the copies; and from the extraordinary rapidity with which Faust produced Bibles for sale, it is a common, and not improbable notion, that the rumour attributing to him the character of a necromancer had its foundation. With regard to the price of these early works, there is, curiously enough, a deed of sale extant, executed by Herman de Statten, the agent of Faust and Schoeffer, conveying a copy of their Bible to William Tourneville, Bishop of Angers, for forty golden crowns. The document consists of a formal memorandum in Latin, and is dated April 5th, 1470. It proves, in a striking manner, both from the price paid for the work, and the legal formalities attending the transfer, the costly and important character of these early productions of the printing-press.

From the Grenville Room the visitor will pass into the manuscript department of the library, where a variety of relics are exhibited which cannot but prove deeply interesting to every student of history and every lover of literature. Immediately upon his entering the department, he will observe, conspicuously displayed upon screens on his right and left, a large collection of autographs of royal and illustrious personages. Upon one side, arranged in regular rotation, are the autographs of the English sovereigns since the Conquest. Among them is the boyish signature of Edward V. accompanied by the mottos and signatures of his treacherous relative, Richard Duke of Gloucester, and Henry Duke of Buckingham. The handwriting of the boy-king Edward VI. will also attract attention. The specimen exhibited is a Latin letter, written in a beautifully neat and legible character, conveying, better than language itself could do, a notion of the

precocious ability of that youthful sovereign. Here, too, are to be seen, (and the collection is historically interesting,) the Great Seals of all the sovereigns from the time of William I. Before he finishes his examination of royal autographs, we would, however, especially direct his attention to one or two letters, which appear to us, from historical associations, especially interesting.

The first to which we would draw specific attention, is a letter of Queen Elizabeth's, (before her accession to the throne,) written in a kind of print-hand, and appearing to us a very miracle of neat and elegant penmanship. It is a curious specimen of the pedantic and elaborate style of epistolary composition cultivated at the period by high-born women who affected a reputation for scholarship, or laid claim to superior intellectual accomplishments; and it may be likewise observed that more than common interest attaches to it from the time at which it was written. It was indited in one of those troublesome years of Queen Mary's reign, when the Lady Elizabeth, (having suffered imprisonment, and narrowly escaped from greater dangers,) had been permitted to retire to the Palace of Hatfield, where, keeping prudently aloof from political and polemical disputes, she occupied her time with the quiet delights of study and reflection. There is no date to the letter, but it must have been written between the summer of 1555 and the autumn of 1558, the year of Mary's death. The circumstance which led to its composition appears, from its contents, to have been a request which Mary had made to be furnished with her sister's portrait. It was first printed, we believe, in Mr. Isaac Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature," where it will be found at full length; but the peculiarity of the style induces us to transcribe a portion of it, preserving the original orthography:—

"Like as the riche man that dayly gathereth riches to riches, and to one bag of money layeth a greater sort til it come to infinit, so me thiuketh, your Majestie not beinge suffised with many benefites and gentlines shewed to me afore this time, doth now increase them in askinge and desiring wher you may bid and comaunde, requiring a thinge not worthy the desiringe for it selfe, but made wortny for your highnes request. My pictur I mene, in wiche if the inward good mynde towarde your Grace might as wel be declared as the outwarde face and countenance shal be seen, I wold nor have taried the comandement but prevent it, nor haue bine the last to graunt but the first to offer it. For the face, I graunt I might well blusche to offer, but the mynde I shall neure be ashamed to present. For thought from the grace of the pictur, the coulours may fade by time, may giue by weather, may be spotted by chance, yet the other nor time with her swift winges shall ouertake, nor the mistie clouds with their loweringes may darken, nor chance with his slipery fote may ouerthrow."

Side by side with the letter of Elizabeth, is an epistle in French by her unfortunate rival, Mary Queen of Scotland. And close at hand is a still more

interesting document, headed "Jane the Quene;" being one of the two letters written by that high-minded woman, during her brief assumption of sovereignty, and addressed to the lieutenants of different English counties. A letter of Oliver Cromwell, as Protector,—in a firm, bold, legible hand,—is also included in this series, and we need scarcely state, is stamped with character in every line. Commencing with the sentence,—“Sr, it hath pleased God to raise me out of a dangerous sicknesse, and I doe most willinglie acknowledge that the Lord hath (in this visitation) exercised the bowells of a Father towards me,”—it is written throughout in a strain of fervent piety, and will recall to the reader's mind many of the most striking mental lineaments of this extraordinary Englishman.

Before we quit the subject of royal autographs, we may remark that the *distinctness of character* which distinguishes the handwriting of some of our sovereigns has been made the subject of criticism. For instance, "Henry VIII." it is observed by Oldys, "wrote a strong hand, but as if he had seldom a good pen." The handwriting of his man-hearted daughter, Elizabeth, indicates, according to another authority, "asperity and ostentation;" whilst that of her cousin, Mary Stuart, though frequently irregular and uneven, denotes "simplicity, softness, and nobleness." James I. again, "wrote a poor ungainly character, all awry, and not in a straight line," whilst Charles I. wrote a beautiful, open, Italian hand, which prepossesses the observer in his favour. Charles II. was distinguished for a "little fair running-hand, as if written in haste, or uneasy till he had done." The phlegmatic James II. wrote "a large fair hand," and Queen Anne "a fair round hand," such as we might expect to find in a copy-book. Any reader of English history may decide how far these peculiarities are suggestive of personal character and disposition.

Upon the screen on the other side of the door by which the manuscript room is entered, the visitor will find a selection of autographs even more interesting than those we have been examining. In addition to a curious collection of ancient charters with their pendent seals, we have here a plentiful display of the letters and signatures of illustrious men; statesmen, generals, divines, and men of letters; amongst which are many valuable documents, which vividly recall to the mind the characters of eminent men and important events, in English and European history. We cannot, of course, enumerate every object worthy of notice; but we will endeavour to particularise a few of the most interesting relics. We observe, for instance, a letter of John Hampden, remarkable alike for the extraordinary beauty of the penmanship and the elegant style of the composition. The handwriting of Raleigh, Galileo, Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, Calvin, Luther, Erasmus, and Melancthon, all more or less characteristic, will also attract the attention of the visitor; and he must not omit to notice the letters of the English martyrs, Latimer, Bonner, Cranmer, and

Ridley. A letter of Benjamin Franklin's, in a bold, mercantile, business-like sort of hand, containing a notable testimony in favour of agricultural pursuits, must not be overlooked; and there are many interesting epistles by Newton, Dryden, Addison, Pope, Voltaire, and other eminent literary and scientific men, full of characteristic phrasology, and reminding us, as letters always do, of innumerable personal traits and peculiarities.

To turn from the profession of literature to that of arms, we would briefly call attention to a scrap of paper which might possibly escape observation, and yet to most Englishmen a relic of considerable interest. We allude to a memorandum, referring to the disposition of a portion of the troops under his command, written by the Duke of Wellington on the field of Waterloo. A letter of Napoleon, whilst a simple officer of artillery, is another great military relic. There is also a fine dashing letter of Prince Rupert, conveying a good notion of character, if ever human hand-writing was capable of doing so; and among the memorials of other great captains, are autographs of Sully, Marlborough, Turenne, Washington, and Nelson.

Without over estimating the intrinsic value of autographs, we must confess that we feel (in common, we should think, with most persons) a strange interest, not unmixed with awe, in contemplating these memorials of the departed great. Now and then a worn and faded document will recall to the mind with wonderful vividness a series of historical events. We notice, for instance, in this collection, a letter written by the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, after the battle of Sedgemoor, to the Queen Dowager, (earnestly and humbly supplicating her to intercede with the king that his life might be spared,) which every student of history must feel it a privilege to inspect. It is dated from Ringwood, to which place Monmouth had been conveyed under a strong guard, upon his capture, after the flight from Sedgemoor. The state of his mind at this period has been accurately and vividly portrayed by Mr. Macaulay. The failure of his enterprise had unmanned the popular favourite. He was no longer the bold, adventurous chieftain, but the trembling, humiliated, and miserable captive; and it is easy to imagine the feelings with which he penned this document, which expresses in such piteous terms the anguish and prostration of his mind. He was in the hands of a bitter and remorseless enemy, and yet he clung to life, life on any terms and at any price, with desperate energy. In the words of the historian, life seemed to him to be worth purchasing by any humiliation; nor could his mind, always feeble, and now distracted by terror, perceive that humiliation must degrade, but could not save him." Such being the circumstances under which this letter was written, we make no apology for transcribing it, particularly as it is very short. It is dated, as we have said, from "Ringwood,

(1) Macaulay's History of England, vol. i. p. 620.

the 9th of July ('85),” the day after he had written to the king in the same strain of craven supplication:—

“MADAM,—Being in this unfortunate condition and having none left but your Ma^y that I think may have some compassion of me, and that for the last king’s sake, makes me take this boldness to beg of you to intercede for me. I would not desire your Ma^y to do it, if I wear not from the bottom of my heart convinced how I have bine dis[c]eajued into it, and how angry God Almighty is wth me for it; but I hope, Madam, your intercession will give me life to repent of it, and to shew the king how really and truly I will serve him hereafter; and I hope, Madam, your Ma^y will be convinced, that the life you save shall ever be devoted to your service, for I have bine and ever shall be your Ma^y most dutifull and obedient servant
“MONMOUTH.”

Amongst other historical relics, we may particularize, before we pass on, the curious *carte blanche* (a sheet of blank paper with a seal attached), “said to have been sent by Charles II., when Prince of Wales, to the Parliament, to save his father’s head.” A portion of the will of Mary Queen of Scots, in her own hand-writing, is another valuable and interesting document. There are also letters by some of the most eminent foreign potentates, who have occupied a distinguished place in the history of the world. The autograph of the human tigress, Catherine de Medici,—full of masculine energy, will readily attract attention; and the letters of Peter the Great of Russia, Gustavus Adolphus, and Frederic the Great, are, in like manner, instinct with character.

Having spent some time among the autographs, it is fit that we should now proceed to examine a few of the other attractions of the manuscript department. In the centre of the room is a glazed table-case, in which are exhibited many choice and beautiful oriental manuscripts. The natives of the East, we may remark, have been always celebrated for their proficiency in the art of caligraphy. The favourite productions of the Persian poets are often written in the most beautiful manner, upon fine silky paper, powdered with gold and silver dust, and perfumed with essence of roses or sandal-wood. Such manuscripts have been often minutely described by oriental students, and their beauties duly set forth. “The Asiatics,” it has long since been observed, “have many advantages in writing: their ink is extremely black, and never loses its colour; the Egyptian reeds with which they write are formed to make the finest strokes and flourishes; and their letters run so easily into one another that they can write faster than any other nation. It is not strange, therefore, that they prefer their manuscripts to our best printed books; and if they should ever

adopt the art of printing, in order to promote the general circulation of learning, they will still do right to preserve their classical works in manuscript.”² Leaving the visitor to the minute inspection of the specimens of Persian and other oriental manuscripts, which are exhibited in this case, we must, however, pass on to other subjects.

Before we examine the contents of the two other table-cases in this department, we notice, conspicuously displayed on a stand, a very ancient manuscript of the Bible, “containing the Latin text of the Vulgate revised by Aleuin, probably written in the reign of Charles the Bald, King of France, about 840;” and similarly placed, on the opposite side of the room, is a Hebrew roll of the Pentateuch, written on brown African goat-skin, “probably about the fourteenth century.” Both these manuscripts are in beautiful preservation. The Latin Bible contains some curious illuminations, and the text is to all appearance as fresh and legible as if written in the last instead of the tenth century.

We will now glance at a few of the rarities contained in the two table-cases we have already mentioned. The one on our left hand contains, in the first place, the celebrated copy of “St. Cuthbert’s Gospels,” comprising the Latin text of the Evangelists, with an interlinear Saxon version, written between the years 698 and 720. For an account of this beautiful book and the legend attached to it, we are able to refer the reader to a paper in a former volume of this Journal.³ The next object which attracts attention is a volume of the *Codex Alexandrinus*, the most ancient manuscript extant of the Old and New Testaments in Greek, said to have been written between the fourth and sixth centuries, and presented to King Charles I. (by whom it was, in 1628, deposited in the royal library,) by Cyril, Patriarch of Constantinople. This precious manuscript, we may observe, is bound in four volumes, the New Testament being comprised in the last. “It is written on vellum,” (to quote an accurate description from a competent authority,) “in double columns, in uncial or capital letters, without spaces between the words, accents, or marks of aspiration. The letters are round and well formed. Some words are abbreviated, but they are not very numerous. There is a variety both in the colour of the ink and the form of the letters. The MS. is on the whole in good condition, but sometimes the ink has eaten through the parchment; the shape of the letters, however, can generally be traced; sometimes the ink itself has scaled off.” A facsimile of this work has been published by the Rev. H. Baber, formerly keeper of the Printed Books in the British Museum; and although doubts have been cast by some controversialists on its age and authority, its excellence and general correctness have been warmly attested by many competent scholars. “Besides all the canonical and most of the apocry-

(1) A very interesting relic has recently found its way to the Museum, being the private memorandum-book found in Monmouth’s possession at the time of his arrest. It contains a number of songs, receipts, &c. in his own hand-writing, and, as the reader will remember, has been referred to and described by Mr. Macaulay.

(2) Sir William Jones,—Persian Grammar, 1804.

(3) See SHARPE, vol. ix. p. 72.

phal books found in our editions," we are told that it contains "the third and fourth book of the Maccabees, the Epistle of Athanasius to Marcellinus, prefixed to the Psalms, and fourteen hymns, the eleventh in honour of the Virgin. Ecclesiasticus, the Song of the Three Children, Susannah, and Bel and the Dragon, do not appear to have formed part of the collection. The New Testament contains the genuine Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians, and part of the other which has been attributed to him. This is the only known manuscript in which the genuine Epistle exists."

In the case we are now examining, we shall also find the original autograph copies of some remarkable literary productions; and it may be safely averred, that these are not the *least* interesting relics contained in the manuscript-room of the British Museum. Among them is the original draft of Dr. Johnson's tragedy of Irene, which, according to Boswell, the great lexicographer rescued from the papers he had destined for the flames, a few days before his death. There is likewise a volume of the comedies of Lope de Vega, in the poet's own handwriting. We are willing to believe that this is the actual penmanship of this prolific writer, who is said to have dictated verses faster than they could be taken down, and to have written something like eighteen hundred plays. There is also a beautiful autograph copy of a masque by Ben Jonson, and a precious volume, with many corrections, in the handwriting of Tasso. But the most remarkable relic of this description, is the original manuscript of Pope's translation of the Iliad and Odyssey, in three volumes, presented to the British Museum by David Mallet. This translation (of which a single volume is exhibited) is written, as it is well known, on the backs of letters received from various friends, such as Addison, Steele, Rowe, Young, &c. The economy exhibited in this arrangement, has procured for the poet the nick-name of "paper-sparing Pope;" but if he was sparing of his paper, this manuscript proves that he was by no means so of his labour. The vast number of corrections, alterations, and interlineations, bear witness to the amount of toil bestowed by the author on this great production, and illustrate in a remarkable manner the laborious process by which perfection of phraseology was attained by one who trusted less to inspiration than to long and painful practice. In many instances epithet after epithet was changed, and line after line re-written, before the nice ear and fastidious taste of the poet could be satisfied. Thus, to take a single instance, adverted to by Mr. D'Israeli, the second line of the couplet which commences the well-known description of the parting of Hector and Andromache, originally stood as we have marked it in italics:—

"Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Extends his eager arms to embrace his boy."

The line was subsequently altered to,

"Stretch'd his fond arms to seize the beautiful boy."

The epithet "beautiful" was afterwards erased, and "lovely" substituted for it, and the lines finally stood thus:—

"Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy."

There is another singular circumstance, of minor importance, connected with this manuscript, which will not escape observation, and that is, the occasional employment of a kind of print-hand. As it has been said that Pope taught himself to write by copying printed books, it was natural enough, that when writing with particular care, he should have made use of Roman or Italic characters, as the printer would call them, and thus assist in giving to the manuscript its singular character and appearance. Upon the whole, we regard these volumes as peculiarly valuable and important, and rejoice that they should have found their way into the national archives. "Such reliques," it was well observed by Dr. Johnson, when speaking of the Milton MSS. in the University of Cambridge, "show us how excellence is acquired; what we hope ever to do with ease, we must learn to do with diligence."

Amongst other notable curiosities (we have not space to give a particular description of everything worthy of examination) the visitor will find in the same table-case, a relic associated with some mournful historical recollections. It is the identical Book of Hours (a small manual of devotion) believed to have been used by Lady Jane Grey on the scaffold, and containing some notes in her own handwriting. Upon one of the pages appears the signature JANE DUDDLEY, in large, firm, legible characters.

Another object which will attract observation is a small volume of Prayers and Meditations, "composed originally in English by Queen Catherine Parr, and translated into Latin, French, and Italian, by Queen Elizabeth (when Princess), as a gift to Henry VIII., in her own handwriting." We have elsewhere spoken of Elizabeth's skill in penmanship, and of her claims to superior scholarship. It must be borne in mind that she was the pupil of Roger Ascham, who taught many illustrious persons the use of the pen. To write a "fair hand" was in those days esteemed, among the great of both sexes, no mean accomplishment; and it is evident from this volume, that Elizabeth was an apt pupil of the great master of the science of calligraphy. From the same renowned schoolmaster the illustrious princess also received instructions in the learned languages. King Edward VI. (who was likewise a pupil of Ascham's) was another excellent penman, and a volume of texts of scripture in his handwriting is exhibited among other curious relics in this case.

The other table-case in the manuscript department of the library is devoted to illuminated missals, &c., some of which are of extreme beauty. There are here two very remarkable manuscripts, in point of elaborate embellishment, which are said to have belonged to the historian Philippe de Comines. One is a copy of Froissart's Chronicles, and the other of Valerius

Maximus. We can only pause to observe that the illuminated title-page of the latter volume is a perfect miracle of the art.

Having quitted the manuscript-room, we enter the noble apartment denominated the "King's Library," appropriated entirely to the collection of printed books, formed by King George III., and presented to the nation (as an inscription over the door informs us) by King George IV. According to some revelations in a recent number of the *Quarterly Review*, it is, however, hardly accurate to say *presented*, as it seems to have been pretty clearly understood by the royal donor at the time of the so-called presentation, that a pecuniary equivalent was to be given for the library. "It is," says the *Museum Guide*, "one of the most noble libraries known—remarkable not only for the judicious selection of the works, and the discriminating choice of the editions, but for the bibliographical peculiarities and rarity of the copies. The number of those on *large paper* deserves particular mention."

In the middle of this spacious room there are several glazed table-cases, appropriated to the exhibition of early specimens of typography, from this and other collections in the library. We begin with a selection of early Hebrew books, one of them produced in 1485, and remarkable as being the first book printed in Portugal; after which follow some of the earliest books printed in the Greek character, comprising the Greek Grammar of Lascaris, the *first* specimen of Greek typography, (printed at Milan, under the superintendence of a Greek named Demetrius, of Crete,) in the year 1476; the celebrated Florence Homer, printed in 1488, at the expense of two patriotic Florentine citizens; and the Fables of Æsop, printed at Milan, about 1480. The latter book is remarkable as being the first edition of the first Greek classic which proceeded from the printing-press; and in the same case we have a copy of the first *Latin* classic ever printed, being the first edition of *Cicero de Officiis*, printed at Mentz by Fust and Schoeffer in 1465. This work has been described as "one of the rarest and most beautiful specimens of typography in the world." The copy exhibited is printed on vellum, but on vellum and paper it is said to be equally scarce, and there are few works which the book-collector would pounce on with greater avidity, if a copy should haply present itself in some quarter where its value was unknown. At the latter end of the last century, it is related by Dr. Harwood, that "an old Scotch usher, somewhere in the purlieus of Moorfields, picked up for ONE SHILLING, this *Editio Princeps* of Cicero's Offices, and immediately repaired with it to the Earl of Oxford, who very generously rewarded the old gentleman for his knowledge of books, and for the distinction he had paid him." A second edition of this work, also on vellum, printed in 1466, is exhibited in the same case. Without confusing our readers too much with bibliographical details, we must also draw their attention to the first edition of

Ovid, which, in a perfect form, is one of the rarest, if not *the* rarest, of the early editions of the classics. It is boldly asserted by Dibdin, that "'Ovid' defies possession, on his *first* appearance, in a perfect form. I repeat it," he continues, "a perfect copy of the *Editio Princeps* of Ovid, by Azzoguidi, 1471, folio, nowhere exists: in other words, its existence is unknown." The bibliographical critic seems to have been scarcely accurate in this most emphatic declaration; but Mr. Grenville (by whom the book was bequeathed) observes, in a note concerning it, that *except this copy*, which has been carefully collated, not one has been found perfect. The other six copies known to exist are every one of them more or less defective.

Amongst the notable works in the second case, on the same side of the library, we must draw attention to the splendid edition of Livy, printed at Rome, by Conrad Sweynheim and Arnold Pannartz (two Germans to whom the honour belongs of introducing the art of printing into Italy), about the year 1469. These printers were the first to adopt what has since been called the Roman character, in place of the Gothic or black letter. In addition to this welcome innovation, they introduced other improvements in their art, and were particularly distinguished for the excellence of their paper, ink, and types. Before establishing themselves at Rome, they had for some time exercised their glorious calling in the monastery of Subiaco, in the kingdom of Naples; and the work we have been noticing, which, according to Mr. Grenville's note, is the only copy known to exist on vellum, is supposed to have been expressly taken off for Pope Alexander VI., when Vice-Chancellor of the Roman see, and Governor of the monastery in which the printers had found an asylum. This remarkable volume, which was subsequently deposited in the Benedictine library at Milan, appears to have been one of the treasures dispersed over Europe by the French Revolution, which disturbed so many monastic collections. In 1815 it was purchased by Sir Mark Sykes for 903*l.* There are also in this case some of the most admired productions of the early Venetian press. In 1469, John and Vindelin de Spira, likewise natives of Germany, settled in Venice, and in the same year produced their first book, the *Epistole Familiares* of Cicero, which is here exhibited. Besides paying great attention to the correctness of their works, by securing the services of two learned men as correctors of the press, it is admitted that they also excelled in all the mechanical requirements of their art. Their type is remarkable for clearness, beauty, and symmetry. The visitor will also observe in this case a fine copy of Pliny's Natural History, on vellum, printed at Venice, by Jenson, in 1472. Nicolas Jenson was a Frenchman, and has been sometimes described as the first Venetian printer. The productions of his press are also much esteemed. A copy of the Latin translation of Euclid's Geometry, printed at Venice by Ratdolt, in 1482, may be also referred to here as being one of the

earliest books printed with diagrams. The visitor will not fail to admire the beautiful appearance of this volume, which was a presentation copy to one of the Doges of Venice.

In the case opposite to the one we have been examining, our attention is invited to some select specimens of Italian typography in the 16th century. As most of these are from the Aldine press, it will not be improper for us to advert for a few moments to the personal history of the illustrious member of that renowned family who first practised the art of printing. Aldus—or rather *Theobaldus* Manutius (for the name which he assumed, and which has become so celebrated, was an abbreviation of his Christian name), was born about the year 1446. In addition to his other names he frequently assumed the appellation of *Pius*, from having been for some time tutor to Albertus Pius, a prince of the house of Carpi. The idea of becoming a printer was, it is said, first suggested to his mind during a visit which he paid with his noble pupil to “the phoenix of his age,” Pius of Mirandola. In the year 1489, he established himself at Venice, for the purpose of maturing and carrying out his design; and in 1494, he published an edition of the Greek poet Musæus, being his earliest work. Having married, in the year 1500, the daughter of Andrea d’Asola, he sedulously pursued his profession till the year 1506, when he was compelled to leave Venice, through the disordered state of public affairs. He afterwards returned, and entered into partnership with his father-in-law, with whom he carried on business with renewed assiduity, conferring, up to the day of his death, inestimable benefits on the republic of letters. We are indebted to Aldus for the introduction of the *Italic* or Aldine character, as it is still called, and also for a still more important innovation, that of printing the most valuable literary productions of the ancient world in a more portable and less expensive form than had been adopted before his time. “Whatever the great of ages past might seem to lose by this indignity, was more than compensated in the diffused love and admiration of their writings. ‘With what pleasure,’ says M. Renouard, ‘must the studious man, the lover of letters, have beheld these benevolent octavos, these Virgils and Horaces contained in one little volume, which he might carry in his pocket while travelling, or in a walk; which, besides, cost him hardly more than two of our francs, so that he could get a dozen of them for the price of one of those folios that had hitherto been the sole furniture of his library.’”¹

A copy of the Aldine Virgil (on vellum), printed in 1501, is exhibited in the case we are now examining, and is properly designated in the *Guide* as “the earliest attempt to produce cheap books.” It is really a very beautiful work, and is held in high estimation. We may say the same of the other productions of the Aldine press—the Horace, Juvenal, Martial,

Catullus, Petrarch, Dante, &c. &c.—which are here presented to our notice, and will be regarded with veneration by every lover of books. In this case we also observed the first edition of Ariosto’s *Orlando Furioso*, printed at Ferrara, in 1516. The great popularity of this work at the time of its publication may be judged of by the fact, that no less than sixty editions were published in the 16th century. The *first* edition is on all hands acknowledged to be of extremely rare occurrence, and contains, we may remark, forty cantos, the remaining six being added in 1532. The first editions of the *Divina Comedia* of Dante, and of the *Sonetti e Triomphi* of Petrarch, must be also noticed. They are of much earlier date than the works of which we have been speaking, the former having been printed at Foligno, in 1472, and the latter by Spira, in 1470.

In the fourth table-case devoted to the exhibition of typographical rarities in the royal library, we observed some beautifully executed books of *Hours*, issued under ecclesiastical sanction, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Several bibliographical curiosities appear side by side with these, to which more than ordinary interest attaches. The one more particularly deserving of notice, is the first edition of *Don Quixote*, printed at Madrid in the year 1605. As a proof of the popularity of this remarkable production on its first appearance, it has been ascertained that another edition was called for at Madrid, in the same year, and two more elsewhere, viz. at Lisbon and at Valencia. Recollecting that the work of Cervantes has been pronounced to be “the greatest in the world as a book of entertainment,”—that it is the only book of that class which is read with almost equal interest by the denizens of every nation,—it is impossible to peruse without interest, or even without emotion, its simple title-page, as printed for the *first time*, during the life of the high-minded but unfortunate author: “*El Ingenuo hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha. Compuesto por Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.*” Appropriately placed near the first edition of *Don Quixote*, the visitor will perceive the two earliest editions of the great Portuguese epic—the *Lusiad* by Camoens.

Upon quitting the King’s Library, the next room to which we are admitted is one of small dimensions, appropriated to the collection of volumes upon Natural History, (16,000 in number,) bequeathed by Sir Joseph Banks. From this apartment we pass into the large, or principal, room of the library, where we find many objects of interest awaiting our notice. In the centre of this room are two cases; the one on the left, principally devoted to early English Prayer Books, Liturgies, and Bibles; and that on the right, to the earliest productions of the English printing-press.

In the former case, the first volume which commands attention is the first edition of the Book of Common Prayer, printed in 1549. This is not the place for inquiring into the origin of our noble and expressive Liturgy, and for investigating the sources

(1) “Hallam’s Literature of Europe,” vol. i.

from which it was derived. The exquisite judgment of the compilers is shown in the use which they made of the ample materials bequeathed to them from remote antiquity, and the simple and forcible language in which they clothed these grand devotional exercises. In the act of Edward VI. by which the general use of the Liturgy is appointed, in place of other books tending to superstition and idolatry, it is aptly described as "an uniform, quiet, and godly order of common and open prayer . . . agreeable to the order of the Primitive Church," and much more comfortable unto the king's loving subjects than other diversity of service. The second Reformed Prayer Book, published in 1552, is also exhibited side by side with the first edition, and is opened at the page of the Litaun in which the following petition occurs, which was modified and altered to its present form, in the reign of Elizabeth: "From all sedicion and priuey conspiracie, from the tyrannie of the Byshop of Rome, and al his detestable enormities, frō all false doctrine and heresy, from hardnes of harte and contempe of thy worde and commaundemente; Good Lorde, deliuer us." A copy of the Salisbury Manual, "printed for the use of England, after the accession of Queen Mary, and the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic religion in this country," curiously illustrates the strife of creeds at this memorable period, and is appropriately exhibited with the early editions of the Reformed Liturgy.

The first complete edition of the Bible in the English language, is another work which must not be passed over without notice. This remarkable book is entitled, "*The Bible; that is, the Holy Scripture of the Olde and New Testament, faithfully and truly translated out of the Douche and Latyn into Englishe.*" It bears the date of 1535, and is generally supposed to have been printed at Zurich, by Christopher Froshover. This conjecture has been principally formed from the shape of the type, which is a kind of foreign secretary-gothic.¹ It is commonly known by the name of Coverdale's Bible, and contains a dedication, "Unto the moost victorious prynce, and our moost gracyous soveraygne lord, kynge Henry the eyghth, kynge of Englande and of France, lorde of Irelande, &c. defendour of the fayth, and under God the chiefe suppressor heade of the Church of Englande," which is signed with the venerable name of "Myles Coverdale." It has been related, that when Coverdale's translation was presented to the king, it was handed over to Gardiner, and other bishops, to be strictly examined. These ecclesiastics kept it so long, that Henry had to send for it. Upon its being re-delivered to him, he asked their opinion of the translation, and was answered that there were many faults in it. Not satisfied with this reply, he inquired whether there were any heresies to be found in it. The answer was, they had found none. Upon which, the sovereign gave vent to the declaration, "If there be no heresies, then, in God's name, let it go abroad

among our people." Accordingly, in the injunctions to the clergy, published by Cromwell, as the king's viceregent in matters ecclesiastical, it was thereupon provided that in every parish church, a book of the whole Bible, both in Latin and English, should be deposited "in the quire, for every man that will to look and read thereon."

The demand for English Bibles having increased, another edition, distinguished as MATTHEWE'S BIBLE, (a copy of which, printed on straw-coloured paper, is exhibited in this case,) was published in 1537. Like the former impression, it was printed abroad, under the patronage of Cromwell. The real editor of this Bible was John Rogers, a native of Lancashire, the first Protestant martyr in Queen Mary's reign. He was burnt in Smithfield, February 4th, 1555. The name of Thomas Matthews is supposed to be altogether fictitious.

Previously to the publication of the whole Bible, portions of the Scriptures in English had been printed abroad. The first, and most remarkable, is the translation of the New Testament, by William Tyndale, (of which a fragment, bequeathed by the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, is exhibited amongst these rare impressions of the English Scriptures,) printed at Cologne, in 1525. Subsequently in 1530, a translation of the *Pentateuch*, which would have been published earlier, but for an accident at sea, in which the unfortunate translator lost all his papers, was printed by Hans Luft, "at Marlborow, in the land of Hesse." In 1534, two other editions of Tyndale's Testament appear to have been published at Antwerp. An interesting copy of one of these, upon vellum, which formerly belonged to Queen Anne Boleyn, and was bequeathed to the Museum by the Rev. C. M. Cracherode, should be noticed, if only as associated with a name so intimately connected with the history of the English Reformation. To return to the complete versions of the English Bible, we must direct attention to the first edition of Cranmer's Bible, called also the Great Bible, "truly translated after the veryte of the Hebrue and Greke texts, by the dylygent studye of divers excellent learned men, expert in the forsayde tonges;" and printed in 1539. Another edition, of which a fine copy on vellum is exhibited, (presented to Henry VIII. by his loving, faithful, and obedient subject, Anthony Marler, of London, "haberdassher,") followed in 1540. Both these editions have an engraved frontispiece, supposed to have been designed by the famous Hans Holbein. It represents, in the upper part, Henry VIII. upon his throne, delivering to the lords spiritual and temporal copies of the Holy Scriptures. In the middle part, Cranmer is represented on one side delivering the same book to the clergy, and Cromwell, on the other side, presenting it to the laity. At the bottom, the king is represented attending divine service, in his cross-barred pew, the priest praying, and the congregation turning towards the sovereign, and crying *Vivat Rex*. To complete this very interesting collection of English Bibles, the first edition of our present

(1) Dibdin

authorized version, printed at London, by R. Barker, in 1611, has a place allotted to it.

We have hitherto omitted to notice the two large volumes conspicuously displayed in the centre of this case. They belong respectively to the celebrated Polyglot Bible, edited by Dr. Brian Walton, and the *Lexicon Heptaglotton*, by Dr. E. Castell, designed as an accompaniment to that noble work. Walton's Polyglot is remarkable, amongst other things, for being the first book published in England by subscription. Every private assistance was rendered to the learned editor, during the progress of the work, and the undertaking was encouraged by Cromwell and the council of state, by contributions of public money and by allowing paper for its use to be imported free of duty. The first volume was published in 1654, and the sixth and last in 1657. Upon the accession of Charles II. the editor cancelled the two last leaves of his preface, in which he had suitably acknowledged the generosity of the Protector, and prefixed to some copies a dedication to the king. The impression is accordingly divided into what are called *Republican* and *Loyal* copies: the British Museum fortunately possessing one of each variety. Nine languages are used in this Polyglott; viz. Hebrew, Chaldee, Samaritan, Greek, Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopic, Persian, and Latin; but no single book is printed in all of them. Castell's Lexicon, which should accompany the Polyglott, is one of the most remarkable monuments of human industry afforded in the whole range of literature. For seventeen years, the poor author toiled at this great work from sixteen to eighteen hours each day, and supported at his own charge, seven Englishmen and seven foreigners, to assist him, who all died during its progress. He not only expended upon it all his own fortune, but having been compelled to borrow money for the completion of his undertaking, he had to petition Charles II. that a prison might not be the reward of his unparalleled sacrifices and exertions.

A very remarkable copy of another celebrated polyglot Bible is exhibited, (a volume being opened as a specimen,) in an upright case to the left of that we have been examining. This book, which has been denominated the eighth wonder of the world, is the *Biblia Polyglotta*, printed at Antwerp by Christopher Plantin, between the years 1569 and 1572. The copy in the Museum is of exceeding beauty, being printed on the finest vellum, and is further remarkable as having been presented by order of Philip II. of Spain, to the Duke of Alva for his services in the Netherlands. What those services were, the reader of history knows too well. To establish the policy of the remorseless bigot, who declared, "that he would rather have no subjects at all than have heretics for his subjects," the most unheard-of cruelties were perpetrated in the Low Countries by this savage instrument of a detestable court. In a few short years some of the most fertile provinces in Europe were converted into a desert; eighteen thousand victims were delivered over to the executioner;

numbers fell in the field, and more than thirty thousand, who escaped the sword and scaffold, sought safety in exile. For such services it is curious enough to find the catholic king presenting his minister with a copy of the sacred Scriptures! A Latin inscription, setting forth the circumstances of the presentation, is printed upon a fly-leaf in the first volume.

The large glazed case opposite, on the right hand, (in the same room,) is devoted, as we have before intimated, to the earliest works of English printers. The collection of *Cartons* is remarkably rich and interesting, and commences with the "Recueil des Histoires de Troycs," in French, (his first work printed abroad,) to which the date of 1467 has been assigned. Underneath this is the same work in English, also printed abroad, (most probably at Cologne,) translated by Caxton himself, at the express request of his patroness, the Duchess of Burgundy. The first work printed in *England*, after Caxton had set up his press in Westminster Abbey, follows in due course. It is entitled "The Game and Playe of the Chesse: translated out of the French, and imprinted by William Caxton;" and was finished on the last day of March, 1474. A second edition of this work was afterwards published with woodcuts. We need not particularize the subsequent productions of the Caxton press, of which many fine impressions are here for the first time brought under public observation. Among them will be found the "Cronicles of England," imprinted "In thabbey of Westmynstre by London," the "Subtyl Hystories and Fables of Esope," with curious woodcuts, not devoid of character and spirit, the "Golden Legende," and Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. We may remark that these volumes are generally opened at some characteristic engraving or interesting passage, as in the instance of the *Golden Legende*, which contains the curious narrative of St. Thomas à Becket's parentage, and a wood engraving of his martyrdom.

In the same case are some of the productions of Pynson and Wynkyn de Worde: nor must we omit to mention that very singular production of the early printing-press, called the "Book of St. Alban's," a treatise of Hawking, Hunting, &c. printed in the Benedictine Monastery of St. Alban's, in 1480, and supposed to have been written by Dame Juliana Berners, prioress of the Nunnery of Sopewell, near St. Alban's. As a specimen of the style and matter of this work, and of the intelligence of the period, we quote the following piece of heraldry, which appears amongst other equally singular passages in this antique treatise, or rather collection of treatises. "Of the offspring of the gentilman Jafeth come Abraham, Moyses, Aron, and the Profetys, and also the Kyng of the right lyne of Mary, of whom that Gentilman Jhesus was born, very God and Man. After his Manhode, kyng of the land of Jude and Jues. Gentilman by his Moder Mary, Prynce of Cote Armure," &c.

But we feel the time has well-nigh arrived for bringing our pilgrimage to a close, and that it is necessary for us to economize the remainder of the

space allotted to our rambling observations. We must therefore supplicate the reader, if not over fatigued, to accompany us into the western rooms of the library, in which are exhibited several literary curiosities to which, before parting, we must invite his attention. The first small case we arrive at, in our progress through these rooms, is devoted to book-rarities, illustrated with the manuscript notes and autographs of distinguished men of letters. Among them are the autographs of the learned Bentley on an edition of Horace, and of Milton on a copy of Aratus; the corrections made by Sir Walter Scott in a proof sheet of Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk; and a copy of "Ben Jonson his Volpone or the Foxt," 1607, with the following note in the great playwright's handwriting on a fly-leaf facing the title-page: "To his loving father and worthy friend Mr. John Florio; the ayde of the Muses, Ben Jonson seals this testimony of friendship and love." The greatest curiosity, however, in this case, is a copy of "The Essayes, or morall, politike, and millitarie discourses of Lo: Michaele de Montaigne," translated into English by Florio, with the autograph of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE. Respecting the authenticity of this signature, there is now scarcely any question, and the contents of the volume, as observed by Sir Frederick Madden, (who has written an interesting pamphlet on the subject,) come in aid, and add to the interest of the autograph, whilst attesting its genuineness by showing that Shakspeare must have been well acquainted with the work on which it appears. One remarkable passage indeed is quoted by Sir Frederick, from the Tempest, which seems to have been copied almost word for word from Florio's Montaigne. It occurs in the first scene of the second act, where the following dialogue takes place between Gonzalo, Antonio, and Sebastian after their escape from the vessel:

Gonzalo. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord—

Antonio. He'd sow it with nettle-seed—

Sebastian. Or docks, or mallows—

Gonzalo. And were the king of it, what would I do?

Sebastian. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gonzalo. I' the commonwealth, I would by contraries Execute all things: for no kind of traffic Would I admit; no name of magistrate; Letters should not be known; no use of service,

Of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, Successions; bound of land, tillth, vineyard none;

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;

No occupation; all men idle, all;

And women too, but innocent and pure:

No sovereignty;—

Sebastian. And yet he would be king on't.

The corresponding passage of Montaigne, is in the following words. He is speaking of a newly discovered country, to which he gives the name of *Antarctic France*. "It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffike, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superiority; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no dividences; no occupation, but idle; no respect of

kindred, but common; no apparell but naturall; no manuring of lands; no use of wine, corn, or muttle. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulations, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon were never heard of amongst them." But whilst it was evidently Shakspeare's aim to convey a satire on Utopias, it is worthy of remark, (and we take the liberty of again quoting from Sir Frederick's pamphlet,) "that in the original, Montaigne is speaking seriously of the newly-discovered country of Brazil, where Villegaignon first landed in 1555. Malone infers with great probability, that it was from the perusal of this chapter that Shakspeare was led to make an uninhabited island the scene of his Tempest, and from the title 'Of the *Caniballes*,' as it stands in Florio, he has evidently by transposition (as remarked by Dr. Farmer) formed the name of his man-monster *Caliban*." To return to this interesting copy of the first English translation of Montaigne, we may remark, that several Latin sentences are written on the page containing the autograph, and on the fly-leaf at the end of the volume, but they are clearly in a more recent hand and by a later pen.

The second case we have to notice is appropriated to the early editions of eminent English authors. We have here the first edition of Izaak Walton's Angler, with its characteristic title-page: "The Compleat Angler, or the contemplative man's recreation: being a discourse of fish and fishing not unworthy the perusal of most anglers—Simon Peter said, I go a fishing; and they said, We also will go with thee." Of Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis*, two editions are exhibited, the first (printed in 1602) being of extreme rarity. The first edition of "Shake-speares Sonnets, (1609,) never before imprinted," is another rare and interesting relic. A still more valuable and more highly-prized production is the first collected edition of *Mr. William Shakspeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies*, printed in 1623, with a portrait of the author, accompanied by the following lines, printed in a large clear type, in the centre of the leaf facing the title-page:—

TO THE READER.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,

It was for gentle Shakspeare cut;

Wherein the Grauer had a strife

With Nature, to out-doo the life:

O, could he but have drawn his wit

As well in *brasse*, as he hath hit

His face: the Print would then surpass

All, that was ever writ in *brasse*.

But, since he cannot, Reader, looke

Not on his Picture, but his booke.—B. 1.

It is well known that this first issue of Shakspeare's collected plays was printed under the superintendence of Heminge and Condell, two of his dramatic associates. In their dedication of the work to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, the editors only modestly claim for themselves the credit of publishing in a collective form the immortal productions of an author who never troubled himself about posthumous fame. "We have but collected them," they say, "and done an office to the dead to procure his

orphans guardians, without ambition either of self-profit or fame: *only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakspeare.*" Of this valuable work there are altogether four copies in the Museum Library.

Another *first edition* worthy of particular notice is that of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, described in the title-page as "a poem written in *ten* books," London, 1667; this being the original division of the work. It is said that no less than five title-pages (including the first) were printed before the impression was sold off. In such an age it was not to be expected that such a work would obtain a speedy popularity; and a notable instance of the perverse judgment passed on it by some of Milton's literary contemporaries is afforded us in the well-known criticism of Waller, who thus announced its first appearance: "The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the 'Fall of Man;' if its length be not considered as its merit, it has no other."

In the *third* case, at which we arrive as we rapidly proceed through these rooms, are contained some interesting autographs of eminent foreign poets and critics. There is a small volume here upon which many sentimental observations might be made,—the *Poesie di Vittoria Colonna*, printed in 1538, with the *autograph* of *Michelangelo Buonarroti*. Vittoria Colonna was the wife of the Marquis of Pescara, who died of the wounds he had received in the battle of Pavia. After her husband's death,—young, beautiful, and accomplished,—she withdrew herself from the world, and lamented in solitude her grievous bereavement. Endowed with genius of the highest order, and with a strength and gravity of mind rarely met with in her sex, she poured out her soul in poetry; the productions of her muse being for the most part of a serious and sacred character. For this pure and noble-minded woman Michael Angelo conceived a sincere affection, and although she had pledged herself never to wed again, she entertained for him a feeling of warm regard. He addressed to her many poems, instinct with the spirit of ardent Platonic adoration, which remind us of his great poetical idol, Petrarch. There are few love-stories more interesting than this, and the volume of Vittoria Colonna's poems, in which the great artist-poet has written his name, may be well regarded as a sacred relic. The volume No. 5, in the same case, is also rather a curious one. It is entitled "An Essay upon the civil wars of France. . . and also upon the epic poetry of the European nations, from Homer down to Milton. By M. de Voltaire, 1727." On the title-page is the following inscription in the author's own handwriting: "*to St. Austons from his most humble servant Voltaire.*" This book was written in *English* by the French philosopher. It was never reprinted in its original dress, but being afterwards re-written in French, it is included in the general collection of his works. Another very interesting work appears in the next case; viz., a copy of the German Bible, printed in

1541, which was successively the property of Luther and Melancthon, both of whom have enriched it with manuscript notes.

Before we quit the library, we pause to notice a small selection of *Proclamations*, four in number;—the first by King Charles II. ordering the suppression of the "Defensio pro populo Anglicano" and the "Iconoclastes" of John Milton; the second, the order of the Council of State, appointing Cromwell Lord Protector; the third, a proclamation offering a reward for the apprehension of the Pretender Prince James, if he should attempt to land in England; and the fourth, a proclamation by Prince Charles, styling himself prince of Wales, offering a reward for the apprehension of King George II. We need not enlarge on the historical value and interesting character of these documents. It is also proper to call attention to the many important works connected with the discovery of America, contained in the case No. 5. Amongst these is the celebrated letter of Columbus, written eight months after his discovery, and translated into Latin by Aliauder de Cosco.

VISIT TO HOWE'S CAVE.

On the morning of August 7th, 1850, I was one of a party of eight gentlemen who rode over from Sharon-Springs to Cobleskill, to visit Howe's Cave. The region through which our road lay presented few features of interest beyond the fact that, as we approached the end of our ride, we noticed that the fields were indented with frequent circular holes, partly filled up with stones and soil. The fancy was expressed that the country had here suffered an attack similar to the small-pox, and had come off with a *pitted face*. A rude gate-way, with "Howe's Cave" painted on its front, drew us aside from the main road, and in a few moments we alighted at the house of the great cave-explorer. We found him a pleasant, well-informed Yankee, familiar with the leading facts of geology, proud even to idolatry of his subterranean property, and with a tinge of bat-and-owliness in his visage, which betrayed that he was more at home in doing the hospitalities of his cave than those of his hotel. We had left Sharon before breakfast, and our first item of preparation for the day's work was to fortify ourselves internally with a heterogeneous three-meals-in-one, which opened with coffee and cucumbers and ended with blackberries, cream-cake, and custard-pie. Howe next threw open a wardrobe containing jackets and trowsers of coarse sacking, made so as to button close to the person. They had already seen much underground service, and were thickly plastered with Stygian mud. We now began to catch the spirit of our adventure, and throwing aside our broad-cloth and linen, we plunged into the over-hauls. A cheap leathern skull-cap finished the uniform, and but for a sprinkling of spectacles and pallor, we might have been easily mistaken for a platoon of jolly hod-carriers. It was a matter of lament that we could not have then stood for a daguerreotype, and thus

furnished our wives and sweethearts with a new study in the "Philosophy of Clothes."

We were ready now to move, and each armed himself with a tin lamp of the petticoat species, and half a dozen Lucifers, which he was cautioned to keep dry. The mouth of the grotto is not over fifty paces from the house. Eight years ago, when it was first discovered, the opening was so small that visitors were forced to forego the use of their legs, and for a considerable distance to imitate the locomotion of Eve's seducer. Since then, the entrance has been so enlarged by blasting and removing the black limestone, that one walks in erect. The first feeling is that of exhilaration. It is like entering a new world without undergoing the pangs of death. A cool and delicious oxygen is welcomed to the lungs. The sound of a distant water-fall is elaborated into exquisite music by the echoing arches. As you push forward, the light of your lamp seems to be thrown back upon you by a wall of impenetrable blackness. With the solid rock on either side of you, above and beneath, your desire to know what lies in front soon rises to a delightful eagerness for discovery that would neither stop to see nor to fancy a danger. The general features of the cave are soon understood. By some convulsion of nature, which happened far back in the waste of unhistoric centuries, the rocky hills drained by the Cobleskill were rent and fissured in many places. One of these fissures now forms what is called Howe's Cave. A stream of water, often swollen to a torrent, has been rushing through its entire length for uncounted ages, wearing it deeper and broader; while the lime-water, dripping through its broken roof, has displayed an amazing ingenuity and patience in the slow work of forming stalactites and stalagmites. In dry seasons, the first three miles of the cavern are traversed with comparative ease. A foot-path has been made along-side the stream, which is crossed, when necessary, on plank-bridges, or by leaping. Even ladies not unfrequently leave their autographs eight miles from the entrance, without meeting with alarm or over-fatigue.

Our visit to the cave was under circumstances less propitious. A heavy rain had fallen the night before, and a second shower commenced at the time of our entrance, which continued from two to three hours. It was remarked by Howe that the cave-stream was unusually high. In several places it had already overflowed the path. Especially was this observable in a narrow passage called the Harlem Tunnel, about a mile from the entrance. Yet this caused no uneasiness in any one of our party, and if our guide was disturbed, he kept his alarm to himself. Most likely he felt no alarm; for the moment we parted from the day-light, he appeared a new and different creature. Out of his cave he was awkward and uneasy, like a sailor on pavements; but no sooner were its rocky walls about him than he straightened into a commanding presence, and gave us full assurance that he was at home. The sound of the unseen cataract came to his ears like that of the trumpet to the war-steed. With lithic limbs

and unhesitating step, he led the way to the remote regions of this inner world.

A mile or so beyond the Tunnel brought us to a spot where the loose rocks have dammed the stream, and formed a deep, long pond, which has been appropriately named the Stygian Lake. Our guide now put on a new character. "Portitor ille, Charon." Seizing his ferry-pole, he sprang into a long, low, slimy boat, and beckoned us to follow. We could now help ourselves to a reason why his chin was so badly neglected; why his eyes glared so strangely in the dismal-lamplight; why his back was so partial to a sordid garment. It was that he might personate the Stygian ferryman, so as to fill out the description of Virgil:

"Cui plurima mento
Canities inculca jacet: stant lumina flammâ;
Sordidus ex humeris nodo dependet amictus."

The infernal craft parted from its moorings with six hearty, flesh-eating ghosts for passengers. Six, I say; for already two of our number, having either satiated their curiosity or exhausted their courage, had slyly slipped away and returned. We stood erect in the boat, as it moved over the sluggish waters. Our Charon soon lighted a flambeau, and holding it aloft, disclosed a rapid succession of sights which at once amazed and delighted. The Cavern was here spanned with roof-work of every conceivable pattern, and the whole was studded with countless stalactites, each differing from another in size or form:

"From its curved roof the mountain's frozen tears,
Like snow, or silver, or long diamond spires,
Hang downward, raining forth a doubtful light."

Now we passed beneath a flat ceiling, so low that we could grasp the pendent *limbicles* with the hand. Now there opened in the roof so high an arch, that the flame of a torch vainly strove to reach its key-stone. Here the limbicles were round and ribbed, like the rattlesnake's tail; there they had shaped themselves into graceful festoons, mocking the upholsterer's skill. Even animate creatures were imitated with startling accuracy. Infant crocodiles were weeping calcareous tears, and mute birds were roosting on the branches of trees that grew downward, like shadows thrown from the steep bank of a river. On this side stood Lot's wife petrified in the act of taking the prohibited retrospect. Yonder, the Phrygian Niobe, "whom, like clasping ivy, a stony shroud overgrew, moistened the rocks with her ceaseless weeping."

The Stygian Lake may be half a mile in length, and is soon crossed. Beyond it stretches an immense chamber, called Musical Hall. Its roof is vaulted and groined, like that of a cathedral. Yet no cathedral was ever constructed with the power of playing such fantastic tricks with sound. Our Protean guide here became ambitious, and, like Salmoncus of old, undertook to rival the thunders of Jupiter. His firmament was comparatively narrow, and the fulminating machinery somewhat primitive, but there was nothing contemptible in the report of his thunderbolts. A heavy plank he raised on end, and throwing his weight upon it, brought it in sudden contact with

the rocky floor. The nearest arches at once caught up the sound, split it into ten thousand fragments, multiplied them into each other until they became a deafening peal, cuffed them this way and then the other way, till they deepened into the angry bellow of an earthquake, and sent them through the long-drawn aisles of immense apartments, until every rock in those miles of cavern was grafted with a voice of thunder. We stood still with astonishment. We had not a syllable to utter; our small voices were quenched within us by the oceans of thunder that submerged us. If Jupiter Tonans could have found any fault with the report of that fulminating plank, his idea of good thunder must have been different from ours.

A second experiment in acoustics was not less brilliant. Howe had brought a mysterious box under his arm, shaped like a baby's coffin, from which he now took out a violin, and resigning the insignia of Jove, he stepped abruptly into the character of Ole Bull. Howe the thunderer had petrified us into speechlessness, converted us into momentary fossils: but Howe the fiddler re-executed the old Orphean feat, and made the human rocks caper about him, in wild excitement. His music went to the heels quicker than champagne ever went to the head. It thrilled along the tendon Achilles like electric influence. The chattering of those grave geologists up and down that sepulchral hall, by the dim, weird light of those six petticoat-lamps—"pars magna fui"—was a sight to see! And the music! that was an audience never to be forgotten. By the magic power of the place, the humble instrument was transformed into something divine. It was no longer constructed of wood, and glue, and catgut. It was now a thing of soul, and living nerve, and quick intelligence. Close your eyes, and the player was no longer Lester Howe, the cavern guide, but Ole Bull, the wild and wondrous Norwegian: more than this: the ear was misled not with the skill of a single artist, but a thousand Ole Bulls woke the melody of a thousand instruments. Ole Bull made a mistake when he undertook to dramatize the Falls of Niagara with his fiddle-bow. He should have tried his hand at Howe's Cave. Here was a fit subject within the grasp of his genius; and the very place was one that would have exalted, reduplicated, and idealized his genius. I can imagine nothing more sublime and beautiful in harmony than a concert in Musical Hall by the mighty artist of Norway.

But we have still four miles of hard walking before us, and we must not tarry. Soon after leaving the boat we are confronted by a pile of immense angular rocks, thrown loosely together, and rising upward of a hundred feet. This difficult pass is inevitable. We can neither go beneath it nor around it. We are obliged to pick our upward way cautiously and slowly. Every step is a study; every foot of advance is a conquest. For the rocks are wet and slippery. They are intersticed with yawning chasms. A misstep might end in the splash of a bruised body deep down where the sullen waters complain in the dark. It was a picturesque sight to see our party toiling in a

line over these weary rocks, each surrounded by his little space of lamp-light. Seldom was a word spoken. Now and then a loose rock would slip from its perch, and after bounding from cliff to cliff, with a succession of harsh grating thunders, would find its wet grave in the current below. We began now to appreciate the greatness of our undertaking. The excitement of the first three miles had evaporated; an enlarged conception of the grandeur of the cavern superadded itself to our sense of weariness, and made us solemn and mute. It was in one sense, a Sabbath-day's journey—that solemn climbing of the "Rocky Mountains!" The sermon preached by the stones, and the compact darkness, and the funeral waters, told in the words, but with more than the eloquence of Massillon, that "God only is great!"

At the summit of these rocks was a platform—welcome to our tired feet—which served as an anteroom to various side-chambers, each curious and peculiar. These we had not time to visit.

The sermon of the rocks did not deter us from violating the sanctuary in which it was preached. We had come to geologize as well as to adore, and had brought our hammers and baskets with us, as well as our hearts and ears. We turned iconoclasts in a twinkling, and broke the images of the temple to which but a moment before we were paying devout homage. We atoned dearly for the sacrilege. While we were wasting the time in cool speculation over the anatomy of a shattered stalactite, the angry waters beneath us were gathering for revenge.

The descent of the Rocky Mountains again brought us along-side the Styx. By this time we were thirsty as well as tired. The water was cool, clear, and inviting. Like Gideon's picked men of old, we lapped of it with the tongue, as a dog lappeth, putting the hand to the mouth.

Howe hurried us onward, for reasons which we afterward understood, and we soon reached the "Winding Way," which, on several accounts, is the most singular locality in the cavern. It is formed by a narrow fissure in the solid lime-stone, and has a smooth dry under-foot. The sides of the fissure are thickly and deeply indented. The indents answer to each other like the teeth of a steel-trap, so that while passing through it, one keeps dodging from the right to the left, and back again ceaselessly. There is no visible roof to the Winding Way; but a lamp held over the head discloses, here and there, a rocky wedge, caught in the teeth of this stupendous trap, and threatening ruin to those beneath. A sight of one of these wedges, apparently just tottering to its fall, quickened our steps with something like a general shudder. Beyond this passage, there is an immense circular room, so lofty, it is said, that a rocket has been thrown up without reaching its ceiling. The entrance to this rotunda was so nearly filled with water that our guide thought it imprudent to attempt going further. Thinking, doubtless, that students ought to be fond of meditation, he bade us be seated in a circle, and to forbear talking. He then

extinguished the lamps, and for five eternal, voiceless minutes, we were entombed in a darkness so profound, that one of the party ventured the opinion that charcoal would make a white mark! We were six miles from the sunshine, and so pleasant was the re-lighting of the lamps, that we showered blessings on the man who invented Lucifer-matches.

At this point the ceiling of the cave was quite low, and covered with autographs and classic symbols, done in lamp-smoke, which showed that undergraduates had been here before us, and that their college feelings had survived the difficulties of the way. Here, as elsewhere, the characters ΣΦ, ΑΔΦ, ΧΨ, ΨΥ, were trying hard to out-smoke each other; and here, as elsewhere, it was hard to tell which carried the *night*. These Greek characters were a tough mystery to Howe. They troubled him more than geology. He would have them repeated, once and again. I could notice that his lips were busy the while, as if he was trying to fix them in his memory.

Our steps were turned toward the daylight. We had soon wriggled through the Winding Way, and were near the further base of the Rocky Mountains. Before commencing the ascent, our guide told us that the water had risen twelve inches. He had climbed but a few rods, when a dull splurge, a cry, and a struggle in the current arrested his attention. "Hold on, guide! and help your friends. S. has lost his lamp!" Howe turned back with hasty strides, evidently vexed and alarmed. His agitation and words convinced us of what we were before ignorant, that our return was attended with real danger. "The man who drops his lamp is a madman. It should be the last thing surrendered in such a fix as ours." S. needed his lamp more than any other one of the party. He was a pale short-sighted student from New York, whose steps had seldom encountered any worse impediment than a crack in the flag-stones of Broadway. He was now taken under Howe's immediate care in the van of the party, and again we moved upward. The summit was safely passed, and the hither side of the rocks was nearly left behind, when there was another splurge, a cry, and a struggle. This time our oracle in geology had fallen—he of the hammer and the carpenter-bag full of rocks. The image-breaker of the sanctuary was getting his retribution. He remembered that a lamp was worth more than a limb, and by clinging to the former both were disabled. He held fast to his lamp, but could not keep it from the water. It was quenched, and filled with oil's inveterate enemy. His knee struck upon a sharp cliff, and the wound was severe. Matters were now growing serious. There were two lampless adventurers, where light was literally life; one half-blind and the other a cripple. Howe found it easier to get out of his patience, than out of his cavern. He gave us a round scolding; bade us keep close together, and be-brother each other as well as we could with light and assistance.

At the hither base of the rocks, it was necessary to cross the stream. Howe declared that the water had

risen two feet, and on feeling for his plank-bridge, it had been swept away by the current. There was no time to lose. He gave a spring and landed on the opposite bank, prostrate in a soft bed of mud. We followed as well as we could; some falling into the water, and all getting goodly bemired. Then followed a mile of dreary and tedious pilgrimage. Sometimes, like Christian in the Valley of Shadows, we were walking upon a path with the edge turned up, and deep chasms on either side; sometimes we were crossing narrow bridges with two feet of rushing water above them; sometimes we were clinging to the sides of precipices, like Shakspeare's samphire-gatherers, feeling that sense of danger which sublimates the breathless moment.

It was a glad time when we reached the Stygian Lake, and Charon's occupation came again. The old mud-scow was a floating palace. For the world, we would not founder so precious a craft: so we threw ourselves heels uppermost to drain our boots. Then we sprang aboard, and as the boat parted her moorings, we all sang the Canadian boat-song:

"Row, brothers, row; the stream runs fast;
The rapids are near, and day-light is past."

The song appeared to have been written for the very place, and the very hour. As our voices rose wild and strong, mingled in the roar of the near water-fall, and were sent back to us from a thousand echoing vaults and secret chambers, our hardships were all forgotten, and the voyage was one of un-mixed enjoyment.

Our spirits kept their elevation until we came in sight of the Harlem Tunnel. This passage is half a mile long, and not more than five feet square. On entering the cave, we had passed the Tunnel on stones thinly covered with water. Now the stream had risen so high that there was only a foot of space between its surface and the roof of the passage. Howe drew near to the opening, and so held his lamp that we could clearly see the torrent rushing through the Tunnel. "There," said he, "we must either wade through that passage, or retrace our steps and pass the night on the summit of the Rocky Mountains." The water was fast rising, and in twenty minutes would fill the Tunnel. Before us were a warm supper, dry bedding, cheerful day-light, wives and sweethearts. Behind us were darkness, hunger, cold, wet rocks, and a fearful looking-for of death by flood or precipice. We gave the "onward" word, and followed our leader. The passage was well-nigh a tragic affair, yet we managed to extract fun from it, notwithstanding. We had only to look well after our lights, avoid butting the rocks with our foreheads, and the rest was simple wading. The passage of the Tunnel was the last of our difficulties. We drained our boots, and pressed forward without obstruction. We might have been a hundred rods from the entrance, when our eyes were greeted with a soft, pale-blue light, which grew larger, and whiter, and warmer, as we advanced, until our lamps became dim, and we were again

bathed with the glad and yellow sunshine. We emerged from the earth's bowels just in time to see the sun go down. A recent shower had hung the forest-trees with heavy water-beads, and below us rolled the Cobleskill with a swollen and turbid flood. The next two hours were filled up with the shifting of garments, the restoring of complexions damaged by lamp-smoke, the drying of watches and bank-bills, and the quenching of hunger. Dr. E——'s elbow was glad to be released from a basket of Aragonite, weighing some fifty pounds, which he had brought from the Winding Way. Howc held a special thanksgiving at his fiddle's escape from the under-ground deluge; while there lingered in all hearts

"A deep feeling, like the moan
Of wearied ocean, when the storm is gone."

In one of his well-known odes, Horace celebrates his escape from the wiles of a treacherous mistress, by saying that he has "suspended dripping garments to the potent god of the deep." I have done likewise. I had the simplicity to believe that there could be nothing deceitful, or dangerous, or unamiable about a cavern. I have a shirt and a pair of pantaloons that will prove the contrary: "*Suspendi uida vestimenta.*"

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO^s. MORE.¹

LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE, QUINDECIM ANNOS
NATA, CHELSEÆ INCEPTVS.

"Nulla dies sine linea."

April, 1534.

A HEAVIER charge than either of y^e above hath been got up, concerning the wicked woman of Kent, with whom they accuse him of having tampered, that, in her pretended revelations and rhapsodies, she might utter words against the king's divorce. His name hath, indeed, been put in the bill of attainder; but, out of favour, he hath been granted a private hearing, his judges being, the new archbishop, the new chancellor, his grace of Norfolk, and Master Cromwell.

He tells us that they stuck not to y^e matter in hand, but began cunningly enow to sound him on y^e king's matters; and finding they could not shake him, did proceed to threats, which, he told 'em, might well enow scare children, but not him, and as to his having provoked his grace the king to sett forth in his book aught to dishonour and fetter a good Christian, his grace himself well knew the book was never shewn him save for verbal criticism when y^e subject matter was completed by the makers of y^e same, and that he had warned his grace not to express soe much submission to the pope. Whereupon they with great displeasure dismissed him, and he took boat for Chelsea with mine husband in such gay spiritts, that Will, not having been privy to what had passed, concluded his name to have beene struck out of y^e bill of attainder, and congratulated him thereupon soe soone as they came aland, saying, "I guess, father, all is well, seeing you thus merry."

(1) Continued from p. 20.

"It is indeed, son Roper," returns father steadilie, repeating thereupon, once or twice, this phrase, "All is well."

Will, somchow mistrusting him, puts the matter to him agayn.

"You are then, father, put out of the bill?"

"Out of the bill, good fellow?" repeats father, stopping short in his walk, and regarding him with a smile that Will sayth was like to break his heart. . . "Wouldst thou know, dear son, why I am so joyfull? In good faith, I have given the devil a foul fall, for I have with those lords gone so far, as that without great shame I can ne'er go back. The first step, Will, is the worst, and that's taken."

And so, to the house, with never another word, Will being smote at the heart.

But, this forenoon, deare Will comes running in to me, with joy all bright, and tells me he hath just heard from Cromwell that father's name is in sooth struck out. Thereupon, we go together to him with the news. He taketh it thankfully, yet composedly, saying, as he lays his hand on my shoulder, "In faith, Meg, quod differtur non aufertur." Seeing me somewhat stricken and overborne, he sayth, "Come, let's leave good Will awhile to the company of his own select and profitable thoughts, and take a turn together by the water side."

Then closing his book, which I marked was Plato's Phædon, he steps forth with me into the garden, leaning on my shoulder, and pretty heavilie too. After a turn or two in silence, he lightens his pressure, and in a bland, peaccifying tone commences Horace his tenth ode, book second, and goes through the first fourteen or fifteen lines in a kind of lulling monotone; then takes another turn or two, ever looking at the Thames, and in a stronger voice begins his favourite

"Justum, ac tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor, etc."

on to

"Impavidum ferient ruinæ;"

—and lets go his hold on me to extend his hand in sine, free action. Then, drawing me to him agayn, presentlie murmurs, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with y^e glory which shall be revealed in us. . . Oh no, not worthy to be compared. I have lived; I have laboured; I have loved. I have lived in them I loved; laboured for them I loved; loved them for whom I laboured; my labour has not been in vayn. To love and to labour is the sum of living, and yet how manie think they live who neither labour nor love. Agayn, how manic labour and love, and yet are not loved; but I have beene loved, and my labour has not been in vayn. Now, the daye is far spent, and the night forecloseth, and the time draweth nigh when man resteth from his labours, even from his labours of love; but still he shall love and he shall live where the Spiritt sayth he shall rest from his labours, and where his works do follow him, for he

entereth into rest through and to Him who is Life, and Light, and Love."

Then looking stedfastlie at the Thames, "How quietlie," sayth he, "it flows on! This river, Meg, hath its origin from seven petty springs somewhither amongst y^e Gloucestershire hills, where they bubble forthe unnoted save by the herd and hind. Belike, they murmur over the pebbles prettily enough; but a great river, mark you, never murmurs. It murmured and babbled too, 'tis like, whilst only a brook, and brawled away as it widened and deepened and chafed agaynst obstacles, and here and there got a fall, and splashed and made much ado, but ever kept running on towards its end, still deepning and widening; and now towards the close of its course look you how swift and quiet it is, running mostly between flats, and with the dear blue heaven reflected in its face." . . .

'Twas o' Wednesdayer was a weck, we were quietly taking our dinner, when, after a loud and violent knocking at y^e outer door, in cometh a poursuivant, and summoneth father to appear next daye before y^e commissioners, to take y^e newly coined oath of supremacy. Mother utters a hasty cry, Bess turns white as death, but I, urged by I know not what suddain impulse to con the new comer's visage narrowly, did with eagerness exclaim, "Here's some jest of father's; 'tis only Dick Halliwell!"

Whereupon, father burst out a laughing, hugged mother, called Bess a silly puss, and gave Halliwell a groat for 's payus. Now, while some were laughing, and others taking father prettily sharplie to task for soe rough a crank, I fell a musing, what e^d be y^e drift of this, and coule only surmise it mighte be to harden us beforehand, as 'twere, to what was sure to come at last. And the preapprehension of this soe belaboured my already o'erburthened spirits, as that I was fayne to betake myself to y^e nurserie, and lose alle thought and reflection in my little Bill's prettily ways. And, this not answering, was forct to have recourse to prayer; then, leaving my closett, was able to return to y^e nurserie, and forget myself awhile in the mirth of the infants.

Hearing voyces beneath y^e lattice, I lookt forthe, and behelde his Grace of Norfolk (of late a strange guest) walking beneath y^e window in earnest converse with father, and, as they turned about, I hearde him say, "By the mass, master More, 'tis perilous striving with princes. I could wish you, as a friend, to incline to the king's pleasure; for, indignatio principis mors est."

"Is that all?" says father; "why then there will be onlie this difference between your grace and me, that I shall die to-daye, and you to-morrow;"—which was the sum of what I caught.

Next morning, we were breaking our fast with peacefullnesse of heart, on y^e principle that sufficient for the daye is the evill thereof, and there had bene a wordy war between our two factions of the Neri and Bianchi, Bess having defalked from y^e man-

cheteers on y^e ground that black bread sweetened the breath and settled the teeth, to the no small triumph of the cob loaf party; while Daisy, persevering at her crusts, sayd, "No, I can cleave to the rye bread as steddilie as anie among you, but 'tis vayn of father to maintain that it is as toothsome as a manchet, or that I eat it to whiten my teeth, for thereby he robs self-deniall of its grace."

Father, strange to say, seemed taken at vantage, and was pausing for a retort, when Hobson coming in and whispering somewhat in his ear, he rose suddainlie and went forthe of the hall with him, putting his head back agayn to say, "Rest ye alle awhile where ye be," which we did, uneasilie enow. Anon he returns, brushing his beaver, and says calmie, "Now, let's forthe to church," and clips mother's arm beneath his owne and leads the way. We follow as soon as we can, and I, listing to him more than to y^e priest, did think I never hearde him make response more composedlie, nor sing more lustilie, by the which I founde myself in stouter heart. After prayers, he is shriven, after which he saunters back with us to the house, then brisklie turning on his hecl, cries to my husband, "Now, Will, let's toward, lad," and claps the wicket after him, leaving us at t'other side without so much as casting back a parting look. Though he evermore had bene avised to let us companie him to the boat, and there kiss him once and agayn or ever he went, I know not that I s^d have thoughte much of this, had not Daisy, looking after him keenly, exclaymed somewhat shortlie as she turned in doors, "I wish I had not uttered that quip about the cobloaf."

Lord, how heavilie sped y^e day! The house, too big now for its master's diminished retinue, had yet never hitherto seemed lonsome; but now a somewhat of dreary and dreadfull, inexpressible in words, invisible to the eye, but apprehended by the inner sense, filled the blank space alle about. For the first time, everie one seemed idle; not only disinclined for businesse, but as though there were something unseemlie in addressing one's self to it. There was nothing to cry about, nothing to talk over, and yet we alle stooede agaze at each other in groups, like the cattle under y^e trees when a storm is at hand. Mercy was the first to start off. I held her back and said, "What is to do?" She whispered, "Pray." I let her arm drop, but Bess at that instant comes up with cheeks as colourless as parchment. She sayth, "'Tis made out now. A poursuivant *de facto* fetched him forthe this morning." We gave one deep, universal sigh; Mercy broke away, and I after her, to seek the same remedy, but alack, in vayn. . .

How large a dobt we owe you, wise and holie men of old! How ye counsel us to patience, incite us to self-mastery, cheer us on to high emprise, temper in us the heat of youth, school our inexperience, calm the o'erwrought mind, allay the anguish of disappointment, chat suspense, and master despair. . . . How much better and happier ye would make us, if we would but list your teaching!

Bess hath fallen sick; no marvell. Everie one goeth heavilie. Alle joy is darkened; the mirthe of the house is gone.

Will tells me, that as they pushed off from y^e stairs, father took him about the neck and whispered, "I thank our Lord, the field is won!" Sure, Regulus ne'er went forthe with higher self-devotion.

Having declared his inability to take y^e oath as it stodee, they bade him, Will tells me, take a turn in the garden while they administered it to sundrie others, thus affording him leisure for re-consideration. But they might as well have hidden the neap-tide turn before its hour. When called in agayn, he was as firm as ever, so was given in ward to y^e Abbot of Westminster till the king's grace was informed of the matter. And now, the fool's wise saying of vindictive Herodias came true, for 'twas the king's mind to have mercy on his old servant, and tender him a qualified oath; but queen Anne, by her importunate clamours, did overrule his proper will, and at four days end, y^e full oath being agayn tendered and rejected, father was committed to y^e Tower. Oh, wicked woman, how could you? . . . Sure, you never loved a father. . . .

In answer to our incessant applications throughout this last month past, mother hath at length obtained access to dear father. She returned, her eyes nigh swollen to closing with weeping. . . . we crowded round about, burning for her report, but 'twas some time ere she couldo fetch breath or heart to give it us. At length Daisy, kissing her hand once and agayn, draws forthe a disjointed tale, somewhat after this fashion.

"Come, give over weeping, dearest mother, 'twill do neither him, you, nor us anie good. . . . What was your first speech of him?"

"Oh, my first speech, sweetheart, was, 'What, my goodness, Mr. More! I marvell how that you, who were always counted a wise man, s^d now soe play the fool as to lie here in this close, filthy prison, shut up with mice and rats, when you mighte be abroad and at your liberty, with y^e favour of king and council, and return to your righte fayr house, your books and gallery, and your wife, children, and household, if soe be you onlie wouldc but do what the bishops and best learned of the realm have, without scruple, done already.'"

"And what said he, mother, to that?" . . .

"Why, then, sweetheart, he chucks me under the chin and sayeth, 'I prithee, good mistress Alice, to tell me one thing.' . . . Soe then I say, 'What thing?' Soe then he sayeth, 'Is not this house, sweetheart, as nigh heaven as mine own?' Soe then I jerk my head away and say 'Tilly-valley! tilley-valley.'"

Sayth Bess, "Sure, mother, that was cold comfort. . . . And what next?"

"Why, then I said, 'Bone Deus, man! Bone Deus! will this gear never be left?' Soe then he sayth, 'Well then, Mrs. Alice, if it be soe, 'tis mighty well,

but, for my part, I see no greate reason why I shoulde much joy in my gay house, or in anie thing belonging thereunto, when, if I shoulde be but seven years buried underground, and then arise and come thither agayn, I shoulde not fail to find some therein that woulde bid me get out of doors, and tell me 'twas none o' mine. What cause have I then, to care soe greantlie for a house that woulde soe soone forget its master?' . . .

"And then, mother? and then?"

"Soe then, sweetheart, he sayth, 'Come tell me, Mrs. Alice, how long do you think we might reckon on living to enjoy it?' Soe I say, 'Some twenty years, forsooth.' 'In faith,' says he, 'had you said some thousand years, it had bene somewhat; and yet he were a very bad merchant that woulde put himselfe in danger to lose eternity for a thousand years. . . . how much the rather if we are not sure to enjoy it one day to an end?' Soe then he puts me off with questions, How is Will? and Daisy? and Rupert? and this one? and t'other one? and the peacocks? and rabbits? and have we elected a now king of the cob-loaf yet? and has Tom found his hoop? and is y^e hasp of the buttery-hatch mended yet? and how goes the court? and what was the text o' Sunday? and have I practised the viol? and how are we off for money? and why can't he see Meg? Then he asks for this book and t'other book, but I've forgot their names, and he sayth he's kept mighty short of meat, though 'tis little he eats, but his man John a Wood is gay an' hungry, and 'tis worth a world to see him at a salt herring. Then he gives me counsell of this and that, and puts his arm about me and says, 'Come, let us pray;' but while he kept praying for one and t'other, I kept a-counting of his gray hairs; he'd none a month agone. And we're scarce off our knees, when I'm fetched away; and I say, 'When will you change your note, and act like a wise man?' and he sayth, 'When? when?' looking very profound; 'why, . . . when gorse is out of blossom and kissing out of fashion.' Soe puts me forthe by the shoulders with a laugh, calling after me, 'Remember me over and over agayn to them alle, and let me see Meg.'"

. . . I feel as if a string were tied tight about my heart. Methinketh 'twill burst if we goe on long soe.

He hath writ us a few lines with a coal, ending with "Sursum corda, dear children! up with your hearts." The bearer was dear Bonvisi.

The Lord begins to cut us short. We are now on very meagre commons, dear mother being obliged to pay fifteen shillings a-week for the board, poor as it is, of father and his servant. She hath parted with her velvet gown, embroidered overthwart, to my lady Sands' woman. Her mantle edged with coney went long ago.

But we lose not heart; I think mine is becoming annealed in the furnace, and will not now break. I have writ somewhat after this fashion to him. . . .

"What do you think, most dear father, doth comfort us at Chelsea, during this your absence? Surelie, the remembrance of your manner of life among us, your holy conversation, your wholesome counsells, your examples of virtue, of which there is hope that they do not onlie persevere with you, but that, by God's grace, they are much increast."

I weary to see him. . . . Yes, we shall meet in heaven, but how long first, oh Lord? how long?

Now that I've come back, let me seek to think, to remember. . . . Sure, my head will clear by-and-by? Strange, that feeling shoulde have the masterdom of thought and memory, in matters it is most concerned to retayn.

. . . I minded to put y^e haircloth and cord under my farthingale, and one or two of y^e smaller books in my pouch, as alsoe some sweets and suckets such as he was used to love. Will and Bonvisi were awaiting for me, and deare Bess, putting forth her head from her chamber door, cries piteously, "Tell him, dear Meg, tell him . . . 'twas never soe sad to me to be sick . . . and that I hope . . . I pray . . . the time may come . . ." then falls back swooning into Dancey's arms, whom I leave crying heartilie over her, and hasten below to receive the confused medley of messages sent by every other member of y^e house. For mine owne part, I was in such a tremulous succussion as to be scarce fitt to stand or goe, but time and the tide will noe man bide, and, once having taken boat, the cool river air allayed my fevered spiritts; onlie I coulde not for awhile get ridd of y^e impression of poor Dancey crying over Bess in her deliquium.

I think none o' the three opened our lips before we reached Lambeth, save, in y^e Reach, Will cried to y^e steersman, "Look you run us not aground," in a sharper voyce than I c'er heard from him. After passing y^e Archbishop's palace, whereon I gazed full reafullie, good Bonvisi beganne to mention some rhymes he had founde writ with a diamond on one of his window-panes at Crosby House, and would know were they father's? and was't y^e chamber father had used to sleep in? I tolde him it was, but knew nought of y^e distich, though 'twas like enow to be his. And thence he went on to this and that, how that father's cheerfulle, funny humour never forsook him, nor his brave heart never quelled, instancing his scarlesse passage through the Traitor's Gate, asking his neighbours whether *his* gait was that of a traditor; and, on being sued by the porter for his upper garment, giving him his *cap*, which he sayd was uppermost. And other such quips and passages, which I scarce noted nor smiled at, soe sorry was I of cheer.

At length we stayed rowing: Will lifted me out, kissed me, heartened me up, and, indeede, I was in better heart then, having been quietlie in prayer a good while. After some few forms, we were led through sundrie turns and passages, and, or ever I was aware, I founde myselfe quit of my companions, and in father's arms.

We both cried a little at first; I wonder I wept noe more, but strength was given me in that hour. As soone as I coulde, I lookt him in the face, and he lookt at me, and I was beginning to note his hollow cheeks, when he sayd, "Why, Meg, you are getting freckled;" soe that made us bothe laugh. He sayd, "You shoulde get some freckle-water of the lady that sent me here; depend on it, she hath washes and tinctures in plenty; and after all, Meg, she'll come to the same end at last, and be as the lady all bone and skin, whose ghaastlie legend used to scare thee soe when thou wert a child. Don't tell that story to thy children; 'twill hamper 'em with unsavoury images of death. Tell them of heavenlie hosts a-waiting to carry off good men's souls in fire-bright chariots, with horses of the sun, to a land where they shall never more be surbated and weary, but walk on cool, springy turf and among myrtle trees, and eat fruits that shall heal while they delight them, and drink the coldest of cold water, fresh from y^e river of life, and have space to stretch themselves, and bathe, and leap, and run, and, whichever way they look, meet Christ's eyes smiling on them. Lord, Meg, who would live, that coulde die? One mighte as lief be an angel shut up in a nutshell as bide here. Fancy how gladsome the sweet spirit woulde be to have the shell cracked! no matter by whom; the king, or king's mistress. . . . Let her dainty foot but set him free, he'd say, 'For this release, much thanks.' . . . And how goes the court, Meg?"

"In faith, father, never better. . . . There is nothing else there, I hear, but dancing and disporting."

"Never better, child, sayst thou? Alas, Meg, it pitieth me to consider what misery, poor soul, she will shortlie come to. These dances of hers will prove such dances that she will spurn our heads off like footballs; but 'twill not be long ere her head will dance the like dance. Mark you, Meg, a man that restraineth not his passions hath always something cruel in his nature, and if there be a woman toward, she is sure to suffer heaviest for it, first or last. . . . Seek scripture precedent for't . . . you'll find it as I say. Stony as death, cruel as the grave. Those Pbarisces that were, to a man, convicted of sin, yet hated a sinning woman before the Lord, and woulde fain have seene the dogs lick up her blood. When they lick up mine, deare Meg, let not your heart be troubled, even though they shoulde hale thee to London Bridge to see my head stuck on a pole. Think, most dear'st, I shall then have more reason to weep for thee than thou for me. But there's noe weeping in heaven, and bear in mind, Meg, distinctlie, that if they send me thither, 'twill be for obeying the law of God rather than of men. And after alle, we live not in the bloody, barbarous old times of crucifyings and flayings, and immersing in cauldrons of boiling oil. One stroke, and the affair's done. A clumsy chirurgeon would be longer extracting a tooth. We have oft agreed that the little birds struck down by the kite and hawk suffer less than if they were re-

served to a naturall death. There is one sensible difference, indeed, between us. In our cases, preparation is a-wanting."

Hereon, I minded me to slip off y^e haircloth and rope, and give the same to him, along with the books and suckets, all which he hid away privatchie, making merry at the last.

"'Twoulde tell well before the council," quoth he, "that on searching the prison-cell of Sir Thomas More, there was founde, flagitiouslie and mysteriouslie laid up . . . a peece of barley-sugar!"

Then we talked over sundrie home-matters; and anon, having now both of us attained unto an equable and chastened serenitie of mind, which needed not any false shews of mirth to hide y^e naturall complexion of, he sayth, "I believe, Meg, they that have put me here ween they have done me a high displeasure; but I assure thee on my faith, mine own good daughter, that if it had not beene for my wife, and you, my dear good children, I woulde faine have beene closed up, long ere this, in as straight a room, and straighter too."

Thereon, he showed me how illegal was his imprisonment, there being noe statute to authorize the imposition of y^e oath, and he delivered himself, with some displeasure, agaynst the king's ill counsellors.

"And surlic, Meg," quoth he, "'tis pitie that anie Christian prince shoulde, by a flexible council readie to follow his affections, and by a weak clergy lacking grace to stand constantly to the truth as they have learned it, be with flattery so constantly abused. The lotus fruit fabled by the ancients, which made them that ate it lose all relish for the daylie bread of their own homes, was flattery, Meg, as I take it, and nothing else. And what less was the song of the Syrens, agaynst which Ulysses made his sailors stop their ears, and which he, with all his wisdom, coulde not listen to without struggling to be unbound from the mast? Even praise, Meg, which, moderately given, may animate and cheer forward the noblest minds, yet too lavishly bestowed, will decrease and palsy their strength, e'en as an overdose of the most generous and sprightlie medicine may prove mortiferous. But flattery is noe medicine, but a rank poison, which hath slayn kings, yea, and mighty kings; and they who love it, the Lord knoweth afar off; knoweth distantlie, has no care to know intimatchie, for they are none of his."

Thus we went on, from one theme to another, till methinketh a heavenie light seemed to shine alle about us like as when the angel entered the prison of Peter. I hung upon everie word and thought that issued from his lips, and drank them in as thirsty land sucks up the tender rain. . . . Had the angel of death at that hour come in to fetch both of us away, I woulde not have said him nay, I was soe passivclie, so intenselie happy. At length, as time wore on, and I knew I shoulde soone be fetcht forth, I coulde not but wish I had the clew to some secret passage or subterrenal, of the which there were doubtless plenty in the thick walls, whereby we might steal off together.

Father made answer, "Wishes never filled a sack. I make it my businesse, Meg, to wish as little as I can, except that I were better and wiser. You fancy these four walls lonesome; how oft, dost thou suppose, I here receive Plato and Socrates, and this and that holy saint and martyr? My jailors can noe more keep them out than they can exclude the sunbeams. Thou knowest, Jesus stood among his disciples when the doors were shut. I am not more lonely than St. Anthony in his cave, and I have a divine light e'en here, whereby to con the lesson 'God is love.' The futility of our enemies' efforts to make us miserable was never more stronglie proven to me than when I was a mere boy in Cardinal Morton's service. Having unwittinglie angered one of his chaplains, a choleric and even malignant-spirited man, he did, of his owne authoritie, shut me up for some hours in a certayn damp vault, which, to a lad afeard of ghosts and devilish apparitions, would have beene fearsome enow. Howbeit, I there cast myself on the ground with my back sett agaynst the wall, and mine arm behind my head, this fashion . . . and did then and there, by reason of a young heart, quiet conscience, and quick phansy, conjure up such a lively picture of the queen o' the fairies' court, and alle the sayings and doings therein, that never was I more sorry than when my gaoler let me goe free, and bade me rise up and be doing. In place, therefore, my daughter, of thinking of me in thy night watches as beating my wings agaynst my cage bars, trust that God comes to look in upon me without knocking or bell-ringing. Often in spirit I am with you alle; in the chapel, in the hall, in the garden; now in the hayfield, with my head on thy lap, now on the river, with Will and Rupert at the oar. You see me not about your path, you won't see my disembodied spirit beside you hereafter, but it may be close upon you once and agayn for alle that: maybe, at times when you have prayed with most passion, or suffered with most patience, or performed my hests with most exactness, or remembered my care of you with most affection. And now, good speed, good Meg, I hear the key turn in the door. . . This kiss for thy mother, this for Bess, this for Cecil, . . . this and this for my whole school. Keep dry eyes and a hopefull heart; and reflect that nought but unpardoned sin shoulde make us weep for ever."

A WOMAN'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD

BY IDA PFEIFFER.

WE have before taken occasion to introduce to our readers the very remarkable lady, some of whose most recent wanderings are here more fully recorded by her own pen. Here, indeed, is an entirely new species of the genus "unprotected female," though a species which may possibly be included in a single individual. We have long been of opinion that the sphere of independent action for women might be greatly enlarged with benefit to all parties, but the exploits of Madame Pfeiffer have, we must

own, considerably extended what we should have regarded as the limits of feminine enterprise and courage. Yet, eccentric as her tastes and habits may appear, we have never met with any one more entirely free from the affectation of eccentricity, a more perfect specimen of the "sound mind in a sound body." She does the most extraordinary things with the same unconscious simplicity that she manifests in the routine of the most trivial every-day duties. A simple and sober-minded matron of the middle class, after quietly fulfilling for a number of years the ordinary domestic duties of her station, and watching over the education of her children till they reached maturity—she then, without being able to smooth over any of the difficulties of the undertaking by the resources of wealth or high rank—chooses, by way of recreation, to set out on such a course of adventurous travelling as few men would have the spirit to undertake,—the wonder being increased by her age, which is tending towards the evening of life,—and by her country, for in general, in German women the quality of "*stay-at-homatiiveness*" is strongly developed; and they often take, moreover, a certain pride in not suffering their minds, any more than their persons, to wander beyond the domestic circle.

But, however difficult it may be to account for her proceedings, they must be sharp-sighted critics indeed who could discover, as some have done, in her unpretending narrative, any indication of her having been urged by an impulse of vanity to her singular course of action. Not only the calm and undaunted temper in which she encounters imminent peril, but her habitual disregard of all considerations of mere personal convenience or comfort, and her perfect indifference to the petty motives and feelings which such a supposition implies; these compel us, at all events, to decline that solution of the difficulty, even though it should remain insoluble. That it is so to us in some measure we are forced to admit, and we can only accept the explanation she has herself offered, namely, that she is actuated by an "inborn love of travelling," which must be classed among what are called natural instincts.

It is perhaps to be regretted, that, to her many natural qualifications, Madame Pfeiffer did not add that of such a course of previous study as might have enabled her to obtain more valuable results from her uncommon opportunities. But, considering the interest of her personal narrative, we almost feel as if we were guilty of ingratitude in offering this suggestion; and we shall therefore proceed to offer our readers some of the passages from her volumes which appear best worthy of selection—using the liberty of compression, but leaving them in the first person, that they may lose none of their force and freshness. Madame Pfeiffer left Vienna on her adventurous expedition in May 1846, and embarking at Hamburg in a Danish brig, arrived, after a three months' voyage, at Rio Janeiro. The capital of Brazil has been so frequently visited by travellers, that we shall pass over her description of it, and bear our heroine company

on some excursions into the interior of the country, which offers a more unhacknied field of observation.

"During my stay at Rio de Janeiro," she says, "I had heard so much of the rapidly increasing prosperity of Petropolis,—a German colony lately founded in the neighbourhood,—of the magnificent scenery amidst which it lies, of the primeval forests through which one part of the road leads, that I could not resist the wish to make an excursion to it. My travelling companion, Count Berthold,¹ was of the party, and we therefore engaged two places in a boat that goes daily to Porto d'Estrella, about twenty-two leagues off—whence the journey must be performed by land—and as the Count wished to botanise, and I to collect insects, we determined to make it on foot. We passed the night at this little port, which carries on a considerable trade with the interior of the country, and the next morning set out on our pedestrian ramble. We soon found ourselves in a broad valley, mostly overgrown with thick shrubs and young trees, and surrounded by lofty mountains. The sides of the road, which forms the principal communication with the province of Minas Geraes, were soon adorned by the wild pine-apple, not yet ripe, but glowing with a lovely rosy red colour; the taste of the fruit is however not quite equal to its appearance, and it is therefore seldom plucked. The sight of the humming-birds also afforded me great pleasure. One can fancy nothing prettier than these delicate little creatures as they hover about, getting their food out of the cups of flowers, like butterflies, for which, indeed, in their rapid flight they may easily be mistaken. The appearance of the forest did not quite fulfil my preconceived notions, as I had expected thick and high trunks of trees, but I believe the power of vegetation is too strong for this; the large trees are choked and rotted by the mass of smaller ones, of creepers and parasites, that spring up around them. Both the latter are so abundant, and cover these trees so entirely, that one can often hardly see their leaves, much less their trunks. A botanist here assured me that he had counted, on a single tree, six-and-thirty different species.

"We had made a rich harvest of flowers, plants, and insects, and were pursuing our way, enchanted by the glories of the woods, and not less by the views of mountain and valley, sea and bay, which opened to us from time to time; and as we approached a ridge of mountain, 3,000 feet high, which we had to ascend, we met several troops of Negroes and other passengers. It did not therefore occur to us to take much notice of the movements of a single Negro, who appeared to following us. As soon, however, as we had reached a rather solitary spot, he suddenly sprang on us with a long knife in one hand, and a *lasso* in the other, and gave us to understand, by very expressive gestures, that it was his intention to murder us and drag us into the wood. We had no weapons—for this part of the road had been represented to us as quite safe—and

(1) Count Berthold accompanied Madame Pfeiffer only to Rio de Janeiro; the rest of the journey was performed entirely alone.

nothing to defend ourselves with but our umbrellas: I had, however, in my pocket a penknife, which I instantly drew out, and opened, fully resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible. We warded off several blows which our assailant aimed at us, but the umbrellas did not hold out long. He broke mine short off, so that only the handle was left in my hand; but in the struggle he dropped his long knife. I darted after it—but he was quicker—and getting hold of it again, gave me with it two deep cuts in the arm. Despair, however, gave me courage, and I made a thrust at his breast with my pocket-knife, but I only wounded his hand, and he threw me down. The Count now seized him from behind, and this gave me the opportunity of getting up again, but my companion had received a severe wound, and it would certainly have been all over with us had we not heard on the road the sound of horsemen approaching. As soon as the Negro distinguished this sound he desisted from his attack, and, gnashing his teeth like a wild beast, fled into the wood. Immediately afterwards the riders made their appearance round a turning in the road; we hastened towards them, and the appearance of our umbrellas and our freshly bleeding wounds, soon explained our condition. They inquired what direction the fugitive had taken, sprang from their horses and hastened after him, but they would scarcely have overtaken him had not two Negroes lent their assistance. He was at length brought in, tied fast, and when he refused to walk received such a shower of heavy blows on the head, that I thought the poor creature's skull must have been beaten in. He remained, nevertheless, lying on the ground, quite motionless, until the two other Negroes were compelled to take him up and carry him to the nearest house, struggling, and making furious attempts to bite. It was not till afterwards that I learned that he had been, a short time before, punished by his master for some offence, and when he met us in the wood he probably thought it would be an excellent opportunity to revenge himself on the whites.

"The Count and I got our wounds bound up, and then continued our excursion, not altogether without fear, but in perpetual admiration of the lovely landscape.

"The colony of Petropolis lies in the midst of a primeval forest, 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. It was founded about fourteen months before my visit, principally for the cultivation, for the use of the capital, of certain European plants and fruits, which in tropical countries will only prosper at a considerable height. There was already a small row of houses forming a street, and on an open place the skeleton of a large building, intended, I was told, for an imperial pleasure palace, though it had no very imperial aspect, and its little low doors contrasted curiously with the great broad windows. Around this castle the town is to be formed, but many single houses already lie scattered in the woods. Some of the colonists, the mechanics, shopkeepers and so forth, receive small allotments of land near the castle for

building purposes, the gardeners get large portions, but not more than two or three acres. What a melancholy lot must these good people have found in their own country, to think it worth while to come to this strange part of the world for so small an inducement!

"The wound of Count Berthold proved more serious than had been anticipated. The great heat and his attempting to make use of the hand brought on an inflammation, which made it necessary for him to remain at Rio de Janeiro.

"I was more fortunate," says our stout-hearted matron; "for as my wounds were both in the upper part of the arm, I could take better care of them, and spare them more, so that they were soon neither dangerous nor troublesome. Under these circumstances I found myself, however, compelled to make my next excursion alone, or else, to give up the most interesting part of it, the visit to the native Indians. I could not make up my mind to this, and I therefore inquired whether I could with tolerable safety venture on it unaccompanied. I received a sort of half-and-half assurance to this effect, besides the promise of a trustworthy guide; and thus provided, and armed with a good pair of double-barrelled pistols, I set out without fear on my ramble. Our way lay at first through a mountain district, and then descended into a warmer region, where the uniformity of the forest is frequently interrupted by coffee and sugar plantations. The coffee-trees stand in rows on the sides of almost perpendicular hills, and attain a height of from six to twelve feet. They begin to bear in the second, or at most in the third year, and remain fertile ten years. The harvest may be said to be perpetual, for blossoms and quite ripe fruit are found on the trees at the same time. It is obtained either by plucking or by slaking the tree, having previously placed straw mats beneath it; the first is, however, though more troublesome, by far the best plan.

"It was during this excursion that I witnessed for the first time the spectacle of a forest conflagration. These are here purposely kindled in order to fertilize the soil. For the most part, I saw at first only enormous clouds of smoke rising and rolling away, and I wished for nothing more than an opportunity of coming quite near to one of them. My wish was soon fulfilled, for in the course of the day, my way lay between a burning forest and a tract of low brushwood also on fire. We heard the loud crackling noise, and saw through the smoke huge tongues of flame darting upward. From time to time came heavy sounds, like those of cannon from the fall of the great trees. As my guide advanced in the immediate direction of this fiery gulf, I own I felt a little nervous. I considered, however, that he certainly did not wish to throw away his own life without reason, and that, therefore, it was probable his experience had taught him that the passage might be made with safety. At the entrance sat two Negroes to give travellers directions how to proceed,

and direct them to use the utmost speed. These instructions my guide translated to me, and then giving his horse the spur he dashed into the smoke, and I immediately followed his example. Glowing ashes and sparks flew all round us, and the feeling of suffocation from the smoke was almost worse than the tremendous heat. It was fortunate for us that we had not more than five or six hundred paces to go, for our horses could not breathe, and it was with the utmost difficulty we could keep them up to the gallop.

"In Brazil these fires seldom extend very far, as the vegetation is too fresh. The forest usually has to be kindled in several places, and even then the fire often goes out, and great places remain unconsumed in the midst of it. We passed the night at a Venda, lying quite alone in the thickest of the woods, and on this, as on other occasions, I could not help marvelling at the singular mixture of timidity and courage exhibited by the inhabitants of Brazil. On the one hand, almost every one you meet in the street is armed with long knives and pistols, as if the country were full of robbers and murderers; and on the other you find the owners of plantations living quite carelessly alone in the midst of a multitude of slaves; and the traveller fearlessly stops to pass the night in lonely houses, lying in the almost impenetrable seclusion of the woods, where he finds no fastening to his window and no lock to his door. The rooms occupied by the proprietor generally lie far apart from those allotted to his guests, and from the people of his household, who are all slaves, and from whom one could scarcely in case of need obtain any help, since they generally sleep in remote corners of the stables and outhouses. At first I felt somewhat timid at being left thus to pass the night alone, surrounded by the wild dark woods, and cut off from every human aid; but as I was assured that no one had ever heard of a house being broken into, I soon dismissed my idle fears, and went quietly to sleep. . . .

"Five leagues further on, at the little town of Canto Gallo, I, for the last time, found shelter in a Venda. Henceforward I was to trust to the hospitality of the owners of Fazendas. On reaching one of these settlements the usual practice is to remain at the gate until, through a servant, permission has been obtained to enter, but this is scarcely ever refused. The Fazenda Boa-Esperanza, six leagues off, was our object for this day, and after passing a small waterfall we came to the most splendid woods I had yet seen. A narrow path running along by the side of a rivulet led through them. Palm-trees with their majestic crowns rose high above the leafed trees which mingled their foliage below, and formed delightful bowers and arches of verdure; orchidaceous plants grew luxuriantly round their branches, ferns shot up, and parasite plants twined round every trunk and stem, and formed walls of blossoms and flowers of a boundless variety of resplendent colour and exquisite perfume; parrots and other gaily coloured birds, which I had known only stuffed in museums, rocked themselves on the

branches, and with the ever lovely humming birds animated these enchanted groves. I seemed to be wandering in fairy land, and almost expected every moment to see some wood-nymph or sylph appear before me. I was too happy, and felt that every fatigue and hardship of my journey was most richly repaid. One thought alone disturbed my enjoyment; it was that feeble man should venture to enter into a contest with this gigantic nature, and bend her to his will. How soon may the deep, holy tranquillity of these grand solitudes be broken by the axe of the settler, in order to give room for the cultivation of the common necessaries of life!

"At St. Retta, about four leagues from Canto Gallo, there are some gold washings in the river of the same name, and where diamonds are also found. Since diamond seeking, or digging, is no longer an imperial monopoly, every one is free to follow this occupation; but it is, nevertheless, carried on with all the secrecy possible, in order to defraud the State of its share of the profits."

After crossing the rivers Parahyba and Pomba in a canoe formed of the hollowed-out trunk of a tree, Madame Pfeiffer reached the last settlement of the whites, where she stopped to rest for the night before her visit to the Puri Indians.

"On an open space that seemed to have been with difficulty won from the forest, stood a large wooden house surrounded by some wretched huts, the abodes of the slaves; but the whole style of housekeeping in this establishment was such as to make me think myself already among the savages. The house contained a large hall, from which opened four rooms, each inhabited by a white family. Their whole furniture consisted of some straw mats, and the inhabitants were crouching upon the ground like Indians, and helping to free each other from the vermin. The kitchen was like a great dilapidated barn, and had a hearth running along its whole length, on which were burning various fires; over these hung little kettles, and at the sides were wooden spits with pieces of meat, which were cooked partly by the smoke and partly by fire. The kitchen was full of people; there were whites, Puris, and Negroes, children of Whites and Puris,—and of Puris and Negroes, in short, a true pattern-card of all the shades of variety in the three races. The yard swarmed with fowls, beautifully coloured ducks and geese, enormously fat pigs, and terribly ugly dogs. Beneath some cocoa palms, and tamarind-trees, laden with magnificent fruit, sat white and coloured people, singly or in groups, mostly engaged in appeasing their hunger. Some had broken pots, or gourds, containing boiled beans and Indian corn flour mixed together, and were eating with great appetite the thick uninviting-looking mess. Others were devouring pieces of meat which they tore asunder with their hands, and tossed into their mouths alternately with handfuls of flour. The children also held gourds containing their dinner, which they had to defend valiantly against many marauders; for now a fowl would come and peck something out, now a dog

make a snatch at a bit, or sometimes a little pig would come waddling up, and his joyful grunt as he hurried away would show that he had not come in vain.

"Whilst I was making my observations there arose outside the court a joyful cry: I advanced towards it, and soon saw two lads dragging along between them, by a rope, a great black snake, certainly above seven feet long. From what I could gather of the remarks made on it, its bite is highly dangerous, indeed mortal; but this one was dead. This account gave me a little uneasiness, at least I did not quite like to pass through the forest in the dark, and take up my abode for the night under a tree; I resolved, therefore, to put off my visit to the savages till the following morning, and remain for the night with my present entertainers.

"The women gathered round me, and I showed them the collection of flowers and insects that I had made during the day; this probably procured me some reputation for learning and medical knowledge, for they immediately asked my advice upon several cases of cutaneous eruptions and so forth, and I prescribed warm baths and embrocations of soap and oil, which I devoutly hope were found of service. On the following morning I set off into the woods in search of the Puri Indians, and after working our toilsome way through the thicket for eight hours, we met some Puris who led us to their huts.

"In a little space beneath some large trees, were five huts or rather arbours, for they were open on three sides, and consisted only of four stakes driven into the ground, with others placed horizontally, and a roof made of a few broad palm leaves, between which the rain could enter quite freely. In the interior there were a few mats and a little glimmering fire, in which some roots, cobs of Indian corn, and bananas, were roasting. In a corner under the roof, a little store of these things was laid up, and some gourds lay about, which the Puris use instead of dishes, pots, &c. The long bow and arrows which forms their only weapon, leant against the stakes in the back-ground. I found these Indians still uglier than Negroes. Their skin is of a light bronze colour, they have broad wizened faces, lank coal-black hair, low broad foreheads, a crushed-looking nose, little narrow eyes, almost like those of the Chinese, large mouths, with thick lips, and a peculiar expression of stupidity which is increased by their mouth being always open. Their costume consists only of a few rags worn round the loins.

"The number of these Indians still remaining in Brazil is said to be about 500,000; but they are scattered about over a vast extent of forest in the interior, and more than six or seven families are never found on the same spot. This they leave again as soon as they have killed all the game, and consumed the fruits and roots in the neighbourhood. Many of these Indians have received baptism, and, indeed, for a small consideration of brandy and tobacco are ready to receive it as often as may be desired. Their

language is extremely poor; they have, for instance, only one word for to-day, to-morrow, and yesterday, and are compelled to make out the meaning by signs, pointing for the future forwards, for the past day backwards, and for the present right upward over their heads.

"They are unable to count more than two, and when they wish to express a greater number, are obliged to repeat one, two, one two continually. They are said to have an astonishing acuteness of smell, and are employed to track runaway Negroes. They will also labour hard at heavy work like wood-cutting; but can seldom be induced to come to it unless when they are in a half-starved condition."

Madame Pfeiffer accompanied the Puris on a parrot and monkey hunt, and moreover afterwards partook of the dainties thus provided. In case our readers should be inclined to try these dishes, we may inform them on her authority that roasted monkey is excellent; but she cannot say so much for parrot. After the banquet, also, she was entertained with the fashionable dances; but the war-dance was accompanied by such hideous yells and threatening gestures, that even her courage gave way, and she started up in sudden terror, with the idea that she was surrounded and wholly in the power of savage enemies. Even after she had retired to her singular place of repose, she remained apparently under an impression of fear very unusual with her. She was tormented by the thought of the many wild beasts, and terrible serpents, which might possibly be harbouring within a short distance of the open and entirely defenceless spot where she lay, and whenever she heard a rustling in the leaves, dreaded that some such unwelcome visitor would make his appearance; but this mood, so little accustomed with her, soon passed away. She calmly considered that if there were really much danger of attack of this kind, it was not likely the Puris themselves would occupy such entirely defenceless habitations, and then accommodating herself with a log of wood for a pillow, she lay down again and slept quietly till morning.

We shall see hereafter that she exhibited no less intrepidity against danger of a different kind.

The next stations on her tour were Valparaiso and Tahiti, where she again undertook a pedestrian excursion, in the very commencement of which she had to wade through thirty-two brooks, being not very gracefully, but very suitably accoutred for the undertaking in strong men's shoes, no stockings, trowsers and a blouse tucked up to the hips!! We are inclined to think it would be easier to find women capable of emulating her other achievements than willing to present themselves in such a costume as this. The dangers and difficulties of the journey increased as the traveller advanced. A broad mountain stream, which rushed along over a stony bed, had to be crossed *sixty-two* times. "At dangerous places," she says, "the Indian took hold of my hand, and drew me half swimming after him. The water reached frequently to my hips, and any attempt to

dry myself again was out of the question. The footpath also became more and more toilsome and dangerous. We had to climb over rocks and stones, which were so covered with the great leaves of the oputu, that you never knew where to set your foot with safety. I tore many considerable wounds in my hands and feet, and fell down many times, in attempting to cling to the treacherous stem of a pisang, which broke under my grasp. In two places the ravine narrowed so much that there was no path but the bed of the torrent. It was really a breakneck expedition, and one which is seldom undertaken even by the officers; by women probably never."

After eight hours of this kind of travelling, Madame Pfeiffer reached the principal object of the excursion, a volcanic lake, lying at a height of 1,800 feet above the level of the sea. It is surrounded by green hills so closely, that not even space for a foot-path is left along the margin, and whoever wishes to cross it must make use of a conveyance, which even Madame Pfeiffer describes as enough to make you shudder.

"The curiosity of such a mode of transit induced me, however, to tell my guide that I should like to try it. Immediately he pulled a few stalks of the pisang, fastened them together with a tough kind of grass, laid some leaves upon it, pushed it into the water, and invited me to take a seat on this fragment of a boat. I felt a little afraid, but was ashamed to say so, and I therefore placed myself upon it, my guide following me, swimming and pushing the frail vessel before him. I reached the opposite side, and returned in safety, but I cannot say that I was quite comfortable. The thing was so small that there was nothing to lay hold of, and it really went more under than over the water, so that I thought every moment I should have fallen in. I would not advise any one who cannot swim to attempt a similar voyage."

From the circumstances that fell under Madame Pfeiffer's observation, we derive no very favourable idea of the influence which French civilization is likely to produce on the manners of the Tahitians. The solemn responsibility which falls on the more advanced people in their relation with one still in its infancy, is, we fear, likely to be less felt by the present *protectors* of Tahiti, than by our own countrymen; and it is a duty that has at all times been too lightly regarded by Europeans in their intercourse with uncultivated races.

From Tahiti Madame Pfeiffer sailed direct for Macao, intending to penetrate, if possible, at whatever personal risk, into the jealous seclusion of the Celestial Empire, and her courage and perseverance did not, as we shall see, go unrewarded. Let us accompany her on her first visit.

"A year ago I had little thought I should ever be among the small number of Europeans to whom the shaven heads, long tails, and little ugly cunning eyes of the Chinese, would ever be known otherwise than in pictures. We had scarcely cast anchor, however, at Macao, before several of them made their appearance, climbing up the sides of the vessel, whilst others,

in boats, displayed a store of fruit, pastry, and pretty works of various kinds all round our vessel, so that in a few minutes it had the appearance of a fair. Some of them lauded their wares in broken English, but on the whole they did very little business, as our crew only bought some cigars and fruit. Captain Jurianse then got out a boat, and we landed, but not till we had each paid a Spanish dollar to the Mandarin. This, it seems, was an abuse, and I am told it was soon after done away with. We went to one of the Portuguese commercial houses, and on our way thither passed through a great part of the town, for European women as well as men can here go about freely, without being exposed, as they would be in other Chinese towns, to the danger of stoning. In the streets inhabited exclusively by the Chinese, things looked extremely lively. The men sat in groups in the street, playing at dominos; and in the numerous shops of carpenters, shoemakers, locksmiths, &c., all were busy working, gossiping, gambling, and eating. Of women I saw few, and those only of the lowest class. I was much amused by the way in which the people made use of two little sticks instead of knife and fork, and the skill and dexterity displayed in carrying food to their mouths with these machines; with rice they appeared, however, to have some difficulty, and usually put the vessel containing it close to their lips, holding their mouths wide open in readiness, and then pushing in a large portion, of which a good deal usually fell back in a rather unpleasant manner into the dish. For fluids they make use of little china spoons."

At Macao, and at Hong-Kong, which she afterwards visited, Madame Pfeiffer remained only a short time, and then resolved to visit Canton, and moreover, for economy sake, to make the passage in a Chinese junk. A place in the steamer or a private boat would have cost twelve dollars, whilst the fare in the junk was only three; and as Madame Pfeiffer, as we have seen, is seldom very anxious on the score of personal comfort, this consideration immediately determined her to incur whatever risk there might be. Notwithstanding certain warnings she had received, she felt no fear of any ill treatment from the Chinese, but *put her pistols in order*, and went quietly on board. The company she soon perceived was not very select, but they behaved with decorum.

"Some were playing at dominos, whilst others drew doleful music from an instrument with three strings. At the same time there was smoking, gossiping, and drinking tea without sugar out of very little cups; and from all sides this divine beverage was freely offered to me. No Chinese of any rank drinks either water, or any spirituous liquor, but always weak unsugared tea. Late in the evening I retired to my own cabin, where, as the deck was not quite close, the rain came through upon me; but as soon as the captain perceived it, he assigned me another place, in which I found myself in the company of two Chinese women. They were engaged in smoking tobacco out of little pipes no larger than thimbles, and which require to be filled again every four or five whiffs.

They were very civil, and as soon as they saw I had no head-stool, (a little stool hollowed at the top, about eight inches high, made of bamboo, or sometimes of strong pasteboard, and used instead of a pillow,) they got me one, and did not desist from their polite entreaties till I had consented to use it. One can lie on it better than might be supposed.

"In the early morning, I hastened upon deck to see the entrance from the sea to the mouth of the Si-Kiang, but we were already so high up that there was no more mouth to be seen. I got a view of it, however, on my return. A little before reaching it, the river widens to a breadth of eight leagues, but at the actual mouth, it is so shut in by rocks and mountains as to lose half its breadth. At Hoo-mun, or Whampou, the river divides into two arms, of which one leads to Canton, and is called the Pearl River. Along its banks stretch immense rice plantations, enclosed by rows of bananas and other fruit-trees, which form pretty avenues, but which are, nevertheless, planted for utility more than for beauty. The rice requires such an excessively wet soil, that the trees are required to give it some solidity, that it may not be entirely washed away.

"There were many pretty country houses in the true Chinese style, with their curious peaked roofs and coloured tiles, lying under the shade of large trees; and variously built pagodas, of from three to nine stories high, raised on little hills in the neighbourhood of the villages, attracting the eye from a great distance. There were also fortifications for the protection of the river, having much the appearance of large unroofed houses.

"Several miles before Canton, the villages begin to follow one another very closely, but they are all miserable in appearance, and for the most part consist of huts built on stakes driven into the bed of the river. Great numbers of boats, which are also inhabited, lie before them. The nearer one comes to the city, the livelier becomes the appearance of the river, and the greater is the number of inhabited boats, and vessels of all sorts of strange forms which make their appearance. There are junks, the back part of which rises two stories above the water, and resembles a house with high windows and balconies. These junks are often of amazing size, and several thousand tons burthen. Then there are the Mandarins' boats, with their painted walls, doors, and windows—their carved galleries, and coloured silk flags—and before all, the flower-boats, with their upper galleries adorned with wreaths and arabesques, the interior of which contains a saloon and several smaller apartments, decorated with looking-glasses, silken hangings, glass chandeliers, and coloured paper lanterns, interspersed with pretty baskets filled with fresh flowers, so that the whole has really quite a fairy-land aspect. These boats remain at anchor day and night, and serve the Chinese for a lounge and a place of recreation. Plays are acted in them, and dancing and conjuring tricks performed. Europeans are not positively refused admittance, but in the present unfavourable disposi-

tion towards them, they would, in going there, certainly expose themselves to insult, and possibly to serious ill treatment.

"In addition to this strange craft, imagine thousands of little boats (Shampans) cruising and moving about in all directions—fishermen casting their nets—children and grown people amusing themselves with swimming and bathing—boys playing and wrestling in diminutive boats, so that it seems impossible but that they must fall over. Careful parents, however, tie bladders or hollow gourds under the arms of the little ones, so that if they do tumble in, they may not sink.

"For some years past the entrance into Canton, and even a residence in the factories, has been permitted to European women, so that I had no hesitation about landing; but how to get to the house of Mr. Agassiz, to which I was recommended, required consideration. As I could not speak a word of Chinese, I made my captain understand by signs that I had no money with me, but that I would pay him when I got to the factory.

"Greatly surprised was Mr. Agassiz, when he saw me arrive in company with the captain, and learned that I had come from the ship on foot, quite uninjured and without difficulty; and now first I learnt how extremely perilous it was for me as a woman to have ventured, with only a Chinese companion, through the streets of Canton. It was, I was told, an unheard-of case, and that I might think myself most fortunate not to have been grossly insulted, or even stoned. In such a case, my companion would assuredly have taken to flight, and left me to my fate. I had certainly remarked, on the way to the factory, that old and young called after me, and pointed with their fingers; that the people ran out of the shops, and that, by degrees, I found I had a long train following me. What could I do, however, but put as good a face on the matter as possible, and show no fear? Perhaps it was for that very reason that no harm happened to me. It is true, however, that since the last war the minds of the Chinese have been more than ever embittered against Europeans, and especially against women, as there exists, it seems, a Chinese prophecy, that the Celestial Empire shall one day be conquered by a woman."

Having seen our heroine safely harboured in the factory, we must for the present take our leave of her, reserving her experience in China, and a glimpse of still more adventurous journeyings in Hindostan, and across the Arabian desert, till next month. The prophecy concerning the conquest of China by a woman we strongly recommend to the attention of the professors of the art, now fortunately so numerous. During the present high spring-tide of loyalty, we are convinced that something might be made of it. Could it not be shown that the woman in question was no other than our Sovereign lady, Queen Victoria?

LEWIS ARUNDEL;¹

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEIGH."

CHAPTER LXII.

FAUST PAYS A MORNING VISIT.

FRERE, on the principle of striking whilst the iron is hot, had no sooner obtained Lewis's promise to place in his hands the arrangement of the quarrel between Lord Bellefield and himself, than he induced his friend to write a carefully worded apology for having in the heat of passion assaulted his lordship on the previous evening. Lewis took the pen, and, without a murmur, wrote as Frere dictated, his compressed lips and knitted brow alone telling of the martyrdom his proud spirit was undergoing; but his strength of will was as powerful for good as for evil; he had resolved on the sacrifice, and, cost what it might, he *would* make it.

"And now, what is your intention?" he inquired, as Frere, having signified his approbation of its contents, folded the note and deposited it safely in his pocket-book; "suppose Bellefield should refuse to accept this apology?"

"Never fear," was the confident reply, "he *must* accept it; and, to tell you the truth, although he may bluster and give himself airs when he perceives you are not forthcoming, I expect he will only be too glad to be quit of such an awkward customer. I don't wish to be personal, but depend upon it, you are by no means pleasant as an enemy; there is 'a lurking devil in your eye,' as Byron says, (and he ought to know about devils, for, adopting the fallen angel hypothesis, he was very like one himself,) that would try a man's nerve rather when he found himself standing opposite your loaded pistol at eighteen paces."

Lewis smiled faintly.

"The devil has been pretty well taken out of me this time," he said; "henceforth I shall be essentially a man of peace."

He paused, pressed his hand to his brow, and a slight shiver passed through his frame. Frere regarded him anxiously.

"What are you shivering about?" he inquired. "You don't feel ill, do you?"

"No; it is nothing," was the reply. "I have, as you may easily imagine, gone through a good deal, both mentally and bodily of late, and I am a little overworn; but a couple of hours' sleep will set me right again."

"Then the sooner you take it, the better," rejoined Frere. "Never mind me; I shall esconce myself in this arm chair till the man of war, your second, makes his appearance, and sleep or read as the fates may incline. What time do you expect your accomplice?"

"He will be here at half-past four," was the reply.

"And it is now just two; so turn in, and pleasant dreams to you."

Thus saying, Frere flung himself back in the chair, and drawing a volume of Dante out of his pocket, set to work to polish up his Italian, as he termed it. Lewis rose to follow his friend's advice; but a mist seemed to swim before his eyes, his brain reeled, his trembling knees refused to support him, and, staggering forward, he sank heavily to the ground in a fainting fit. Frere, much alarmed, raised him in his arms, and, carrying him with some difficulty into the inner room, laid him on his bed, and began, with more energy than skill, to apply every conceivable or inconceivable remedy to recover him, but with only partial success; for although after the lapse of a few moments colour returned to his lips and pulsation to his heart, he neither spoke nor appeared to recognise his friend's voice, and after a few inarticulate murmurs sank into a dull heavy sleep. Frere covered him with the bed-clothes as well as he was able, then, drawing a chair to the bed side, seated himself there-upon to watch his slumbers. Half-past four arrived, and with it Major Ehrenburg, the Austrian officer who had promised to act as Lewis's second. Before he came a new idea had entered Frere's head—it might not be necessary to make use of the apology at all, Lewis's sudden illness would be a sufficient reason for his not meeting his adversary.

"The amusement you have promised yourself in seeing my friend shoot or be shot, you will be disappointed of, *Mein lieber Herr*," he said, with a quiet smile, as the Austrian stared at him in surprise and twisted his moustaches fiercely. "Lord Bellefield in his angry moods is no doubt a very terrible fellow, but Lewis is about to wrestle with a more deadly foe yet, or I am much mistaken."

"Excuse me, sir, I have no time for badinage," returned the other, bowing with haughty politeness, "*nothing* can prevent this duel. I must speak with the Signor Luigi himself immediately. Permit me to pass."

"Oh! certainly," replied Frere, holding open the door of the bedroom; "but, in regard to nothing being able to prevent the duel, 'there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' You will find my words to be true. See, his adversary has laid him on his back already."

The young soldier advanced to the bedside; Lewis still slept, but his slumbers were disturbed and feverish. As the other bent over him he turned uneasily and murmured some inarticulate sounds. Laying his hand on his shoulder, Ehrenburg attempted to rouse him.

"Luigi," he said, "it is late; they will be on the ground before us."

The only reply was again an inarticulate murmur; but on his repeating his summons, Lewis sat up and stared about him with a look of dull unconsciousness, then a wild light came into his eyes, and, glaring furiously at the Austrian, he exclaimed in a hoarse voice—

"Villain, it is false! she loves you not—she never loved you!"

(1) Continued from vol. xlii. p. 379.

"Do you not know me, Luigi?" inquired Ehrenburg in a more soothing tone of voice.

"Know you, scoundrel, yes! On earth, or in the lowest hell, I should know and hate you." He paused, glanced wildly round the room, then exclaimed in a voice scarcely audible through passion, "What! here in my own house do you come to triumph over and to insult me? This is too much." And, with a scream of fury he made a spring at the other's throat, which he would have succeeded in grasping, probably to his severe injury, had not Frere, who had watched him closely during the foregoing scene, thrown himself upon him, and with the assistance of the young soldier, who at length began to perceive the true state of the case, contrived to hold him down, till, exhausted by the violence of his struggles, he ceased to resist any longer.

"He must have exposed himself to malaria, and the fever has attacked the brain—is it not so?" inquired Ehrenburg as soon as he had recovered breath enough to speak.

"So I fear," was the reply. "Malaria, or macaroni, or some horrid foreign thing or other, has brought on a violent fever, and, as you see, he is now about as mad as a March hare, (though perhaps a belief in that popular zoological delusion may not extend to the Austrian dominions.)"—this last remark was made *sollo voce*—"and now, major, the sooner you're off the better, for Lord Bellefield, unless he is much belied, is not particularly famous for patience. You'll explain to him why Lewis can't do himself the pleasure of shooting him this morning; and you may add, with my compliments—Richard Frere's, at your service—that it's better luck than he deserves. By the way," he continued, "if you could give one a hint how to come by such a thing as a doctor I should esteem it an additional favour."

"I will call at the residence of an English physician as soon as I leave this house," was the reply; "fortunately, one who is reckoned very skilful resides within a few doors."

"That's right," returned Frere, "none of your foreign quacks for me. Doctors are bad enough all the world over, I dare say; but an English one is a degree better than any of your homeopathic, mesmeric, clairvoyant humbugs—*At piacer di revedervi, Signor*; I mean, *Leben sie wohl, mein Herr*. A mustachioed, lazed, and padded young puppy!" he continued, as, with a haughty bow and a puzzled expression of countenance, the young Austrian quitted the apartment; "can't he be content with cutting throats himself without encouraging his neighbours to go and shoot at one another! I hate a fellow who will be second in a duel as I hate a professional hangman. I'd half a mind to let poor Lewis strangle him—a foreigner more or less is no great matter."

The physician's opinion coincided with that of Richard Frere. Overwrought both in mind and body, Lewis had been attacked by a fever of the most virulent nature, and every resource that the science of medicine afforded appeared powerless to subdue it.

Night and day Richard Frere sat by the sick man's bedside, listening with an aching heart to his fevered ravings. Now, for the first time, did he become aware of the depth and strength of that passion which, having destroyed its victim's peace of mind, seemed about to finish its work of devastation by sapping the very springs of life itself. In his delirium the idea appeared to have fixed itself in Lewis's imagination that the duel had taken place, and that Lord Bellefield had perished by his hand, and the agonized expressions which his remorse forced from him were painful to listen to; occasionally he would appear to forget even this, and, imagining himself in the presence of her he loved, would breathe forth expressions of the deepest tenderness, when suddenly the recollection of his supposed guilt would flash across him, and, upbraiding himself in the bitterest terms, he would exclaim that a bar existed between them, and declare himself a murderer accursed before God and man. And so the weary days wore on, and the sufferer grew paler and weaker, while still the fire which was consuming his young life burned fiercely as at first.

The day following the night of Lord Bellefield's death was a remarkable one, for it witnessed the assassination of the unfortunate Marinovitch, whose courage and strong sense of duty forbade him to desert his post, even in order to preserve his life; this act of dastardly revenge heralded the revolt in Venice. The Palazzo Grassini was, as may be supposed, the scene of much alarm and anxiety. General Grant and Leicester had been foiled in their attempt to trace the after proceedings of the party who had kidnapped Lord Bellefield, nor was any light thrown upon his mysterious disappearance until another night and day had elapsed, when, in consequence of a high reward offered by the family to any person who could afford information in regard to the affair, an individual in the garb of a gondolier sought an interview with General Grant. This worthy (who was none other than Jacopo, the bravo whose siletto had so nearly proved fatal to Lewis) having bargained for the promised reward and for a free pardon for his own share in the transaction, confessed that he and certain of his associates had been engaged by an Englishman named Hardy, with whom he had been for some months acquainted, to seize and carry off a gentleman, against whom Hardy, for some reason, appeared to nourish a deep revenge; that this gentleman had been staying at the Palazzo Grassini; and that Hardy having pointed him out to him, he (Jacopo) had watched him the whole evening, and finding he remained abroad so late, had arranged to waylay him as he returned home, and succeeded in his design, though the plan was near being frustrated by the unexpected absence of Hardy, who however joined them at the last moment. He then communicated those details of the enterprise with which the reader is already acquainted, up to the time when he left Hardy and Lord Bellefield alone in the ruined convent, beyond which he either was, or affected to be, ignorant in regard to the affair. The clue thus gained was, however, sufficient. Led by Jacopo to the

room in which the duel had taken place, the General and Leicester soon found their worst fears realized. The body lay covered with a cloak on which was pinned a paper, written by Hardy before the duel, stating his intention of forcing Lord Bellefield to a mortal combat, adding that when that paper was found, either one or both of them would have gone to their long account; at the bottom was scrawled in pencil:—

“I have kept my word; he brought his fate upon his own head—no one had any hand in his death, but myself; he fell in fair fight, having wounded me severely, but, as I think, not mortally.

“(Signed) MILES HARDY.”

All Leicester's early affection for his brother was brought back by his dreadful fate, and he wept over his corpse like a woman. The General shuddered slightly when his eye first perceived the expression of rage and hatred stereotyped on the rigid features of the dead man's face, then his brow contracted and his mouth grew stern, as he turned to issue directions for the murderer's apprehension. Whether being Italians, the police looked upon manslaughter with a favouring eye, or whether the disturbed state of the city facilitated his escape, certain it is that Miles Hardy contrived to evade the search made for him; and after offering large rewards for his apprehension, and using every other means in his power to stimulate the exertions of the police, General Grant was fain to rest satisfied that he had done all which the strictest sense of duty could demand at his hands. Perhaps, as the memory of the scene he had witnessed by poor Jane Hardy's death-bed recurred to him, and he thought of the cruel provocation her brother had received, even the stern old soldier might be glad that he had not been called upon to condemn Miles to an ignominious and cruel death.

The feelings both of Laura and Annie when they became acquainted with this frightful catastrophe, may easily be imagined. From Laura it was impossible to conceal it, for unused as he was to deep emotion of any kind, her husband's grief was for the time so overpowering, that he completely lost all self-control, and it was only by the judicious exercise of her good sense and tenderness, that she was enabled to restore him to anything like composure. Nor had she a much easier task with Annie, for a superstitious but not unnatural dread seized her lest (her earnest desire to avoid a union with Lord Bellefield having been thus fearfully accomplished,) she might be in some degree morally guilty. But Laura, tender, kind, judicious Laura, with her man's head and her woman's heart (a rare alliance, constituting human perfection), argued and soothed, and coaxed and reasoned, until Annie's self-upbraiding horror yielded to her gentle persuadings, as did of old the demon which tormented Saul to the melody of David's harp—and indeed there is on earth no music sweeter than a loving woman's voice.

During all this time poor Walter found himself sadly neglected. After the affair at the Casino, Mr. Spooner, ignorant of Lewis Arundel's illness, and fearful that he would keep his word and inform General Grant of the shameful manner in which he had betrayed his trust, found some plausible excuse for resigning his situation and returning to England, at the General's expense, before any exposure should take place. So he wrote himself a letter, announcing the death of his mother, (at that moment drinking brandy and water in the bar of an hotel in Birmingham whereof she was landlady,) and leaving three orphan sisters (invented for the occasion) solely dependent on him for *everything*, which epistle answered his purpose very nicely. After his departure, Walter was left pretty much to his own devices, and one of his chief amusements was drilling and talking to Faust, for whom all his old fondness had revived since the interview in which he had made up his quarrel with Annie. He was therefore especially annoyed and perplexed by a habit which the dog had lately acquired of absenting himself every day for several hours. Various were the schemes Walter laid to discover what became of the animal, but by some fatality they all failed to effect their object, and the cause of the dog's absence, as well as the mode in which he contrived to effect his egress, still remained a mystery. At length, one evening, as Walter was sitting at a window of the Grassini palace which looked into a small court-yard, or garden, enclosed by a high wall, his attention was attracted by observing something, which in the short glimpse he had of it appeared like an animal's head, pop up above the wall and disappear again. Watching the spot carefully, Walter soon witnessed a repetition of the phenomenon; but this time a rough hairy body and legs followed the head, and after a slight scramble the delinquent Faust himself made his appearance on the top of the wall, which was sufficiently broad to afford him a precarious footing: he then deliberately, but with great caution, walked along the narrow causeway thus afforded, until he reached a spot where the limb of an old tree grew so as nearly to touch the wall; upon this he got, and contrived, by a mode of progression half-slipping half-clambering, to arrive at a point whence he could easily jump to the ground. All these manœuvres Walter carefully noted, and formed his plan accordingly. The boy's curiosity—(we continue to use the term boy, for although in age and appearance poor Walter was now almost a man, in mind he was still far younger than his years, in spite of those occasional flashes of intelligence so often to be observed in cases of partial mental imbecility, which render a just estimate of the individual capacity so difficult to arrive at)—Walter's curiosity, we repeat, was thoroughly aroused by this discovery, and he determined if possible to find out the nature and object of Faust's clandestine expeditions. That he had some definite object Walter never for a moment doubted, for he had so completely made a friend and companion of the dog, that he had learned to look

upon him much more as a reasonable being than as an animal guided only by an enlightened instinct.

For the rest of that day, and from an early hour on the following morning, Walter never lost sight of the dog, though he contrived to effect his purpose without interfering with its liberty of action. At length his patience was rewarded by seeing Faust enter the garden and begin to scramble up the identical tree, by means of which he had effected his descent on the previous day. Seizing his hat, Walter lost no time in following him; the tree was easy to climb, and the same branch which had afforded a passage for Faust, enabled Walter to reach the top of the wall in safety. On the other side the difficulties were still less, for the ruins of some ancient building lay scattered in all directions, and a pile of them actually came within a few feet of the top of the wall, forming a rough but efficient flight of steps. By the time Walter regained *terra firma*, however, Faust had proceeded some distance, and had he chosen to run on might still have preserved his secret inviolate. But when Walter called him, he stopped, and waited till his friend approached, though neither threats nor endearments could prevail upon him to turn back, or to allow Walter to come near enough to lay hold of him. And so the pair proceeded, Faust running on for a short distance, waiting till Walter drew near, and then resuming his course. The route the dog pursued avoided the more frequented ways, and Walter began to think Faust was merely taking a stroll for the benefit of his constitution, when the animal suddenly turned down an archway, and, looking back to see that his friend followed, proceeded along a narrow alley which led into one of the smaller streets, and stopped at the door of a house which projected beyond some of the others. The door stood ajar, and Faust without ceremony pushed it further open and walked in. Walter paused, debating as well as his mental capacity enabled him to do, whether or not he should venture to follow. It was a knotty point to decide. On the one hand his fears urged him to turn back and not risk facing the possible dangers which might lie hidden within this mysterious mansion; curiosity, on the other hand, prompted him to enter and discover at once and for ever the aim and end of Faust's incomprehensible visits. Fear was very nearly gaining the day, when, in thinking over every motive, probable or improbable, which might influence the dog, the bright idea flashed across him, that perhaps Faust had discovered his former master, and the hope of again meeting his "dear Mr. Arundel" outweighing every other consideration, he boldly opened the door, and encountering Faust, who had returned to look for him, followed that sagacious quadruped up a flight of stairs.

Now it so happened, that the particular morning in question was that of the 14th day from the commencement of Lewis's illness, and the physician had pronounced the crisis of the disease to be at hand. He had seen his patient late on the previous evening, and administered to him a powerful narcotic,

from the effect of which he had not recovered when Walter and Faust commenced their ramble. Frere, who had sat up with him all night, had gone out to refresh himself with a short walk, leaving Lewis under the care of Antonelli, his old attendant. This worthy man had in his turn been called down to see a friend, who having heard of the Signor Luigi's illness, had come to prescribe some uncomfortable remedy in the infallibility whereof his faith was as unshakable as his ignorance on all medical subjects was profound. Antonelli, whose grief at his patron's danger had been overpowering, was easily interested in his friend's account of the wonderful specific, and with the garrulity of age, remained discussing its merits for a much longer space of time than he was at all aware of. Thus it came about that Walter, when he had followed Faust up-stairs, and, after a second fit of hesitation, entered an apartment through the partially open door of which the dog had disappeared, found himself in a room, in one corner of which stood a small iron bedstead whereon lay some person, who from his deep regular breathing seemed to be in a sound sleep. Cautiously, and with noiseless footsteps, the boy approached and gazed upon the sleeper, nor for a moment could he recognise, in the pale worn face which met his view, the features of his "dear Mr. Arundel." But this doubt was speedily resolved when Lewis moved uneasily in his sleep and muttered some indistinct words, amongst which Walter caught the name of Annie. Two clear ideas now presented themselves to the boy's mind; his friend was asleep and must not be roused, and from the expression of his features he must be either ill or unhappy. Having arrived at these conclusions, he proceeded to act upon them by seating himself at the bedside, to wait patiently till Lewis should awake, while he devoted all the powers of his intellect to form some theory by which to account for the change in his late tutor's appearance. As he thus sat anxiously watching, Lewis again turned restlessly, murmuring something, the meaning of which Walter could not catch, then speaking more distinctly, he said,

"She leaned upon his arm; she smiled on him; she loves him! I saw it with my own eyes."

He said this so plainly, that Walter, fancying he must be awake, addressed him, and asked if he were ill. Lewis caught the sound of the words, and replied,—

"Ill in mind, Frere, nothing more."

Walter, still believing him to be awake, continued,

"It is I—Walter; do you not know me?"

For a moment, the sleeping man made no reply; then resuming the conversation which he imagined himself holding with Frere, he exclaimed eagerly:

"Love one man, and engage herself to another! I tell you no! Annie Grant never loved me!"

At this moment, Faust, (who had been lying quietly, and as if he were quite at home, on a rug by the bedside,) roused by the sound of his master's voice,

placed his fore-paws on the bed, and finding himself unnoticed, endeavoured to attract attention by licking first the sick man's hand and then his face. The effect of the opiate had by this time in great measure worn off, and roused by Faust's intrusive affection, Lewis awoke with a violent start, and attempting to raise himself to a sitting posture, gazed around him in surprise, and fell back upon his pillow from weakness. After lying for some moments perfectly motionless, he again unclosed his eyes and asked in a low faint voice,—“Am I dreaming still, or did I see Walter?”

“No, you are awake now, dear Mr. Arundel; it is I, Walter; Faust found you out, and brought me to see you.”

As Walter mentioned Faust, Lewis for the first time perceived his old favourite, and stretched out his hand with the intention of patting him, but the effort was beyond his strength, and his arm sank powerless by his side. Faust, however, perceived the attention, and acknowledged it by again licking his hand. Lewis turned his languid eyes from Walter to the dog, and a tear stole down his wasted cheek, then his lips grew compressed and an expression of anguish overspread his countenance. With consciousness had also returned bitter memories. In the meanwhile Walter, delighted at recovering his long-lost friend, grew loquacious in the fulness of his joy, and ran on in his usual disconnected manner.

“So you haven't forgotten Faust then, Mr. Arundel? He has never forgotten you either, poor fellow! all the time you have been away; but I've taken great care of him, you see—he's nice and fat, isn't he? we've been very good friends too, only we used to quarrel sometimes when he would follow Annie, and I did not like it, because—because”—here he paused, having a kind of confused recollection that this was a subject on which he wanted to say something particular. After waiting for a minute or two, his ideas grew in a degree clearer, and he continued:

“You know I took a dislike to poor Annie, because I thought she made you go away. I always thought so until she told me it was not the case, and how fond she was of you.”

When Walter first mentioned Annie's name, Lewis started and made a gesture to induce him to be silent, but the boy did not understand his wishes, and his auditor soon became too much absorbed in the interest of his disclosures to seek again to interrupt him.

“You were talking about Annie just now, you know, before you were quite awake,” resumed Walter, “and you said she did not love you. I remember I thought so too once, and that was the reason why you went away, and so I took a dislike to her, and would not let Faust follow her, only he would; but we were both quite wrong, for Annie is just as fond of you as Faust and I are, and now I'll tell you how I came to find it out.” He then in his rambling way gave a childish but perfectly intelligible account of his conversation with Annie Grant, with

which the reader is already acquainted. Just as he had finished his recital, Richard Frere returned from his walk in time to overhear the last few words of the history, and to discover that Lewis had fainted from intense emotion.

(To be continued.)

THE HISTORY OF PUPPET-SHOWS IN ENGLAND.

(From the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.)

If I intended in these pages merely to write complimentary phrases in honour of puppet-shows, my task would be an easy one and soon accomplished; but I propose rather to trace the faithful and detailed history of this minor species of drama, which occupied a distinguished rank amongst the Greeks and Romans, and which, in modern times, has obtained the precedence amongst many of its prouder rivals. It is at present my intention to relate how my little clients have been received in England and in Germany. It would not have been surprising if an entertainment, which supposes in the artist who performs it and in the assembly who witness it, such prompt susceptibility of imagination, had obtained less success under the rigid sky of London, Amsterdam, and Naples, than in Greece, Italy, France, and Spain.

It has not, however, been so; and I can assert, without fear of being contradicted by the facts which are to follow, that the nations of Germanic origin, who are always regarded as gifted with more serious temperaments than those of southern nations, have received these fantastic representations as readily and as heartily as their more easily amused neighbours. We shall find our little wooden comedians as much loved, cherished, and understood, on the banks of the Thames, the Oder, and the Zuyderzee, as at Naples, Paris, or Seville.

In England especially, the love of this species of drama has been so universally experienced, that it would probably be impossible to find a single poet from the time of Chaucer down to Lord Byron, or a single prose writer from Sir Philip Sydney to Mr. W. Hazlitt, who has not in his works given abundant information on the subject, or at least made frequent allusions to it. The dramatic writers, especially, commencing with those who were the glory of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. have given the most curious particulars concerning the arrangement and directors of Puppet-shows. Shakspeare himself did not disdain to draw from this singular arsenal ingenious and energetic metaphors, which he puts into the mouths of his most tragic personages at the most pathetic moments. I may mention ten or twelve pieces by this poet in which allusions of this description are found: “The Two Gentlemen of Verona;” “The Winter's Tale;” the First Part of “Henry IV;” “The Taming of the Shrew;” “Twelfth Night;” “Love's Labour Lost;” “Midsummer Night's Dream;” “Antony and Cleopatra;” “Hamlet;” “The Tempest;” “Romeo and Juliet;” and “King Lear.” The contempo-

aries and successors of this great poet, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Milton, Davenant, Swift, Addison, Gay, Fielding, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and others, have also borrowed many moral and satirical similes from this popular entertainment. Thanks to this singular attachment of the dramatic writers to their little frequenters of the highways and cross-roads, I have found sufficient information in their works to form a collection of more complete and detailed accounts of English puppet-shows, than I may venture to affirm any better-informed critic has hitherto done. This is one of the most remarkable effects of the difference between literature that is called romantic and that more sober literature designated classic. Assuredly an English or German critic might in vain study with the utmost care the great French dramatic writers, Corneille, Rotrou, Racine, Molière, Regnard, Marivaux himself, and Beaumarchais; he would be unable to gather from these works a collection of observations sufficiently precise and substantial to enable him to write the smallest portion of the civil or literary history of France. I do not mention this as an error of the great French writers; God forbid! it is merely a simple fact which I remark in passing, and which appears to me clearly to mark the difference between these two classes of poetry, one of which enters a sphere of ideal generalization, while the other, devoting its attention more particularly to characteristic singularities, plunges its roots deeply and firmly into individual reality.

L.—MECHANIC STATUARY IN THE CHURCHES—IN MIRACLE PLAYS AND IN PAGEANTS.

In England, as in all other parts, movable sculpture was first employed in the ceremonies of religious worship. The crucifix with springs, belonging to the abbey of Boxley, is not an isolated proof of monastic superstition. Until the time of Henry VIII., the catholic clergy celebrated the solemnities of Christmas, Easter, and the Ascension, "in manner of a show and interlude," in all the churches of Great Britain. On these occasions "certain small puppettes" were employed. The historian from whom I gathered these details, relates that he was present in 1520, at the celebration of Pentecost in St. Paul's Cathedral, where he saw the descent of the Holy Ghost represented by a white pigeon, which was made to issue from a hole in the middle of the roof of the nave.¹ Similar spectacles also took place in the country. At Witney, a large parish in the county of Oxford, the clergy represented the resurrection of our Saviour, by means of statuettes with springs, representing the living Christ, Mary, the guards of the tomb, and the other actors of this sacred drama;² but, at the invasion of protestantism, all the dramatic rites, and even instrumental music, were banished from the Churches. In truth, there have always been, in Christian society, two schools completely

divided as to the share of influence which ought to be exercised by the fine arts in the celebration of rites. All the Protestant sects are like branches issuing from the most austere of these two schools and they have even surpassed it in severity. Anglicans, Lutherans, Presbyterians, have all done their part to abolish the religious ceremonies which catholicism had introduced or tolerated. Although the Anglican Church has retained in its ritual far more of the ancient liturgy than any dissenting communion, it has, nevertheless, under the influence of puritanism, abolished from the churches all the figurative practices which Knox, Cameron, and their disciples, designated papistical mummeries. Dean Swift, in his "Tale of a Tub," calls Lord Peter (such is the sobriquet he applies to the pope) the original author of puppets and raree-shows. The pencil of the celebrated Hogarth has illustrated this text in an engraving entitled, "Enthusiasm delineated," in which is seen a Jesuit in a pulpit, under whose half-opened cassock we perceive the end of a harlequin's dress. With each hand the enthusiastic preacher moves a puppet; with the right, God the Father, after Raphael; with the left, Satan, after Rubens. On the railings round the pulpit are six other puppets, namely Adam and Eve, St. Peter and St. Paul, and Moses and Aaron.³ Urged by the fury of the new iconoclasts, the clergy not only banished from their churches the ancient monuments of movable statuary, but also destroyed them. Stow informs us of the fate of the crucifix of Boxley, which, he said, was called "the crucifix of graces," and whose eyes and mouth moved "with divers vices." On Sunday, the 24th February, 1538, it was shown to the people by the preacher, who was the Bishop of Rochester, then carried to Powle's Cross and destroyed before the multitude.⁴

However, the religious drama, although excluded from the churches, was nevertheless long maintained amongst many societies which had been founded by Catholics, and continued by Anglicans. In the mysteries and miracle plays performed at Chester, Coventry, Oxford, Towneley, &c., the movable statuary introduced several giants mentioned in Scripture, and in legends, such as Samson, Goliath, and St. Christopher, as well as some monstrous animals, such as Jonah's whale, St. George's dragon, &c., colossal pieces of wicker-work, which were moved with much adroitness by men placed in the interior.

Other large puppets had also, and have preserved for a long period their share in the municipal and popular pageants, such as the annual procession at the election of the lord mayor, and May-games. In the first of these pageants were seen, among other amusing masquerades, figures of fabulous giants armed cap-à-pié. In London, Gogmagog and Cori-

(1) Lambarde: "Perambulation of Kent."

(2) *Ibid.* "An Alphabetical description of the chief places in England," p. 459.

(3) See, among the prints at the Library of the British Museum, "Hogarth Illustrated," by John Ireland, vol. iii. p. 233, and the two volumes of the works of Hogarth, large, in folio. The plate of which I speak is an alteration of that which is entitled "A Medley."

(4) "Annals or General Chronicle of England," p. 875.

næus, now immovable on their pedestals in Guildhall, were introduced in the procession.¹ In the May-games, the procession was composed, according to the importance of the place, of a greater or smaller number of groups, who had each their separate chiefs, dances and songs.² Generally there was a Jack or a Jeannot frolicking and jesting in front of the cortège, or a fool in official costume, that is, with a fool's cap and bells. Then came the principal actors of the national ballads, Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, all represented (including the beautiful Marian and her companions) by young boys dressed according to the characters they performed. This procession, in order to leave nothing to be desired, brought up the rear with several groups particularly in favour with the people, such as Morris-dancers and hobby-horses,—horses formed of wicker-work, with heads of pasteboard, which were made to move and walk by men concealed under the folds of the long trappings.³ This last part of the May-games was the constant object of violent reprobation on the part of the precisians, or most rigid Protestants. Thus, in spite of the affection of the people, hobby-horses were suppressed, towards the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, as one of the damnable remains of paganism. The regret of the populacc was testified by a satirical ballad, of which the chorus, having become proverbial, furnished Shakspeare with one of the most cutting remarks in the sarcastic dialogue between Hamlet and Ophelia during the representation of the murder of the king, his father:

"*Ham.* What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

"*Oph.* Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

"*Ham.* So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a-year: but, by'r lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot."⁴

In Ben Jonson's comedy of "Bartholomew Fair," performed in 1614, we find the word hobby-horse employed in its simple and primitive acceptation,—namely, as a child's plaything: "What do you lack, what do you buy, mistress?" says an itinerant merchant, "a fine hobby-horse to make your son a tilter? a drum to make him a soldier? a fiddle to make him a reveller?"⁵

(1) Ned Ward, in his work entitled "London's Spy," calls one of these giants Gog, and the other Magog. See the history of these two colossal statues in W. Hone's "Ancient Mysteries," pp. 241 and 262-276.

(2) See Nathan Drake, "Shakspeare and his Times," vol. i. p. 168.

(3) Hobby-horses were mentioned in the programmes of various other entertainments, especially at Christmas festivals. See John Crook's comedy entitled "Greene's Tu quoque," in "A Select Collection of Old Plays," edition of 1825-1827, vol. vii. p. 79, note 37.

(4) "Hamlet," Act iii. Sc. 2., and Stevens' note. Shakspeare alludes again to this lament in "Love's Labour Lost," Act iii. Sc. 1.

(5) "Bartholomew Fair," Act iii.; Works, vol. iv., pp. 436 and 463. Gifford's edition.

A zealous puritan, however, who passes at the time, begins abusing the merchant, and styles his hobby-horse "an idol, a very idol, a fierce and rank idol."

After numerous re-establishments and abolitions, the cavalcade of hobby-horses was again in great favour during the reign of Charles I. In a tragic-comedy of William Sampson, the "Vow-breaker," we find a very amusing picture of the laborious exercises of a citizen who, under the long trappings of his osier palfrey was to turn, trot, gallop, and kick naturally. The author has described in a very original manner the despair of an unfortunate man, destined for this part, who is about to be supplanted in his occupation after having undergone the fatiguing apprenticeship of a horse's paces, and when he is able at length to flatter himself that he can very creditably prance, rear, amble, neigh, shake the plumes and ribands of his mane in time, and sound his bells at the precise moment.⁶ The preoccupation of mind naturally caused by so arduous a task gave rise to the expression, which has ever since been retained: "It is his hobby-horse."⁷ At the commencement of the present century, the name of hobby-horse was given to a plaything consisting of a plank supported between two small wheels, and furnished with a spring, by means of which it could easily be set in motion and directed. A singular passion for this child's game took possession of the inhabitants of Great Britain of every age and rank, thirty years ago. In 1819 and 1820, these little machines studded the avenues of all the parks in England. Caricature, as may easily be credited, obtained abundant occupation through this hobby-mania. Princes and ministers, whigs and tories, were all represented bestriding their hobbies. Mr. Thomas Wright published as a specimen of the picturesque jokes with which this caprice was welcomed, a caricature representing the "military episcopal duke of York" urging his fiery hobby on the Windsor road, in the pursuit of the reduction of the civil list, from which however he deducted a considerable share.⁸

II.—VARIOUS NAMES GIVEN TO PUPPET-SHOWS.

The generic term puppet, derived either from the French "*poupée*" or the Latin "*pupa*," is found for the first time about the year 1360, under the ancient form of "popet," in the works of Chaucer, where he employs it, according to some critics, in the sense of

(6) In his declaration of May 24th, 1618, King James included hobby-horses amongst the lawful games after prayers on Sundays and holy-days. See "Book of sports and lawful recreations after evening prayers and upon holy-days," mentioned by Burton, "Anatomy of Melancholy," p. 273, Oxford edit. 1638. However, the royal will could not prevail against fanaticism. In Ben Jonson's "Gipsies metamorphosed," which was performed before the king three years later, complaints are still made of the absence of the morris-dancers and hobby-horses.

(7) "The Vow-breaker, or the Fair Maid of Clifton," 1632. This passage cited, has been furnished by Nathan Drake, "Shakspeare and his Times," p. 170, note.

(8) I have found this expression in a letter of John Dennis, which appears to belong to the year 1695. (The select works of John Dennis, vol. ii. p. 510); but was it in use at the time of Shakspeare? I submit this doubt to Mr. Benjamin Laroche, à propos of the manner in which he has rendered the passage of "Hamlet" above quoted, and the note he has added thereto.

(9) See "England under the House of Hanover, illustrated from caricatures and satires of the day," 1848, vol. ii. p. 460.

a movable doll. In the prologue to one of the "Canterbury Tales," ("the rime of Sir Thopas,") Chaucer supposes that the master of the hotel in which the narrators are assembled thus speaks :—

"This were a popet in arms to embrace
For any woman small and fair of face."¹

This word, taken in a general sense, is so frequently used even by the most serious writers in the reign of Elizabeth, that I will only quote one example taken from Shakspeare.

In the "Taming of the Shrew," a gentleman of a very positive character begs one of his friends to procure him a wealthy wife, "as," says he, "wealth is burden of my wooing dance." Grumio, his valet, in order to leave no doubt concerning his master's opinion adds :

"Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is. Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses; why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal."

In the "Tempest," the magician Prospero, invoking the spirits of the air, his nimble and invisible servants, calls them demi-puppets.

"You demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites."²

This name of demi-puppets is in truth very applicable to the little subjects of Prospero, who act more by his direction than by their own impulses.

Another name formerly given to puppets is that of "maumet" or "mammet," which, like the ancient French word "marmouset," originally signified idol.³ It was applied with extension to the figures of saints which were placed in the interior and in the environs of churches, and at length to the movable dolls by means of which scenes from the Bible and from martyrology were represented at fairs. This expression is met with in Romeo and Juliet. The old Capulet, enraged by the obstinacy of his daughter in refusing the hand of Paris, exclaims :—

"God's bread! it makes me mad :
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd : and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—'I'll not wed,'—'I cannot love,'
'I am too young,'—'I pray you, pardon me.'"⁴

(1) Geoffrey Chaucer, "Canterbury Tales," verses 1328—1400; Poetical Works, p. 104. Tyrwhitt's edit. 1843. This poet, according to some commentators, has employed the diminutive popetot in the same sense. See "The Millere's Tale," *ibidem*. pp. 25 and 183.

(2) "Tempest," Act v. Sc. 1.

(3) Chaucer, "Canterbury Tales," Poetical Works, p. 163. vol. 2, p. 31.

(4) "Romeo and Juliet," Act iii. Sc. 5. The word "mammet" is employed with the same meaning, in the "First Part of Henry IV" Act ii. Sc. 2.

During the latter part of the sixteenth and the whole of the seventeenth century, the word "motion" was employed, which originally signified "movement," and was, by extension, applied to a doll, either an automaton, or one moved by wires, and at length to a puppet-show. We find a remarkable instance of the first sense (that of an automaton) in a comedy of Beaumont and Fletcher, entitled the "Pilgrim." A young lord, feigning to be dumb, introduces himself in the midst of a troop of beggars, to the house of his mistress' father. The latter, irritated at being unable to obtain a word from the young man, exclaims angrily :

"What country craver are you? Nothing but motion,
A puppet-pilgrim."⁵

The second sense, that of a small figure moved by wires, was much in use at the end of the sixteenth century. Examples of it were abundant. Let it suffice to quote a line from "The Two gentlemen of Verona," in which the word "motion," is employed as synonymous with "puppet."

"O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet!"⁶

Ben Jonson has employed the word motion twice in the same line, at first, in the sense of a mechanic doll, then in that of a puppet-show.⁷ He again plays on the latter sense and on the original, (that of movement,) in one of his best pieces: "Every man out of his humour." Before the curtain is raised, he presents to us Asper, the supposed author of the comedy about to be performed, who is placing in ambush near the stage two of his confidants whom he enjoins to examine the work thoroughly, and above all, to notice the effect it produces on the audience :

"Note me; if in all this front
You can espy a gallant of this mark,
Who to be thought one of the judicious,
Sits with his arms thus wreath'd, his hat pull'd here,
Cries mew, and nods, then shakes his empty head,
Will show more several motions in his face
Than the new London, Rome, or Ninveh."

Again, in "the Silent Woman," the same writer applies, still more curiously, this word "motion" to two quite contrary ideas, that of silence and agitation. The chief actor in this comedy is a Mr. Morose, who, we are told in the list of personages, is a gentleman who dislikes noise. He thinks he has acted admirably in marrying a woman whom he believes to be dumb, but who proves neither a woman nor dumb. Epicene,⁸ as his learned name indicates, is a young man in female dress. Great is the astonishment of Mr. Morose at the first words he hears from the mouth of the supposed dumb one. "You can speak then?"—"Ay, sir," replies she; "why, did you think you had married a statue or a motion only? one of the French puppets, with the eyes turned with a wire? or some innocent

(5) "The Pilgrim," Act i. Sc. 2, and "Rule a Wife, and Have a Wife," Act i. Sc. 2.

(6) "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act ii. Sc. 1.

(7) "Cynthia's Revels," Act i. Works, vol. ii. p. 252. Gifford's edition.

(8) "Epicene, or the Silent Woman," Act iii. Sc. 2; Works of, Ben Jonson, vol. iii. p. 406.

out the hospital, that would stand with her hands shut, and a plaise mouth, and look upon you?"

And, in truth, the "Silent Woman" speaks so well and so loudly, and creates such a disturbance in the house, that at the fifth act, the unfortunate lover of silence, deafened and distracted, exclaims despairingly: "You do not know in what a misery I have been exercised this day—what a torrent of evil! my very head turns round with the tumult! I dwell in a wind-mill: the perpetual motion is here, and not at Eltham."

The author thus opposes the words "perpetual motion" taken in the proper and ordinary sense, to the "motions" taken from sacred history, which were then so popular at Eltham, that they were performed from morning till night.¹

To these various names applied to puppet-shows, we must add one other, that of "drollery." In the third act of the "Tempest," the old King of Naples being shipwrecked on the shore of an enchanted island, where he is welcomed by a concert performed by invisible musicians, a multitude of little spirits speedily serve him with a magnificent repast, and then perform a silent dance round the table. The king in surprise asks who these little beings are? Sebastian, one who was shipwrecked with the king, replies:

"A living drollery: Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia,
There is one tree, the phoenix throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there."²

Thus, according to Steevens, the word "drollery" signified, in the time of Shakspeare, a farce performed by wooden machines, since the single addition of the word "living" suffices to render these little creatures a phenomenon not less wonderful than the unicorn or the phoenix. In our time and since the middle of the last century, the terms "drollery" or "droll" have only been applied to the farces performed by a juggler in the open air in front of itinerary theatres.

Thus we find four words applied to various kinds of puppet-shows, "puppet," "mammet," "motion," and "drollery."

III.—PUPPET-SHOWS FROM THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE REGULAR THEATRE. (1562.)

Puppet-shows, as well in England, as in every other part of the world where they were known, were but the reproduction in miniature and at little expense of the mysteries and miracle plays which the members of various societies performed with great pomp on holy-days. The advantage which motion-men possessed over the performers of mysteries was the power of carrying their miniature theatres from town to town, and exhibiting at every season in the

year and several times a-day, their instructive wonders. Besides the scenes taken from mysteries, they again introduced the personages and episodes most admired by the populace in the May-games and pageants, especially the heroes of national ballads, King Bladud, Robin Hood, Young Marian, and Little John. They even exhibited in miniature the giants who had been so much admired in the municipal festivals, as well as the morris-dancers and hobby-horses. Many of these persons have left no other traces of their ancient renown but on the theatres of puppet-shows. Hawkins remarks that a little before the time in which he wrote, a Moor dancing a saraband was one of the indispensable actors of puppet-shows.³ As to the giants, the Duke of Newcastle, in his comedy of "the Humorous Lovers" performed in 1677,⁴ makes one of his actors say, that he was shown, in order to alarm him, a man dressed "like a giant in a puppet-show." Punch's famous horse with his kicks might be very probably a last remembrance of hobby-horses. When, in the middle of the fifteenth century, the societies began to vary their performances by adding to the miracle-plays moralities, or plays in which vices and virtues were personified, (a proceeding which soon introduced the comedy of manners and intrigue, as mysteries opened the way for historical drama,) the actors of puppet-shows hastened to follow their example. They had merely to carve in wood or pasteboard a dozen new actors, "Perverse Doctrine," "Gluttony," "Vanity," "Lechery," "Blunders," and that personage who included them all, "Old Vice," or as he was also called sometimes "the Old Iniquity."⁵ This actor, a sort of low Harlequin⁶ descended from the ancient buffoons, was, in all pieces performed by the societies, the joyous partner of the "Devil." Shakspeare, in Hamlet, has taken from this buffoon of moralities and puppet-shows an allusion of most striking energy. In the midst of Hamlet's cutting reproaches to his mother, he gives a frightful portrait of Claudius:

"A murderer, and a villain:
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord: a vice of kings:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

—A king
Of shreds and patches:—"⁷

In "Twelfth Night," Shakspeare completes the character and costume of an old buffoon:—

"Like to the Old Vice

Who with dagger of lath
Cries Ah! ah! to the devil."⁸

(3) Hawkins' "History of Music," vol. iv. p. 388, note.

(4) And not in 1617, as Mr. Strutt says, "Sports and Pastimes of England."

(5) Ben Jonson, "The Devil is an Ass," Act i. Sc. 1. Works, vol. v. pp. 13, 14.

(6) The name of Harlequin appeared for the first time about 1589, in the dedication of a pamphlet attributed to Thomas Nash, "An Almond for a Parrot," which Malone ascribes to this date. See Malone's Shakspeare, by Boswell, vol. iii. p. 198.

(7) "Hamlet," Act iii. Sc. 4.

(8) "Twelfth Night," Act iv. Sc. 2, and Dr. Johnson's note. See Malone's Shakspeare by Boswell, vol. xi. p. 479 and note. Ben

(1) A contemporary of Ben Jonson, Peacham, gives to a "motion" performed at Eltham, the epithet of "divine," probably on account of the subject it represented. Ben Jonson again mentions the motions of Eltham in his 97th epigram. See Works, vol. viii. p. 209.

(2) "Tempest," Act iii. Sc. 3, and Steevens' note. See also a lengthened note of Mr. Gifford; the "Bartholomew Fair;" Works of Ben Jonson, vol. iv. p. 370. Beaumont and Fletcher, "Valentinian," Act ii. Sc. 2.

To those who doubt that the theatres of puppet-shows represented morals, I offer the testimony of Shakspeare. The loyal Count of Kent seizing an emissary of Goneril, the ungrateful daughter of the aged monarch, apostrophises him in these terms :

"Take Vanity, the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father."¹

We see from this that "Vanity" or "Layd Vanity,"² who was one of the habitual performers of moralities, figured also in puppet-shows.³ As to the titles of either the moralities or miracle-plays acted by marmets during this first period, we know nothing, in fact, with any degree of certainty. I think, however, that we can indicate three religious pieces which appear to have been performed by puppets before 1560. In a posthumous pamphlet of Robert Greene, published in 1592 (the year of his death) under the title of "Greene's Groat's-worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance," an old comedian boasts to Roberto (probably Robert Greene himself), that he was seven years an "absolute interpreter of the puppets," and that he had composed two excellent moralities, "Man's Wit" and the "Dialogue of Dives."⁴ It is to Shakspeare we owe our knowledge of the third piece. In the "Winter's Tale," the bandit Autolycus, who had disguised himself in order to commit some wicked deed, says, in speaking of himself to some one who questions him without knowing who he is,—

"I know this man well; he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the 'Prodigal Son.'"⁵

IV.—PUPPET-SHOWS FROM 1562 UNTIL THE END OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

The narrow limit of puppet-shows was naturally enlarged when the regular theatre was established in England. The great revolution which took place in European taste, and which has been termed the revival, was manifested with regard to the English theatre about 1562.⁶ Then to the morals, masques, and interludes, which had been in favour under the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI. and Mary, were added a host of new species of drama, tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-tragical, comical-pastoral, in a word,

Jonson also arms "the Old Iniquity" with a wooden dagger in "The Devil is an Ass," Act i. Sc. 1. Works, vol. v. pp. 13, 14.

(1) "King Lear," Act ii. Sc. 2.

(2) See, for this title, Marlow, "The Jew of Malta," Act ii. "A Select Collection of Old Plays," vol. vii. p. 277. A jealous husband, in one of Ben Jonson's best comedies, also applies to his wife the name of "Lady Vanity." See "Volpone," Act ii. Sc. 3, "The Devil is an Ass," Act i. Sc. 1.

(3) Mr. Whalley, editor and commentator of Ben Jonson, quotes in support of this opinion a passage from "The Alchemist," in which are these words: "A puppet with a vice;" but this does not speak of the Vice of moralities, but of a puppet moved with a vice, as Messrs. Farmer (Malone's Shakspeare by Boswell, vol. xix. p. 249), and Gifford (Works of Ben Jonson, vol. iv. p. 41 and note), have remarked. We have already noticed the crucifix of Boxley moved "with divers vices."

(4) Payne-Collier. "History of English Dramatic Poetry," vol. ii. p. 272.

(5) "Winter's Tale," Act iv. Sc. ii.

(6) This year, 1562, "Gorboduc," the first English tragedy, composed in the ancient form and with choruses, was performed before the king at Whitehall. It is not, however, certain that a drama on the subject of Romeo and Juliet did not precede "Gorboduc."

every form of scenic diversion which Polonius so pedantically enumerates in "Hamlet." The puppet players hastened to imitate this new description of entertainment. After the example of the children or scholars of St. Paul's, Westminster, Windsor, the Queen's Chapel, and the servants of the Earls of Leicester, Essex, Warwick, Lord Clinton, &c., who, without ceasing to perform on certain days miracle-plays and morals, daily offered to the public pieces taken from ancient or national history, the puppet-players procured a double series of amusements, the one religious, the other profane. Amongst the pieces of the former class, the remembrance of which has survived, I may mention "Babylon,"⁷ "Jonah and the Whale," "Sodom and Gomorrah," the "Destruction of Jerusalem,"⁸ and the most celebrated of the "motions" of this period, the "City of Nineveh."⁹ This last, if I may believe a rather equivocal eulogium passed upon it by a contemporary dramatist, presented a succession of sights made rather to please the eye than the mind.¹⁰ As to the pieces on profane subjects, Ben Jonson acquaints us with two, "Rome" and "London," which he associates with "Nineveh," and which offered probably, like the latter, a spectacle more picturesque than dramatic.¹¹ After having found the motion-men unscrupulously appropriating the best passages of mysteries and moralities, we shall not be surprised to see them acting with the same liberty towards the first works of the regular theatre. "I have seen," says one of the actors in an old comedy, "all our chronicle-plays performed by puppets."¹² In truth, subjects taken from national history particularly pleased the multitude. "Lantern Letherhead," an excellent type of a puppet-player, whom Ben Jonson has introduced in Bartholomew Fair, remembering the brilliant success he has met with in his career, pauses with satisfaction at the chronicle-plays, saying, "Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Nineveh, and the City of Norwich,"¹³ and Sodom and Gomorrah, with the rising of the 'prentices, and pulling down the hawdy-houses there upon Shrove-Tuesday; but the Gunpowder-plot there was a get-penny! I have presented that to an eighteen or twenty pence audience, nine times in an afternoon. Your homeborn projects prove ever the best, they are so easy and familiar."¹⁴ Eighteen or

(7) This piece is mentioned by Anthony Brewer. See "Lingua; or, the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority," Act iii. Sc. vi. In this "moral," represented at Trinity College, Cambridge, Oliver Cromwell, then very young, played the part of one of the Senses, that of Touch.

(8) Ben Jonson, "Every Man out of his Humour," Act ii. Sc. i. and "Bartholomew Fair," Act v. Sc. 1.

(9) Beaumont and Fletcher, "Wit at Several Weapons," Act i. Cowley, "Cutter of Coleman Street," Act v. Sc. ix. J. Marston, the "Dutch Courtesan" and "Every Woman out of her Humour." For these last two pieces, see Malone's Shakspeare, by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 449.

(10) "Lingua," Act iii. Sc. vi.

(11) "Every Man out of his Humour." Works, vol. ii. p. 19.

(12) Mr. Gifford quotes this passage without mentioning in what old play he has found it. See the "Works of Ben Jonson," vol. iv. p. 532 and note.

(13) Norwich was burned by the Danes, forced by famine to surrender to William the Conqueror, and at length ruined by the revolt of Kelt, the tanner of Windham, under Edward VI. I know not which of these catastrophes has been the subject of the "motion" spoken of by Lantern Letherhead.

(14) "Bartholomew Fair," Act v. Sc. 1.

twenty pence for entrance was a considerable and extraordinary sum, for our friend Lanthorn informs us elsewhere, that the usual price for places at puppet-shows was much less exorbitant. Before the opening, he causes the performance to be announced by a drum, and places at the door a man with good lungs, to call out; "Twopence a-piece, gentlemen, twopence a-piece! an excellent motion! the best motion in the fair!"

However, the motion-men were not contented with performing chronicle-plays; they carried their ambition higher; they attempted to represent tragedies, properly so called. Dekker, a contemporary of Shakspeare, tells us that he has seen "Julius Cæsar," and "the Duke of Guise," acted by mummets.¹ His testimony is confirmed by that of two writers of the same time, John Marston and the unknown author of the comedy, entitled the "Woman out of her Humour." The question naturally presents itself, what was this "Duke of Guise," and above all, this "Julius Cæsar?" It is probable, that the first of these tragical puppet-plays was taken in part from Christopher Marlow's drama, "The Massacre of Paris, with the Death of the Duke of Guise." As to "Julius Cæsar," the editor of Punch and Judy hesitates not to think, that it was Shakspeare's tragedy; but this opinion, which, in itself, is not improbable, is contradicted by a chronological impossibility. For it is in the "Dutch Courtesan," a comedy printed in 1605, that Marston speaks of the "Julius Cæsar" of the puppet-shows, and the tragedy of Shakspeare did not appear on the stage, at the earliest, until 1607.² It is, therefore, certain that the Julius Cæsar of the puppet-shows could only have been borrowed from one of those pieces, sufficiently extensive in number, which were composed on this subject before Shakspeare; perhaps, from that which was acted before Queen Elizabeth on the 1st January, 1563, and which the curious remember with interest as the first English drama, the subject of which was taken from Roman history. In any case, be this piece what it may, it could only have been represented on a puppet-show by extracts, since Lanthorn Letherhead informs us, that the players of puppet-shows gave as many as nine representations of the same piece in an evening.

This encroachment of puppet-players on the classic grounds keenly wounded the self-love and interests of authors and comedians, who consequently let no opportunity escape of depreciating their impertinent rivals. It is from their constant raillery that we obtain our best and most certain information. The old motion-men themselves, who had been accustomed to make the persons mentioned in the Bible and the well-known heroes of national ballads speak and act, testified but little approbation of this innovation. Ben Jonson,

(1) Gifford (Works, &c. vol. iv. p. 532.) and the Editor of Punch and Judy, both mention this important remark of Dekker, but without stating the title of the work in which they have found it.

(2) See Malone's Shakspeare by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 449.

(3) A list of these pieces may be found in the preface to Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar." Boswell's Edit. vol. xii. p. 2.

who in "Bartholomew Fair," as we have seen, so cleverly places on the stage a puppet-player of the old school, again introduces him to us when he is angrily complaining of this invasion of pedantry into puppet-shows: "They put too much learning in their things now-o'-days," he observes, "and that, I fear, will be the spoil of this."⁴

Dekker, who tells us what the puppet-players borrowed from both the tragic and comic drama, was not altogether disinterested in the question. He is suspected of having written more than one "drollery" and some anonymous prologues, at the request of the Smithfield and Fleet-Bridge motion-men, and could not consequently behold his patrons providing for their wants by extracts from the dramas admired at the "Globe" and "Phoenix" without dissatisfaction.⁵

Ben Jonson, to complete the ridicule entertained for puppet-players, who had a great fondness for tragedies, introduces us in the fifth act of "Bartholomew Fair," to one of these ludicrously classical performances. The following is the play-bill of the chief piece, read by an amateur before entering Lanthorn's little hall: "The ancient-modern History of Hero and Leander, otherwise called the Touchstone of True Love, with as true a trial of friendship between Damon and Pythias, two faithful friends of the Bankside."⁶

We thus see, that in order to please the eager lovers of Grecian antiquity, "Lanthorn Letherhead" thinks he cannot do better than couple and amalgamate two of these heroic subjects, judging that there cannot be too much of a good thing. The dialogue justifies the bill, and superabundantly accomplishes what the latter had promised. During the whole of the eighteenth century, we found in Paris the puppet-players of the fairs of St. Germain and St. Laurent parodying the best French tragedies, including *Alzire* and *Mérope*; whilst at London, in 1814, one of the most illustrious dramatic poets parodied the puppet-plays of the fair on one of the first theatres! Strange inversion of parts, and all to the advantage of puppet-shows!

We must not, however, fancy that there were only itinerant motion-men in England. Besides the puppet-players in the open air, who raised their little stages at Stourbridge-Fair⁷ and Smithfield, there were showmen in possession of halls, among other places at Paris Garden,⁸ and in the most populous parts of the city, at Holborn Bridge and Fleet Street.⁹ Curiosity frequently led the crowd out of London as far as Eltham, a royal residence, in the county of Kent, the motions of which place were celebrated. Jasper Mayne, in his piece entitled "The City Match,"

(4) "Bartholomew Fair," Act v. Sc. 1.

(5) See an epigram of John Davies against a certain Dacus reduced to the necessity of writing for puppet-players, and whom Mr. Gifford believes to be Dekker. Works of Ben Jonson, vol. iv. p. 363 and note.

(6) Bankside, a locality on the south side of the Thames, was then famous for numerous public-houses and play-rooms.

(7) "Lingua," Act iii. Sc. 7, "A select Collection of Old Plays," vol. v. p. 164.

(8) See John Hall: "Satires," Book iv. Satire 1, (1599,) and Thomas Naub, "Strange News," &c. 1592.

(9) "Punch and Judy," p. 29. Ben Jonson mentions Fleet-bridge. "Every Man out of his Humour," Act ii. Sc. 1; Works, vol. ii. p. 66 and note.

alludes to the custom of the London women of going to Brentford to see the puppet-shows. This amusement was also greatly liked in the country. Puppet-shows were considered as one of the most agreeable pastimes the gentry could enjoy. In one of Ben Jonson's comedies, "Cynthia's Revels," Phantaste, enumerating the pleasures a woman might hope to enjoy in the various stations of life, says,

"As I were a shepherdess, I would be piped and sung to; as a dairy-wench, I would dance at May-poles and make syllabubs; as a country-gentlewoman, keep a good house, and come up to term to see motions."¹

Sometimes the country people would even go to London to be present at puppet-shows, as we see from Ben Jonson, in "Every Man out of his Humour." Frequently the motion-men carried their little wooden actors to the houses of rich citizens and merchants at family festivals. It sometimes happened that individuals contributed by their ability and wit to the amusement of these shows. Thus Ben Jonson in the last piece he gave to the public, (the "Tale of a Tub,") shows us a young esquire offering to his relatives and friends the treat of a puppet-show, of which he is at once the subject and inventor. Under Henry VII., there were even strangers in the streets of London, who became puppet-players. A letter of the privy council, addressed to the Lord Mayor the 14th of July, 1573, authorizes some Italians to show their "strange motions" in the city.²

As to the acting, there were two kinds of puppet-plays, that in which the little figures were dumb, and that in which they were supposed to talk. The two puppet-shows in the works of Ben Jonson, furnish us with an example of each mode of representation. The masque performed by puppets, which concludes the "Tale of a Tub," is executed according to the manner which I consider a legacy transmitted to the jugglers of the middle ages by the last pantomimes of antiquity. This method consists of a dumb show, explained by a verbal exposition or descriptive song, and is called a pageant, of which Cervantes has left us so charming a description in the show given by Peter, the "Titerero," to the company assembled in a "venta" of La Mancha.³ The masque, in the "Tale of a Tub," is composed of five motions or pictures, which are presented to the view of the spectators like Chinese shadows, behind a transparency. The master of the game, holding in his hand a wand ornamented with silver, and armed with the whistle of command, advances in front of the curtain, and explains in a short prologue the plot of the piece; then he draws the curtain, and relates each incident as it happens, naming each person at his entrance, and indicating with his wand the different movements of the actors.⁴

(1) "Cynthia's Revels," Act iv. Sc. 1; Works, vol. ii. p. 207. The text says "to term," in another piece we find "every term," which Mr. Gifford explains by law-terms; that is, the legal periods of repose and pleasure. See "Every Man out of his Humour," Works, vol. ii. p. 7.

(2) See G. Chalmers' "Further account on the early English Stage;" Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. iii. p. 430, note.

(3) "La Mancha de Aragon," says the "ventero" in speaking of the country he inhabits. See "Don Quixote," p. ii. cap. 25.

(4) "Tale of a Tub," works of Ben Jonson, vol. vi. pp. 240-241.

In another of Ben Jonson's comedies, "Bartholomew Fair," the arrangement of the puppet-show is quite different. Here the puppets speak, or rather an officious voice behind the scenes speaks for them. The name of interpreter is applied as much to him who recites the prologue and explains the movements, as to him who speaks for the puppets. Many comedians have commenced their career, and many more have sadly ended theirs, in this modest function. Amongst the cruel extravagances with which Hamlet tortures the love of Ophelia, we observe this cutting reply:—

"Oph. You are a good chorus, my lord.

"Ham. I could interpret between you and your love if I could see the puppets dallying."

Shakspeare again makes use of this locution in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona;" but there it is a clown who speaks.⁵ The director of the puppet-show himself generally performed the part of interpreter, and spoke for his whole troop. Lanthorn Letherhead, in "Bartholomew Fair,"⁶ makes us acquainted with this custom in a droll manner. In order to satisfy the curiosity of a provincial gentleman, who has no idea of a puppet-show, and who has expressed a desire to be introduced to the actors before the performance, he brings the basket containing his puppets: "What!" exclaims the gentleman, "do they live in baskets?" "They do lie in a basket, sir, they are o' the small players." "These be players minors, indeed. Do you call these actors?" "They are actors, sir, and as good as any, none dispraised, for dumb shows: indeed, I am the mouth of them all."

Ben Jonson, to whom we owe so much information on the subject now occupying our attention, has transmitted to us the names of two puppet-players. The first was old Pod, whom he sometimes honours with the title of Captain Pod. He mentions the name of this puppet-showman as being, in 1599, inseparable from the idea of puppets.⁷ In 1614 that artist was dead, and had been so for some time.⁸ Two years after, a man named Cokely was in the enjoyment of public favour.⁹ It appears from the manner in which Ben Jonson frequently speaks of this new puppet-showman, that it was then the fashion to have him with his puppet at festivals in order to amuse the guests.¹⁰

(To be concluded in the next Part.)

HOLLAND.

"A country that draws fifty foot of water;
In which men live as in the hold of nature;
That feed like cannibals on other fishes,
And serve their cousins-german up in dishes;
A land that rides at anchor and is moor'd,
In which men do not live, but go aboard."—Butler.

(5) "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act ii. Sc. 1.

(6) "Bartholomew Fair," Act v. Sc. 3. This scene contains many allusions to the actors of the day.

(7) "Every Man out of his Humour," Act iii. Sc. 1.

(8) "Bartholomew Fair," Act v. Sc. 1. Ben Jonson, epigram 98; Works, vol. viii. p. 209.

(9) "Bartholomew Fair," Act iii. Sc. 1.

(10) "The Devil is an Ass," Act i. Sc. 1.



THE GOOD PRIEST.

THIS is the type of the better order of Romish ecclesiastics, such as are to be found scattered among remote villages, where they often exercise a truly paternal influence over the poor flock committed to their charge. Such men are often great lovers of children, and much beloved by them in return. Here is the "first introduction" of a little one, the expression of whose countenance is admirably caught by the painter. Neither is the reverential manner of the elder girl less faithfully depicted. The whole forms a very pleasing composition.

LORD ASHLEY AND SOCIAL REFORM.

THIS popular and philanthropic nobleman, who has just been removed to the Upper House by the death of his father, the sixth Earl of Shaftesbury, was born in 1801, and is, consequently, in the fiftieth year of his age. The founder of the family was the celebrated Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury, the Achitophel of Dryden—the most prominent member of the notorious "Cabal" of Charles II., and the author of the second great charter of this country's freedom—the Habeas Corpus Act. The grandson of this turbulent statesman, the author of the well-known "Characteristics," attained considerable reputation in the literary world, and was designated by Voltaire, the boldest English philosopher. Lord Ashley is the great grandson of this nobleman, whose talents and literary tastes he has inherited, though differing widely from his opinions, both philosophical and religious. His Lordship graduated at Christ Church, Oxford, where in 1822 he was first-class in classics. He has held a seat in the House of Commons for a quarter of a century, and has at different times been a Commissioner of the Board of Control, a Lord of the Admiralty, and a member of the Ecclesiastical Commission.

Lord Ashley's well-earned reputation, however, has not been acquired in the regions of Red Tape, but by his laborious exertions to ameliorate the distress of the friendless and the destitute—the erring and the ignorant. One of his earliest efforts was in behalf of the women and children employed in collieries and mines. After the passing of the "Factories Regulation Act," forbidding the employment of young children in factories, suspicions began to be entertained, that vast numbers of children were employed in a variety of other less desirable trades, besides the cotton and woollen manufactures, and that evils and abuses, as great as any previously discovered in connexion with the factory system, might, on inquiry, be found to exist among the work-people in these trades. On the motion of Lord Ashley, accordingly, a commission was issued, to inquire into the numbers and condition of children and young persons engaged in various employments not under the control of the "Factories Regulation

Act." The result of this inquiry was, to bring to light an extent and severity of suffering and degradation among sections of our working population, of which few had previously any conception. The number of children and young persons employed in the coal mines, was found to be enormous; a very large proportion of the persons employed in them being under thirteen years of age. Instances occurred, in which children began to work as early as four years of age, sometimes at five, not unfrequently between six and seven, and often from seven to eight, while from eight to nine was the ordinary age at which their employment commenced. In several districts, female children began to work in the mines as early as males. In these districts, both sexes were employed in precisely the same kind of labour, and during the same number of hours. The girls and boys, and the young men and the young women, and even married women, and women with child, commonly worked almost naked, and the men, in many mines, quite naked. "There is no distinction whatever," says one of the Commissioners, "in their coming up and going down in the shaft—in the mode of hurrying or thrusting—in the weight of corves, or in the distances they are hurried—in wages or dress: indeed, it is impossible to distinguish, either in the darkness of the gates (ways) in which they labour, or in the cabins before the broad light of day, an atom of difference between one sex and another." In the east of Scotland, where a much larger proportion of children and of girls was employed than in other districts, the chief part of their labour consisted in carrying the coals on their backs, up a succession of steep ladders, each eighteen feet high, from mainroad to mainroad, till the pit-bottom was reached, where the load was to be cast. In one case mentioned, the height ascended and the distance of the road added together, exceeded the height of St. Paul's; and it not unfrequently happened that the tugs broke, and the load fell on those females who were following.

The overseer at the Arniston Colliery says, "Women always did the lifting or heavy part of the work, and neither they nor the children were treated like human beings. Females submit to work in places where no man nor even lad could be got to labour in; they work in bad roads, up to their knees in water, in a posture nearly double: they are below till the last hour of pregnancy; they have swelled ankles and haunches, and are prematurely brought to the grave." The regular hours of work in the coal mines, for children and young persons, were rarely less than eleven, more frequently they were twelve; in some districts they were thirteen, and in one district they were generally fourteen and upwards. In the great majority of these mines, night work was a part of the ordinary system of labour, and produced the most injurious effects, both on the physical and moral condition of the work-people. In many mines, the conduct of the adult colliers to the children and young persons was harsh and cruel in the extreme: "A coal is sent at their heads—a gash on the head made with a pick

—an eye knocked out, ribs broken;" and many other instances of reckless brutality are recorded. The effect of such early and severe labour was to stunt the growth of the children, to produce a crippled gait, and a curvature of the spinal column, as well as a variety of disorders, such as affections of the heart, rupture, asthma, rheumatism, and loss of appetite: and this, not merely in a few cases, but as an habitual and almost inevitable result of their occupation.

The evidence given as to the moral, intellectual, and spiritual state of the great mass of the collier population, presents us with a picture even darker and more appalling than that which has been drawn of their physical condition. It was found that their education had been almost wholly neglected,—that they had received scarcely any instruction at all, either religious or secular,—that they had no correct conception of their moral duties, and that, in fact, their intellects were as little enlightened as their places of work; "darkness reigned throughout." "With respect even to the common truths of Christianity and facts of Scripture," says Mr. Symons, "I am confident that the majority are in a state of heathen ignorance." "Their morals are bad, their education worse, their intellect very much debased, and their carelessness, irreligion, and immorality," deplorable in the extreme.

Such was the appalling state of physical and moral degradation which Lord Ashley was the means of bringing to light, and his lordship was not the man to sit down contented with the mere exposure of such evils without making a strenuous effort to remove them. As soon as the Report of the Commissioners, detailing these facts, had been laid before Parliament, Lord Ashley moved for leave to bring in a Bill to make regulations respecting the age and sex of children and young persons employed in mines and collieries. His speech on the occasion was a happy specimen of clear statement, intermixed with numberless touches of simple and deeply pathetic eloquence, and produced a deep impression on the House and on the country. The motion was unanimously agreed to. The slavery of the women and children in our mines and collieries was entirely abolished, and one foul stain on our moral and social condition wiped away.

The success which attended his exertions in behalf of the women and children employed in mines and collieries, encouraged Lord Ashley to put himself at the head of another great movement for the moral improvement of the working classes, by shortening the duration of daily labour in factories. In spite of the most formidable opposition from the mill-owners and the government, he succeeded in carrying through Parliament, an Act for the reduction of the time of labour in factories to ten hours a-day. The measure was cordially hailed by the great mass of the working classes, and speedily produced the most beneficial effects. It was found that the diminution in the amount of wages in consequence of working short

time, was by no means in proportion to the reduction in the number of hours,—that under the new system the operatives performed their tasks with more hearty good-will and with greater care and attention than under the old, while the masters found it necessary to accelerate the speed of the machinery, so that a greater amount of work was turned out in the shorter time. The factory children had now time to acquire some education. The females were able to attend to their household duties themselves, instead, as under the old system, of entrusting them to hirelings, and in consequence their households were better and more frugally kept, and the male operatives, instead of spending their spare time in idleness and profligacy, as was at first feared, employed themselves much more extensively than before in gardening and other pleasing and profitable pursuits. The system has, therefore, been found to exercise the most beneficial influence both on the physical and moral well-being of all classes of the work-people, and it is to be hoped that the subsequent enlargement of the hours of labour to eleven, at the urgent instance of the mill-owners, will not materially abridge the salutary effects of the movement.

While engaged in these disinterested labours of love, Lord Ashley had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of his Dorsetshire constituents, whom he had represented for fifteen years, by his vote in favour of Sir Robert Peel's measure for the repeal of the corn-laws, and in a spirit of high-minded and honourable independence worthy of all commendation, he at once placed his seat at their disposal. His lordship's services, however, were too valuable to be long lost to the country, and in little more than a year, at the general election in 1847, he was triumphantly returned for Bath at the head of the poll.

Our limits will not permit us to dwell at present on Lord Ashley's efforts to reclaim the outcast juvenile population of the metropolis, to ameliorate the condition of the milliners and dressmakers, and to diminish the amount of Sabbath labour in the Post Office. We pass on to the consideration of the plan which his lordship has recently promulgated for the purpose of providing lodging-houses and improved dwellings for the poor.

All who are acquainted with the subject know that the want of proper dwelling-houses for the poor and industrious classes of the community, is one of the most fertile sources of pauperism and crime, disease and death; but few except those who have actually explored the recesses of our larger towns, can form any adequate conception of the state of the wretched hovels in which tens of thousands of the inhabitants are compelled to pass their lives. The great mass of the labouring classes, in the metropolis and other large towns throughout the kingdom, return from their daily toil, not to decent, clean, and healthy homes, where, in the bosom of their families, they may rest their weary limbs, and refresh their exhausted spirits, but to filthy, squalid, pestiferous garrets and cellars, which no exertion can keep clean, and where the pure air of

heaven never enters; where there is nothing to allure or to cheer; where not merely comfort and happiness, but even decency and order, are unknown; the focus of disease; the nursery of the infirmity, the work-house, and the jail. A return made in 1842 gave the following results of a house-to-house visitation in St. George's, Hanover-square. 1,465 families of the labouring classes were found to have for their residence only 2,174 rooms. Of these families, 929 had but one room for the whole family to reside in; 408 had two rooms; 94 had three, 17 four, 8 five, 4 six, 1 seven, and 1 eight.

Now, if this be the case in one of the best parishes in London, what must be the condition of the over-populous and more needy parishes in the eastern part of the metropolis? In many instances it has been found that two, three, four, and even five families occupied a single apartment. In these wretched dwellings, all ages and both sexes, fathers and daughters, mothers and sons, grown-up brothers and sisters, the sick, the dying, and the dead, are herded together. In one house the visitors found a porter, whose earnings amounted to twelve shillings a-week, two of which he paid for a confined and unwholesome apartment, in which himself and six other people—four children and three adults—slept. The children were shoeless, extremely filthy, and poorly clad; the wife ill in bed of a scrofulous knee. Two of his children were still-born, and three others had died in infancy. His neighbour, a policeman, had all his children ill at one time, and lost two. In another house lived a shoemaker, who occupied two apartments, the rent of which amounted to one-third of his weekly earnings. This poor man had lost five of his seven children, and was himself far gone in a lingering consumption—the disease, as it has been justly termed, of England's shops and workshops and factories—the disease produced by the slow poison of foul air—the disease of the clerk, the compositor, the tailor, the draper's assistant, and the poor needlewoman. In a garret about ten feet by fourteen, not six feet below the short cross-joisting, four or five shoemakers were found at work, and it was ascertained that the husband and wife, a grown-up son in a consumption, a daughter about seventeen, and a child, all slept in the same bed, in the room where these men were at work all day, and where they frequently worked late at night with candles. In the next lane, which is only from three to four feet in breadth, a labourer and his family inhabited a room six feet by eighteen, divided into two compartments, without any proper place for a bed in either, and yet the rent of this wretched hovel was 4*l.* a-year. In a second, another labourer inhabited a room seven feet square, which neither the light nor the free air of heaven ever reached. In a third, the rent of which was 4*l.*, there was a widow with five children, from twelve to two years of age. All these, be it observed, belonged to the industrious, sober, well-doing class of the poor, who had sought in vain for a wholesome habitation at such rents as they could afford to pay, and had been

driven by necessity to take up their residence in houses so situate and constructed as not to admit of ventilation, in a narrow and confined space, without any proper supply of water, undrained, and surrounded by unwholesome exhalations and every kind of abomination moral and physical.

The lodging-houses for the homeless poor, the dens of misery and crime, in which the "dangerous classes" herded together, are of course incomparably worse. In the report of the London Fever Hospital for 1845, of one particular room in a lodging-house it was said, "It is filled to excess every night, but on particular occasions, commonly 50, sometimes from 90 to 100 men are crowded into a room 33 feet 9 inches long, 20 feet wide, and 7 feet high in the centre. The whole of this dormitory does not allow more space, that is, does not admit of a larger bulk of air for respiration, than is appropriated in the wards of the Fever Hospital for three patients. The natural and necessary result was, that considerably more than one-fifth of the whole admissions into the Fever Hospital for that year—no less than 130 patients affected with fever—were received from that room alone." Of another of these receptacles for the migrating poor, one of the city missionaries says, "In this one room, which measures 18 feet by 10, slept the night previous to my inquiry, 27 male and female adults, 31 children, and 2 or 3 dogs, making in all 58 human beings breathing the contaminated atmosphere of a close room. In the top room of the same house, measuring 12 feet by 10 feet, there are six beds, and on the same night there slept in them 32 human beings, all breathing the pestiferous air of a hole not fit to keep swine in. The beds (which are composed of straw, shavings, rags, &c.) are so close together, that when let down on the floor, there is no room to pass between them, and they who sleep in the beds furthest from the door, can consequently only get into them by crawling over the beds which are nearer the door. In one district alone there are 270 such rooms. . . . These houses are never cleaned or ventilated; they literally swarm with vermin. It is almost impossible to breathe. Missionaries are seized with vomiting or fainting upon entering them." "I have felt," said another, "the vermin dropping on my hat like peas. In some of the rooms I dare not sit, or I should be at once covered." This appalling state of matters is not confined to the metropolis. In Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, and even in many of the third and fourth-rate towns, there are vast multitudes of the poorer classes living in the same state of physical and moral degradation. In one of the wynds of Glasgow, for example, there is a single "land" or tenement, at which one entry and stair admit to upwards of 40 dwellings. The average number of inmates in each dwelling or apartment *during the night*, amounts to at least 8 persons, giving a grand total on this one stair of 360 persons. The rent of this building, in which a humane man would hesitate to lodge his cattle, amounts to 120*l.* a-year. In another place in this city, it was found, on

investigation, that there were eighty-four instances in which four persons slept in a bed, thirty-five in which more than five so slept, three in which seven, and one in which eight slept in the same bed. Well might Mr. Chadwick say that he had seen in the wynds of Glasgow and Edinburgh infinitely worse scenes than those horrible dens described by Howard as existing in the prisons of his day; and Mr. Hawes, that having visited, with Dr. Alison, some of the worst quarters of the city of Edinburgh, he could bear personal testimony to the fact that in the wynds, narrow streets, and courts of that city, are dwellings, if they deserve the name, rather fit for brutes than human beings. Anything so degrading, so humiliating as the sights he saw on that occasion no language could describe. Darkness, filth, disease, an atmosphere scarcely endurable, numbers huddled together in a space that even for brutes would be thought too small, characterised the numberless abodes of misery he had visited with Dr. Alison.

As might have been expected, the sickness and mortality among the inhabitants of these wretched dwellings is frightfully great. Malignant fever, the frightful scourge and fell destroyer of manhood in its prime, the fertile source of widowhood and orphanage, of pauperism and crime, is never absent from these crowded streets and lanes. In a house-to-house visitation made by an eminent medical practitioner, it was found that in the first 100 families of the labouring poor visited by him, there were no less than 212 of the members suffering under disease, manifest in various stages; they had already had 251 deaths, and a corresponding amount of sickness. "They are emaciated, pale, and thin," says Dr. Aldis, "and in a low condition. They complain of sinking, depression of the strength, loss of spirits, loss of appetite, accompanied by pains in different parts of the body, with disturbed sleep." "The depressed and low condition of health in which these people are always found induces habits of intemperance, unfortunately too common among them." In Liverpool the average age at death from 1784 to 1810 among the gentry was 43 years, and among the operatives 18½ years. In 1841-42, while among the former the average duration remained stationary, among the latter it had diminished to 16 years. At the beginning of the present century, the deaths in Manchester were one in fifty-eight; the mortality there now is about one in twenty-eight. In Glasgow, the deaths in 1847 were one in eighteen. Dr. Grey states that the loss of life in Manchester alone from fevers and other contagious disorders, which might be averted, will fall little short of 2,000 a-year. In Liverpool, the annual waste of human life considerably exceeds 3,000. The same mode of calculation will give for the metropolis an annual sacrifice of 10,000 lives, and for the United Kingdom no less than 60,000, from diseases which might be prevented by the erection of well-aired, well-drained, comfortable dwellings for the labouring classes of the community.

But this is not all. It is not every attack of disease which proves fatal, and Dr. Lyon Playfair

states that for every unnecessary death there are twenty-eight cases of equally unnecessary sickness, which do not terminate fatally; so that the cases of preventable sickness occurring every year in the United Kingdom will amount to the enormous number of 1,680,000. A very large proportion of the subjects of this frightful sickness and mortality are persons in the prime of life, between the ages of twenty and forty, the period when life is of the greatest value to the individual and to society; when the poor have the largest number of children dependent on their labour for support; when sickness plunges entire families into temporary, and death into permanent, destitution. The returns obtained during the Poor Law Commission show that there are in this way produced and pauperized yearly in England and Wales alone upwards of 47,000 widows, and more than 120,000 orphans; and from calculations based on the Registration Returns it appears, that the loss in money on the year's deaths is, in round numbers,—from the loss of the productive power of the labourer, thirteen millions; from sickness, a million and a half; and from funerals, nearly three hundred thousand pounds,—making a total loss to the country every year of nearly fifteen millions of money, by far the greater part of which might and would be saved under proper sanatory regulations; fully bearing out the remark of Dr. Southwood Smith, that of all taxes the heaviest is the fever tax.

The moral evils which either spring from or are inseparably connected with this physical wretchedness are most appalling. It is manifestly impossible that persons sunk in such abject degradation and misery can possess elevated moral feelings and pure domestic affections, or be actuated by sound religious principles, spending their lives, as they are compelled to do, from the moment of birth to that of death, in a poisoned atmosphere, in which the destruction of the body and the corruption of the mind have alike become inevitable. No wonder that working men on their return from their daily toil should so generally abandon their miserable dwellings with all their accompaniments of dirt, darkness, and noise, and repair to the gin-palace in search of a more comfortable home and more cheerful company, and seek to drown in the intoxicating cup, all recollection of the wretched wives, and the hungry children, they have left behind in their miserable high-rented hovels, which it would be a mockery to call a home. All experience shows the intimate connexion between physical wretchedness and moral degradation; and in all our large towns ignorance, poverty, and crime, are invariably found to prevail in those districts which filth, fever, and cholera have marked for their prey. It cannot be denied that the waters of bitterness have flowed in upon our industrious classes by many different channels, and that it is our duty to set ourselves vigorously to stop up all the outlets of mischief. But it is the want of a home which, beyond all other causes, makes thieves, drunkards, and vagabonds, peoples our jails and bridewells, and crowds our penal

settlements. It is the want of a home that sends thousands to a premature grave, and leaves their wretched widows to the workhouse, and their miserable offspring to the streets.

The first step, then, towards the improvement of the social condition of the poor, is to furnish them with healthy and comfortable homes. So long as this is left undone, it will be found almost impossible to train up the labouring classes to that self-respect which is the best preservative against moral contagion, or even to teach them to practise the common decencies of life. "Talk about the schoolmaster as we may," it has been justly said, "we must begin with the mason. It is of little use to be able to read books, if we have not a house to read them in. It little matters whether we are dealing with farm-labourers in the rural provinces, with artisans in the manufacturing districts, or with soldiers in the barracks; no social or moral reformation can be brought about until we give men fit places to live in." Great improvements have no doubt taken place of late years in London and other large towns. New streets have been opened up. Old streets and lanes have been widened, cleaned, and paved. Extensive clusters of dilapidated buildings, which were a nuisance and a standing reproach to their owners and to the public, have been removed, and splendid shops and dwelling-houses erected in their room. But it appears to have been completely forgotten, that these very improvements, while they minister to the social and domestic comforts of the middle and upper classes of society, have helped to deteriorate the physical condition, and consequently to retard the moral and intellectual advancement, of the humble and labouring portion of the community. The bad old dwellings of the poor have been destroyed, and their places supplied, not by good new ones, affording to the working classes comfortable homes at a moderate charge, but by high-rented shops, and "places," and squares, and crescents. Hence the removal of every street or lane inhabited by the working portion of the population serves only to make their crowded, ill-ventilated, and insalubrious dwellings more crowded and pestiferous than before. It is owing to this cause, as well as to the rapidity with which our town population is augmenting, that the working classes find the difficulty of obtaining comfortable dwelling-houses at a moderate rent increasing year by year. And hence in nearly all our large towns, every improvement effected by the removal of dilapidated buildings, or by the widening or total destruction of narrow streets and lanes, has only served to increase the difficulties, and to deteriorate the condition, of the humbler portion of society. The well-fed, well-clad, comfortably housed, have had their comforts and enjoyments greatly increased, but the poor and degraded have been made poorer and more degraded still. Our "improvements" must be conducted on very different principles if we wish to free the working man from those injurious influences which are almost irresistibly dragging him down to the lowest

level. If we would raise up a healthy, vigorous population, "their country's pride," exemplary in all the relations of life, temperate in their habits and provident in their arrangements, frequenting the church, the school, the mechanic's institute and the lecture room, instead of the pawnbroker's office and the gin-shop,—living like immortal beings conscious of their high destinies, not herding together like the beasts that perish,—we must sweep away those closes and wyuds where filth, disease, misery and crime exist in every variety of form,—

"Where flags the noontide air, and as we pass
We fear to breathe the putrefying mass."

We must erase those houses, where "dirt, damp and decay reign triumphant," and replace them, not as heretofore by spacious shops and costly dwellings for the rich, but by well-aired, well-drained, comfortable and moderately-rented habitations for the poor.

The experiment of providing comfortable houses for the working-classes at a moderate rent has been tried in various places, and has proved not merely a humane project, but also a profitable speculation. The Society for the Improvement of the Labouring Classes have turned their attention to this important point, and have been most successful in their exertions. They have already provided excellent accommodation both for the migratory and the stationary poor. For the latter they have erected a large weekly lodging-house in George Street, St. Giles, accommodating 104 male inmates, and a similar house in Hatton Garden capable of containing 57 single women. For the more migratory order of lodgers, they have provided a nightly lodging-house in Charles Street, Drury Lane, with a supplementary one—arising out of the overflow of demand for accommodation in the former—in the next street, King Street. They have also erected a series of buildings near Bagnigge Wells, consisting of nine small houses for one family each, seven for two families each, and one large house for thirty aged females. Their most important undertaking is the erection of a large building in Streatham Street, Bloomsbury, to accommodate forty-eight families in such a manner as that each tenement shall be so distinct from the other, as to preserve the domestic privacy and independence of each family.

The capital subscribed by this Society is purely donative, for although, as a commercial speculation, the buildings would pay five per cent. and upwards, yet the profits are laid by for further investment in such new buildings as may be required.

Another Society, "The Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes," was incorporated in 1845. The capital of the Association was raised by shares, on what we consider the only sound principle in such undertakings, the profitable investment of money. They have erected several piles of buildings in various parts of London, and their object of providing decent and comfortable homes for the industrious classes has

been satisfactorily realized. The Report of the Association read at the annual meeting in 1849, states that all the dwellings have been occupied, and almost without intermission, from the date of their completion, and several applicants have been and are still waiting for vacancies. Not only have the tenants expressed themselves pleased with the superior comforts and accommodation afforded them, but they have also proved, by regularly paying their rents, and by their general strict observance of the rules laid down for the management of the building, that they are desirous of assisting the directors in preserving a high character for respectability in its occupants. Out of 1,390*l.* of rents, only 7*l.* remained in arrears, the whole of which was expected to be ultimately received.

On the same occasion the Earl of Carlisle observed, that "even in a commercial point of view, the success of the Association could no longer be doubted; but were they to look at the case in a moral point of view, all doubts and misgivings as to success must vanish from their minds, and their language and feelings must be those of congratulation and assurance. When they saw the neatness and cleanliness of the apartments in those dwellings, and thought of the miserable hovels in which the majority of the industrious classes had been hitherto crammed, and from which those who inhabited those apartments had been transferred—in damp cellars surrounded with foul air and filth of all kinds, or mounted up in attics, under the broiling tiles exposed to the summer sun—when they thought of that, and contrasted the pleasant apartments they were now placed in, certainly no one could but feel that a more rational mode of exercising their benevolence could not be devised."

The mortality among the adult residents in these dwellings is only one-half of the mortality of the metropolis generally, and among the children it is lower still. In Holborn, St. Giles's, St. Saviour's, and Whitechapel, the mortality among children under five years of age is so high as ten per cent.; in other parts of the metropolis it is eight per cent.; while in the model dwellings it is only one and four-tenths per cent.

At the seventh annual meeting of this Society, which was held on the 2d of July last, the chairman, Lord Ashley, (now Earl of Shaftesbury,) stated that the return of interest on their capital was four per cent. from their land, and six and a-half per cent. from their buildings and fixtures, &c. All their houses were full, and occupied by decent, orderly, and well-behaved tenants, and their rents are paid with remarkable regularity. The health of the inmates had fully answered the expectations of the founders. In the lodging-houses for single men, containing 957 persons, not a single case of typhus had occurred since they were opened. In the time of the cholera there were 500 persons under one roof in the model dwelling houses in St. Pancras; in a small court called Peahen Court in Bishopsgate Street, there resided 150 persons. In the model dwellings not a single person died of cholera; in Peahen Court there were seven deaths,

and in one day twelve orphans were thrown on the workhouse. The model lodging house in George Street, Bloomsbury, is within a stone's-throw of Church Lane. The ravages of cholera in Church Lane were dreadful, while in the model buildings, in its immediate vicinity, not one person died.

It is worthy of special notice, that these comfortable and salubrious dwellings are provided, and with an adequate profit, at a rent even lower than is charged for the wretched hovels in which the great mass of the industrious classes are still compelled to reside. Lord Ashley states, that the average rent paid in Snow's Rents, Westminster—"a vile place"—was in 1844, 2*s.* 4½*d.* per week per room; that the labourers in the London Docks pay from 2*s.* to 4*s.* per week for single rooms, which for filth and disgusting appearance defy description, and that the single men pay in the lodging-houses 1*s.* 6*d.* per week for half a bed, and 2*s.* for single beds, several sleeping in the same room—the apartments often crowded to the greatest excess. On the other hand, in the model lodging house, George Street, Bloomsbury, every man had a compartment to himself, with a bed, chair, and ample space to walk about, for 4*d.* a-night,—exactly the same payment demanded from him in the worst and most disgusting place, and yet that house yields six and a-half per cent. on the money invested. Houses of three rooms, with every accommodation, and a constant supply of water, are provided at the rent which is exacted for one room elsewhere.

Lord Ashley has throughout been the main-spring of this praiseworthy attempt to provide comfortable and moderately-rented dwellings for the labouring classes; and he has recently introduced into Parliament a bill to encourage the formation of associations for this object, and to facilitate their operations. This measure has been most favourably received by both Houses of Parliament, and will, in all probability, become law in the course of a few days. The bill, which is as nearly as possible a transcript of the Baths and Washhouses Act, is permissive only, and is based upon the principle, that the institutions established under it shall be remunerative and self-supporting. It gives power to town-councils and commissioners in those towns which shall adopt the act, to erect lodging-houses for the accommodation of the industrious classes, and to make bye-laws for their management. There can be no doubt that the adoption of this measure by Parliament is a decided step in the right direction. Till very lately, the legislature has done almost everything that it could do, to render the home of the working man unhealthy, uncomfortable, and even immoral. Very heavy taxes have been laid on nearly all the materials of building—on bricks, on timber, and on glass. Besides a house-tax, a very heavy duty has been laid on that which in this climate is the most indispensable requisite of a dwelling,—the salutary light of heaven; and though the smaller class of houses has been professedly exempted, the accumulative operation of the window-tax, which regards all dwellings under one roof as forming only one house,

has almost totally precluded clusters of lodgings for the labouring class in one large building, and has thus virtually prohibited that arrangement of dwellings which gives the greatest capabilities for lodging a large number with comfort, decency, and health. The repeal of the taxes on bricks, timber, and glass, and more recently the abolition of the pernicious window-tax, has undoubtedly done much to promote economical arrangements for housing the labouring classes. But the cost of charters and the law of partnerships are a fatal discouragement to the association of private persons with limited responsibility for the construction of such edifices as we have described. The expense of obtaining the charter for the Metropolitan Association for establishing Model Lodging Houses, amounted to the scandalous sum of 1,200*l.* We trust that this important matter will not be lost sight of now that it has been brought under the notice of the public. It is surely the very least that ought to be expected of the legislature, that it should remove every artificial impediment in the way of working men seeking to provide house-accommodation at their own expense, in the cheapest, most decent, and most comfortable manner.

THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

BY I. M. W.

AMID a constellation of blue-lights, rockets, and other combustibles, we anchored in the roadstead of Chagres at eleven P.M. October 23, too late to think of landing that night. Early on the morrow we bade farewell to the gallant ship that had carried us safely, notwithstanding our Friday departure; and full of hope and breakfast, armed with resolution and steeled to pull the Elephant by his "preposteriors," we landed at Chagres. There was one universal exclamation of astonishment, all bearing a striking similarity to the most strictly pious expression of PLACIDE'S Dutchman in Ireland: "Minc Gor, vat a beobles!" The old town on the south side of the river is composed of some fifty huts, built of bamboo and thatched with palmetto leaves, in which, (without flooring,) rolling in mud, are seen women, children, dogs, pigs, and other miscellaneous vermin, promiscuously mixed up, "*lout-enscramble*," as the French say. 'Tis most devoutly to be hoped that their food is not as scanty as their raiment. Dry-goods are scarce in that market. The female attire most in vogue, was apparently after the style of grandmother Eve, or what the French call "*Tulle-Musion*;" that of the children was still more primitive, and is best defined as being *à-la-Cupid*. Occasionally a lord of the dominion was seen strutting about in the superfluous luxury of a shirt, which I am told is a recent innovation of fashion. On the left bank of the river have lately been erected a few frame-buildings, occupied as gambling-houses and "groggeries," denominated, "as per shingle," confectionaries and coffee-houses; the aptitude of

which cognomens I have never been enabled to solve, as neither coffee nor candies are among the vendibles. Some three hundred of the *genus homo*; *species* Negro, Mulatto, Indian, and Caucasian; are seen bartering, gambling, drinking, and quarrelling; the later miserable, sickly-looking wretches, bearing the outward signs of dissipation, and suffering from the withering effects of a poisonous atmosphere, where the entire amount of population has been swept away by death in the last six weeks. If there is a prototype of Hell on earth, or his Satanic Majesty holds any mundane dominion, I know of no place half so likely to elect him as Chagres. There is scarcely a crime, disease, or pestilence that stalks not in its precincts. But yesterday a friendless man was dying on a table while they were gambling in the same room; and before his eyes were closed they had robbed him of his dear-bought wealth, six thousand dollars, (in dust.) His kindred will probably never know his fate, or when or how he died. Here it was that I first saw a leper. How truly fortunate we are to be freed from that terrible scourge! Horrible! horrible!

After making divers bargains, from which they felt privileged to "fly" at pleasure, I finally effected the charter of a boat and four men to convey myself and party of two thence to Cruces, sixty-four miles, for one hundred and forty dollars; and at three o'clock P.M., when our stock of patience was exhausted, and we were growing dangerous, we succeeded in shipping our crew, weighed anchor, and started. The current is extremely rapid even at Chagres, increasing as you ascend. With four oars we performed ten miles by seven o'clock, reaching a place called Gatoon, having passed every boat we saw bound up. Here we "lay by," awaiting the moon. Some dozen sheds were located on the river bank, occupied by Indians, with one exception, where two black-looking white men affected to keep a hotel, flourishing under the imposing title of the "*Astor House*." Two rough-sawed and smooth-greased filthy boards, placed across sticks driven in the ground, served for bar and table; some rancid matter that might once have been butter; a fearful looking compound, denominated by our host "peach-saäs," sour black bread, suspicious looking cheese, and a grim mixture, slanderously termed "coffee," constituted the tempting repast. The larder of the "*Astor House*" was innocent of milk, biscuit, or meat of any kind. By some accident we were without provisions, save what was stowed away in our baggage. We had eaten nothing since breakfast; but hunger or starvation appeared preferable to any *such* indulgence, until we finally obtained a piece of ham, to which a philanthropic traveller charitably added a biscuit. Thus fortified, we had recourse for comfort to our well-filled flasks, and felt grateful for "smallest favours." I am bound in justice to state, that the "*Astor House*" was distinguished from some of the surrounding edifices, in having one gable-end "fenced up." The ground where the floor should have been was wet and muddy, and no possible place offering, I abandoned all hope of sleep, and occupied

myself in speculating on the rough and uncouth characters about me.

"In a country where laws are scarcely known and never feared, where each resents his own injuries and maintains his own cause, every man carries his weapons in his belt as his ready reference in dispute, his only recourse for justice. It was easy to distinguish those accustomed to a wild life from those to whom such scenes were a novelty, although each individual garb was "*selon*" the fancy of the wearer. My own consisted of a drab shooting-coat, short pantaloons, boots reaching to the knee, a slouched hat, and leather belt, decorated by a large hunting-knife and a pair of pistols. If there was any fashion claiming supremacy, it was in favour of red shirts. Finding no quarrel likely to occur for the evening's diversion, I strolled away to ferret out an unmistakable Ethiopian laugh, and soon found two wenchies with as many buok-negroes of my own crew, dancing for life. There's something positive in a Negro-dance; it has a wonderfully infectious and exhilarating effect on spectators. I've always found it impossible to keep my feet still during its performance. They never lose a note of the music, and you feel firmly convinced that an accidental-false note must inevitably result in a broken leg. I spent an hour enjoying their *abandon* and light-hearted gaiety, and walked away, confirmed in my belief that the acmé of happiness is to be found among those "dingy denizens of a weary world."

The night was hot and sultry. We had had two heavy showers since leaving Chagres, and everything was wet and muddy. I, however, lay down on my luggage in the boat and soon (forgetful of the wide space that intervened) in spirit I was at home!

It was three o'clock when I awoke, saturated by the heavy dews. The moon rode high in the heavens, and shone forth with the same calm and holy aspect that had so often thrilled me in boyhood. The loud deep bark of the baboon, and the shrill scream of an owl, was all that broke the deep stillness of the night. After more than an hour's search through the various sheds, by which I incurred no little risk in waking up wrong passengers, I mustered my crew, and we pursued our toilsome way. When the sun rose, the rich tropical foliage was a source of lively curiosity. The thick and deep-green verdure of an eternal summer, whose shade is ~~right~~ at noon; the slim, smooth trunks, whose branches towered high in the heavens; while far above us, extending its broad arms over our heads, was the majestic sycamore, amid whose boughs we could discern the active little monkey peeping down upon us; the cocoa-tree; the huge leaf of the plantain; and last, though fairest of them all, so strikingly resembling the graceful form of a "coronet" of feathers, the ill-named cabbage-tree: with these exceptions, the Chagres river is very similar to all our southern streams: perhaps it may best be likened to the Chattahoochee.

It was near eleven o'clock before we reached a "ranche," fifteen miles from the place of our morning's

departure, where we *hoped* to breakfast. Hope was ever delusive, and so we found it. We could only add to our stock a cup of coffee, without milk, and some miserable biscuit. We soon hurried on, until the intense heat obliged us to "lie by" under the trees for two hours, when it commenced raining, and we resumed our journey. Now, when it rains in this region, it *rains*. I never saw anything so terribly in earnest. It comes down like a shower-bath, and fairly takes away your breath. Sheltering ourselves as well as we could in our *ponches* for three hours, we sat cheerless and forlorn, the monuments of misery. By six o'clock P.M., having made but eight miles since breakfast, we came to a wretched-looking hovel, where we must needs pass the night. Our fare here was as foul as usual, (without meaning a pun, for a chicken would have been a luxury.) Coffee, black bread, and some ham, the frying of which must have been effected at a fearful sacrifice of life, was all that could be had, until a gentleman succeeded in purchasing four eggs at a dollar, and generously divided his prize with me. For ten dimes I bargained for the privilege of lying on a mat. It was the dryest place to be found; and as fatigue and privations made it downy and sweet, my slumbers were sound and refreshing. At three o'clock, by the moon's clear light, we resumed our way. Soon after day-break the boat shot round a point in the river, when, as I turned her bows across the current, she struck hard on a snag, and despite every exertion of the crew, swung round and nearly filled. In an instant the chance of saving our baggage seemed hopeless. The water was deep; the current far too rapid for a swimmer to gain the point; and a glance sufficed to show that it required no mean effort for life to reach the opposite bank, encumbered as we were with clothing, for it was some hundred and fifty yards distant. As the boat vibrated on the sunken log, we had time to divest ourselves of superfluous weights, our boots and weapons. The water fairly boiled around us, while only by rapid transits from side to side could we keep from being capsized. A heavy box of castings, stowed in the bottom, proved our salvation. I ordered the crew to jump overboard and sustain themselves on either side; this so lightened her, that after a few convulsions, as if sensible of the wound, she broke away from her sudden foe, and was rapidly swept far out into the stream.

All personal danger was now past; but our baggage still remained in imminent jeopardy. The snag had penetrated the bottom of the boat, and she was fast settling. The steep banks on both sides rendered it difficult even to climb; so that it was obvious we could save nothing but ourselves. Coasting along, determined to rescue our "plunder" if possible, we cheered the crew on, while our efforts were employed in "bailing out" with every available utensil. After more than an hour's exertion and suspense, the water gaining rapidly, and the deeply-laden "gig" half full, we reached a little mud-flat, discharged cargo, and hauled out for repairs. Such incidents are of too frequent occurrence for the crew

to be at a loss for expedients; so we were soon afloat again, and at noon, having performed eight miles in about as many hours, we stopped at a "ranche" to breakfast, "much as usual." After our morning's adventure, we ceased to wonder at the number of persons drowned on the river. Nine miles thence, after having been favoured with the usual pluvius dispensation, as night set in, we discovered the territory of an old Indian squaw decorated with two sheds, one of which was enclosed. Here we "came-to:" several boats soon followed, including some bound down, until the number of the destitute seeking shelter and food amounted to near fourscore. The mud was six inches deep, so that our tent was useless: to proceed was impossible: the boatmen reported the rapids just above impassable by night. Food there was none; but when hope was coldest, Fortune smiled. My Niobeian despair must have excited the commiseration of the old lady, who hired me a hammock, and after supping on charity, the scanty remains of a fellow-traveller's hamper, I "hung myself up," and the stilled heart could scarce produce a deeper slumber.

The sun was up when we commenced our fourth day's toil. The stream now became so rapid that oars were laid aside for poles; and keeping close to the bank, availing of every pendant branch and tree, our "speed" did not much exceed a mile to the hour. Frequently we lost, in a few moments, by being swept into deep water, the labours of a full half hour. The "après" seemed universally to pity the "avants." As one canoe flew by us with the current, containing eight or ten passengers, all straining with paddles, they greeted us with: "This is the way, boys, you'll go when you're bound home!" Seven miles of struggling brought us to Gorgona, a small Indian village of bamboo-huts, and two board-houses for hotel, where we found—ye gods! how we feasted our eyes on it!—the first "table-cloth" we had seen since we left the steamer Georgia; and we rubbed our hands in anticipation of breakfast. If we were somewhat disappointed in the edibles, we had feasted on that cloth, faint symbol of civilization, and paid our dimes without reluctance. We were now within seven miles of Cruces: anxious to end our aquatic voyage in that quarter, we embarked once more. The distance thence was mostly accomplished by the crew wading in the water, and thus propelling the boat. In passing a rapid not fifty yards long, which consumed an hour, our baggage was again in peril; and one of the crew, having been swept away from the boat, saved himself by his coolness and activity, where a less agile man must have perished. Just before reaching the town, I shot an alligator, some twelve feet long. After performing divers antics that would have astonished the entire RAVEZ family, he suddenly disappeared to parts unknown. In a small mud creek, branching from the river, we found the landing of Cruces, and disembarked at three P.M., on Sunday, October 27th.

As I slept on shore, two Indians were fighting with

knives, weapons they invariably carry, having blades about twelve inches long. The sight was anything but gratifying. I have a peculiar antipathy to surgical operations. One's blood must be warmed by either habit, passion, or excitement, to carve unshrinkingly a fellow-subject. Death must have been the fate of one or both of the Indians, but the bystanders interfered, and they were separated.

The village is a collection of miserable-looking huts, built (like all the Indian habitations) of cane and bamboo, occupied by Indians and Negroes, between whom there exists no distinction, and a few frame-buildings recently erected by Americans. In one of the latter we took up our quarters. Hogs, as in Ireland, are here privileged characters, and rove unrestrained guests through every house. As the habits of that favoured animal are not remarkable for cleanliness, it is hardly necessary to add that filth and mud enter largely into the products of the place. There was nothing to engage the traveller's curiosity, save the ruins of an old Spanish cathedral built by the Jesuits, in which mass is still performed.

After supping superlatively well, comparatively speaking, the transient twilight of the tropics had hardly vanished, ere, wishing to retire for the night, we were shown up-stairs to the general dormitory. It comprised the entire length and breadth of the building, and contained, by a nice computation of our arithmetic, seventy-two cots, to each of which was apportioned one sheet, one blanket, and a pillow, while the space allotted to an occupant was reduced to limits of which man cannot be deprived—six feet by two. Our nice perceptions were fast evaporating; but spreading my wolf-robe and my own blanket, I was soon asleep.

About midnight I was awakened by a most extraordinary concert, consisting of an extensive band of performers on the nasal organ. The harmony can only be conceived by one who has slept in the same room with fifty worn-out travellers. After the ludicrous and comic effect, so much melody became exceedingly annoying, and while revolving the expediency of raising an alarm of fire, that we might all take a fair start, fatigue triumphed over the senses, and ere long I may have joined in the choir. At daylight there was a general resurrection. Toilets were as brief as orisons. We were soon occupied bargaining with the natives for the transportation of our luggage to Panama, which was finally effected at an equal waste of words and capital, or twelve dollars per hundred pounds, and sixteen dollars for saddle-mules. At ten o'clock we mounted and rode forth, a warlike, brigandish-looking squad—from appearances, much more to be dreaded than attacked. Four men had just been robbed on the road, among whom we fancied there must have been a great want of "matériel." I think an armed party of three always safe.

In an Indian-rubber bag strapped behind me I carried a great-coat and a change of linen; in front, fastened to the saddle, my "poncho," and a small

leather bag containing my gold and liquors, both equally precious and necessary. These, added to my gun, made rather a heavy burden for my "steed;" but he was a strong-built, bright-eyed little animal, and notwithstanding sundry falls, equal to any of his fellows. Proceeding a few hundred yards, we struck a narrow defile in the mountains, where our imagination, previously excited in picturing the road, we still found most woefully at fault, and some conception of the truth began to dawn upon us. It certainly beggars description. I am conscious of my inability to paint it, or give even a faint idea of its ruggedness. It is assuredly only one remove from impassibility.

In the excitement and rivalry of the chase, I have recklessly driven my horse over many a break-neck spot, and been astounded at his success; still I should have doubted that a mule could have picked his way over such a confused chaos of rocks and stones, intermingled with slippery mud. Any attempt to ride a horse unbroken to its paths must inevitably result in the death of the animal, if not the rider. The road leads through ravines where your saddle-bags scrape the rocky sides, and often only six inches wide at the bottom, diverging till over-head the fallen trees and thick foliage shut out the sun and darken the narrow gulfs whose windings are so abrupt, that your companions are shut from view, though not two lengths apart; mounting precipitous rocks where foot-holes are cut for each step of the mule, and any slip, or even the error of putting a wrong foot first, sends "horse and rider" rolling over each other amid shouts of laughter. Descents, though apparently more fearful, are much more easily accomplished by the animal sliding down on his haunches. What I have described is far the better portion of the road. In some places rocks and stones of all sizes are covered and intermixed with a soft clay about three feet deep, through which the animal must take his footing at a venture, and consequently it is one continued struggling, floundering, and falling; the frequent carcasses over which he steps, seemingly admonishing him of his fate, if he falter. After emerging, either mounted or afoot, the first process is to dig the mud from your eyes and face, arrange your trapping, settle yourself in your saddle, and prepare for a similar ordeal.

There appeared to be a philosophical determination among us to laugh at all misfortunes. I was greatly amused at the awkwardness of one of the party, a tall man with a long pair of "dividers," which I doubt had ever before bestrode a quadruped. He opened the "ball" with a clownish feat that set us off in convulsions of laughter, although it was some time before he joined-in, evidently entertaining serious misgivings respecting his equestrian skill, and revolving the expediency of again trusting himself on the outside of a mule. A foot-passenger to whom I addressed a few eloquent and figurative adjectives, expressive of my appreciation of the road, replied: "Fire away, stranger; you can't abuse it!" I rode

on, thinking he had expressed more in one sentence than I should in my whole journal.

I had early found it advisable to abandon the reins, and allow my mule to select his own path. About noon we came to an abortive effort at improvement, by throwing a species of log-bridge over a mud-hole. When about half-way across, the animal, finding his further progress intercepted, turned short to the right, and plunged off from a height of about four feet, actually burying himself with his head and neck below the visible horizon. My feet became too deeply imbedded to extricate myself from the saddle, and with a total eclipse of both eyes by the shower of mud, I kept my seat stoically, listening to the remarks of some foot-passengers who happened to witness the catastrophe, and the shouts of my companions. "Handsomely interred!" exclaimed a rough-looking red-shirt. "There's the end of his tail," said a facetious biped, seated on a stump, performing a surgical operation on his boot; and whether spelt *tale* or *tail* appeared equally applicable. But his obsequies were not destined to be so performed; his race was not yet run. After a few desperate struggles, greatly assisted by a liberal application of my "persuaders," (most blood-thirsty looking spurs,) we emerged, or rather, I should say, "broke cover," fresh as paint. While thus comfortably progressing, amusing ourselves at each other's mishaps, the sky became darkened, the lightning flashed, the thunder reverberated among the rocks and chasms in not very pleasing propinquity, the rain descended, the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon us, and we stood it like hydropathic disciples.

At three o'clock, copiously wet and correspondingly dry, we came to a little opening, and greeted the American ensign on a large tent standing close by "a small dog with a short tail." Here we dismounted and "got fed" on corn-cake and molasses. After abundant recourse to our flasks for additional sustenance, we remounted and faced the storm, still laughing at vicissitudes, to which I contributed by two additional falls of my mule, we drove our weary brutes over many a carcass of the slain, wedged in the narrow passes; which, by-the-by, I noticed were all horses, so I am unable to place on record the still unobserved skull of a dead donkey. By dark we reached a considerable clearing, in the centre of which stood two large sheds, where we must needs pass the night. We had ridden twelve miles, and surmounted all the most diabolical portions of the road. Man's courage and fortitude will sustain him cheerily over daily hardships and sufferings, if night but bring him refreshing rest; but it would have chilled one, nourished by luxury and uninured to exposure, to have looked upon the hopeless prospect of repose before us. A large open shed, with the ground underneath wet and muddy, was our only asylum, already half filled with Indians.

Some desperate remedy and effort was necessary. Reconnoitring, we discovered that the proprietor and his two squaws, all dirty aborigines, possessed



an enclosure in one corner, of loose cane, reaching about the height of a man. This we speedily stormed and took, when our host, finding we were determined to defend it and not to abdicate, opened negotiations, and a treaty was soon made and ratified, to the following effect: We were to pay a considerable sum of money, and to receive five twine hammocks, (our party had been reinforced by two;) the invaders to retain undisputed and quiet possession during the night, and retire unmolested in the morning. Provisions there were none to be had, by forage or negotiation, so we could not possibly sustain a siege beyond the time specified in the truce. Soon after, Uncle SAM's mails began to arrive, and were piled for the night under the same shelter. They consisted of one hundred and twenty-four bags, loading forty-one mules. We were wet to the skin, and fire to dry our clothes and cheer us became another subject of bargain. As it exemplified the grasping disposition of the red rascal, I must describe it. He first bargained to make a fire for four dimes money down, and maintained the contract was fulfilled by lighting three small sticks and producing smoke enough to have dried a cargo of herrings. Our complaint of "mas fuego" was answered with "mas reales," and another equal payment brought but a similar instalment. This I repeated four times, till getting incensed, and fearing he would impoverish me before morning, I seized a brand and threatened gratuitously to bestow on him a glowing sample of my fire. Looking me steadily in the face, to satisfy himself that I was in earnest, and that no more dimes were to be had, he brought an abundant supply, displaying his "ivories" at the success of his artifice.

Long after my comrades had retired, I sat by the fire, musing over the past and present. What a picture lay before me! How I lamented the neglect of early studies, and my inability to sketch the wild scene, so stilled, so hushed! The clouds had melted away, and the stars shone with the wondrous brilliancy of the tropics; the natives lay scattered on the ground, sleeping heavily in such picturesque and abandoned attitudes, it seemed more a deserted battle-field marking some fierce struggle, than the quiet repose of breathing forms still redolent with life.

* * * * *

The Indians, though diminutive in stature, are generally well made, and with singularly handsome faces. They possess nothing of the high cheek-bone that so disfigures our northern tribes. With cast of features so very similar, they appear more like members of the same family; and to a stranger it is no easy matter to distinguish them apart. Their honesty I think highly commendable. Intrusted with baggage for days together, instances are extremely rare where anything is pilfered or lost. The following morning our party and the sun rose simultaneously. The latter seemed to have made a mistake, for he just peeped out and was speedily

covered up again. The dark forms that lay so motionless around us had disappeared like demons with the night. The man-with-two-halves stood immovable and statue-like, patiently awaiting us to capitulate. At a considerable outlay of smiles and dimes, we seduced his two frailties into furnishing us with coffee; but famine drove us out of our camp, and we resumed our march. The country became more open, and the road improved rapidly as we approached Panama. A ride of five miles brought us to a rude pavement, where I urged my mule in advance of my companions, wishing to catch a first sight of the sea. After crossing a stone bridge and passing a decayed monastery on the left, I rose a little acclivity, and the mighty though placid and peaceful Ocean of the West lay before me! I sat motionless and almost breathless, gazing over its tranquil waters with sensations such as one rarely feels in life: like the opening of a seal, a sudden vision of a new world, or a first sight of the "other side." It was some time before I had eyes for the surrounding scenery, though grandly beautiful. The fortifications at Panama were distinctly visible. Some dozen vessels lay at anchor among mountainous islands rising abruptly from the sea. Behind the city rose a lofty peak far into the clouds; and at its base, although on a considerable mount overlooking every other edifice, stood some extensive ruins of an old cathedral. So imposing was the magnitude of Nature's works about me, I felt as if I had never before conceived the grandeur of her efforts, so wondrously developed here.

I know not what beautiful peroration I might have poured forth, as thoughts came thick and fast; but my soliloquy was interrupted by an exclamation of, "Come on; I've taken off my hat to old Briney!" The spell being thus dissolved, I rode on. We soon after came to a wide road, bounded with miserable Indian huts, extending near a mile. At its terminus we passed dilapidated stone houses composing the suburbs of the city, when a few hundred yards brought us to the walls. Crossing a ditch, and entering an arched gateway, we were in Panama.

CROSSING A TORRENT IN BOOTAN.

A COOL head and a firm hand must be indispensable for such a mode of transit as this. Woe to the brain that gets dizzy, or the timid fingers that cease to clutch manfully the rope. Yet may this kind of thing become as familiar by practice, as going up stairs. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*; but that first "pas," it must be admitted, is neither the safest nor the pleasantest, and should it prove a "*faux pas*," must be fatal to him who makes it. At all events, the incident furnishes a very striking subject for the pencil, and is most effectively treated by the artist Daniel, to whom we are indebted for so many characteristic pictures of Indian life and scenery.

HOLY ROOD.

It is not generally known that the name given to the ancient Abbey of Holyrood, founded by David I. and subsequently adopted for the Royal Palace, was acquired by circumstances truly miraculous if we may believe Hector Brece, whose account we here abridge and modernise.

David, who was crowned King of Scotland at Scone in 1124, came to visit the Castle of Edinburgh three or four years after. At this time there was about the castle a great forest full of harts and hinds. "Now was the Rood-day coming, called the Exaltation of the Cross, and because the same was a high solemn day, the King passed to his contemplation. After the masses were done with vast solemnity and reverence, appeared before him many young and insolent barons of Scotland, right desirous to have some pleasure and solace by chase of hounds in the said forest. At this time was with the King a man of singular and devout life named Alcuin, Canon of the order of St. Augustine, who was long time confessor afore to King David in England, the time that he was Earl of Huntingdon and Northumberland." Alcuin used many arguments to dissuade the King from going to the hunt. "Nevertheless, his dissuasion little availed, or the King was finally so provoked by inopportune solicitation of his barons, that he passed, notwithstanding the solemnity of the day, to his hounds." As the King was coming to the vale that lay to the east from the castle, subsequently named the Canon-gate, the stag passed through the wood with such din of bugles, and horses, and braying of dogs, that "all the beasts were raised from their dens. Now was the King coming to the foot of the crag, and all his nobles severed, here and there, from him, at their game and solace, when suddenly appeared to his sight the fairest hart that ever was seen before with living creature." There seems to have been something awful and mysterious about the appearance and movements of this hart which frightened King David's horse past control, and it ran away over mire and moss, followed by the strange hart "so fast that he threw both the King and his horse to the ground. Then the King cast back his hands between the horns of this hart, to have saved him from the stroke thereof," when a miraculous Holy Cross slid into the King's hands, and remained, while the hart fled away with great violence. This occurred "on the same place where now springs the Rood Well." The hunters, affrighted by the accident, gathered about the King from all parts of the wood to comfort him, and fell on their knees, devoutly adoring the holy cross, which was not a common, but a heavenly piece of workmanship, "for there is no man can show of what matter it is of, metal or tree." Soon after, the King returned to his castle, and in the night following he was admonished by a vision in his sleep, to build an abbey of canons regular in the same place where he had been saved by the cross. Alcuin, his confessor, by no means "suspended his good mind," and the King sent his trusty

servants to France and Flanders, "who brought right crafty masons to build this abbey, dedicated in the honour of the holy cross." The cross remained for more than two centuries in the monastery, but when David II., son of Robert Bruce, set out on his expedition against the English, he took the cross with him, and when he was taken prisoner at the battle of Neville's Cross, the cross shared the monarch's fate. It subsequently became an appendage of Durham Cathedral. The stately abbey of Holy Rood was despoiled by the Protector Somerset in 1554, and totally destroyed by the Presbyterians at the Revolution.

1851; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF MR. AND MRS. SANDBOYS.¹

This is a very clever serial work, by Henry Mayhew and George Cruikshank;—the sketches by the latter are *sui generis*, and would make the most saturnine and the most stupid laugh,—that wholesome laughter after which we feel better and cleverer; humour is very influential, if not absolutely infectious. Most of our readers are familiar, at least by name, with Buttermere, *the beautiful*, in which vale are cradled the quiet homes of a few Britons like Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys. It is almost impossible to read Mr. Mayhew's graphic account of Buttermere and its inhabitants, and not believe that the actual living population have been set up in type, for the edification of Londoners. Our curiosity is so much excited on that point, that we mean to send a copy of the first number to a friend hard by Borrowdale, and ask him if his veritable neighbours are or are not in print. As for the scenery about Buttermere and Crummock Water, it is exquisitely painted by Mr. Mayhew, and we are disposed to regret that the business of the tale will take him from that old-world loveliness, to the noise and turmoil of the modern Babel. The English lakes are being fast spoiled, by having a fashionable season, but little Buttermere will remain untainted for many years yet. By the way, the *romance* of Mary, the beauty of Buttermere, will not bear the test of close inspection. I have heard a few facts, from one who remembers her well, and who dined at the inn, on the very day of the execution of her lover at Carlisle, and was waited on by her on that occasion, which tend to prove that, instead of being heart-broken, she was heart-whole—if not *heartless*.

Let the untravelled Londoner "entertain conception" of such a place as Mr. Mayhew describes thus— it is not a far-fetched fancy.

"WHAT BUTTERMERE IS NOT.

"Here the knock of the dun never startles the student, for (thrice blessed spot!) there are no knockers. Here are no bills, to make one dread the coming of

(1) "The Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys." By Henry Mayhew and George Cruikshank. Nos. 1 and 2. Bogue, Fleet Street.

the spring, or the summer, or the Christmas, or whatever other 'festive' season they may fall due upon, for (oh, earthly paradise!) there are no tradesmen, and, better still, no discounters, and, greater boon than all—no! not one attorney within nine statute miles of mountain, fell, and morass, to ruffle the serenity of the village inn! Here that sure revolving tax-gatherer, as inevitable and cruel as the fate in a Grecian Tragedy, never comes with long book and short inkhorn, to convince us it is Lady Day, nor 'Paving,' nor 'Lighting,' nor 'Water,' 'Sewers,' nor 'Poor's,' nor 'Parochials,' nor 'Church,' nor 'County,' nor 'Queen's,' nor any other accursed accompaniment of our boasted civilization. * * * * Here there are no newspapers at breakfast to stir up your early bile with a grievance, or to render the merchant's morning meal indigestible with the list of bankrupts, or startle the fundholder with a sense that all security for property is at an end. Here there are no easy-chair philosophers,—not particularly illustrious themselves for a delight in hard labour,—to teach us to 'sweep all who will not work into the dust-bin.'"

All Buttermere is attracted to London by the Great Exhibition—all but Mr. Sandboys, who hates novelty and is afraid of London wickedness, and his wife, who hates the far-renowned 'London dirt.' No; they won't go. But what is their fate? Alas! everybody being gone, how shall they live? The grocer, the smith, the inn-keepers, the butcher, the brewer,—all are gone. In this predicament, Mr. Sandboys, after many dreadful misfortunes, is obliged to start for London to avoid being starved in Cumberland!

The whole party set off, father, mother, two children, two servants, and twenty-three packages of luggage. Arrived at Workington, they get into the wrong train, go to *Holborn Hill* in Cumberland instead of the Holborn Hill on whose proud summit stands the "Bull and Mouth," and their twenty-three packages go on to London. The next mistake is that the whole party are carried asleep to Edinburgh, and when they are at last *en route* for London, (what a Babel it will be two months hence!) a pretended "detective," who kindly offers to put the Sandboys on his guard against thieves, robs him, not only of all his cash, but of his railway tickets! Taken before a magistrate, the astounded and humiliated Sandboys finds a friend in the police inspector, and supplied with a loan, starts again for town. On his arrival, the Bull and Mouth, of course, is full. Sandboys, utterly bewildered, is recommended to the house of Mrs. Fokessell, who has *one* apartment to let at five shillings a night—it is the cellar, from the rough vaulted roof of which is suspended a hammock, and with that "thing" the verdant Sandboys are obliged to be content. And now, reader, if you want to know *how* many times they tried to get into the "thing," how many times they came out of it in the most surprising manner, what finally *befel* them, and *fell* on them;—if you want to know these things,—and they are of great importance to you, (as of course, *you* are going to town)—then you must get this amusing book, and if

you don't derive a little healthy laughter from it, you will never laugh any more in your life, and it is problematical to us whether you ever have laughed.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"The British Metropolis in 1851." A little guide book to London, on a very novel and useful plan, the idea of which is good, and the execution most creditable. The author appears to have taken great interest in his subject, and we congratulate him on the result of his labours. Still there are some errors which it would be well to correct in a future edition; we are told that Box Hill is beyond Hampton Court instead of near Dorking, the fine new Greek church in London Wall is not noticed at all, although perhaps, for its size, the most expensive church of modern London. Still these errors are the exception, and the fact of our finding but them in the course of our reading, shows that the author is minutely accurate, and to be depended upon.

"Elementary Anatomy and Physiology, for Schools and Private Instruction." By W. Lovett. We are sorry that we have not found an earlier opportunity of noticing this valuable addition to our daily increasing stock of school-books. Having glanced through its contents, we can safely affirm that the teacher will find it an excellent and useful elementary book for conveying instruction upon subjects which ought not to be wholly lost sight of in any scheme of education. The nature of the work and the author's object in its publication are, however, so fully and clearly stated in the opening sentences of the preface, that we prefer giving Mr. Lovett's own words to any further remarks of our own. "This little work," he observes, "may be said to have had its origin in the efforts I have been making, for some time past, to impart to children some knowledge of their own physical, mental, and moral nature; believing it to be an essential and important branch of youthful education. In the pursuit of my object I have had to glean my information from many sources, and to simplify and condense it, and to give it in such a form as I thought might be best comprehended and appreciated by those I sought to instruct. And, having to some little extent succeeded, I have thought it might aid others, engaged in the great work of education, if I printed what I have taught in a lesson form; accompanied by drawings of the diagrams I used, together with an outline of the method I adopted, and still pursue, in teaching this kind of knowledge to several classes of both sexes, weekly." It remains for us to state that the diagrams are remarkably well drawn and coloured; that the subject-matter of the volume is admirably arranged and classified, and that the style throughout is lucid, clear, and easy of comprehension.

SCRAPS.

"I FIND that our ancestors used for Lord the name of *Laford*, which, (as it should seem,) from some aspiration in the pronouncing, they wrote *Illaford* and *Illafurd*. Afterward it grew to be written *Loverd*, and by receiving like abridgment as other our ancient appellations have done, it is in one syllable become *Lord*. To deliver, therefore, the true etymology, the reader shall understand that, albeit we have our name of bread from *breod*, as our ancestors were wont to call it, yet used they also, and that most commonly, to call bread by the name of *Illaf*, from whence we now only retain the name of the form or fashion wherein bread is usually made, calling it a loaf; whereas loaf, coming of *Illaf* or *Laf*, is rightly also bread itself, and was not of our ancestors taken for the form only; that such as were endued with great wealth and means above others, were chiefly renowned (especially in these northern regions) for their housekeeping and good hospitality; that is, for being able, and using to feed and sustain many men, and therefore were they particularly honoured with the name and title of *Illaford*, which is as much as to say, as an afforder of *laf*, that is, a bread-giver, intending (as it seemeth) by bread, the sustenance of man, that being the substance of our food the most agreeable to nature, and that which in our daily prayers we especially desire at the hands of God. The name and title of *Lady* was anciently written *Illeaf* or *Leafdian*, from whence it came to be *Lafdy*, and lastly *Lady*. I have showed here last before how *illaf* or *laf* was sometime our name of bread, as also the reason why our noble and principal men came to be honoured in the name of *Laford*, which now is *Lord*, and even the like in correspondence of reason must appear in this *Leafdian*, the feminine of *Laford*; the first syllable whereof being anciently written *Illeaf*, and not *Illaf*, must not, therefore, alienate it from the like nature and sense, for that only seemeth to have been the feminine sound, and we see that of *Leafdian* we have not retained *leady*, but *lady*. Well, then, both *Illaf* and *Illeaf* we must here understand to signify one thing which is bread; *Dian* is as much to say as *serve*; and so is *Leafdian* a bread-server: whereby it appeareth that as the *Laford* did allow food and sustenance, so the *Leafdian* did see it served and disposed to the guests. And our ancient and yet-continued custom, that our ladies and gentlewomen do use to carve and serve their guests at the table, which in other countries is altogether strange and unusual, doth for proof hereof well accord and correspond with this our ancient and honourable feminine appellation."

VERSTEGAN.

THE Earl of St. Alban's, Secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria during all her misfortunes, found himself at the Restoration but in an indifferent condition.

Being one day with Charles II. when all distinctions were laid aside, a stranger came with an importunate suit for an employment of great value

which was just then vacant. The king ordered him to be admitted, and bid the earl personate himself. The gentleman addressed himself accordingly, enumerated his services to the royal family, and hoped the grant of the place would not be deemed too great a reward. "By no means," replied the earl, "and I am only sorry that as soon as I heard of the vacancy I conferred it on my faithful friend the Earl of St. Alban's, (pointing to the king,) who has constantly followed the fortunes of my father and myself, and has hitherto gone unrewarded; but when anything of this kind happens again worthy of your acceptance, pray let me see you." The gentleman withdrew; the king smiled at the jest, and confirmed the grant to the earl.—*Addison's Anecdotes.*

NEGRO WIT.

THERE is a tradition that one of the old esquires in Malden, Massachusetts, had a slave who had been in the family until he was about seventy years of age. Perceiving that there was not much work left for the old man, the esquire took him one day and made him a somewhat pompous address, to the following effect:—"You have been a faithful servant to me, and my father before me. I have long been thinking what I should do to reward you for your services. I give you your freedom. You are your own master; you are your own man." Upon this the old negro shook his grisly head, and with a sly glance, showing that he saw through his master's intention, quickly replied, "No, no, massa; you eat de meat, and now you must pick de bone."

"PROPER words in proper places make the true definition of a style."—*Swift.*

AN EXTRAORDINARY ALTAR-PIECE.

"OVER a Popish altar at Worms," says Burnet, "there is a picture one would think invented to ridicule transubstantiation. There is a windmill, and the Virgin Mary throws Christ into the hopper, and he comes out at the eye of the mill all in wafers, which a priest takes up to give to the people."—*Cunningham's Life of Hogarth.*

"ALL FLESH IS GRASS."

BISHOP Hughes, in a sermon to his parishioners, repeated the quotation that "all flesh is grass." The season was Lent, and a few days afterwards he encountered Terence O'Collins, who appeared to have something on his mind. "The top of the mornin' to your riverence," said Terence, "did I fairly understand your riverence to say 'all flesh is grass,' last Sunday?" "To be sure you did," replied the Bishop, "and you're a heretic if you doubt it." "Oh! divil the bit do I doubt anything your riverence says," said the wily Terence; "but if your riverence plazes, I wish to know whether in this Lent time I could not be afther having a small piece of *bafé* by way of a salad?"

SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES OF WORTHIES
OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

ROBERT SOUTH.

WE think that most of our readers will admit that the biographies hitherto included in our sketches of English divines have presented portraits of human character as nearly faultless—as free from human frailty and infirmity—as they might reasonably hope to meet with. The meek and patient Hooker—the pure-minded and charitable Taylor—the honest and high-minded Barrow, belong emphatically to that select class or category of mortals who have been placed by the suffrage of intelligent and truthful men of all parties, in a position far beyond the reach of vulgar praise or censure. The subject of our present sketch—the witty and satirical Dr. South, has left behind him a reputation of a somewhat different kind. Inferior in learning and ability to neither of the great ornaments of the English Church, on whose lives we have commented, and endowed with a wonderful faculty of vigorous and searching eloquence, he was nevertheless, as his writings prove, a man of intolerant disposition, a sincere and unselfish, but vehement and angry partisan, a thorough “good hater” of the practices and tenets of his opponents, and one who occasionally lacked the charity and discretion, as well as the decorousness of language and demeanour, which should distinguish the conduct of the Christian minister.

Dr. Robert South was born in the year 1633. His birth-place was the pleasant suburban village of Hackney; a quiet sequestered village then, for many miles of cultivated fields and verdant pastures lay between it and the great metropolis. His father was a prosperous merchant of London; his mother a woman of good family, from the county of Kent, whose maiden name was Berry. In childhood and early boyhood, South was distinguished for quickness and intellectual precocity. Having passed very creditably through a course of preparatory instruction, at the age of fourteen he was sent to Westminster school, as a King's Scholar. This famous seminary was at that time under the dictatorship of the renowned Busby; the sturdy disciplinarian who walked with covered head amongst his boys, even before a royal visitor, solemnly assuring his Majesty afterwards, in explanation of his conduct, that it was necessary to preserve his dignity before his scholars, and to appear the greatest man, even though a king were present. Although his presence inspired immoderate awe in the little kingdom over which he held despotic sway, this distinguished pedagogue is represented to have been a man of mean and insignificant appearance, and in height, considerably below the middle stature. A tall Irishman, it is said, once addressed him in a coffee-house, in the following words: “Will you allow me, *Giant*, to pass on to my seat?” “Certainly, *Pigmy*, was the reply.” “I alluded, sir,” said the Celt, “to the vastness of your intellect.”

“And I,” retorted Busby, “to the size of yours.” As a schoolmaster, there is no doubt that Busby united considerable tact in tuition, with great learning. But woe to the unlucky wight who possessed but a moderate amount of brains, or neglected his tasks whilst under his control! The Westminster pedagogue boasted of the efficacy of flagellation, and rarely erred upon the side of mercy. Under his successful but not very benignant sway, the school furnished an abundance of good scholars, and he invariably spoke of his rod, as the sieve to prove them.

At Westminster, whilst yet a mere youth, South distinguished himself by an act of courageous and uncompromising loyalty, which, young as he was, might have involved him in some trouble. On the 30th of January, 1649, (the day appointed for the execution of King Charles I.) being reader of the Latin prayers that morning, he publicly, and to the surprise and consternation of his auditors, prayed for the king by name, “but an hour or two at most before his sacred head was struck off.” This was the first public indication which he had an opportunity of giving of the fervent spirit of loyalty which animated him through life. We may believe that that spirit was nurtured or strengthened in a great degree, by the associations he formed at Westminster; for in a sermon “prepared for delivery at a solemn meeting of his school-fellows in the Abbey,” he thus commemorated in after life the loyal character of that seminary. “Westminster is a school which neither disposes men to division in church, nor sedition in state—a school so untaintedly loyal, that I can truly and knowingly aver that, in the worst of times, (in which it was my lot to be a member of it,) we really were King's Scholars, as well as called so. And this loyal genius always continued among us, and grew up with us, which made that noted Coryphæus, Dr. J. Owen, often say, ‘that it would never be well with the nation, until this school was suppressed.’”¹

In 1651, having been elected a student of Christ Church, South proceeded to Oxford. His great attainments and undoubted ability soon brought him into notice at the university, and in the year 1655 he published a copy of Latin verses, the subject of which was, oddly enough, a panegyric on Oliver Cromwell, on the occasion of his concluding a peace with the Dutch. As this poem, however, was a mere college exercise, upon a subject proposed by the university magnates, it cannot be regarded as any declaration of South's political feelings, nor would it be fair to look upon it in that light. It was nevertheless afterwards triumphantly referred to by his opponents, (when smarting under his vigorous and relentless railery,) as a proof that he was himself at this period of his life a waverer and trimmer in political matters. It is very clear that the compliment paid to Cromwell in verse, was never repeated by South in prose. A much more genuine expression of his opinion of the Protector

(1) “Memorials of Westminster,” by the Rev. M. Walcot, 1849,

will be found in a sermon which he preached in Westminster Abbey in the year 1684. Nothing can be racier than the contemptuous bitterness with which he there speaks of the man whom he had been constrained to eulogize at college, and we feel little doubt that the sentiments so earnestly and characteristically expressed, were those which he entertained in his earlier as well as his maturer manhood.

"For who," he says, "that should view the small despicable beginnings of some things and persons at first, could imagine or prognosticate those vast and stupendous increases of fortune that have afterwards followed them? Who, that had looked upon Agathocles first handling the clay, and making pots under his father, and afterwards turning robber, could have thought that from such a condition he should come to be king of Sicily? Who that had seen Masaniello a poor fisherman, with his red cap and his angle, could have reckoned it possible to see such a pitiful thing, within a week after, shining in his cloth of gold, and with a word or a nod absolutely commanding the whole city of Naples? And who that had beheld such a *bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell*, first entering the parliament house with a threadbare, torn cloak, and a greasy hat, (*and perhaps neither of them paid for*.) could have suspected that in the space of so few years he should, by the murder of one king, and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested in the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a king, but the changing of his hat into a crown?"

It has been stated that this singular piece of pulpit rhetoric was delivered in the presence of King Charles II., who was so tickled by the humorous description of Cromwell's first appearance in Parliament, that he burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and turning to Rochester said, "Ods fish, Lory, your chaplain must be a bishop; therefore put me in mind of him at the next death."

But, to return to South's college career, we find that at this inauspicious period he gave many proofs of his steady attachment to the ritual and liturgy of the Church of England, which are in themselves perfectly inconsistent with the notion that he had in the slightest degree swerved from the loyal principles in which he had been educated. His open observance of the proscribed forms of worship more than once drew down upon him the censure of his superiors, and Dr. John Owen, then Vice-Chancellor of the University, (the "noted Coryphæus" before alluded to,) who, having himself been regularly ordained, had afterwards joined the Presbyterian party, went so far as to oppose, and that most vehemently, his obtaining his Master of Arts degree. Hearing that South was constantly in the habit of worshipping according to the liturgy, he sent for him, and menaced him with expulsion from the University, if he persisted in the practice, observing that "he could do no less in gratitude to his lighthness the Protector, and his other friends, who had thought him worthy of the dignities he then stood possessed of." To this speech South is stated to have replied with

cutting severity, "Gratitude among friends is like credit among tradesmen: it keeps business up, and maintains the correspondence; and we pay not so much out of a principle that we ought to discharge our debts, as to secure ourselves a place to be trusted another time."

Notwithstanding the opposition of Owen, South obtained his degree in 1657, and was ordained in the following year. The discouraging aspect of the times did not prevent him from at once commencing his ministrations, and with a spirit of zeal and intrepidity unparalleled at that period, he plunged into a series of attacks on the Puritans. On the 24th of July, 1659, (the year before the Restoration,) he preached an Assize Sermon at Oxford, entitled, "Interest deposed and Truth restored, or a word in season," which he afterwards published with a dedication to "The Right Worshipful Edward Atkins, formerly one of the Justices of the Common Pleas." In this dedication he describes one object of his discourse to be the "defence of the ministry, and that at such a time," he continues, "when none owned them upon the bench, . . . but when, on the contrary, we lived to hear one, in the very face of the University, (as it were in defiance of us and our profession,) openly, in his charge, defend the Quakers and fanatics, persons not fit to be named in such courts, but in an indictment!" The language of the sermon, and the topics introduced into it, tend to give us a high opinion of the preacher's courage and ability. Every passage appears skilfully framed to irritate the dominant party, and to provoke their bitterest animosity. The selfishness, pride, and hypocrisy of the pretenders to over-godliness were ridiculed and exposed with singular force and animation, and in a tone of the most perfect fearlessness. Having regard to the peculiar circumstances of the period, who will not admire the vigour of the following assault?

"Many, while they have preached Christ in their sermons," observed the intrepid churchman, "have read a lecture of atheism in their practice. We have many here who speak of godliness, mortification, and self denial; but if these are so, what means the bleating of the sheep, and the lowing of the oxen, the noise of their ordinary sins, and the cry of their great ones? If godly, why do they wallow and steep in all the carnalities of the world, under pretence of Christian liberty? Why do they make religion ridiculous by pretending to prophecy; and when their prophecies prove delusions, why do they blaspheme? If such are self-deniers, what means the griping, the prejudice, the covetousness, and the pluralities preached against, and retained, and the arbitrary government of many? When such men

(1) Alluding to the conduct of an Independent divine, who, when Cromwell was seized with the sickness of which he died, declared that God had revealed to him that the Protector would recover and live thirty years longer, "for that God had raised him up for a work which could not be done in less time;" but Oliver's death being published two days afterwards, the same divine publicly expostulated with God in prayer, exclaiming, "Lord, thou hast lied unto us; yea, thou hast lied."

preach of self-denial and humility, I cannot but think of Seneca, who praised poverty, and that very safely, in the midst of his riches and gardens; and even exhorted the world to throw away their gold, perhaps, (as one well conjectures) that he might gather it up: so these desire men to be humble, that they may domineer without opposition. But it is an easy matter to commend patience when there is no danger of any trial, to extol humility in the midst of honours, to begin a fast after dinner.¹ But oh, how Christ will deal with such persons when he shall draw forth all their actions bare, and stript from this deceiving veil of their heavenly speeches! He will then say, It was not your sad countenances, nor your hypocritical groaning, by which you did either confess or honour me: but your worldliness, your luxury, your sinister, partial dealing; these have denied me, these have wounded me, these have gone to my heart; these have caused the weak to stumble, and the profane to blaspheme; these have offended the one, and hardened the other. You have indeed spoke me fair, you have saluted me with your lips, but even then you betrayed me. Depart from me, therefore, you professors of holiness, but you workers of iniquity."

The Restoration of royalty was a joyful event to South, and a fortunate one for his personal peace and security. Outspoken and fearless as he had been in the expression of his opinions before that event, it could not be expected that he would moderate his zeal in the day of triumph, or mitigate the severity of his sarcasm when he was at liberty to launch it with impunity. On the 29th of July, 1660,—exactly two months after the triumphant entry of the restored sovereign into the metropolis,—he preached a sermon before the University of Oxford, on the occasion of the King's Commissioners meeting there, in which he gave full scope to his determined animosity against Puritans and Dissenters. The discourse which he delivered is published in his collected works under the title of "The Scribe Instructed," and in the course of it he thus felicitously described and satirized the puritanical mode of preaching:—

"First of all," he said, "they seize upon some text, from whence they draw something which they call a doctrine; and well may it be said to be *drawn* from the words, forasmuch as it never naturally flows or results from them. In the next place, being thus provided, they branch it into several heads, perhaps *twenty* or *thirty*, or upwards. Wherefore, for the prosecution of these, they repair to some trusty Concordance, which never fails them; and by the help of that, they range six or seven scriptures under each head, which scriptures they prosecute one by one, first amplifying and enlarging upon one, for some considerable time, till they have spoiled it, and then, that being done, they pass to another, which, in its turn, suffers accordingly. And these impertinent and unpremeditated enlargements they look upon as the motions and breathings of the Spirit, and therefore,

much beyond those carnal ordinances of sense and reason, supported by industry and study; and this they call a *saving* way of preaching—as it must be confessed to be a way to *save much labour*, and nothing else that I know of."

With equal force and humour he then alluded to the practices invariably resorted to in the pulpit by the Puritan preachers, such as shutting the eyes, distorting the face, speaking through the nose, and *toning* instead of *preaching* their sermons. He denounced the presumption of those who left their worldly callings to undertake without preparation the duties of the ministry, and who were in the habit of haranguing the multitude, "sometimes in streets, sometimes in churches, sometimes in barns, and sometimes from pulpits, and sometimes from tubs; in a word, whosoever and howsoever they could clog the senseless and unthinking rabble about them." Ridiculing many of the cant terms of Puritanism as he went on, he observed that it was no wonder that those who intended to make their preaching and praying an extemporary work should be content with an extemporary preparation for it; such mushroom divines would find that "hasty births were seldom long-lived and never strong;" and he concluded with the following vehement denunciation of the party then so recently dominant in church and state:—

"Providence having broken the rod of (I believe) as great spiritual oppression as was ever before exercised upon any company or corporation of men whatsoever; when some spiritual tyrants, then at the top and head of it, not being able to fasten any accusation upon men's lives, mortally maligning by them, would presently arraign and pass sentence upon their hearts, and deny them the proper encouragement and support of scholars, because, forsooth, they were not (in their refined sense) godly and regenerate; nor allowed to be godly because they would not espouse a faction, by resorting to their congregational, house-warming meetings, where the brotherhood (or sisterhood rather) used to be so very kind to 'their friends and brethren in the Lord.' Besides the barbarous, raving insolence, which those spiritual dons from the pulpit were wont to show to all sorts and degrees of men, high and low; representing every casual mishap as a judgment from God upon such and such particular persons, who, being implacably hated by the party, could not, it seems, be otherwise by God himself. For 'Mark the men,' said Holderforth,² (as I myself, with several others, frequently heard him.) And then, having thus fixed his mark, and taken aim, he would shoot through and through it with a vengeance. But, I hope, things are already come to that pass, that we shall never again hear any, especially of our own body, in the very face of loyalty and learning, dare, in this place, (so renowned for both,) either rail at majesty, or decry a standing ministry, and, in a most unnatural and preposterous manner, plant their batteries in the pulpit for the beating down of the church."

(1) Very credibly reported to have been done in an Independent congregation at Oxford.

(2) Dr. H. W. violently thrust in canon of Christ Church, Oxon, by the parliament visitors, in the year 1647.

This is strong language, but there are many passages much stronger in sermons preached by South at subsequent periods. By some of the loyal clergy he was often considered to carry his invectives and abuse too far; although there is no doubt that at the period of reaction which followed "the reign of the Saints," his bold unsparing satire was applauded and approved, as well as keenly relished, by the vast majority of the high-church party. Before we pass on to the other events of his life, we cannot refrain from presenting the reader in this place with another specimen of his satirical rhetoric, which we quote from a discourse avowedly directed against the long extemporary prayers of the Puritans:—

"I do not," he says, "in the least question, but the chief design of such as use the extempore way, is to amuse the unthinking rabble with an admiration of their gifts; their whole devotion proceeding from no other principle, but only a love to hear themselves talk. And I believe it would put Lucifer himself hard to it to outvie the pride of one of those fellows pouring out his extempore stuff amongst his ignorant, whining, factious followers, listening to and applauding his copious flow and cant, with the ridiculous accents of their impertinent groans. And the truth is, extempore prayer, even when best and most dexterously performed, is nothing else but a business of invention and wit, (such as it is,) and requires no more to it, but a teeming imagination, a bold front, and a ready expression; and deserves much the same commendation (were it not in a matter too serious to be sudden upon) which is due to extempore verses, only with this difference, that there is necessary to these latter a competent measure of wit and learning, whereas the former may be done with very little wit, and no learning at all."

In August 1660, South was appointed public orator of the University of Oxford, and in that capacity delivered an oration on the installation of Lord Clarendon as chancellor, which had an important influence on his future career; for the chancellor was so struck with his manner and delivery, and formed so high an opinion of his abilities, that he at once made him his chaplain; an appointment which, in the course of a short time, led to other promotions. In the meanwhile abundant opportunities were afforded our divine of making known the fervour of his political principles. On the 30th of January, 1663, (the anniversary of the execution of King Charles I.) he preached a remarkable sermon in the royal chapel of Whitehall, before Charles II. The argument of his discourse is well expressed in the title under which it was afterwards published,—"*Pretence of Conscience no Excuse for Rebellion*;" a topic well suited to the place, the audience, and the occasion. The preacher took his text from the book of Judges, (xix. 30.) "And it was so, that all that saw it said, There was no such deed done nor seen from the day that the children of Israel came up out of the land of Egypt unto this day: consider of it, take advice, and speak your minds." Nor did the eloquent divine fail

to speak his mind to the full satisfaction of his royal and noble auditors. The sentiments of ultra-loyalty which flowed from his lips came from the heart, and were delivered with all the earnestness of conviction. His congregation were, doubtless, prepared for a wholesale attack on their ancient enemies; but the cry-aloud-and-spare-not spirit of this famous discourse must have exceeded their expectations. We can fancy that a buzz and murmur of applause frequently ran through the admiring assemblage during its delivery, and that audible whispers of commendation proceeded from the gratified sovereign. Although never very scrupulous in the employment of strong phraseology, the loyal divine thought it necessary to justify, at the outset, the vehement terms of indignation in which he was about to speak of the rebellion and its catastrophe:—

"And this," he exclaimed, (after speaking of the death of Charles,) "is the black subject and occasion of this day's solemnity. In my reflections upon which, if a just indignation, or indeed even a due apprehension of the blackest fact which the sun ever saw since he hid his face upon the crucifixion of our Saviour, chance to give an edge to some of my expressions, let all such know, the guilt of whose actions has made the very strictest truths look like satires or sarcasms, and bare descriptions sharper than invectives; I say, let such censurers (whose innocence lies only in their indemnity) know, that to drop the blackest ink and the bitterest gall upon this fact, is not satire, but propriety."

A highly coloured portrait of the "murdered sovereign" then followed, which may be referred to as an excellent specimen of South's polished and pointed rhetoric. "He every way," he said, "filled the title under which we prayed for him. He could defend his religion as a king, dispute for it as a divine, and die for it as a martyr. I think I shall speak a great truth, if I say, that the only thing that makes Protestantism considerable in Christendom, is the Church of England: and the great thing that does now cement and confirm the Church of England is the blood of this blessed saint." Whilst pronouncing this splendid eulogy on the dead, the courtly divine did not forget the living. The presence of Charles II. and his retinue reminded him that the appropriate conclusion of his panegyric on the father's virtues would be a modicum of praise bestowed upon the son. An allusion to the reigning sovereign was therefore skilfully introduced. "But to finish," he continued, "this poor imperfect description, though it is of a person so renowned, that he neither needs the best, nor can be injured by the worst; yet, in short, he was a prince whose virtues were as prodigious as his sufferings, a true *pater patriæ*, a father of his country, if but for this only, that he was the *father of such a son*."

Of the judges who sat upon the king's trial he spoke in these terms of contemptuous sarcasm:— "Such an inferior crew, such a mechanic rabble were they, having not so much as any arms to show the

world, but what they wore and used in the rebellion, that when I survey the list of the king's judges, and the witnesses against him, I seem to have before me a catalogue of all trades, and such as might better have filled the *shops* in Westminster Hall, than sat upon the *benches*. Some of which came to be possessors of the king's houses, who before had no certain dwelling but the king's highway. And some might have continued tradesmen still, had not want and inability to trade sent them to a quicker and surer way of traffic, the wars. Now, that a king, that such a king, should be murdered by such, the basest of his subjects, and not like a Nimrod, (as some sanctified railing preachers have called him,) but, like an Actæon, be torn by a pack of blood-hounds; that the steam of a dung-hill should thus obscure the sun; this so much enhances the calamity of this royal person, and makes his death as different from his who is conquered and slain by another king, as it is between being torn by a lion, and eaten up with vermin; an expression too proper, I am sure, as coarse as it is, for when we are speaking of beggars, nothing can be more natural than to think of vermin too."

Nor did the preacher confine himself to denunciations of those who "openly inbriued their hands in the bloody sentence;" but, (that impartial justice might be done,) the "more considerable traitors who had the villany to manage the contrivance, and yet the cunning to disappear in the execution," came in for a full share of vituperation. "The Latin advocate (Mr. Milton!) who, like a *blind adder*, has spit so much poison upon the king's person and cause," is not forgotten; and such a description of the greatest intellect of the age proves how far the rancour of political animosity could carry one of the ablest divines of the Church of England. It seems scarcely to have entered into South's mind that the member of an opposite party could possess a single estimable qualification of mind or character. The actions and motives of his opponents were with him alike detestable. If they pleaded the imperious mandates of conscience or conviction, he had a ready answer;—the pretence of conscience was no excuse for rebellion; and this doctrine he supported with weapons and arguments which we can well believe were most palatable and acceptable to the auditory he addressed. With one short extract from this branch of his sermon, we will leave it to pass on to other matters:—

"But still, conscience, conscience is pleaded as a covering for all enormities, an answer to all questions and accusations. Ask, what made them fight against, imprison, and murder their lawful sovereign? Why, conscience. What made them extirpate the government, and pocket the revenue of the church? Conscience. What made them perjure themselves with contrary oaths? what makes swearing a sin, and yet forswearing to be none? what made them lay hold on God's promises, and break their own? Conscience. What made them sequester, persecute, and undo their brethren, rape their estates, ruin their

families, get into their places, and then say, they only robbed the Egyptians? Why, still this large capacious thing *their conscience*; which is always of a much larger compass than their understandings. In a word, we have lived under such a model of religion, as has counted nothing impious but loyalty, nothing absurd but restitution."

The high-church principles and great ability of South, aided by the patronage of Clarendon, soon procured for him ecclesiastical preferment. In the month of March, 1663, he was made Prebendary of St. Peter's, Westminster, and in 1670 he was installed a Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. The degree of Doctor of Divinity had been conferred on him in 1663, after some opposition, when a Master of Arts of only six years standing, in recognition of his genius and great attainments; and his position in the Church was, in all respects, a highly distinguished one. He enjoyed a full share of the honours and emoluments of his profession, and he stood well with the wealthy and powerful of the land. In the summer of 1677, Mr. Lawrence Hyde, the son of his patron, the Earl of Clarendon, was despatched on an embassy to Poland, to congratulate John Sobieski on his election to the crown of that kingdom, and South readily accepted an offer to accompany the embassy in the capacity of chaplain. The eyes of Europe were then turned on Poland and its newly-elected king. The accomplishments, the courage, and ability of Sobieski were renowned through Christendom, and his romantic achievements were on every tongue. He had been elected king by the unanimous voice of the Polish diet, amid the patriotic shouts of a "Polc for Poland;" and he had since earned for himself the title of the "Wizard King," by beating back, with a small but determined force, the armies of Mahomet IV. Under his sway, in fact, Poland had arisen to a height of glory and of importance amongst the nations of Europe from which, after his death, she gradually declined, till she ceased to be a kingdom at all.

It was natural that South should have been anxious to see and converse with such a man, and to have an opportunity of making his personal observations on the manners and customs of so remarkable a nation. That he was a keen and shrewd observer is shown by the account of his visit, transmitted in a letter from Dantzic, (dated December 16th, 1677,) to Dr. Edward Poccocke, Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford. From the personal habits and appearance of Sobieski to the minutest particulars respecting the people over whom he reigned, nothing seems to have escaped his attention. He found the King of Poland "a very well-spoken prince, very easy of access, and extremely civil, having most of the qualities requisite to form a complete gentleman." Of his accomplishments and attainments he spoke in high terms. "He is not only," he said, "well versed in all military affairs, but likewise, through the means of a French education, very opulently stored with all polite and scholastical learning. Besides his own tongue, the Slavonian, he understands the Latin, French, Italian, German, and

Turkish languages." In person he describes him as "a tall and corpulent prince, large faced, and full eyes;" his hair cut close round his ears like a monk, and his dress a long robe hanging down to his heels, tied about the waist with a girdle, and a large scimitar by his side, the handle of which was curiously set with diamonds.

Few English travellers had at that time penetrated into Poland, and South found the customs and manners of the people differing widely from those of western Europe. His observations are sometimes very curious and characteristic, as in the following description of a religious ceremonial at Posen. "Among other things worthy of remark," he says, "I observed here,—for I never thought it a damnable sin, (like our sectaries in England who call themselves by the soft name of Protestant dissenters,) to be acquainted with their ceremonies at saying mass,—that, while any part of the Gospel was reading, every man drew his sword half way out of its scabbard to testify his forwardness to defend the Christian faith; which has been a custom put in practice throughout all Poland ever since the reign of King Miecislau, who was the first of that character in this kingdom who embraced Christianity, A.D. 964, and was the first sovereign prince of it that renounced Paganism."

The following description of the mode in which punishment was inflicted upon servants by their masters affords some insight into the constitution of society in Poland at the period of South's visit. "Masters also have a power," he observes, "of chastising their servants, which they do after this manner:—if the servant they are about to punish be a Polish *gentleman*, then they make him lie down on his belly on a carpet spread on the ground, or upon a stool, when another *gentleman servant* lays him on unmercifully upon the back with a rope or stick, giving him as many blows or lashes as the master, who is always present, orders. After which he that is beaten embraces the knees of him that has commanded him to be beat, and salutes him with the good-natured title of *benefactor*. Which discipline seems a little too severe; but, however, is necessary for the temper of these people. The servants of vulgar extraction are likewise punished after the same manner, only with this difference, that they have no carpet spread under them. Some of the former think it an honour to be so thrashed, which honour they always bestow liberally as often as they deserve it."

Of the manners and morals of the Polish clergy no very favourable account is given. "The regular clergy," he writes, "are generally very rich, but not less dissolute and immodest; for they frequently go into the cellars to drink, those being the tippling-places in this country; and sometimes you shall see many of them so drunk in the streets that they are scarcely able to stand or go, and this without either their superiors or the people taking notice of them."

In the Polish constitution South already perceived

the seeds of dissolution, and he expresses his surprise that, with its manifold faults and weaknesses, it should have existed for above a thousand years. "Nay, considering the power of their sovereign," he continues, "the absolute prerogative every gentleman has in his own lands, in a manner above the laws,—the turbulency of their diets, and the small obligation the officers think they lie under to perform their several duties, the Poles themselves have owned it to be no less than a miracle that they should have subsisted as a kingdom and republic so long; I having heard them to say, that their preservation was to be attributed to God alone, that protected them to be the invincible bulwark of Europe against the progress of the common enemies of Christendom, the Turks and Tartars."

Upon South's return to England, from his Polish trip, he became rector of the pleasant village of Islip, in Oxfordshire. At that time the living produced about 200*l.* per annum, and in the disposal of this sum he gave a remarkable proof of the generosity of his disposition. One half of the income he set aside for the maintenance of a curate, and the other half he distributed in charity, or employed in the education and apprenticeship of the poor children of the parish. He also spent a large sum of money in repairing the church and parsonage, and purchased a piece of ground to be added to the latter, for the benefit of succeeding incumbents.

During the latter part of Charles the Second's reign, the highest ecclesiastical preferments were within the reach of the then most popular of divines. There is no doubt that a bishopric was more than once tendered to him, but this distinction he always steadily declined. Upon the accession of James II. South beheld with indignation the insidious means resorted to by the sovereign to restore the supremacy of the Roman Catholic faith. Not all his loyalty to the crown, deep and fervent as it was, could prevent him from launching from the pulpit his bitterest invectives against the Papists and their supporters, although, in matters temporal, he still adhered to the doctrine of the divine right of kings. When the Monmouth Rebellion broke out, much as he disliked the measures of the court, he avowed himself ready, if necessary, to change his black cassock for a buff-coat. And when the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of the Establishment, joined in a memorial to the Prince of Orange to come over and protect the constitution and religion of Great Britain, he was applied to in vain for his signature. His religion, he said, had taught him to bear all things, "and he would use no other weapons but his prayers and tears for the recovery of his sovereign from the wicked and unadvised counsels wherewith he was entangled."

The abdication of James, or rather his desertion of the kingdom, having, according to the highest legal opinions, left his subjects at liberty to transfer their allegiance to another sovereign, South was induced, though with considerable reluctance, to acknowledge the title of the Prince of Orange to the vacant throne.

When it was proposed, however, to promote him to one of the sees previously occupied by the non-juring bishops, he rejected the proposal with becoming warmth—in fact, almost with indignation; for he respected the motives of those who had sacrificed emoluments and distinction for conscience' sake, and properly refused (as he expressed it) to rise upon the ruins of men illustrious for piety, good morals, and strictness of life, as well as for consistency, sincerity, and honour.

During the reign of King William, our high-church divine steadily resisted, according to his means and opportunities, every measure of concession to the opponents of the Established Church. He was in the list of zealous churchmen who murmured at the Act of Toleration, and who vehemently opposed the contemplated revision of the Liturgy; and his sermons constantly breathed the bitterest hostility to nonconformists of every shade, as well as the utmost contempt for their characters and attainments. He still regarded and spoke of them as rebels, intent upon the plunder of the church, and the murder of kings, if the opportunity again presented itself; and we find him, in 1692, deprecating their notions of religion and their forms of worship with the same vehemence of sarcasm which he had employed in the days of the Stuarts. In a sermon preached at Westminster Abbey, in that year, on the subject of the *Christian Pentecost*, he thus significantly sneered at the illiterate ministers of the dissenting communities:—"In the fourth and last place, this emanation of gifts from the Spirit assures us that knowledge and learning are by no means opposite to grace, since we see gifts, as well as graces, conferred by the same Spirit. But amongst those of the late reforming age (whom we have been speaking of), all learning was utterly cried down. So that with them the best preachers were such as could not read, and the ablest divines such as could not write. In all their preachments they so highly pretended to the *Spirit*, that they could hardly so much as spell the *letter*. To be blind was with them the proper qualification of the spiritual guide, and to be book-learned, as they called it, and to be irreligious, were almost terms convertible. None were thought fit for the ministry but tradesmen and mechanics, because none else were allowed to have the Spirit. Those only were accounted like St. Paul, who could work with their hands, and, in a literal sense, drive the nail home, and be able to *make a pulpit*, before they preached in it."

An event in South's life, too important to be passed over, was his controversy, about this time, with Dr. Sherlock, then Dean of St. Paul's, on the nature of the Trinity. The combatants carried on their discussion with great warmth as well as ability, and South was considered to bear away the palm of victory. The contest excited some public interest, and a witty, but rather irreverent ballad, entitled, "The Battle-Royal," was written upon it, which became so popular, that it was translated into various languages. Its object was to ridicule such discussions,

as opposed to the true interests of religion, and the first verse was as follows:—

"A dean and prebendary
Had once a new vagary,
And were at doubtful strife,
Who led the better life, sir,
And was the better man,
And was the better man."

And then, after a humorous description of the momentous controversy, the moral was given in these lines:—

"Thus in this battle-royal,
As none would take denial,
The dame for which they strove, sir,
Could neither of them love; sir,
Since all had given offence, &c.
"She therefore, slyly waiting,
Left all three fools a-prating,
And being in a fright, sir,
Religion took her flight, sir,
And ne'er was heard of since,
And ne'er was heard of since."

During the reign of Queen Anne little was heard or seen of the once celebrated Dr. South. The infirmities of age gradually stole upon him, and impaired the vigour of his mental faculties, whilst, according to some accounts, they affected his temper, and rendered him sullen, impatient, and morose. He took a lively interest, however, in the proceedings against Dr. Sacheverel, and warmly exerted himself on his behalf. Ecclesiastical preferments were still pressed upon his acceptance, and on the death of Dr. Sprat, he was offered both the See of Rochester, and the Deanery of Westminster; but he declined such honours as unfit for an old infirm man, who had refused to accept similar preferments even in the vigour and prime of manhood.

As he sank into his dotage, and grew feebler and feebler, many longing eyes were cast upon his rich rectory and comfortable stall. Long before he departed from this mortal scene, his demise was hourly expected, and, we fear, impatiently waited for, by eager expectants for ecclesiastical preferment. On the 13th of January, 1709, Dr. Jonathan Swift coolly added the following postscript to a letter which he had indited to the Earl of Halifax: "Pray, my lord, desire Dr. South to die about the fall of the leaf, for he has a prebend of Westminster, which will make me your neighbour, and a sinecure in the country, both in the queen's gift, which my friends have often told me would fit me extremely." In the following October, however, Halifax was compelled to reply to his friend's pressing request in these words: "Dr. South holds out still, but he cannot be immortal!" Winter, however, was coming on, and Swift, growing impatient, wrote to Halifax, to solicit another preferment in case that gentle winter (too gentle, it seems, for Swift) should not carry off the superannuated divine. In spite of all, South lived on for nearly seven long, long

(1) Dr. Burnet, Master of the Charter House, had recently published an article impugning the authenticity of the *Pentateuch*, which caused the author of the ballad to add him to the other combatants.

years more, and died, at last, at the age of eighty-three, on the 8th of July, 1716.

It would be superfluous to dwell at any length upon the prominent features of South's character. His greatest admirers will admit that he was violent and intolerant, and his opponents will not deny that he was conscientious, earnest, and sincere. He was evidently a man of warm and generous disposition; a fast friend and a determined foe; and an enemy to shuffling and hypocrisy in every shape. On the other hand, his strong prejudices occasionally warped his judgment, and stifled the better feelings of his nature. He was one-sided, obstinate, and bigoted to a degree rarely met with in a world where the best of men have been constrained to admit their liability to error. Perhaps great allowances should be made for the circumstances of the period, the influence of early training, and the warmth of his temperament; but after all deductions and allowances have been made, it is impossible to regard with approval the virulence of his invectives, and the extravagant harshness of the judgments which he thought fit to pass upon others.

As a preacher, however, in his own peculiar walk, South stood unrivalled and alone. His manly eloquence and vigorous language, combined with the earnestness of his style and manner, rendered him the most popular pulpit orator among the Church of England divines of the period. "Not diffuse, not learned, not formal in argument, like Barrow," says Hallam; "with a more natural structure of sentences, a more pointed, though by no means a more fair and satisfactory turn of reasoning; with a style clear and English, and free from all pedantry, but abounding with those colloquial novelties of idiom, which, though now vulgar and offensive, the age of Charles II. affected; sparing no personal or temporary sarcasm, but, if he seems for a moment to tread on the verge of buffoonery, recovering himself by some stroke of vigorous sense and language; such was the worthy Dr. South, whom the courtiers delighted to hear."

The readers of South's sermons will also find that he was not only an accomplished divine, but a shrewd observer of the world and the world's ways. Traces of his great experience and accurate knowledge of mankind are everywhere apparent. His discourses are full of home-truths, and strong common-sense remarks. With the skill and courage of a master-mind, he dissected human motives, and mercilessly exposed every subterfuge and evasion to which hypocrisy ordinarily resorts. He was undoubtedly gifted with a keenness and clearness of perception such as few men have possessed; in fact, we have no hesitation in placing him, in this respect, in the same rank with Swift and La Rochefoucauld. His remarks upon every-day topics are equally distinguished for their pointed truth, their sagacity, and originality. Some of our readers may think it an interesting fact, that in one of his sermons, (on "the Wisdom of the World,") he was the first to give expression to an idea, the parentage of which has been since

ascribed to more than one distinguished person. In his recent biography of Goldsmith, it was mentioned by Washington Irving as a curious circumstance, that that great writer, who in conversation could keep nothing to himself, was the *author* of a maxim which inculcated the most thorough dissimulation, and which has been commonly quoted as the remark of "the fine-witted Talleyrand," namely, that it is maintained by men of the world, "that the true end of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them." The idea was, however, forcibly expressed by South, long before the time of either Goldsmith or Talleyrand.

"It is looked upon," he says, "as a great piece of weakness and unfitness for business, forsooth, for a man to be so clear and open, as really to think, not only what he says, but what he swears, and when he makes any promise, to have the least intent of performing it, but when his interest serves instead of veracity, and engages him rather to be true to another, than false to himself. He only now-a-days speaks like an oracle, who speaks tricks and ambiguities. Nothing is thought beautiful that is not painted; so that, what between French fashions and Italian dissimulations, the old generous English spirit, which heretofore made this nation so great in the eyes of all the world round about it, seems utterly lost and extinct, and we are degenerated into a mean, sharking, fallacious, undermining way of converse; there being a snare and a trepan almost in every word we hear, and every action we see. Men speak with designs of mischief, and therefore they speak in the dark. *In short, this seems to be the true inward judgment of all our politic sages, that speech was given to the ordinary sort of men, whereby to communicate their mind; but to wise men, whereby to conceal it.*"

In the sermon from whence we have taken this quotation, another fine passage occurs, in which the so-called wisdom of the world is vigorously arraigned for the crimes of heartlessness and ingratitude. The policy of neglecting a friend to court the good opinion of an enemy was well understood in King Charles's days, and many instances must have presented themselves to the preacher's mind. "Gratitude," he well said, "looks backward, but policy forward." And then, with a significance of allusion which was doubtless fully appreciated, he thus admirably rebuked the craft of the politician:—

"Whence it is, that now-a-days, only rich men or enemies are accounted the rational objects of benefaction. For to be kind to the former is traffic; and in these times men present, just as they soil their ground, not that they love the dirt, but that they expect a crop; and for the latter, the politician well approves of the Indian's religion in worshipping the devil, that he may do him no hurt; how much soever he hates him, and is hated by him. But if a poor, old, decayed friend or relation, whose purse, whose house and heart had been formerly free, and open to such an one, shall at length, upon change of fortune, come to him with hunger and rags, pleading his past

services and his present wants, and so crave some relief of one, for the merit and memory of the other; the politician, who imitates the serpent's wisdom, must turn his deaf ear, too, to all the insignificant charms of gratitude and honour, in behalf of such a bankrupt, undone friend, who, having been already used, and now squeezed dry, is fit only to be cast aside. He must abhor gratitude as a worse kind of witchcraft, which only serves to conjure up the pale, meagre ghosts of dead, forgotten kindnesses, to haunt and trouble him; still respecting what is past; whereas such wise men as himself, in such cases, account all that is past, to be also gone; and know that there can be no gain in refunding, nor any profit in paying debts. The sole measure of all his courtesies is, what return they will make him, and what revenue they will bring him in. His expectations govern his charity. And we must not vouch any man for an exact master in the rules of our modern policy, but such an one as hath brought himself so far to hate and despise the absurdity of being kind upon free cost, as (to use a known expression) not so much as to tell a friend what it is o'clock for nothing."

We have quoted several examples of South's merciless ridicule of the nonconformists. He was, however, equally opposed to the Romanists, and not a whit more scrupulous in making their religious ceremonies the subject of his railery. In the first sermon which occurs in his collected works, the Roman Catholic notions of pilgrimage and penance are thus pointedly satirized:—

"It seems that with them a man sometimes cannot be a penitent unless he also turns vagabond, and foots it to Jerusalem, or wanders over this or that part of the world, to visit the shrine of such or such pretended saint; though, perhaps, in his life ten times more ridiculous than themselves: thus, that which was Cain's curse is become their religion. He that thinks to expiate a sin by going barefoot does the penance of a goose, and only makes one folly the atonement for another. Paul, indeed, was scourged and beaten by the Jews, but we never read that he beat or scourged himself; and if they think that his keeping under of his body imports so much, they must first prove that the body cannot be kept under by a virtuous mind, and that the mind cannot be made virtuous but by a scourge, and consequently, that thongs and whiplow are means of grace, and things necessary to salvation. The truth is, if men's religion lies no deeper than their skin, it is possible that they may scourge themselves into very great improvements. But they will find that bodily exercise touches not the soul; and that neither pride, nor lust, nor covetousness, nor any other vice, was ever mortified by corporal discipline: it is not the back but the heart that must bleed for sin: and consequently, that in this whole course they are like men out of their way; let them lash on never so fast, they are not at all the nearer to their journey's end, and howsoever they deceive themselves and others, they may as well expect to bring a cart as a soul to heaven by such

means. What arguments they have to beguile poor, simple, unstable souls with, I know not; but surely the practical, casuistical, that is, the principal, vital part of their religion savours very little of spirituality."

Dealing in general with the ordinary events and realities of life, it will be seen that South's discourses are remarkable for their solid, manly wisdom, which imparts to them a character essentially practical, and has procured for them the reputation of being "not Sunday but week-day sermons." He saw deeper than most men into the motives of human conduct, and formed in general a clearer estimate of human character. As an example of the subtle truth which characterises some of his remarks, we present our readers with the following sentences on the nature and effect of the indulgence of a contemptuous feeling towards individuals or governments:—

"We will discourse of contempt and the malign hostile influence it has upon government. As for the thing itself, every man's experience will inform him that there is no action in the behaviour of one man towards another of which human nature is more impatient than contempt; it being a thing made up of these two ingredients, an undervaluing of a man upon a belief of his utter uselessness and inability, and a spiteful endeavour to engage the rest of the world in the same belief and slight esteem of him. So that the immediate design of contempt is the shame of the person contemned; and shame is a banishment of him from the good opinion of the world, which every man most earnestly desires, both upon a principle of nature and of interest. For it is natural to all men to affect a good name; and he that despises a man, libels him in his thoughts, reviles and traduces him in his judgment. And there is also interest in the case; for a desire to be well thought of directly resolves itself into that owned and mighty principle of self-preservation; forasmuch as thoughts are the first wheels and motives of action, and there is no long passage from one to the other. He that thinks a man to the ground will quickly endeavour to lay him there; for while he despises him, he arraigns and condemns him in his heart; and the after-bitterness and cruelties of his practices are but the executioners of the sentence passed before upon him by his judgment. Contempt, like the planet Saturn, has first an ill aspect, and then a destroying influence."

Devoted as he was to the study of human nature and the analysis of human motives, no one knew better than South the difficulties of such a pursuit. "Who can tell," he says, in one sermon, "all the windings and turnings, all the depths, all the hollow-nesses and dark corners of the mind of man? He who enters upon this scrutiny, enters into a labyrinth or wilderness, where he has no guide but chance or industry to direct his inquiries or to put an end to his search. It is a wilderness, in which a man may wander more than forty years; a wilderness through which few have passed to the promised land."

In recommending the practice of virtue, he did not disdain to appeal to the selfish side of human

nature. He strove to make men virtuous and religious by showing that it was their interest as well as their duty to be so. He set before them the superiority of spiritual to sensual pleasures, as demonstrated in the very nature of pleasure itself. "Pleasure, in general," said he, "is the apprehension of a suitable object, suitably applied to a rightly disposed faculty, and so must be conversant both about the faculties of the body and of the soul respectively." And he pointed out the very unsatisfactory nature of frivolous recreations and enjoyments by showing their inferiority, even to the pleasure arising from the performance of daily duties and attention to ordinary occupations.

"Nor is that man less deceived," he has well and wisely said, "that thinks to maintain a constant tenure of pleasure, by a continual pursuit of sports and recreations. The most voluptuous and loose person breathing, were he but tied to follow his hawks and his hounds, his dice and his courtships, every day, would find it the greatest torment and calamity that could befall him; he would fly to the mines and galleys for his recreation, and to the spade and the mattock for a diversion from the misery of a continual unintermitted pleasure. But, on the contrary, the providence of God has so ordered the course of things that there is no action, the usefulness of which has made it the matter of duty and of a profession, but a man may bear the continual pursuit of it without loathing and satiety. The same shop and trade that employs a man in his youth employs him also in his age. Every morning he rises fresh to his hammer and anvil; he passes the day singing; custom has naturalized his labour to him; his shop is his element, and he cannot with any enjoyment of himself live out of it."

We subjoin two more quotations from South's sermons, which, together with the extracts already given, will, we trust, convey to our readers an accurate notion of his style and manner. The first is a definition and description of the sin of Ingratitude:—

"Ingratitude is an insensibility of kindnesses received, without any endeavour either to acknowledge or to repay them. Ingratitude sits on its throne, with pride at its right hand and cruelty at its left, worthy supporters of such a state. You may rest upon this as a proposition of an eternal unfailling truth, that there neither is, nor ever was any person remarkably ungrateful, who was not also insufferably proud; nor, convertibly, any one proud, who was not equally ungrateful. For as snakes breed in dunghills not singly, but in knots, so in such base noisome hearts, you shall ever see pride and ingratitude indivisibly wreathed and twisted together. Ingratitude overlooks all kindnesses, but it is because pride makes it carry its head so high. Ingratitude is too base to return a kindness, and too proud to regard it; much like the tops of mountains, barren indeed, but yet lofty; they produce nothing, they feed nobody, they clothe nobody, yet are high and stately, and look down upon all the world about them. Ingratitude, indeed, put the poniard into Brutus's hand, but it was want

of compassion which thrust it into Cæsar's heart. Friendship consists properly in mutual offices, and a generous strife in alternate acts of kindness. But he who does a kindness to an ungrateful person, sets his steel to a flint, and sows his seed upon the sand: upon the former he makes no impression, and from the latter he finds no production. The only voice of ingratitude is, Give, give; but when the gift is once received, then, like the swine at his trough, it is silent and insatiable. In a word, the ungrateful person is a monster which is all throat and belly; a kind of thoroughfare or common sewer, for the good things of the world to pass into; and of whom, in respect of all kindnesses conferred on him, may be verified that observation of the lion's den; before which appeared the footsteps of many that had gone in thither, but no prints of any that ever came out thence."

Our second extract, on the "Prosperity of Fools," will remind our readers of Lord Bacon's celebrated saying: "Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed, or crushed; for prosperity doth but discover vice, but adversity doth but discover virtue."

"Why the prosperity of fools proves destructive to them, is, because prosperity has a peculiar force to abate men's virtues, and to heighten their corruptions. Prosperity and ease upon an unsanctified impure heart, are like the sunbeams upon a dunghill; it raises many filthy, noisome exhalations. The same soldiers, who in hard service and in the battle are in perfect subjection to their leaders, in peace and luxury are apt to mutiny and rebel. That corrupt affection which has lain, as it were, dead and frozen in the midst of distracting businesses or under adversity, when the sun of prosperity has shined upon it, then, like a snake, it presently recovers its former strength and venom."

As a clerical humourist, the name of South has almost passed into a proverb. His reputation in that character does not merely rest upon his sermons; but many smart sayings are recorded of him, which prove the quickness of his apprehension, and the liveliness of his fancy. One of the best witticisms attributed to him, is the mock-serious reprimand which he is said, when preaching on one occasion before a sleepy auditory in the chapel royal, to have addressed in a loud tone to the Earl of Lauderdale: "My lord, I am sorry to disturb your slumbers, but you snore so loud, you will wake his Majesty." The incident, it may be remembered has been thus versified:—

"Old South, a witty Churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
But much too serious for a court
Who at all preaching made a sport;
He soon perceived his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The Doctor stopp'd; began to call,
'Pray wake the Earl of Lauderdale:
My lord! why, 'tis a monstrous thing!
You snore so loud, you'll wake the King.'"

Nor were his sneers at the nonconformists confined to the pulpit. When a presbyterian tradesman assailed him, during the fervour of the Popish plot, with lamentations on the national blindness, and prophecies of Papal ascendancy, with a return to the fire and fagot, South addressed him in a bantering but consoling tone: "Never fear, my friend, men of your profession are too great *hypocrites* ever to become *martyrs*."

Before we conclude our sketch, we may remark that whilst he sometimes transgressed the rules of decorum, and occasionally manifested a deplorable want of charity towards those from whom he differed, South has left behind him one of the most admirable summaries of the duties and qualifications of the Christian minister upon record. It must be regretted that he did not reduce into practice all the rules of conduct which he recommended to others. But the best of men are often insensible to their own defects, and it is satisfactory, at least, to know that in enumerating the qualifications which a Christian minister should possess, he did not exclude the gentler virtues of moderation and charity. "God is the fountain of honour," he says, in describing the true glory of the clergy, "and the conduit by which he conveys it to the sons of men, are virtues and generous practices. Some, indeed, may please and promise themselves high matters from full revenue, stately palaces, court interests, and great dependences. But that which makes the clergy glorious, is to be knowing in their profession, unspotted in their lives, active and laborious in their charges, bold and resolute in opposing seducers, and daring to look vice in the face, though never so potent and illustrious. And, lastly, to be *gentle, courteous, and compassionate to all*. These are our robes and our maces, our escutcheons and highest titles of honour."

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER;

OR, MAN AS HE IS.

By OCTAVIUS FRERIE OWEN, M.A.; Author of "The Man of Fact;" "Schools of Ancient Philosophy," &c.

II.—THE MAN OF TON.

THIS plant of graceful delicacy is an exotic from the usual clime of civilization, and is forced into luxuriant elegance by the artificial warmth of the hothouse called "good society." Like the border on which it grows, it is somewhat indefinite and anomalous in its nature—if "*nature*" it have any—and belongs to a circle where emotion is rarely admissible, visible feeling being studiously expatriated from such neighbourhood, for nothing more offends a well-bred man than the exhibition of natural impulses, which, if joyous, he denominates "*vulgarity*,"

—if lacrymose, "*a scene*." As the moon, he moves, the condensation, as in the centre, of many stars, quiet brilliancy is his "*specific difference*," logically speaking, and the temperature he most affects, if it be not chaste, is at all events cold.

Do not start, then, at the information that a "*Man of Ton*" need not be, in the highest sense of the annexed term, "*a gentleman*;" for this latter, involving in its strict meaning a forbearance towards others, is "*a delicate refinement known to few*," as Thomson says. On the contrary, we have sometimes witnessed most thorough-paced ill-manners and *brusquerie*, in circles considered of very high caste, good connexion being but too often deemed the only necessary *carte d'entrée* thereto, in the same way as some very strict fanatics think, if a man be only rigidly devout, he may be excused his entire neglect of personal cleanliness, nor ever come near "*baths or wash-houses*!" To the Man of Ton, his dress, and the *petits soins* he pays his person, constitute the chief details of his existence; they are the offerings he renders at the shrine of that divinity Fashion, to whose minister he pays his only sincere adoration,—"*the idol*," says Swift, "*who makes men by a kind of manufacturing operation*;" we mean—his tailor. It is indeed to be regretted that he does not endeavour to keep his principles as spotless as his linen—though if the Man of Ton enter under the first of the two following descriptions, *they* would scarcely repay his care.

Yet it is beneficial to others, at least, if not to the individual himself, to ape the virtue if he have it not; it is certain too, that though the hood does not make the monk, still it keeps the latter from doing many things he would commit, if he wore it not; and thus upon the same principle, we suppose, as a fat man is compelled in consequence of his obesity to balance his figure at its utmost altitude, which gives him the appearance of one above doing a bad action, so the external exhibition of our fashionable man's politeness, is by no means without its use. His gentlemanly bearing, even when wholly artificial, elicits in his imitators a genuine good-breeding: the master indeed may be a dummy, but his image copied by his followers dignifies them, and keeps the precincts of society hallowed, which might otherwise be violated by bad manners under the excuse of eccentricity. The indescribable fetter of high polish which, though unseen, keeps down vulgar selfishness in circles wherein, by some mischance, such has entered, is linked most subtly, yet most strongly, by the rivets etiquette has forged; and the most daring feels himself coerced within proper limits, by an intangible yoke he cannot break. There are some who think that boorishness is an inseparable adjunct to high talent, who try as it were to imitate Cromwell, by copying the defect of his wart; yet this only evinces the dwelling-place of the mind to be so narrow, as not to allow talent and gentility to dwell in it together: now to these, the rules of "*ton*" especially apply, and they are made to feel that though origi-

nality be tolerated, ill-breeding is unpardonable, and many men dread to be *chasséd*, far more than to be shot.

In former times, there were three indispensable requisites to form the Man of Ton, the Sedley or Rochester of the day:—wit, valour, fashion; we, less exclusive, are content to frame our exquisites from the last only, the two former qualities being seldom cared about or inquired after. Virtue *par excellence* was not looked for in either age, and had a tax been levied on the men of fashion on its account, it would hardly have borne the expense of collecting. But we must not therefore suppose, that "ton" is indiscriminately and invariably the adjunct of depravity, we see its votaries under divers shades of disposition, and the same qualification which may shield a profligate or conceal a knave, may also be the concomitant of a noble heart, and gild the refinement of the man of honour.

We will introduce our readers to a sketch of two opposites.—It is four o'clock, Regent Street begins to fill, yet even there, the observed of all observers, Sir Charles, seldom appears. His haunt is more select, nor besides his club in St. James' Street, does he frequent other precincts, than the neighbourhood of Park Lane, and similar fashionable localities, where he dreads not the intrusion of the canaille between the wind and his nobility. He is the cynosure of all the women, the favourite model of the men, though placed in a region of his own, beyond competition; like Orion, a gorgeous constellation only to be seen in the clearest and most sublimated—we do not mean the purest—atmosphere. Not to be reached by the herd of imitators of his own sex, it is astonishing how low he will stoop to recognise the notice of the fairer order, indeed, his fame is strangely enhanced by the reported universality of his attentions to every pretty face. His name has suffered no injury by more than once appearing in courts of law with heavy damages attached to it; these last rather illuminate his reputation, and may be regarded as Cupid's stars of merit, though they rise in vice, and set in mortgages! You are expecting an Apollo in intellect and beauty, a Mars in courage, a Mercury in grace;—yet he is none of these; Phidias would not have selected that stultified and sensual face for aught other model than a Satyr; the contracted eye, the salacious lip, the hair half-curl, half-set, present a very Pan. He never said a witty thing in his life; his powers of mind are mediocre and superficial; his judgment exercises itself in flats—by some men of fashion held indisputable—upon the anecdote of an operatist and the exact flavour of Chablis; yet he is run after by the women, who blush and adore him, by the men, who abuse and copy him! He is the spoiled child of Fashion; in her patronising influence lies the mystic spell, which binds to his inferior intellect the taste, sounder sense, and better feelings of his class; she it is, who has invested that almost Gorgon head with power to look down the wondering mob of lesser men, with looks of stone, icy as his own soul. You ask for his accomplishments;—he can gamble, race,

drive, seduce; his principle is to gratify himself, his practice to destroy others, like the Upas—by the poison of his shadow!—in a word, he wears the best fitting coat and boot, the most *recherché* cravat, has a delicately formed hand, a cold heart,—would you have more?

Slay! here comes metal more attractive: antithetical to the last in disposition, though still essentially the Man of Ton, can any form be more significantly impressed with pure nobility and high breeding than that which has just passed us? If ruffles, and a court-suit,—that impossible attire to any but your thorough gentleman, were again to be prescribed by Fashion,—what figure could adopt it with more perfect ease than this our present hero? It is Colonel L—, a man of the highest birth, most finished bearing, and most versatile ability in town. Notwithstanding the reputed love of idleness and of pleasure belonging to his profession, he is esteemed universally as an intelligent, high-minded soldier, a cavalier truly "sans peur et sans reproche," and you may even introduce him to your sister or your wife without anxiety. The Colonel is very nice in his sense of "honour;" he attaches a very comprehensive meaning to that term; it includes in his view, truth, faithfulness to trust reposed in him—is synonymous with integrity—and he would deem it the blackest ingratitude, the foulest stain, a bar-sinister on his armorial bearings in fact, were he to injure a friend's reputation, or that of his wife or child. When you therefore converse with him, you feel you are not associating with an amusing hypocritical profligate, who would sacrifice your dearest ties to-morrow for a passing whim, but with one whose friendship, if you are so fortunate as to gain it, will stand you well, alike to stamp your own position as a man of merit, and to serve you personally in case of need. He has had, more than once, close siege laid to his heart; it were impossible with such a deportment and such personal advantages, that he should escape the ordeal, but he has passed through it nobly. There is a romantic story afloat, that on one occasion, a wild enthusiastic girl abandoned her father's roof, and fled to him; and more than once in his campaigns abroad, his name has been sought for, and his guardianship solicited, by the victims of war's harrowing desolation, and its domestic separations; but on the occasion to which we especially refer, so closely did the Colonel keep the secret of his innamorata's indiscreet flight, that nothing oozed out but the bare report of the incident, added to the fact of the father's impassioned expressions of gratitude to the noble preserver of his daughter's reputation. That she was very beautiful is affirmed, also that she was of good family, but her name is known to but few, and to those only by other channels than the Colonel's information: he, indeed, appears to have so promptly checked all observation from the first upon the subject as to awe the most audacious interrogator into silence; in this presenting a remarkable contrast to Sir Charles, our former friend, whose significant shrugs, and mock deprecation of

insidious remarks, cut, like the lancet in the sponge, through the softness which conceals the edge, and ruin reputations he hypocritically pretends to shield.

Personally, in L——'s appearance there is nothing flimsy or acquired connected with his style; the whole arrangement is unaffected, yet there is something indescribably attractive in the *tout ensemble* of the man. From the position of the hat to the turn of the foot, you are convinced that he is a remarkable person, and you turn to detect, if possible, wherein consists the marvellous magnetic power of the impulses which draw you to him. True he is handsome, yet there are others, if feature be alone considered, more regularly well looking. Is it in the intellectual expression? Certes that is no common individuality, stamped by exponents like that eye and mouth, even when the forehead is partially concealed; yet how many intellectual men pass unnoticed, only from the commonness of their appearance, as they shamble through the public ways, or move risibility by their ungainly figure, when, wrenched into an ill-fitting costume for the nonce, they seem in society starchy and out of place; if short, appearing like hogs in armour, or full clothes-bags with heads and feet thrust through, and if tall, calling up a fanciful idea of gawky giraffes in regimentals. No! it is not even intelligence alone which rivets your notice, for the man often is a composite and not a simple character: a living diphthong, his two radical elements are high breeding and good society: an intellectual consonant, he cannot stand alone without the aid of that, which renders the language of his society intelligible, we mean the vowel—Fashion. He contracts within his own personality the blended influences of many qualifications. The face, that dial of the soul, tells that the hours of the inner life pass wholesomely, and leave no track of the tedium of dissipation the recklessness of debauchery, the taint of dishonourable regret! The form lofty, yet pliable in gesture; the manner, a rare combination of natural artlessness and educational finish, spring from a noble disposition within, more than from an adventitious social code, without. Over all, as if to cover every salient point, which might break the regularity of grace, is thrown the veil of exquisite refinement, which smooths unevenness without obliterating character, and induces self-command without degenerating into insipidity. Truly a noble jewel in most pure and perfect setting is such our *real* "Man of Ton!"

A VISIT TO THE CATACOMBS IN ROME,

WITH NOTICES OF SOME EARLY CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITIES, ARTS, AND RELICS.

BY S. LEY WOLMER.

On a lovely evening in the month of May an Italian, the Count Giovanni de Viva, and an English gentleman, his friend, who was then visiting at Rome, having passed the evening together, went to see St. Peter's by moonlight.

Gentle reader! will you permit your countryman to be the narrator of a little history? Will you try even to become a party interested in it, and picture the two friends, and yourself, if it please you, with them, standing in the Piazza, or open space, in front of St. Peter's?

Around is a wide-spreading semicircular colonnade, in which are ranged hundreds of columns in double rows, supporting above the entablature numerous lofty statues. A magnificent fountain on each side throws volumes of crystal waters high in the air, and they are descending with a pleasing sound, scattering about their spray like summer showers. The lofty obelisk which once ornamented the capital of Egypt now stands in the centre of the piazza, and breaks the full view of the church with the sharp outline of its lofty column, covered with strange and not yet wholly deciphered hieroglyphics.

On the occasion we are now recording, the stars rapidly appeared in the dark blue sky, until at length the mighty host of them, proceeding in silent loveliness on their nightly pilgrimage, presented the glorious sight which the heavens of a southern clime offer on a cloudless night. Under certain associations of feeling the scenes of nature or the beauties of art produce peculiar impressions of their glory and beauty. Could it be otherwise at such a time, and in such a place as Rome, with the edifice of St. Peter's before us? And then the moon, "walking in brightness," rising higher and higher in the heavens, began to throw a flood of radiance over the giant church, lighting up cross, and dome, and tower. At that moment the combinations of beauty in the scene were indeed superb.

On one side of the church the constellation of Orion shone in full majesty, whilst to the left the brightest of the fixed stars sparkled with a tremulous lustre; and, in the happy combinations of the moment, from the point of view from which we gazed, a bright planet seemed for awhile to rest like a brilliant diamond on the point of the cross which surmounts the dome. It suggested the thought of a beautiful representation of Truth, descending like a pure light from its native heaven, and resting on the cross, the nearest point it found to brighten on earth, and to direct man even from the summit of an earthly to a heavenly temple.

From the serenity of the air, the last vibrations of the sound of the bells, which alone reminded us of the flight of time, wavered and wavered so long and so softly, that I ventured to express a thought which would have been rejected in the daylight—that the dying sounds seemed like the spirits of the hours, unwilling to depart; and so lingering about ere they passed away.

The Signor de Viva was a Catholic, I a Protestant; both of us, I trust, Christians. We had seen much of Rome together, but its subterranean wonders had hitherto been forgotten.

"To-morrow, Signor Count, shall we visit the catacombs?" I inquired.

"With all my heart; and if you will permit me, I will be your guide," replied the count.

The next day, at an early hour, we met, and as we passed towards the suburbs of Rome the count made our walk more agreeable by giving some general accounts of the catacombs of Italy, and more particularly as to those which had been found at Ronie.

The catacombs, he stated, are large and extensive galleries which have been dug in ages past underground. The soil which is under Rome, and extends to some distance in the adjoining country, is of a soft character, called Tufa, and is easily worked away; and, whether for the original building of the city or other purposes now unknown, immense cavities were dug ages since; this process constantly going forward, galleries were formed in many parts of considerable length, running along and frequently intersecting each other, like the streets of an underground city.

Great questions have always been entertained by antiquarians as to the original object of forming these passages, but the strong probability is in favour of their having been excavated for the pozzuolano earth, as it is termed, which is of volcanic origin—the passages in many places seem to follow the vein of it; but, whatever was the origin of the catacombs, it is certain that they were subsequently used as burying places long before the Christian era. Notwithstanding the general custom of burning the body amongst the Romans, there were classes of the dead not so disposed of, and these vaults were conveniently used for the interment of slaves and malefactors, whose bodies were thrown into them. After the Christian era the early Christians availed themselves of these subterranean passages for burials, and during the persecutions, the bodies not only of general disciples, but especially of the martyrs, here found a resting-place; the remains of the heroes of the faith, in the estimation of the disciples, threw a sanctity around the place where they rested, so that other Christians desired to be interred near them, and thus the catacombs gradually became a full city of the dead. But concurrently with the use of the catacombs as a place of interment for the early Christians, they were also made a place of refuge during the existence of persecutions, and the disciples met each other and assembled in groups in these dismal places.

Sorrow finds its solace in the hopes of the Gospel and in the acts of worship—the tears which flow as we look down on the earth become dried as we turn our eyes towards heaven. Hymns of praise and accents of prayer ascended often from the galleries of the catacombs. From time to time larger spaces were cut out and subterranean chapels made, in which the ceremonies of the new faith were performed, and the Agapæ, or Love Feasts, celebrated. These assemblies of Christians, and the reverence shown to the remains of martyrs, were noticed by St. Jerome whilst he was a student at Rome.

The researches in modern times amongst the catacombs, added my friend, have been extensive, and some of

the results as interesting as the discoveries amongst the tombs of the Egyptians. Many works have been written on the subject; the study of them, if you are inclined for such a repast, will afford you ample contentment, and our present visit may perhaps induce a relish.

The catacombs have been generally known for several hundred years, but no accurate account appears, before an Italian, named Bosio, explored and described some of them in a work published about 1632. Another author, Arringhi, has largely illustrated this interesting subject in two folio volumes, entitled, "Roma Subterranea," published in 1651. Another important and interesting work, giving an account of the pictures and sculptures and other relics found in the catacombs, was written by an author of the name of Bottari, besides which there are many modern publications. In some of these works the results of the visits of the explorers are fully detailed, and plans given of the cemeteries and of the galleries in them as then found.

From the published accounts to which I have referred, and from my own personal observation, (continued the count,) I may inform you briefly that there have been five principal catacombs discovered underneath Rome, and which are now known by the names of the Catacombs of St. Sebastian, and those of Pontianus, of St. Agnes, St. Cyriaca, St. Pancras, with some smaller ones. The most extensive range of catacombs which have been explored and described is that anciently known as the cemetery of the Pope Calistus. The church of St. Sebastian was subsequently built over a part of this subterranean place, and the catacombs then became, and still continue designated as those of St. Sebastian. No adequate idea can, however, now be obtained of the whole extent and ramifications of the catacombs from the parts which can be at present explored; for, excepting a certain space which has been left open in each to gratify curiosity and research, the passages have been built up. The fearful accidents which occurred and which were liable to occur in these dismal regions were assigned as the reasons for closing them up. Fancy, my dear friend, descending amidst the remains of the dead and the mephitic vapours arising from the earth, and then, by some unforeseen accident, the lights being extinguished and the right path to return lost—wandering on and on, and up and down, in an inextricable labyrinth—day and night, and in hunger and thirst—in such a scene and amidst such horrors. This is no fancied scene; many have been missed after descending into the catacombs; and the loss of a whole party some years since in a similar way at length decided that ingress far into the catacombs should be prevented.

In the catacombs of St. Sebastian were found two separate stories one above the other; the upper part was nearly 1,000 feet in length and more than 600 feet in width: the lower was rather smaller in extent and dimensions; but in both, galleries or corridors ran in all directions, crossing and intersecting each other, and numerous small chambers opening into the galle-

ries were full of human remains; the position and manner of their interment you will be able to understand better by an examination of the catacomb itself. There is reason for supposing that this cemetery of which I am now speaking was used by the disciples of Christ at a very early period, and was distinguished by the name of the Cemetery of the Catacombs.

But see before us, (exclaimed the count,) the church of St. Sebastian; we shall descend from it into the catacombs over which, as I informed you, it had been built.

We were now in the Appian Way; and if antiquity could raise a reverential feeling, I was quite disposed to acknowledge the *religio loci*.

It is surprising what a favourite St. Sebastian is in all places in Italy. His image, pierced with arrows and bound to a tree, meets the eye, I think, more frequently than that of most other saints. The martyr is generally represented as a young man with a well-developed form, which is partially uncovered, and there is nothing except the number of arrows with which he is occasionally represented as transfixed, which can awaken any of those painful feelings which the effigies of some of the old and suffering martyrs create. Perhaps these circumstances, added to the virtues of his life and his tragical death, may account for the interest with which his memory is regarded.

The fabric of the church of St. Sebastian offers externally nothing of peculiar interest. In fact, the exteriors of the churches in Italy are not generally of pleasing architecture, and frequently appear quite unfinished—the glory and the beauty are reserved for the interiors.

The neighbourhood around the church of St. Sebastian is very sombre, with little appearance of population and but few dwellings. It is quite a place for a cemetery. Before we entered the church the count called my attention to a small chapel in the neighbourhood bearing the singular title of "Domine, quo vadis?"—"Lord, whither goest thou?" The origin of this name, the count informed me, with a full assurance of his own belief in the truth of it, was, that it had been built on the spot where St. Peter, being threatened with martyrdom at Rome, was leaving the city to avoid it, when he here met the Saviour himself going towards Rome. The apostle inquired of him, "Domine, quo vadis?" To which the Lord replied, "I go to Rome to be again crucified," and then disappearing left on the spot where the church now stands the print-marks of his feet. The apostle, according to the legend, strengthened and freed from his fears, returned boldly to Rome to meet his martyrdom.

On our entering into the church of St. Sebastian the count dipped his forefinger in the vase of holy water, which is always found near the church doors, marked his forehead with the sign of the cross, and touched several parts of his body with similar devotion. He then offered his hand to me, although in his eyes a heretic. I thought no offence arose in touching it, as my friend reminded me that as water was

needful for the purification of the body, so man needed a holy and heavenly influence, of which it was a type, to cleanse the pollutions of the soul. Instead of the mere accustomed touch by which the union of the faithful is symbolized, I grasped the proffered hand with a warmth which might, and probably did, suggest some kindly thoughts as to the brotherhood of us all, notwithstanding the divisions of sects and parties into which we have fallen.

Having taken a general survey of the church, we then made our arrangement for a descent into the catacombs with the sacristan, an officer of the church who was to attend us. He was an intelligent person, dressed in costume; and, requesting us to follow him, he placed large lighted tapers in our hands. Thus prepared, we descended from the church by a narrow staircase until we reached a small chapel excavated from the surrounding earth. Our attention was here directed to a marble statue of St. Sebastian, executed by Bernini, a celebrated sculptor of modern days, several of whose chief works have the curious distinction of ornamenting underground chapels instead of being exposed to the open-day world. The effect, however, of white marble in such sombre localities is increased by the contrast, and a simple statue appearing so unexpectedly will produce a sensation it would not have raised elsewhere.

In this chapel also is shown the place where, our guide informed us, the remains of the Saint Lucina were found. As I was not acquainted with the history of this lady, or even with her place in the calendar, the count kindly relieved me by promising, at another time, a detail of her history and saintly virtues, which he assured me would be so interesting that I should probably desire to see her relics, which had been removed from the catacombs to be objects of veneration in one of the churches in Rome. I thanked him for his courtesy, but felt quite satisfied with the effect produced on my imagination by looking into the place where the lady so long had reposed, and ventured to express my opinion that it would have been much better had her remains been left undisturbed.

"Whatever may be your feelings as to St. Lucina," observed the count, "we shall both be united in our admiration of the great Apostle of the Gentiles; and although as Catholics we claim peculiar relationship with St. Peter, you too will also allow his claims as one of the greatest among the great."

"Certainly," I replied; "amongst the deathless names of the world those of the first apostles of Christ stand in the foremost rank. The fame of earthly conquerors is as nothing to that of the victors of the human mind. Dynasties have been formed, have passed away and are forgotten since the preaching of the apostles began. They were chosen to be, and were made, able ministers in setting up that kingdom whose foundations are never to be shaken, and whose duration is to be eternal."

"Then solemnize your mind," replied the count; "with the remembrance that in this very spot beneath our feet, if the ancient tradition be true, the bodies of

some of those great men, 'of whom the world was not worthy,' were deposited after their executions.

"On one of the hills of Rome, (the Janiculum,) St. Peter, it is believed, was crucified; and that St. Paul resided for a considerable period in Rome, historical evidence has decided. In the suburbs of the city he was beheaded.

"We will visit together," added the count, "the Mammertine prisons, where St. Peter was confined, and the spot called the Three Fountains, where St. Paul yielded up his life under the tyranny of Nero. There is something affecting in the thought," he continued, "that these martyrs, after their life of energy and suffering, were even denied the privilege of mingling their remains with the earth of their native land."

"Why should that be lamented?" I asked.

"Can you ask such a question?" the count replied. "You, a foreigner—would you not think with sorrow that you were to die and rest away from your native shores—the land which gave you birth, and to which all your early associations are attached?"

The count favoured us with quotations from Petrarck and Lamartine in favour of his views.

"My dear count," I exclaimed, "if you will quote Petrarck and Lamartine in the catacombs, however much they may be flattered by the selection, I fear we shall make slow progress with our guide, who looks rather impatiently towards you."

We entered without further delay into one of the passages which branched off from the little chapel, and were at once amidst the sepulchres.

In passing through the narrow enclosure, on either side, above and beneath us, was the coloured tufa, or clay; the glare of our large tapers made our party look ghastly to each other, and a sense of oppression in the feelings was occasioned by the confined atmosphere and the associations as we looked around. There were rows of niches, or spaces, of the length of a human body, cut out in the walls all along these passages, but all were now open and tenantless. We threaded passage after passage presenting the same dismal aspect, the silence only broken by our footfalls and voices. It appeared that all the graves had been disturbed; when the outer covering was first broken away, the remains of the wrecks of humanity which had been originally placed in them appeared. Skeletons alone remained. The outlines of human forms in bones in recumbent attitudes were on all sides, some falling to powder on exposure to the air, but others remaining in good preservation.

The description of the remains, "each in his narrow cell for ever laid," would have been strictly applicable to those interred in the catacombs, if they had been allowed to repose there; but the catacombs were always the Church treasury-houses for the relics of saints and martyrs. They became mines to be explored, yielding treasures in the estimation of some more valuable than the glittering gems or precious metals of the earth. They were soon ransacked to supply objects for the veneration or superstition of the members of the Romish Church.

I confess I was disappointed in not realising what my imagination had depicted. On either side I expected to have seen forms still exhibiting something akin to humanity; to have found lamps hanging before the tombs—vases yet containing some of the blood shed by the primitive martyrs resting, as they had originally been placed, beneath their remains—and pictured memories on their tombs, and inscriptions to record their names, and something of the events of their lives and deaths, or other interesting memorials to repay research and invite reflection.

After exploring various corridors and passages, and small spaces or chambers cut out in the earth, but all of the same character, we reached the wall by which further progress in the catacombs was barred on all sides. I longed to pass the barrier. I told my disappointment and desire to the count.

"I share your feelings," he replied; "and thus it ever is with human nature—that which we have is never sufficient if there is something ungained beyond it.

"Is it not enough, my friend, that you are now in the very spot where the early disciples of our faith celebrated some of their divine mysteries, the blessings of which we enjoy without the persecutions to which they were subject? Look at this very chamber, scooped out of the earth, in which we are standing; this was the scene, doubtless, of many a discourse and many an Agape, or Love Feast. There, in the centre, is yet the stone chair in which the Episcopos, or Bishop, gathered his children around him, and in these gloomy caverns told them of 'the light that shined in darkness,' and which they enjoyed although 'the world comprehended it not.' Here, in silence, they were armed for the combat and sufferings to which they were called in the world; and, looking to the great Author of their faith, learned how 'to endure,' as seeing him who is invisible;' and here, when the struggle was over, their remains were brought by their pious brethren to wait until the time when they shall be awakened to glory and immortality."

Our guide, too much accustomed to the scene to receive any new or forcible impressions from it, seemed very inattentive to the count's reflections, but called our attention to an inscription on one of the unopened niches—

"Valentinus, in pace."—Valentinus, in peace.

Would that the Church had left all the tenants of the tombs "in peace," instead of defeating the inscriptions on their graves by disturbing their remains and giving them so premature and unhallowed a resurrection!

"Notwithstanding all your comments, count," I exclaimed, "would that we could pass the barriers, and, with our guide and some new lights, explore the forbidden catacombs. There I might realize the scenes I expected to see, for innovation has not defaced them."

"True," replied our guide; "but I would not

accompany you, lest we might meet the same fate as the party who perished there; their bones are added to those they came to explore. We might stumble over their remains as we passed along."

The idea was horrible, and checked for a moment my wish to explore beyond the walls.

"But, gentlemen," continued our guide, "if you are desirous of seeing horrors, you may see enough of them elsewhere—there is no lack of them in Italy. The Catacombs of St. Sebastian are fit for any Christian to visit; but you may find much of what you desire at other places."

I might visit at Rome, it appeared, the less disturbed Catacombs of St. Agnes, the Cemetery of St. Pontianus, and that of St. Pancras—the latter, he said, was rarely entered; and then there was a modern place in Rome where the dead monks were all kept in an underground gallery in their cowls and their hoods, dressed as when alive, with a label on each, telling his name and the date of his death. And then, I was informed, there were, at Naples, catacombs less interfered with than those at Rome; and in some of the churches there the noble dead of centuries ago, dressed in Spanish doublets and military and regal ornaments according to their rank when in life, were still kept in large boxes, which could, by special favour be inspected; and this favour, by the way, was generally accorded to an Englishman.

This was all good news, which the count most satisfactorily seconded, adding, that he was glad to relieve me of much of my present disappointment by the information, which the guide confirmed, that the removal of the bodies and the interesting relics found in the catacombs, instead of a disadvantage, was quite the contrary; for, as the former were held as the sacred deposits of the churches, and guarded more carefully by the veneration of the faithful than precious gems, so the latter had been deposited in museums at the Vatican and elsewhere in Rome, where they could be studied at leisure, with every advantage arising from the results of the studies and comments of learned antiquarians to be referred to in the libraries close at hand; that a whole gallery of early Christian antiquities, from the catacombs and elsewhere, had been collected at the Vatican, forming the most interesting of its halls for observation, devout reflection, and study; and that at Rome there was a complete feast of relics as well as ruins for all who had the desire to pursue the study.

"In fact, in this the Cross has again triumphed, as it will in everything else in God's good time," piously observed the count, as a closing remark.

"Amen," I fervently replied; "but I confess I do not exactly perceive the connexion of your remarks in this particular instance."

"The contents of the martyrs' graves," observed the count, "have become the treasures of the Church; and the Church and the altar guard the martyrs' remains.

"You have forgotten, my friend," he continued, "what occurred but a few days since when we stood together in the midst of the ruins of the Colosseum—

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you gave me its history and depicted the scenes which had occurred in it as if you had been an ancient Roman. Did you not then picture the tens of thousands within its circle, gazing with intense interest whilst the gladiators fought and the cruel Nero was about to decide the fate of the poor conquered wretch down whose wounded side the 'blood-drops rained like a shower?' Did you not bid me look at the ruins of the door out of which lions and other ferocious beasts had often sprung amidst the acclamations of the vast multitude around—yes, had sprung amidst that noise and their own roaring—to meet the calm and determined look of the Christian who was to be torn asunder for his witness to his Saviour? And did you not then point to the desolations all around—to the neighbouring ruins of the palace of the Cæsars; and to the large cross fixed and standing erect in the midst of the Colosseum, 'in all its meek supremacy,' and then triumphantly observe, 'The Cross has triumphed?'

"I now point you to the catacombs and their remains and relics. I direct your attention to the symbol of the cross as the loftiest thing in Rome, crowning the dome of St. Peter's, over which we saw last evening that bright star resting. High above all other things the cross towers above the city, the nearest point to heaven, with its mute appeal and acknowledgment of the faith of the city in Him, the Crucified. That cross catches the first glittering ray of the morning sun—it is the last object on which it shines."

I was glad to remember that the loftiest object in London was the cross on St. Paul's, and that it too caught the first sunbeams and retained them the last.

"Would to heaven," I exclaimed, "that those who dwell whether beneath the shadow of St. Peter's or St. Paul's, reflected more of the brightness of the true cross in themselves!" To effect this, however, it also occurred to me that they must look to Him who died upon it to give them the power.

As we emerged from the catacombs we decided that our next visit should be to the museum and the galleries of the Vatican. The next morning we accordingly set out to explore the museum at the Vatican.

"We must again pass St. Peter's," observed the count; "but the glorious temple will exhibit a very different appearance bathed in the sunbeams of this bright May day, from that which inspired such poetic associations in the moonlight."

"Well, I promise you," I replied, "there shall be no rhapsody whatever on the subject. Let us talk of graves, since we are going to explore records taken out of them. Permit me to quote a passage from an English writer which our yesterday's visit has recalled to my memory. Sir Thomas Brown says, 'Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave—solemnizing natiivities and deaths with equal lustre—nor omitting ceremonies of bravery even in the infamy of his nature.'"

The count replied to my quotation,—

"How universal is this longing after an immortality of some kind—this desire to be remembered and loved, not only whilst we live, but after we have

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ceased to be of the visible world. "Though the worm fulfils the work of destruction beneath, man rears the monument above; it is only a question of time how long before it must crumble in the dust like the perishing remains it covers."

"The pilgrim must seek a resting-place somewhere, though it be in the grave," I observed.

"True," replied the count. "Man is indeed a pilgrim, but a pilgrim for eternity.—His home is not in the grave, but beyond it."

"Why," I asked, "should we so earnestly try to escape the decree which consigns that which is perishable, to ruin?"

"There is a something within us that tells us we cannot all die," rejoined the count, "and it is the struggle of the soul for the life—the 'fuller life' after which it yearns—that makes it solicitous even for the fragile companion with which for awhile it is associated."

"It is, indeed, a glorious hope," I replied, "that although the body returns to dust, the soul, freed from corruption, shall still exult in life, 'shall wake and wonder, and adore and praise.' Yes, the soul was made for immortality,—life, eternal life, is the true scene for its action, and its energies; that life we are instinctively awaiting. Even amidst the very triumphs of death we are expecting the light to shine, and trusting for its advent, even as we descend into the darkness of the grave."

"It would add another to such pretty similes, as to our natural longing after immortality," exclaimed the count, "if you were also to say that amidst the silence of the regions of death, the soul is still listening to catch some notes of the music of Heaven. But such aspirations, and such hopes, are doubtless strong arguments, not only for the immortality of the soul, but may also be some indications connected with the redemption of the body itself from corruption—some foreshadowing of its resurrection."

"It is certain," continued De Viva, "that in all ages, as with an universal consent, there has been great care for the mortal remains, a feeling in which civilized and savage have alike united."

"How various have been the methods of sepulture by which man has essayed to ward off for awhile the sentence of 'dust to dust!' Abraham bought the field of Machpelah and the cave which was in it for a burying-place; the bones of Joseph were carefully preserved and carried to Canaan; the process of embalmment—the mummy of Egypt—the pyramid, still standing unshaken amidst the desert—the urns of Greece, yet holding the burnt ashes—the tombs of the Roman in the city where we are—the painted chambers of the Etruscan tombs, with the vases standing as they were placed 3,000 years ago—the monumental tablet—the tabooed places of the savage—all attest the same feelings —"

"Which one of our English poets,"—I stopped the count's discourse,— "has beautifully illustrated, when he writes that—

" 'E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.'"

"Once more, then, I again behold thee, thou glorious temple!" I involuntarily exclaimed as we reached the Fountains, whose thrown-up waters were sparkling and revelling in the sunbeams.

"Stay, stay," cried the count, "remember your promise; no more rhapsodies. You Englishmen are a strange race, with your cold manners, your exclusive habits, your measured words, and apparently unexcitable minds, when once you get into an enthusiasm—no matter what it is about—once set you moving and there is no stopping you."

"It is the character of my countrymen," I replied, with a feeling of pride; "we are difficult to be set in motion, but when we do move, it is in right earnest, and all together; we do not stop until the end is accomplished." Any further dissertation was fortunately prevented by the count's reminding me we were now close to the Vatican. Let us approach it by a more than regal entrance. We passed first into St. Peter's, and then up the grand staircase, to the Palace of the Popes.

On our visit to the Vatican we explored the Museum of Sepulchral Monuments and Ancient Tomb Inscriptions, called the *Galleria Lapidaria*. It is in the part of the palace called the *Belvidere*, which was the design of the sculptor Bramanti. It forms one of the approaches to the range of other museums beyond. What a contrast does this long corridor present to some of those other museums in the Vatican—full as they are of the treasured sculptures of the past, where art and taste have lavished all their powers, and forms of manly beauty and female loveliness are made immortal in marble—whilst here, all around us, are only sepulchral urns and commemorative tablets, either of Pagan Rome or such memorials in marble and stone of the early Christians and martyrs as have been collected from the catacombs or otherwise rescued from decay or destruction! On the right-hand side the Heathen memorials are ranged, the Christian on the left.

The attention is immediately struck with the difference of the art and ingenuity connected with the one and absent in the other. The tomb of the Roman is generally adorned with care; the inscription not only legible but cut with bold and well-designed letters, and on most of the tablets are the letters *D. M. S.* (*Dis Manibus Sacrum*.) announcing at once they were not the records of those to whom "light and immortality had been brought to light by the Gospel."

We took a general *coup d'œil* of the contents of the gallery, passing up and down in very leisurely observation, pausing and making comments as our attention was attracted on either side. This desultory method of studying antiquities, if not quite scientific, was very agreeable, and procures me the advantage of being able to dispense with any attempt to place in the order of the museum the description of the tablets or their inscriptions. We deciphered many of the inscriptions, and sketched in a little note-book, which I have now before me, some remembrances of the tablets and of their descriptive emblems.

The inscriptions do not commonly offer more than the name of the deceased and the age and the time of death, sometimes adding the occupation; but there are frequently some few words which impart a grace more touching than a lengthened epitaph, although memorials of the class analogous to modern grave inscriptions are not frequent.

"Irene in pace,
qui vixit Ann XX."

Irene in peace,
who lived twenty years.

"Arethusa in Deo
Dep. in pace."

Arethusa in the Lord
Died in peace.

"Januarius Leontide conjugē
in pace."

Januarius to his wife Leontide
in peace.

"Dulcissimo Filio Faustino
Pater bene merenti."

The Father lamenting to his dearest
Son Faustinus.

And such like are the records of the departed and of those who sorrowed for ere they rejoined them. The most striking objects on the tablets are the pictorial emblematic representations which accompany the inscriptions. Amongst these the dove with an olive branch—the good shepherd bearing a lamb either over his shoulders or in his arms—the cross and the triangle—are very conspicuous. On many of the tablets, in addition to the cross, the Greek letters alpha and omega are found; and many inscriptions, supposed to indicate those who suffered by martyrdom, have, in addition to some emblem, a Christian monogram, or Pro Christo, engraved on the sepulchral tablet. On one of the Roman sepulchral stones, containing the usual initial letters D. M. S., we noticed the emblem of a leaf annexed. This figure probably is to denote the fragility of life. It was, however, peculiarly interesting on this tablet as showing not merely the transition from the Heathen to the Christian sentiment, but the union of both; the first inscription being Pagan in character, whilst the emblem which followed is so frequently on the Christian tablets. This mixture would often naturally occur in the change from the old customs to the Christian methods before the latter had finally displaced the former, although so tenacious is the hold of ancient usages that still in many of the rites and practices continued in the southern countries there can be no doubt of their being but the old heathen superstitions under another modification of form.

"Illustrative of this transition state to which this Roman sepulchre has called our attention, let us at once inspect," said the count, "another most interesting relic which has been but lately discovered, and is now added to the treasures of art in the Vatican."

We soon found in an adjoining room the object of

our search. It is a large vase of black marble, nearly four feet high and two wide, which we were informed had been brought to light whilst excavations were being made in Rome. The form is after the model of the ancient Greek vases, and the workmanship and ornaments are considered to be of the fourth or fifth century of the Christian era. The under portion is covered with acanthus leaves sculptured all round, amidst which are intermingled the heads of satyrs.

"Observe in this," said the count, "the lingering of the Pagan taste, and contrast it with the representations on the upper part, where are represented on the one side, in relief, the Holy Virgin holding the infant Saviour in her arms, whilst three men—most probably the Wise Men—are advancing towards them. On the other side is the figure of Christ on a throne, and around him are the apostles."

After leaving the Vatican, where we remained until the evening, we passed into the ante-hall of St. Peter's. The portals were thrown back, showing the magnificent interior, inviting us to enter. The sun was now setting, but the departing rays were filling the church with glory, lighting up aisles and altars, monuments and pictures. Numerous priests were moving to and fro, clothed in white vestments, and congregating for the evening service. The vesper were just beginning. Some preluding notes of music from a choir of voices—unaided by organ or instrumental melody—swelled upon the air, reaching us from one of the chapels in the distance; and as we listened, the sounds increased until the anthem was swelling in full and lofty harmony—

"Magnificat anima mea Dominum."

Whilst the music was thus filling the church, "fanning the air as with an angel's wing," the sunbeams were lighting up all the interior with their departing splendour. The combination was exquisite; a glowing sunburst and rejoicing music seem to illustrate each other. Sunbeams in such places are like embodied music, and lofty strains of praise, such as those, gladden the heart like the sunshine. What a mighty power has music! How like a spirit it hovers around unseen and holds such mastery over human feelings!

The air was redolent of the odour of incense, sweet but almost oppressive to the senses. And when the sunshine departed, the shades of evening soon began to throw over the majestic objects around the indistinctness which, whilst it removes much of the actual, encourages the ideal. Again, another strain of melody! A single voice, combining strength and sweetness, commenced; then voice after voice followed until they all united, when the full choir swelled into one bursting, long-sustained anthem of praise, which at last died away in distant echoes.

"We have no longer the response of other days," whispered De Viva. "In that cupola," pointing to the dome, hundreds of feet above us, "another choir formerly assembled to respond to those below—to send back the praise, not in faint echoes, but in full

response—an imago of the celestial choir in unison with the worshippers below. Let us still fancy the cupola haunted by such strains.”

“The praise of the Creator,” I remarked, “is the true and noblest service of the divine art of music.

We remained until the closing anthem.

“Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes !
Laudate Dominum, omnes populi !”
Praise the Lord, all ye nations !
Praise the Lord, all ye people !

And now the strain is rising, and the chorus is swelling and mounting higher and higher yet, like a host rejoicing and calling on all around to join in the triumph. Now, by a soft relapse, some of the voices are repeating the strain which like a line of gold runs through every part, whilst others are contrasting, as it were, in reply other tones in grand relief. And now again all the voices are united and swell in concluding harmony—

“Laudate Dominum ! Laudate Dominum !”

“Amen !” exclaimed the count.

“Even so, Amen,” I replied.

Have we not all felt that there are some occasions in our life—transient though they may have been, yet deep and powerful ere they passed away—when the human spirit rising purified, as it were, for awhile from earthly dross, has felt its true life developing ; and when noble and elevated influences, pervading and enlarging its powers, have offered some foretaste of a life of the soul into which it has yearned with passionate longing to expand ?

THE

ADVENTURE OF GOODWIFE EGGLESTON.

A HANDSOME octavo volume was published at Hartford, in the early part of last summer, entitled, “The Public Records of the Colony of Connecticut.” This volume contains the sayings and doings of a considerable portion of our Puritan ancestors, from their first arrival in the Connecticut valley throughout a period of twenty-nine years. I esteem it one of the most curious and instructive books in American literature, and I affirm that a man, who is rightly constituted for the search, can pick up matter of laughter and wonder in it by the hour. As my own family is the most ancient in the State, being sprung from the very oldest inhabitant, I take an exceeding interest in this volume, and seldom pass a day without having it in my hands.

A few weeks since, as I was looking it over with my usual delight, I came upon the record of a circumstance which struck me as one of the most curious things that ever could have happened in so staid and decorous a community as that of our straight-haired forefathers. In one part of this singular passage I found a person alluded to, who I presently conjectured might be the same with one who was distinctly named in another part. Hereupon

I commenced pondering the idea with all due earnestness ; and, having come to a sort of conclusion, I said to myself : “The case, in all probability, was so and so, and so and so.” But, before I set the fact down in my memorandum book, I thought it best to see and consult my venerable friend, Eliakim Tailecoate, Esq., whom I respect as one of the finest intellects, and altogether the most distinguished antiquarian, in the State. Having called in the evening upon my esteemed friend, I took down his copy of the Records, showed him the passage, and asked his opinion upon my conjecture. The excellent man smiled in his usual cheerful manner, and replied : “Nothing could be more correct, Mr. Elde, than your supposition ; in fact, I have manuscripts in my possession which will prove its truth most triumphantly.”

“Is it possible, Mr. Tailecoate ?” said I, in a rapture. “Where did you obtain them, and how were you so fortunate ?”

“Listen, Sir,” said he, taking the tongs and poking his old-fashioned wood fire, as it is his custom to do when he is highly pleased ; “I observed this entry, Sir, only last week, and reading over the names, it occurred to me that somewhere or other I had met them before. They were familiar to me, Sir ; very familiar. I tried to recall the place where I had seen them, and at last the idea became connected with my dead mother’s old hair-covered trunk in the garret, which contains quite a number of old letters and manuscripts. I posted up there immediately, and at the very first package, what do you think I found ? Why, Sir, no other than these five letters !”

So saying, he rose, walked to his secretary, opened it, and took out a small packet of very yellow papers, tied together with a bit of faded red ribbon. I received it with profound respect, and untying the ribbon, proceeded to examine the old papers, while my friend sat eyeing my antiquarian eagerness with silent rapture. I found them to consist of three letters from Mary Tailecoate and two from Judith Tailecoate, dated at Hartford in the year 1645, and written to their “deare and honoured parents” Mr. Jonathan Tailecoate, then tarrying, it appears, at New-Haven. The hand-writing was fine and cramped ; and, partly owing to this, partly to the ink being very much faded by time, the letters were almost illegible. Glancing over them hastily, I discovered to my surprise that they contained in piecemeal, here and there, a very full and quite humorous account of the whole affair to which I have alluded.

“How is this ?” said I to my friend. “Were your ancestors any way connected with this Baggett Egleston ?”

“Certainly,” he replied. “This Goodwife Sarah Egleston was half-sister to Jonathan Tailecoate, who, you know, was the first of my ancestors that settled in America.”

With my friend’s permission I took the letters home, and by the end of that week had written out a full account of the adventure of Baggett Egleston and his wife, in my own style. This account I showed

to Mr. Tailecoate, who was highly pleased with it, and gave me permission to make it public if I could get it into any respectable newspaper or magazine. With his sufferance, therefore, I present it to an intelligent and appreciating circle of readers.

It is not to be supposed that the early settlers of Connecticut were all pious people, nor all men of strong minds; nor, on the other hand, a mere collection of hypocrites and blockheads. As in other assemblages of human beings, so in this, there was a mixture of every sort of character and every grade and variety of intellect. The mass of the community was perhaps composed of grave, sober men, who feared the Lord and endeavoured, according to their knowledge, to do their duties by themselves and their fellow-citizens. But there was, besides, a thick sprinkling of individuals who simply aped the demeanour of the godly, and instead of groaning inwardly at their own corruptions, only groaned outwardly to obtain the respect and admiration of their neighbours. There was also a reasonable proportion of addle-headed people, whose simpleness obtained them not one jot more of estimation or influence than might have been expected, and who, like addle-headed people in general, were very apt to get entangled in the brambles and thorns of worldly trouble. And finally, there was not wanting a sufficient number of lazy, dissolute and uproarious dogs, sons of Belial, as they were called, who had a vast liking for idleness and jollity, held lecture-days¹ in abomination, eschewed the company of ministers and deacons, and regarded the General Courts and Particular Courts of the colony with mingled aversion and fear. As the law exercised a strict vigilance over all these classes, and intruded its power into almost every department of life, it may well be supposed that its records in those days present to us some of the most curious circumstances which can be found in the annals of society. Not only was the peace of the colony and the welfare of religion watched over, but the disputes of the quarrelsome were settled, the reprobates and profane persons were corrected, and even the simple and foolish were brought up to answer for the consequences of their shallow-patedness.

With these premises, let us look back to the fourth day of June, in the year 1645, and take a view of the little village of Hartford, as the beams of the morning sun fell brightly upon its log-cabins or rudely framed and covered houses. The heavy slab doors and diminutive windows were wide open to let in the summer breeze, and the families of the Puritans were seen, some preparing their breakfasts, and some already sitting at their plain but plentiful meals. Presently many of the doors were closed, and the voice of the husband and father was heard reading the Word of Life, and then lifting itself up to the Giver of that Word, and the Dispenser of every earthly blessing.

(1) The Puritan phrase for the Sabbath.

From not every house, however, could these devotional sounds be heard, as might have been perceived by stopping at this tumble-down looking cabin, which Miss Mary Tailecoate has described to us as "a little log-howse with a broken dore, and only one small windowe."

The family, still at breakfast, consisted of but one man and one woman. The two were sitting in chairs, evidently of home manufacture, on opposite sides of a rickety table, which looked as if it might have come from England. Another chair, a long chest, a coarse cupboard, a couple of four-legged stools, and some articles of cooking furniture, were scattered here and there about the room. As this was the only apartment in the cabin, at the further end of it stood a low bedstead, strowed over with not very clean bed-clothing, still tumbled with last night's usage. On the table, before the couple who were making their breakfast, was a wooden plate, containing some coarse bread, and an earthen dish of crispy baked beans, mingled with slices of fat pork. This, with a brown stone pitcher of water, constituted the meal which was now rapidly disappearing before a pair of by no means feeble appetites.

The appearance of the lady, though a little slovenly, and just now, too, somewhat ill-natured, was on the whole rather agreeable. Her robust form, a little too full indeed for beauty, was clothed in a short frock, coming close up around the neck, and a skirt of blue linsey-woolsey. Careless brown curls peeped out from under a rather dirty cap; her cheeks were full and high-coloured, and her eyes of a dark and handsome hazel. It seemed clear, however, that she had got up that morning, as the saying is, "wrong end foremost," and was ready to seize upon every excuse for pouring out the ill-humour with which she was fully charged.

"I tell thee, Baggett," said she, as her husband extended his pewter plate for another quantum of beans, "thou art the greatest eater in the colony; and what with thy eating and thy laziness and thy folly, it is no wonder that we have grown poorer every year. Thou hast nigh upon brought thy wife to starvation. The very salvages themselves do fare better than we should, were it not for my good brother, Elder Tailecoate. Little did I know when I married thee what a good-for-nothing I was giving myself away to. You had a horse and oxen then, but now you have eaten up the one, and let that precious hypocrite, Samuel Sherwood, fool you out of the other. Ho! I should be better a widow than the wife of such an one."

This sharp address was delivered to a thin-faced, chalky-complexioned man, with dull grey eyes, and an expression of visage in which simplicity was strongly mingled with stubbornness. His slender under-sized form was arrayed in a doublet of coarse linen, and a pair of breeches of the same material, tied with ribbons below the knee. His legs from the knee to the ankle were bare, but his feet were cased in clumped and immensely heavy shoes, fastening, like the breeches, with ties of ribbon.

Notwithstanding her wrath, Goodwife Eggleston helped her husband to what he wanted, and then helped herself. Baggett went on eating in silence; for, as Miss Mary Taillecoate informs us, "hee was a man of verie few wordes, and seldom replied to the floutings and scoldings of his wife." This seemed to be especially provoking to the good lady, who, after a moment, resumed: "Baggett, why don't thee speak? I wish thee would say something when I talk to thee, and not sit there like a dumb beast. Not a thought in thy noddle, I warrant. Come, let some words come out of that mouth of thine, instead of filling it all the time with beans and bacon. If thou hadst been as silent in the company of sharpers as thou art with thy wife, thou mightest have ploughed with thine own oxen now, instead of delving with a spade. Only to think that I, the sister of Jonathan Taillecoate, should have married a man who had not enough of sense to keep what his father gave him!"

"I wish thou wert fairly rid of me then, or I of thee!" replied Baggett, provoked at last to break silence. "I have had no peace since I was yoked to thee; be silent, or I will speak out something to a purpose; thou shalt find that I can speak. I am no fool, as every one knows."

"No fool!" retorted his wife; "the whole plantation knows thee for a simpleton; and Samuel Sherwood knows it best of all: he can swear to it by those oxen that have leaked out of thy purse into his. And thou wishest to be fairly rid of me, ch? Well, the Lord grant it! Right glad would I be to be my own woman again. Come! Say no more. Shame on thee to be here eating and scolding, with the sun an hour high."

"I will have nothing more to do with such a pestilent woman!" replied Baggett; "thou art the very evil spirit in a house. I will do something to free me from such a torment."

"Ay! do something! do it to a purpose, and see how it will make the whole colony stare. They will not believe that it was thee who did it."

Baggett now rose from the table, took a long swallow at the water-pitcher, picked up his broad-brimmed, sugar-loaf hat from the floor, put it on his head, and walked sulkily to the door. He slammed it as he went out, stumbled off the log which served him as a door-step, shouldered his heavy hoe, and began to trudge away to his work.

Goodman Eggleston was indeed almost a simpleton, very obstinate withal, and a stubborn believer in the infallibility of his own opinion. In consequence, the property which his father left him had gradually wasted, until, from a very respectable station, he had become one of the poorest householders in the colony. This was extremely mortifying to his wife, whose family was somewhat wealthy and aristocratic. By wealthy and aristocratic, I mean that they consorted with the Governor and minister, owned a horse, a cow, and a yoke of oxen, and laid claim to hundreds of acres of wild land. Goodwife Eggleston, at first all happiness and smiles, soon began to fret and scold,

until, in the end, fretting and scolding had become the warp and a good part of the filling of her conversation. Nothing could teach Baggett, however; and he only grew more and more indignant at her interference.

This morning, thoroughly angry, he walked on as we have described him, bent upon effecting in some way a deliverance from his trials. Sulkily, sulkily he trudged down the principal street, passing by without notice his fellow-citizens, until he came to a path which led off to his fields. Here he looked up to see which way he should go, and then stumbled on in the same sullen, downcast manner as before. The bright sun was shining joyously into the beautiful valley of the Connecticut; the balmy air of June breathed softly over the fields and among the forests; the birds flew gaily from tree to tree, or sat on the branches and poured forth their full-throated music; in short, the young Summer was smiling one of his sweetest smiles, as he followed the steps of his departed sister, Spring. But all this was entirely lost upon poor Baggett, who, deep in the dumps, would have had no eye just now for the beauties of Eden, no ear for the very melody of the spheres. He was about stepping across a little brook which ran gurgling and murmuring through the meadows, when he heard some one call him from a neighbouring corn-field: "Goodman Eggleston! Goodman Eggleston! hold awhile! I am anxious to speak with thee."

Looking up, he saw his nearest neighbour, Deacon Gybbins, coming toward him, his silver beard waving in the breeze, and a hoe trembling in his aged hands. "Friend Eggleston," said the deacon, lowering his voice as he came nearer, "I have desired for some time past to discourse with thee upon a certain matter, but have as yet found no opportunity. I will make bold to say that my mind much misgiveth me to see that ungodly youth, George Tuckye, hankering so much about thy dwelling as he hath done of late. It appeareth to me that he is there during thy absence more than is seemly. It is reported that he hath a great liking for Goodwife Eggleston; and indeed he hath declared as much, more than once, to some of his profane companions. It hath also been told me by a certain aged handmaid of the Lord, that Goodwife Eggleston favoureth him more than is becoming to a woman who is in the bonds of marriage. I would counsel you, dear neighbour, to have a care over this matter, that it proceed not to anything culpable, nor to any scandal in our village. May the wisdom of the Lord guide thee and direct thee in the business!"

"Thanks, Deacon Gybbins," replied Baggett. "I will see to the affair;" and he turned away to proceed on his walk.

"Have a care, neighbour Eggleston," shouted the old deacon, after he had taken a few steps; "give not way to the spirit of evil; remember how Simeon and Levi were accursed for their violence."

"Poor man!" he continued to himself, as he tottered back to his work; "he is one of the simple

ones. I hope that he will be preserved from the ways of wrath and folly."

Baggett, with a puzzled expression of countenance, as if deeply engaged in thought, walked on very slowly until he came to a thicket thirty or forty yards beyond. Here, hid by the thick underbrush from Deacon Gybbins, he sat down on a stone, and remained for some minutes motionless and pensive. He then rose with a sudden start, as if he had taken his determination, and with his hoc on his shoulder struck off rapidly across the fields toward the Connecticut River. He pushed on over the undulating ground, now for the most part cleared, but still scattered with the stumps of trees which once covered it, until he reached a small clump of fine old chestnuts. Passing through these, he came out upon a little green knoll, where stood a comfortable looking cabin, facing toward the river. This was the dwelling of Thomas Ford, a well-to-do settler, who cultivated a small patch of ground, but occupied most of his energies in hunting and fishing. Thomas Ford's wife was the sister of George Tuckye, and, in consequence of a law of the colony, passed February the 21st, 1636, George generally resided with his brother-in-law. The said law was in these words: "It is ordered y^t noe yonge man y^t is neither married nor hath any servaunte, and be noe publicke officer, shall keepe howse by himself, without consent of the Towne where he lives first had, under paine of 20s. pr weeke." This enactment was a great trouble, no doubt, to the wild bucks and gay young men about town of those days, obliging them to nestle in whatever families they could, and even perhaps to house themselves with some solemn, admonishing old deacon. As for this George Tuckye, he appears to have been an uneasy, noisy fellow, fond of wild jokes and uproarious mirth, and a sad neglecter of the weekly lecture, and all other divine ordinances. He was a continual smoker, drank wine whenever he could get it, sparked it a great deal among the women, seldom worked in the fields, fished a good deal, and was often out hunting with the Podunk Indians, who lived across the river. In consequence of these peculiarities, he was very little liked or respected by the graver part of the community, who looked upon him as a youth not indeed absolutely vicious, but as exceedingly trifling, carnally-minded, and profane.

Baggett Egleston passed quietly round to the front of the cabin and knocked at the door. "Come in," said a voice. "It's he!" muttered Baggett. He stepped in, and pushing back the swinging door, his eyes fell upon the very man he wanted. There he sat, a short, thick-set, tow-headed, light-complexioned, good-humoured looking young fellow, smoking a dingy pipe, and idly watching a couple of Indians who were paddling in a canoe across the river. As Baggett entered he looked round.

"Oh, good morning, neighbour!" said he, puffing out a cloud of tobacco smoke, and then pushing a stool with his foot toward his visitor. "Come in: take a seat."

"All alone?" said Baggett, sitting down on the stool, and fanning himself with his hat. "Where is Goodman Brown and his wife?"

"Gone to the village to see some of their gossips. Married folks can visit till their legs can't carry them; but if we pretty fellows try it, why, we get admonished—fined perhaps. Anything new?"

"No, nothing out of the common way: only, George, I—I—I have a little private business for thee: wouldst like to hear it?"

"Out with it."

"Well, George, they tell me thou hast a pretty fancy for Goodwife Egleston: is it true?"

The young man, fairly startled from his indifference, opened his eyes wide, and looked Baggett fixedly in the face for several seconds, as if to see whether he was speaking in jest or anger.

"Well, neighbour," he at last replied, in a drawing but steady tone, "I hope no offence, but I will speak the truth: they have told thee no lies. But what then?"

"Why," said Baggett, scratching his small head, and looking rather puzzled, "why, you must know that Sarah and I get along but ill together; and no longer ago than this morning she told me to my face that she wished she was rid of me. I can't bear her tongue any longer, and if you want the woman, why, you are welcome to her; and I should say thanks for the riddance!"

"Sell thy wife!" roared George, jumping up, and dropping his pipe. "Thou dost not mean to have me buy her? Sell a wife! I never heard of such a thing in all the colonies!"

"No, no, George; but don't speak so loud. No, I never thought of that. I'll give her away. You may have her for nothing. Only get her to go, and many thanks to you."

"Well, this is strange! mighty strange! Something altogether new! Will it be legal? What will the General Court, and the Particular Court, and the ministers, and the deacons say? Ho! ho! Won't they admonish us! Won't they fasten my delicate trotters in that pillory of theirs? The pillory—the chief pillar of the temple, you know."

"Well, all that is worth considering. But as to the legality of the affair, friend Tuckye, I think I can convince thee of the legality thereof. That is the very thing I considered before I came here. Cannot a man give away his own? Is not my wife mine? I took her for such; such she is, as the Scriptures say, *beyond controversy*; now, being mine, I give her away to you, and thus she becomes yours."

"Well, dang it! It's new doctrine, and don't smell so orthodox as it might do. However, I like Goodwife Egleston enough to run a little risk for her; so here goes; let the devil look out for the loose ends. I'm thy man."

"Good! neighbour Tuckye," said Baggett; "thou art a friend indeed!"

"But," resumed George, "we must have some sort of an agreement: thou canst write: do thou make one, and I will put my mark to it."

"Thy mark? No, my mark; my name I mean. Yes, I will write an agreement. Let me see; give and bequeath! Yes, that is it; those are the terms; it is the terms which make the legality, friend Tuckye."

"So be it," said George. "Well, you want pens and paper;" and getting up, he walked across the room to a wooden chest, opened it, and took out a huge earthen ink-stand, a stumpy pen, and some dirty sheets of brownish-white writing paper. Then, shutting the box, he laid the articles on the lid.

"There, neighbour, do thou scratch away; devil take the letter that I can make. When I get as learned as thou, I too, perhaps, will give away a wife."

Baggett kneeled on the floor, and, using the chest as a writing-desk, proceeded very gravely, and with much consideration, to draw up the following formula:

"I, BAGGETT EGLESTON, being in my perfect memory, and having formally taken Sarah Egleston to be my true and legall wife, I doe now, of mine own free will and desire, give and bequeth the sed Sarah Egleston unto my deare fryend George Tuckye, to be his true and legall wife, now and for ever. Amen. This fowerth day of June, 1645.

"BAGGETT EGLESTON."

"There, George," said he, holding up the blotted paper and reading it aloud, "there, that is the bequeathal; take it, and take the woman too as fast as thou canst get her."

"Very good!" said George, with a grin, stuffing the paper into his breeches-pocket. "But thinkest thou that this will be enough? Will it need nothing more? No ceremony? No marrying?"

"Why, no! I suppose not," replied Baggett, elevating his eye-brows, and looking sagaciously at the wall. "I should say *no*. She has been married once; married to me, you understand; and I transfer my rights to you. Howsoever, if thou likest it better, thou canst have a wedding; only it will cost thee something, remember. I should advise thee," he continued, rather dryly, "to spend as little at the beginning of the business as possible."

"But the Particular Court? Well, no! the Particular Court be hanged! Let it go as it is. I'll adventure my ancles against the pillory: they will last through one lecture-day, I warrant. But how will you break the affair to Goodwife Egleston? Ho! ho! Goodwife Tuckye, I should say. Just let her know the thing, Baggett, I pray thee. I should feel a bit awkward to have to explain it all to her myself."

"Surely! O yes! I will secure thee of a welcome. I will explain it to her; and, will she, nill she, she shall come to it. I will inform her, and then go to Windsor, and tarry there a day or two, so that thou canst have a fair chance."

Some further conversation ensued, and then Baggett took his leave, to go home, as he said, and inform the goodwife of the change which had been made for her. But the nearer he got to his house, the less courage

he felt about communicating the information, and the more disposed to let his fortunate heir take the whole burden of the business upon his own shoulders. The terrors of his wife's tongue weighed upon him; the responsibilities of the step which he had taken depressed him still more; and a rising fear of the Particular Court completed the overthrow of his resolution.

"A plague take it!" he muttered to himself. "I have got far enough into the fore-front of the battle. Let George Tuckye stand out a little where the archers can shoot at him. If I go to forcing the woman, I shall have the whole business to answer for, from head to tail."

Goodwife Egleston, as her husband entered, was busy in boiling a dish of pounded Indian corn for dinner. Her wrath had somewhat abated since morning, but had not yet gone down far enough to make her anxious for one of those customary reconciliations which had hitherto served as oil upon the troubled waters. She looked up with some surprise as he came in, and a shade gathered over her brow, for she supposed that he had forsaken his work thus early out of sheer idling and laziness.

"What, man!" said she, "art hungry again? Hast come for thy dinner? Thou wilt have to wait till noon any how."

Baggett said nothing, but looked hard at his wife, took off his hat, scratched his head, and then stared at the wall. He was revolving in his small wits whether he should say anything about his novel arrangement with George Tuckye, and, very prudently as he thought, he finally concluded to keep silence.

"Sarah," said he, "I have business to look to at Windsor; it will be needful for me to tarry there a couple of days or thereabouts; so thou canst keep the house alone, and see how thou likest it."

"Tarry a week if thou like," was the reply: "thy business will be none too well done; and, as for me, dost think that I cannot get along without thee? Never fear for me."

Baggett grated his teeth, but softly; and in glum silence began to prepare for his expedition. He leaned his hoe in one corner, took down an old fusil which hung over the mantel-piece, loaded it, slung on his powder horn and bullet-pouch, stuck his hat on his head, and walked to the door. Here he half turned round and said: "Sarah, if George Tuckye should come here, he is a friend of ours, you know, and a very pretty fellow, say what they will against him. So, if he wants anything of mine, why you can let him have it, I tell you, be it what it may."

"Well! well!" replied the lady; "I will see about it. What has he promised to lend George Tuckye, I wonder?" she continued, as Baggett marched into the street. "His dinner, I'll warrant, seeing he wants it not himself."

An hour passed away: no gossiping neighbour came in to relieve her loneliness; noon came, and she sat down to her meal alone. She began to feel the absence of her husband; her fit of sulkiness gradually

gave way to gentler emotions, and she began to regret that she had spoken so unkindly to the partner of her joys and sorrows. She thought of the first happiness of their married life; she censured herself for interrupting it by the sharpness of her temper; then she excused herself by bringing up, and dwelling upon, her husband's follies; then she pitied him, as being more unfortunate than blameable; and finally she melted away into tears, and had that woman's relief the world over, a hearty crying-spell. An hour after dinner found her wishing poor Baggett back, and indulging in as soft and loving a humour as any husband could desire.

Let us now return to George Tuckye. This young roysterer waited, impatient and somewhat agitated, for two or three hours, hoping that Baggett would reappear to inform him of the successful issue of his interview with pretty Goodwife Eggleston. Noon came and passed, but no messenger of good tidings arrived, and he began to think that he must set about doing something for himself. He put on his best clothes, stuffed Baggett's precious formula into his pocket, and set out for the cottage where lived his promised bride. He walked slowly, and repeatedly stopped by the way to cudgel his brains for a suitable address and explanation, so that it was the middle of the afternoon before he reached Baggett's cabin. There was the prize he was about to play for, the desired of his soul, sitting on the door-step, and whiling away her lonely hours by vigorously patching and darning her husband's old breeches. A softened and almost sentimental expression was brooding on her face, and George, who always called her the finest woman in the colony, thought he had never seen her look so handsome.

"Good day, Mistress Eggleston," said he, although Goodwife would have been a more proper term, as Mistress was usually applied only to higher ranks of society.

"Ah, good day, George," she replied, with a smile. "Welcome! Baggett told me that perhaps thou wouldst be here to-day."

"Ay, Sarah," said George, thinking, with his heart in his mouth, that all had been explained and agreed to, "thou seest I have come to take full possession."

"To take full possession!" repeated Goodwife Eggleston, opening her handsome eyes. "Truly, my husband told me that thou wouldst want something; but I doubt if he would be willing to have thee take possession of all."

"No, not of the house and furniture. I care not for goods and treasure, so that I can but have thee; it is thee I have come for, and surely thou wilt not say me nay."

"Me!" exclaimed the lady, opening her eyes wider than before. "Fye! George. What dost mean? Oh, ho! thou art making merry with me. Ha! ha! ha! But thou must ask Goodman Eggleston first."

"The fool!" said the young gallant to himself. "He has gone away and not told her. But I have

the bequeathal, with his name to it: I will show her that; perhaps I can persuade her myself."

With this idea he rammed his hand into a pocket of his doublet, among twine, tobacco, bullets, and wadding, and brought out the important document.

"There, Sarah!" said he, holding the paper before her eyes; "there! look at that. We have been talking of thee, you see; that is, Goodman Eggleston and I; and he—but here it is, in black and white: 'I, Baggett Eggleston, being in my proper memory, and—'—and—there, take it and read it thyself, Sarah. I am no great clerk in writing, though print isn't so hard."

Goodwife Eggleston, mute with wonder and curiosity, seized the paper, and spelled it through with a look in which it was difficult to say whether there was more of amazement or indignation. Her face grew red and pale by turns, and when she had finished, she threw down the paper and burst into tears. "It seemeth probable," remarks Miss Judith Tailcoat, in one of the letters from which I have compiled this history, "that her loue for her husbande is a kinde of intermittent loue, which goeth away att times and returneth att times." A very acute observation, Miss Judith; there is a great deal of that kind of love in the world: Goodwife Eggleston is not the only person who has been noted for it.

George picked up the paper, with some misgivings, and put it safely in his pocket; and well was it that he did so, as otherwise it never would have come down for the edification and amusement of these latter-days. Before it was fairly housed, the tearful wife suddenly recovered from her melting mood, and made a vigorous snatch for it. Failing this, she fetched a spiteful slap at George's head, which, as the young fellow ducked almost to his knees, only knocked off his hat. He sprang up lightly and stepped off to a safe distance; upon which Goodwife Eggleston, seeing that she had failed of revenge, stumbled into the cabin, and sitting down on a bench, again gave way to tears. George stayed without a moment, thinking whether he had not better give up his undertaking; but hoping that the storm was passing away in this copious shower, he resolved to make one more effort to weather it. He stepped in softly, and sat down at a safe and respectful distance, on the same bench. He felt very much like some timid child who sees a beautiful cat which it wants to stroke and pet, but is afraid of getting a scratch in the face: the child puts out its little hand, and then looks at the cat's claws, and so stands in a trembling hesitation of wishfulness and fear. Just so George sat for some time in silence, looking stedfastly at Goodwife Eggleston, who, with her face buried in her hands, kept on sniffing and sobbing.

"Sarah," said he, at last, "don't cry so. I meant thee no harm. I am willing to be thy true and loving husband, and thy goodman is willing to give thee up to me."

"I don't want you!" sobbed Goodwife Eggleston. "I won't have you; and he is a fool, a wicked creature,

to want to get rid of his own wife. I won't consent to such a sinful proceeding."

"But, Sarah," whispered the persevering lover, moving nearer and trying to take her hand—

"Go away!" screamed the indignant woman, giving him a strong push and springing up. "Go away! Go out of the house! I will call the constables. I will appeal to the Court. I will see if men can give away their wives in this colony!"

With these words, she dodged past George, sprang out of the door, and set off on a run toward the house of Governor John Haynes.

"Come back!" roared George, all the terrors of the Particular Court rising, like a frightful ghost, before his eyes. "Sarah! Goodwife Egleston! Mistress Egleston! Come back! I'll say no more about it." But she never slackened her pace; she pushed on; she ran into the Governor's yard; and George Tuckye, quite dumbfounded with the turn of things, took the shortest and speediest cut for the cabin of Thomas Ford.

The next morning, betimes, after breakfast and the customary lengthy prayers were over, Governor John Haynes was seen knocking at the door of that excellent man, Rev. Samuel Stone. This gentleman was one of the two first ministers in Hartford, the other being Thomas Hooker, who died only three years after the event which we are relating, and who is styled by Cotton Mather "the light of the western churches." Mr. Stone, who survived his colleague fifteen years, was also highly respected by the New-England clergy, and much honoured and trusted by the colonial Government of Connecticut. His epitaph, cut on a slab of red sand-stone, and dated July the 20th, 1663, remains to us in the old burying-ground at Hartford, and describes in rude verse his character and excellent qualities. It informs us that he was

"Newengland's glory and her radiant crown."

And after a few more lines, declaring that he was safely and sweetly sleeping in Jesus until the glorious morn of the resurrection, it closes thus :

"In nature's solid art and reasoning well
Tis known beyond compare he did excell;
Errors corrupt by sinnewous dispute,
He did oppvno, and clearly them confute;
Above all things he Christ his Lord prefer'd:
Hartford, thy richest jewel's here inter'd."

Captain Edward Johnson, too, author of the "Wonder-Working Providence," one of the strangest books that ever was written, eulogizes his merits in the following very extraordinary poetry :

"Thou well-smoothed Stone Christ's work-manship to be;
In 's Church new laid his weak ones to support,
With 's words of might his foes are foil'd by thee;
Thou daily dost to godliness exhort.
Mourn not, O man, thy youth and learning spent
In desert land; my muse is bold to say
For glorious workes Christ his hath hither sent,
Like that great work of Resurrection day."

Not very excellent poetry, certainly, either as to sense or measure; and we may safely believe that the

worthy minister stood higher as a man than his panegyrist as a bard.

It somewhat surprised me, at first, that Governor Haynes, who was a decorous man in his conduct, and a great respecter of age, should not have applied to Mr. Hooker instead of Mr. Stone, inasmuch as the former was the older of the two. But I subsequently found an explanation of the circumstance in a remark which Miss Judith Tailecoate makes in another place, that Mr. Hooker was gone on some church business to Farmington. The Governor accordingly knocked at Mr. Stone's door, which was presently opened by a little maid, who curtsied very low at seeing the illustrious visitor. On learning whom he wanted, she opened a door on one side of the entry, and pointing into the room, said timidly that "the master" was there. John Haynes entered and found the good minister busily engaged in correcting a sermon of two hours in length, wherewith to feed his hungry flock on the morning of the next lecture-day.

"Good morning, Mr. Stone," said he. "The Lord prosper you in your holy calling."

"The Lord be with you, friend Haynes," replied the minister. "Enter and be seated."

"Mr. Stone," said Governor Haynes, after he had ensconced himself in a huge mahogany chair, "the Particular Court meets to-day, and we have one very serious case to be tried before it; a case, I am grieved to say, that throws much scandal upon that holy truth that hath been so long preached in this backslidden colony. I have been informed that a simple man named Baggett Egleston—not a lamb of the flock, I believe, for which the Lord be praised—that this man hath actually given away his lawful wife, with whom he was united in the bonds of wedlock by holy Mr. Hooker, to a sinful creature, George Tuckye by name; also that this Tuckye hath got speech of Goodwife Egleston, and endeavoured to persuade her to the agreement, which the woman had strength and wisdom given her to refuse to do. Awful as the matter seemeth, there can be no question of its verity, for goodwife Egleston hath herself come to me and informed me of the affair, complaining grievously, and with many tears, of the wickedness and unfeelingness of her husband, and the beastly impudence of this Tuckye. Now I have despatched Constable John Halls after Tuckye, and Constable Thomas Barbor after Egleston, to bring them before the Court where we shall try their cases this day. But it seemeth proper that you, the shepherd of these erring sheep, should be aware of their straying, so that you may converse with them, and expound unto them their errors, and, if the thing be possible, lead them to repentance. Wherefore I desire that you would appear at the Court to-day, where a room shall be given you with the prisoners, to hold with them, I trust, profitable and edifying discourse."

The Governor having finished his harangue, the good minister leaned back in his chair, and raised his eyes to the ceiling, with a deep and audible sigh, almost a groan. "O Lord, how long," said he, "how long

shall Thy Word be preached to a foolish and ungodly generation, who having eyes see not, and having ears hear not, and having hearts understand not? How have they hated instruction and despised reproof! But I, I too, must bear on my feeble shoulders much of the guilt. Alas! what an unfaithful shepherd have I been to the sheep who have been committed to my care! How little have I warned and instructed them! How have I sought mine own ease, when I should have been praying for my people!

"Well, Governor Haynes, dear brother in the Lord, this is a mournful instance of perverse selfishness in the one, and gross desires in the other, of these two poor creatures. I will gladly see them to-day, and use the strength which shall be vouchsafed me in trying to convince them of their error, and showing them their only hope of forgiveness."

Governor Haynes, having fulfilled his mission, now withdrew, and the minister, after some moments of sad reflection, resumed the writing of his sermon.

George Tuckye was already sitting sulkily in the little dark cabin which served the colony as a gaol, and Constable Thomas Barbor, mounted on his old grey mare, was just now spurting off for Windsor, in hot search after Baggett Egleston. The doors of a large framed and boarded building, the Connecticut State House of that period, were soon thrown open, and the members of the Particular Court, with a considerable number of plaintiffs, defendants, witnesses, and spectators, began to gather, and then take their seats. Governor Haynes and Mr. Stone came in; a long prayer was offered by the latter; and the Court thus prepared, gravely commenced its business. The deputies were six in number, and the jurymen twelve; and the reader if he wishes for their names, may find them all recorded on the one hundred and twenty-sixth page of the Public Records of Connecticut.

The first case was an action for slander by Thomas Sherwood the elder, against Henry Graye, which the jury decided by finding for the plaintiff, as it is entered on the Records, "costs of Court and damages twenty pound."

The second case was between the same parties on another count of slander; and here again Henry Graye was cast with "costs of Court and damages fewer pound."

Then came a third action of slander, by the same calumniated Thomas Sherwood the elder, against Jehu Burre the elder, which was concluded by the jury finding Jehu Burre "costs of Court, and damages fifteen pound." *

Jehu Burre the elder then had an action against Thomas Sherwood the elder, but got no "damages," and no further satisfaction than a round bill of costs.

Thomas Sherwood the elder having thus triumphantly vindicated his reputation, and lined his pockets with thirty-nine pounds in promises to pay, the Court proceeded to investigate the affairs of a certain deceased serving-man of one Mr. Parks. While a smart discussion on this case was going forward, some individuals who were gathered outside the door

had their attention directed up the road which led northward toward Windsor. A grey horse was coming in the distance, at a heavy gallop; but whether the beast was bestridden by one man or by two, it was difficult to say. All looked earnestly and in silence, until old Thomas Sherwood broke out: "That's he. I know the mare. I should be surp of her among a thousand, for I raised her myself. I can tell her by her carrying her tail so much to one side, and wipping it as she jumps. It was something peculiar about that beast; I never seed it in any other."

"Yes, it's he, sure enough," repeated one after another.

"But where is Baggett?" asked one. "He hasn't got him."

"Oh, Baggett is a little fellow, you know; you couldn't see him behind big Thomas Barbor. And don't you see? There is one of his feet poking out on one side. Yes! he has him, I'll warrant. He wouldn't come back without him."

As the group discussed the matter, on came the grey horse, galloping, galloping; down it went into a little valley; up it came on the nearer side: and there, sure enough, was Constable Barbor, riding like one of Cromwell's troopers, with little Baggett Egleston strapped hard and fast at his back. On he came; he pulled up at a post; silently and gravely he untied his prisoner and allowed him to dismount: then springing off himself, he took him by the collar of his doublet, and marched him into the State House. By this time the Court had settled the case on which it had last been engaged, and had decided, as the record preserves it, that "Nath: Dickenson and Tho: Coleman are to take a particular accompte of the estate of Mr. Parks' man deceased, and bring yt to the Court; and for the wages due to him, it may be respited untill we here from Mr. Parks, or his returne."

Everything being ready, George Tuckye was brought from the gaol, and the two chap-fallen prisoners found themselves in face of the awful array of Governor, Deputies, and Jury. As the reader is already acquainted with the case, we will not trouble him with the evidence; we will only present him with a passage from a letter of Miss Mary Tailcoate, describing in her quaint way the conduct of the two principal witnesses:

"Goodwife Egleston," says the letter, "did give her witsse righte heartily against George Tuckye, throwing all y^e blame upon him; but sed not one word with willingness against her husbände, crying and weeping most lamentably that ever shee should have brought him intoe trouble. Indeed, brother Jonathan, who was att y^e Court, tells us that it was right worthy of laughter to heare her take on soe, when all did know how shee flouts and abuses him att his own howse, making it sometimes as unhappy for him as shee can. But, as my sister Judith wittily wrote you in a former letter, her loue seemeth to bee of an intermittent kinde."

"Deacon Gybbins," continues Miss Mary, "when hee gave his witsse, sed that att the time hee

informed Baggett of the affair of Goodwife Egleston and George Tuckye, hee did pray that Baggett might be guided by the wisdom of the Lord; but now it did appeare to him that hee had been guided by the wisdom of Sathan, which was meere foolishness. The deacon did almost weepe when hee spake this, as thinking that he was much to blame for the matter; for that, he sed, he should have watched himself over Baggett's course, whose simpleness and want of knowledge all were aware of."

Good Deacon Gybbins!

The facts having all been made known to the Court, the Governor addressed a very brief and, as everybody thought, a very excellent speech to the jury. "Gentlemen," said he, "this is a case very much out of the common way, and it is no easy matter to judge what action to take upon it. Questionless it is known to you all that the wife of Goodman Egleston is a woman of sharp and unruly temper, that putteth forth little effort, in general, to make her husband's life a happy one. Yet is this no excuse for such an unlawful and unheard-of proceeding as the giving away of his legal spouse to another man, while himself is yet alive. His principal excuse lies in this, that he is clearly a man of small learning and very mean and inconsiderable intellects, and also mournfully ignorant of the requirements of morality and religion. This last, indeed, is verily a crime in the prisoner; but likewise is it an exceedingly pitiable misfortune. He hath done wickedly, more through ignorance than malice. I would advise, therefore, that Mr. Stone be requested to admonish him, and that, as punishment, some light fine be put upon him.

"As for the other prisoner, George Tuckye, he also is a man of no learning, and very ignorant of religion. He too hath sinned through ignorance and stupidity; and, in part, hath been led away by the foolish counsels and assertions of Egleston. Still, as he hath been guilty of pressing the matter upon Goodwife Egleston, and importuning her to so great a scandal and sin, I advise that he too should be admonished and bear a fine. Gentlemen, you may now consult and pronounce your judgment."

The opinions of the jury, it may be supposed, agreed in essence with the Governor's; and they soon brought in their decision, as recorded in the following passage of the Records:

"Baggett Egleston, for bequeything his wife to a young man, is fyned 20s.

"George Tuckye, for his misdemeanor in words to Egleston's wife, is fyned 40s., and to be bownd to his good behavior, and to appeare the next Court.

"Tho: Ford acknowledgeth himself to be bownde in x^l. to this Commonweith, and George Tuckye in 20^l., that the said George shall appear at the next Court, and keepe good behavior in the meane season."

The Court now proceeded to other business, while the two prisoners were led back to gaol, to receive the dreadful admonition. In woe-be-gone silence, amidst that twilight gloom, they sat down on the rude bench provided for inmates of the building, and waited in

fear and trembling. Presently a hand was heard on the door; they fixed their eyes upon it; it opened; the tall form of Mr. Stone appeared in strong relief against the outer light; the door slowly closed, and he was with them alone. They both arose from their lowly seat as he approached, and made him a humble obeisance. The minister waited till his eyes had become accustomed to the dim light of the room, so that he could watch the faces of the two culprits, when in a kind and pitying, yet solemn and commanding tone, he thus addressed them:

"My poor children, you have been guilty of a grave offence against the laws of this colony, and, more dreadful still, against the laws of God. Thou, George Tuckye, sinful worm that thou art, hast broken the holy tenth commandment, in that thou hast coveted thy neighbour's wife. You coveted her before you knew that he was willing to part with her, and it was your coveting in a measure which led this simple man to make his foolish and sinful offer. You have verily sinned and done wickedly, and it becomes you to apply for mercy to Him who is gracious and will abundantly pardon. The peril which you have escaped, not by your own might and wisdom, but by the virtue of another, even her whom in your folly you tried to persuade to evil, has been fearful. Had you succeeded, your life would have been required by our just law, and your spirit, unless purified by the blood of sprinkling, would have passed into eternity under a burden too heavy to be borne. Your ignorance has been one cause of your crime, but, while I also must cover my soul with sackcloth for this, you too are not freed from guilt. Where have you been on the days when Zion was holding her solemn feasts? Have your feet been in the sanctuary? Have we beheld your face in the Lord's courts? Alas! how seldom! Your chosen ones have been among the profane, among those who know not how to sing the Lord's song, but whose voices are lifted up in the foolish songs of worldly merriment. Cease, I beseech you, from these evil ways, and come up and abide in the tabernacle, even in the holy hill of the Lord.

"And you, Baggett Egleston, what I have said to your companion in this folly belongs also to you. But what can I say to a man who will so lightly cast away the wife of his bosom, and surrender her into the hands of a stranger? Do you not know that what God hath joined together no man may put asunder? Do you not know that the wife is bound to her husband so long as she liveth, and that he is commanded to love her even as himself? These are the words of the Volume of Truth; but how fearfully have you gone astray from them! In this, as in all your life, you have said unto your Creator, 'Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of Thy ways.' Beware, lest at the last day He also bid you depart into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. But I am willing to hope better things of you, and to believe that from this time you will be no more like the brutish man who knoweth not, and the fool who understandeth not, but like those who rejoice



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ITALIAN PEASANT GIRL.

all the day in the name of the Lord, and who shall be exalted in his righteousness. Go now to thy home; salute gently the wife of thy bosom; love her even as thy own soul; and seek in her company for that peace which passeth all understanding.

"And thou, George Tuckye, go also to thy home, not forgetting the warning which hath been bestowed upon thee, but remembering it to thy everlasting edification. May the Lord follow you both, and be your eternal Shepherd, leading you in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake. Amen!"

Mr. Stone paused, and a solemn silence ensued, only broken by a few stifled sobs from poor Baggett, which showed how deeply his feelings had been touched by this Scriptural discourse. The minister's very heart rejoiced at these sounds, and as he turned away and opened the door, he silently prayed that what he had spoken might be as that bread which being thrown upon the waters is found again. As they came out one by one, the last beams of the dying day fell softly on the tearful cheeks of Baggett Egleston and the sobered countenance of George Tuckye. The former hastened home with a quick yet soft step, like that of one who, with a full heart, seeks for the joy of pardon and reconciliation. The latter also walked quietly away, with a look of thoughtfulness that had seldom hitherto been seen on his round and florid visage.

"I must endeavour to see Goodwife Egleston," said Mr. Stone to himself; "perhaps all these wandering sheep may yet be brought into the fold of the Good Shepherd."

This ends the story of Baggett Egleston; and my indefatigable friend, Mr. Taillecoate, assures me that he has been able to find nothing further of it in any letter, manuscript, or record whatever.

THE ITALIAN PEASANT GIRL.

ITALY'S bright suns and brighter eyes are sources from which many of our poets and painters have drawn their inspiration, and to the exercise of their talents we natives of northern clime assuredly owe much of that power of appreciating the beautiful which is so rapidly extending itself among us. The Italian Peasant Girl of Mr. Pickersgill is one of those embodiments of the principles of loveliness that gratify us by their contemplation whenever and wherever they are presented to our notice. Youth and beauty combined with simplicity of costume are the materials from which the artist has produced a very clever picture, and one which has deservedly extended his reputation. Critics have pretended to discover in the features of the maiden too much intelligence for a peasant girl, but we must remind them that the indescribable charm which superiority of intellect lends to the countenance of its possessor is not the exclusive privilege of any station in society.

Mr. Hart has skilfully transferred to the steel that which the artist has so tastefully depicted on the canvas.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO. MORE.¹

LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE, QUINDECIM ANNOS NATA, CHELSEÆ INCEPTVS.

"Nulla dies sine linea."

September.

SEEMING y^e woodman fell a noble tree, which, as it went to the ground, did uprear severall small plants by y^e roots, methoughte such woulde be the fall of dear father, herein more sad than that of the abbot of Sion and the Charterhouse monks, inasmuch as, being celibate, they involve noe others in their ruin. Brave, holie, martyrs! how cheerfully they went to their death. I'm glad to have seene how pious men may turn e'en an ignominious sentence into a kind of euthanasia. Dear father bade me note how they bore themselves as bridegrooms going to their marriage, and converted what mighte have bene a shock to my surcharged spiritts, into a lesson of deepe and high comfort.

One thing hath grieved me sorelie. He mistooke somewhat I sayd at parting for an implication of my wish that he shoulde yield up his conscience. Oh no, dearest futher, that be far from me! It seems to have cut him to the heart, for he hath writ that "none of the terrible things that may befall him touch him soe nearlie as that his dearly beloved child, whose opinion he soe much values, shoulde desire him to overrule his conscience." That be far from me, father! I have writ to explain the matter, but his reproach, undeserved though it be, hath troubled my heart.

November.

Parliament will meet to-morrow. 'Tis expected father and y^e good bishop of Rochester will be attainted for misprision of treason by y^e slavish members thereof, and though not given hithertoe unto much heede of omens and bodements while our hearts were light and our courage high, yet now y^e coming evill seemeth foreshadowed unto alle by I know not how many melancholick presages, sent, for aught we know, in mercy. Now that the days are dark and short, and the nights stormy, we shun to linger much after dusk in lone chambers and passages, and what was sayd of the enemies of Israel may be nigh sayd of us, "that a falling leaf shall chase them." I'm sure "a going in the tops of the mulberry trees" on a blustering evening, is enow to draw us alle, men, mothers, and maids, together in an heap. . . . We goe about y^e house in twos and threes, and care not much to leave the fireside. Last Sunday we had closed about y^e hearth, and little Bill was a reading by the fire-light how Herodias' daughter danced off the head of St. John the Baptist, when down comes an emptie swallow's nest tumbling adown the chimnie, bringing with it enow of soot, smoke, and rubbish to half smother us alle; but the dust was nothing to the dismay thereby occasioned, and I noted one or two

(1) Concluded from p. 96.

of our bravest turn as pale as death. Then, the rats have skirmished and galloped behind the wainscoat more like a troop of horse than a herd of such smaller deer, to y^e infinite annoyance of mother, who could not be more firmly persuaded they were about to leave a falling house, if, like the scared priests in the temple of Jerusalem, she had heard a voyce utter, "Let us depart hence." The round upper half of the cob-loaf rolled off the table this morning, and Rupert, as he picked it up, gave a kind of shudder, and muttered somewhat about a head rolling from the scaffold. Worse than this was o' Tuesday night. . . . 'Twas bedtime, and yet none were liking to goe, when, o' suddain, we hearde a screech that made every body's heart thrill, followed by one or two hollow groans. Will snatches up the lamp and runs forth, I close following, and alle the others at our heels, and after looking into sundrie deserted cupboards and corners, we descend the broad stone steps of the cellars, half-way down which Will, stumbling over something he sees not, takes a flying leap to clear himself down to the bottom, luckily without extinguishing the lamp. We find Gillian on the steps in a swoon; on bringing her to, she exclayms about a ghost without a head, wrapped in a winding-sheet, that confronted her and then sank to the ground as she entered the vaults. We cast a fearfull look about, and descry a tall white sack of flour, recently overturned by the rats, which clears up the mystery, and procures Gillian a little jéering, but we alle return to the hall with fluttered spirits. Another time I, going up to the nurserie in the dark, on hearing baby cry, am passed on the stairs by I know not what, breathing heavilie. I reach forthe my arm, but pass cleare through the spirituall nature, whatever it is, yet distinctlie feel my cheek and neck fanned by its breath. I turn very faint, and get nurse to goe with me when I return, bearing a light, yet think it as well to say nought to distress the rest.

But worst of alle was last night. . . . After I had beene in bed awhile, I minded me that deare Will had not returned me father's letter. I awoke him and asked if he had broughte it up stairs; he sleepily replied he had not, soe I hastily arose, threw on a cloke, took a light, and entered the gallery, when, half-way along it, between me and the pale moonshine, I was scared to behold a slender figure alle in white, with naked feet and arms extended. I stodee agaze, speechlesse, and to my terror made out the features of Bess . . . her eyes open, but vacant; then saw John Dancey softly stealing after her, and signing to me with his finger on his lips. She passed without noting me, on to father's door, there knelt as if in prayer, making a low sort of wail, while Dancey, with tears running down his cheeks, whispered, "'Tis the third time of her thus sleep-walking . . . the token of how troubled a mind!"

We disturbed her not, dreading that a suddain waking might bring on madness; soe, after making moan awhile, she kisses the senseless door, rises up, moves towards her own chamber, followed by Dancey

and me, wrings her hands a little, then lies down, and graduallie falls into what seems a dreamlesse sleep, we watching her in silence till she's quiet, and then squeezing each other's hands ere we part.

—Will was wide awake when I got back; he sayd, "Why, Meg, how long you have beene! could you not lighte on the letter?" . . . When I tolde him what had hindered me by the way, he turned his face to the wall and wept.

Midnight.

The wild wind is abroad, and, methinketh, *nothing else*. Sure, how it rages through our empty courts! In such a season, men, beasts, and fowls cower bencath y^e shelter of their rocking walls, yet almost fear to trust them. Lord, I know that thou canst give the tempest double force, but do not, I beseech thee! Oh! have mercy on the frail dwelling and the ship at sea.

Dear little Bill hath ta'en a feverish attack. I watch beside him whilst his nurse sleeps. Earlie in the night his mind wandered, and he told me of a pretty ring-streaked poney noe bigger than a bee, that had golden housings and barley-sugar eyes; then dozed, but ever and anon kept starting up, crying "Mammy dear!" and softlie murmured "Oh" when he saw I was by. At length I gave him my forefinger to hold, which kept him ware of my presence without speaking, but presentlie he stares hard towards y^e foot of the bed, and says fearfullie, "Mother, why hangs yon hatchet in the air, with its sharp edge turned towards us?" I rise, move the lamp, and say, "Do you see it now?" He sayth, "No, not now," and closes his eyes. After a good space, during the which I hoped he slept, he says in quite an altered tone, most like unto soft, sweet music, "There's a pretty little cherub there now, alle head and noe body, with two little wings aneath his chin; but, for alle he's soe pretty, he is just like dear Gaffer, and seems to know me . . . and he'll have a body agayn too, I believe, by and by. . . . Mother, mother, tell Hobbinol there's such a gentle lamb in heaven!" And soe, slept.

He's gone, my pretty . . . ! slipt through my fingers like a bird! upped to his own native skies, and yet, whenas I think on him, I cannot choose but weepe. . . . Such a guilelesse little lamb! . . . My Billy-bird! his mother's owne heart. They are alle wondrous kind to me. . . .

How strange that a little child shoulde be permitted to suffer soe much payn, when of such is the kingdom of heaven! But 'tis onlie transient, whereas a mother makes it permanent, by thinking it over and over agayn. One lesson it taughte us betimes, that a naturall death is not, necessarilie, the most easie. We must alle die. . . . As poor Patteson was used to say, "The greatest king that ever was made, must bed at

last with shovel and spade," . . . and I'd sooner have my Billy's baby deathbed than King Harry's, or Nan Boleyn's either, however manie years they may yet carry matters with a high hand. Oh, you ministers of evill, whoever ye be, visible or invisible, you shall not build a wall between my God and me. . . . I've something within me grows stronger and stronger, as times grow more and more evill; some woulde call it resolution, but methinketh 'tis faith.

Meantime, father's foes . . . slack that anie can shew 'emselves such! are aiming, by fayr seemings of friendlie conference, to draw from him admissions they can come at after noe other fashion. The new Solicitor Generall hath gone to y^e Tower to deprive him of y^e few books I have taken him from time to time, . . . Ah, Master Rich, you must deprive him of his brains afore you can rob him of their contents! . . . and, while having 'em packt up, he falls into easie dialogue with him, as thus, . . . "Why now, sure, Mr. More, were there an act of parliament made that all y^e realm shoulde take me for king, you woulde take me for such with the rest."

"Aye, that would I, sir," returns father.

"Forsooth, then," pursues Rich, "we'll suppose another act that shoulde make me the Pope. Woulde you not take me for Pope?"

"Or suppose another case, Mr. Rich," returns father, "that another act shoulde pass, that God shoulde not be God, would you say well and good?"

"No, truly," returns the other hastily, "for no parliament coulde make such act lawful."

"True, as you say," repeats father, "they coulde not," . . . soe eluded the net of the fowler; but how miserable and unhandsome a device to lay wait for him thus, to catch him in his talk.

. . . I stole forth, ere 'twas lighte, this damp chill morning, to pray beside the little grave, but found dear Daisy there before me. How Christians love one another!

Will's loss is as heave as mine, yet he bears with me tenderlie. Yesternighte, he sayth to me half reproachfullie, "Am not I better unto thee than ten sons?"

March, 1534.

Spring comes, that brings rejuvenescence to y^e land, and joy to the heart, but it brings none to us, for where hope dieth, joy dieth. But patience, soul; God's yet in the aunry!

May 7. Father arraigned.

July 1. By reason of Will's minding to be present at y^e triall, which, for the concourse of spectators, demanded his carlie attendance, he committed the care of me, with Bess, to Dancey, who got us places to see father on his way from the Tower to Westminster Hall. We coulde not come at him for the press, but clambered on a bench to gaze our very hearts away after him as he went by, sallow, thin, grey-haired, yet in mien not a whit cast down. Wrapt in a coarse woollen gown, and leaning on a staff, which unwonted

support when Bess markt, she hid her eyes on my shoulder and wept sore, but soon lookt up agayn, though her eyes were soe blinded, I think she coulde not see him. His face was calm, but grave, as he came up, but just as he passed he caught the eye of some one in the crowd, and smiled in his old, frank way; then glanced up towards the windows with the bright look he hath soe oft cast to me at my casement, but saw us not. I coulde not help crying "Father," but he heard me not; perchance 'twas soe best. . . . I woulde not have had his face cloud at y^e sighte of poor Bessy's tears.

. . . Will tells me the indictment was y^e longest ever hearde; on four counts. First, his opinion on the king's marriage. Second, his writing sundrie letters to the Bishop of Rochester, counselling him to hold out. Third, refusing to acknowledge his grace's supremacy. Fourth, his positive deniall of it, and thereby willing to deprive the king of his dignity and title.

When the reading of this was over, the Lord Chancellor sayth, "Ye see how grievouslie you have offended the king his grace, but and yet he is soe mercifulle, as that if ye will lay aside your obstinacie, and change your opinion, we hope ye may yet obtayn pardon."

Father makes answer . . . and at sounde of his deare voyce alle men hold their breaths; . . . "Most noble Lords, I have great cause to thank your honours for this your courtesie . . . but I pray Almighty God I may continue in the mind I'm in, through his grace, until death."

They coulde not make goode their accusation agaynst him. 'Twas onlie on the last count he coulde be made out a traitor, and proof of 't had they none; how coulde they have? He shoulde have bene acquitted out of hand, 'steade of which, his bitter enemy my Lord Chancellor called on him for his defence. Will sayth there was a generall murmur or sigh ran through y^e court. Father, however, answered the bidding by beginning to expresse his hope that the effect of long imprisonment mighte not have bene such upon his mind and body, as to impair his power of rightlie meeting alle y^e charges agaynst him . . . when, turning faint with long standing, he staggered and loosed hold of his staff, whereon he was accorded a seat. 'Twas but a moment's weakness of the body, and he then proceeded frankly to avow his having always opposed the king's marriage to his grace himself, which he was soe far from thinking high treason, that he shoulde rather have deemed it treachery to have withholden his opinion from his sovereign king when solicited by him for his counsell. His letters to y^e good Bishop he proved to have bene harmlesse. Touching his declining to give his opinion, when askt, concerning the supremacy, he alleged there coulde be noe transgression in holding his peace thereon, God only being cognizant of our thoughts.

"Nay," interposeth the Attorney Generall, "your silence was the token of a malicious mind."

"I had always understoode," answers father, "that

silence stode for consent. Qui tacet, consentire videtur;" which made sundrie smile. On the last charge, he protested he had never spoken word against y^e law unto anie man.

The jury are about to acquit him, when up starts the Solicitor General, offers himself as witness for the crown, is sworn, and gives evidence of his dialogue with father in the Tower, falselie adding, like a liar as he is, that on his saying "No parliament coulde make a law that God shoulde not be God," father had rejoined, "No more coulde they make the king supreme head of the Church."

I marvell the ground opened not at his feet. Father brisklie made answer, "If I were a man, my lords, who regarded not an oath, ye know well I needed not stand now at this bar. And if the oath which you, Mr. Rich, have just taken, be true, then I pray I may never see God in the face. In good truth, Mr. Rich, I am more sorry for your perjurie than my peril. You and I once dwelt long together in one parish; your manner of life and conversation from your youth up were familiar to me, and it paineth me to tell ye were ever held very light of your tongue, a great dicer and gamester, and not of anie commendable fame either there or in the Temple, the inn to which ye have belonged. Is it credible, therefore, to your lordships, that the secrets of my conscience touching the oath, which I never woulde reveal, after the statute once made, either to the king's grace himself, nor to anie of you, my honourable lords, I should have thus lightly blurted out in private parley with Mr. Rich?"

In short, the villain made not goode his poynt: ne'erthelesse, the issue of this black day was aforehand fixed; my Lord Audley was primed with a virulent and venomous speech; the jury retired, and presentlie returned with a verdict of Guilty; for they knew what the king's grace woulde have 'em doe in that case.

Up starts my Lord Audley;—commences pronouncing judgment, when—

"My lord," says father, "in my time, the custom in these cases was ever to ask the prisoner before sentence, whether he coulde give anie reason why judgment shoulde not proceed agaynst him."

My lord, in some confusion, puts the question.

And then came y^e frightfulle sentence.

Yes, yes, my soul, I know; there were saunts of old sawn asunder. Men of whom the world was not worthy.

. . . Then he spake unto 'em his mind, how that after lifelong studdy, he coulde never find that a layman mighte be head of the church. And bade his judges and accusers farewell; hoping that like as St. Paul was present and consenting unto St. Stephen's death, and yet both were now holy saunts in heaven, soe he and they might speedilie meet there, joint heirs of e'erlasting salvation.

Meantime, poor Bess and Cecillie, spent with grief and long waiting, were foret to be carried home by Heron, or ever father returned to his prison. Was't

less feeling, or more strength of body, enabled me to bide at the Tower wharf with Dancey? God knoweth. They brought him back by water; my poor sisters must have passed him. . . . The first thing I saw was the axe, *turned with its edge towards him*—my first note of his sentence. I forct my way through the crowd. . . . some one laid a cold hand on mine arm; 'twas poor Patteson, soe changed I scarce knew him, with a rosary of gooseberries he kept running through his fingers. He sayth, Bide your time, mistress Meg; when he comes past, I'll make a passage for ye; . . . Oh, brother, brother! what ailed thee to refuse the oath? *I've taken it!*" In another moment, "Now, mistress, now!" and flinging his arms right and left, made a breach through which I darted, fearlesse of bills and halberds, and did fling mine arms about father's neck. He cries, "My Meg!" and hugs me to him as though our very souls shoulde grow together. He sayth, "Bless thee, bless thee! Enough, enough, my child; what mean ye, to weep and break mine heart? Remember, though I die innocent, 'tis not without the will of God, who coulde send 's angels to rescue me if 'twere best; therefore possess your soul in patience. Kiss them alle for me, thus and thus. . . ." soe gave me back into Dancey's arms, the guards about him alle weeping; but I coulde not thus lose sight of him for ever; soe, after a minute's pause, did make a second rush, brake away from Dancey, clave to father agayn, and agayn they had pitie on me and made pause while I hung upon his neck. This time there were large drops standing on his dear brow; and the big tears were swelling into his eyes. He whispered, "Meg, for Christ's sake don't unman me; thou 'lt not deny my last request?" I sayd, "Oh! no;" and at once loosened mine arms. "God's blessing be with you," he sayth with a last kiss. I coulde not help crying, "My father! my father!" "The chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" he vehementlie whispers, pointing upwards with soe passionate a regard, that I look up, almost expecting a beatific vision; and when I turn about agayn, he's gone, and I have noe more sense nor life till I find myself agayn in mine owne chamber, my sisters chafing my hands.

Alle's over now. . . . they've done their worst, and yet I live. There were women coulde stand aneath y^e cross. The Maccabees' mother—. . . yes, my soul, yes; I know—Nought but unpardoned sin. . . . The chariot of Israel.

Dr. Clement hath beene with us. Sayth he went up as blythe as a bridegroom to be clothed upon with immortality.

Rupert stode it alle out. Perfect love casteth out feare. Soe did his.

. . . My most precious treasure is this deare billet, writ with a coal; the last thing he sett his hand to, wherein he sayth, "I never liked your

manner towards me better than when you kissed me last."

They have let us bury his poor mangled trunk; but, as sure as there's a sun in heaven, I'll have his head!—before another sun hath risen, too. If wise men won't speed me, I'll e'en content me with a fool.

I doe think men, for y^e most part, be cowards in their hearts. . . . moral cowards. Here and there, we find one like father, and like Socrates, and like . . . this and that one, I mind not their names just now; but in y^e main, methinketh they lack the moral courage of women. Maybe, I'm unjust to 'em just now, being crost.

. . . I lay down, but my heart was waking. Soon after the first cock crew, I hearde a pebble cast agaynst my lattice, knew y^e signall, rose, dressed, stole softlie down and let myself out. I knew the touch of y^e poor fool's fingers; his teeth were chattering, 'twixt cold and fear, yet he laught aneath his breath as he caught my arm and dragged me after him, whispering "Fool and fayr lady will cheat 'em yet." At the stairs lay a wherry with a couple of boatmen, and one of 'em stepping up to me, cries, "Alas for ruth, mistress Meg, what is 't ye do? Art mad to go on this errand?" I sayd, "I shall be mad if I go not, and succeed too—put me in, and push off."

We went down the river quietlie enow—at length reach London Bridge stairs. Patteson, starting up, says, "Bide ye all as ye are," and springs aloud and runneth up to the bridge. Anon, returns, and sayth, "Now, mistress, alle 's readie. . . readier than ye wist. . . come up quickly, for the coast's clear." Hobson (for 'twas he) helps me forth, saying, "God speed ye, mistress. . . . Gin I dared, I woulde goe with ye." . . . Thought I, there be others in that case.

Nor lookt I up, till aneath the bridge-gate, when casting upward a fearsome look, I beheld y^e dark outline of the ghastly yet precious relic; and, falling into a tremour, did wring my hands and exclaym, "Alas, alas, that head hath lain full manie a time in my lap, woulde God, woulde God it lay there now!" When, o' suddain, I saw the pole tremble and sway towards me; and stretching forth my apron, I did in an extasy of gladness, pity, and horror, catch its burthen as it fell. Patteson, shuddering, yet grinning, cries under his breath, "Managed I not well, mistress? Let's speed away with our theft, for fools and their treasures are soon parted; but I think not they 'll follow hard after us, neither, for there are well-wishers to us on the bridge. I'll put ye into the boat and then say, God speed ye, lady, with your burthen."

Rizpah, daughter of Aiah, did watch her dead from the beginning of harvest until the latter rain, and suffered neither the birds of the air to light on them by day, nor the wild beasts of the field by night. And it was told the king, but he inter-meddled not with her.

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Argia stole Polynices' body by night and buried it, for the which, she with her life did willingly pay forfeit. Antigone, for aiding in the pious theft, was adjudged to be buried alive. Artemisia did make herself her loved one's shrine, by drinking his ashes. Such is the love of women; many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown it. I've hearde Bonvisi tell of a poor Italian girl, whose brothers did slay her lover; and in spite of them, she got his heart, and buried it in a pot of basil, which she watered day and night with her tears, just as I do my coffer. Will has promised it shall be buried with me; layd upon my heart; and since then, I've beene easier.

He thinks he shall write father's life, when he gets more composed, and we are settled in a new home. We are to be cleared out o' this in alle haste; the king grutches at our lingering over father's footsteps, and gazing on the dear familiar scenes associate with his image; and yet, when the news of the bloody deed was taken to him, as he sate playing at tables with Queen Anne, he started up and scowled at her, saying, "Thou art the cause of this man's death!" Father might well say, during our last precious meeting in the Tower, "'Tis I, Meg, not the king, that love women. They bely him; he onlie loves himself." Adding, with his own sweet smile, "Your Gaffer used to say that women were a bag of snakes, and that the man who put his hand therein woulde be lucky if he founde one eel among them alle; but 'twas onlie in sport, Meg, and he owned that I had enough eels to my share to make a goodly pie, and called my house the eel-pie house to the day of his death. 'Twas our Lord Jesus raised up women and shewed kindnesse unto 'em, and they 've kept their level, in the main, ever since."

I wish Will may sett down everie thing of father's saying he can remember; how precious will his book then be to us! But I fear me, these matters adhere not to a man's memory. . . . he 'll be telling of his doings as Speaker and Chancellor, and his saying this and that in Parliament. Those are the matters men like to write and to read; he won't write it after my fashion.

I had a misgiving of Will's wrath, that night, 'specialie if I failed; but he called me his brave Judith. Indeed I was a woman bearing a head, but one that had oft lain on my shoulder.

My thoughts beginne to have connexion now; but till last night, I slept not. 'Twas scarce sunsett. Mercy had been praying beside me, and I lay outside my bed, inclining rather to stupor than sleep. O' suddain, I have an impression that some one is leaning over me, though I hear 'em not nor feel their breath. I start up, cry "Mercy!" but she 's not there nor anie one else. I turn on my side and become heavie to sleep; but ere I drop quite off, agayn I'm sensible or apprehensive of some living consciousness between my closed eyelids and the setting sunlight; agayn start up and stare about, but there's nothing. Then I feel like . . . like Eli,

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maybe, when the child Samuel came to him twice; and tears well into mine eyes, and I close 'em agayn, and say in mine heart, "If he's at hand, oh, let me see him next time . . . the third time 's lucky." But 'steade of this, I fall into quiet, balmy, dream-lesse sleep. Since then, I've had an abiding, assuring sense of help, of a hand upholding me, and smoothing and glibbing the way before me.

We must yield to y^e powers that be. At this present, we are weak, but they are strong; they are honourable, but we are despised. They have made us a spectacle unto the world, and, I think, Europe will ring with it; but at this present hour, they will have us forth of our home, though we have as yet no certayn dwelling-place, and must flee as scared pigeons from their dove-cot. No matter, our men are willing to labour, and our women to endure; being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it. Onlie I marvell how anie honest man, coming after us, will be able to eat a mouthful of bread with a relish within these walls. And, methinketh, a dishonest man will have sundrie frights from the Lares and Lemures. There 'ill be dearth o' black beans in y^e market.

Flow on, bright shining Thames. A good brave man hath walked aforetime on your margent, himself as bright, and usefull, and delightsome as be you, sweet river. And like you, he never murmured; like you, he upbore the weary, and gave drink to the thirsty, and reflected heaven in his face. I'll not swell your full current with any more fruitless tears. There's a river whose streams make glad the city of our God. He now rests beside it. Good Christian folks, as they hereafter pass this spot, upborne on thy gentle tide, will, maybe, point this way and say—"There dwelt Sir Thomas More;" but whether they doe or not, *vox populi* is a very inconsiderable matter, for the majority are evill, and "the people sayd, Let him be crucified!" Who would live on their breath? They hailed St. Paul as Jupiter, and then stoned him and cast him out of the city, supposing him to be dead. Their favourite of to-day may, for what they care, goe hang himself to-morrow in his surcingle. Thus it must be while the world lasts; and the very racks and scrues wherewith they aim to overcome the nobler spirit, onlie test and reveal its power of exaltation above the heaviest gloom of circumstance.

Interfecistis, interfecistis hominem omnium Anglorum optimum.

"MANY women are more learned, discreeter, more excellent, and more constant than a number of men; but the greater part are fond, foolish, wanton, fibbergibs, wavering, witless, tattlers, triflers, eaves-droppers, rumour-raisers, wine-bibbers, back-biters, and in every respect doltified with the dregs of the devil's dunghill."—*Bishop Aylmer.*

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN.

BY JANE M. WINNARD.

CHAPTER I.

A TEA-FIGHT AT MILFORD GRANGE.

MILFORD is an old-fashioned village, situated in one of the least known counties of England. The scenery around for several miles is wild and picturesque;—so much so, indeed, that I am afraid the farming thereabouts would not be approved by the members of the Royal Agricultural Society, whatever might be said in its favour by those of the Royal Academy of Painting. Mr. Underwood, of the Grange farm, was a farmer of the old school, and by no means the worst of his school. He was also a yeoman in the proper sense of the word, for two hundred acres of the land which he farmed as well as the house he lived in had been a patrimonial inheritance of the Underwoods for the last hundred and eighty years. Old Fuller's aphorism, that "the good yeoman is a gentleman *in ore*, whom the next generation may see refined," had been verified several times among the Underwoods during the last century; and some of the family were not unreasonably proud of the off-shoots from the old stock which had taken root elsewhere, and grown to flourishing trees in the loftier regions of gentility. But the main trunk of the family tree remained fast rooted in the old Grange at Milford.

At the time of my story, the master there was Mr. Gideon Underwood,—or "Gideon Underwood, Yeoman," as he styled himself, in all legal and parochial documents, and on the wagons and carts used about the farm. Many a man might have styled himself "Gentleman" or "Esquire" with less ground for assuming either title than Gideon Underwood; but he preferred the style and condition of yeoman. He had a sort of *honest* pride, as it is called, in his position and name, (which, carefully inspected, is no other than "the pride which apes humility,") and this made him reject what he considered a mere modern, vulgar distinction, and cling heartily to all that had belonged to his ancestors, and made them to be esteemed of men. They had left him a recognised position in the world; with which, as he said, he was thoroughly contented,—and of which, though he never said it, he was so proud, that if any of his children presumed to be discontented with it, and to desire a different sphere of life, he had no toleration for the peculiarity, but cast them off at once. This family pride, and a certain stern high-principled puritanism, Mr. Underwood seemed to have inherited from his namesake, a sergeant in Cromwell's Ironsides, to whom the two hundred acres had been originally granted out of a large confiscated estate, and who, having married the daughter of a London citizen, built the Grange house with her dower. This last fact it is necessary to mention, to account for the size and appearance of the abode, which was not in accordance with the humble pretensions of its owners. It was not a cottage, nor a farm-house; it was what the advertising auctioneers call a "gentlemanly residence;" that is to say, it

was a large house, substantially built in a good style of domestic architecture of the seventeenth century. Over the chief entrance, embedded in the masonry, was a slab of marble, once white, now grey and stained by exposure to the weather, which would have been long ago hidden by the ivy that covered every other part of the walls, but for the scrupulous care with which it had always been cut away, in order to show the following inscription:—

GIDEON UNDERWOOD AND ELIZABETH HIS WIFE
BUILT THIS HOUSE, A.D. MDCLII.

"Desire of me, and I shall give thee the Heavens for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

"Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it."

"The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground: yea, I have a goodly heritage."

"I have set the Lord always before me: for he is on my right hand, therefore I shall not fall."

This tablet was to the Underwoods of Milford what a well carved coat of arms, in a similar situation, is to its bearers. If any of Gideon's descendants had had misgivings about the good taste and Christian humility of this inscription, it certainly was not his representative and namesake whose household is about to be presented to the reader.

* * * *

It was a sultry afternoon in August, and the great parlour on the first-floor at the Grange, (which Mr. Underwood would not suffer his daughters to call a *drawing-room*, because it savoured of affected aristocracy,) had all its five windows thrown open to the garden, and all its chair-covers taken off, and stood in prime holiday array. Enormous *bouquets* (nosegays, the Underwoods called them) in enormous old porcelain vases stood in a formal row on the high mantel-piece; and another, the size and shape of a peacock's tail, spread itself in front of the old black grate. A few faded family portraits, in heavy carved and gilded frames, had had their faces turned from the grey wainscotted walls to the light; large chairs of carved walnut-wood were ranged round the room,—a chess-board was set out on a massy round table in one corner,—a backgammon board, and a few books and prints lay on a corresponding one in another corner,—an old square piano-forte stood open at the far end of the apartment; and in the centre, a huge mahogany table

"groan'd with the weight of the feast"

which had been prepared for the expected guests;—tea being no idle ceremony and make-believe at Milford, but a regular substantial meal.

Yet in spite of all these efforts to give the great unused room a festive air, it still looked unused and of an uncomfortable bigness—as if it were far too large for any company that could be beguiled into it. Nor was this feeling of dreary vastness in the apartment entirely removed when the four Underwood girls entered it, all armed *cap-à-pie* for a Tea-Fight,

as an evening party is denominated in those regions. Yet they were large girls, more than five feet seven in height, and wore such a wonderful quantity of crinolines and flounces, that, as their brother Jack observed, "it was a day's journey to get round one of them." After repeating that disrespectful personality, I must, in justice to the young ladies, say that Jack, in his innermost mind, thought his sisters remarkably fine girls; and all the finer for the flounces and the crinoline, because they were "the real London fashion." For London, and for the fashion, master Jack had the profoundest veneration; though his father had as yet no suspicion of the fact.

"Now girls," said Martha, the eldest, who had been like a mother to her sisters ever since Mrs. Underwood's death ten years before, "let me see how you all look! Mary, my dear, that frock really is too low. I hope father won't notice it. Leah, how very nicely you have plaited Rachel's hair! It looks quite beautiful; but what a figure you have made of yourself!"

"I told her so," said Rachel, laughing, "but she would try to do her hair like that saint's in the picture Mr. Crypt gave her. She has been trying to make herself look as ugly as that, ever since she knew he admired it. She wanted to do mine so, because she says twins ought to be alike, but I wouldn't be made a fright of, for all the saints and new curates in the world. She wanted Jack to part his hair in the middle, and shave off his whiskers, like—"

"Go it, Rachel, my girl," exclaimed Jack, entering the room redolent of bergamot and lavender-water, and resplendent in a new cut-away coat, a blue waist-coat and neck-cloth, and finer studs and shirt buttons than had ever been seen in Milford before. "Go it, Rachel, I like to see you go-ahead. You stick at nothing. I don't want to spoil sport, but if you wish to know what Leah *did* say, Martha?"

"Oh! you are sure to make out a good case for Leah. She's your favourite. But I don't think even you can say she has done her hair well," said Rachel.

"Done her hair well! No, I should say she has *dressed* it well, in the newest fashion, saint or no saint, as you will perceive if you look at my last number of the 'Fashionable Gazette.'—Leah, my dear," he continued, patting Leah's cheek patronisingly, "if you would only hold up your head and throw a little more animation into your manner."

"Now Jack," interrupted Martha, who, like a real mother, would let no one find fault with her children but herself. "What are you always picking holes in the poor girls for? Rachel is too lively—and Leah is too quiet; upon my word you are difficult to please! What have you to say against Mary? I hope she is pretty enough to suit you. You can speak now, for she does not hear. Lord bless me! she will certainly fall out of that window! What can she be looking at in the road?"

At this moment Mary Underwood drew her head in from the window suddenly, and said,—

"Martha, I think we had better take our places, for there is Miss Agnes Shepherd, and the strange gentleman with her."

"Law!" exclaimed the lively Rachel, clasping her hands and opening her eyes with surprise and curiosity.

"Physic and Divinity!" exclaimed Jack, imitating her gesture with strong exaggeration. "How often have I told you that no lady says 'law!' You should say 'ah ciel!'"

"Do let the girl alone, Jack," said Martha laughing. "You will never turn her into a fashionable."

"No, indeed," said Rachel. "I'm not a lady—I'm a yeoman's daughter. I can't say your fine words. Who's to remember *ah ciel!* *Law!* comes so natural to everybody. You say it often enough yourself when you are not dressed up quite so fine. Where am I to sit, Martha dear? I should like to help you at the table—may I?—If Jack don't think me ornamental in the family I may be useful." The last tone had a little pique in it, sweet-tempered as the bouncing Rachel was.

Leah noticed it, and whispered to her brother,

"Go and kiss Rachel, and don't find fault with her continually for trifles, dear Jack. It has such a bad effect! It is the surest way of destroying family affection—Miss Miriam Grey says so."

Jack strode after Rachel, who had installed herself in state, (and a *leelle leelle* mortification,) at what he called "the coffee plantation in the land of Prog." Miss Miriam Grey's opinion, backed by Leah's "dear Jack," was more potent in softening the manners of this ingenuous youth than any art with which he was acquainted.

"I say, Rachel," he began, in a tone between a grumble and a coax. "You mus'n't mind what I say, you know."

"I don't; but it isn't pleasant, for all that. I know I'm not as pretty as Mary, nor as sensible and good as Martha, nor as *clever* as your favourite, Leah, but still, Jack"—and Rachel's merry rosy face was turned up to her tall brother's penitent one with a touching expression of wounded affection and humility.

"Still you are my own darling Rachel," murmured Jack, with tenderness almost like that of a lover, but with the manner of an embarrassed bear. "Why will you talk such nonsense about Leah's being my favourite? You know in your heart it is not so. I love Leah and all of you very much, but *you* know which I love *best!* only you are always trying to provoke me by saying disagreeable things."

And Jack ended his apology for misconduct to Rachel as he usually did by *se fachant très fort* against her. There is a class of people with whom this line of conduct succeeds admirably. Rachel, warm-hearted and unexact as she was, belonged to it.

She seized her brother's hand. "Indeed, indeed, Jack, I never *meant* to say a disagreeable thing to you."

"But you should not always be taunting me with caring most for Leah,—if I said you cared more for Mark than you did for me, now—"

"Oh, you couldn't say that, because you don't think it."

"Well! well! I suppose nobody is to be jealous in the family but you."

"Jealous!—oh Jack!—how can you?—"

"Hush!—somebody's coming in—Don't be a simpleton. I forgive you, child.—There!"

The grateful and penitent Rachel pressed her lips to the brawny hand she held, and the magnanimous Jack pressed his on the crown of Rachel's not over subtle head, just as their brother Mark threw open the door of the room, and ushered in the guests whose arrival the pretty Mary had announced several minutes before.

Miss Agnes Shepherd was the bachelor vicar's maiden sister; a lady who deserves a paragraph to herself. She was sixty years old, and in capital preservation as far as regards the *essentials* of health and strength; for the accessory and transitory quality of beauty, she had never possessed much, and had never shown the slightest desire to increase her store or to preserve it. She thought it did a great deal more harm than good in the world, and would sigh over the prettiest child in a family as other people sigh over a deformed or sickly one. She would never allow that anything was the better for being pretty. She was born a Utilitarian—and a despiser of the arts. As a moralist, she was not enlarged in her views, but, to make amends for that, she was extremely punctilious in adhering to them. In religion, she was what she herself called "a strict churchwoman,"—but what other members of the church (her good and learned brother, the vicar, included) thought rather a bigoted one. Strong-minded as she was on most points, Miss Shepherd's religion partook of the superstition prevalent among the hill-folks with whom she had passed her life. She had just education enough to be ashamed of it, but she could not shake off her belief in haunted houses, apparitions, the evil eye, &c. In a social aspect she was valuable. She was a good sister—an indefatigable housewife, and a wonderful economist to her brother—and to all the rest of the parish she was *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, and *Examiner*. Millford would have been badly off for local conversation and small talk if it had not been for Miss Shepherd. She was not a general favourite—a busy-body seldom is—but she made herself generally *useful*, and so the poor got into the habit of looking to her for assistance in any temporal difficulty, and the richer neighbours always spoke of her with respect, because she was "so good to the poor," and because they dreaded her sharp scrutiny into their own affairs. She was a worthy disagreeable person, and was immensely influential in consequence. Disagreeable people, like ill-tempered ones, are worshipped among us as the Evil Genii were worshipped by the weak and cowardly Asiatic nations. Miss Shepherd loved to create a sensation; she also loved a good feast—a game of whist—and an opportunity of wearing her canary-coloured lutestring gown. It was therefore with uncommon good humour that she

marched in upon the young Underwoods for her evening campaign, followed by a person who had never been seen or heard of in Milford before.

"How do you do, Miss Underwood?—Allow me to introduce to you a friend of my brother's—Miss Underwood—Miss Leah,—Miss Rachel,—Miss Mary,—Master—I beg your pardon,—Mister John Underwood."

"What a hateful old thing!" growled Jack, as he ducked his head by way of a bow to the stranger, and thus brought it on a level with Rachel's. "I wish some one would burn that absurd old gown of hers! Who ever saw such a waist! Can't somebody tell her of it? I declare her arms and neck are browner and skinnier every time she bares them to the public gaze. She *must* stain them with walnut-juice for the occasion! Look at her poking up her sharp chin into poor Leah's face—What a contrast!

"Like a devil of the pit she seems, mid holy cherubim."

"Hush! hush!" said Rachel, who was fond enough of her brother to mistake his high spirits for what he himself called *de l'esprit*, and was convulsed with merriment accordingly. "She is looking at us. She will hear you!"

"Not she;—she has the advantage of being deaf. She is not looking at us,—she's looking to see what sort of a *spread* we have. Now, Rachel, mind you make her coffee weak, and I'll take care she don't have any of those peaches. I say, where are the cards?"

"In the card-box, to be sure. What do you mean?"

"*Miching mallico*, my dear."

"Oh, bother your French! Here comes Mr. Crypt."

"Yes. How cold and damp he looks! and what a dress for a Christian! I can't stand that Oxford coat of his. Look at it! There, now—as sure as the Grey Tower stands on the top of the hill, it's just the shape of the Irish beggars' coats—with the skirts hanging down to their heels, and the collar torn off!"

"For shame, Jack!" said Rachel, blushing a celestial rosy red. "How dare you speak so of a clergyman? And such a dear, pious young man, too! You wouldn't dare to say such things to Leah, or to Miss Miriam. I won't put up with it!"

"Come, come, Rachel; don't make me out worse than I am. Crypt is a regular good minister, and none of your idle parsons. You are like the rest of the world,—you would judge of a man by his coat. I respect him; I haven't a word to say against him, except that—Ah! here comes Mr. Shepherd and my father with him. I must go and speak to the vicar."

While this familiar dialogue had been going on between Rachel and Jack, Leah had been listening to the loud talk of Miss Shepherd, and had been obliged to talk almost as loud in reply.

"Well, I hope she'll come, my dear. Your father makes such a fuss with her, that I don't think he could sit down in peace to a rubber unless Miss Miriam was at the instrument making a noise."

"She said she *would* come, ma'am, if she were well enough."

"Well enough!—well enough! Nonsense! What's the matter with *her*, I should like to know?"

"What ails us is in us, my dear madam," said Mr. Underwood, who had overheard the last sentence. "I need not ask how you are;—in perfect health, as usual. Leah, my dear, it is six o'clock. Are they bringing tea?"

The tone of the last was slightly severe. "I'll go and see, father." And Leah, who knew that her father considered an infringement of punctuality in the light of an infraction of the Decalogue, went off to Martha.

"Father says it's six o'clock, dear."

"Everything is ready. Tell Mark and Jack to put the chairs round the table. Have you spoken to the strange gentleman?"

"No. He and Mark have been talking together at that window ever since they came in. I don't like to interrupt them."

"Where's Mary? Tell her to come and butter father's toast. Be quick, dear;—he's looking this way."

As Leah turned away, the anxious Martha made a sign to Rachel at the other end of the table, who immediately began pouring out coffee; and another to Jack, who instantly broke up his conference with the vicar and Mr. Crypt, about shooting some rats in a cottage in the village.

"I beg your pardon.—My sister wants me."

"There seems to be some good in that young man," said the curate; "he is so attentive to his sisters."

"There is a great deal of good in the whole family, you will find. The eldest son, David, was a very remarkable boy. At sixteen, he was the best classic I ever saw, for his age. Poor fellow!"

"Is he dead?"

"Oh! dear, no. Only he offended his father—and—Mr. Underwood is extremely strict in his household. Ah! I see there is a general move towards the table. We must take our places. It is the custom in this part of the country, you will find, to sit down to tea as regularly as to a dinner, and, alas! often as long."

Mr. Crypt moved forward with solemn alacrity, to seek and to sit beside the pretty Mary, or the amiable Leah. But Mr. Crypt was fated to disappointment on this occasion.

Mary was standing in the recess of one of the windows, when her brother Mark and the strange gentleman planted themselves in front of it, and, not perceiving that she was behind the thick moose curtain, commenced a conversation in which she felt so much interest, that she feared to stir a muscle, lest she should betray her hiding-place, and put a stop to it. She was very sorry when she heard Leah's quiet voice say, "Tea is ready, Mark. Will you come to the table?" Nor was she better pleased when, on emerging from the recess as soon as they moved away, Jack stepped hastily towards her, saying,— "Where have you hidden yourself? Father has

"That, sir," said Jack, waving his hand preparatory to a preposterous statement.

"A good one, while you're about it, Jack," interrupted Philip.

"Nonsense," said Rachel, turning to her lover good-naturedly. "I'll tell you. It's just a friend of the vicar's, who has come to stay with him a short time. He's a foreigner. You can see that by his very dark complexion. He comes from Leipzig—He's very handsome, I think."

"Humph!" said Mr. Bang, "*de gustibus non est disputandum.*"

"What's the meaning of that?" asked Rachel, sharply. "I hate people to talk French, and such stuff that I don't understand."

"It merely means that no one can dispute the correctness of your taste. Now I examine him, it really seems to me that gentleman is the handsomest man I ever saw. Such a fine sallow complexion! such a profusion of hair about his face! such a mild expression of eye! such a lively, open, engaging air! I don't wonder he takes the fancy of young ladies so much. Mary, to judge by her look and manner, is quite of your opinion. Don't you think so, Mr. Philip?"

Poor Philip! yes, alas! he had been thinking so for the last five minutes. Mary had been so absorbed by that confounded black bearded foreigner, that she had only smiled once at him. He had determined not to look at her again. And rather than show any desire of attracting her attention, he would make himself quite merry and comfortable for the rest of the evening with "*the Noisies*," as Mr. Bang, Rachel, and Jack, had been nicknamed by Miss Shepherd, whose nicknames had something adhesive in them.

"It looks like it, certainly," said Philip, with assumed carelessness. "Here! take your cup," and presenting the article in question with more petulance than politeness, he threw some of the coffee over Rachel's gown.

As I have said before, Rachel was sweet-tempered, and guessing what was passing in Philip's mind, she made light of the accident. "Never mind, you could not help it." Yet it was a new and decidedly becoming gown.

"But he could, though; and you're the best girl in the world," whispered the admiring Bang, who, being a middle-aged man, thought a great deal more of *temper* in a wife than he did of any accomplishments, and more than he did of most other charms. And snatching a napkin, he began to rub away at Rachel's skirt with all his might.

Meantime Mr. Underwood was listening to a low sweet voice beside him with the profoundest attention.

"You are very kind, and so are the dear girls, but——"

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Miss Grey," said the host, his peculiar hardness of tone considerably softened, whether most by affection or respect, it were difficult to decide. "You must not use such words in speaking of me and my family. I hope we shall never forget what is due to one whose birth is so

much above our own; least of all to one whose name is Grey. If I thought any of my daughters ever presumed upon——"

"My dear sir, they could not behave otherwise than as I wish. Remember," she added with a smile, "they have been my pupils."

"I can never forget your condescension to my poor motherless girls. But you really must not make so light of the honour. What would the world say if it were generally known that the last descendant of the Greys of Milford was governess to the daughters of Gideon Underwood?"

"The world would say that she was a fortunate woman to meet with such friends. 'The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away.' Besides you know I never possessed anything belonging to my family but my name, and what I and my sister owe to your kind exertions. Do not talk of any obligation but that which we owe to you."

Old Mr. Underwood seemed to lose his self-possession at this. He gave a hurried look at the sightless up-turned eyes of the gentle speaker, and then glanced hastily round the table as if to see whether he were observed. In so doing, he caught the vicar and his son Mark, both in the act of looking at him, as if he had been the subject of their conversation, and in turning his eyes away, he encountered those of the strange gentleman opposite. He started involuntarily, for they seemed to be reading his own inmost thoughts. Had he ever seen those eyes before? Gideon Underwood had dreamed sometimes of an avenging angel, an angel who came to bear witness to a secret wrong, who whispered to his proud soul, "There is nothing hidden that shall not be known;" and the eyes of the angel were like the eyes of the man who sat face to face with him then. His stern features grew pale, and he grasped the arm of his chair with an iron gripe. The stranger had withdrawn his look, and was listening as before to Mary. The glance was quite accidental; yet its effect had been so powerful upon him, that he did not hear Miss Grey's question to Leah, who had left Mr. Crypt, and came round to see if she wanted anything.

"Is there not a stranger in the room?" asked Miss Grey.

"Yes, there is," said Leah, bending low, so as not to be heard.

"I thought so," said Miss Grey, in the same tone. "Why?"

"I don't know, I felt it." Then after a pause, she added, "It is a man, is it not? And he is sitting opposite to us now?"

"Yes; haven't you heard him talk?"

"No; tell me, what is he like, Leah?"

"Like nobody I ever saw before, dear. Go on drinking your tea, he's looking this way, but he can't overhear us, for *the Noisies*, and Philip with them, are in full operation. Hark at Jack's laugh!—Thank goodness, father doesn't seem to hear them!—In the first place, he's a foreigner. He comes from Germany—Mr. Shepherd brought him."

"Well; is that all you have to tell? I might have learned that without eyes."

"To say the truth, Miriam, dear, I hardly know how to describe him. He is a great, large man,—neither young nor old,—rather too much beard,—moves indolently,—and yet his face looks as if he had done and thought a great deal. He is sitting now sunk down in his chair as if he were half asleep, and yet I can't get rid of the feeling that he knows very well what every one round the table is doing—Ha!"

"What is the matter?" inquired Miss Grey.

"Why, I'm almost afraid he heard what I was saying, for he looked up at me just then. He's looking at you now. I really can't stand his eyes; they pierce through one. I declare they are like Gideon, the Ironside's," and she glanced towards the portrait of the founder of their family, which was looking on the party from the wall at their right hand. Illuminated by the bright rays of the sun, the face of the old warrior was more distinctly seen than usual. It was a powerful face; fierce, melancholy, and fanatical, with a touch of grim humour in it.

Probably the stranger wished to remove the embarrassment his look seemed to have caused Leah; or the portrait itself excited his curiosity when his eyes followed hers to it, for after examining it curiously, he bent forward, and said to her with a smile—

"Is that the portrait of an ancestor, Mademoiselle? If it is so, I think the race must have improved; I do not trace much resemblance between that head and those of the gentlemen of your family;" and he glanced at her father, and Mark and John. "*And quant aux dames*—I congratulate you—there is absolutely no degree of likeness."

Leah was quite relieved by his agreeable manner, and thought, as many of her sex do, that the foreign accent was a great improvement upon good English pronunciation. As to his eyes being like old Gideon's, she was surprised at her mistake—they were full of something very like playfulness at this moment. She was about to make some reply when her father suddenly arose. It was the signal for the usual grace after meat: every one arose accordingly. Mr. Crypt pronounced a few words in a grave gentle tone, and then the company left the table and dispersed slowly about the room.

As Mary was looking after Philip Ward for a moment her father called her.

"Yes, father," she said, in the timid tone which was natural to her whenever she spoke to him.

"Mary, I am sorry to see that your spirit is so light and giddy that the presence of company makes you forget your usual duties—any little attention which you have been in the habit of paying to me. Henceforth, you need not take the seat beside me at meal times, and tell Leah that I desire she will occupy it henceforth as she did this evening." The tone was cold and implacable; as if Mary had been guilty of some gross act of neglect.

Persons who have not lived long enough in a narrow

circle to understand how the most insignificant things can be magnified into importance either for pain or pleasure, have no conception of the vast amount of ludicrous misery that there is in the world. They can scarcely believe in the enormous tyranny of trifles that weighs down gentle souls so that they well nigh forget their birth-right of wandering through eternity. They know not how the strong, severe man, whose strength and severity would find a healthy field of activity in a large sphere, being fixed by circumstances in a small one, finds his nature accommodate itself to the small one. Therein he becomes strong and severe about all the petty good and the petty evil which he is capable of understanding, with a strange inadequacy between cause and effect, which cannot but make the unthinking laugh though it will make the judicious grieve. Ridiculous as it was that a man like Mr. Underwood should be displeased with his daughter Mary for forgetting to butter his toast, and that she should blush, and tremble, and find warm tears spring to her eyes, as she heard his absurd expression of wrath and the punishment affixed to it—it was a melancholy, nay, a cruel and unholy thing which it indicated. Here were the noble virtues on one side, and the gentle virtues on the other, spoiled, perverted, and rendered noxious by want of a clear guiding intelligence; family affection deprived of its sweetness and turned into gall; fear substituted for love as the mainspring of action; a consequent banding together in secret of the inferiors against the ruling power; a conspiring to elude the unnecessarily severe laws; a gradual generating of hatred in the more active and elastic minds among the oppressed; a disinclination to believe in any goodness or wisdom in the governing power; and a determination to set themselves free from it on the first opportunity of rebellion. In the softer, more yielding, and more timid minds, that dare not rebel, because rebellion is to them a terrible wrong, and that cannot hate because to them hatred is agony, there is a constant struggle to *obey* in spite of their outraged intelligence, and to *love*, in spite of their outraged feelings. Such a household is like to a fine nation with an oppressive government.

A thought, something like this last, came into the mind of the stranger, who had been near enough to hear Mr. Underwood's words to Mary, and to see the result. He was a very quick and acute observer, and though he did not, of course, understand the special trifle which had served as the scourge on the present occasion, he knew that he had for a moment seen behind the veil, into the torture room of the family. He looked with a feeling of shame and commiseration upon the retreating figure of Mary, and then glancing at the father, half indignantly for a moment, he found his indignation melt away into a feeling of pity, stronger and more painful than that he had felt for the young girl.

Gideon Underwood's face was a face that roused his sympathy and curiosity equally. And the stranger turned away to conceal his emotion. He walked to a window overlooking a wide prospect, and there

thought over some of the sin and sorrow of great nations, to which he had been a witness. Alas, for the tyrants and oppressors! the slaves and the oppressed! the strong ignorant men, who have to rule and know not how to do so, in accordance with God's laws; and the weak ignorant, who have to obey, and know not how! "Oh! ye sons of men," he murmured, "verily, ye are your own greatest tormentors! What other prayer is left for us all than that of the Saviour, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do?'" There it is! It is the want of knowledge. They know not what they do. That harsh man knows not the anguish he has inflicted on the cowering timid spirit of his child; and she knows not, cannot suspect, that his stern hard words hide a yearning for her love and sympathy, and a bitter disappointment that he cannot win it by authority."

"You are looking at the Grey Tower yonder, I perceive," said Mr. Crypt.

"Yes—and a little beyond it. It is a picturesque ruin."

"The part you see is a ruin; but there is a portion of the old building which is still inhabited. It belongs to Miss Grey, the blind lady who sat opposite you; she lives there with her sister, Mrs. Ward, and her son."

"That young man who is laughing so immoderately?"

"Yes. He is a fine young fellow, but without prospects."

"That does not seem to trouble him much," said the stranger, looking with some amusement at a group of the young people who were listening to something that caused them intense mirth, which they were endeavouring to suppress as much as possible.

"No," said Mr. Crypt. "He is I am afraid of too light and careless a spirit, and takes no heed for the morrow. Poor Philip! I wish he could be settled among us here, for he is ill-fitted to withstand the temptations of the world. Here, now, he might be won by degrees to think of the one thing needful."

"He is in God's hand," said the stranger, reverentially. "Let him enjoy the season of youth if he can. It is not given to all to do so."

"No indeed! Look at that young man;"—said Mr. Crypt, pointing to Mark, who was conversing with Mr. Shepherd. Who would think that he is not thirty years old? Was he ever a boy?"

"Shall we go and hear what it is they are laughing at?" said the stranger, moving towards the merry group.

Mr. Crypt, who studied to be grave upon principle, as the stranger studied to be merry, had a natural tendency to high spirits, which was a portion of the old Adam he had not succeeded in beating out of himself; so thus invited, he readily followed the stranger to the corner of the room in which Mr. Bang was entertaining a select few with a little anecdote. This anecdote was the more piquante as it related to some one in the room, who had a mortal objection to being laughed at, and at whom Mr.

Underwood would not have allowed any one to laugh could he have prevented it.

The strange gentleman saw at a glance when he joined the group, that the commodity in which they were dealing was illicit, and said so at once to Mr. Bang with a smile.

"But," he added, "I have a fair offer to make. If you will let us join your party, I and this gentleman," touching the grave but delighted Crypt, "will give our word not only to enjoy the joke, whatever it may be (provided I understand the language well enough)—"

"Oh! you understand it quite well enough, sir, I am sure," said Jack. "Come along. It's a capital joke. Here's a seat."

"Oh!" said Mr. Bang. "But what will you and Mr. Crypt do if we admit you into our coterie?"

"We will each tell a droll story," said the stranger.

"Each?" said Mr. Bang, looking at the curate with some humour, which the latter returned as he replied emphatically, "Each."

"That will do," said Mr. Bang. "You must know, sir, that the vicar's sister, Miss Shepherd—"

"No names," ejaculated Jack and Philip.

"— is a hard-fisted old lady. I mean to say that she sometimes carries the virtue of economy, over into the territory of the vice meanness. You must also know, that though she is not an amiable person to her equals, she is extremely kind to the poor, though she has not a good name among them. One reason for this I was explaining in my little anecdote—which these people won't believe because they never heard it before. A sign that they don't converse much with the poor. Whether she has any ulterior views of saving her soul by this sort of charity, I don't pretend to say."

"'Charity thinketh no evil,'" said Mr. Crypt, quietly, and without anything dictatorial in his manner.

"You are right, sir, you are right," said Mr. Bang; "but, hang it! I can't be charitable towards—that person. She's such an abominable mischief-maker. It will be your turn some of these days, and then we shall see. She puts her brother to his wits' end sometimes to get a rag of charity to cover her multitude of —. Well! well! Miss Rachel, I see you don't like this—nor Mr. Crypt either."

"Suppose you put off your indignant protests against the lady, and tell us what it was that amused you so much just now," said the stranger.

"Ah! *revenons à nos moutons*," said Jack.

"I was relating one of the strange accidents which give people an ill name, and go far towards hanging them. It is a story with a moral, you perceive. One winter's morning, Miss Shepherd set off to walk two miles to see a poor woman who was ill. On the road she met with the fish-man. In these parts we do not see fish very often, and whenever a wandering merchant of that description comes to Milford, Miss Shepherd is sure to purchase some of his wares. So, stopping him, she commanded him to overhaul his basket. As it chanced there was nothing there that suited her palate particularly."

"Or her brother's?" suggested good Mr. Crypt.

"Or her brother's, we will say for the sake of charity and Mr. Crypt—nothing but two fine large eels, in a torpid state with the cold. One of these had been already purchased by Mrs. Ward, and was on its way to the Grey Tower; the other Miss Shepherd bargained for. She offered so small a sum for it that the fish-man said he really could not take it all the way back to the village for the money; and it came to pass, finally, that Miss Shepherd bought the fish, and made the man tie it up in a paper, and put it in her pocket."

"Mr. Bang!" ejaculated Rachel.

"It is true, I assure you; Miss Shepherd puts wonderful things in that huge pocket of hers."

"She does, indeed," said the stranger, laughing. "I can tell you something on that subject presently."

"Well!" continued Mr. Bang, "away trudged Miss Shepherd, highly delighted with her bargain, and scenting the coming treat by anticipation. At last she arrived at Dame Wither's cottage, and there she sat down by the bed-side, and began to read and talk to her in a comforting strain about driving the devil out of our hearts. In the midst of the discourse the poor woman gave a scream of terror and started up, asking, 'Was there not waste ground enow about Milford parish but she must come driving the devil out of her own heart into a poor 'ooman's bed?' And she pointed to a 'black serpent' that was wriggling about over the clothes. The poor woman then fell back in a fit, to poor Miss Shepherd's consternation and ultimate prandial loss, for, in her efforts to restore the terrified patient, her fine eel disappeared from the cottage, and never was found any more. Since that time Miss Shepherd's eel has been believed in privately among the Milford poor as Beelzebub."

"I am sorry to interrupt conversation about so powerful a person as Beelzebub," said Mr. Underwood, attempting to smile; "I came to see if any persons here will play at whist."

He looked at the stranger.

"Thank you, I never play."

"Oh! but he sings, Mr. Underwood," screamed Miss Shepherd, who had caught the word "play."

"He will sing with Miss Grey. My brother says he sings beautifully. What was that you said he sung so well at Torrington Hall, Edward? Something you mentioned that struck you particularly because it reminded you of some one. Oh! I recollect, it was 'Lord, remember David.'"

It was evident, even to the stranger, that Miss Shepherd had said something very *mal à propos*. Every one looked disconcerted and glanced towards Mr. Underwood, whose eyes were cast on the ground, while his lips were white and compressed. How grateful the girls were to the next speaker! It was their unknown guest.

"It was not about singing we were thinking, madam. Mr. Underwood was recruiting for the whist table. Who will play?"

At the same moment the sound of the old piano was

heard. Miss Grey had struck up a favourite march of Mr. Underwood's. Immediately most of the younger people gathered round her; Mr. Crypt and Leah sat down to whist with Miss Shepherd and, as they supposed, Mr. Underwood; but he did not take his usual place, and, after some minutes, the vicar himself came to the table and said,—

"Now, Agnes, you must be content to beat me this rubber, for Mr. Underwood has been obliged to leave the room."

She looked up sharply and peered in every corner.

"And has your friend, the foreign gentleman, been obliged to leave the room too?" she asked, sharply.

"Yes, since it is with him that Mr. Underwood has business to transact."

"Is *that* what you brought him here for to-night?"

"Yes, my dear," said the vicar, mildly.

"Why did you not tell me so, then?" she asked.

"Simply because it did not concern me to do so, and because ——" he hesitated.

"*Mulier est hominis confusio,*"

suggested Mr. Crypt, with the utmost gravity, shuffling the cards.

The vicar smiled.

"Mr. Crypt is complimentary, my dear; for as an old poet renders his remark—

'Madam, the sentence of this Latin is,
Woman is manne's joy, and manne's bliss.'

"Oh, indeed! now mind you don't revoke!" said his sister.

"I won't, Miss Leah, you may be assured;" said Mr. Crypt, with more than one meaning in his words.

Many an eye turned toward the door as the evening proceeded, and much real anxiety was felt, and more curiosity; but Mr. Underwood and the Strange Gentleman were seen no more that evening in the Great Room at Milford Grange, and the Tea-Fight concluded, as many other fights have done, without any clear apprehension of what advantages had been gained, beyond a display of respective forces.

(To be continued.)

THE HISTORY OF PUPPET-SHOWS IN ENGLAND.¹

(From the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.)

V.—WAR CARRIED ON BY THE PURITANS AGAINST ACTORS.—PUPPET-SHOWS DURING THE SUPPRESSION OF PERFORMANCES, AND FROM THE RECOMMENCEMENT THEREOF UNTIL THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

IN no country in Europe was the war between the Church and Theatre so long and so bitter as in Protestant England. We have seen the Clergy of the Reformation expelling from the churches almost all those ceremonies calculated to influence the senses, which Catholicism had introduced or tolerated; we have seen the chiefs of the Anglican Church, under

(1) Continued from p. 114.

the influence of Presbyterian fanaticism, abolishing, as dangerous remains of paganism, the secular entertainments which, at certain periods, enlivened both town and country. If the miracle plays and moralities performed by the societies of various towns were not suppressed at the same time, it was because, although the Puritans and New Gospellers treated these performances as profanation and idolatry, the more politic Anglicans deemed it prudent to employ this powerful auxiliary of proselytism in the service of the new religious establishment. John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, composed twenty Mysteries and Moralities, all imbued with the spirit of Protestantism, which were represented with great success by the pupils of the episcopal college of Kilkenny. The Anglican Clergy entered with so much spirit into this singular method of propagating their principles, that they recommended to the faithful certain dramas of this description, which might be easily performed by a very small number in private.¹ This method of Protestant instruction having been suppressed in 1553, by a proclamation of Queen Mary, who at the same time restored the mysteries and miracle-plays² to all their catholic splendour, the re-establishment of these dramatic services did not take place, as might have been imagined, on the ascension of Elizabeth. This princess, although raised to the throne by the Protestant party, forbade all religious controversies concerning the stage; pretending, like a true daughter of Henry VIII., that she alone was to regulate everything connected with religion. The prohibition of the theological drama was one of the principal causes of the sudden prosperity of the profane and classic theatre, which enjoyed the support of the young queen, and which answered so well to her taste for erudition, elegance and poetry. Everything smiled on comedy and tragedy, when in 1562, (the same year in which the first English play composed after the ancient manner was performed,) translations of the laws of Geneva were scattered throughout England; these laws, as is well known, forbade all scenic representations with the utmost severity. The effect was extraordinary; all the Presbyterians of the three kingdoms, by whom the word of Calvin was revered almost more than the Gospel, lifted up their voices against a theatre, which they said rose from the ashes of paganism, and which they cursed as a return to idolatry. From this period commenced an infuriated war between Puritans and actors, which lasted more than a century. Geoffrey Fenton in 1574,³ John Northbrooke in 1577,⁴ Stephen Gosson in 1579,⁵ Philip Stubbs in 1589,⁶ William Rankin in 1587,⁷

Doctor Rainolds in 1599,¹ William Prynne in 1633,² Jeremy Collier in 1697,³ &c., were the principal champions of this long crusade, which, after having caused the suspension of theatrical representations at various times and on various pretexts, at length obtained under the Long Parliament, and during the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, the entire suppression of theatres. Before this fatal termination and during the contest, comedians and dramatic authors, supported by the especial favour of Elizabeth and James I., took most cruel and mortifying vengeance on their intolerant persecutors. In France, actors and dramatic writers, who were violently attacked by Jansenists and Gallicans, obtained but rare although brilliant victories over their adversaries: such were "Tartufe," a scene of "Don Juan," and Racine's "Two Letters against Port Royal;" I do not include the Basilio of the "Burlador de Sevilla," because that appears to be rather an aggression than revenge. In England, on the contrary, under the reigns of Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I., there was not a single comic author who did not introduce, in nearly all his works, various types of hypocrites, precisians, and Banbury-men,⁴ on whom the author showered the envenomed darts of ridicule and satire. I cannot resist the temptation of here introducing some fragments of a scene of this description, which is, indeed, particularly connected with the history of puppet-shows. One of the best characters in Ben Jonson's comedy entitled "Baltholomew Fair," is that of Rabbi Busy, whom the list of personages entitles a "Banbury-man." Being conducted, by the incidents of the drama, to a Smithfield puppet-show, he is unable to restrain his volcanic zeal at the sight of the little actors, and unceremoniously interrupts the performance by a tirade of invectives from his biblical vocabulary:—

"*Busy.* Down with Dagon! down with Dagon! 'tis I, I will no longer endure your profanations.

"*Leatherhead.* What mean you, sir?

"*Busy.* I will remove Dagon there I say, that idol, that heathenish idol, that remains, as I may say, a beam, a very beam;—not a beam of the sun, nor a beam of the moon, nor a beam of a balance, neither a house-beam, nor a weaver's beam, but a beam in the eye, in the eye of the brethren; a very great beam, an exceeding great beam, such as are your stage-players, rimers and moricedancers, who have walked hand-in-hand, in contempt of the brethren and the cause, and been borne out by instruments of no mean countenance.

"*Leath.* Sir, I present nothing but what is licensed by authority.

"*Busy.* Thou art all licence, even licentiousness itself, Shemei!

"*Leath.* I have the master of the revels' hand for't, sir.

"*Busy.* The master of the revels' hand!—thou hast Satan's: hold thy peace, thy scurrility; shut up thy mouth; thy profession is damnable, and in pleading for it thou dost plead for Baal. I have long opened my

(1) Amongst other Protestant moralities thus arranged, we find, "New Custom," in "A Select Collection of Old Plays," vol. i. p. 356.

(2) In 1566 and 1567, "The Passion of our Saviour," and some miracle plays, taken from the lives of the saints, were performed with great pomp at London, under the auspices of Queen Mary.

(3) "A Form of Christian Policies," London, 1574, in 8vo.

(4) "Tractise, wherein dicing, dauncing, vaine plaies, &c., are reprov'd."

(5) "The Schoole of Abuse," 1579, and "Plays confuted in five actions," 1582.

(6) "Anatomic of Abuses."

(7) "Mirror of Monsters."

(1) "Overthrow of Stage-plays."

(2) "Histriomastix," 1633, in 4to.

(3) "On the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage," 1697, in 8vo.

(4) Banbury was celebrated for the number and violence of the sectaries who inhabited it. Ben Jonson also ridiculed the Banbury-women, particularly in "The Gipsies Metamorphosed."

mouth wide and gaped, I have gaped as the oyster for the tide, after thy destruction."

The furious puritan is anxious to prove his proposition in form. At this challenge the cunning puppet showman shrewdly replies :

"Faith, sir, I am not well-studied in these controversies between the hypocrites and us. But here's one of my motions, puppet Dionysius, shall undertake him, and I'll venture the cause on't.

"*One of the Spectators.* I know no fitter match than a puppet to commit with an hypocrite!"

Then the puritan and puppet engage in a most ludicrous controversy. At length, having exhausted his arguments, the puritan exclaims :

"You are an abomination; for the male, among you, putteth on the apparel of the female, and the female of the male."

"You lie, you lie, you lie abominably;" replies the puppet. "It is your old stale argument against the players, but it will not hold against the puppets; for we have neither male nor female amongst us. And that thou may'st see, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblind zeal as thou art."

Whereupon the little puppet ludicrously furnishes the disconcerted puritan with a proof of what he has advanced. The interpreter, elated with his triumph, and eager to follow up his advantage, resolutely sustains that his profession is as lawful as that of his adversary; then continuing his parallel: "I speak by inspiration as well as he,¹ that I have as little to do with learning as he; and do scorn her helps as much as he," thus loading the enemy of theatres with darts of the most cutting, lively, and admirably comic satire.

However, this hatred of puppet-shows with which Ben Jonson superabundantly invests his *Baubury-man* was truly lodged in the brains of some precisians. Geoffrey Fenton devoted one entire chapter (the seventh) of his celebrated book, "*A Form of Christian Policie*,"² to the task of proving that fiddlers and puppet-players were as unworthy of enjoying the rights of citizenship as comedians themselves. It appears that in some counties puppet-shows had been included in the suppression of hobby-horses, for James I. mentioned them by name in the list of lawful recreations after evening prayers and upon holy days,³ but that was only a passing storm. The greater part of the puritans themselves did not scruple to attend the scriptural plays performed by puppets. A proof of this custom is furnished by Cowley's comedy of "*the Gurdian*," represented towards the end of the reign of Charles I., and again performed on the stage after the Restoration under the title of, "*The Cutter of Coleman Street*." In the fifth act of this drama, a masque, accompanied by several violins, is introduced in order to entertain a puritan lady. One of the persons of the play

remarks that this impromptu will afford celestial delight to the worthy widow, who, in her whole life, has never seen any performance but "*The City of Nineveh*" at puppet-shows.¹

When all representations at the theatre were suspended by the bill of September 2d, 1642, and at length abolished by the bill of October 23d, 1647, puppet-shows were not included in this proscription. The tolerance they enjoyed is clearly proved by a petition from the London comedians to Parliament, January 24th, 1643. These unfortunate beings complained of the silence imposed upon them and the abolition of theatrical performances, whilst bull-fights and puppet-plays were authorized.² Although free from all interference, it does not appear that the motion-men exerted themselves to increase their stock of performances during this period which was so advantageous to them. I can, in fact, add but one title to the list already given of this species of drama; but this title possesses peculiar interest, because it indicates a puppet-show on the subject of "*Paradise Lost*," and because, by a singular chance, this information is afforded by Milton. In 1643, twenty years before the publication of his master-piece, this great man addressed to Parliament an eloquent speech in defence of what we now call the liberty of the press. The author, in the first pages, wishing to establish the legitimate basis of human liberty, says: "Many there be that complain of divine Providence for suffering Adam to transgress. Foolish tongues! When God gave him reason, he gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing; he had been else a mere artificial Adam, such an Adam as he is in the *Motions*."³ During the suspension of theatres, puppet-plays were not only freely represented throughout the kingdom, but the Norwich puppet-players, who were then celebrated, used to come even to London to show their best opera-puppets. I find this remark, amongst others equally curious, in a play by William Davenant, entitled, "*Play-house to be let*," which this ingenious poet found means of having performed, in spite of the edict of suppression, by inserting an episode against the Spanish, conformable to the views of Cromwell, who was then preparing an armament against Philip IV.⁴

The Restoration gave new life to theatres, when at length, liberated from their long silence, poets and comedians displayed extraordinary activity. The motion-men, on their side, endeavoured to preserve

(1) This passage proves that although the subject of puppet-plays was submitted to the approbation of the Lord Mayor, the dialogue was left to the discretion of the interpreter.

(2) The title has in addition: "gathered out of French." I regret not knowing from what French author this singular book was formed. For the passage mentioned, see G. Chalmers, *Malone's Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. iii. p. 433 and note 8.

(3) Burton, "*Anatomy of Melancholy*." Under the name of *Democritus junior*, 1638, p. 273.

(1) "*The Cutter of Coleman Street*," act v. sc. ii. This piece, re-made and replaced on the stage under Charles II., contained a severe criticism on the false emigrants and pretended victims of the revolution, who impudently demanded the protection of the restored monarchy.

(2) "*The Actor's Remonstrance, or complaint for the silencing of their profession and banishment from their several play-houses*." See Payne Collier, "*The History of English Dramatic Poetry*," vol. ii. p. 110.

(3) Milton's "*Arsopagitica*."

(4) This drama, in which the distress of comedians is described with as much truth as humour, is entitled "*Play-house to be let*," containing the history of Sir Francis Drake, and the cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru, expressed by instruments and vocal music. Mr. Payne Collier was mistaken in ascribing to this play, which was written to serve the designs of Cromwell, the date of 1663, and in another place that of 1673. (*History of English Dramatic Poetry*, vol. iii. pp. 328 and 424); these are the dates of printing.

the favour they enjoyed. Their competition with the large theatres appeared sufficiently formidable to the parties interested, namely, the royal company of Drury Lane, and that of the Duke of York, who were assembled in the theatre of Dorset Garden, to warrant their presenting a petition to Charles II. in 1675, requesting the suppression, or at least the removal of a puppet-show which was then represented on the site of Cecil Street in the Strand, and whose vicinity was very injurious to their receipts.¹

But we are approaching an important date, a date which opened a new political era, and a new era in the history of puppet-shows; I mean, the glorious Revolution of 1688, which occasioned, according to Mr. Payne Collier, two memorable events, the ascension of the illustrious house of Orange, and the happy arrival of Punch or Polichinelle in England.

VI.—PUPPET-SHOWS FROM 1688 UNTIL THE PRESENT TIME.

PUNCH.

From the year 1688, the history of English puppets is entirely concentrated in the history of Punch. This name has been the subject of many false explanations. Some have believed that there existed a secret and fanciful analogy between the name and even the flames of the wit of Punch, and the beverage, of which the receipt is said to have come from Persia. This is going too far in search of an error.²

Punch is simply an alteration and contraction, effected by the monosyllabic nature of the English language, of the word *Punchinello*: in fact, we at first find the names Punch and *Punchinello* used indifferently one for the other. But is it certain that Punch travelled from the Hague to London after the arrival of William of Orange? On this subject we have our doubts. From the account of his learned and able biographer, we find traces of his presence in England before the abdication of James II.³ Therefore, the hero of puppet-shows could not have come from Holland in the train of William III. to dethrone "the old Vice;" he must have come from France with the Stuarts.

A more important observation is, that Punch did not at first possess the gross and more than satanic immorality of which he was accused, and on which he was even complimented at a later period, if we may believe a very carefully handled portrait given in Latin verses by a young fellow of Magdalen College, named Joseph Addison. Punch, in 1617, was merely a sharp, lively, noisy fellow, a kind of little king of Xvetot or Coccagne, rather disorderly, a great boaster, but making a vast deal more noise than mischief. Let us hear Addison, whose verses are entitled "*Machine gesticulantes*," *Anglice* Puppet-shows:⁴—

"*Ludit in enses plebscula parva theatro:
Sed præter cæteros incedit homuncio, rous
Vocæ strepens
In ventrem tumet immoedicum; pons eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus; pygmæum terriat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba giganteum.*"

After a description of his physical advantages, the author proceeds to an account of his disposition:—

" Jactat convitia vulgo,
Et risu importunus adest atque omnia turbat."

As to his gallantry, it was more lively and giddy than improper:—

"*Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno.*"

Some passages from these verses show us that Punch's theatre was a great improvement on the ancient puppet-shows we found in London during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. We remember that in 1614, there was only one price for seats at puppet-plays in Bartholomew Fair, and that was very low: "Two-pence, gentlemen, two-pence a piece, the best motion in the fair!" In 1697, Punch's theatre had become more comfortable and less exclusively plebeian; and there were seats at different prices:—

"*Nec confusus honos: nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia nummi.*"

Every artifice then invented to delude the eye was employed, such as perpendicular wires stretched in front of the stage, to deceive the spectator, &c.:

" Lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat."¹

All the limbs of these little figures were jointed, and from the top of the head issued a metallic branch uniting the separate wires in the hand which gave them motion:—

" Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accomodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artibus inserit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochæas, quibus arte puillum
Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inert
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat."

Unfortunately, in this composition, Addison does not mention the title of a single puppet-play, nor the name of a single puppet-player. This we regret, because we have very little information on the subject during the reign of William III.; we can mention only "The Siege of Namur," represented in 1695, at Bartholomew Fair, a play to which a learned man of the time, John Dennis, a critic by profession, devoted a few lines in one of his letters.² Some years later, various opera-puppets, taken from Scripture, were shown at the same fair: in these, despite the serious nature of the subjects, Mr. Punch was constantly introduced. See a play-bill, bearing no date, but which

(1) See "Punch and Judy," p. 28.

(2) *Ibid.* p. 25. According to Cond, the word Punch is derived from the Persian "*panthah*," which signifies five, because this drink is composed of five elements.

(3) See Granger, *Biograph. Hist.* vol. iv. p. 350.

(4) The verses from which the following extracts are taken were printed for the first time, it is thought, in a collection entitled: "*Musarum Anglicanarum delictus altar*," Londini, 1693, or in the following year, with some corrections, in the second volume of the

"*Musarum Anglicanarum abalata*," Oxoniæ, 1699, a work published by Addison himself, and dedicated to his companion in study, Sir Charles Montague.

(1) The "*Tattler*," in the 44th number, also describes the various artifices employed in puppet-shows.

(2) *Select Works of John Dennis*, vol. ii. p. 512.

appears to belong to the commencement of the reign of Queen Anne, (1703,) the original of which is preserved in the British Museum.

"At Crawley's booth, overagainst the Crown Tavern, in Smithfield, during the time of the Bartholomew Fair, will be presented a little opera, called 'The old Creation of the World,' yet newly revived, with the addition of 'Noah's Flood,' also several fountains playing water during the time of the play. The last scene does represent Noah and his family coming out of the ark, with all the beasts two by two, and all the fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon trees; likewise over the ark is seen the sun rising in a glorious manner; moreover, a multitude of angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen six angels ringing of bells. Likewise machines descend from above, double and treble, with Dives rising out of hell, and Lazarus seen in Abraham's bosom, besides several figures dancing jiggs, sarabands, and country-dances, to the admiration of the spectators; with the merry conceits of Squire Punch, and Sir John Spendall."¹

This John Spendall was the old actor of moralities, who had been transferred to the puppet-theatre with the old Vice and his company.

We find in the sixteenth number of the Tatler, dated May 17th, 1709, an account of a puppet-show represented at Bath, the subject of which was the "Creation of the World," followed by the "Deluge," as in the Smithfield performance. "When we came to Noah's flood in the show, Punch and his wife were introduced dancing in the ark."²

It was the opinion of the audience that the show was very instructive for young persons. At the end of the play, Punch was very civil to the whole company, making bows till his buttons reached the ground. In another puppet-show, still on the "Deluge," when the rain began to fall in torrents, Punch popped out his head from behind the scenes, and said in a *sotto voce* to the patriarch: "It is rather misty, master Noah."

Addison, who had become, under Queen Anne, a fashionable writer, and the partner of Sir Richard Steele in the editing of "The Tatler" and "Spectator," joined with his talented colleague in establishing an extraordinary reputation for a showman who then appeared. Many of the malicious criticisms and cutting comparisons of these two friends, were occasioned by Mr. Powel's mechanical dancers and singers, and by the pieces which the deformed, though clever little man, himself arranged. Thanks to the humour of these two intelligent writers, to the unrefined taste of the public, and to his own real merit, Powel acquired and retained extensive fame during the reigns of Queen Anne and George I. and the commencement of the reign of George II. He appears to have at first tried his skill in various large towns of the kingdom; he particularly frequented Bath during the season. In 1709, Steele published, in several numbers of the Tatler, an amusing correspondence between the imaginary Æsculapius Isaac Bickerstaff, who is almost always supposed to hold the

pen of "The Tatler,"³ and our already-celebrated and real puppet-showman, Mr. Powel. The unfortunate doctor complains bitterly of Mr. Powel's malicious prologues and satirical epilogues, and especially of the taunts with which a certain Mr. Punch is constantly assailing his person and his profession.⁴ Mr. Powel, in the ironically apologetic reply furnished him by the Tatler, declares that he has neglected nothing in order to perfect himself in his art: he has travelled in Italy, France, and Spain, and is acquainted with the proceedings of the most talented mechanics in Germany. He accuses his rival of being a busy-body and dangerous leveller, who is anxious to create insubordination in his company, and especially to persuade good Mr. Punch to break the wires by which his jaws are moved: hateful plot! since it is by the most legitimate right, namely that of creation, that he is absolute master of his little band, being able, if such is his pleasure, to light his pipe with one of Mr. Punch's legs, or warm his fingers with his carcase.

In January 1710, we find Mr. Powel's puppets and dramas very well received, not only in Bath, but even in London. Punchinello and his scolding companion accompanied by Doctor Faust, caused the new Italian Opera at the Haymarket, according to the Tatler, to tremble, and deprived it of the greater portion of its brilliant audience. Punchinello in particular, in the opinion of the fair sex, balanced the merit of the famous singer Nicolini.⁵

In the commencement of the following year (1711,) Mr. Powel established his theatre at Covent Garden. In the fourteenth number of the Spectator, Steele is supposed to have received a letter full of complaints from the subsacristan at St. Paul's. For twenty years, this good man has regularly rung the bell for service; but during the last fortnight he has experienced deep regret in finding that the usual attendants have ceased to respond to his pious call. The reason is that Mr. Powel has selected the hour of prayer for the opening of his puppet-show. The worthy sacristan, who is greatly scandalized at announcing the commencement of a profane game instead of an exercise of piety, requests the advice of "The Spectator" as to the measures he ought to take in order to remove this Mr. Punchinello, or at least to make him choose less canonical hours for his entertainments.⁶

This play of Mr. Powel, by which the church of Saint Paul was thus deprived of its parishioners, was taken from a very popular legend, "Whittington and his Cat," or "Whittington thrice Lord Mayor of London." This history, which is found in almost every commercial country, in England, Italy, Portugal, and even in the East, is the history of a poor scullion, who had nothing but a cat to give as a seaman's venture to the captain of a vessel which

(1) Isaac Bickerstaff is a happy creation of Swift; Steele adopted it in the Tatler. The Dean of St. Patrick was not, it appears, very grateful for the adoption.

(2) "The Tatler," Nos. 44 and 45.

(3) "The Tatler," No. 115, Jan. 3, 1709-10. The year still began at Easter, at that time.

(4) "The Spectator," No. 14. March 16th, 1710-11.

(1) This document was published by J. Strutt, and reproduced by Hone, "Ancient Mysteries," p. 236.

(2) "Punch and Judy," p. 29.

was sailing for the Indies. The cat was, however, put on board for fun. Having touched at an island which was infested by rats, the captain thought he could command a good price in that country for the cat and the kittens, which she had had during the passage, and sold them advantageously to the king of the island. This sum, having been remitted to Whittington, prospered in his hands, and was the origin of a fortune, which led to his being thrice Mayor of London. Steele had the cruelty to draw a parallel between "Whittington and his Cat," and a grand opera which was then being performed at the Haymarket, "Rinaldo and Armida," and to give, as may be supposed, the preference to the former. He further took care to announce that Mr. Powel, in order to continue his contest with the Haymarket, would shortly represent the opera of "Susannah, or Innocence Betrayed," with a pair of new "Elders."

Mr. Powel's talent was then proverbial, and his name was associated with everything connected with machinery. "The Spectator," in the 277th number, records that before the rupture with France, English ladies received their fashions from Paris by means of "a jointed baby," dressed in the latest fashion, which regularly every month crossed from Calais to London. "The Spectator" states that he had been invited to see one of these dolls which had arrived, notwithstanding the war, and gives an agreeable description of every part of the dress as far as—but not including—the knots of the garters, declaring that "as he pays a due respect even to a pair of sticks when they are under petticoats, he did not examine into that particular." He then adds: "As I was taking my leave, the milliner farther informed me, that with the assistance of a watchmaker, and the ingenious Mr. Powel, she had also contrived another puppet, which, by the help of several little springs to be wound up within it, could move all its limbs, and that she had sent it over to her correspondent in Paris to be taught the various leanings and bendings of the head, the risings of the bosom, the courtesies and recovery, the genteel trip, and the agreeable jet, as they are now practised at the court of France."

The popularity enjoyed by Mr. Powel's puppets, and even by others far inferior to them, was so great, that Dr. Arbuthnot, who published an allegorical pamphlet on the affairs of the day, entitled the "History of John Bull" in 1712, mentions the inordinate attachment to this description of entertainment as a characteristic feature of the London inhabitants. Amongst the choleric Mrs. Bull's reproaches to her husband, she lays particular stress on the time wasted at puppet-shows: "You sot," says she, "you loiter about alehouses and taverns, spend your time at billiards, ninepins, or puppet-shows." And a little further: "the whole generation of him are so in love with bagpipes and puppet-shows!"

"The Spectator," in the 377th number, commences a bill of mortality, with "Lysander slain at a puppet-show."

What were these dangerous and attractive puppets?

Probably those which Mr. Powel had established under the galleries of Covent-Garden. In 1713 this little hall bore the name of Punch's Theatre. This information is furnished by the title of a play, which is as follows: "Venus and Adonis, or the Triumphs of Love, by Martin Powel; a mock opera acted in Punch's theatre in Covent-Garden; 1713, in 8vo." Was this Martin Powel our celebrated interpreter, the favourite of Steele and Addison? I think so, but cannot positively assert it. The admirers of Powel tell us that he himself made all his actors and composed almost all his plays; but they do not inform us of his printing a single one. The author of "Punch and Judy" even declares that he composed them extempore; nevertheless it is certain that they contained many verses which were written, and which may have been printed. It is surprising that neither Addison, Steele, nor Swift, who have so often spoken of Mr. Powel, have never mentioned his christian name. Once, Addison, in order to distinguish him from George Powel, the celebrated tragedian, who, he proposed, in raillery, should act with the little performers of our Powel, called the latter Powel junior.¹ In 1715 appeared a satirical pamphlet, attributed to Thomas Burnet, entitled "A Second Tale of a Tub, or the history of Robert Powel, the puppet-showman; dedicated to the Earl of Oxford." This title appears to remove all doubt, and to prove that the christian name of Powel was Robert; but we must beware of deciding thus hastily. The "Second Tale of a Tub" was a very cutting satire against Robert Walpole.² The allegory commences with the title, by the facetious attribution of the statesman's christian name to Powel. The engraving of the frontispiece represents the minister, in a court dress, holding in his hand Powel's wand, the famous silver wand of the interpreter. On a small stage, lighted by foot-lamps, appear two puppets, namely, Punch and his wife.³ Mr. Thomas Wright, in his history of the House of Hanover, illustrated by caricatures and pamphlets, has again introduced the grotesque figure of the minister-interpreter; but he unfortunately neglected to show us the theatre and the two puppets, which would have had especial interest in our eyes.

The author of the "Second Tale of a Tub," in directing the shafts of his satire against Robert Walpole under the name and costume of Robert Powel, makes us acquainted with many of the best opera puppets composed or arranged by the able Powel. He mentions the "Children in the Wood," taken from a very touching popular ballad; "King Bladud," the heroic picture of a truly patriotic king; "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay;" "Robin Hood and Little John;" "Mother Shipton;" and "Mother

(1) "Punch and Judy," pp. 39, 40.

(2) "The Spectator," 31st number.

(3) The Earl of Oxford was then at the head of the cabinet, of which Robert Walpole was the most influential member. Walpole also bore the title of Earl of Oxford, but at a much later period, only on his retiring from his public duties.

(4) This description is afforded us by the editor of "Punch and Judy," who appears to have had this curious work before him. See pp. 39, 40.

Goose." As to Punch, he speaks of him merely as a buffoon, creating laughter by his impertinence and blunders.

It is to this golden age of English puppets that belong some stanzas composed by Swift on puppet-shows, in which, according to the nature of his genius, brilliant poetical imagination is mingled with caprice and sarcasm.

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

- "The life of man to represent,
And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a puppet-show invent,
Where the chief actor is a fool.
- "The gods of old are logs of wood,
And worship was to puppets paid;
In antic dress the idol stood,
And priest and people bow'd the head.
- "No wonder, then, if art began
The simple votaries to frame,
To shape in timber foolish man,
And consecrate the block to Fame.
- "From hence poetic fancy learn'd
That trees might rise from human form;
The body to a trunk be turn'd,
The branches issue from the arms.
- "Thus Dædalus, and Ovid too,
That man's a blockhead have confest;
Powel and Stretch the hint pursue;
Life is a farce, the world a jest.
- "The same great truth South Sea has proved,
On that famed theatre, the Alley;
Where thousands, by Directors moved,
Are now sad monuments of folly.
- "What Momus was of old to Jove,
The same a Harlequin is now;
The former was buffoon above,
The latter as a Punch below.
- "This fleeting scene is but a stage,
Where various images appear,
In different parts of youth and age,
Alike the prince and peasant share.
- "Some draw our eyes by being great,
False pomp conceals mere wood within;
And legislators ranged in state,
Are oft but wisdom in machine.
- "A stock may chance to wear a crown,
And timber as a lord take place;
A statue may put on a frown,
And cheat us with a thinking face.
- "Others are blindly led away,
And made to act for ends unknown,
By the mere string of wires they play,
And speak in language not their own.
- "Too oft, alas! a scolding wife
Usurps a jolly fellow's throne;
And many drink the cup of life,
Mix'd and embitter'd by a Joan.
- "In short, whatever men pursue,
Of pleasure, folly, war or love;
This mimic race brings all to view,
Alike they dress, they talk, they move.
- "Go on, great Stretch,¹ with artful wand,
Mortals to please and to deride;
And when death breaks thy vital band,
Thou shalt put on a puppet's pride.

(1) Stretch was probably a puppet-player in Dublin.

"Thou shalt in puny wood be shown,
Thy image shall preserve thy fame;
Ages to come thy worth shall own,
Point at thy limbs and tell thy name.

"Tell Tom¹ he draws a farce in vain,
Before he looks in nature's glass;
Puns cannot form a witty scene,
Nor pedantry for humour pass.

"To make men act as senseless wood,
And chatter in a mystic strain,
Is a mere farce on flesh and blood,
And shows some error in the brain.

"He that would thus refine on thee,
And turn thy stage into a school,
The jest of Punch will ever be,
And stand confest the greater fool."

The desire of converting puppet-shows into a serious and moral show, which Swift so humorously noticed, was soon increased and developed, being aided by the philosophical and declamatory tendencies of the age. Fielding, a great lover of the natural, and in particular of Mr. Punch, whom he introduces in a comedy composed in his youth,² has admirably ridiculed this misplaced ambition in a chapter of "Tom Jones." He causes his hero to arrive at a village inn, just as a puppet-player is representing some scenes from a then fashionable comedy by Colley Cibber, "The Provoked Husband." The assembly, containing the literati of the place, appeared perfectly satisfied with this serious and correct entertainment, which was free from all low wit and megriment, and to confess the truth, from everything calculated to excite laughter. After the play, the performer, encouraged by the unequivocal satisfaction of his audience, thought himself justified in remarking, that nothing in the age was so much improved as puppet-shows, and that in banishing Punch and his wife Joan and all their jokes, they had succeeded in raising puppets to the rank of rational performances.

In spite of the universal concurrence in this opinion, Tom Jones expressed a slight doubt of this pretended progress. He could not, for his part, help regretting his old friend Punch, and he feared that in banishing him with his merry companion, puppet-shows had been spoiled. The pretended morality of this new description of plays almost instantly received a very severe check. One of the girls belonging to the inn, being surprised in an improper conversation with the interpreter's companion, replied with effrontery, that she had but followed the example of the lady whom they had all been admiring in the "Provoked Husband;" this very naturally furnished the hostess, who had hitherto been silent, with an opportunity of complaining grievously of the bad principles inculcated by puppet-shows of the present day, and of regretting the time when puppet-players

(1) This is a friendly counsel given by Swift to the Irish doctor, Thomas Sheridan, or rather to his son, also named Thomas, to correct the precocious taste he manifested for the theatre. These two Sheridans, men of learning and merit, are the father and grandfather of the illustrious Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

(2) This little play of Fielding, in which an entire puppet-show is introduced, is entitled, "The Author's Farce, with a Puppet-show called the Pleasures of the Town." It was performed at the Hay-market in 1729, and repeated some years later at Drury Lane.

performed none but irreproachable plays, such as "Jephthah's Rash Vow," upon which no wrong construction could be placed.¹

We find at the period of which we are now speaking, a sentimental and declamatory school of puppets, in imitation of the great theatres, and to which belonged, it is thought, Russel, one of the most renowned of Powel's successors, and Charlotte Clarke, daughter of the poet and comedian Colley Cibber. This woman, who was gifted with eminent talents and a good education, but who also possessed an adventurous and changeable disposition, quitted the stage, where she had made her *début* with success, and in 1737 opened a great puppet-show, situated, as she informs us in her autobiography, in Tennis Court, James-street, near the Haymarket. Having speedily ruined herself by her misconduct, she was glad to earn a guinea a-day by acting as interpreter to Russel's puppets, at Kickford's great Rome, in Brewer-street.²

Nevertheless, biblical subjects, popular ballads, and the merry jokes of Punch, still amused and interested the multitude at least, at fairs. Hogarth, in an engraving dated 1733, has depicted the accumulated wonders of Southwark Fair. Here, a bagpipe-player, accompanied by a monkey in military dress, is dancing two dolls with his feet; there, a woman in the costume of a Savoyard, with a hurdy-gurdy on her back, is showing a magic-lantern to a wondering child. In another part is the entrance to a puppet-show, on the door of which is written in large letters, "Punch's Opera." A large bill hanging from the balcony indicates the play for the day. In one compartment, Polichinelle is seen riding indifferently, whilst his well-trained coursers thoroughly search the pockets of Harlequin; in another compartment, is a scene from the Bible,—Adam, Eve and the Serpent; the subject being again "Paradise Lost."³

Gay, in his description of a village fair, introduces a similar scene, in which Punch is not forgotten:—

"The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the venturous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding in his party-colour'd jacket,
Tosses the glove and jokes at every packet.
Of rare-shows he sung and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.
Then sad he sung, 'the Children in the Wood;'
(Ah! barbarous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!)
How blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,
And fearless at the glittering faulchion smiled."⁴

To be concluded in next No.

An Irish journal says, "The following bill was presented by a farrier to a gentleman in this town:—*To curing your pony that died, 1*l.* 1*s.**"

(1) "History of a Foundling," vol. xli. ch. v. and vi. The Editor of "Punch and Judy" accuses Fielding of a strange mistake, in giving to Mrs. Punch the name of Joan. I think, that neither Swift, who gives her the same name, nor Fielding, were mistaken; the name Judith is more modern.

(2) Biograph. Dramat.

(3) See at the Library of the British Museum, the works of Hogarth, 2 vols. folio.

(4) John Gay, "The Shepherd's Week," sixth pastoral, ("The Flights,") v. 8494.

LEWIS ARUNDEL;¹

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEIGH."

CHAPTER LXIII.

URSA MAJOR SHOWS HIS TEETH.

WALTER's visit to Lewis produced a more favourable effect upon the patient's health, than did all the pills and potions wherewith his doctor had sought to exorcise the fever-fiend. He had *not* then deceived himself, Annie *had* loved him; nay, from Walter's recital, as well as from her manner on the occasion of his protecting her through the crowd in the square of St. Mark, was he not justified in believing that she loved him still? the idea was in itself happiness, for although the fact of her renewing her engagement with Lord Bellefield so immediately after Lewis had quitted Broadhurst still remained unaccounted for, the hope that she loved him seemed to impart a new aspect to the whole affair, and for the first time he allowed himself to believe that her conduct might admit of some satisfactory explanation. The emotions of such a mind as Lewis's necessarily produce marked effects upon the body; agitation of spirits had mainly conduced to bring on the fever which had thus prostrated him, and the hope to which Walter's words had given rise, seemed to infuse new life into him; at all events, it is certain, that from the moment in which he became convinced that Annie had loved him, he began to amend. As soon as Frere considered him strong enough to bear such an announcement, he informed him of the appalling fate which had overtaken his enemy. Lewis was at first strongly affected; but for events over which he had had no control, he might now have been in the position of Miles Hardy, a wanderer on the face of the earth, bearing with him the harrowing consciousness, that the blood of a fellow-creature was upon his hands. After remaining in silent thought for some minutes, he suddenly raised his eyes to his friend's countenance.

"Frere," he said, "how can I ever be sufficiently grateful to God, who chose you as his instrument to set my sin before me, and bring me to a better frame of mind! had this dreadful fate overtaken Bellefield without my having resolved not to fight him, I should have felt morally guilty of his death, considering that it was a mere accident which had enabled Hardy to meet him sooner than myself."

"You acted rightly, under circumstances which I must confess to have afforded about as severe a trial to a man of your impetuous nature as could well be conceived," returned Frere; "so it is but fair that you should reap some advantage from your self-conquest. I pity poor young Hardy more than I blame him, for he has probably never been taught the truths of Christianity, and nothing else could have possessed sufficient power over him to induce him

(1) Concluded from p. 107.

to forego his revenge. Ah! if such men as Bellefield could but be made to see the mental agony their vices cause to others, even their selfish hearts would be touched, and they would be unable to go on sinning with such callous indifference: but, in their selfishness, they look only to the gratification of their own passions, and ignore all possible results which might tend to interfere with them; such a career as Bellefield's is a fearful and inexplicable mystery to reflect upon, and it is only by a high exercise of faith, that we can believe even Omnipotence able to bring good out of such consistent and unmitigated wickedness."

"And is such your belief?" inquired Lewis earnestly.

"Most assuredly it is," was the reply. "I am not one of those who acknowledge God's attributes with my tongue, but in my heart practically deny them; nor can I believe, that a Being, the perfection of wisdom, of justice, and of mercy, could allow evil to exist, were He not able to overrule it to good. But if you ask me, 'How can these things be?' I tell you at once I do not know; I form no theory on the subject, for I have no power to do so; my mind is that of a weak fallen man, and the secret things of God are so immeasurably above it, that to speculate upon them is equally presumptuous and absurd. Still I feel as certain of the main fact as if each special detail of the Divine scheme lay spread out like a map before me, because, were it not so, God would falsify His attributes, the great Being we worship would be, not a merciful Father, but a stern inexorable Judge. Depend upon it, Lewis, the real fallacy in the religious teaching of the present day is, that practically, if not theoretically, fear rather than love is inculcated as the actuating principle, and, as a natural consequence, men ignore and put aside thoughts of futurity, as they put aside any other painful and alarming reflection."

As Frere concluded, Lewis paused in thought, then observed,—

"All you have said sounds wise and true, and yet there appears a contradiction somewhere. Evil must always be hateful to God, and as such must deserve everlasting punishment. I cannot understand it."

"Nor do I wish or expect you to do so," replied Frere; "but cannot you wait patiently through a little space—the life of one man—trusting that when this mortal shall have put on immortality, our enlarged faculties may enable us to see clearly that which we now believe as a matter of faith? The only difficulty arises from your attempting to measure things infinite with your finite intelligence; for instance, you talk of everlasting punishment,—what do you mean by the term?"

"Mean, why, of course, punishment that shall endure throughout eternity," replied Lewis.

"And eternity, which to be eternal, can no more have had a beginning than it shall have an end, is an idea our minds cannot grasp; and in attempting to define and realize these things, we only confuse and mislead ourselves. Take my word for it, Lewis, true religion, the religion Christ came down from heaven

to teach men, consists in a sincere, earnest, and consistent belief in the goodness and benevolence of the Creator, carried out practically, by an unceasing endeavour to reform our fallen natures after His image."

"And how are we to gain the knowledge and the strength requisite to enable us to do this?" asked Lewis.

"By studying God's written word with an honest intention of doing as we are there told to do, at the same time imploring His assistance to enable us to carry out our good intentions," was the earnest reply.

So the conversation ended, but Lewis thought over the ideas thus presented to him, which, though not entirely new to him, or indeed to any other reflecting mind, had, perhaps, never before occurred to him in a light so clear and practical as that in which Frere had placed them; and as by slow degrees his strength began to return, and, with Antonelli's assistance, he contrived to creep for an hour at a time to his painting room, he arose from that couch of sickness a wiser and a better man.

As soon as Charles Leicester had recovered from the first shock of his brother's death, he determined to entrust his wife and child to the care of General Grant, while he started for England to break the distressing intelligence to his father. Lord Ashford was now becoming an old man, and although the profligate career of his eldest son had caused him the deepest anxiety and regret, he still regarded him with much affection; and Leicester had only too good reason to dread the effect which might be produced upon him if, by any accident, he were to be made aware of the fatal event without sufficient preparation. Accordingly, on the second day after the discovery of the catastrophe, he quitted Venice, and travelled day and night till he reached England; but fast as he journeyed, the evil tidings journeyed still more swiftly; a rumour of the truth had somehow found its way to the London clubs; at one to which he belonged Lord Ashford had accidentally overheard the affair discussed, and while uttering a half frantic inquiry as to the speaker's authority, was seized with a fit, from which he recovered only to remain a heart-broken man, paralysed and childish. Charles finding him in this deplorable state, was of course unable to leave him, and wrote to Laura, to beg that no unnecessary delay might occur, to prevent her joining him as soon as possible.—Under these circumstances, General Grant resolved to proceed to England at once, with the party under his charge.

When Frere's anxiety for Lewis's life had ended, and he felt satisfied that he was on the road towards recovery, and might safely be entrusted to the care of Antonelli, he had made his way to the Palazzo Grassini, and seeking an interview with General Grant, had explained to him the object which had brought him to Venice, together with the train of events which had hitherto prevented his announcing his arrival.—He gave an account of the *fracas* between Lord Bellefield and Lewis at the casino, and his friend's subsequent self-conquest, in resolving for conscience

sake to forego his revenge: but he said nothing of Lewis's attachment to Annie, feeling that he had no right to betray his confidence to the General, without personally obtaining his consent to the measure.

General Grant was much interested by this recital, and praised Lewis's conduct throughout the whole affair, the shock of Lord Bellefield's death having taken away any little prejudices in favour of duelling, which might have lingered in the chivalrous mind of the old soldier. He thought, however, that considering the relative positions of the different parties, it would be better for him not to visit Lewis, so soon after the awful catastrophe which had taken place, but he sent him a kind message by Frere, saying, he should hope to see him on his return to England, and thanking him for his interference in Walter's behalf.

On the morning previous to that fixed for the departure of Laura and her friends, Lewis, having over-exerted himself the day before by painting for several hours, and having paid the penalty by lying awake during great part of the night, had fallen into a deep sleep which lasted so long, that Frere, having breakfasted and given orders that Lewis was on no account to be disturbed, went out. He had undertaken, with his usual good nature, innumerable commissions for the General; these he set to work diligently to execute, and after wandering up and down the lanes and squares of Venice, now trudging like an excited postman, now sitting bolt upright in the stern of a Gondola, with the cotton umbrella spread like a gigantic mushroom over his head to keep off the sun, he arrived, hot and tired, at the Palazzo Grassini. General Grant was from home, so Frere left a card, saying, he would call again later in the afternoon; then, considering on second thoughts that it would not be kind, as he had been out so long, to leave Lewis again on the same day, he altered his determination, and desiring to be shown into the library, sent a message to ask to be allowed to speak to Mrs. Leicester, or to Miss Grant. Now the servant to whom this message was entrusted, being, like many of his betters, averse to needless trouble, and chancing to encounter Annie as he was proceeding from the library to the drawing-room, saw fit slightly to alter the tenor of his message, and leaving out all mention of Laura, informed Miss Grant that a gentleman of the name of Frere, having called to visit the General, had, on learning that he was from home, asked to be allowed to see her. This intelligence slightly flurried Annie, Frere being always connected in her mind with the idea of Lewis, and it was not without a degree of trepidation which mantled her cheek with a most becoming blush, that she hastened to comply with his summons.

When Frere perceived who it was that his message had produced, a scheme, which had suggested itself to him as a vague possibility, as he had sat by Lewis's bedside listening to the ravings of his delirium, recurred to his mind, as a right and advisable step which it behoved him to take, now that chance had thrown the opportunity in his way; his first business,

however, was to deliver himself of the commissions entrusted to him by the General. Having relieved his mind of the weight of this responsibility, he began,—

"Well, Miss Grant, I'm glad to see you looking better than you wore. I suppose it's the"—(having got rid of your detestable engagement, was his original sentence, but he checked himself, and substituted,) "idea of getting away from this horrid place, all puddles and palaces, the men every one of them either a tyrant or a slave, and such lazy rascals into the bargain; the women, not at all the style of female to talk to you about; and without any particular beauty to account for it either, as far as I'm a judge, though perhaps in my present position I'm a little bit over fastidious; then Rose Arundel is as near perfection as anything on this earth can be—but I'm forgetting you don't know anything of the matter, and all that I'm saying must be high Dutch, or thereabouts to you."

And having by this time talked himself into a regular entanglement, the worthy bear came to a sudden and unexpected stand-still. Annie hastened to relieve him.

"You have, indeed, let me into a secret, Mr. Frere," she said, smiling; "but it is quite safe in my hands, and it is a secret, moreover, which I am delighted to hear; there is no one in whose happiness I take deeper interest than in that of dear Rose Arundel, and I quite approve of the step you hint at, as being likely to secure it; you must allow me to offer you my warmest congratulations."

"Thank ye, thank ye," returned Frere, looking most comically bashful, and routing his hair about insanely in his embarrassment, "I certainly do hope to make her happy, God bless her; though I don't think you can judge much about it, one way or other, seeing that I may be a Bear in reality, (she calls me one in fun, you know,) meaning to eat her up bodily for aught you can tell. As to its being much of a secret, too many people know it, too many women in particular, to render that possible; so, though I don't want it announced in the Times till the event actually comes off, you need not put any violent constraint upon your natural communicativeness, for I am not so ignorant of the idiosyncracies of the fair sex, as to forget the pain and grief constrained silence occasions them."

Annie made a playful rejoinder, and then after a minute's pause ventured timidly to ask, "I hope Mr. Arundel continues to gain strength. I,—that is, my father,—and indeed, all of us were so grieved to hear of his illness!"

Frere fixed his large eyes upon hers, as he replied gruffly, "Yes, he's getting on well enough for anything I know to the contrary; but he's as weak as a child. It will be months before he becomes anything like the man he was, again; he's been most unpleasantly near supplying a vacancy in some moist grave-yard of this amphibious city; small thanks to those who helped to bring him to such a condition."

Annie turned very pale at this somewhat unfeeling

speech, but she managed to stammer out, "I thought, that is, we were told that it was a fever produced by exposure to malaria, from which Mr. Arundel had suffered."

"A fever it was, and no mistake," was the reply, "such a fever as I should be very sorry to fall in the way of catching, I can tell you."

"And yet you have nursed him through it with the most unceasing self-devotion. You see I know you better than you are aware of, Mr. Frere," interrupted Annie, with a beaming smile.

"Nursed him! why of course I did; if I hadn't, I should have deserved to be well kicked," returned Frere, in a tone of intense disgust. "I've known Lewis ever since he was a pretty black-eyed boy of ten years old, and though he is a little hot-headed and impetuous sometimes, that's no reason why I should leave him to die of a fever in a foreign land, far away from those that love him. A nice sort of friend I should be if I did, and a pretty figure I should cut the next time I came in Rose's way! She is not one of those who care about people by halves, I can tell you; why, she actually dotes on her brother."

"Oh! I am sure she does; it was that which first made me love her," exclaimed Annie with enthusiasm; then seeing all that her speech involved, she blushed "celestial rosy red," and cast down her eyes in confusion.

"Humph!" grunted Frere, "that sounds all very nice and amiable, but I prefer deeds to words! I'll tell you what it is, Miss Grant," he continued, turning suddenly upon Annie, "you talked about malaria being the exciting cause of Lewis's illness, it was no such thing—the cause of his fever was anguish of mind—the poor boy's been miserable for the last two years, almost crazy with grief, as I take it, for he has been doing all sorts of wild uncomfortable things; and, if the truth must be told, it strikes me it's more your fault than any one else's."

"My fault!" exclaimed Annie, her face and neck flushing crimson, at this unexpected charge, "oh Mr. Frere, how can you speak such cruel words?"

"Because they happen to be true ones, young lady," returned Frere, sternly; "you are the daughter of a rich man, and a man in a high station, and for that reason, it's very seldom you have the plain honest truth spoken to you; but you shall learn it to-day from my lips, if you never heard it before in your life, and if it is not palatable, the fault does not rest with me,—I knew something of this affair, when Lewis quitted Broadhurst all in a hurry, two years ago, and I set it down as a foolish bit of boyish romance, that a few months' absence would cure; but it was not till I watched by his bed-side, and listened through the solemn hours of the night to his frenzied ravings, that I became aware the passion he felt for you was rooted in his very heart's core, and saw that by his deep, his overpowering love for one, who I fear was not worthy of him, he had shipwrecked the happiness of a lifetime. Silence!" he continued, angrily, as Annie half rising from her seat, seemed about to interrupt him,

"silence! you have voluntarily, or involuntarily, been the cause of deep misery to the two persons (for Rose has suffered greatly on her brother's account,) for whom I care most in the world, and you shall learn, before we part, the evil consequences of your acts, and tell me whether you possess either the will or the power to repair them."

Annie again attempted to speak, but finding her accuser would not listen to her, sank back with a gesture of despair, while Frere continued,—

"Very early in his residence at Broadhurst, Lewis, as I imagine, became attached to you, though for a long time he would not acknowledge the fact even to himself; at length, however, it became impossible for him to deceive himself further; then began the struggle between his pride and his affection; and from that period to the hour in which he quitted Broadhurst, he lived in a state of mental torture. Well, you could not help his falling in love with you, you will say; and because a poor tutor was bold and foolish enough to forget the difference of position between you, (which by the way he never did for one moment, though the recollection was agony to his proud spirit,) and to raise his eyes to his employer's daughter, you were not bound to forget it also,—I grant you that—but shall I tell you what you could have helped? (which I should never have known anything about, but for poor Lewis's delirious ravings,)—you could have helped saying and doing a hundred little nameless things, trifles in themselves perhaps, (so are straws, but they show which way the wind blows!) which gave the poor fellow the idea, that you returned his affection, and that had he dared to declare his feelings, he might have obtained such a confession from you; an attempt which he was too honourable to make, but rather, with an aching heart, tore himself away from Broadhurst, throwing up every prospect he then had in life:—you might have helped this, Miss Annie Grant, and if you had been worthy of the love of such a noble nature, you would have done so."

As Frere, completely carried away by the excited feelings which his recapitulation of Lewis's wrongs and sufferings had aroused, paused for breath, poor Annie, who during the latter portion of his harangue had been utterly unable to restrain her tears, replied in a voice scarcely audible through emotion,—

"You cruelly misjudge me, Mr. Frere—most cruelly—and are making an unkind and ungenerous use of knowledge, which if your friend had retained his reason, would never have been in your possession."

Frere felt the justice of this reproach, and moreover the sight of poor Annie's tears appealed to his kindness of heart, and served to disarm his wrath.

"Well, that is certainly true," he said, "and if I have indeed misjudged you, why I can only say I am very sorry for it; at all events I need not have spoken so harshly and rudely to you; but you see, Miss Grant, I feel very deeply about this matter, and the idea that all which Lewis has suffered had been the consequence of your love of admiration, and idle coquetry, made me angry with you."

"Indeed, indeed, I am no coquette," murmured poor Annie.

"Well, you seem to have behaved like one, at all events," returned Frere, "unless indeed," he continued, as a new light suddenly broke in upon him—"unless indeed you really do by any chance care about Lewis as much as he cares about you,—of course, in that event, you would be more to be pitied than blamed"—he paused; then, after a moment's reflection, continued, "but no, that cannot be either;—if you had really loved Lewis, you would scarcely have engaged yourself to another man, before he had been out of the house four-and-twenty hours—what do you say to that? eh, young lady!"

Poor Annie! heavily indeed did her fault press upon her; most bitterly did she repent the weakness of character which had prevented her from refusing to engage her hand, when her heart went not with it. What could she say? Why she could only sob like an unhappy child, and whisper in a broken voice,—

"I will send Laura to you,—ask her, she knows all—she can tell you."

And so running out of the room, she threw herself upon her friend's neck, and begged her incoherently and vaguely, to "go immediately to *him*, and explain *everything*;" with which request Laura, when she had provided the solitary pronoun with a chaperon, in the shape of a concordant noun, and restricted the transcendental "everything" to mean the one thing needful in that particular case, hastened to comply.

The commission was rather a delicate one, and the excellent Bear did not render the execution thereof the less difficult, by choosing to take a hard-headed, moral, and common-sense view of Annie's conduct, which confused Laura to such a degree, that in her desire to be particularly lucid, she contrived to entangle the matter so thoroughly, that a person with greater tact and more delicate perceptions than the rough and straightforward Frere, might have found the affair puzzling.

"Well, I tell you what it is, Mrs. Leicester," he at last exclaimed abruptly, "if you were to talk to me till midnight, which, seeing you've a long journey before you to-morrow, would be equally fatiguing and injudicious, you would never be able to convince me that your young friend acted wisely. The idea of accepting that unhappy man, (whose death, between ourselves, was a gain to everybody but himself, though, of course, I shall not say so to poor Charles, who, in his amiability, contrived to have a sort of fondness for his brother;) but the notion of accepting him to prevent anybody guessing she was in love with Lewis, seems to me about the most feeble-minded expedient that ever occurred to the imagination, even of a woman; it's like cutting one's throat to cure a sore finger. I don't admire the principle of judging actions by their results, or I should say the result of this has been just what I should have expected, viz. everybody has been made miserable." However, though she has done a foolish thing, that is very different from doing a deliberately wicked one.

So I suppose we must not be too hard upon her, poor little thing; I dare say Lewis, at all events, will be magnanimous enough to overlook it, in consideration of her correct taste in properly appreciating his good qualities; however, I'll do my best to explain the matter to him, and put it in as favourable a light as my conscience will allow me. And so wishing you a good journey, I'll be off. I have a notion it won't be very long before Lewis and I shall follow you; we shall not be many hours in England before we beat up your quarters, depend upon it. Lewis will have some strange revelations to make to Governor Grant, that will cause his venerable locks to stand on end in amazement. Ah! it's a queer world. Well, good-bye, Mrs. Leicester; I expect you and I should become good friends in time, though you're quite mistaken if you fancy that young woman acted sensibly in accepting her scampish cousin, when all the time she was in love with another man."

And so Richard Frere fairly talked himself out of the house, leaving Laura especially astonished at his *brusquerie*, and decidedly of opinion, that she had mismanaged the affair, and done her friend's cause irreparable injury.

In the meantime, Lewis, having awoke from his long sleep, and finding himself all the better and stronger for his nap, had just breakfasted with much appetite, when Antonelli appeared, and handed him a note. It was from Laura, (written before her interview with Frere,) informing him of their intended departure on the morrow, begging him to call upon her immediately he returned to England, which, as soon as his health would permit, she advised him to do without loss of time, and winding up with a hint, that, in regard to the matter which especially interested him, he might make himself quite easy, for that everything could be most satisfactorily explained.

Lewis read and re-read the note. "The matter that especially interested him!"—that could have but one meaning. Oh, yes! Annie had cleared herself,—she had never accepted Lord Bellefield; or, if she had, she had been cheated into doing so. Annie was good and true,—the Annie of his imagination—the bright, fair, loving, gentle being his soul worshipped! But he must have certainty,—he must not again be the dupe of his own wishes; no, he must have certainty, and he must have it at once. Wait till his return to England? Why, that might be days, weeks hence! And was he all that time to suffer the tortures of suspense? It was not to be thought of. He must see Laura before her departure, and learn the truth. But this would necessitate a visit to the Palazzo Grassini, in which he must run the chance of encountering the General, or Annie. And as his thoughts reverted to her, the idea, for the first time, occurred to him, of the mental suffering she must have undergone if, as he now believed, she had indeed truly loved him, and been in some manner forced by circumstances to consent to the engagement with her cousin. Then he remembered the scene in the Square of St. Mark; and a sense of the cruelty of his own

conduct towards her overwhelmed him. This decided the question. He would, at all risks, see Laura; and if—as he now would not for a moment doubt—her explanation proved satisfactory, he would entreat her to obtain Annie's forgiveness. She *must* forgive him, when she came to know all he had suffered—when she heard how ill he had been: and as he thought of his illness, the somewhat perplexing question occurred to him, How was he to reach the Palazzo Grassini in his present weak state? Never mind; where there was a will there was a way. He *would* do it, he was determined; and so he summoned Antonelli, and, to the alarm of that worthy man, who fancied the fever had again flown to the brain, and that his beloved master was delirious, announced that he was going out to pay a visit, and requested his assistance in dressing himself.

It was not till his toilet was completed, and he attempted to walk down stairs, that he became aware how weak and helpless his illness had left him, and it required all his resolution to persevere in his expedition: luckily the distance was short, and he was enabled to perform some of it in a gondola; still, by the time he reached the Palazzo Grassini, his strength was so completely exhausted, that if he had been required to proceed a hundred yards further, he would have been unable to accomplish the task. Having inquired if Mrs. Leicester was at home, and received an answer in the affirmative, he continued,

"Then show me at once up to her boudoir, I will hold you blameless for doing so."

The servant, who knew how intimate Lewis had been there, before the coming of the Grant party, and how his visits had ceased with their arrival, naturally enough conjectured that the young painter was for some reason desirous to avoid encountering any of the General's family, and complied with his request unhesitatingly. But the domestic in question, who chanced to be the same individual who had admitted Frere, was not aware of the additional, and to the parties concerned, somewhat important fact, that since he had performed that service, Miss Grant and his mistress had changed places, and that at the moment he was conducting Lewis to the boudoir, that apartment was tenanted by Annie Grant, while Laura was engaged in solemn conclave with Richard Frere in the library. Thus it fell out that when the door of the boudoir was noiselessly opened, Annie Grant, who had remained there after she had despatched Laura on her difficult mission to Ursa Major, and *more majorum*, from the time of Niobe downwards, had indulged her feelings with a hearty cry, was wiping her eyes, and trying to make herself believe that her troubles must be "working to an end," and that, dim on the horizon of her future fate, there might be discerned a good time coming. Annie thus pondering, and thus engaged, saw a tall bending figure enter, in whose well-known features, their expression softened and spiritualized by severe illness, she needed no announcement to recognise Lewis Arundel.

CHAPTER LXIV.

RELATES HOW, THE ECLIPSE BEING OVER, THE SUN BEGAN TO SHINE AGAIN.

THE windows of Laura's boudoir were shaded from the burning rays of an Italian sun, by (literally) Venetian blinds, which kept out not only the heat, but in great measure the light also; and Lewis, whose eyes were dizzy, and his head swimming from weakness, perceiving a female figure advancing towards him, naturally conjectured it to be Laura, and accosted her as follows,—

"You are no doubt surprised to see me here, but after perusing your note, I could not rest till I had learned the truth from your own lips, and as you are to quit Venice to-morrow, there was no time to lose; so I resolved, *couste qui couste*, to make the effort, and here I am."

He paused for a reply, but obtaining none, looked up in surprise, and perceived Annie Grant standing pale and trembling before him: completely overcome by this unexpected encounter, he contrived to stammer out,—

"I beg pardon, I believed I was addressing Mrs. Leicester. I must go and seek her;" and turned to put his design into execution: but his strength was unequal to the task, and leaning against a marble slab, he remained motionless, utterly unable to proceed. For a moment, Annie paused as if thunder-stricken, then her woman's heart awoke within her, and in an instant she was by his side, bringing a chair for him to sit down.

"Oh! Mr. Arundel, how wrong, how mad of you to venture out," she exclaimed, her anxiety for him overpowering every other feeling; "you will bring on a return of the fever. Why, you are so weak that you can scarcely stand; pray sit down."

Advancing a step, Lewis took the chair from her, and leaning on the back for support, said, with a faint smile,—

"I have indeed somewhat miscalculated my strength, Miss Grant; I am very, very weak," and as he spoke he sank upon the seat, while the bright flush, which the excitement of beholding Annie had called into his cheeks, faded to the most deathlike paleness: his companion became alarmed.

"You are faint," she said, "let me ring for assistance."

A tray, with a decanter of water and some glasses, stood upon a table near; Lewis's eye fell upon them.

"It is merely the unaccustomed exertion," he said, "it will pass away in a moment."

Annie caught the direction of his glance. "You would like a glass of water," she exclaimed, "let me give you one;" and suiting the action to the word, she filled a glass with the sparkling liquid, and handed it to him. He took it with a slight inclination of the head, drank it eagerly, and was about to rise, in order to put down the glass, when Annie, by a deprecating gesture, prevented him, and taking it from his trembling fingers replaced it on the table. As she turned from doing so, their eyes met, and she per-

ceived that his were fixed on her features, with a deep, earnest, scrutinising gaze, as though he strove to read in her countenance the history of her inner life. For a moment she met his gaze, with a firm, truthful, unshrinking look; then, unable to bear the power of that eagle eye, she turned away with a blush and a smile, half tender, half reproachful, for Annie was no stoic, and every feeling of her heart revealed itself in her tell-tale countenance. Lewis could bear it no longer—speak he must.

“Miss Grant—Annie,” he said, and as he pronounced her christian name his deep voice trembled with suppressed emotion; “When I came here to-day I had no thought of seeing you; but accident, (if, indeed, in this strange complicated life anything may be so considered,) has determined it otherwise, and the opportunity shall not be lost. Not very many days since, I was so grievously ill, that the chances were strongly against my rallying; it has pleased God to spare my life a little longer; but such an escape as this, gives rise to deep and solemn thoughts. While I lay upon the bed of sickness, which had so nearly proved the bed of death, I learned to read my own heart—my past life glided as it were in review before me, and my faults and errors, no longer hidden by the mists of self-deceit or of passion, revealed themselves clearly in the light of an awakened conscience: above them all, stood forth in its evil beauty, the master-demon pride, and I saw how it had embittered my whole existence, and how, if ever I hoped to obtain even peace of mind, much more happiness, I must relax no effort until I should subdue it. Annie, I have loved you long; you cannot, *do* not doubt it; but because I deemed you richer and of higher rank than myself, I was too proud to own it to you. Years of mental torture have been my punishment: I do not complain that this should have been so—I do not impugn the justice of the decree; on the contrary, I acknowledge it with deep contrition. I sinned, and it was fitting I should pay the penalty, however bitter;—but there was a grief I was not prepared for, and in which I could not discern retributive justice; for whatever a slanderous world may say, my love for you has been deep, pure and disinterested, the truest, most earnest feeling of my inmost soul. Annie, I will be frank with you, and even if my presumption ruins my cause, I have suffered too much from concealment, not to tell you the whole truth. When, distracted by my hopeless passion for you, and maddened by the insults of one who is now no more, I tore myself away from Broadhurst, and left you, as I deemed, for ever, the most bitter pang proceeded from a secret belief, which even despair could not banish, that I read in your soft glances the assurance that had I dared to urge my suit, I might have learned I had not loved in vain; and in the midst of my desolation I was happy, deeply happy, in the thought. Then, a ray of light broke in upon the darkness—a strange chain of events led to the discovery that I was heir to an ancient and honourable name and an ample fortune, and I waited but to obtain legal evidence of

the fact, ere I hastened to tell you of my affection, in the fond hope of eliciting that I was beloved again: once assured of that, I determined that *nothing* should prevent my winning your hand—all obstacles must yield before such a love as mine. With these feelings burning in my breast, imagine the dismay which overwhelmed me, on learning by a letter from your father, that scarcely twenty-four hours after I had quitted Broadhurst, you, of your own free will, had renewed your engagement with your cousin. Hear me out,” he continued, as Annie, who with blushing cheeks and tearful eyes, had remained as though spell-bound, drinking in his every tone, attempted eagerly to interrupt him—“Hear me out, and then if you can explain this mystery, the devotion of a life-time shall plead forgiveness for my having misjudged you. How I lived through the wretchedness that letter caused me, I do not know. I believed I was going mad, for a time I *was* mad, and railed at Heaven for having created a being so fair and false as then I deemed you. Oh! the misery, the heavy crushing grief, when the heart adores, with all its faculty of loving, one whom the reason points out as light, fickle, and all unworthy to have called forth such true affection. For two years this black veil of doubt and mistrust hung between your image and my spirit—I cast from me any idea of claiming the rank and riches that were my birthright, for I valued them only as they could bring me nearer to you; and went forth a wanderer, tormented by the consciousness, doubly humiliating to one of my proud nature, that although I believed you unworthy of my affection, I still loved you devotedly as ever. The first person who won me from my gloomy thoughts, and led me to hope your conduct might be satisfactorily explained, was your kind friend Laura, who in her honest singleness of heart, could not believe in the possibility of the fickleness of which I imagined you guilty—and I, (though her arguments failed to convince my reason) how I loved her for her unbelief! I could say much more,—could tell you of the agony of mind I endured, when unseen by you, I watched you leaning on *his* arm, and smiling upon him, and deemed my worst fears realized, and that you loved him; but it is needless—Annie, I cannot look on you and believe you false; if indeed you ever loved me, I *know* that, despite appearances, you have been true to that affection, and that you love me still. Annie, dearest, tell me that it is so?”

He ceased, and with his hands clasped, as those of some votary adoring his saint, sat gazing on the April of smiles and tears, that played over the expressive features of her he loved, until reading in her tender eyes the secret her lips refused to speak, happiness lent him strength, and springing to her side, he drew her unresistingly towards him, and reproved the coral lips for their silence, by sealing his forgiveness upon them with a loving kiss. And as Annie, albeit there is no reason to doubt that she was an exceedingly moral and well-conducted young lady, did not appear to discern any great impropriety in this act, but on the contrary, disengaged herself from his embrace

gently and tenderly, the probabilities are, looking at the matter in a correct light, and with an artist eye, (an optical delusion, popularly supposed to fulfil one of the main duties of charity, by clothing the naked,) that the view she took of the affair was a right one. And then by degrees, having declared that it was impossible she could ever tell him anything about it, but that Laura knew,—would not he go and ask Laura at once? (a proposition Lewis coolly but decidedly ignored,) she contrived, she never knew how, to enable him to guess the truth; which he did very quickly and cleverly, and found so perfectly satisfactory, that his anger (such mild anger!) instantly changed to the most unmitigated pity, an emotion so nearly akin to that other Christian virtue, love, that we fear we shall lay ourselves open to the charge of writing an actual love scene, if we pursue the subject any further. And as it is a well ascertained fact, that young persons strictly brought up, and never allowed to inflame their imaginations and gain perverted views of life, by perusing those inventions of the enemy of man- (and woman-) kind, works of fiction, either never fall in love at all, or do so according to parental act of parliament, passed in the year one of the reign of good king Mammon, we (lest we incur the high displeasure of any of this monarch's respectable subjects) will say no more about it. But when Laura, grieved at what she considered the unsatisfactory issue of her interview with Richard Frere, returned to her boudoir to make the best report her conscience would allow of to Annie, she was especially surprised, and a little frightened to discover her friend, with heightened colour, downcast eyes, and a bright smile playing about the corners of her mouth, sitting on a sofa by the side of what Laura would have taken for the ghost of Lewis Arundel, only that ghosts do not in a general way look so intensely happy, and are not usually addicted to holding young ladies' hands caressingly between their spectral fingers. However, the ghost soon vindicated his claim to the protection of the *habeas corpus* act, by rising and shaking Laura's hand cordially, and taking the initiative in conversation, by exclaiming—

"My dear kind Mrs. Leicester, I owe all my happiness to you."

Then Laura began to surmise what had happened, and in the excess of her joy, scolded Lewis so vigorously for his madness in venturing out, and Annie for her folly in allowing him to talk, that she was forced to stop in the midst of her harangue, to declare herself a virago, and to laugh so heartily at her own vehemence, that in order to save herself from becoming hysterical, she was fain to betake herself to her own bedroom, and indulge in the feminine luxury of a good cry. And then Lewis and Annie sat and looked into each other's eyes; their joy was too full for words, but such silence as theirs is far more eloquent, for as there is a grief too deep for tears, so is there happiness which language is powerless to express, and such happiness did they experience at that moment. At length, Lewis spoke.

"Dearest," he said, in a low soft voice that trembled with the tenderness which filled his soul, "I must leave you now: there are many reasons which forbid my meeting your father till we reach England, and I am prepared to *prove* to him, all that your trustful loving heart believes, because I tell you that it is so. Until we meet in our own happy country, which for the future will be as dear to me for your sake, as lately it has been for the same cause hateful, our engagement must remain a secret from all but Laura."

"But will that be right?" pleaded Annie, looking up wistfully into the face of him who would be from thenceforth her oracle.

It is a fearful responsibility when, through the affections, we gain such a hold over a living soul, that the judgment lies dormant, and the thing which seems good in our eyes appears so in theirs also; such influence is indeed a mighty talent committed to our charge, and most careful should we be lest we abuse the trust reposed in us. Lewis felt this strongly, and paused to re-consider his decision. His chief reason for wishing that General Grant might not be immediately informed of his declaration, was the difficult position in which it would place that gallant officer in regard to Lord Bellefield's relations. How could he, for instance, expect Lord Ashford to believe that his brother-in-law had used all possible exertion to secure the murderer of his son, when Annie Grant, that son's destined bride, was affianced to a man who, but for the catastrophe which had taken place, would have met Lord Bellefield in a duel? and the altercation and subsequent challenge were so completely a matter of notoriety in Venice, that it was certain that some account of them, probably an exaggerated and distorted one, would find its way to England. But this was a reason which he could not give Annie, as he correctly imagined that the affair at the Casino had been kept from her knowledge. Thus, the more he reflected the more certain he became that his original determination was a right one. Accordingly, he replied:—

"Trust me, dearest, concealment is as foreign to my nature as to your own. My faults (and I have only too many) do not lie in that direction; but, to the best of my judgment, I believe that in wishing your father should, for the present, remain ignorant of our engagement, I am consulting your interest and his, quite as much as my own. Believe me, love, I would sacrifice anything,—even the cherished hope of one day calling you my own, rather than influence you to do aught for which your conscience could afterwards upbraid you."

And Annie did believe him, with the strong unhesitating faith of perfect love. Had he advanced the most incredible assertion,—declared, for instance, that he had discovered perpetual motion, squared the circle, and set the Thames on fire,—Annie would equally and implicitly have believed him. Had he deceived her, her only refuge from an universal scepticism would have been to die. Then came the "sweet

sorrow" of a lovers' parting,—sweet in the many evidences of affection which the occasion calls forth, and sorrowful by reason of the anxious thoughts to which quitting those we love, even under the happiest auspices, necessarily gives rise. And Annie's bright eyes were dim with tears, and Lewis's mouth, no longer sternly compressed, trembled with the emotion he in vain attempted to conceal, as, with a murmured "God bless and protect you, my own darling!" he tore himself away.

In the meanwhile, scarcely had Richard Frere quitted the Grassini Palace, than he encountered General Grant, fretting and fuming under the weight of a burden of minor miseries, and full of complaints of the abominable misdemeanours of the Venetian officials, amongst which, by no means the lightest, was the culpable stupidity which prevented them from speaking or understanding English, together with the obstinate prejudice with which they refused to acknowledge, that by adding the letter O to the termination of words in that language, they immediately became Italian—

"I said '*requiro uno passporto*' to them, sir! half-a dozen times over, and nobody shall ever make me believe they did not know what *that* meant!" was his indignant complaint.

Of course, Frere's ready sympathy entailed on him a request that if he could spare the time to go back to the office with him, the General would esteem it such a great favour, and of course, though his conscience reproached him for being away from "poor solitary Lewis" for so many hours, he did what was required of him; and of course, having said A,—B, C, and D, followed as a matter of necessity, until, before he had gone through the alphabet of the General's commissions, several hours had elapsed, and Lewis having found his way back to his lodgings, was reclining in an easy chair, enjoying a feast of happy memories, and bright anticipations, when Frere, hot, tired, and dissatisfied with his morning's work, flung down his cotton umbrella, and throwing himself, very much unbuttoned, in a kind of dishevelled heap, upon the nearest chair, began—

"Well, confound this climate, say I, where a man can't get through a morning's business without coming home more like a piece of hot boiled beef, than a temperate Christian—here's a state of dissolution for a free-born Briton to be in. I tell you what it is, young man, if you keep me here much longer, I shall become a mere walking skeleton—flesh and blood literally can't stand it, and I shall have to go home and be married in my bones."

"By which ceremony I suppose you hope to become possessed of an additional rib, to make up for your loss of substance," suggested Lewis, smiling at the odd quaint way in which his friend described his troubles.

"Yes! it's all very well for you to sit there and laugh at a fellow," returned Frere, grumpily, "but if you had been parading about this oven of a place for two hours, at Governor Grant's tail, as I have been,

you would find it no such laughing matter, I can tell you. He is as obstinate and wrong-headed as an elderly mule, too; making a fuss about trifles that do not signify a bit, one way or the other. Why cannot he take life coolly and quietly as—as—?"

Here he came to an abrupt conclusion, having discovered that the grumbling tenor of the speech, was somewhat at variance with the ending he had intended to make to it,—viz. "as I do." Lewis finished it for him.

"As a sensible man should do, I suppose you were going to observe."

Frere detected the covert satire, and shook his fist threateningly at his friend.

"You had better be civil, you know, or I may be tempted to give you the thrashing I have owed you so long. I could not have a better opportunity than now, when you are so weak that you can scarcely walk across the room alone."

"Perhaps I may be stronger than you are aware of," returned Lewis; "what do you think about my being able to go out, for instance?"

"Think," replied Frere dogmatically, "why, I think that if you attempt it a week hence, it will be too soon. Dr. Fullerfee says, a fortnight, but his is scarcely an unprejudiced opinion; however, I'll take care you don't set foot outside this room within a week."

Lewis turned away to hide a smile, while Frere, still suffering from heat, and not having another available button, which could be respectably unfastened, pulled off his neckcloth, and thus relieved, resumed—

"Who do you think I've been lecturing this morning?"

Lewis professed his ignorance, and Frere continued, "Only a certain young lady, in whose proceedings I've an idea you take particular interest,—one Miss Annie Grant."

Lewis started as Frere pronounced this name, but recovering himself, asked in an elaborately indifferent tone of voice, "Pray when did this interesting colloquy take place, and what might be the subject thereof?"

"The colloquy, as you call it, took place some four hours ago; and the subject thereof, was the young woman's conduct towards your precious self. Now, don't go and fly into a passion," continued Frere, as Lewis coloured, and seemed about to make some hasty rejoinder; "remember, life ought to be taken easily and quietly by a sensible man, and of course you consider yourself one,—but I took the liberty to tell Miss General Grant a few home truths, that she will be none the worse for hearing."

He then proceeded after his own fashion to give an account of his conversation with Annie, and his subsequent interview with Laura, concluding his recital thus,—

"So the upshot of the whole affair, and a very unsatisfactory one I'm afraid you'll think it, is this. When you had left Broadhurst, Ma'amselle Annie found herself in a bit of a fix, and not being a man

or Rose Arundel, she, after the fashion of her silly sex, did a weak and injudicious thing; but as I said to the other young woman, who, by the way, seems to have the best sense of the two, that's very different from doing a deliberately wicked one, and therefore, perhaps, Lewis may be induced to look over it."

"For heaven's sake, my dear fellow, don't tell me any more about it, you will drive me frantic with your detestable common-sense platitudes," exclaimed Lewis, springing from his chair impatiently; "at least you would have done so," he continued more quietly, "if I had not happened to see Annie myself since your well-meant but somewhat unnecessary interview with her, and learned from her own sweet lips that she forgives me for having so hastily and ungenerously misjudged her."

"Eh! what! has the young woman been here in my absence," returned Frere, greatly scandalized. "Oh! this will never do! I don't allow such liberties to be taken with my patient; besides, I don't consider the proceeding by any means a correct one; she might have found you in bed, with your nightcap on, for aught she could tell to the contrary."

"Do you know what is reported to have occurred when a mountain refused to come at Mahomet's bidding?" asked Lewis, quietly.

"Why Mahomet went to the mountain, to be sure, like an arrant humbug as he was; but what has that got to do with the case in question? Why you don't mean to say," continued Frere, as a sudden light broke in upon him; "you don't mean to say that *you've* been to call upon *her*?"

"I am afraid I must confess that such is the alarming fact," was the cool reply.

"Well! I have known many insane actions in my life certainly," growled Frere, making fruitless attempts to re-unbutton his already enfranchised garments, "but this,"—here he nearly tore a wristband off his shirt, in his pursuit of coolness under difficulties,— "is the very maddest thing I ever did hear of—a man that was on the point of death here not ten days ago, to rush out of bed the moment one's back's turned, for the sake of seeing—"

"She is looking so sweetly pretty, Frere," interrupted Lewis; "and those eyes—there never were such eyes seen in the world before."

"Oh, of course not," returned Frere, viciously. "Patent double-acted high-pressure sky-blue revolvers, made to look every way at once, see through mill-stones, and peep round the corner into the Margain, *they* are, no doubt; but if she could use them to no better purpose than to lure out, at the risk of his life, a foolish boy that ought to have had more sense;—but it's a mere waste of words talking to you," he continued, catching a smile on Lewis's features; "and here have I gone and ruined my other shirt, and this one is at the wash,—psha! I mean to say—hang me, if I know what I mean to say—only if you're not the worse for this—both the boy, how absurdly happy he's looking! So it's all right between you, eh! Lewis? Well, Heaven knows, you have

suffered enough to deserve that it should be so, my poor fellow, and though you must have been mad to go out, and I ought to be very angry with you, yet, as it has ended, and always supposing it does not do you any harm, why I am heartily glad you did it;" and so saying, Frere, whose feelings, and the heat together, were decidedly too many for him, made a precipitate retreat into the bed-room, where, for the present, we will leave him.

CHAPTER LXV.

LEWIS OUT-GENERALS THE GENERAL, AND THE TRAIN STOPS.

LEWIS's recovery was not retarded by his imprudent visit to the Palazzo Grassini; and Frere had the satisfaction, ere many weeks elapsed, of perceiving that he was strong enough to render their return to England practicable. Accordingly, the Giaour pictures, and the sketch of Annie and Faust, were carefully packed, (Lewis having determined to retain them as mementos of that eventful portion of his career, which led to their execution,) old Antonelli received a present of money sufficient to enable him to carry out the darling wish of his heart, viz. to bestow upon his son the education of a painter; and Lewis and Frere having wound up their affairs in Venice, quitted that city, which, filled with a rabble of revolutionary demagogues and their dupes, had become no longer a desirable place of residence. The friends reached England without any adventures worthy of record; and Rose was compensated for many a weary hour of anxiety and suspense, by her joy in welcoming her brother, and learning from his lips the unmitigated satisfaction with which he had heard of her engagement to Richard Frere; and how that "glorious fellow" had redoubled all his former obligations to him, by his sound advice, and tender and judicious nursing. If for a moment Frere could have regretted the part he had played, the loving smile of warm approval with which Rose received him, would have compensated him for any far greater expenditure of time and trouble. But Lewis had much to tell, which gave rise to very different emotions in his auditor; and Rose, as she grieved for the untimely fate of poor Jane Hardy, and shuddered at the awful retribution which had overtaken her betrayer, breathed a silent thanksgiving that her brother had been restrained from any deed of violence, to which his impetuous disposition, keen sensibilities, and quick sense of injury, might have impelled him. Lewis had also something to hear as well as to communicate.

Mrs. Arundel, in her spirit of opposition to the artless and bereaved relic of the late Colonel Brahmin, had carried her flirtation with that victim of literary ambition, Dackerel Dace, Esq. to such a pitch, that when the blighted barrister determined to resign his destiny altogether in favour of matrimony, and made her an offer of his limp hand, flabby heart, and five thousand a-year, to give

piquancy and flavour to the tasteless and insipid "trifle" he tendered for her acceptance, that volatile matron felt, that she had committed herself too deeply to retract, and that, setting off the money against the man, the bargain after all might not be such a bad one, and so said "Yes." Rose disliked the match greatly herself, and fearing Lewis would do so still more strongly, she ventured upon a mild remonstrance; but when once she had taken a thing into her head, Mrs. Arundel was very determined, and Rose gained nothing, but an intimation half-earnest, half-playful, that as she (Mrs. Arundel) had not interfered with her daughter, when she chose to engage herself to Ursa Major, she expected the same forbearance (and she emphasized the vile pun most unmistakably,) to be exercised towards her, and her odd fish, by which nickname she irreverently paraphrased the ichthyological appellation of her "future."

Lewis, as Rose had feared, was both hurt and annoyed at this fresh and convincing proof of his mother's volatile and worldly nature, but there was nothing in the connexion to justify his taking measures to break off the match; Mrs. Arundel was perfectly free to do as she pleased, and competent to decide her own course in life; so after one conversation with her on the subject, the nature of which may be gathered from the result, he left the affair to take its own course. His first step on reaching London was to seek an interview with his legal adviser; their conference proving satisfactory, eventuated, (to use an affected but expressive word,) in sending for a patent cab, wherein Lewis ensconced himself, in company with a small lawyer and a large blue bag, and the trio drove to Park Crescent.

The feelings with which Lewis once again stood within the library of General Grant's mansion,—that library where he had first been engaged to act as poor Walter's tutor,—the room into which he and Annie had been shown on the night when he had rescued her from insult in the crush room of the opera,—the night of the unhappy Mellerton's suicide,—may well be imagined. Then he had been poor, friendless, in the situation of a dependent, and made to feel that situation, alike by the open insults of Lord Bellefield, and the frigid courtesy of the General and Miss Livingstone, his youth, inexperience, sensitive disposition, and proud impassioned nature, rendering all these trials doubly galling to him; while, still more to embitter his lot, came that "sorrow's crown of sorrow," his hopeless attachment to Annie. Now how different was his position! heir to an ancient and honourable name, and a princely fortune, his affection returned by her he loved, his rival swept from his path without his having to reproach himself with participation in the act which wrought his downfall, his mind strengthened, his principles raised, and his faults diminished, if not eradicated, by the struggle he had undergone, and above all, his soul fortified by the recollection that, through God's grace, he had been enabled, at the turning point of his career, to sacrifice everything rather than sin against his

Maker's law! He received a moderately cordial welcome from General Grant, which tepid reception was occasioned by a conflict in the mind of that noble commander, between his strong regard for Lewis, a sense of the obligations he lay under to him, and an uncomfortable recollection of his attachment to Annie, together with the moral impossibility of allowing his daughter to marry a man, whose present income consisted of the savings of an ex-tutorship, and whose prospects embraced the doubtful gainings of a professional artist; Lewis perceived his embarrassment, and rightly conjectured its cause, which it was the object of his visit to remove. But General Grant's cold imperturbability had caused him so much annoyance in bygone hours, that a slight spice of what the French term *esprit malin* actuated him, and under its influence he began, after a few desultory remarks—

"It may possibly not have escaped your memory, General, that, during a conversation I had the honour to hold with you before I finally quitted Broadhurst, I mentioned to you my devoted attachment to Miss Grant."

The General bowed in token of assent, but the cloud upon his brow grew darker. Not heeding this, Lewis continued:—

"I remember then expressing myself somewhat strongly against certain conventional prejudices relating to inequality of position, which opposed an effectual bar to the realization of my wishes. I was young and inexperienced then,—I have since become wiser in the ways of the world, and am perfectly aware, that in speaking as I did on that occasion, I alike wasted my words and your valuable time."

He paused; and the General, who had been considerably puzzled during the speech to make out what his companion might be aiming at, settled, to his own satisfaction, that the increased knowledge of human nature to which Lewis alluded, had shown the young man the folly of which he had been guilty, and that this speech was intended as an apology,—nothing could be more respectful and correct. Accordingly, the cloud vanished, as in his most gracious manner he replied:—"Sir, your observations do you credit. Pray set your mind at rest on this subject;—fortunately my daughter never had the slightest suspicion of your feelings towards her; and, for my own part, I have long ago dismissed the affair from my recollection; and you may rest assured, that in our future intercourse the subject shall never again be broached between us."

As the General alluded to his daughter's happy ignorance of Lewis's attachment, a slightly ironical smile curled that young gentleman's handsome mouth; repressing it instantly, he replied with a calm, almost *nonchalant* air,—“I scarcely see how that can be accomplished, General Grant, as the object of my visit here to-day is to make you a formal proposal for your daughter's hand!”

If Lewis had suddenly risen from his chair, and, with the full power of his returning strength, hurled that article of furniture at General Grant's head, it

might have knocked him down more literally than the foregoing speech, but, figuratively, nothing could have done so. For a minute or two he appeared utterly unable to frame a reply; then, drawing himself up to a degree suggestive of a telescopic conformation, he began in an awful tone of voice,—“Sir, you have astonished me,—nay, more than that, sir, you have disappointed me—very greatly disappointed me. I had hoped better things of you, sir;—I had hoped, from the early promise you evinced, that your judgment and good sense would, when matured and strengthened by a little more knowledge of the world, have enabled you to conquer your strangely misplaced attachment,—would, in fact, have saved me from the painful situation in which you have—to which you have—that is—you would have saved yourself (you must not blame *me*, sir, if the truth sounds unpalatable) the humiliation of a refusal.”

“Then I am to understand that you unhesitatingly reject my suit?” inquired Lewis, something of the old stern look coming across his features.

“Most unequivocally and decidedly,” was the concise reply.

“It would have been more courteous, and therefore more according to General Grant’s usual conduct, towards those whom he considers beneath him in the social scale, to inquire whether any, and, if so, *what* amelioration might have taken place in my future prospects, to have induced me to hazard so bold a step, ere my proposal was thus unmistakably declined,” observed Lewis, in a marked, yet respectful tone of displeasure; “it will, however, make no difference in my intentions, as when I shall have obtained your answers to a few important questions, and explained to you my object in making them, it is possible you may view my conduct in a different light.”

The General, who grew taller and stiffer every moment, merely acknowledged this speech by an inclination of the head, so slight as to be scarcely perceptible; and Lewis continued,—

“The late Sir Hugh Desborough, Walter’s grandfather, was, I believe, your intimate friend?”

“Bless my soul, yes, sir; we served together in India, were for six years in the same regiment, and lived as if we were brothers. Why do you ask such extraordinary questions?” exclaimed the General, startled completely out of his dignity.

“Because, in that case, you are probably well acquainted with the circumstances of his family history, and can set me right if I state them incorrectly,” replied Lewis, upon whom the mantle of the General’s cast-off dignity appeared suddenly to have fallen; “Sir Hugh had two sons, I believe; the elder married imprudently, quarrelled with his father, who refused to receive the lady he had espoused, and severing all family ties, lived abroad under a feigned name, and was believed to have died without issue. The second son was Walter’s father, and Walter inherits the baronetcy, in default of male issue of the elder son.”

He paused, and the General observed, “You are correct in your facts, sir, but to what does all this lead?”

“That you will be better able to perceive, sir, when I inform you, that I am prepared to prove, indisputably, and to your full satisfaction, the following additional particulars. Sir Hugh’s eldest son, Captain Desborough—”

“Right; he was captain in the —th lancers, and threw up his commission when he chose to live abroad. It was said he entered the Austrian army, and attained the same rank in that service,” interrupted the General.

“He did so,” resumed Lewis, who spoke in the same calm, unimpassioned voice which he had used throughout the interview, though to any one who knew him well, it would have been perceivable that he did so by the greatest effort; “but those who believed that he died abroad, and without male issue, were misinformed; he died in England, in the spring of 18—, and left (besides a daughter) one son, who is still living.”

“Left a son! why he would be heir to the title and estates, instead of Walter. Where is he, sir? who is he?” exclaimed the General, impetuously.

Lewis rose, drew himself up to his full height, advanced slowly till he stood face to face with the General, and then, fixing his piercing glance upon him, said, “He now stands before you, General Grant, and asks you whether, when he has established his rights before the eyes of the world, you will again refuse him your daughter’s hand?”

Reader, the only little bit of mystery in our story, (if indeed it has presented any mystery at all to your acuteness,) is now cleared up; and, the interest ended, the sooner the tale itself arrives at a conclusion the better. But for the satisfaction of the unimaginative, the strong-minded women, and practical men of the world, who cannot rest assured that two and two make four till they have counted it on their fingers, we will write a few more last words, winding up the various threads of this veracious history.

In his interview with General Grant, Lewis had only stated that which he was fully prepared to prove; and when the lawyer and his blue bag, (not that lawyers ever do carry blue bags anywhere but in farces at the minor theatres, or those still more “unreal mockeries,” the pages of modern novels,) were called in to assist at the conference, the following facts were elicited:—

The packet of letters which Lewis found amongst Hardy’s papers, and which gave him the first intimation that he, and not poor Walter, was heir to the title and estates of Desborough, had been written by Captain Arundel, or, as his name really was, Desborough, to his younger brother, Walter Desborough, (the father of the poor idiot, who was in fact first-cousin to Lewis); the object with which these letters were written was to bring about a reconciliation between Sir Hugh and his eldest son—Walter Desborough having undertaken the office of mediator. In order to do this, it was first of all necessary to disabuse Sir Hugh’s mind of an idea that Captain

Desborough's marriage was not valid, and that the children were illegitimate; for this purpose the wedding certificate was enclosed, (proving that he had been married in his own name, and by a properly constituted authority,) together with certificates of the baptism of Rose and of Lewis. The letters also contained an account of his having taken the name of Arundel, and his reasons for so doing; in fact, without going into minutiae, the letters contained complete evidence, legally to establish the identity of Captain Desborough and Captain Arundel, and to render Lewis's claim to the baronetcy indisputable. To account for their having been found among Hardy's papers, it must be borne in mind that Walter Desborough was the scoundrel who first roused the evil nature in that misguided man, by eloping with his wife;—Hardy, be it remembered, followed the guilty pair, and assaulted the betrayer of his honour to such good effect, as to confine him to his bed for months; his companion in crime returned to her father's house, and died shortly after giving birth to the unfortunate Miles.

When she returned to her father, she had brought with her a portable writing-case, in which were letters she had received from her seducer, previous to her elopement; in this desk, for convenience of travelling, Walter Desborough had placed papers of his own, and amongst others, the letters, &c. which he had shortly before received from his brother;—long ere he recovered from the effects of Hardy's chastisement, he had forgotten where he had placed these papers, and Hardy never discovering them, (he left his home, and enlisted as a soldier, on his release from the imprisonment the assault entailed upon him,) the letters were to all intents and purposes lost, till by a chapter of accidents they fell into the hands of Lewis. The shock which led to Captain Arundel's, (or Desborough as he should rightly have been called,) sudden death, was caused by reading an account of his father, Sir Hugh's demise, in the newspaper. The clue Messrs. Jones and Levi had gained, was from a shopman in the public library, in which Captain Arundel had been sitting, when he first became aware of his father's decease, who gathered, from an involuntary exclamation he made at the moment, that Sir Hugh Desborough's death was the subject which had so much excited him; this shopman had been a clerk of Messrs. Jones and Levi, and learning in their employ that knowledge was sometimes money as well as power, sold them, for a couple of sovereigns, the information he had acquired, giving at the same time an account of the strange death of Captain Arundel; hence their subsequent application to Lewis.

The evidence being so clear and full, Lewis had little difficulty in establishing his claim, more especially as General Grant, convinced of its justice, did not attempt to resist it on Walter's behalf. The poor fellow himself could not be made to comprehend his change of fortune; but he did comprehend, to his inexpressible delight, that for some reason or other he was always to live with his dear Mr. Arundel, who,

when months had gone by, and arrangements made which he neither understood nor heeded, took him to a grand house of his own, where Faust was waiting to receive them, in a great state of boisterous tail-wagging affection; and when Faust, having licked them all over, and having made them damp, dusty, and rumped, in the excess of his love, had quite done with them, and gone back to a large bone on the drawing-room rug, and Lewis placing his arm round Walter's neck, had whispered to him that he was never to go away any more, and that he hoped before very long, Annie would come and live with them, Walter felt sure he had never known what it was to be quite happy till then, which fact he afterwards communicated to Faust in the strictest confidence.

Lewis's assertion in regard to Annie was not based on mere conjecture; for General Grant—albeit he felt that, in the interview we have lately recorded between himself and Lewis, he had been decidedly out-generalled—did not again reject his late tutor's proposal for his daughter's hand, but, on the contrary, with the usual self-knowledge of worldly elderly people, (that is, of those who, nine times out of ten, dictate the actions, and influence for weal or woe the future, of the young and generous-hearted,) the moment he became convinced that Lewis was about to inherit a baronetcy, and an income little short of 10,000*l.* a-year, contrived to persuade himself that when his first surprise had been passed, and he had become aware how deeply his daughter's happiness was involved, he should certainly have allowed her to unite herself with Sir Lewis Desborough, under his former phase of a precarious portrait-painter. But, if we had been Sir Lewis, we should have felt heartily glad we were not forced to rely on such a very "forlorn hope."

Rose, no longer Arundel, did not enjoy the name of Desborough many weeks, for although she had particularly desired to be married on the same day as Lewis and Annie, she yet yielded the point, when Ursa Major, hearing that General Grant would not allow his daughter's wedding to take place till a year after the death of Lord Bellefield, grew so outrageous, that Rose was forced to marry him out of the way, in order to prevent him from snapping and growling at every one that came near him. But this was Richard Frere's last bearish episode; for constant association with Rose softened his little asperity of temper, which, having arisen solely from the unloved and unloving existence he had been forced by circumstances to lead, disappeared in the sunshine of a happy home.

Lord Ashford did not long survive the loss of his eldest son, and Charley Leicester, the portionless younger brother, with "a good set of teeth and nothing to eat," is now a highly respectable peer of the realm, with a rent-roll to be computed by tens of thousands. Happy in the affection of his wife and children, (for "Tarley" has already had two successors to dispute the chance of being "spoiled by papa, only that mamma won't let him,") Charles, Lord Ashford, has

but one trouble in life, though that unfortunately appears likely to prove an increasing one—viz.: that those confounded fellows, Schneider and Shears, *won't* make his waistcoats to fit him as they used to do, they are all too tight round the waist—and Schneider and Shears bear the blame meekly, having only last week discharged an injudicious foreman, who had been rash enough to declare that their excellent customer, Lord Ashford, was growing stout. For a short time, the Countess Portici resided with her brother and sister-in-law, Alessandro having obligingly got himself knocked on the head in the cause of liberty, the reversion of this popular watchword being about the only legacy he bequeathed to his young, interesting, and not particularly disconsolate widow, who having sown her romance, replaced the handsome Italian by a rich old French nobleman, Le Marquis de Carosse-Tranquille, irreverently translated by Bracy, who is still a bachelor and makes more puns than ever, into "My Lord Slow-Coach"—a title which the mental incapacities of that venerable foreigner rendered unpleasantly appropriate.

The mighty Marmaduke De Grandeville purchased with his wife's money a large estate in ———shire, which had belonged to his family some five hundred years before; he has since instituted a set of regulations for his tenantry, formed on the model of the feudal system, and if he be not prematurely suffocated by his own greatness, bids fair to "add a new lustre to the noble name which—ar—ahem!" &c. &c.

Mrs. Arundel carried out her design of marrying her "blighted barrister," and by her liveliness of disposition has done more towards removing the mildew from his mind than could have been expected. As, however, in accordance with her taste, they live chiefly abroad, Lewis and Annie see but little of them.

Miss Livingstone as she increased in years grew harsher, stiffer, and more frozen than ever, until one bitter winter's day, happening to catch a slight additional cold, her temperature sank below the point at which animal life can be maintained, and becoming rather stiffer and colder than usual, the first half of her patronymic ceased to be any longer appropriate—her last word was a cross one.—General Grant lived to a good old age, improving, under the influence of certain bright-eyed little Desboroughs, into a very amiable grandpapa.

The fate of Miles Hardy still remains a mystery; that he did not die of the wounds received in the death-struggle with Lord Bellefield, was ascertained; but whether he perished in the Italian revolution, in which he was known to take an active part, or, as was rumoured, escaped in safety to America, the few who are interested in him have failed to learn.

Annie and Lewis, after their stormy transit along that portion of the Railroad of Life in which we have accompanied them, were, at length, happily united; their future fortunes yet lie hid amid the uncut leaves of the great book of Fate; but one thing we may safely predicate, viz., that whatever trials may be in store for them, they will find in their mutual

affection a source of constant joy and consolation, of which the lonely-hearted and uncared-for are unhappily ignorant.

Reader, the RAILROAD OF LIFE is closed, nor is it at present the intention of its author to begin another tale in the pages of SHARPE. He would fain take leave of you in the simple words of the old Latin play-wright, "*Valete et plaudite*;" but if his consciousness of his own shortcomings forbids his seeking your applause, let him at least hope that you will not refuse your good wishes to your old acquaintance, FRANK FAIRLEIGH.

 NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"Hamon and Catar; or, The Two Races." A Tale. Simpkin and Marshall.—This tale has the advantage of rarity, being built up in a part of the kingdom of romance not much frequented by story-tellers. It is antediluvian; the scene lying partly in the city of Enoch, which, according to the 4th chapter of Genesis, was a city built by Cain and called after the name of his son, partly in the land of the descendants of Seth, and partly in the uninhabited country between them. The geography of the tale is, of course, very vaguely indicated; not so the *dramatis personæ*, who are brought before the reader vividly enough, and go through the business set down for them not in the least like antediluvian fossils, but like our contemporaries, in a semi-sublime state of barbaric civilization. The author, who has a great facility, we had well-nigh said a fatal facility of writing, shows much vigour and brilliancy of fancy, and no small share of the higher poetic faculty, imagination, but they both want to be trained in the way in which they should go. Still "Hamon and Catar" is a clever, decidedly a clever production, in a difficult department of literature. The very choice of such a subject is proof sufficient that its author is ambitious. But cleverness and ambition, with an active fancy and a bold imagination, are not sufficient for the achievement of excellence in this department, though they certainly go a great way towards attaining it. The rapid eager way in which the story runs on, (as if its writer never had occasion to pause in composition,) as well as the careless nature of the style, a curious *mélange* of *naïveté*, bombast, and common-place, alternating with passages of fair writing and effective eloquence, gives us an idea that the author is very young in years and younger still in literature. He wants little encouragement, we imagine, to sit down and write a much better book than the present, (it is probable that he has already written one,) but we are glad to offer him a few words in approval of the undoubted talent he has already displayed. "Hamon and Catar," with all its faults, is by no means a work of which he will be ashamed when he is ten years older. It is earnest, vigorous, and often highly poetic. The story is interesting; the characters are

distinct and life-like; that is, like the sort of life to which we have been accustomed since the Deluge. We cannot say that they have anything of

"The large utterance of the early gods"

about them; but they certainly are not commonplace men and women. We might expect to meet such among the Kirgish Tartars or other inhabitants of Central Asia at the present day. They have a pleasant touch of wildness and romance about them. And if all the daughters of Cain were as good and self-sacrificing as Anna and Ada, we do not see clearly what the sons of Seth had to complain of after entering into the bonds of matrimony with them. We expected a story of

"Woman wailing for her demon lover,"

from the first few pages, and were somewhat disappointed to come upon a mere human story of love and jealousy, and woman's devotion. We do not quite understand why the story could not have been told without the intervention of Cain. Our curiosity as to his whereabouts during the time of narration is never satisfied. There is something verging both on the impossible and the ridiculous, in a man's telling a story while he is "falling, falling eternally," and "the great universe on fire seems rushing after him into the Abysses." We do not presume to say that it might not be done in an antediluvian fiction; but we think that *l'art difficile de bien conter* was never exercised under such discomfortable circumstances, and we cannot help regretting that somebody else did not save Cain the additional trouble of telling a story à *longue haleine*.

"Historical Sketches and Personal Recollections of Manchester," is the title of a volume lately put into our hands, as emanating from the pen of Mr. Archibald Prentice, many years the editor of the Manchester Times. This gentleman is well known in Lancashire as one of those untiring advocates of progress, who have ever been found struggling in the foremost ranks for the extension of political rights and freedom of commerce. Our author has collected, in the work before us, the scattered records of the most important events which have occurred in Manchester during the forty years which preceded the passing of the Reform Act, and the consequent enfranchisement of that great centre of manufacturing industry. We see that his labours have attained to the distinction of a second edition, an honour not often conferred upon local histories, which must necessarily contain much that is uninteresting to the general reader, or be deficient in those details that constitute their chief merit in the localities they profess to describe. Mr. Prentice's pages comprise the origin and early records of that party which has in late years, and under more favourable circumstances, risen into power and popularity as the "Manchester School," and to those who take an interest in tracing the gradual expansion of political creeds, and the slow but certain steps by which they attain their influence, they will repay an attentive perusal.

His account of the fatal collision between the people and the soldiery in St. Peter's Fields, Manchester, in August 1819; will be read with deep interest by many who are too young to remember the stormy days of the Reform agitation. We trust that our author will continue his labours, and bring down the history of Manchester to the present time. The period extending from 1832 to 1850, embracing the important records of the Anti Corn-Law League, in which that town was actively engaged, will make an admirable companion volume to the Historical Sketches.

THE SMALL DEER OF CEYLON.

THIS is the title given by the artist to the rich group of tropical life that forms the subject of our engraving. It is not our present purpose to enter upon the zoology of Ceylon; the deer of that island are a variety of the species unknown to temperate latitudes, though resembling in their general characteristics those members of the stag family with which we are all sufficiently familiar. Our object in this brief notice is rather to direct the reader's attention to the merits of the artist, than to dilate upon the natural history of the birds and beasts which constitute the prominent features of his drawing; and even this is scarcely necessary, for Mr. Daniell is already so well known to the British public by his beautiful illustrations of our Indian possessions as to render any commendations from us superfluous. He has laboured with great success in a clime where nature has most bountifully supplied those invaluable adjuncts to the artist—beauty of form, brilliancy of colour, and a cloudless sky; and the present illustration, combining as it does some magnificent scenery with curious specimens of the animal kingdom, must rank among his happiest productions.

SCRAP.

In 1804 Mungo Park, the celebrated traveller, was residing near the banks of the Yarrow, where he was often visited by Sir Walter Scott. On one occasion, Lockhart in his Life of Scott relates that, not finding him at home, Scott went in search of his friend, and "presently found him standing alone on the bank, plunging one stone after another into the water, and watching anxiously the bubbles as they rose to the surface." "This," said Scott, "appears but an ill amusement for one who has seen so much stirring adventure." "Not so idle, perhaps, as you suppose," answered Mungo. "This was the manner in which I used to ascertain the depth of a river in Africa before I ventured to cross it—judging whether the attempt would be safe, by the time the bubbles of air took to ascend." At this time Park's intention of a second expedition had never been revealed to Scott; but he instantly formed the opinion that these experiments on the Yarrow were connected with some such purpose.



ITALY, AND HER FOREMOST MEN.

THE apathy with which the wrongs and miseries of Italy have been hitherto regarded in England—an apathy we have not been able to pass by, without remark, in our preceding pages—is gradually clearing away, beneath the radiant beams of truth; that sun of the moral world, which, however it may have to struggle for awhile against the clouds of ignorance, prejudice or error, finally bursts through them all, and shows every object in the light, that stands the test of investigation, and determines its actual quality and position.

One reason of the change which is daily developing itself in English feeling, doubtless is to be found in the conviction that the cruelties and injustice which have marked the conduct of the priestly government in Rome, ever since its re-establishment, and the still more atrocious barbarities of the military one in Naples, under its Commander-in-Chief, King *Bomba*, argue something radically wrong in those who practise them, rather than in those upon whom they are practised. Another reason is, that a more correct view is beginning to be obtained of the real character and motives of the different partisans who have exerted their energies in the cause of liberty and the diffusion of knowledge; or in that of despotism, and the continuation of ignorance; according, we will have the charity to imagine, as their consciences may have dictated to them.

It is in order to throw additional light upon this important subject, connected as it is with all the dearest interests of humanity, freedom, rationality, religion, unfettered intercourse in the great family of Man, and consequent reciprocation of benefits to every branch of it, that we propose laying before our readers brief sketches of the principal personages, the "Foremost Men," who may be considered as taking an influential part in the affairs of Italy—affairs which are daily more and more connecting themselves with the interests of Europe.

The leading parties in Italian politics may be divided into three classes. The first is the Absolutists; the regular upholders of "the good old times," when it was heresy to hint that abuses and imperfections might possibly exist even in institutions of priestly framing, and rebellion to suggest any means by which such abuses and imperfections might be ameliorated. This class, known in Rome by the appropriate *sobriquet* of the *Ocurantisti*, and in Tuscany and the north of Italy by that of *Codusi*, is characterised by such men as Cardinals Antonelli and Della Genga, at Rome, the Marquis del Carretto at Naples, Monsignor Coole, the King's Confessor, and others equally notorious, besides a whole train in every state of political turp-coats and official spies, as a specimen of whom it will suffice to quote the name of Nardoni, the most infamous and most traitorous of them all; discarded by Pio Nono himself, as a stain upon his police, a foul accuser of innocent men, but subsequently replaced, as a fit instrument of the baseness which seeks for protection to itself, by the betrayal and ruin

of others. To this class, we have assigned priority of mention, not from any preponderance in its numbers, or importance in its talent, but simply in deference to its "bald antiquity," and the compassion with which it is natural to regard those whose race, whatever it may have been, is nearly run; who, in fact, to use a colloquial phrase, more expressive than elegant, are "on their last legs."

Then follow the Moderates, or partisans of constitutional liberty; among whom Rome reckons Pantaleoni, the able and benevolent physician, well known to the English visitors and residents there; Mamiani, his intimate friend; the unfortunate Rossi, and his colleague the Duke of Rignano; Minghetti, Recchi, and Farini, whose history of the Roman State, from 1815 to 1851, has been recently laid before the English public, through the translation of Mr. Gladstone. Piedmont produces Gioberti, Balbo, and Azeglio, all distinguished for their literary attainments; also Pinelli, Cavour, and the Abbé Rossini. Florence shows us the Marquis Capponi and Rodolfi, the Abbé Lambruschini, and the advocates Salvagnoli and Galeotti. Naples, Poerio, the highly-gifted unfortunate Poerio, chained to a common galley-slave, in a wretched and pestiferous dungeon; Comferti, Troja, and Spaventa; Sicily boasts of Ruggiero Settimo, the venerated head of the Sicilian government, whilst that island maintained its independence, Scialoja, and many others, at this time suffering imprisonment, under circumstances of aggravation, that make it worse than death.

And now come the Republicans, headed by Mazzini; one of the most extraordinary men in Europe, and at the same time, we verily believe, whatever varying opinions may exist as to the tendency of his theories, or the length to which he carries them, one of the most sincere in purpose, and disinterested in speculation. In his train appear Cernuschi, Cattaneo, Garibaldi, the famed Guerilla warrior, generous as brave, Gavazzi, the eloquent Barnabite friar, whose thunders (so lately holding all London in astonished admiration) against despotic power and papal abuses have been borne across the Mediterranean, to strike terror into the Vatican, and make monarchs tremble upon their uneasy thrones; Saffi; Guerrazzi, and Montanelli from Florence; from Venice, Manin, the honest president of the Provisional Government in that city, and Tomaseo, his coadjutor as Minister of the Interior, distinguished not less by his literary attainments, than the warmth of his patriotism: and to these might be added many others, from different states, who have found a temporary refuge in this country, of which one of the dearest and most sacred privileges is, that of affording an asylum to the unfortunate, and conferring liberty on the slave.

In order to understand the nature of the late movements in Italy, and the respective politics of the leading parties, it is necessary to look back, even so far as the closing years of the last century. At that period, Italy was rapidly progressing towards civilization: but then came the French Revolution, which led to the French Invasion; an event fraught, in

many points, with benefit to Italy, but in many others, deplorably the reverse; for the excesses of the Revolution, both in doctrine and practice, alarmed the conscientious and sober-minded: their abhorrence of these excesses begot in them distrust and dislike of all new opinions whatsoever; they dreaded everything that led to discussion, progress and liberty, and clung, for protection, to the priests, who were glad enough to make them sensible of its value, by magnifying the dangers to which they were told they must inevitably be exposed without it. The sovereigns of Europe, restored in 1815 to the thrones from which they had been rudely shaken by Napoleon, naturally favoured this disposition wherever it was to be met with; and they instituted as fierce a crusade against liberal opinions, the rights of the people, and social advancement, as the Revolutionists had too often done against moral order, and the principles of humanity and justice. Two questions were at that time agitated in Italy, and still are, and, we may add, always will be, until they are settled in a manner conformable to the good sense and common rights of mankind. These questions may be comprised in very few words. One relates to the Cause of Independence, or of Emancipation from Austria; in other words, the National Cause: the other, to the Cause of Liberty and Progress, or the Constitutional Cause. By the *Holy Alliance*, Austria found herself not only mistress of the richest provinces in Italy, but also intimately connected with all its governments, as well as with the priestly party: she might even have brought over the Liberals to her side, if she would have given any honourable satisfaction to their feelings; for in fact, the government of Napoleon had been anything but liberal. Such was the unfortunate condition to which Italy was reduced by the French Revolution, and the treaties of 1815.

And now came in quick succession all the evil and degrading consequences attendant upon the subjugation to Austria, which the unhappy Italians too soon found, hung like a millstone round their necks. Napoleon had, at any rate, protected literary and scientific men; but, by Austria and the Restoration they were neglected, if not persecuted, everywhere save in Tuscany. The natural consequence was, that learning, genius, and enterprise, leagued themselves against Austria, in other words, against despotism, ignorance, and priestcraft. The first outburst of this confederation was manifested in the conspiracy of 1817, when Rasori, the celebrated physician, and several more, were imprisoned, though only for a short time; the government not daring, in its early days of despotism, to commit any act that should too forcibly excite the attention of the public. The next endeavour of the Liberals was to gain the religious party to join them in their denunciations against Austrian bondage, and their appeal in favour of popular liberty; and in this they succeeded to a considerable extent, chiefly through the aid of Silvio Pellico, Alessandro Manzoni, and others of the school of the *Conciliatore*, a journal published at Milan in 1820, but prohibited a few months afterwards, by Austria.

The revolution of 1821 discovered the alliance of

many of the religious party with the National Cause, and even with the Constitutional one, in Piedmont and Naples. Several priests, to their honour be it spoken, took part with the patriots, and the court of Rome itself, under the mild administration of Consalvi, behaved with great moderation respecting them.

When the revolution broke out in France, in 1830, a great excitement prevailed throughout Italy; but in proportion as the anti-priestly party seemed to gain ground in France, so did the timorous amongst the conscientious and religious part of the community in Italy draw back from the liberal party, with which they had previously appeared willing to coalesce. Nevertheless, a revolution took place in central Italy, in the Roman provinces, and as religion was properly respected in the course of it, no disadvantageous change was produced by it in the real state of public feeling.

Thus were affairs going on, when the Liberals resolved to take one step more, and that was to endeavour to interest the different Italian governments in the grand cause of the people of Italy—the theme was first touched upon by Gioberti, in his "*Primato*," wherein he reverted to the Guelphic policy, and advocated the placing the Pope at the head of the Italian movement. Close upon him followed Balbo, maintaining the same opinions, still more decidedly, in his work "*Le Speranze d'Italia*." Both writers, but particularly Balbo, took, as the first point in their argument, the independence, and as their second, the civil liberty and progress of Italy. These productions created an extraordinary sensation throughout the country: the first brought over the priests to the Italian cause, and the second completely won the King of Piedmont, Charles Albert, to participation in the sentiments it promulgated. Such is the importance of the pen—a weapon, when rightly wielded, of more efficacy, and more extended influence, than the sword. Next stepped forth Massimo d'Azeglio, with "*I Casi di Rimini*," wherein, with the popular mode of arguing peculiar to himself, he applied to practice the principles propounded by Balbo. This work procured him the distinction of being exiled from Tuscany, where he was living at the time of its publication; but he found a home and protection in Piedmont, where he was still residing at the accession of Pio Nono. It was then that, for a few short and sunny weeks, it seemed to the delighted Italians as if the song of the heavenly host was heard again in the translucent air, and floated over the glorious dome of St. Peter's.—"On earth peace and goodwill towards men," seemed proclaimed a second time, in the gracious words of the amnesty that knit all parties together, for the moment, in one general reconciliation and feelings of fraternal love. Even the Jesuits, relaxing their iron imperturbability, their icy insulation, seemed inclined at that moment to hold out the hand of fellowship to the Liberals, by espousing the cause of independence against Austria. But they had previously gone too far in opposition to it; the half-extended hand was looked upon with suspicion—no one was willing to clasp it—Gioberti roughly and publicly repulsed it, in his "*Gesuita Moderno*;"—it was drawn

back, clenched in anger; and from that time, an open division took place between the moderate, or religious party, headed by the Pope, and the violent, the bigoted, the ultra-montane party, headed by the Jesuits, and the regular old Gregorian *Monsignori*. Nevertheless, Italy marched on in the path of liberty—one reform followed another, and the Constitutionals were in the full expectation of accomplishing their *beau idéal* of moderate monarchism, when lo! the revolution of France, the abdication of Louis Philippe, and the proclamation of a Republic in that country, checked all their hopes, filled the Absolutists with dismay, and excited afresh in the ardent minds of the Republican Party, till then somewhat damped by the failure of their plans, a thousand dazzling visions of success and glory, which they lost no time in endeavouring to realize, by the most strenuous exertion of every faculty they possessed, and every means they could employ.

Of how many evils to Rome has not that revolution been the cause! and not to Rome alone, but to every country labouring under similar hardships and oppressions. Yes! France has much to answer for, in the miseries she has occasioned by her uncalled-for and unjustifiable interference, under the most treacherous pretences, with an oppressed, yet noble people, who had a right, as free agents and rational beings, to redress their own wrongs. She has to answer for many a groan, forced from gallant hearts, throbbing out their last pulsations in fetid dungeons—for many a tear wrung from the eyes of bereaved wives, and destitute families—for many a crime committed under her auspices, against the unoffending and the brave—for many a prolonged cruelty of a despotism which she has done her utmost to maintain, and for doing which she meets her just reward in the scorn and censure of every generous mind throughout the civilized world.

We have entered so fully on former occasions into the wrongs under which Rome laboured, previous to the accession of Pio Nono, and has continued to labour since his inauspicious return, that it is unnecessary at present to repeat them; particularly since most of our readers have probably become yet more intimately acquainted with them through the indignant eloquence of Father Gavazzi, who has unmasked and commented upon them, in the orations he has given the public, with all the fearlessness of truth, and all the severity of well-founded and undisguised disgust. And now, as we all know that one of the greatest revolutions in the world, and at the same time the greatest reformation, was accomplished in the sixteenth century by the labours of one monk, it may not be irrelevant to bestow a few remarks upon those of another, who has been aptly termed the Luther of the nineteenth; and who certainly has as wide a field before him, as was ever opened to his predecessor, in the exposure of Papal abuses, and the effects of despotic rule on the welfare, moral and physical, of those who may be condemned to groan under its decrees.

Father Gavazzi is a native of Bologna, and is the second son of a family of twenty children. His

father, who was of noble birth, filled several offices of importance, both at Bologna and Forli, with credit, and was held in general esteem. It was probably in consideration of the number of children he had to provide for, that he was induced to devote his second son to the Church, and accordingly the future orator became, in his sixteenth year, a monk of the order of Barnabites. He had already given promise of great talent, and at the age of twenty he was appointed to the office of Professor of Rhetoric and *Belles Lettres*, in the Public College of Ravaggio, at Naples. The majority of his pupils were nearly as old as himself, but by the solidity of his attainments, and the kindness and urbanity of his manners, he gained their respect and affection alike; insomuch that it was with great regret they saw him compelled to take his leave of them, in consequence of being summoned to Arpino, to go through his spiritual exercises, previous to his ordination. Soon after his arrival there, however, he was sent forth to preach in Terra di Lavoro, and Calabria, by the command of his Superiors; who had probably the good sense to see that an active life and public career were much more congenial to his temperature and qualifications, than poring over the legends of the Saints, or sitting in his cell in a state of serene stultification, gazing upon nothing, in the anticipation of some seraphic vision. At the expiration of a year, he returned with the reputation of a most powerful and convincing orator. After receiving ordination, he went to Leghorn, where he received an appointment in one of the public schools, as teacher of general literature; but the system of *espionnage*, which is one of the curses of that ill-used, and therefore turbulent city, was there carried on with lynx-eyed activity, in all places of instruction; professors and pupils were equally subjected to it. No wonder then that Gavazzi's ardent language, breathing, as it had ever done, the most passionate love of liberty, and scorn of oppression and despotism, whatever shapes they might assume,—no wonder that it should immediately attract the attention, and alarm the susceptibilities of the Jesuit informers, who kindly took upon themselves the task of ascertaining the state of public opinion and private morals; and that in consequence of the deductions they drew from it, he should very soon after his arrival receive a "broad hint" that the more speedily he relinquished his employment, and, to use an Italian phrase, relieved the city from the *incomodo* of his presence, the more agreeable it would be to the authorities, and the more prudent for himself. He obeyed the mandate at that time; but, disgusted with the prospect of being similarly thwarted in all his endeavours to impart instruction in the capacity of a teacher, he resolved to relinquish the employment at once, and devote himself, for the future, to that of a sacred orator. There is no character throughout Italy more secure than this from the interference of authority, or even the misrepresentations of hired spies, or traducers by profession. An eloquent preacher speedily becomes the favourite of the people; they look upon him as

their property, and will not allow of any attack being made upon him, directly or indirectly: a government of priests is cautious how it condemns one of their own body, whose talents may serve to throw lustre over the sacred functions, even though his arguments be distasteful to its prejudices, or inimical to its interests; and as it would be as difficult to define the exact nature of the offence, as the degree of punishment due to it, they wisely shut their ears to what he may utter, and their eyes to the effect it may produce, as long as they have any excuse either to themselves or the people, for their apparent indifference to his proceedings.

But Gavazzi was not the man to do anything by halves, and he entered upon his vocation with all the zeal that the consciousness of a good cause will always inspire in the breast of an honest man, and all the fearlessness of one who, looking upon himself at once as a soldier of Christ and a citizen of the world, sees in banishment from place to place, only fresh scenes for his duties, and fresh inducements for the exercise of them. He was twenty-five years of age, and already was his reputation matured, when he commenced his daily preaching, during the season of Lent, at Piacenza; and from that time he continued these sermons annually, as long as he remained in Italy. But the chief field for ten years of his pious and patriotic labours, was Piedmont. Asti, Alessandria, Vercelli, and Turin, were successively visited by him in the course of his mission; and it is only justice to say that he was generally beloved and respected, wherever he went. Nevertheless, he found bitter enemies and inveterate opponents, as well as obedient proselytes and admiring friends. Among the most malignant of the former were the Jesuits, at whose head was the Marquis de la Margherita, then Minister of Foreign Affairs for Piedmont. He was gloomy, bigoted, and narrow, in all his notions; he dreaded every appearance of intellectual progress, hated the word improvement, in whatever sense it might be used; and whilst he tyrannized over others, he was himself the abject slave of the Order of St. Ignatius, to which he belonged. Now as all Gavazzi's sentiments, all his arguments, all his views, were in direct opposition to those entertained by the members of that Order, an open war was established between them, and the banishment of the orator, convicted of the crime of captivating and enlightening the people, was decreed by Margherita as a matter of course.

Gavazzi now transferred his labours to Parma, where he pursued them for four years, and where they were so fully appreciated that he has been known to preach to crowded congregations ten times in one single day. There, however, he found a field which he had not anticipated, in the central prison of the city, where he had his abode assigned him, by a mandate from Gregory the Sixteenth, in consequence of a series of sermons he had delivered at Bologna, which turning upon patriotism, justice, and gospel purity, did not exactly suit that Pontiff's ideas

of propriety. On his release from "durance vile," he went to Perugia, and thence, in 1845, to Ancona; where, his zeal overstepping his discretion, he launched forth into such a furious tirade against the ruling powers and their doctrines, that he speedily found himself again incarcerated, and this time with more severity, for it was in the College of the Noviciate of St. Severino; and whoever would wish to know the extent to which the rigour of punishment may be carried, has only to commit some fault which may bring him within its priestly discipline. This poor Gavazzi found to his cost, for during twelve months that he remained under monkish coercion in that place, every indignity was heaped upon his devoted head, and every ingenuity resorted to, in order to render his life degraded and miserable.

The death of Gregory was, however, the signal for Gavazzi's release. He had been on terms of intimacy with the brothers of Pio Nono; and by that Pontiff, then giving the promise of every excellence in himself, and every blessing to his people, he was released from his convent prison, recalled to Rome, and taken into favour at the Vatican.

It was in the beautiful Church of Santa Maria degli Angioli, that the sonorous accents of Gavazzi were heard for the first time in the Eternal City: whoever has paced the spacious transept of that glorious edifice, may easily imagine how grandly such accents would echo through it; his subject, moreover, was an inspiring one; it was the first anniversary of Pio Nono's accession to the Papal Chair, and in the eventful year that had preceded it, how many great and good things were believed to have been effected! How many more, it was hoped, were to be achieved in that which was to follow! He was listened to with enthusiasm and delight, as he bailed the rising of the day-star of liberty, in the pure cerulean hemisphere of his beloved Italy; and Pio Nono himself, heard with complacency and approbation of a theme so closely associated with his own praises.

In his next popular effusion, Gavazzi was less successful, as far as giving his Holiness satisfaction was concerned. It was upon the discovery and defeat, in Rome, of the plot against its liberties, which had commenced in Ferrara, through Austrian emissaries, and in counterpoise of which, the Pope agreed to the organization of the National Guards. Gavazzi, penetrated with gratitude on the occasion, delivered a sermon of thanksgiving in the Church of St. Andrew delle Fratte; but, hurried by his enthusiasm into a just denunciation of the evils resulting from the arbitrary and narrow-minded reign of Gregory, he forgot himself so far as to paint the faults of the man, instead of confining his strictures to the errors of the Pontificate. This was contrary to the *etiquette* of the Vatican. These strictures, when reported to him, sounded harshly in the ears of Pio Nono; to censure the dead was but one step from criticising the living; the example was not to be passed over with that impunity which might allow it to grow into a precedent; the gifted orator was rebuked, and silence imposed upon him. Gavazzi

submitted to the injunction with a humility which did him honour; partly from a candid acknowledgment within himself, that his impetuosity might have carried him beyond the bounds of propriety, and partly from sincere affection at that time to Pio Nono: though a suspicion that the Holy Father's character was deficient in stability and truth was then first awakened in his mind, and unhappily but too fatally confirmed by succeeding circumstances.

It was in the month of January, during the temporary disgrace of Gavazzi, that the dreadful onslaught was made at Padua, by the Austrian troops, upon the student population of that city, who, carried away by the impetuosity of youth, had manifested their love of liberty in a defiance of their oppressors, by whom they had been brutally insulted. This attack they had no power to resist. Pity and horror were alike raised by the sanguinary deed, as base as it was cruel, for where was the honour of victory over those who had no means of contest? The execrations of the people mingled with the shrieks and wailings of desolated mothers, the groans of bereaved fathers—the remaining youths were hastily recalled to their homes, the university broken up, and prayers were offered and solemn funeral rites performed, in many of the chief cities, for those who had fallen untimely on the unequal field, like flowers cut off in their bloom. Rome shared in the general feeling; her students implored Gavazzi to pay the tribute of his eloquence to their brothers, murdered in the streets of Padua. Grief and rage unchained his tongue; he thundered forth, in the Church of the University, a philippic against tyranny in all its hideous forms, and lamented over its recent victims, with an agony of regret that at once melted his congregation into woman's weakness, and roused in them the most ardent desire to avenge those for whom they mourned. This harangue was a deep aggravation, at the Vatican, of Gavazzi's previous offence; he was condemned to expiate it in the Convent of Polveriera, from whence, as though its discipline, notorious for its severity, was yet not severe enough, he was secretly transferred to the Capuchin Convent of Genzano. But he was not destined to imprisonment and inactivity. The proclamation of the republic in France, and the temporary triumph of the liberal party at Vienna, were events that carried the hopes of Italy up to their climax. One long cry of brotherhood and unity sounded through the land, and troops were sent from all parts, into Lombardy, and to Venice, to repel the hordes which Austria was certain to pour upon those points, as soon as she should recover from the stupor of the blow she had received. At Rome sprang up, as if by magic, an army of youthful volunteers, whose "*beauté virile*," and "*ardeur patriotique*," draw forth the warmest eulogiums from the high-spirited and munificent Princess Belgioso, who repeatedly witnessed their courage, and who had herself conducted into the field a regiment fitted out solely at her own individual expense.

These were not times to keep a man like Gavazzi shut up in a convent—and he was soon to be seen

parading the streets of Rome with a tri-coloured cross upon his broad breast, the emblem at once of his devotion to his sacred calling and to his country. Often have we seen him thus decorated, shedding the light of his resplendent countenance from the gallery of the Chamber of Deputies, on the speakers below; often heard his animating exhortations ring through the arches of the Colosseum, his voice, all-powerful though it be, almost overwhelmed in the thunders of applause his arguments called forth. All parties owned the power of his eloquence, and the force of his reasoning, and when the troops were summoned to the Vatican, to receive on themselves, their arms, their banners, and their cause, the Papal benediction, and the blessing of God, Gavazzi was nominated the chaplain in chief. That same evening he was admitted to a private interview with Pio Nono, who in the course of it invested him with full power to exercise due authority over the other chaplains, and graciously bestowed upon him a special blessing, for his well-doing in his new vocation. The Holy Father moreover favoured him with some communications which he had much rather have been without, as they only tended to confirm in him the suspicions he had already begun to entertain, as to the Pontiff's firmness and sincerity in the cause of emancipation. In short, he was given to understand that the passage of the Po was permitted by Pio Nono, not to vindicate the rights of the Italian nation, nor to repel the Austrian aggression of them,—not for any veneration of liberty in itself, or desire to extend its blessings among his people,—in short, not for any great national or disinterested end whatsoever, but solely for the recovery of the petty territory of Polesine for the Holy See! Such was the footing, whether true or not, upon which the Holy Father chose to put an expedition that exposed the flower of his subjects to death, in order, we may presume, to leave himself "a hole to creep out at," if interrogated by his "trusty and well-beloved cousin" of Austria, as to his motives for sanctioning the expedition.

To track the progress of Gavazzi through the Roman States is unnecessary; at Perugia, Padua, Venice, everywhere his voice was heard appealing, encouraging, beseeching, warning, threatening,—everywhere it was listened to with enthusiastic delight, and no doubt his eloquence was one of the most powerful weapons that were employed at that time in the liberal cause. As brave in the field as he was eloquent in the forum, his tall figure might be seen in the thickest of the fight, comforting the dying, or carrying off the wounded to a place of safety. Four of his brothers attended him in this campaign, and proved themselves worthy of the name which he was destined to render celebrated throughout the whole civilized world. In the retreat of the Piave he was exposed to great personal insult from the enemy, and often incurred considerable danger: returning to Florence, he resumed his discourses there, but was soon seized by the authorities, and conveyed across the frontier. He then sought shelter with a relative a few miles from Bologna, but his hiding-place being discovered,

orders were issued for his arrest: he was enabled, however, to escape to Milan, by the kindness of Cardinal d'Amat, the Governor of Bologna, who contrived to warn him of his peril, and sent him money to facilitate his departure. At Milan he found the state of parties, harassed, irritated, and distrustful of each other, unfavourable to his declamations; and the case was the same at Genoa, to which city he repaired after the capitulation of Milan. Bologna proved a more congenial field; he was implored by the inhabitants to raise his voice against the dreadful crime of assassination, which, joined to the horrors of brigandage, was then carrying terror into the bosoms of the most respectable families. Taking Ancona in his way, he there greatly strengthened the public feeling in favour of liberty; and, arriving at Bologna, he added the force of his eloquence to the calmer arguments and judicious measures of Galletti, by which tranquillity and order were in a great measure restored. His reward was an order for his arrest, despatched from Rome by Rossi, and carried into immediate execution by that minister's colleague, Zucchi.

Gavazzi was now in more real peril than he had perhaps ever been exposed to, amid a shower of bullets, with destruction stalking round him. Though still retaining the titular dignity of Chaplain-in-Chief to the Pontifical Forces, and of which no step had been taken by the Papal Court to deprive him, he was sent like a common malefactor to Corneto. In the dungeons of that town, devoted solely to the imprisonment of priests, and wherein are practised severities and cruelties that would not be allowed in any civil establishment, not even for the most atrocious crimes, Gavazzi might, under the *ancien régime*, have languished out the remainder of his days, unheard of, amid chains and stripes, hunger and filth, and every species of insult, companioned with the most guilty and most degraded of men, the very dregs of a venal and corrupt priesthood; but in passing through Viterbo, the people flew to his rescue, and carried him off in triumph from the grasp of his guards. This bold manifestation of popular feeling alarmed the papal government so much that an order was instantly sent in confirmation of his release. Immediately quitting the Roman States, he retraced his steps to Venice, where, however, he was now coldly received; the public sentiments had undergone a change; he was accused, though very unjustly, of advocating Communism, and pushing all his opinions to the ultra: but soon a gleam of brilliant light shot once more across his path. The Pope fled from Rome; the government was left in the hands of Gavazzi's admirers and friends; joyfully he presented himself among them, joyfully was he welcomed by them. Soon were his courage and his eloquence called forth—the approach of the French roused them to the utmost, and once more he might be seen, foremost in the place of danger, waving his cross on the city walls, bearing the wounded to the hospital, blessing the dying, consoling the afflicted—everywhere the zealous priest, the devoted citizen, the brave patriot. But Rome fell at last, and Gavazzi, unable to endure the spectacle of her second subjugation,

sought refuge in England, where, for many months after his arrival, he had to struggle with poverty and all its degrading attendants. He made his first appearance before the public on occasion of delivering a funeral oration in honour of his friend and fellow-sufferer, the excellent priest, Ugo Bossi, basely and secretly murdered at midnight, in his native city, by the Austrians, under the pretended legality of martial orders. We were among the auditors of that evening, and cannot imagine it possible ever to forget the effect which his commanding figure, his noble attitudes, his varied and most expressive action, the deep pathos of his voice, the dignified energy of his grief, produced upon his impressionable countrymen,—and we may add upon ourselves,—as he eulogized the virtues of his martyred brother in spiritual arms, and loaded with solemn maledictions the tyranny that sought to extend itself throughout Europe by the destruction of all who attempted to obstruct its course.

From this time Gavazzi's fortunes began to assume somewhat of a brighter aspect. Simple in his personal habits as a monk in his cell, very little was sufficient for his actual need; he had now made himself known—soon he was applied to for instruction, which furnished him from day to day with the means of support. At length his fellow-exiles in this country, duly appreciating how valuable his abilities would prove in giving publicity to their cause, clubbed their slender pittance together, to procure him a suitable room wherein to deliver a course of lectures upon the errors and abuses of the Church of Rome, and the mal-administration of the temporal government of the Pope. The interest of the public was speedily excited in the lecturer, and has continued to increase until he has acquired a universal popularity. He is indeed, we should imagine, at this moment, the most powerful and accomplished orator in Europe—nature has given him every requisite talent, and circumstances have combined to draw forth all his extraordinary qualifications. He is equally to be desired as an advocate, and dreaded as an opponent. He is not one of the mealy-mouthed who

“— never mentions Hell to ears polite;”

nor of the over refined and subtle reasoners who waste their finer wits in trying, like the gifted Burke, to

“— cut blocks with a razor.”

He employs expressive terms, and striking illustrations:—and if his constitutional impetuosity, his zeal in the cause of his country's freedom, and the peculiar genius of his mother-tongue, sometimes hurry him into personal vituperation, and coarseness of epithet or comparison, it can only be said that violent diseases require violent remedies; the abuses, the turpitudes and the tyrannies of the papal court, as proved by all history, cannot be exaggerated by any language; the iniquities of its secret proceedings require to be stated by a bold voice, nor can they be detected and laid faithfully open by a keener eye, a more unflinching hand, than that of this warrior-priest, whose constant text seems to be

“Cry aloud—spare not!”

LIFE IN PRAIRIE LAND.

BY EUNICE W. FARNSHAM.

[This work, which has been universally admired, both in England and America, for its vivid pictures of western life, as well as the beauty of its style, has, strange to say, never been reprinted in this country, and it is accordingly introduced to our readers in the full confidence that it will afford them no small measure of gratification.]

CHAPTER I.

Embarkation for the Illinois—Western steamboats in general—The Banner in particular—Her captain and crew—Hoochier bride and bridegroom—A walk in St. Louis—A horrible tale of Lynching.

On the morning of one of the last days of April, 18—, there was a small party of persons collected in the cabin of a steamboat which had just arrived at St. Louis from Louisville, discussing some topic which seemed to possess for them an engrossing interest. This party consisted of six persons, four ladies and two gentlemen, all evidently travellers. The question was how and when they should prosecute the remainder of their voyage up the principal eastern tributary which the father of waters receives above the Ohio. One of the gentlemen had explored the forest of steamboats which crowded the wharf of this growing city, and reported that there was but one advertised "For the Illinois this evening, without fail;" that he could not get on board of her, but thought her appearance extremely unpromising. It was near the close of the week, and as the other gentleman was a clergyman, and he and his party had, moreover, no dear friends from whom they had been separated seven long years, awaiting their arrival, they concluded to stop till the succeeding one. They accordingly went on shore, and the writer and her companion set out, accompanied by a cartman and sundry trunks, chests, &c, to find the *elegant, fast sailing, high-pressure* boat that was going "up the Illinois this evening, without fail."

We had travelled far enough on the western waters already to have learned that the "this evening" of the bills might possibly be adjourned twenty-four or even thirty-six hours; but faith is no less requisite on western steamboats than elsewhere, and summoning all ours, we embarked ourselves and our baggage on board the "Banner." We soon found the faith which led us on board was a mere rush-light to that necessary to keep us there. If steamboats had been running on the Illinois at the time when Noah explored the summit of Ararat, one would have affirmed that this very "Banner" was the pioneer of that period. But there is a story to be told, by-and-by, of the first craft of this kind that ever went up the Illinois, and its effect on the settlers, which unfortunately conflicts with this supposition, and drives the antiquarian to a period comparatively modern, as that which gave birth to the Banner. She was not a very large boat, but what she wanted in size was amply compensated in filth. One flight of stairs between the cabins was carpeted, and sundry small patches still remained on the floor of that in which we ate, being too firmly fastened by mingled grease and clay

to be easily removed. It is not perhaps generally known, that these articles, properly compounded, make a paste which is quite firm and sticky, and holds in cold water. I mention it for the benefit of the unenlightened, and can bear ample testimony to the virtues, having seen them repeatedly demonstrated in various ways at the west. The floors were broken, the stairs dilapidated; there was no linen for the berths, the hurricane deck leaked, and its edge was hung with delicate filaments of tar, which the warmth of the sun often drew to an inconvenient length and sometimes quite severed, irrespective of the welfare of those passing beneath. The waste of steam was so great that the wheels effected only about four revolutions a minute, and the boat had a strange habit, which I could not then fully comprehend, but which has since been satisfactorily explained by a scientific friend, of occasionally running twice or thrice her length, with considerable rapidity, and then suddenly lurching so as to throw every thing to the larboard. She averaged five of these spasms a day. There was a one-handed chambermaid on board, a one-eyed cook, and a three-fingered boy to wait at table. But all these imperfections were more than compensated by the exquisite finish and perfection of the captain. He was a soft-voiced, red-haired gentleman, in white silk hose, and French pumps, umbrageous ruffles, and a light satin cravat; who had strangely enough been transferred from his natural profession of lounging in the Broadway of some western town, to the command of this antediluvian piece of water craft. One could draw his portrait this day, by adding a thatch of red bristles over the mouth, and substituting for the silken hose, gaiters of the neatest fit and finish. On deck he wore lemon-coloured gloves. The first polish of the laundress was taken off his snowy linen pantaloons when I first saw him, and the plaits of his ruffle had relaxed a little from their precise angles, but the satin cravat, the pumps and hose, were unexceptionable. He walked with a mincing, uneasy gait through the little hall which led to the ladies' cabin, and presented himself before my astonished eyes—one delicate glove drawn on, and the other straightened in his hand—with a bow that would have graced the drawing-room of St. James's.

"It's a ver-ry-warm day, miss." I looked my astonishment, and was about informing him that the gentlemen's cabin was in some other part of the boat, when he laid his white hand on one of the filthy chairs, and placing it near the door, seated himself upon it, with such an at-home sort of air, looking at the same time so familiar with the filth and disorder about, that I felt convinced he must be a part of the establishment. He must either be the captain or clerk, for the cook is black, and none of the hands would dare undertake a prank of this kind. These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, while the object of them was adjusting his cravat, arranging his hair, and passing his cambrio handkerchief slowly over his moist forehead, so that, notwithstanding my deliberation, I replied, before he was entirely prepared to continue

the conversation, that so far as the temperature was concerned, I was happy to be able to coincide with him.

"You are going up the Illinois, miss?"

"I am delighted with your sagacity, sir," I replied; "that forms a part of my present expectation."

"Have you ever been up?"

"Never, sir."

"Then you have a delightful trip before you."

"I admire your taste," I replied, glancing at the naked floor, the mutilated chairs, and the greasy berths.

"How far up do you go, miss?"

"I am not informed, sir, as to the exact distance."

"You have recently arrived in this region, I presume?"

"I have, sir."

"I shall have great pleasure in carrying so *intelligible* a young lady into the country."

"You flatter me."

"O no, miss, I believe I speak truth."

"Your sagacity, sir, is beyond praise."

Before he had time to reply, a young chap in a red calico shirt, with a face dirtier than I can describe, presented himself at the door and bawled out, "Cappen, please to come *hyur*.¹ John's dead done with whiskey, the new engineer's gone off on a spree, and th' ain't nobody to keep the fire up." Hereupon the "cappen" rose and departed, with a pompous solicitation that I would excuse his absence.

He had been gone but a very few moments when the one-handed chambermaid entered, directing in a raw Hooshier girl who had been our fellow-passenger from Louisville. Poor child! even her eyes, trained as they were to rude sights, looked astonished at the poverty and filth about her. I did not wonder that she started with an exclamation of delight and said, "I'm right glad to see you!" though we had never exchanged a word before. She was a tall, dark featured person, with a head of fine black hair that flowed to her feet when the horn comb was withdrawn from it. Her stature was large, her hands and feet proportionably so. She was accompanied by a man whose relation to her had excited a good deal of speculation among us. He was several years her senior; had lost three of his front teeth, wore a red flannel shirt with a standing collar of the same, supported by a cotton pocket-handkerchief, a fur cap, and the thickest of all possible boots, the tops of which were just invaded by the bottoms of a pair of jean pantaloons. His attentions to his travelling companion were so peculiar that we had been in a delightful state of uncertainty all the way as to what this relation could be. They were authoritative enough for those of a father, but then their age forbade the supposition. He might have been an uncle, but she never called him so; possibly a cousin, but no woman ever so prized the attention of a mere cousin. He could scarcely have been a brother, because there was

not the faintest resemblance between them. What then could he be? We had examined and rejected every supposition but that of his being her husband; but nobody would listen to that, because supported by no probabilities. The riddle was turned over to me for solution. It cannot be wondered at, that in such desperate circumstances, I looked upon their entrance as quite a providence, and reciprocated the self-gratulation expressed by my fellow-passenger.

She seated herself on one chair, deposited her bundle on another, and laughing the while, exclaimed, "This *hyur* boat ain't set out so smart by a heap as t'other. I 'lowed we shouldn't have such a fine place to be in all the way."

"Why," said I, "had you been told that the boats up the Illinois were so poorly furnished?"

"No, I never heern nothin about 'em, but 'tain't in natur to have such carpets, and cheers, and glasses everywhere; it costs a heap to have 'em."

Poor child! the splendours of a comfortable cabin had been to her like the show of regal magnificence to a peasant; and she could say with poor Hinda, though not in language so sentimental, "I knew, I knew it could not last!"

In a few minutes her companion made his appearance, and announced that he had *toted* the plunder aboard, and as the boat wa'n't goin to start till after night, he was goin up to see the place. He gave her no invitation to accompany him, nor did she seem to expect it. I did not wish to broach the question at once, so we had a few words on indifferent topics, till Hal (I believe I have forgotten to say that my travelling companion bore that convenient *soubriquet*) entered and asked me if I would like to stroll an hour or two over the western city.

"Most gladly," I replied; "a wilderness and motion were preferable to this tedious place."

"Have you seen the captain?" was his next question.

"Yes; he has paid his respects formally."

"Well, he's a character, isn't he, to finish off such a boat as this? but we'll have some fun out of him before we part."

We sallied forth, and my heart really ached as I left the solitary girl sitting there, robbed of all the splendour that had so delighted her senses for the last few days, and alone. She looked sad, and I made an interrogative sign to Hal about asking her to accompany us, with all the oddities of her person and apparel, but he shook his head. When we were out, I asked why he had refused my request.

"Why," said he, "Mr. Red-flannel may prefer to escort his wife himself, and his preference might be expressed rather strongly if he found me doing it without his consent. We don't know how these Hooshiers will receive any civilities to which they are not accustomed; and you have heard enough of the modes in which they express their displeasure, to be aware that it is no slight thing to awaken it. You see that clump of trees yonder in the skirt of the city?"

"Yes; but what have they to do with the resentment of insult or wrong?"

(1) It is difficult to convey by any written combination of letters the sound of this word as uttered by the natives of these regions. It is more like *hyur* preceded by a sharply aspirated, than anything else to which I can liken it.

"Much. There is a heap of ashes under one of them with which this pleasant wind is playing, as if they were not the most revolting object that could be found on the face of this republic."

"And what, pray, renders them such? Your face tells a tale of horror."

"And well it may; for last night, only last night, a man, an unfortunate and guilty one it may be, but still a man, and a citizen of this proud state, was tied to that tree and burned alive!"

"Merciful heaven, it cannot be!"

"Yes, it is even so, and a crowd of people were gathered around to witness the fearful spectacle."

"And was there no heart during all that period of agony to relent and turn the tide of fury into pity and tenderness? A word uttered in the spirit of human love must have done it, methinks, and made the most violent ready to bear their suffering victim away in their arms."

"It remained unspoken, then; for the damning fact is recorded on earth as well as in heaven."

"It surely must blast the peace of every person who had any knowledge of it and did not interpose to prevent it. But what was his offence? Surely it must have been very aggravated to have awakened such awful vengeance."

"I have not learned the precise circumstances, but rumour (and that from those who approved, or at least suffered the disgraceful event to take place, would, we may suppose, attribute to him his full measure of iniquity) says that he had led a desperate sort of life on the river and in its vicinity. His final offence was stabbing an officer who attempted to arrest him for some recent crime."

"Did the wound produce instant death?"

"No. I believe the man is still living, or at least survived some hours. I have understood that he was very much esteemed, and had a family of small children. But these are less than feather weights in the scale that will balance the guilt of his murderers."

"These things are awful truly, and disgraceful too, if we consider the boasted supremacy and efficiency of our laws. I trust the like does not occur so often that the city is not agitated by it."

"No, such extreme cases do not; but this is only an extreme one of a class of public offences that are frequent here. Individual or associated feeling often assumes the prerogative of law in the infliction of lesser punishments."

"Well, it is not perhaps, on reflection, so extraordinary as it seems at first sight to us. We come from a region comparatively old, where time has defined right and interest, and developed more fully the power of law, and established rules of action. Here all is new. Passion may break forth and do its fatal misdeeds, before the slower majesty of law is perceived by the turbulent actors to be sufficient for their purposes. Such scenes must exhibit clearly to every reflecting mind the necessity of framing in our seasons of entire self-possession rules by which we will abide when these have passed away. Fanatical liberalists

may term them shackles to restrain our future freedom, but I would that every one of such might stand beside that funeral dust. Before the awful truth taught there, his ravings for large liberty would shrink into their true insignificance."

"But if such lessons are not learned from the pages of history, black with the records of fouler violence than this, how shall the shallow minds which reject them there, imbibe them here?"

"True; but we are wandering far, and your horrible recital has been so painful that I am less disposed to walk than before I heard it. Let us return."

CHAPTER II.

Departure from St. Louis—The first night on board the Banner—The next morning—Speed of our boat—Junction of the Missouri and Mississippi—Landing at Alton—Unpardonable behaviour of the boat under trying circumstances—Disaster to the captain—A specimen of Hoosier indignation.

ON reaching the wharf, we found things wearing a very busy appearance. The engine was wheezing like an asthmatic, some rough-looking men were *toting* plunder on board, the captain stood upon the guard with both gloves drawn on and buttoned, the hands were moving about as if intent on business, and things began to wear quite the aspect of departure. This was encouraging.

"Will you start to-night, captain?" said Hal.

"Certainly, sir," taking out his repeater. "Ring the bell, Jack. That's our first bell; we shall be off in an hour."

"Really," said I, as we walked up the street, "this affair has some creditable points; its punctuality for instance."

"Yes, you'll learn the value of that when our friends who wait here till Monday pass us halfway up the Illinois."

"Now out upon your croaking, and let's put a cheerful face on the attempt, since we have made it."

The hour extended from one o'clock to six. We left the wharf just as the sun was setting, and if the reader escapes a common-place description of spires gilded by his last rays, of windows blazing with crimson and golden light, of trees shaking their small foliage in the evening wind, and of the dying hum of the city, stealing fainter and fainter on our ears as the muddy waters parted slowly before our prow, he may thank the Banner and her peerless captain. Either were sufficient to have put to flight the sentimentality of a legion of school-misses,—both together quite routed mine; not to mention our red-flannelled Hoosier, or his long-haired bride. Every thing about me was so thoroughly uncomfortable, that I felt no disposition to rest in any anticipation short of that which pictures the homes and faces we so longed to see. Three days of this dismal journeying were reported to lie between us and them, and it required under such circumstances some heroism in man or woman to look forward through their tedious length.

I was fatigued, and requested the chambermaid to prepare my berth as early as possible. She offered me a very disinterested piece of advice in reference to it, which I shall give here for the benefit of such as may

be similarly situated, without the like kindness to direct their choice. It was, that I had better abandon the little pen, otherwise state-room, which I had chosen beside the cabin, and take my berth in the latter apartment, "Kase," to use her own elegant language, "the bugs ain't a touch in *kyur* to what they be in *yander*." Here was another volume of misery opened to my already oppressed senses. Seeing my consternation, she added, "O, you needn't dread 'em so powerful; I broomed the berths to-day, and shook the 'trasses, so they won't be so mighty bad."

"Make my berth where you think best," I said.

"There ain't no clean sheets, but I can tear off a pair, and you can sleep in 'em, you know, if they ain't hemmed, and I'll give you my pillow."

"No, thank you," I replied; "just tear off a third sheet, and I'll make a pillow-case of it for myself."

At last the berth was prepared, and the vermin made a night of it. They had evidently not been treated for some time, and brought vigorous appetites to my reception. After a contest of four or five hours, I was fain to yield possession to them. Making such limited ablution as the place allowed, I dressed myself and sat down on the stern of the boat to wait the coming day, and speculate on the distance we had made. When the light came up over the heavy forest which clothed the eastern bank of the river, I saw that the waters were still muddy, and knew, therefore, that we could not have passed the mouth of the Missouri. Nine hours' running had brought us twenty-two miles!—a dismal augury for the 240 that yet remained. As the daylight gained, I saw that the current under the eastern shore was dark and clear, and a few minutes after the scattered town of Alton began to peer up from among its beautiful bluffs, just touched with the first tender hue of spring.

And now the waters widened on the west, and opened up inland a broad, eddying, plunging sea of mud. On the spine of a sand-bar which was just visible between the two streams, the currents met, and the waters of the Missouri rose into a circling wave which toppled an instant and ran on, eager to mingle with the purer element that glittered and danced beyond. But the Mississippi, as if disdainful the foul alliance thus tumultuously sought, stole angrily away beneath the dark forest on the opposite shore, and preserved her identity a long way down, in a narrow transparent vein, growing more slender, till at length its bed was wholly usurped by the muddy monster.

This, then, was the junction of these two streams! The point where the mighty son of the mountains meets the clear-eyed daughter of the lakes—majestic union of powers whose feeble birth is in the deep wilderness and the untrodden solitude, whose maturity makes the ocean tremble. Nothing could be more impressive. When the child's geography had first been put in my hands, I read of these great rivers and put my feeble powers to their utmost task to conceive them. I had followed the insignificant red and green lines which represent them, and explored the echoing mountains whence one plunges to the plain below, and

the gushing springs and softly chiming lakes whence the other rises and winds; till fancy, wearied with the effort, drooped her pinion, and left me on the rough bench in the little brown school-house, sick and disgusted with the narrowness and coarseness of the world to which I was confined. I had taken the eagle's wing, and, perched upon the mountain pine, had seen the little rivulets

"—leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush,"

bending towards each other, and swelling as they united, till their march became resistless. I had followed them where the dim wood and towering cliff reechoed to their tread, and where they cut the verdant bosom of the sunny plain like threads of molten silver. Vast, illimitable journey! And here, beneath my eye, these messengers from the unweary solitudes, thousands of miles away, met and pursued their path together. It seemed like a union of strength to thread the more dangerous territory inhabited by man. Both streams at this time were swollen to their fullest capacities by the spring floods. The gigantic Missouri poured out his turbid waters with a force that made his feeble neighbour recoil and leave a chasm between the transverse muddy wall, and the clear dark stream that glided timidly by on the other side.

While I was contemplating this scene, wrapt in silence, a little window close beside me opened, and a hand was thrust forth which I immediately recognized to be the solitary member belonging to the body of our chambermaid. She drew back with a scream, and an exclamation not of the most feminine character; but the next moment her eyes relieved her trepidation, and after muttering some apology, she expressed her opinion that I "must feel *right peart* to be out that *airly*." I had no little difficulty in convincing her that there was sufficient activity in my nerves of sensation to render the insects that shared my berth somewhat troublesome.

"I reckon," said she, "thar must have been a mighty small chance of the varmints about you, 'kase I swep up about a pint of 'em yesterday and thow'd 'em overboard; so it's impossible you could ha had a great many."

I yielded the point, and afterwards observed that whenever they were alluded to on board this boat, it was by measure!

We reached Alton at eight o'clock. The bell rang when we were within 100 yards of the shore, and the boat was in one of her spasms, which the captain calculated would lay him alongside in gallant style. But alas! spasmodic action is no more to be relied on in boat nature than human. On we came, the waters quite whitening in our wake, and making, as the delighted Mrs. Raddle observed on another occasion, "*acterally* more noise" than if we had come in a better boat, for the engine creaked and hissed at every joint, and the escape-pipe disgorged itself about thrice a minute with a dismal hollow sound, as if its vitals were breaking up. We nearly touched the

shore; the captain stood in his ruffles, silk-hose, pumps, and gloves; the passengers waited, valises and trunks in hand, ready to jump ashore, and two or three were gathered at the waterside shaking hands with their friends, and exchanging the usual ceremonies, when, oh, most inglorious spectacle! the spasm ended, the boat rolled over on the other side, threw the captain across a stool, and the passengers among barrels, &c., and lay motionless for several moments.

"That was the unkindest cut of all," was it not?" cried Hal, maliciously, to the prostrate captain, "to play you such a trick here, before the town, just as we were on the eve of such a bold approach; but never mind. She'll hardly have another fit before you can bring her up."

The bell rang, the wheels revolved backwards, and all the numerous mysteries were duly performed again, but now the boat refused to approach the shore. She would come up obediently to within a few feet, but the nicest calculation and the most delicate persuasion could take her no nearer. At each failure she was obliged to turn quite round, and each evolution took her half-way across the stream, and consumed nearly half an hour. No petted child ever conducted herself in a more refractory manner before company than she before the astonished eyes of the goodly citizens of Alton. Every prank deepened the tint of our captain's hair, whiskers, and face, and was made the occasion of as many jokes as could be uttered till another followed.

"She shows off admirably, captain; nothing could be more fortunate."

"If you could throw her into a fit just before she backs water, she'd be sure to come up."

"If she refuses again, you may as well go on; may be she'll come to her temper at the next landing."

"The wood will be out soon, and then she'll certainly float ashore somewhere."

In the midst of this scene our red-flanneled Hooshier made his appearance. His arms were inserted in his pockets, nigh to the elbow, the fur cap tipped over the left eye, and the thick boots projected more than ever as he leaned against the side of the cabin, raised his upper lip by way of adapting his eyes to the strong sunlight, and inquired with a loud voice into the meaning "of all these *hyur* turnins." He was informed by Hal that the captain had thought of landing at Alton, but had changed his mind and was now merely showing his boat to the citizens.

"Look *hyur*, stranger," said he, "do I look as if I could be gummed that easy? I've seed too many boats in my day to believe your story; but if he's trying to land *thar*, this one takes the rag off them all. I say, cappen, what'll you give me to jump over and put my shouldha under the starn, and shove her up for you? I calculate there wouldn't be much difficulty in doin it, if you'd stop that infarnal old ingine that's whizzin and bustin, below *thar*. It's about half man-power, I reckon, when it don't leak."

The poor captain became more and more perplexed every moment, and actually went so far as to remove

one of his gloves. The people on shore cheered the last two evolutions, and the whole thing had reached the climax of the ridiculous, when, by a fortunate guess on the part of some one, the boat was at last brought alongside the shore, just one hour and a half from the time of the first attempt. Everything had been brought up to the boiling point by the long suspense and severe effort. The perspiration stood in drops on the brow of the agonized captain; the boilers had contracted the rage, and thrown off more steam than had brought us from St. Louis; the very tar had been warmed into greater freedom and threw itself more fearlessly on the luckless by-passers. Our Hooshier had not duly considered this circumstance, and, in the excitement of the moment, he planted himself directly beneath one of these thin filaments. It spun out in a beautiful thread of dark amber, and then, unluckily, parting above, deposited a large lump on the very edge of his cap, and shot off, in a fine stream, to the immaculate bosom of red-flannel below.

"Look *hyur*, now," said the wrathful Hooshier, doubling his fists; "if any body wants to throw tar on me, he may do it as long as he can stand, after I've had two or three good licks at him. I'm a better steamboat than this when I'm set a-goin, and 'twon't take much such combustible as that tar to fire me up."

The bystanders were greatly amused, but kept themselves at a safe distance, for his arms were swinging about in a manner rather inconvenient to those on the narrow guard.

"Easy, friend, easy," said Hal; "you cannot suppose that any gentleman would throw tar upon you; if you look up, you will see where the insult came from."

"Yes, I see it's the infarnal old boat. I could lick out twenty-four just like her; but there'd be more sense in giving that ruffled carrot yonder a taste of a live man's fists."

A little persuasion, however, cooled his wrath. Our old passengers sprang gladly ashore, and the new ones set their feet upon the plank rather doubtingly, but some one on the fire-deck settled the question by calling out "There won't be another boat till Tuesday."

(To be continued.)

THE HISTORY OF PUPPET-SHOWS IN ENGLAND.¹

(From the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.)

HITHERTO, we find that poets and itinerant singers attribute only amusing peccadilloes to Mr. Punch; but we are approaching the critical period in which his manners begin to be depraved. Swift, in 1729, shows him to us as already on the decline, in a satire in verse, by means of the speech addressed to a disagreeable and turbulent whig, Richard Lighe, here called Timothy, by a poor infirm man, well known in the streets of Dublin, for his tory opinions, named Mad Mullinix. The latter compares his adversary to

(1) Concluded from p. 178.

a malicious Polichinelle, and makes us acquainted, during his speech, with some of the most successful puppet-shows then represented at Dublin.

"Tim, you mistake the matter quite,
The Tories! you are their delight;
And should you act a different part,
Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart.
Why, Tim, you have a taste, I know,
And often see a puppet show.
Observe, the audience is in pain,
While Punch is hid behind the scene;
But when they hear his rusty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two straws,
How Solomon decides the cause,
Which the true mother, which pretender,
Nor listen to the witch of Endor.
Should Faustus, with the devil behind him,
Enter the stage, they never mind him;
If Punch, to stir their fancy, shows
In at the door his monstrous nose,
Then sudden draws it back again.
Oh what a pleasure mixt with pain,
You every moment think an age,
Till he appears upon the stage;

• • • • •
The Duke of Lorraine drew his sword;
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,
Reviles all people in his jargon,
And sells the king of Spain, a bargain;
St. George himself he plays the wagon,
And mounts astride upon the dragon;
He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks;
In every action thrusts his nose,
The reason why, no mortal knows;

• • • • •
There's not a puppet made of wood
But what would hang him if they could;
While teasing all, by all he's teased,
How well are the spectators pleas'd!
Who in the motion have no share,
But purely come to mar and stare;
Have no concern for Sabria's sake,
Which gets the better saint or snake,
Providing Punch (for there's the jest)
Be soundly maul'd and plague the rest.
Thus, Tim, philosophers suppose
The world consists of puppet shows;
Where petulant, conceited fellows,
Perform the part of Punchinelloes;
So at this booth, which all call Dublin,
Tim, thou'rt the Punch to stir up trouble in;
You riggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all the other puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual round,
To tease, perplex, disturb, confound,
Intrude with monkey grin and clatter,
To interrupt all serious matter;
Are grown the nuisance of your clan,
Who hate and scorn you to a man;
But then the lookers on, the Tories,
You still divert with merry stories,
They would consent that all the crew
Were hang'd before they'd part with you."

In this portrait, which is not a flattering one, and in some couplets sung in 1731, and taken from a puppet-play,¹ Punch, or rather Punchinello (for thus he styles himself), appears still as a disorderly little fellow, very noisy and tolerably brutal, but he has not

yet committed any of those paternal or conjugal enormities, which will soon cause him to bear a striking resemblance to Henry VIII. or Bluebeard. We are, however, reluctant to acknowledge this resemblance; we prefer comparing our friend Punch to Don Juan. Hone has, in fact, drawn a parallel between these two personages, in which, contrary to his usually exact rules, he advances that Punch may have suggested the idea of the character and exploits of the famous "Burlador de Sevilla."² He forgets that even in 1876, when Shadwell introduced the first imitation of Don Juan, "The Libertine Destroyed," on the English stage, Punchinello was not then known in Great Britain. Payne Collier thinks, with much more reason, that the drama of Punch and Judy is of recent date in England, and taking the contrary opinion to Hone, attributes the hyperbolical licences of this composition to the infatuation excited by Mozart's master-piece at the end of the last century. Punch, according to Mr. Payne's definition, is the Don Juan of the populace. The most ancient text in which this talented critic has found any mention of the adventures of Punch and Judy, is a ballad which he does not take to be older than 1790, and which he has extracted from a collection of pieces, some printed, others in manuscript, formed during the years 1791, 1792 and 1793. He supposes these stanzas to have followed the drama at an early period, and to have been composed by an amateur who was delighted with the representation. I may add, that I should not be surprised to find that Mr. Payne was something more than the editor of this ballad. In whatever relation he may be connected with it, I am sure it will be read with pleasure here:—

"Oh! hearken now to me awhile,
A story I will tell you,
Of Mr. Punch, who was a vile,
Deceitful, murderous fellow;
Who had a wife, a child also,
And both of matchless beauty;
The infant's name I do not know,
Its mother's name was Judy.
Right tol de rol lol, &c.

"But not so handsome Mr. Punch,
Who had a monstrous nose, sir,
And on his back there grew a hunch
That to his head arose, sir,
But then, they said, that he could speak
As winning as a mermaid,
And by his voice, a treble squeak,
He Judy won, that fair maid.
Right tol de rol lol, &c.

"But he was cruel as a Turk,
Like Turk, was discontented,
To have one wife, 'twas poorish work,
But still the law prevented
His having two, or twenty-two,
Tho' he for all was ready,
So what did he in that case do?
Oh, sad! he kept a lady.
Right tol de rol lol, &c.

"Now Mrs. Judy found it out,
And being very jealous,
She pull'd her husband by the snout,
His lady gay as well as;

(1) See "Punch and Judy," p. 46.

(2) Hone's "Ancient Mysteries," p. 230.

Then Punch he in a passion flew,
And took it so in dudgeon,
He fairly split her head in two,
Oh, monster! with a bludgeon.
Right tol de rol lol, &c.

"And next he took his little heir—
A most unnatural father!
And flung it out of a two-pair-
Window—for he'd rather
Possess the lady of his love
Than lady of the law, sir—
And cared not for her child above
A pinch of Maccaban, sir.
Right tol de rol lol, &c.

"His wife's relations came to town,
To ask of him the cause, sir;
He took his stick and knock'd 'em down,
And served 'em the same sauce, sir;
And said, the law was not *his* law,
He cared not for a letter,
And if on him it laid its claw
He'd teach it to know better.
Right tol de rol lol, &c.

"Then took to travel o'er each land,
So loving and seductive,
Three ladies only could withstand
His lessons most instructive.
The first, a simple rustic maid,
The next, a pious abbess,
The third I'd call, but I'm afraid,
The tabbiest of tabbies.
Right tol de rol lol, &c.

* * * * *

"In all his course he scrupled not
To make a jest of murder,
So fathers, brothers, went to pot—
It really makes one shudder
To think upon the horrid track
Of blood he shed in system;
And though with hump upon his back,
The dames could not resist him.
Right tol de rol lol, &c.

"'Tis said, that he a compact sign'd
With one they call 'Old Nick'las,
But if I knew them, I've no mind
To go into particulars;
To it, perhaps, he owed success
Wherever he might go, sir,
But I believe we must confess,
The ladies were—so so—sir.
Right tol de rol lol, &c.

"At last he back to England came,
A jolly rake and rover,
And pass'd him by another name,
An *alias*, when at Dover;
But soon the police laid a scheme
To clap him into prison,
They took him when he least could dream
Of such a fate as his'n.
Right tol de rol lol, &c.

"And now the day was drawing near—
The day of retribution;
The trial o'er, he felt but queer
At thought of execution:
But when the hangman, all so grim,
Declared that he was ready,
Punch only tipp'd the wink at him,
And ask'd after his lady.
Right tol de rol lol, &c.

"Pretending he knew not the use
Of rope he saw from tree, sir,
The hangman's head into the noose
He got, while he got free, sir.
At last the Devil came to claim
His own; but Punch, what he meant
Demanded, and denied the same—
He knew no such agreement.
Right tol de rol lol, &c.

"You don't!" (the Devil cried,) "'tis well,
I'll quickly let you know it:
And so to furious work they fell,
As hard as they could go it.
The Devil with his pitchfork fought,
While Punch had but a stick, sir,
But kill'd the Devil, as he ought:—
Huzza! there's no Old Nick, sir.
Right tol de rol lol, &c."

I admit, with Mr. Payne Collier, that the drama of which this ballad contains an analysis is of a recent date; but I do not believe it to be so recent as he judges it. In fact, Dr. Johnson, who published his edition of Shakspeare in 1765, says in the last note on "Richard III." that he saw "the devil very lustily belaboured by Punch" in a puppet-show. This was indeed, a very old tradition.

Mr. Payne Collier, although not ignorant of certain truly British features in the physiognomy of our hero, in which he shows us a union of the sensuality of Falstaff and the cold atrocity of King Richard III.,¹ is nevertheless inclined to attribute the principal honour of this creation to France; to which, in truth, a large portion of this popular and now European work belongs. The portion of the French is gaily, and I think we must in conscience reserve to ourselves a large share of this legend. Our claims on this subject are ancient and substantial; they are even anterior to the arrival of Punch in our country. We find that in the old moral-plays, the old Vice contested vigorously with master Devil, and even remonstrated with him concerning capital offences; but at the end master Devil took vengeance on the old sinner, or rather on Sin personified, and carried the old Vice to hell with as little ceremony as Judas, Dr. Faust, or the valet of Friar Bacon. Ben Jonson, in 1616, either of his own fancy or in accepting a new idea from some ingenious stroller, changed the situations of these characters, and presented to us a poor devil surpassed in malice and wickedness by a mere personification of human iniquity. Ben Jonson realized, or at least sketched, this happy idea in "The Devil is an Ass."

"The devil was wont to carry away the Evil,
But now the Evil outcarries the devil."

This novelty pleased the public, and passed from Blackfriars theatre to the puppet-shows; and Punch, on arriving in London from Paris or Amsterdam, failed not to appropriate this part of the character of old Vice his predecessor.² We must, however, observe

(1) "Punch and Judy," p. 76. Shakspeare has signalled the resemblance between Richard and the old Vice:
"Thus like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralise two meanings in one word."

(2) Dr. Johnson, in a note on "Hamlet," says that the Vice is the old buffoon of English farces from which Punch is descended. Douce ("Illustrations on Shakspeare," vol. ii. p. 251.) found but little difficulty in proving that there were no ties of relationship

that the majesty of Satan is by no means compromised. The devil, who is deceived by a son of Adam, is merely a subaltern devil—he is not Old Nick in person. Besides, to belabour the devil, to carry him away even, is not to kill him. Now to kill the devil, that is the great matter, the chief business, the wonder, like the duel between Satan and Sin in Milton: that is also the grand exploit of Polichinelle. If Ben Jonson has not carried out his idea to this point, we must confess that he, at least, nearly reached it. Besides, it is in the singularity itself that consists the entire merit of Punch and Judy. According to Payne, a strolling puppet-player having one day refused, on the score of religious scruples, to make Punch kill the devil, found himself not only deprived of his money, but also hooted and ill-treated by the spectators.¹

Punch and Judy, the delight of the populace, began to excite the curiosity of the elegant world at the commencement of the nineteenth century. Accordingly it received numerous re-touches and embellishments more or less happy. The "Morning Chronicle" of September 22d, 1813, gives us an account of one of these new and more refined editions. In this drama, Punch, like a second Zeluco, having become a prey to frantic jealousy, murdered his wife and son; he then made his way to Spain, where he was cast into the dungeons of the Inquisition, from which, however, he escaped by means of a golden key. Being attacked by Poverty, who was accompanied by her two attendants, Dissipation and Idleness, he combatted her under the form of a black dog and put her to flight. He triumphed likewise over Disease, who accosted him gloomily in the shape of a doctor. Death, in its turn, attempted to seize him; but he so effectually shook the dry bones of the old skeleton that he at length gave him his death blow.² Amongst other editions we mention one which contains a very original conversation between Punch and Blue-beard, on a subject interesting to both sexes, namely, plurality of wives.

It was none of these embellished versions, but the true and popular text of the "Tragical Comedy of Punch and Judy," that Mr. Payne Collier published in 1828, with George Cruikshank's admirable illustrations. The text was furnished in a great measure by an old Italian puppet-player, named Piccini, who, at the end of the last century, used to exhibit the pretty little puppets he had brought from his native country in the towns and villages of England. Having become more celebrated and less nimble with years he fixed his residence in London. Towards 1820 he carried his little theatre about only in the classic neighbourhood of Drury-lane. He had at first performed Pulcinella in his native tongue, but by degrees he acquired the accent of Punch, and at length adopted the more sober drama preferred by national taste. The

editor of Punch and Judy, in order to obtain a perfectly satisfactory text, was obliged to compare Piccini's manuscript with that of several other itinerant puppet-players. Thus Punch, having had his rhapsodies like Homer, like him found an Aristarchus. And more, Punch and Judy, this sensual and sceptical creation, in which life and death, laughter and murder, the supernatural and the trivial, are combined, has made one of the chords of Lord Byron's lyre to vibrate.

But besides this ironical, paradoxical, and ultra-diabolical Punch, there is another Punch, satirical, merry, a free-talker, and always ready to circulate scandal and ridicule. This Punch, a kind of British Figaro, who is personified in our day by a publication bearing his name, began during the last century to take an important part in politics. The following is the title of a puppet-play, printed in 1742: "Politicks in miniature, or the humours of Punch's resignation; tragi-comi-farcical, operatical puppet-show."³ We are inclined to suspect, from the second of Hogarth's large engravings of the elections of 1754, that the puppets were not at that time the last to censure electoral corruption. In this print, named "Canvassing for Votes," amongst various ingenious episodes, we perceive a post from which is suspended a large play-bill like those of the puppet-shows. This bill represents Punch, candidate for the Treasury, walking through the streets with a wheel-barrow full of bank-notes and guineas, which he is distributing indiscriminately among the people. At the bottom of the bill is written, "Punch candidate for Guzzledown."⁴ Another caricature relating to the events of 1756, also reveals to us the title of a puppet-play. It is named, "Punch's Opera, with the Humours of Little Ben the Sailor."⁵

In 1763, some new and very perfect puppets were established at London under the name of Fantoccini, which were made to perform numerous wonderful feats of dexterity.⁶

In 1779, there was a puppet-show in London known by the name of the Pantagonian theatre, situated in Exeter Change. Among the plays there represented was one entitled, "The Apotheosis of Punch; a satirical masque, with a monody on the death of the late Master Punch." It was a very ill-timed parody on a poem, composed under the title of a Monody, by the illustrious Richard Brinsley Sheridan, on the death of Garrick, and recited at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, the direction of which Sheridan had taken when the great tragedian retired.

From the commencement of the nineteenth century English puppet-shows, and, in particular Punch, have well fulfilled their satirical mission. Not a single celebrated man, nor a remarkable event, has escaped

between Punch and the old Vice; but that was not Johnson's meaning. His meaning, which he has better expressed in the last note on "Richard III." is, that Punch, in presenting a superior type of physical and moral deformity, has naturally supplanted and succeeded the old Vice in farces.

(1) "Punch and Judy," p. 66.

(2) *Ibid.* pp. 68, 69.

(3) 1 Volume in 12. See the "Westminster Journal," 1742.

(4) The two proofs of this engraving at the British Museum Library are dated 1757. See "Hogarth," vol. i. and ii. large in folio. Mr. Thomas Wright has reproduced this fine engraving in his "England under the House of Hanover," 2d edit. vol. i. p. 256.

(5) See Mr. Wright, *ibid.* vol. i. p. 286.

(6) Jos. Strutt, "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," pp. 178, 231.

the notice of Master Punch. Lord Nelson was very naturally a great favourite. After the battle of the Nile, the puppet-players joined in the universal praise of the victor.

"Come, Punch, my boy," said the naval hero, "come on board, and help me to fight the French. I'll make you a captain or commodore, if you like it." "But I don't like it," said Punch, "I shall be drowned." "Never fear that," resumed Nelson, "he that's born to be hanged will never be drowned."

During one of the elections for Westminster, Sir Francis Burdett had also the honour of being exhibited on the puppet-shows. The baronet is the humble solicitor. "Who are you for, Mr. Punch," says he, "I hope you'll give me your support." "I know nothing about it," replies Punch, "ask my wife, I leave Mistress Punch to manage all these matters." "Very well," says Sir Francis, "and what say you, Mrs. Punch? Bless me—what a pretty little poppet you've got there, I wish mine was like it!" "Well, that may very well happen, Sir Francis; for," observed Mrs. Punch, "for you are very like my husband. You've got a fine handsome nose like his." "That's true, Mistress Judy, but Lady Burdett is not like you," adds the baronet, with a hug. It may well be supposed that Mrs. Judy was not likely to repulse such a gay and gallant candidate.

We must not be surprised at the striking originality presented by some of these political sarcasms, which were thus cast to the wind. Thanks to the incognito which envelops the interpreter of the puppets, many young men of inflammable temperaments and exuberant spirits, have found in Punch a convenient mode of disposing of their superfluous satire or buffoonery. We may mention for instance John Curran, a man who afterwards became celebrated at the bar and in parliament; when he was a young student at Newmarket, his native town, he solicited and obtained the permission of a puppet player to act as interpreter to his puppets for one evening. The talent and wit of the new interpreter charmed the audience, and the collection that evening was four times as large as usual. Delighted with his success, young Curran employed himself in this manner for some days; but on perceiving with what facility he could furnish his little clients with arguments for and against, he decided on his profession, and began to study for the bar, where he distinguished himself as a brilliant and able advocate. He afterwards became a member of the Irish Parliament and of the House of Commons; and in 1806, under the administration of Fox and Sheridan, he was appointed Master of the Rolls in Ireland, and had a seat in the Privy Council.¹ Might it not be some future and mischievous colleague of Sir Francis Burdett, who, behind the scenes of a puppet-show, so cleverly ridiculed the candidate for Westminster?

We now find puppet-players attempting to represent donkey-races in order to please the taste of the

multitude. In some of these performances, Punch, who, as is well known, is not a very clever horseman, performs with great success the parts of a better and horsedealer.²

We must not, however, imagine that the itinerant puppet-players and gallantee-showmen of London had entirely abandoned their religious shows. Besides "Jephthah's Rash Vow," which, as we have seen, was performed in the time of Fielding; and "the Court of Solomon," of which Goldsmith speaks in his comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer,"³ Hone introduces to us a very talented artist, Laverge, who almost to the present day retained his religious shows. His theatre, under the name of the "Royal Gallantee-show," was in 1818 in Ely-court, Holborn-hill; he there, as well as in private houses, exhibited the "Passion of Jesus Christ," "Noah's Ark," "the Prodigal Son," and a fanciful and legendary play, entitled "Pull devil, Pull baker," in which a baker who gives false weight is carried to hell in his own basket by the devil.⁴

Punch and puppet-shows have not only had, as we just remarked, their rhapsodies and Aristarchuses; they have also met with an Aristotle.—I mean, a critic at once ingenious and philosophical, who has condescended to fathom the cause of the universal affection for puppets. In his excellent "Lectures on English Comic Writers," at the end of the first chapter (on "Wit and Humour,") Mr. Hazlitt has briefly but clearly and satisfactory indicated some of the natural causes of the irresistible and universal attraction of puppet-shows. I regret that we cannot at present follow this learned critic; but I have thought it my duty at least to notice his work, and refer the reader thereto for further details.

I shall terminate the history of English Puppet-shows, by mentioning a fact which is particularly honourable to them. Dr. Johnson, who was a great admirer of puppet-shows, frequently declared in private that puppets could act Shakspeare's plays quite as well as living actors; and that, in his opinion, the effect of Macbeth in particular was diminished rather than heightened by the theatrical scenery, "*et quid quid telorum habent armentaria theatri.*" Boswell, in confirming the authenticity of this singular remark, observes that the judicious and humorous critic does not state this opinion in his commentary on Shakspeare, nor in any of his printed works. This was but one of the numerous freaks which he took into his head in the heat of conversation, and which was in a great measure occasioned by his prejudice against comedians.⁵ Be that as it may, before the end of the last century, a puppet-player, named Henry Rowe, who

(2) "Punch and Judy," p. 73.

(3) "She Stoops to Conquer," Act III. Sc. 1. This play was acted in Covent Garden, in 1773.

(4) Hone's "Ancient Mysteries," p. 231.

(5) See "Malone's Shakspeare," vol. xi. pp. 301, 303; and Boswell's "Life of Johnson," vol. i. p. 146, and vol. ii. p. 88. The Doctor's antipathy to actors arose from the imperfection of his organs, (he was partially deaf and shortsighted;) from the failure of his own tragedy, "Irene;" and from the large fortune that Garrick, his pupil, had made, by means of talents which Dr. Johnson considered far inferior to his own. That did not, however, prevent his esteeming and loving the great actor. Garrick, on his part, used to say of Johnson, that he had nothing of the bear but the skin.

(1) See the Life of John Philpot Curran, by his son, W. H. Curran, 2 vols. in 12mo.

certainly could not have known the opinion of the learned scholar, conceived the bold idea of representing Shakspeare's plays by means of his little wooden actors. He himself recited the whole of the dramas, and with taste and energy, as those who witnessed the representations have informed us. He continued his performances for several years in York, his native town. And, what is still more worthy of remark, he not only performed Macbeth in this manner for a long period, but in 1797 he printed an edition of this play with notes, and the work of a humble puppet-showman now takes its stand with the numerous other works written to elucidate and honour Shakspeare. This Henry Rowe was a man of a very original disposition, and a good musician. He was designated the "York trumpet," because he had sounded the charge and the retreat at the battle of Culloden, and because, on his return to his native town after the submission of the Jacobites, he sounded his trumpet in all public solemnities, for nearly fifty years. He died in 1800; it is to be regretted that in the following verses, written in his honour, no mention is made of his puppets. I would I were a poet, that I might write another epitaph on Henry Rowe; then would I associate his modest name with those of Shakspeare, Komble, and Mrs. Siddons.

"When the great angel blows the judgment trump,
He also must give Harry Rowe a thump,
If not, poor Harry will never awake,
But think it is his own trumpet, by mistake;
He blew it all his life with potent skill,
And but for want of breath had blown it still."

SARAH STERLING'S TRAVELS AND OPINIONS.¹

MY AUNT SARAH'S LETTERS.

LETTER II.

12, — Square, Belfast; October, 1850.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

I hope that grand waiter at the Fleetwood Hotel was as good as his word, and duly posted my letter to you; if so, you know all I had to tell you up to that point. I closed my letter in the midst of a hubbub of children, servant, and father, who were all assembling in the sitting-room, and putting on hats and cloaks ready to go on board. The excitement of the children at this stage of the proceedings was tremendous. None but the two eldest—John and Sophia—had ever even seen the sea till they reached Fleetwood; and, now, to be actually going to sail upon it—and at night, too!—it was too much for their self-control. They danced, and shouted, and kissed each other and their father and me. Occasionally one of the boys would try to tease his sisters by telling them that the voyage was a dangerous one; that ships were often lost in the Irish sea—that it was very likely we should be wrecked—at all events, if we were not, it was certain that we should be sea-sick. Some of the little ones began to cry at the idea of being drowned;

and little Mary was much alarmed at the idea of being sea-sick; she did not seem to care for the drowning so much. Upon inquiry I found that you had once described, in her hearing, your sensations during a passage from Brighton to Dieppe. This has made a deep impression on her mind, especially that part in which you declared that you would have been grateful to any one who would have thrown you over-board. Poor little Mary! she had no idea that the same exaggerated form of saying, "I was very sick and melancholy," has been used by almost everybody who has ever been at sea. The thought of the coming torments weighed upon her mind. She sat still, with the tears in her large eyes, ready dressed. I went up to her, and asked what was the matter—"Oh! Do you really think I shall be so very sea-sick?" And then she poured forth a tearful repetition of what you had said. I tried to console her, as well as I could. But I was a hypocrite (as women so often are), for I felt none of the security and disregard of sickness and danger, which I endeavoured to instil into her mind. To say the truth, I was horribly afraid, for a tolerably brave woman. I was even glad to have little Mary, to put courage into. I waited with some of the children, while Mr. Denham took the others and the maid on board the steamer. Our berths had been secured before. Mr. Denham soon returned, in high spirits, with an invigorating account of the night. He seemed to be much relieved at the prospect of an excellent passage; and confessed to me, that if it had been an ugly night, he would not have trusted his family to the mercies of the Irish Sea, but would have waited at Fleetwood till fair weather came. But at this time of year, fair weather is seldom seen in these narrow seas, I am told. The passage from Fleetwood to Belfast is almost always a rough one.

We were singularly fortunate in every respect. Nothing could be more beautiful and quiet than the appearance of everything as we went on board. The moon was shining in a cloudless, dark blue sky;—the sea was as smooth, and the air was as still as possible. It was cold, but there was no wind. The tranquil beauty of the time seemed to have touched the hearts of all. The children spoke only in whispers: and the crew also spoke to each other in undertones. The other passengers, who stood at first in dark groups on the deck, spoke quietly, but in cheerful tones. I went down into the narrow closet called the Ladies' Cabin, where I found Ann, and the other children, all comfortably undressed in their berths. Poor Ann was sadly tired. The stewardess had helped them all to bed, and was now ready to do the same for me, and my party of young ones. Little Mary declared that she was not at all sleepy, and I allowed her to go up to the deck again to her two brothers and her father. I intended to follow her there, as soon as little Frank was comfortably in bed. We were still at anchor, and the vessel was quite motionless; and as one of the children observed, "we might just as well be on land, for there was no tossing and tumbling." It was a great deal more easy and comfortable than we expec-

(1) Continued from vol. xiii. p. 513.

ted. When I returned to the deck, I told Mr. Denham of my intention to try and sleep there. I felt sure, that I should be less ill there, than in the crowded little cabin, and at Mary's earnest entreaty I promised that she should stay with me. Cloaks and shawls were soon spread over a bench on the deck. Here I settled little Mary at one end, and then lay down at the other. The child was delighted, you may be sure. All her fears seemed to have vanished. Watching the passengers, as they walked briskly up and down the deck, she lay in the moonlight, snugly wrapped up, and talking about fifty things to her father, who stood beside us, smoking his cigar, before going to bed. John and Tom were watching the crew getting under weigh. The noise of getting up the steam, and then raising the anchor, was a very *quiet* noise compared with the railroad. The sounds seemed subdued by the soft beauty of the night. After Mr. Denham left us, with a smiling assurance that we should be obliged to go below very soon, I lay looking at the moonlit sky, and the retreating lights of Fleetwood. The sides of the vessel were too high to allow of my seeing the sea from that position. It was a deep enjoyment to drink in the repose of that hour. Presently, a gentleman, who had watched our arrangements with considerable interest, and who was now quietly pacing the deck alone, stopped beside me, and offered the use of a great boat-cloak, which he had among his luggage. "If you intend to lie here long, you will be glad of it, for it is getting very cold." I thanked him, and he fetched the cloak, and laid it over us, covering little Mary, who was now dosing, very tenderly. I like to see a grown man—a man of the world, whose time is little employed in cultivating the gentler feelings—I like to see such a person kind and gentle to children. I formed a favourable opinion of this individual in consequence; and we entered into conversation. You know, Sterling, I am long past the age when it would be thought indecorous for a woman to enter into conversation with a strange man. To tell you a secret, I never was of an age when I myself should have had any thought of impropriety in conversing with such a sensible, agreeable, unaffected individual as the one in question. He was well acquainted with the Irish Sea, and seemed to have crossed it very frequently, in all directions. He was not an Irishman; from a few trifles in his speech, I guessed he was from Yorkshire. He said we were very fortunate; that the boat on which we were, was the best boat in the channel, (The Prince of Wales;) that he had never seen the sea calmer than it was then, and that he felt sure we should have a remarkably smooth passage. He talked a good deal, and well, about Ireland, and the north of England. Presently, he bade me good night, and went down stairs. It was now half-past eleven, and no one remained above but the captain and the man at the helm. Mary was fast asleep, with her sweet little face half hidden in a black shawl—looking, as you or any other poetical young gentleman would say, like a young moon behind a cloud. I watched her, and the bright starry

moony sky above, alternately; and thought of many days long gone by, when I had no more care than the child, and seemed to have as boundless a heaven of hope to wander in, as the moon and stars. Seeming, it is, or was, in both cases; for they run in their fixed orbits, and my hopes have done the same, and are still ending, still beginning. God's governance of his creatures is unspeakably good and tender. How much have I to be thankful for!—and I was thankful and hopeful too, as I breathed the fresh, cold sea-breeze, and looked forward to the new home of these motherless children, which I was allowed to help them to establish. It was no interruption to my thoughts about that, and you, and all dear to me, to hear the captain's measured tread on the deck, and his occasional orders to the steersman—"Don't go to Nor'rard"—"Wear ship"—"Starboard! and quickly, too."—These words were not spoken in a loud tone, but as if they partook of the tranquil nature of my waking dream. Presently I dosed. Once I woke and found the good-natured captain was slipping a pillow under my head. He thought my "head wanted righting," he said, and so he "went below, and got a pillow." This made me perfectly comfortable. I heard and saw no more, till a voice sounded in my ears—"Come, ladies! you are losing all the beautiful scenery." I got up at once, and so did little Mary. The sun was rising out of the water, tinging the clouds with red and gold, and we were sailing fast up the Lough of Belfast, with mountains in the distance on either hand, and the town in front of us, though yet a long way off.—"Beautiful!" exclaimed Mary. "Oh! if that is Belfast, we shall like that fifty times better than Rochester or Kennington. How nice it is to be on the sea! Have I slept here all night, in the open air?"—"Yes, Mary, and what has become of the sickness?"—"I forgot all about it. I have not been sick, have I?"—"No; no one has been sick, this time," said the captain. "I never remember a smoother passage, and we have done it in an hour less than usual. We shall have been only eleven hours. Oh! she is a capital boat!" After looking about us a little longer, I took Mary with me, to the cabin, that we might get some water and wash our faces, and arrange our dress in the best way we could, for going ashore. The Ladies' Cabin presented a strange spectacle of women lying in their berths, and merry, happy little children, tumbling about the floor half-naked, waiting for Ann, and other servants, to wash them. I stayed to help her, and to send the noisy little prattlers up to the deck. Ann was quite astonished at what she called my imprudence in sleeping on deck, and could hardly be persuaded that Mary had not taken a mortal cold. It was impossible to make her understand, that it was far more imprudent to sleep in that crowded cabin, inhaling bad air at every breath, than to brave the little extra cold of the sea-breeze. I am sure, Mary was all the better for it, and so am I. When the cabin was cleared, I left Ann to put up the carpet bags, and went on deck. There I found Mr. Denham, standing in the midst of the children,

watching the entrance of the vessel into the harbour. We were soon alongside of the quay; and the gang-way was let down. It was evident that we were in a new country, from the aspect of the quay itself. Such groups of ragged, patched, and vociferous porters! eagerly gesticulating and screaming to the people on board our vessel, in offer of their services, to carry luggage, or get a car. Their costume was an ingenious variety of colourings. They all wore long great coats, hanging down to their heels; but no coat had sleeves of the same colour as the body; and, in general the right sleeve varied from the left in colour; often, one side of the skirt of a coat was blue, and the other brown. Some of these men looked like mere bundles of rags; but they all had animated faces, and all carried thick sticks in their hands. The amount of eloquence they poured forth upon those whom they wished to make their prey, was quite wonderful. Their voices sound full and rich, (the brogue here is strong.) I could not help thinking, they were very much like what I have read of Italian lazzaroni—barring the long coats. There was much mirth and drollery going on among them. I was pleased to see no evidence of starvation in their faces; but as Mr. Denham told me, Belfast is the most flourishing town in these parts, and all the poor are fully employed. I wish you could have seen the queer cars, and cabs, and omnibuses, which these excited porters were leading and backing about in all directions. The very horses seemed to have acquired some of the exuberant energy of the men, and pranced about in a quite unnecessary style. As we stood on the vessel, watching the busy scene on the quay, we were kept in fits of laughter. We were waiting for Mr. Macdonald, the friend whom Mr. Denham expected to meet and conduct us to our new abode. As it was probable that he would bring carriages and porters, Mr. Denham sturdily refused the vociferous solicitations of the men on the quay, who were evidently very much puzzled and excited by our remaining beside a load of luggage, on the deck of the steamer, long after every other passenger had disappeared. We were surprised not to see Mr. Macdonald; but at length it occurred to me, that as the vessel had arrived an hour earlier than she was expected, Mr. Macdonald would not think of appearing yet. Mr. Denham then proposed that he and one of the boys should set off to his house. I longed to be on shore, and, as I could be of more use in preparing breakfast at the house, than I could be in standing there on the deck of the Prince of Wales, I offered to go with John, instead of his father, whom I wished to remain with the children, in case of accidents. John was carefully impressing on my mind the fact that the Belfast tradespeople are more than half Scotch, and therefore, that I must not expect to be enlivened by Irish bulls and Irish drollery in my intercourse with them: just as he had explained this fully, and I was beginning to fear that I should enjoy neither brogue nor bulls in my visit to Ireland, we went into a shop, to ask our way. "Which is our nearest way to—Street?" asked I, of a good-tempered look-

ing woman behind the counter. She looked at us, without speaking, for an instant, and I thought she declined speaking at all, when she came slowly from behind her counter, and walked to the door. There she stood, and uttered these words, in a rich full brogue—"There!—ye must go round the corner, to the High Street, where the arch is—and presently ye'll come to the corn-market, where the Butchers are—ye'll turn straight, and then ye'll niver have to turn again at all—only three times—if ye don't miss ye're way."

We thanked her, though we had gained nothing by her information, except the certainty that brogue and bulls were not extinct in Belfast.

We soon found Mr. Macdonald, who was about to sally forth to the harbour. He gave us a warm welcome, and as our new home was close by, he conducted me and John there, before he went to fetch the others. By the time the whole party arrived, it was past eight o'clock, and by the help of a clever, active Irish girl, (a servant the Macdonalds have hired for us,) I had got a cheerful breakfast ready. But before breakfast, you may be sure, we all inspected every hole and corner in the new house, and had even assigned the chief rooms to their proper purposes.

By this time I was overcome with fatigue, and went up stairs to bed. I slept several hours, and woke much refreshed. Since then, I have been attending to the children and the servants, and have written this letter; and now, I must dress for dinner.

Hark! there is a tremendous knock at the door. I wonder who that is. It should be the Lord Lieutenant, at least.

Little Mary has just been in. Who do you suppose gave that knock at the door? It was a boy, with a pennyworth of onions! Mary tells me that the beggars and the tradespeople all come to the door with double knocks, and that Ann is quite scandalized at the custom. I begin to be curious about the town. Mary has been out, and reports wonders. Good-bye for the present. Mind you do not sit up too late. Let me hear soon, how you get on without

Your affectionate Aunt,
SARAH STERLING.

YEAST.¹

We have heard the title of this book called *affected*. To our thinking the epithet is very ill-chosen. A better title could scarcely have been adopted, since the author might fairly presume that those who read his works understand metaphor as well as matter of fact. The word "yeast" is admirably suggestive of the substance of this book; of the form, nothing certain could be predicated from the title: it might be a treatise; it might be detached, half-worked out essays; it might be a poem; it might be a novel. As it is our present business to give an account of the work, we may as well say that it partakes of the nature of all these. It is a talé vigorously sketched, with meaning

(1) "Yeast: a Problem." John W. Parker, West Strand.

and purpose in every line. The fire, and eloquence, and pathos are irresistible, and although more finish and fulness might be demanded by moralists as well as by artists, and with some justice, yet we are by no means sure that the book would have been better if the writer had bestowed more pains upon the story itself. What he desires is, that his readers should take the pains to carry on this "Story Without an End" for themselves. In reading "Yeast," your business is not to give yourself up entirely into the hands of the author, but to watch and weigh carefully what he writes. As he says in the epilogue, "I have set forth, as far as in me lay, the *data* of my Problem: and surely, if the premises be given, wise men will not have to look far for the conclusion. In homely English, I have given my readers *yeast*: if they be what I take them for, they will be able to bake with it themselves." But, be it remembered, this yeast is not of our author's *manufacture*; he has but skimmed it off from the surface of the great fermenting vat of Society in England, and that eminent brewing company should be well acquainted with the truth of the old adage, "as you brew, so you must bake." If the staff of life baked in England in these days be somewhat bitter, the cause is mainly in the yeast, as will be seen by those who recognise the truths which Mr. Kingsley has stated so forcibly in the volume before us. The tale appeared, at first, in parts, in "Fraser's Magazine," and is now published in one volume, with corrections and additions, and a preface; which last is of much assistance to those who have seen nothing of the work before, as it states clearly the author's intention in writing it:—

"This little tale was written two or three years ago, in the hope that it might help to call the attention of wiser and better men than I am, to the questions which are now agitating the minds of the rising generation, and to the absolute necessity of solving them at once and earnestly, unless we would see the faith of our forefathers crumble away beneath the combined influence of new truths which are fancied to be incompatible with it, and new mistakes as to its real essence. That this can be done, I believe and know: if I had not believed it, I would never have put pen to paper on the subject.

"I believe that the ancient Creed, the eternal Gospel, will stand and conquer, and prove its might in this age as it has in every other for eighteen hundred years, by claiming and subduing, and organizing those young anarchic forces, which now, unconscious of their parentage, rebel against Him to whom they owe their being.

"But, for the time being, the young men and women of our day are fast parting from their parents and each other. The more thoughtful are wandering either towards Rome, towards sheer materialism, or towards an unchristian and unphilosophic spiritualist epicureanism, which in my eyes, is the worst evil spirit of the three, precisely because it looks, at first sight, most like an angel of light. The mass, again, are fancying that they are still adhering to the old Creeds,

the old Church, to the honoured patriarchs of English Protestantism. I wish I could agree with them in their belief about themselves. To me they seem—with a small sprinkling of those noble and cheering exceptions to popular error which are to be found in every age of Christ's Church—to be losing most fearfully and rapidly the living spirit of Christianity, and to be for that very reason clinging all the more convulsively—and who can blame them?—to the outward letter of it, whether High Church or Evangelical; unconsciously all the while that they are sinking out of real living belief into that dead self-deceiving belief in believing, which has been always heretofore, and is becoming in England now, the parent of the most blind, dishonest, and pitiless bigotry. In the following pages I have attempted to show what some, at least, of the young in these days are really thinking and feeling."

Taken as a mere tale, "Yeast" is superior to its elder brother, "Alton Locke." It is more lifelike, and even more heart-stirring, because its sympathy is not only with the sufferings of the working classes, but with the sufferings of all classes. Although there is no character in "Yeast" so likely to live in men's memories as that of Sandy Mackay in "Alton Locke," (Tregarva, the Cornish keeper, in spite of its cleverness and beauty, being sometimes more like an abstract ideal sketch, than a drawing from the life,) yet all the dramatic persons in "Yeast," however slightly indicated, are living, breathing human beings. The hero, though very unlike a hero, in the circulating-library meaning of the word, is an admirable and vigorous representative of the cultivated young gentleman of England at the present time. In spite of the rough, undressed-up, and somewhat audacious picture of Lancelot Smith, we believe the young men of the privileged classes will not be inclined to repudiate him as a type, as the young chartists repudiate "Alton Locke." Lancelot Smith is strong—Alton Locke is painfully weak. The one has the true stuff of manliness in him, and the other has not.

It is to the development of the character of Lancelot Smith that all the philosophy, poetry, religion, and politics of the book is supposed to subserve. He is the Young Man of the Age whom the Age is to educate; and we are shown skilfully and truly how it does educate him, up to a certain point. Properly speaking, the tale has not beginning, middle, or end. It begins in the middle, with a fox-hunt on a November day, which, by accident, brings about the first meeting between Lancelot and the heroine, who is a type of a certain class of young women of the day—a rapidly increasing class.

As the scrap of description with which the philosophy of fox-hunting begins is very good, we will give it for the benefit of our readers.

"The edge of a great fox-cover; a flat wilderness of low leafless oaks, fortified by a long dreary thorn-capped clay ditch, with sour red water oozing out at every yard; a broken gate leading into a straight wood-ride, ragged with dead grasses and black with fallen

leaves; the centre mashed into a quagmire by innumerable horse-hoofs; some forty red coats and some four black; a sprinkling of young farmers, resplendent in gold buttons and green; a pair of sleek drab stable-keepers, showing off horses for sale; the surgeon of the Union, in Macintosh and Antigropelos; two holiday school-boys with trousers strapped down to bursting point, like a penny-steamer's safety valve; a midshipman, the only merry one in the field, bumping about on a fretting sweating hack, with its nose a foot above its ears; and Lancelot Smith, who then kept two good horses, and 'rode forward,' as a fine young fellow of three-and-twenty who can afford it, and has nothing else to do, has a very good right to ride."

The dash and spirit seen in the foregoing pervades the entire work, with a few exceptions. The tone is strong, fresh, bold;—and as unlike that of a sermon or a treatise on moral philosophy as can well be, while the subjects handled are of the very gravest. This may be seen by the following account of the hero, as he is when first presented to the reader.

"He was now in the fifth act of his 'Werthercan' stage, that sentimental measles which all clever men must catch once in their lives, and which generally, like the physical measles, if taken early settles their constitution for good or evil, if taken late goes far towards killing them.

"Lancelot had found Byron and Shelley pall on his taste, and commenced devouring Bulwer and worshipping 'Ernest Maltravers.' He had left Bulwer for old ballads and romances and Mr. Carlyle's reviews; was next alternately Chivalry-mad and Germany-mad; was now reading hard at physical science; and on the whole trying to become a great man, without any clear notion of what a great man ought to be. Real education he never had had. Bred up at home under his father, a rich merchant, he had gone to college with a large stock of general information, and a particular mania for dried plants, fossils, butterflies, and sketching, and some such creed as this:—

"That he was very clever.

"That he ought to make his fortune.

"That a great many things were very pleasant, beautiful things among the rest.

"That it was a fine thing to be 'superior,' gentlemanlike, generous, and courageous.

"That a man ought to be religious.

And left college with a good smattering of classics and mathematics, picked up in the intervals of boat-racing and hunting, and much the same creed as he brought with him, except in regard to the last article. The scenery-and-natural-history mania was now somewhat at a discount. He had discovered a new natural object including in itself all—more than all—yet found beauties and wonders—woman!

"Draw, draw the veil and weep, guardian angel! if such there be. What was to be expected. Pleasant things were pleasant—there was no doubt of that, whatever else might be doubtful. He had read Byron by stealth; he had been flogged into reading

Ovid and Tibullus; and commanded by his private tutor to read Martial and Juvenal for the improvement of his style. All conversation on the subject of love had been prudishly avoided, as usual, by his parents and teachers. The parts of the Bible which spoke of it had been always kept out of his sight. Love had been to him, practically, ground tabooed and 'carnal.' What was to be expected? Just what happened. If woman's beauty had nothing holy in it, why should his fondness for it? Just what happens every day—that he had to sow his wild oats for himself, and eat the fruit thereof, and the dirt thereof also.

"Oh, fathers! fathers! and you clergymen, who monopolise education! either tell boys the truth about love, or do not put into their hands, without note or comment, the foul devil's lies about it, which make up the mass of the Latin poets; and then go, fresh from teaching Juvenal and Ovid, to declaim at Exeter-hall against Peter Dens' well-meaning prurience! Had we not better take the beam out of our own eye before we meddle with the mote in the Jesuit's?"

In this state of mind Lancelot Smith, on the day of the before-mentioned fox-hunt, emerging behind his companions, sees issuing from a little old chapel in the hills, Argemone Lavington, the eldest daughter of the owner of the hounds.

"That face and figure, and the spirit which spoke through them, entered his heart at once never to leave it. Her features were aquiline and grand, without a shade of harshness; her eyes shone out like twin lakes of still azure, beneath a broad marble cliff of polished forehead; her rich chestnut hair rippled downward round the towering neck. With her perfect masque and queenly figure, and earnest upward gaze, she might have been the very model from which Raphael conceived his glorious St. Catherine—the ideal of the highest womanly genius, softened into self-forgetfulness by girlish devotion. She was simply, almost coarsely, dressed; but a glance told him she was a lady, by the courtesy of man as well as by the will of God.

"They gazed one moment more at each other, but what is time to spirits? With them, as well as with their father, one day is as a thousand years. But that eye-wedlock was cut short the next instant by the decided interference of the horse, who, thoroughly disgusted at his master's whole conduct, gave a significant shake of his head, and, shamming frightened (as both women and horses do when only cross), commenced a war-dance, which drove Argemone Lavington into the porch, and gave the bewildered Lancelot an excuse for dashing madly up the hill after his companions.

"'What a horribly ugly face!' said Argemone to herself; 'but so clever and so unhappy!'

Blest pity! true mother of that graceless scamp, young Love, who is ashamed of his real pedigree, and swears to this day that he is the child of Venus!—the coxcomb!

Lancelot bewitched by this apparition, mismanages his horse and is thrown.—A broken leg—concussion

of the brain—a hospitable reception in the mansion of Squire Lavington, and a prolonged nursing there by his friend Colonel Bracebridge, are the direct consequences of this fall; the indirect and more important consequences are his recovery and leisure to go “deeper and deeper still” in his love for Argemone, and the social philosophy, politics and religion, which pour forth in a living stream from the hearts of all the chief personages, especially from that of Tregarva the keeper, one of the lower classes, who has his patent of nobility direct from the King of kings, and who inevitably becomes an influential person wherever he is disposed to lend a hand. That our land produces men of the Tregarva kind, we believe and *know*. May such yeast or leaven in the working-classes ultimately leaven the whole mass! In the meantime, gentlemen and clergymen, like our author, do well to recognise, and to make the world recognise, the existence and value of these “unaccredited heroes,” and the world should thank them accordingly. Of Argemone and her sister Honoria much might be said; but we confine ourselves to the following:—

“Argemone was busy in her boudoir (too often a true *boudoir* to her) among books and statuettes, and dried flowers, fancying herself, and not unfairly, very intellectual. She had four new manias every year. Her last winter’s one had been that bottle and squirt mania, mis-called chemistry; her spring madness was for the Greek drama. She had devoured Schlegel’s lectures, and thought them divine; and now she was hard at work on Sophocles, with a little help from translations, and thought she understood him every word. Then she was somewhat High Church in her notions, and used to go up every Wednesday and Friday to the chapel in the hills, where Lancelot had met her, for an hour’s mystic devotion, set off by a little graceful asceticism.

“And here a word about Honoria, to whom nature, according to her wont with sisters, had given almost everything which Argemone wanted, and denied almost everything which Argemone had, except beauty. And even in that, the many-sided mother had made her a perfect contrast to her sister,—tiny and luscious, dark eyed, and dark haired; as full of wild simple passion as an Italian, thinking little except where she felt much, which was indeed everywhere; for she lived in a perpetual April shower of exaggerated sympathy for all suffering, whether in novels or in life; and daily gave the lie to that shallow old calumny, that fititious sorrows harden the heart to real ones. Argemone was almost angry with her sometimes, when she trotted whole days about the village from school to sick-room; perhaps conscience hinted to her that her duty, too, lay rather there than among her luxurious day-dreams. But alas! though she would have indignantly repelled the accusation of selfishness, yet in self and for self alone she lived; and while she had force of will for any so-called self-denial, and would fast herself cross and stupified, and quite enjoy kneeling thinly clad and barefoot on the freezing chapel floor on a winter’s morning, yet her fastidious delicacy

revolted at sitting, like Honoria, beside the bed of the ploughman’s consumptive daughter in a rocking, stifling, lean-to garret, in which had slept the night before, the father, mother, and two grown-up boys; not to mention a new-married couple, the sick girl, and alas! her baby. And of such bed-chambers there were too many in Whitford Priors.”

Lancelot has no relations but an uncle, a banker; whose bank stops payment, whereby Lancelot is in due time deprived of all worldly goods;—and a cousin, a Tractarian Curate, to whom he writes as follows, (sitting up one night during his convalescence, to do so, in disobedience to the express commands of his doctors and nurses):—

“You complain that I waste my time in field sports. How do you know that I waste my time? I find within myself certain appetites; and I suppose that the God whom you say made me, made these appetites as a part of me. Why are they to be crushed any more than any other part of me? I am the whole of what I find in myself—am I to pick and choose myself out of myself? And besides, I feel that the exercise of freedom, activity, foresight, daring, independent self-determination, even in a few minutes’ burst across country, strengthens me in mind as well as in body. It might not do so to you; but you are of a different constitution, and, from all I see, the power of a man’s muscles, the excitability of his nerves, the shape and balance of his brain, make him what he is. Else what is the meaning of physiognomy? Every man’s destiny, as the Turks say, stands written on his forehead. One does not need two glances at your face to know that you would not enjoy fox-hunting,—that you would enjoy book-learning and ‘refined repose,’ as they are pleased to call it. Every man carries his character in his brain. You all know that, and act upon it when you have to deal with a man for sixpence; but your religious dogmas, which make out that every man comes into the world equally brutish and fiendish, make you afraid to confess it. I don’t quarrel with a ‘douce’ man like you, with a large organ of veneration, for following your bent. But if I am fiery, with a huge cerebellum, why am I not to follow mine? For that is what you do, after all,—what you like best. It is all very easy for a man to talk of conquering his appetites when he has none to conquer. Try and conquer your organ of veneration, or of benevolence, or of calculation,—then I will call you an ascetic. Why not? The same Power which made the front of one’s head made the back, I suppose?”

“And, I tell you, hunting does me good. It awakens me out of my dreary mill-round of metaphysics. It sweeps away that infernal web of self-consciousness, and absorbs me in outward objects; and my red-hot Perillus bull cools in proportion as my horse warms. I tell you, I never saw a man who could cut out his way across country, who could not cut his way through better things when his turn came. The cleverest and noblest fellows are sure to be the best riders in the long run; and as for bad company and the ‘world,’ when you take to going

in the first-class carriages for fear of meeting a swearing sailor in the second-class—when those who have ‘renounced the world,’ give up buying and selling in the funds—when my uncle, the pious banker, who will only ‘associate’ with the truly religious, gives up dealing with any scoundrel or heathen who can ‘do business’ with him,—then you may quote pious people’s opinions to me. In God’s name, if the Stock Exchange and railway stagnating, and the advertisements in the Protestant Hue-and-Cry, and the frantic Mammon-hunting which has been for the last fifty years the peculiar pursuit of the majority of Quakers, Dissenters, and Religious Churehmen, are not ‘*The World*,’ what is it? I don’t complain of them, though; Puritanism has interdicted to them all art, all excitement, all amusement—except money-making. It is their *dernier ressort*, poor souls!

“But you must explain to us naughty fox-hunters, how all this agrees with the good book. We see plainly enough, in the meantime, how it agrees with ‘poor human nature.’ We see that the ‘religious world,’ like the ‘great world,’ and the ‘sporting world,’ and the ‘literary world,’

‘Compounds for sins she is inclined to,
By damning those she has no mind to;’

and that because England is a money-making country, and money-making is an effeminate pursuit, therefore all sedentary and spongy sins, like covetousness, slander, bigotry and self-conceit, are to be cockered and plastered over, while the more masculine vices, and no-vices also, are mercilessly hunted down by your cold-blooded, soft-handed religionists.

“This is a more quiet letter than usual from me, my dear coz, for many of your reproofs cut me home: they angered me at the time; but I deserve them. I am miserable, self-disgusted, self-helpless, craving for freedom, and yet crying aloud for some one to come and guide me, and teach me; and *who is there in these days, who could teach a fast man, even if he would try?* Be sure, that as long as you and yours make piety a synonym for unmanliness, you will never convert either me or any other good sportsman.”

On a hasty perusal of the book, it might be objected that the Tractarian cousin is made a mere man of straw, in fighting for what he believes to be the truth against Lancelot’s infidelity.—But on due consideration, the reader will see that this is done on purpose. To all the arguments against Lancelot’s life and opinions of a simple and pious youth of this kind, really suffering for conscience sake, but as Lancelot believes mistakenly—Lancelot would cry “*connu*.” They would not reach his difficulty. He loves his cousin, but he has no respect for his intellect, though he has much for his conscience. Lancelot’s conversion is effected by very different and far more painful means;—partly by loss of fortune, station, friends, worldly hopes, and—of his beloved by death; and partly by commune with men of superior mind to himself, who are believers—Tregarva, and a strange omnipresent, omniscient man, who is a mysterious benefactor to everybody, and who has

neither a local habitation nor a name. Lancelot’s cousin, of course, is made to go over to Rome. On this subject, Lancelot writes to him in his usual straightforward, unmitigated fashion. What he here puts in bold words, nestles in timid half-thoughts or stalks tyrannically through the mind of the present generation, as imperious whole thoughts, and needs a wholesome expression.

“It is a relief to me, at least, dear Luke, that you are going to Rome in search of a great idea, and not merely from selfish superstitious terror (as I should call it) about the ‘salvation of your soul.’ And it is a new and very important thought to me, that Rome’s scheme of this world, rather than of the next, forms her chief allurements. But as for that flesh and spirit question, or the apostolic succession one either; all you seem to me, as a looker-on, to have logically proved, is that Protestants, orthodox and unorthodox, must be a little more scientific and careful in their use of terms. But as for adopting your use of them, and the consequences thereof, you must pardon me, and I suspect, them too. Not that—anything but that—Whatever is right, that is wrong. Better to be inconsistent in truth than consistent in a mistake—and your Romish idea of man is a mistake—utterly wrong and absurd—expect in the one requirement of righteousness and godliness, which Protestant and heathen philosophers have required, and do require, just as much as you. My dear Luke, your ideal men and women won’t do, for they are not men and women at all, but what you call ‘saints.’ . . . Your calendar, your historic list of the earth’s worthies, won’t do—not they, but others, are the people who have brought humanity thus far. I don’t deny that there are great souls amongst them; Becket, and Hugh Grosstetes, and Elizabeths of Hungary. But you are the last people to praise them, for you don’t understand them. Thierry honours Thomas à Becket more than all canonizations and worshippers do, because he does see where the man’s true greatness lay, and you don’t. Why, you may hunt all Surius for such a biography of a mediæval worthy as Carlisle has given of your Abbot Samson. I have read, or tried to read, your Surius, and Alban Butler, and so forth, and they seemed to me bats and asses. One really pitied the poor saints and martyrs for having such blind biographers—such dunghill cocks, who overlooked the pearl of real human love and nobleness in them, in their greediness to scratch up and parade the rotten chaff of superstition, and self-torture, and spiritual dyspepsia, which had overlaid it. My dear fellow, that calendar ruins your cause: you are *sacrés, aristocrates*, kings and queens, bishops and virgins by the hundred at one end, a beggar or two at the other, and but one real human living St. Homobonus, to fill up the great gulf between. A pretty list to allure the English middle classes, or the Lancashire working men! Almost as charmingly suited to England as the present free, industrious, enlightened, and moral state of that Eternal City, which has been blest with the visible presence and peculiar rule, temporal as

well as spiritual, too, of your Dalai Lama. His pills do not seem to have had much practical effect there. . . . My good Luke, till he can show us a little better specimen of the kingdom of heaven organized and realized on earth, in the country which does belong to him, soil and people, body and soul, we must decline his assistance in realizing that kingdom in countries which don't belong to him. If the state of Rome don't show his idea of man and society to be a rotten lie, what proof would you have?"

Of the religious and irreligious doubts which are now working in the heart of society, Mr. Kingsley shows thorough knowledge, and contrives in Lancelot's letters to his cousin, and his conversations with persons of all phases of faith in the book, to bring out the faith in Christ as the only religion that has ever satisfied or can ever satisfy the heart as well as the mind of man.

Of some great social evils touched on in this book, Tregarva and Lancelot talk thus:—

"It isn't far to walk, sir. Perhaps some day when the May-fly's gone off, and the fish don't rise awhile, you could walk down and see. I beg your pardon, sir, though, for thinking of such a thing. They are not fit places for gentlemen, that's certain.' There was a staid irony in his tone, which Lancelot felt.

"But the clergyman goes?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Miss Honoria goes?"

"Yes, God Almighty bless her!"

"And do they not see that all goes right?"

"The giant twisted his huge limbs, as if trying to avoid an answer, and yet not daring to do so.

"Do clergymen go about among the poor much, sir, at college, before they are ordained?"

"Lancelot smiled, and shook his head.

"I thought so, sir. Our good vicar is like the rest hereabouts. God knows he stints neither time nor money: the souls of the poor are well looked after, and their bodies too, as far as his purse will go; but that's not far."

"Is he ill off then?"

"The living's worth some forty pounds a-year. The great tithes, they say, are worth better than twelve hundred; but Squire Lavington has them."

"Oh! I see," said Lancelot.

"I'm glad you do, sir, for I don't," meekly answered Tregarva. "But the vicar, sir, he is a kind man, and a good; but the poor don't understand him, nor he them. He's too learned, sir, and, saving your presence, too fond of his prayer-book."

"One can't be too fond of a good thing."

"Not unless you make an idol of it, sir, and fancy that men's souls were made for the prayer-book, and not the prayer-book for them."

"But cannot he expose and redress these evils, if they exist?"

"Tregarva twisted about again.

"I do not say that I think it, sir; but this I know, that every poor man in the vale thinks it—that the parsons are afraid of the landlords. They must

see these things, for they are not blind; and they try to plaster them up out of their own pockets."

"But why, in God's name, don't they strike at the root of the matter, and go straight to the landlords, and tell them the truth?" asked Lancelot.

"So people say, sir. I see no reason for it, except the one which I gave you. Besides, sir, you must remember that a man can't quarrel with his own kin; and so many of them are the squire's brothers, or sons, or nephews."

"Or good friends with him, at least."

"Ay, sir, and to do them justice, they had need, for the poor's sake, to keep good friends with the squire. How else are they to get a farthing for schools, or coal-subscriptions, or lying-in societies, or lending-libraries, or penny clubs? If they spoke their minds to the great ones, sir, how could they keep the parish together?"

"You seem to see both sides of a question, certainly. But what a miserable state of things, that the labouring man should require all these societies, and charities, and helps from the rich!—that an industrious freeman cannot live without alms!"

"So I have thought this long time," quietly answered Tregarva.

"But Miss Honoria—she is not afraid to tell her father the truth?"

"Suppose, sir, when Adam and Eve were in the Garden, that all the devils had come up and played their fiends' tricks before them,—do you think they'd have seen any shame in it?"

"I really cannot tell," said Lancelot, smiling.

"Then I can, sir. They'd have seen no more harm in it than there was harm already in themselves, and that was none. A man's eyes can only see what they've learned to see."

"Lancelot started: it was a favourite *dictum* of his in Carlyle's works.

"Where did you get that thought, my friend?"

"By seeing, sir."

"But what has that to do with Miss Honoria?"

"She is an angel of goodness, herself, sir, and she therefore goes on without blushing or suspecting, where our blood would boil again. She sees people in want, and thinks it must be so, and pities them, and relieves them. But she don't know want herself, and therefore she don't know that it makes men beasts and devils. She's as pure as God's light herself, and therefore she fancies every one is as spotless as she is. And there's another mistake in your charitable great people, sir. When they see poor folk sick or hungry before their eyes, they pull out purses fast enough, God bless them! for they wouldn't like to be so themselves. But the oppression that goes on all the year round, and the want that goes on all the year round, and the filth, and the lying, and the swearing, and the profligacy that go on all the year round, and the sickening weight of debt, and the miserable grinding anxiety from rent-day to rent-day, and Saturday night to Saturday night, that crushes a man's soul down, and drives every thought

out of his head but how he is to fill his stomach and warm his back, and keep a house over his head, till he daren't for his life take his thoughts one moment off the meat that perisheth—oh, sir! they never felt this; and therefore they never dream that there are thousands who pass them in their daily walks who feel this, and feel nothing else.”

This conversation is the beginning of the attachment of these two young men of different ranks. Our want of space forbids, or we could devote much time to this “stately Cornishman,” who is “six feet three, and has thews and sinews to match,” and who is religious, wise and humble, and who says to Lancelot in adversity:—

“Pardon me; but I never felt what a real substantial thing rank is, as I have since this sad misfortune of yours.”

“And I have never till now found out its worthlessness.”

“You are wrong, sir, you are wrong. Look at the difference between yourself and me. When you've lost all you have and seven times more, you are still a gentleman. No man can take that from you. You may look the proudest duchess in the land in the face, and claim her as your equal: while I, sir,—I don't mean, though, to talk of myself—but suppose that you had loved a pious and a beautiful lady, and among all your worship of her and your awe of her, had felt that you were worthy of her, that you could become her comforter, and her pride, and her joy, if it wasn't for that accursed gulf that men had put between you, that you were no gentleman, that you didn't know how to walk, and how to pronounce, and when to speak, and when to be silent, not even how to handle your knife and fork without disgusting her, or how to keep your own body clean and sweet. Ah, sir! I see it now as I never did before, what a wall all these little defects build up round a poor man; how he longs and struggles to show himself as he is at heart, and cannot, till he feels sometimes as if he was enchanted, pent up, like folks in fairy tales, in the body of some dumb beast. But, sir,” he went on, with a concentrated bitterness, which Lancelot had never seen in him before, ‘just because this gulf which rank makes is such a deep one, therefore it looks to me all the more devilish. Not that I want to pull down any man to my level: I despise my own level too much. I want to rise: I want those like me to rise with me. Let the rich be as rich as they will. ¶ and those like me covet not money but manners. Why should not the workman be a gentleman and a workman still? Why are they to be shut out from all that is beautiful and delicate, and winning and stately?’”

From Mr. Kingsley's known sympathy with and knowledge of the working classes both in town and country, it was to be expected that when Lancelot visits the country fair in disguise with Tregarva, revelations and experiences would occur that would be likely to set the blood boiling or freezing in the veins. But we were not prepared for the skill and power and sad simplicity with which the scenes there are brought

into the reader's heart and mind. They indicate a deep knowledge of the condition of the labouring poor.

In justice to the versatile genius of our author, we must make room for a quotation differing in style from any yet given.

“Old things had passed away—when would all things become new? Not yet, Lancelot. Thou hast still one selfish hope, one dream of bliss, however impossible yet still cherished. Thou art a changed man—but for whose sake? For Argemone's. Is she to be thy God, then? Art thou to live for her, or for the sake of One greater than she? All thine idols are broken—swiftly the desert sands are drifting over them, and covering them in. All but one—must that too be taken from thee?”

“One morning, a letter was put into Lancelot's hands bearing the Whitford post-mark. Tremblingly he tore it open. It contained a few passionate words from Honoria. Argemone was dying of typhus-fever, and entreating to see him once again; and Honoria had, with some difficulty as she hinted, obtained leave from her parents to send for him.

* * * * *

“A faint voice—oh! how faint! how changed!—called him from within the closed curtains.

“He is there! I know he is! Lancelot! My Lancelot!”

“Silently still he drew aside the curtain; the light fell full on her face. What a sight! Her beautiful hair cut close, a ghastly white handkerchief round her head, those bright eyes sunk and lustreless, those ripe lips baked, and black and drawn; her thin hand fingering uneasily the coverlid. It was too much for him. He shuddered and turned his face away. Quick-sighted that love is, even to the last! Slight as the gesture was, she saw it in an instant.

“You are not afraid of infection?” she said faintly, ‘I was not.’

“Lancelot laughed aloud, as men will at strangest moments, sprung towards her with open arms, and threw himself on his knees beside the bed. With sudden strength she rose upright, and clasped him in her arms.

“Once more,” she sighed, in a whisper to herself, ‘once more on earth!’ And the room, and the spectators, and disease itself, faded from around them like vain dreams, as she nestled closer and closer to him, and gazed into his eyes, and passed her shrunken hand over his cheeks, and toyed with his hair, and seemed to drink in magnetic life from his embrace.

“No one spoke or stirred. They felt that an awful and blessed spirit overshadowed the lovers, and were hushed, as if in the sanctuary of God.

“Suddenly, again she raised her head from his bosom, and in a tone in which her old queenliness mingled strangely with the saddest tenderness,—

“All of you go away, now; I must talk to my husband alone.”

“So they were left alone.

“I do not look so very ugly, my darling, do I?”

Not so very ugly? though they have cut off all my poor hair, and I told them so often not! But I kept a lock for you;’ and feebly she drew from under the pillow a long auburn tress, and tried to wreath it round his neck, but could not, and sank back.

“Poor fellow! He could bear no more. He hid his face in his hands, and burst into a long low weeping.

“I am very thirsty, darling; reach me—No! I will drink no more, except from your dear lips.’

“He lifted up his head and breathed his whole soul upon her lips; his tears fell on her closed eyelids.

“Weeping? No, you must not cry. See how comfortable I am. They are all so kind—soft bed, cool room, fresh air, sweet drinks, sweet scents. Oh! so different from *that* room!’

“What room, my own?’

“Listen, and I will tell you. Sit down—put your arm under my head—So. When I am on your bosom, I feel so strong. God! let me last to tell him all. It was for that I sent for him.’”

And then follows her account of the horrible filth and misery at Ashley, the village on her own estate—where she caught the fever—and her self-reproach for having lived a life of luxury and ease while all that social evil lay at her door to be cured.

“You will do it, darling? Strong, wise, noble-hearted, that you are! Why do you look at me? You will be rich some day. You will own land, for you are worthy to own it. Oh! that I could give you Whitford! No! It was mine too long—therefore, I die—because I—Lord Jesus! have not I repented of my sin?’

“Then she grew calm once more. A soft smile crept over her face, as it grew sharper and paler every moment. Faintly she sank back on the pillows, and faintly whispered to him to kneel and pray. He obeyed her mechanically—‘No, not for me—for them—for them and for yourself—that you may save them whom I never dreamt that I was bound to save.’”

To those among our readers who feel surprise that such a work should emanate from the heart and brain of a clergyman of the Establishment, a few words may be needful. There is, as Solomon teaches, and as we all know, a time for everything; a time to refrain from words, and a time to speak. It is now a time for the Church to speak, and to act, for the salvation of the young, and the sorely oppressed of this country. Desperately unhappy are the young and the poor who *think* and *feel* at all beyond self, and the present moment; and the more mature and the rich suffer in consequence, for all society is banded together by inextricable links. The whole nation is sick at heart; the disease of selfish materialism and ungodliness eats into it day by day, like a pestilence. If among the ministers of Christ’s religion (the true physicians of souls) there be some whom God the Father has gifted with a peculiar insight into the diagnosis of this disease, and with a corresponding power of expression so that he can teach other physicians what they do not know, and help each patient to understand his own

case; surely those men deserve profound thanks for not having yielded to the temptation of keeping their talent wrapped in a napkin. It is a far easier, and, for prosperity in *this* world, a far safer thing to ignore than to proclaim any sort of deep vital evil. Honour to those who peril all in the cause of God and truth!

“Yeast” is a problem which time only can solve; and which assuredly will be solved, if not in our time, wholly, yet in the time that will come after. It is therefore a matter which concerns all practical as well as all speculative thinkers to examine the statement of this “Problem,” and judge for themselves whether it be correct. For our own part we know too well that the contents of this book are of the utmost importance to society in England. It is as a Christian Teacher far more than as a literary artist that we have regarded our author, but we feel deeply the identity of the aims of both:—

“The means are diverse, but the end the same.”

Earnestly—nay, almost solemnly—do we urge the better sort among our readers to ponder on the leaven which is now leavening the moral world within and around them. This involves introspection; but it is healthful, not morbid; it also involves the necessity of a more active, vital, Christian love,—“He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?”

REVOLUTIONS OF RUSSIA.¹

THE ACCESSION OF NICHOLAS I. 1825.

THE death of the Emperor Alexander placed the inhabitants of his empire in mourning; for the grief and loyalty of the lower classes were sincere, and their attachment to his person almost idolatrous in its character. The public feeling was increased by the prospect of the reign of an unpopular sovereign afflicted with mental malady, and devoid of courtesy.

As for the Grand-duke Nicholas, no one thought of him, but the Russian people dreaded the accession of Constantine, whom they considered their sovereign in right of his primogeniture. In no country in the world has this natural law been so repeatedly broken. Every person in Russia was aware that the heir-presumptive had purchased his marriage with a Polish lady, the object of his ardent affections, by the resignation of his claims to the succession, but that he would abide by that act seemed a conjecture too improbable to be entertained by any one. Constantine was nevertheless sincere when he abandoned his rights, and he hastened to assure his next brother that he was so, by his youngest brother the Grand-duke Michael, through whom he forwarded a letter confirming his resignation of the throne, and acknowledging his next brother as his sovereign. The courier from St. Petersburg crossed the Grand-duke Michael, and brought letters from Nicholas acknow-

(1) Translated from the French of Alexandre Dumas, with omissions and additions, by Miss Jane Strickland.

making Constantine as his Emperor, and urging him to ascend the throne. The wife of Constantine joined her entreaties to those of the next heir, and with rare devotion offered to resign her consort rather than that he should give up the empire for her. Constantine, over whose mental agonies the soothing influence of the fair Pole possessed a magical power, continued firm in his resolution to remain in the condition of a subject, and he adhered to the determination he had expressed in the important document of which the Grand-duke Michael was the bearer, and which is here subjoined:—

“MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—

“I received yesterday, with feelings of profound sorrow, intelligence of the death of our adored sovereign, and my benefactor, the Emperor Alexander. In hastening to assure you of the painful feelings this misfortune has excited in my mind, I do only my duty in announcing to you that I have forwarded to her Imperial Majesty, our august mother, a letter, in which I declare, that in consequence of the rescript I obtained from the late Emperor, bearing date February the 2d, 1822, permitting my renunciation of the throne, it is now my unalterable determination to give up to you all my rights to the Empire of Russia. I entreated, at the same time, our beloved mother, to make this declaration public, that the same may be put into immediate execution. After this declaration, I regard it as a sacred duty to beseech your Imperial Majesty to receive the first from me, the oath of fidelity and submission, and to permit me to say that I do not aspire to any other title or dignity than that of Czarowitz, with which my august father deigned to honour my services. My sole happiness, hereafter, will consist in giving your Imperial Majesty continual proofs of my unbounded devotion and respect for your person, of which thirty years of constant and zealous service to the Emperors, my father and brother, are the pledge, in which sentiments I wish to serve your Imperial Majesty, and your successors, until the end of my life, in my present situation and functions.

“I am, with the most profound respect,
“CONSTANTINE.”

Upon the receipt of the despatches which followed this letter, the Grand-duke, called to reign over a vast Empire, by the repeated abdication of his brother of the rights of primogeniture, no longer hesitated,—he published the former correspondence between the Emperor Alexander and the Grand-duke Constantine, with the document already quoted upon the 25th of December, 1825, and fixed the morrow for his recognition as their sovereign by his people.

The inhabitants of St. Petersburg, relieved from their dread of a second Paul by the abdication of the heir-presumptive, began to reflect with hope upon the promise which the talents and pure moral character of their new sovereign afforded them. The handsomest and bravest man in his dominions, his fine

person attracted attention, while his reserved manners excited awe. His grave carriage, his demure look; only raised to penetrate to the soul the man who ventured to observe him, with a glance which compelled him to know and reverence his master—his haughty manner of interrogation, so unlike the suavity of Alexander, or the bluntness of Constantine, had isolated him from the rest of the imperial family, and centred him in the bosom of his own domestic circle. The Russian people, feeling their need of a guide, at once comprehended that the cold dignity of this prince concealed an indomitable will, and that, if they themselves had not chosen their new sovereign, God had considered their need, and given to the Russians, who were at once too polished and too barbarous, a man who would grasp the sceptre in an iron hand covered with a velvet glove.

The morrow, though considered as a day of joy and festivity, was preceded by some rumours that, like the breath of an approaching tempest, gave warning that some great national crisis was at hand. It was whispered in the evening of the 25th that the abdication of the Czarowitz was a forgery, and that Constantine, then exercising the authority of Viceroy of Poland, was on full march for St. Petersburg with an army to claim the empire as his birthright. In addition to this startling rumour, it was said that several regiments, and among them that of Moscow, had determined to take the oath to no Russian prince but Constantine; and the words, “Let Nicholas live, but let Constantine reign,” were heard at intervals in the streets as an intimation of the state of the military pulse.

In fact, the conspiracy which had disturbed the last days of the Emperor Alexander was about to raise its head, and seize upon the Great-Duke Constantine's name as its rallying point. This Prince, who had passed his life with the army, was beloved by the soldiers, and the conspirators, who understood little of the character of their new sovereign, supposed the revolt of the regiments stationed in St. Petersburg would compel him to resign his recently acquired rights. They would then summon Constantine to receive the empire, and with it the constitution they had prepared. If he refused to accept it, they intended to imprison him and the rest of the imperial family. They would then establish a republic, an oligarchy in which the despotism of the many would replace the despotism of one. Such was the design of a party composed of military aristocrats, who, bolder than the murderers of Paul, dared, by open force and secret fraud, to contest the throne of Russia with its new sovereign. The soldiers, devoted to Constantine, they designed to make their blind instruments in a conspiracy of which that Prince was not the real object, but their own aggrandisement.

Faithful to their plans, the Prince Stah—and the two Bes—went to the barracks of the 2d, 3d, 5th, and 6th companies of the Regiment of Moscow, whom they knew to be devoted to Constantine. The Prince then informed these men that they were deceived respecting the abdication of the Czarowitz,

and pointed out Alexander B—— to their attention, whom he affirmed had been sent from Warsaw to warn them against taking the oath to the Grand-duke Nicholas. The address of Alexander B——, confirming this astounding communication, excited a great sensation among the troops, of which the Prince took advantage by ordering them to load and present. At that instant the Aide-de-camp Verighny and Major-General Fredericks, who commanded the grenadiers, having the charge of the flag, came to invite the officers to visit the colonel of the regiment. Prince Stah——, who believed the favourable moment was come, ordered the soldiers to repulse the grenadiers with *coup-de-crosses*, and to take away their flag, at the same time throwing himself upon Major-General Fredericks, whom B——, on the other side, menaced with a pistol, with the stock of which he felled him to the earth; then, turning upon Major Schenshine, commander of the brigade, who ran to the assistance of his colleague, he knocked him down in a moment, and flinging himself among the grenadiers, successively wounded Grenadier Krasscfski, Colonel Khavosschinski, and Subaltern MoussiEFF; and cutting his way to the flag, seized and elevated it with a loud and triumphant hurrah. To that cry, and to the sight of the blood so boldly shed to win the flag, the greater part of the regiment replied, "Long live Constantine! down with Nicholas!" Prince Stah——, followed by four hundred men whom he had seduced from their duty, then marched, with drums beating, to the Admiralty quarter.

At the gate of the winter palace, the aide-de-camp, the bearer of the news of the revolt, encountered another officer, who brought tidings from the barracks of the grenadier corps of equally alarming import. When that regiment were preparing to take the oath of fidelity to the Emperor Nicholas, the sub-lieutenant Kojenikoff threw himself before the advanced-guard, exclaiming, "It is not to the Grand-duke Nicholas we ought to make oath, but to the Emperor Constantine." He was told that the Czarowitz had abdicated in his next brother's favour. "It is false," was his reply; "totally false; he is on the march for St. Petersburg to reward the faithful and punish the guilty."

The regiment, notwithstanding these outcries, continued its march, took the oath of allegiance to the new sovereign, and returned into quarters, without showing any disposition resembling revolt. At dinner-time Lieutenant Suthoff, who had taken the pledge of obedience with the rest, entered at that moment, and addressed himself to his own company in a manner calculated to excite their attention: "My friends, we were wrong to obey the order; the other regiments are in open revolt; they have refused to take the oath, and are at this moment in the Place of the Senate;—put on your uniforms, arm, come on, and follow me; I have your pay in my pocket, which I am ready to distribute without waiting for the ceremony of an order."

"But is what you say quite true?" cried many voices.

"Stah, here is Lieutenant Panoff,———, one of your best friends,—ask him."

"My friends," remarked Panoff, anticipating their question, "you all know that Constantine is your only lawful emperor, and that they wish to dethrone him."

"Live Constantine!" replied the soldiers.

"Live Nicholas!" exclaimed Colonel Sturler, the commander of the regiment, throwing himself courageously into the hall. "They are deceiving you, my friends; the Czarowitz has really abdicated, and you have now no other emperor than the Grand-duke Nicholas. Live Nicholas!"

"Live Constantine!" responded the soldiers.

"You are mistaken, soldiers; you are about to take a fatal step; you are deceived," again shouted the colonel.

"Comrades, do not abandon me; follow me," cried Panoff; "let those who are for Constantine, unite with me in the cry, 'Long live, Constantine.'"

More than three parts of those present joined in the cry of "Long live Constantine!"

"To the Admiralty! to the Admiralty!" said Panoff, drawing his sword; "follow me, soldiers, follow me."

With a wild hurrah two hundred soldiers followed their leader to the place he indicated, whither, though by a different route, the insurgent portion of the Regiment of Moscow had already preceded them.

Milarodowich, the military governor of St. Petersburg, a cavalry general, whose splendid charges on the field had gained him the appellation of the Russian Murat, was by this time at the palace, to communicate to his new sovereign the dispositions he had made for the defence of his throne and the capital. He had directed the troops upon whose fidelity he thought he could rely, to march to the winter palace. The first battalion of the regiment Probrajenski, three regiments of the guard Paulowski, and the battalion of the Sappers and Miners, were those he considered fit for this important service.

The emperor saw then that the mutiny was more general than he anticipated; he therefore sent by Major-general Meidhart, to carry orders to the Semenowski guard to repress the mutineers, and to the horse-guards, to hold themselves in readiness to mount. He went down himself to the corps of chief guards of the winter palace, where the regiment of Finland guards were at that time on duty, and ordered them to load their muskets and invest the principal avenues of the palace. At that very moment tumultuous sounds interrupted the voice of the sovereign occasioned by the approach of the third and sixth companies of the Regiment of Moscow, headed by Prince Stah——, and the two B——, with the captured flag proudly displayed to the wind, and drums beating, to the ominous cry of "Long live Constantine! Down with Nicholas!" The rebel troops debouched on the Admiralty Square, but whether they thought themselves not sufficiently strong, or that they dreaded

facing majesty with these treasonable demonstrations, they did not march upon the winter palace, but took up their position against the senate, where they were immediately joined by the grenadier corps, and sixty men in frocks with pistols in their hands, who mingled themselves among the rebel soldiers.

The emperor at this crisis appeared from under one of the arches of the palace, approached the grating, and threw a rapid glance on his revolted subjects. He was paler than usual, but was composed and calm. It was whispered that he had resolved to die as became a Christian emperor, and that he had confessed and received the absolution of the Church, before he took leave of his family. Every eye was fixed upon him, when the hard gallop of a squadron of cuirassiers was heard on the side of the marble palace; it was the horse-guards, headed by Count Orloff, one of the bravest and most faithful friends of the emperor. Before him the gates expanded; he leaped from his charger, while the regiment ranged itself before the palace. The roll of the drums announced instantly the approach of the grenadiers of Preobrajenski, which arrived in battalions. They entered the court of the palace, where they found the emperor with the empress, and their eldest son, the little Grand-duke Alexander; behind them were ranged the Chevalier guard, who formed an angle with the cuirassiers, leaving between them an open space, which was quickly filled up by the artillery. The revolted regiments regarded these military dispositions with apparent carelessness, while their cries of "Long live Constantine!" "Down with Nicholas!" evidently proved that they expected, and waited there for reinforcements.

While affairs were in this state at the palace, the Grand-duke Michael, at the barracks, was opposing his personal influence to the flood-tide of rebellion. Some happy results had followed these attempts, and the bold resolution taken by Count Lieven, captain of the sixth company of the Regiment of Moscow, who arrived in time to shut the gates against the battalion, then about to join their rebel comrades. Placing himself before the soldiers, he drew his sword, and swore on his honour to pass the weapon through the body of the first man who should make a seditious movement to re-open them. At this threat, a young sub-lieutenant advanced, pistol in hand, towards Count Lieven, with the evident intention of blowing out his brains. The count, with admirable presence of mind, struck the officer a blow with the pommel of his sword, which made the instrument leap from his hands; the lieutenant took up the pistol and once more took aim at the count. The young nobleman crossed his arms, and confronted the mutinous officer, while the regiment, mute and motionless, looked on like the seconds of this singular duel. The lieutenant drew back a few steps, followed by the heroic count, who offered him his unarmed breast as in defiance of his attempt. The lieutenant fired, but the ball took no effect: that it did not strike that generous breast appeared miraculous. Some one knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" asked many voices.

"His Imperial Highness the Grand-duke Michael," replied those without.

Some instants of profound silence followed this announcement. Count Lieven availed himself of the general stupefaction to open the door, no person attempting to prevent that action.

The Grand-duke entered on horseback, followed by the officers of ordnance.

"What means this inaction at a moment of danger?" asked the Grand-duke. "Am I among traitors or loyal soldiers?"

"You are in the midst of the most faithful of your regiments," replied the Count, "of which your Imperial Highness shall have immediate proof." Then raising his drawn sword, he cried, "Long live the Emperor Nicholas!"

"Long live the Emperor Nicholas!" shouted the soldiers with one voice.

The young sub-lieutenant attempted to speak, but Count Lieven stopped him by touching his arm. "Silence, sir; I shall not mention what has passed; and you will ruin yourself by the utterance of a syllable."

His magnanimity awed and convinced the disloyal officer.

"Lieven, I confide to you the conduct of this regiment," remarked the Grand-duke, emphatically.

"I will answer for its loyalty with my life, your Imperial Highness," replied the Count.

The Grand-duke departed, and on his rounds, if he received no enthusiastic greeting, at least found what he sought, obedience to the authority of the Emperor Nicholas.

Reinforcements came in on every side; the Sappers and Miners drew up in order of battle, before the palace of the Hermitage; the rest of the Regiment of Moscow, rescued from the stain of rebellion by the courage and address of Count Lieven, now proudly debouched by the Perspective of Niewski. The sight of these troops gave a delusive hope to the revolted, who, believing them to be on their side, greeted them with loud cheers; but they were instantly undeceived, for the new-comers ranged themselves along the Hotel of the Tribunals, facing the palace, and with the Cuirassiers, Artillery, and Chevalier guards, enclosed the revolted in a circle of steel.

A moment after, they heard the chant of the priests. It was the Patriarch, who came out of the church of Casan, followed by all his clergy, and preceded by the holy banners. He now commanded the revolted "in the name of Heaven, to return to their duty." The soldiers, for the first time perhaps in their lives, regarded with contempt the pictures which they had been accustomed from infancy to regard with superstitious veneration, and they desired the Patriarch "to let them alone, since if heavenly things belonged to the priestly jurisdiction, they could take care of those of earth." The Patriarch continued his injunctions to obedience, notwithstanding this discouraging rebuff, but the Emperor

ordered him to desist and retire." Nicholas himself was resolved to make one effort to bring back these rebels to their duty.

Those who surrounded the Emperor wished to prevent him from risking his person, but he boldly replied, "It is my game that is playing, and it is but fair play on my part to set my life on the stake."

He ordered the gate to be opened, but scarcely had he been obeyed, before the Grand-duke Michael approached him, and whispered in his ear that that part of the Regiment Preobrajenski by which he was then surrounded, had made common cause with the rebels, and that the Prince T——, their commander, whose absence he had remarked with astonishment, was at the head of the conspiracy. Nicholas remembered that four-and-twenty years before the same regiment had kept guard before the red palace, while its Colonel, Prince Talitzén, strangled the Emperor Paul, his father.

His situation was terrible, but he did not even change countenance; he only showed that he had formed a desperate resolution. In an instant he turned and gave his orders to one of his generals, "Bring me hither the Grand-duke."

The general returned with the young prince: the Emperor raised the boy in his arms, and advancing to the grenadiers, said, "Soldiers, if I am killed, behold your sovereign. Open your ranks; I confide him to your loyalty."

A long loud hurrah, a cry of enthusiasm that came from the very heart of these suspected soldiers, echoed to that of the Emperor, whose magnanimous confidence had won their admiration. The most guilty among them dropped their weapons and opened their arms to receive the heir of the Empire. The imperial pledge was placed with the colours in the midst of the regiment, a guarded and sacred asylum for honour and innocence.

The Emperor mounted his horse and went out of the gate, where he was met by his generals, who implored him not to go any further, as the rebels openly avowed their intention of killing their sovereign, and their arms were loaded. The Emperor made a sign to them with his hand to leave him a free passage, and forbidding them to accompany him, spurred his horse and galloped forward till he arrived within pistol-shot. "Soldiers," cried he, "I am told that you wish to kill me. Is that true? if it is, here I am."

There was a pause, while the Emperor sat on horseback, remaining like an equestrian statue between the two bodies of troops. Twice the word fire was heard among the rebel ranks, and twice some feeling of respect to the dauntless courage of the sovereign restrained the execution of the order; but at the third command some muskets loaded with ball were discharged, which whistled past the Emperor without striking him, but wounded, at a hundred paces behind him, Colonel Velho and many soldiers;

At that moment the Grand-duke Michael and Count Milarodowich galloped towards the Emperor,

the regiment of cuirassiers and those of the Chevalier guards made a forward movement—the artillerymen were about to apply their matches to the cannon.

"Halt," cried the Emperor. All obeyed. "General," said he to Count Milarodowich, "go to these unfortunate men and endeavour to bring them to their allegiance."

The Count and the Grand-duke Michael rode forward, but the rebels received them with a shower of ball, accompanied by their war-cry, "Live Constantine!"

"Soldiers," cried the Count, who was conspicuous alike by his fine martial figure and splendid uniform covered with orders,— "Soldiers, behold this sabre," and he flourished above his head a magnificent Turkish one, the hilt of which was set with jewels, and advancing with it to the front ranks of the rebels, he continued, "This sabre was given me by his Imperial Highness the Czarowitz, and on my honour, I will make oath upon its blade, that you have been deceived, that the Czarowitz has abdicated the imperial crown, and that your real and legitimate sovereign is the Emperor Nicholas."

Cries of "Live Constantine!" and the report of a pistol were the replies given by the revolted to the address of the Count, whose action with the sword arm had left his side exposed to the enemy. He was seen to reel in the saddle. Another pistol was aimed at the Grand-duke Michael, but the soldiers of the Marine, though included in the revolt, seized the arm of the assassin.

Count Orloff and the cuirassiers faced the heavy fire of the musketry, and enveloped in their ranks the wounded Milarodowich, the Grand-duke Michael and the Emperor Nicholas, whom they carried off by force to the palace.

The Count, wounded to death, sat his horse with difficulty, and the moment he arrived at the palace fell into the arms of those who surrounded him.

The Emperor, notwithstanding the late unfortunate attempt, still wished to make one last endeavour to bring back the revolted, but while he was issuing orders to that effect, the Grand-duke Michael seized the match: "Fire," cried he, "fire upon the assassins." At that moment four cannons opened upon the rebels, and paid with usury the deaths they had sent into the loyal ranks of the imperialists. Before the voice of the Emperor could stop the slaughter, a second discharge followed the first. The effect of these volleys within reach of pistol-shot was terrible. More than sixty men of the grenadier corps of the Regiment of Moscow and the Marine guards fell; the rebel troops fled, some by the street Galernain, some by the English quay or by the bridge Isaac, others across the frozen waters of the Neva, then a plain of ice, but all were hotly pursued by the Chevalier guards at full gallop.

That evening Count Milarodowich, who was struggling with the agonies of death, expressed a wish to see the bullet which had given him his mortal wound. The surgeon, who had successfully traced and

extracted the ball, put it into his patient's hand. The expiring warrior carefully examined the missile, its weight, and form, and found it deficient in calibre. "I am satisfied," said he, "that ball was aimed by no soldier." Five minutes after these words, he breathed his last. He then paid the debt of nature, the only debt he ever paid in his life. Handsome, valiant, the finest horseman in the army, and the idol of his own soldiers, the Russian Murat lost his life by the hand of a Russian, but not of a Russian soldier. The rival of the *ci-devant* King of Naples loved display in every shape; but the field of battle, at the head of his cavalry, was the theatre on which he best loved to exhibit his martial form, splendid horsemanship, and daring courage. The gaming-table found him as reckless of his fortune as the field of his life, and the bravest cavalry general in the Russian service was a ruined gamester, loaded with debts which his death acquitted by leaving him insolvent. In paying the debt of nature Count Milarodowich surrendered his only personal possession.

The next day, at nine o'clock in the morning, while the population of his capital was yet uncertain whether the rebellion was effectually crushed, Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, gave his hand to the Empress to assist her into a droski which stood before the gates of the winter palace, and drove through the streets of St. Petersburg. He stopped before the barracks as if to offer his bold bosom to the bullet or the steel of the assassin. The sight of his fine countenance, shadowed by the floating plumes of his military hat, far from exciting treasonable demonstrations, awakened lively expressions of loyalty and devotion to his person, and cries of "Long live Nicholas!" greeted his fortunate rashness. The Russian people knew and recognised in him a brave man and great sovereign.

The trial of the chief conspirators took place under the shadow of night and secrecy: they were brought from all parts of the empire to St. Petersburg. The sentence, but not the examination of the guilty, alone was made public; eighty persons were condemned to death, or life-long exile in Siberia. The most powerful, according to the custom of Russia, increased the population of Siberia; among these we find the name of Prince T——: his wife, with rare devotion, petitioned and obtained from the Emperor permission to accompany her husband to that dreary land of woe and crime. The decimation of the disloyal but seduced regiments was an act of severe military justice that astonished Europe, but secured the tranquillity of Russia. The son of the Emperor Paul, whose life and death had been the stake of the military contest of December 1825, might be better excused than any other man for that tremendous sentence. He had been fired upon by his own soldiers while unarmed and confiding his person to their generosity; his brother and his plenipotentiary, Count Milarodowich, had been aimed at by assassins, and the Count had died of his wound.

A flash of magnanimity enlightened this cloud of

severity. In the list of conspirators the Emperor remarked the name of Suwarrow, a name dear to Russia and associated with her victories. He chose to examine this young man, the grandson of the great field-marshal, himself. His countenance and manner, unusually gentle, seemed to inspire confidence. The questions he asked this lieutenant only required a simple affirmative or denial, and they were not of a nature to elicit a confession of guilt. "Gentlemen, you see and hear," remarked the Emperor to his council, "it is as I have told you, a Suwarrow cannot be a rebel," and he acquitted the prisoner, and gave him a captain's commission and sent him back to his regiment; but unfortunately for the conspirators, this lieutenant was the only person who bore that favoured name. All were not Suwarrows.

It was remarked that those who were executed uttered these words as their last legacy to posterity, "Live Russia! Live Liberty! our avengers are at hand!" Their war-cry of "Live Constantine!" false to their hearts, was not repeated by lips which the presence of death had rendered then the echo of truth.

The funeral pomp of the widowed Empress Elizabeth, whose remains were brought for interment to St. Petersburg in this same month of December, turned the thoughts of its inhabitants from these scenes of civil strife and the executions that followed them, to a Princess, whom for twenty-four years they had regarded as a link between the human and angelic natures. The memory of these events seemed buried in that sepulchre, which the tears of a grateful people had consecrated to the remembrance of the consort of the deceased Emperor Alexander.

SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES OF WORTHIES OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

THOMAS KEN.

THE life of Bishop Ken has been carefully and eloquently written by at least two practised pens. In 1831, an elaborate biography of him was published by the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles,¹ which, though somewhat unreasonably digressive in its character, and too exclusively devoted to political and general topics, may be properly described as a valuable and interesting work. And in this present year of 1851, we have been presented with another life of Ken,² (written, as the title-page informs us, "by a Layman,") which is at once distinguished by unusual accuracy and elegance of style, and by a spirit of affectionate veneration for the memory of the deprived bishop which will commend it to the earnest attention of many thoughtful and sympathising minds.

The incidents of Ken's life, as they have been presented by his biographers, are by no means unin-

(1) *The Life of Thomas Ken, D.D., deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells; viewed in connexion with Public Events, and the Spirit of the Times, political and religious, in which he lived. . . .* By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830-1.

(2) *The Life of Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells. By a Layman.* London (Pickering). 1851.

teresting or unimportant. [He played a prominent part in some of the most memorable events of the period in which he lived, and that period is known to the English historian as comprehending some of the most momentous occurrences in our annals. His character also was full of heroic traits, and commands our highest respect and reverence. In every relation of life,—as a parish priest, as a Christian politician, and as a prelate of the Church, he was conscientious to a degree which ordinary minds might deem romantic or absurd. Sincere and earnest in all that he undertook, and regardless of worldly approbation and emolument, he could never be induced to sacrifice his principles and convictions to temporary profit or expedience. Whilst many men of the same period and profession, whom the world accounted great and good, permitted themselves to seek preferment by indirect and scarcely creditable means, it can be mentioned to his perpetual honour that he voluntarily embraced obscurity and poverty, rather than depart in the slightest degree from the course of duty which he had marked out for himself.

The birth-place of this distinguished divine and upright man was the sequestered village of Little Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire. He was born in the month of July, 1637; the youngest son, by the first marriage, of Mr. Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, an attorney of the Court of Common Pleas, descended from an ancient family in Somersetshire. His mother, whose maiden name was Chalkhill, is said to have been a lineal descendant of the poet John Chalkhill, the friend of Edmund Spenser. She died before Ken had reached his fifth year, but her place was supplied, in a great degree, by an elder sister, Ann Ken, who afterwards became the wife of the famous Izaak Walton. This union took place when the subject of our sketch was about nine years old. Five years afterwards his father died, and "honest Izaak" was henceforth constituted, by the bond of relationship between them, the boy's sole guardian—a better he could not have had!

After a most careful preliminary home education, at the age of thirteen, Ken was sent to the ancient school of Winchester, founded by the renowned William of Wykeham. The warden of the college at the time of his admission was Dr. John Harris, "a noted Grecian, and formerly Greek professor of the University of Oxford." This learned man appears to have been also a most eloquent preacher, being described by one of his contemporaries as second only to St. Chrysostom. In politics and religion, however, he sided with the Presbyterians, having been a member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, appointed by the Parliament in 1643. After remaining at Winchester five years, Ken was elected a student of New College, Oxford. Before quitting the school,—perhaps on the eve of his departure,—he left behind him a permanent memorial of his school-days, which is still regarded with veneration by Winchester boys. "Those who have been brought up at a public school," says his recent biographer, "can testify how they love

to recognise the names of their distinguished men, engraved,—or as it were enshrined,—on the old wainscotings and walls. Ken's name sheds a bright ray on the venerable cloisters of Winchester. "THO. KEN, 1656," cut into the stone buttress of the south-east corner, still remains a cherished memorial to Wykehamists of the good bishop."

On removing to Oxford, there being at the time no vacancy at New College, Ken was entered as a student at Hart Hall. In the course of a year, however, he was admitted within the walls of New College; a change which left him nothing to desire, since it afforded him the opportunity of selecting for his daily companions the friends of his earliest youth, and of renewing intimacies which he had formed at Winchester. The closest friend of his boyhood, Francis Turner, afterwards Bishop of Ely, who had left school a year before him, was again his chosen and constant associate. With Turner and two other friends of congenial disposition, he is supposed to have joined the resolute band of youthful churchmen in Oxford "who assembled together for prayer in the house of Thomas Willis, close by Merton College, when the Liturgy had been prohibited in the churches and chapels." Amongst other accomplishments, we may add that Ken was distinguished at this period for his musical taste and skill. He was an excellent, and, in the intervals of severer studies, a frequent performer on the lute, and from his secluded chamber

"Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not."

were often heard to proceed.

In May, 1661, Ken took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and about the year 1663 he is supposed to have entered into holy orders. Some authorities, however, fix the period of his ordination in 1661, and others in 1664, after he had attained the degree of Master of Arts. The precise time at which he commenced his ministerial duties appears to us, however, quite unimportant, although it has been a matter of controversy with his biographers. His first preferment was to the rectory of Little Easton, in Essex, to which he was instituted, on the presentation of William Lord Maynard, in August 1663. Lord Maynard was an enthusiastic royalist; he had been impeached by the Parliament in 1647, and in the recent times of commotion he had given many proofs of his attachment to the royal cause. His wife, Lady Margaret Maynard, was a woman of great piety and prudence. Her charity and ardours of devotion, according to Ken, might have become a Proba or Monica. A sincere and lasting friendship grew up between her and the zealous pastor, and continued to the time of her death, which happened twenty years after their introduction to each other. Her funeral sermon was preached by Ken on the 30th of June, 1682, in the parish church of Little Easton; his text being taken from the book of Proverbs:—"A gracious woman retaineth honour."

In April, 1665, Ken resigned the living of Little

(1) Life of Ken, by a Layman.

THOMAS KEN.

Easton and became chaplain to Dr. Morley, bishop of Winchester. His introduction to the bishop had been brought about by his relationship to Isaac Walton, between whom and Dr. Morley a long intimacy had subsisted, cemented by many acts of mutual kindness. When Morley was ejected from his preferments, (consisting of a canonry of Christ Church and the rectory of Mildenhall,) in the Commonwealth times, he became an inmate of Walton's house in Staffordshire, and partook for about a twelvemonth of that good man's freely proffered hospitality.¹ The events of subsequent years, however, wrought a great change in the worldly condition of the two men. After the Restoration, Morley became bishop of Worcester, and was subsequently translated to Winchester; but in the midst of his honours he did not forget his humble and excellent friend. Both Walton and his daughter were constant visitors at his episcopal palace, and it was beneath his roof that the beautiful lives of Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson were written, and an enlarged edition of the *Complete Angler* prepared for the press.

In 1666 Ken was elected a Fellow of Winchester College, and had he been contented with a life of seclusion and studious ease, a congenial retreat was now afforded him, where he might have passed the remainder of his days in lettered tranquillity. "But a recluse life," says his biographer, "was foreign to the bent of his desires." He sighed for more active duties, and an extended sphere of usefulness. "The bishop, therefore, on the 6th of July, 1667, collated him to the rectory of Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight, a cheerful little village, about four miles from Carisbrook Castle, with a goodly church, and a near prospect of the sea, sheltered from cold winds by overhanging hills."²

In this pleasant spot he remained about two years, at the end of which time the rectory of East Woodhay becoming vacant by the death of Dr. Robert Sharrock, his patron, Bishop Morley, removed Ken thither, in order that he might have him nearer to his own person. But Ken would not accept the living of Woodhay till he had resigned Brightstone, and although it was at that period an extremely common practice to hold several preferments together, he steadily persisted in a resolution he had formed never to take any cure the duties of which he could not personally perform. In the rectory garden of Woodhay, "*Bishop Ken's* yew hedge," according to his recent biographer, is still shewn as a cherished memorial of his residence in that parish. In the parish register there is also an entry of the baptism of "Rose Ken, daughter of Mr. Jon Ken, born 23rd June, 1670," from whence his biographer has drawn the inference that at this period

his brother's family were residing beneath his roof; an arrangement which procured for Ken, who was "himself unalterably dedicated to a single life," the advantage of a social circle which did much to relieve the loneliness of his country parsonage.

At Woodhay he remained above three years, discharging the duties of his ministry with unwearied zeal and industry. Easy of access, gentle, generous, and affectionate, he was in all respects the model of a country pastor. As his recent biographer has observed, he wanted none of the qualities which in one of his own poems he has enumerated as requisite to constitute the character of the good parish priest:—

"A father's tenderness, a shepherd's care,
A leader's courage, which the Cross can bear;
A ruler's awe, a watchman's wakeful eye,
A pilot's skill the helm in storms to ply;
A fisher's patience, and a labourer's toil,
A guide's dexterity to disembroid;
A prophet's inspiration from above,
A teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love."

More we need not quote; but we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing a few lines, in which he has undesignedly sketched his own portrait, with a truly faithful hand:—

"Of a mild, humble, and obliging heart,
Who with his all does to the needy part;

Whose province, heaven, all his endeavour shares,
Who mixes with no secular affairs,
 Oft on his pastoral account reflects,
By holiness, not riches, gains respects;
Who is all that he'd have others be,
From wilful sin, though not from frailty free."

In 1672, Ken was induced by Bishop Morley, though with some reluctance, to resign the rectory of Woodhay. The Bishop had a double motive in procuring his resignation. In the first place, his declining strength having become unequal to his increasing labours, he desired the assistance of Ken, as a friend and counsellor, in superintending the affairs of his diocese. And in the next place, he was anxious to secure a vacant benefice in an agreeable neighbourhood for a learned and estimable man, (the accomplished George Hooper, well known as an orientalist and mathematician,) for whom he knew that Ken entertained a profound respect, as one in every way qualified to succeed him in his charge.

On leaving the parsonage of Woodhay, in which he had spent many happy hours, Ken repaired to Winchester, where some important labours and distinctions awaited him. As Prebendary of the Cathedral, Fellow of the College, and Chaplain to the Bishop, many serious and weighty occupations devolved upon him. But his active mind was not satisfied with the discharge of the ordinary duties of his station. In addition to his other employments, he took upon himself the partial care of a neglected parish in the neighbourhood, where he found an ample field for the exercise of his zeal and cloquence. At this period of his life he produced his first work, a *Manual of Prayers* for the use of the Winchester Scholars. He also composed about the same time, the three hymns

(1) It is fair to state that this usually received story of Dr. Morley's visit to Staffordshire, and acceptance of Walton's hospitality, is open to some doubt. In a sketch of Walton's life, prefixed to Pickering's edition of the *Complete Angler*, Sir Harris Nicolas, after some investigation of the subject, has come to the conclusion that, however pleasing such an episode in the life of Walton may appear, it is unsupported by evidence, there being no direct proof that Morley was ever in Staffordshire, or that he was indebted to his friend Isaac for any particular services. After the king's death he retired to Holland, where he entered into the service of Charles II.

(2) *Life of Ken*, by a Layman.

for Morning, Evening, and Midnight, which were subsequently printed at the end of the *Manual*.

There are no devotional stanzas in the language so well known as Ken's Morning and Evening Hymns. The words appear to breathe a strain of household melody, which has to all of us a familiar sound. Penned by a true poet as well as devout Christian, their simple beauty and plaintive music would be felt and recognised by any one of ordinary taste, even without the sanctifying aid and influence of early associations. If there were nothing else for which the name of Ken were worth recollecting, the authorship of these beautiful hymns would give him some claim on the regard and reverence of posterity; whilst a knowledge of his personal character imparts to them an additional interest and significance: for no one at all familiar with the life of Ken can read or hear the first couplet of the Morning Hymn, without having vividly recalled to his mind the author's spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to the higher objects of existence:—

"Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run."

Or who can refrain from associating with the commencement of the Evening Hymn, the placid piety of the gifted writer's resigned and thankful mind?—

"Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light."

From such very familiar productions, it would be impertinent to make further quotations, but no sketch of Ken's life would be complete without some reference to them.

With regard to the music of these hymns, it has been asserted that they were all adapted to the same tune by Ken himself, who, according to Hawkins, "had an excellent genius and skill in music." Of the tunes now in use, that for the Morning Hymn, to quote the recent biography, "is a corrupt version of the tune composed by Bartholomon, (a violin player of the last century,) being now encumbered with modern grace notes, inconsistent with the solemnity of devotional music." The Evening Hymn, it is added, was originally set to a melody composed by Tallis, which is now still more distorted from its ancient simplicity.

Towards the close of the year 1675, a journey to Rome was undertaken by Ken, in company with his nephew Izaak Walton, the younger. The period selected for their visit was a peculiarly interesting one. The Catholic Jubilee, held in Rome every 25th year, was then being celebrated under Clement X. with unusual splendour. From every country in Europe which owned the spiritual supremacy of the Popedom, crowds of pilgrims were flocking to the papal city. Of these it is recorded that many fainted by the way, and not a few were consigned to neglected graves in the countries through which they passed. Others, with singular fortitude and courage, bore up under every hardship, and amidst difficulties and toils which nothing but religious fervour could have

enabled them to surmount, succeeded in reaching the promised goal.

To all the faithful who arrived in Rome during the year of the Jubilee, and who, being confessed and penitent, duly visited for fifteen days the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul, and contributed according to their means to the ecclesiastical treasury, the pope had promised a plenary indulgence,—a prize which, though considerably reduced in value by the influence of the Reformation, was still considered by the mass of devout Romanists not unworthy of the expenditure of some toil and cost to obtain.

It was reckoned that not less than 200,000 strangers, allured by this liberal invitation, became temporary inmates of the city during the Jubilee; and the scenes presented to the eye of the curious spectator, were of a most interesting and remarkable character.

The singular spectacle which the Jubilee afforded them at Rome, were not the only circumstances calculated to interest the travellers during their sojourn in Italy. The luxurious palaces and populous cities which they beheld beyond the Alps, exceeded their preconceived notions of Italian wealth and splendour. To the travelling Englishman of those days there was no land which presented so many objects of attraction; whilst the journey, being performed on horseback, and being also by no means devoid of difficulty and danger, was sufficiently troublesome and expensive to be rarely undertaken. One effect of Ken's visit to Rome was, however, to fasten on him in his own country the suspicion of being secretly inclined to the errors and superstitions of the papacy. For such a suspicion, neither before or after his journey, did any part of his conduct exhibit the shadow of a foundation, and some of his subsequent acts tended in the strongest possible manner to prove the groundlessness of the malicious insinuation.

Soon after his return to Winchester, Ken was removed into a widely different sphere of duty. In 1677, William, Prince of Orange, afterwards King William III. of England, visited the court of his kinsman Charles II. on a matrimonial errand. Coming amongst us in the fulness of his renown, and immediately after his victories over the power which aimed at universal dominion—at once the foe of France and the firm friend of the Protestant cause—the Dutch Stadtholder was naturally at this period a popular hero with the English nation. It was, therefore, with undisguised satisfaction that the public heard of his projected alliance with the Princess Mary, the eldest daughter of the Duke of York. Although his manners were cold and unamiable, his military services were gratefully remembered by a people who kept a jealous watch on their ancient enemy, and who considered that every blow which crippled the supporters of popery and arbitrary power was struck in their cause and for their defence. The marriage took place, amidst demonstration of joy from all classes, in the beginning of November, and three weeks afterwards, long before the popular enthusiasm had subsided,

William embarked for Holland with his English bride. In the retinue of the newly married pair, were Count Zulestein, a natural son of William's grandfather, and Mistress Jane Worth, the daughter of Sir Henry Worth, who had married the sister of Lord Maynard, Ken's former patron. The princess had also two English chaplains, of whom one was George Hooper, already mentioned as a friend of Ken. Hooper was rudely and improperly treated in Holland. From the princess, indeed, he received many marks of favour, but her husband's manners and conduct were too cold and repulsive for his endurance. In addition to other grievances, he was ill-treated in pecuniary matters; his meagre stipend being left unpaid. He at last procured a small sum which enabled him to quit his disagreeable post, and with this he returned to England. Soon after his departure, Ken was appointed his successor, but at whose instance is not known. Perhaps his name was mentioned by Hooper, or perhaps by his old friend Lord Maynard. However this may be, the appointment came in the shape of a royal command, which Ken could not disobey, and accordingly with many regrets and some misgivings he bade farewell to Winchester, and repaired to the court of the Stadtholder.

As might have been expected, during his sojourn in Holland Ken fared no better than his predecessor Hooper. The atmosphere of the Dutch court and the temper of the Dutch ruler, were by no means to his taste. His own disposition was lively and cheerful,—at times he was even prone to facetiousness,—whilst the Stadtholder was gloomy, sullen, and taciturn. Ken also perceived, to his great indignation and regret, that William treated his English wife with studied unkindness and neglect. Even before they had left England, it was observed that he had taken little notice of her at the play, and the ball, or in general company, and when transplanted to another country, he threw off the outward semblance of respect and affection. Under these circumstances Ken felt it his duty to remonstrate with the prince. It is not known how the expostulation was received, but in all probability his interference tended to irritate the Stadtholder, and added materially to the discomforts of his situation.

Whilst matters were in this state, another instance of Ken's inconvenient sense of duty tended further to exasperate William, and afforded him a colourable pretext for expressing his displeasure. We have already mentioned the names of Jane Worth, one of the maids of honour to the princess Mary, and of Count Zulestein. Since they had left England together, the count had paid particular attentions to the fair Jane, and had promised her marriage. This promise, however, he seemed in no hurry to fulfil, and as time glided on, the lady began to feel some anxiety on the subject. When the circumstance came to Ken's knowledge, his sympathies were awakened, and recollecting that Jane Worth was a relative of one of his oldest friends, he determined to interfere. He sought an interview with Count Zulestein—reminded

him of his plighted vow, and conjured him, as a Christian and man of honour, to fulfil his engagement. Thus appealed to, the count no longer hesitated, and the marriage took place. As soon as William, (who was absent from court when the nuptials were celebrated,) heard of the occurrence, his wrath was excited against Ken, and he made no secret of his intention to resent his impertinent interference in the affairs of his family. Although Jane Worth was descended from two English families of distinction, and Count Zulestein was but a spurious branch of the Nassau race, he affected to consider the match beneath the dignity of his house. Ken bore his reproaches with magnanimity, and after vindicating the purity of his motives, expressed himself as nothing loth to leave his court. But William cautiously avoided discharging from his service such a man in the haste and heat of passion, fearing, perhaps, that it might tend to render him unpopular in England. It was therefore ultimately arranged between them that Ken should remain in Holland for a twelvemonth longer, at the end of which time, he would be at liberty to return home.

The year elapsed, and in 1680 Ken embarked for England. Immediately on his arrival king Charles II. (who was far from "showing any dislike of his behaviour in Holland,") made him one of his own chaplains. This office only required his occasional attendance at court, and the remainder of the year he passed at Winchester. It so happened, that at this period the king, ever intent on pleasure, and fond of variety, frequently selected this city as a temporary residence. In 1683 the first stone of a new palace, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, had been laid there, and Charles and his brother, the Duke of York, manifested the greatest interest in the progress of the building. Excursions to Portsmouth and hunting parties in the New Forest were amongst the favourite amusements of the brothers, during their repeated visits to Winchester; and those visits, with the attendant pastimes, attracted together a large concourse of persons. At these times the city was much overcrowded, and there was some difficulty in finding accommodation for the court ladies. The Duchess of Portsmouth had a house to herself, furnished in the most magnificent manner; but in attempting to provide for another notorious favourite, (the celebrated Nell Gwynn,) a circumstance occurred which placed Ken in a position of some embarrassment. "He had a good house," says his recent biographer, "in the Cathedral Close, opposite to the deanery, where the king was to lodge. When 'his harbinger,' whom we may suppose was an officer of the household, 'came to Winton, he marked the doctor's house, which he held in right of his probend, for the use of Mrs. Gwin.' But Ken's fearless heart at once prompted him to vindicate the holiness of his office. 'He absolutely refused her admittance, declaring that a woman of ill-repute ought not to be endured in the house of a clergyman, especially the king's chaplain.' This must have excited no small surprise amongst the courtiers; but as he was peremptory, she was forced

to seek other lodgings. A small building was put up for her at the south end of the deanery. 'It was ever afterwards known by the name of Nell Gwynn, and has only been removed within the present century.'¹

Shortly after the occurrence of this incident, we find Ken again varying the scene of his labours. The fortress of Tangier, in the Straits of Gibraltar, which had formed a portion of the dowry which Charles II. received with his queen, Catherine of Braganza, had long been to the English nation a source of expense, exceedingly disproportioned to its importance. Its governor was, at this period, the notorious Colonel Kirke, under whom the place had become the theatre of riot, disorder, and profligacy, which rendered it a dangerous station for an English garrison. At last the Parliament came to the resolution of refusing further grants for its maintenance, and soon afterwards it was thought advisable to send a naval force, under Lord Dartmouth, to demolish the fortifications, lest they should fall into the hands of the Moors. With this fleet Ken sailed as chaplain, at the earnest desire of its commander, who was most anxious to improve the moral tone and discipline of the navy. "I think it of the utmost importance," said Dartmouth, in making the application to him, "to have the ablest and best man I can possibly obtain to go with me, both for the service of God, and the good government of the clergy that are chaplains in the fleet. My most earnest request to you is, that if it be not too great an inconvenience, you would do me the honour and favour to go with me this short voyage."

On this new service it must have required from Ken no small resolution to have ventured. In the scale of social importance, the sea-chaplains of those days ranked beneath the humblest country curate. His pay was on a par with that of the common seaman; he was not considered an officer, nor admitted to the society of the quarter-deck, and he could not even have the bell rung for prayers without the permission of the captain. Of course the class of men who entered into such a service were usually inferior in character, talents, and pretensions, to the majority of the English clergy; but the presence of Ken amongst them on this occasion appears to have effected much good, and, whilst he was on board, the services of the church were performed with unusual regularity and decency.

The voyage to Tangier lasted about five weeks, and during this period, in the intervals of his official duties, Ken is said to have composed the greater part of an epic poem, entitled *Edmund*, which is admitted, by those who have waded through it, to be a very dull and tedious performance. "It seems strange," says his biographer, "that the lively author of the 'Three Hymns,' and other holy songs published after his death, should have indited twelve such anomalous cantos. Our reverence for the author forbids any criticisms or quotations. It had been well for his

poetic fame if the epic had been consigned to a like fate with the subject of his verse, the Royal Edmund,

"Heroe, Martyr, Saint, and King."

who he describes to have been cast into the sea by the sailors, on a voyage to Anglia, at the instigation of demons and monsters of the deep.²

Arrived at Tangier, Ken did his best to curb the profligacy and disorder of the place. But the difficulties of the task far exceeded his expectations. From the highest to the lowest, from the commanding officer to the sentinel, corruption and vice of every kind prevailed to a frightful extent. The governor, Kirke, is described as a "monster of tyranny and vice;" a brutal, covetous, and profligate fiend, who would listen to no expostulations or remonstrances.³ However, under these trying circumstances, Ken performed his duty, as he had always done, with zeal and fearlessness. Regardless of sneers and insults, he openly rebuked the vices of the governor and his minions, and if his efforts were unsuccessful, he was not without some sympathizing friends. Mr. Secretary Pepys, with whose Diary so many of our readers are acquainted, had accompanied the Tangier expedition from England, and was, with Ken, an eye-witness of the disgraceful condition of the fortress. Like Ken, also, he shrank with disgust from the immoralities of the place, as the following entries in his diary prove:—

"30th September. Sunday.—To church, (in Tangier,) a very fine and seasonable, but most unsuccessful, argument from Dr. Ken, particularly in reproof of the vices of this town. I was in pain for the Governor, and the officers about us in church, but I perceived they regarded it not.

"26th October.—Being a little ill, and troubled at so much loose company at table, my lord not being there, I dined in my chamber, and Dr. Ken, for the same reason, came and dined with me. We had a great deal of good discourse on the viciousness of this place, and its being time for Almighty God to destroy it."

(Owing to the demoralized condition of the garrison the fleet was detained at Tangier much longer than had been expected, or than necessity required. At the beginning of March, 1684, it however set sail for England, and in the course of the following month, with a joyful heart, Ken landed in England.

The first news he received on his return, must have grievously damped his joyousness of spirits. His

(2) Life of Ken, by a Layman.

(3) The following is a portion of Mr. Macaulay's graphic description of Kirke's intolerable cruelty and licentiousness. "He lived," says the historian, "with boundless dissoluteness, and procured by extortion the means of indulgence. No goods could be sold till Kirke had had the refusal of them. No question of right could be decided till Kirke had been bribed. Once, merely from a malignant whim, he staved all the wine in a vintner's cellar. On another occasion he drove all the Jews from Tangier. Two of them he sent to the Spanish Inquisition, which forthwith burned them. Under this iron domination scarce a complaint was heard; for hatred was effectually kept down by terror. Two persons who had been refractory were found murdered; and it was universally believed that they had been slain by Kirke's order. When his soldier's displeased him he flogged them with merciless severity; but he indemnified them by permitting them to sleep on watch, to reel drunk about the streets, to rob, beat, and insult the merchants and the labourers."

(1) The Life of Ken, by a Layman.

excellent friend and relative, Izaak Walton, had died during his absence from England, and now lay buried in the cathedral, "where he and Ken had for many years joined in the services of the church they both loved so well, and had each in his sphere so zealously served."

Having dropped a few quiet tears on the tomb of his oldest and dearest friend, he was shortly afterwards summoned to Farnham Castle to receive a last farewell from the dying lips of Bishop Morley. The death of Morley led to Ken's advancement. Dr. Mews was translated from the see of Bath and Wells to that of Winchester, and the former bishopric therefore became vacant. Strange as it may seem, the rigid virtue of Ken was at this crisis properly appreciated by a profligate court. Many applications were made to Charles II. for the vacant see, but his characteristic answer is said to have been, "Oddsfish! who shall have Bath and Wells but the little fellow who would not give poor Nelly a lodging." Without hesitation he insisted that Dr. Ken should be at once nominated to the mitre which had been placed at his disposal, and on the 25th of January, 1685, the ceremony of his consecration took place in Lambeth Palace.

"Within one short week from his consecration," observes the biographer whom we have so often quoted, "Ken, 'who was in greater favour than all the bishops,' was suddenly summoned to the bed-side of the dying king. The cold hand was already laid upon him. Dismay and confusion now reigned within the palace, which but as yesterday furnished a scene of such manifold wickedness, as Evelyn says, 'he had never before seen.' The death summons came over that ungodly crew, like the hand-writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast." According to Hawkins, the earlier biographer of Ken, the new bishop "kept a close attendance by the royal bed, without intermission, for at least three whole days and nights, watching, at proper intervals, to suggest pious and proper thoughts and ejaculations on so serious an occasion; in which time the Duchess of Portsmouth coming into the room, the bishop prevailed with his majesty to have her removed."

After the death of Charles II. Ken repaired to Wells, the chief city of his diocese, and there, in the first year of his episcopate, prepared for the press his *Exposition of the Church Catechism; or, the Practice of Divine Love*. Soon afterwards he was summoned to London, to assist in the coronation of King James II.; and, although the junior bishop present, he was selected by the king on that occasion to walk by his side under the canopy of state, whilst Turner, Bishop of Ely, his schoolfellow and constant friend, preached the coronation sermon. But despite these marks of favour, Ken's honest heart was not at ease. He had long discerned the perils which menaced the Establishment, from the Popish tendencies of the king; and in the midst of the pageant in which he was called on to take part, many gloomy forebodings of the calamities he so much dreaded must have

crossed his mind. As a marked circumstance it was observed, that the usual ceremony of presenting the sovereign with a copy of the English Bible was omitted, and the Communion Service of the Church of England was not read. Deeply, deeply as Ken was attached to the Stuart dynasty and to the doctrine of strict hereditary right, he must have trembled to think of the gulf which separated the Protestant hierarchy from a Roman Catholic sovereign, and of the part he might himself be called upon to play in the event of a struggle such as his fears foreboded.

Not long after the king's coronation the diocese over which Ken presided became the scene of insurrection and civil war. In the summer of 1685 the Duke of Monmouth landed at Lyme, and raising the standard of revolt, soon succeeded in setting the greater part of the West of England in a flame. The cathedral city of Wells suffered much from the rebels. In their hostility to the episcopacy, (from its alleged connexion with the papacy,) they defaced the walls of the cathedral, broke down its ornaments, and tore the lead from the roof to cast into bullets. Some of them would have even caroused round the altar had not one of their leaders protected it with a drawn sword.¹ Leaving Wells they marched back to Bridgewater, and the fatal battle of Sedgemoor followed. The forces of Monmouth were completely routed, and the unfortunate leader, who had fled despairingly from the field, was in the course of a few days captured and placed at the disposal of his relentless and grievously offended foe. As soon as he was lodged in the Tower of London, that gloomy and memorable state prison, Ken and Turner were sent to administer to him ghostly comfort and advice, and to apprise him of the day appointed for his execution. What followed is well known. The captive's pusillanimity, his unmanly tears, his craven supplication to the king that his life might be spared, on any conditions and at any price—his interviews with Turner and Ken, who vehemently upheld the doctrine of non-resistance, and vainly besought him to acknowledge the sinfulness of rebellion—all this has been graphically told both in Mr. Macaulay's history and in the recent life of the bishop, to which we have often directed attention. With Dr. Tenison, Turner, and Dr. Hooper, Ken attended Monmouth to the scaffold, and to the last fervently impressed upon him the misery and ruin which his enterprise had entailed upon his faithful followers.

As soon as this sad scene was over Ken returned to his diocese, and endeavoured to arrest the tide of cruelty which marked the course of the victorious party. Colonel Percy Kirke, of Tangier notoriety, whose cruelty and licentiousness, it will be remembered, were openly rebuked by Ken in that den of wickedness, had been left in command at Bridgewater, and the vindictive government implicitly relied on his ferocious nature to execute without compunction, compassion, or remorse, its sentence of tremendous vengeance. We will not dwell on the sickening

(1) "Macaulay's History of England," vol. i.

horrors that ensued. The military executions of Kirke were in number and barbarity unparalleled for atrocity, and in no respect justified by circumstances. But the tyranny of military license was not sufficient. When the cruelties of the Tangier ruffian had sufficiently appalled and disgusted the district, he was recalled to make room for the legal executioner. Thousands of miserable wretches were thrust into over-crowded prisons to await the "Bloody Assize;" for it had been arranged that Jeffreys, chief justice of England, a monster as pitiless as Kirke, should make a progress of goal delivery through the west of England, and complete, by the instrumentality of the law, the massacre which Kirke had commenced with the sabre. "The chief friend and protector of these unhappy men in their extremity," says Mr. Macaulay, "was one who abhorred their political and religious opinions; one whose order they hated, and to whom they had done unprovoked wrong—Bishop Ken. That good prelate used all his influence to soften the goulers, and retrenched from his own episcopal state that he might be able to make some addition to the coarse and scanty fare of those who had defaced his beloved cathedral. His conduct on this occasion was of a piece with his whole life. His intellect was, indeed, darkened by many superstitions and prejudices; but his moral character, when impartially reviewed, sustains a comparison with any in ecclesiastical history, and seems to approach, as near as human infirmity permits, to the ideal perfection of christian virtue."

It will be remembered that this eloquent eulogium proceeds from one by no means favourably disposed towards the party in church and state to which Bishop Ken belonged, and the united testimony of every trustworthy writer of the period, proves how fully it is deserved. But if the good bishop was sometimes successful in softening the heart of a gaoler, it was impossible for him to make any impression on such obdurate breasts as those of Kirke and Jeffreys. Nothing that he could say or do could prevent the legal murders which were perpetrated around him; and although his heart bled for the sufferers, he was made to feel that all interference, (even though it came in the shape of a supplication from an angel's lips,) was utterly unavailing.

But, turning from these horrors, we are invited by Ken's biographers to contemplate the unwearied zeal and anxious care with which he discharged the duties of his episcopate in his oppressed and harassed diocese. No toil seemed too severe, no expenditure, even though it transcended his means, too large in the prosecution of his incessant labours. Nor was his charity confined to the natives of his diocese, or even to his own countrymen. The revocation of the edict of Nantes in the month of October, 1685, filled the south of England with Protestant refugees, expelled from their native country by the inhuman and impolitic tyranny of Louis XIV. Upon these unhappy strangers the kind Bishop of Bath and Wells bestowed a full share of his sympathy and compassion.

In the Lent following, being appointed one of the preachers at Whitehall, he delivered an eloquent sermon on their behalf, and earnestly enforced their claims upon the Protestant public of England. He also caused an address to be circulated through his diocese, in which he exhorted his clergy to appeal to the liberality of all within their reach to assist in this work of charity, and to contribute themselves, according to their ability, "remembering how blessed a thing it was to be brotherly kind to strangers, to Christian strangers, especially such as those whose distress was very great, and in all respects most worthy of their tenderest commiseration." These kind and generous words were accompanied by an almost unprecedented act of liberality; for having at this period most opportunely received a fine of 4,000*l.* he appropriated nearly the whole of it to the relief of the poor refugees.¹

Whilst the persecuted Huguenots were partaking of the bounty of the English nation, the King of England was endeavouring by every means in his power to undermine the faith he had vowed to protect, and to restore his heretical subjects to the fold of Rome. Intent upon this great scheme, he little foresaw the perils he would have to encounter and the difficulties he must overcome. Had he been more sagacious, or less sincere, he would have shrunk aghast from the desperate design to which his zeal and intrepidity had impelled him. Among the bishops and clergy of the Established Church, the House of Stuart had hitherto found its firmest and most faithful supporters. The pulpits of the Establishment had recently rung with high-flown sentiments of loyalty, and the doctrine of the unlawfulness of resistance, under *any* circumstances, to rightful kings had been inculcated by the most respectable divines. In the Church of England, therefore, the Stuart kings had a powerful ally, and the sentiment of loyalty to the Crown was so bound up with that of attachment to the Church, that it was difficult, and in the highest degree dangerous, to separate them. What then must be thought of the policy of a sovereign who, by a series of aggressive acts, succeeded in arraying against him in firm, compact, and strenuous opposition, the ultra-loyal hierarchy who had been hitherto only suspected of being too supple and compliant to the Crown?

The manner in which the king's unconstitutional project was defeated has been recently related in an historical work of more than ordinary merit and accuracy.² The very men who would have laid down their lives for the maintenance of the royal prerogative, were the men from whom he received the most efficient check in the prosecution of his daring design. Amongst others, it fell to the lot of the loyal, meek, and pious Ken, to defend the Protestant constitution of the country against the encroachments of a Popish king. Little did the sovereign think that opposition to his illegal acts would have proceeded

(1) Life of Ken, by a Layman.

(2) See Macaulay's English History.

from such a quarter. The circumstances of the preceding reign, as well as his own experience, induced him to rely on the passive obedience of the clergy and laity of the Establishment under any acts of tyranny and aggression; and it seems never to have entered his mind, that a prelate of the Church of England would have disobeyed the mandates of his prince, from a conviction that they did not coincide with the duty which he owed to his God.

Whilst the king's open profession of the Roman Catholic religion, the revival of its public ceremonies, and the promotion of Roman Catholics to ecclesiastical preferments were giving rise, on all sides, to ill-suppressed murmurs and public discontent, it is upon record that Ken exercised his influence and eloquence in the maintenance and advocacy of Protestant doctrines with considerable success. As the Lent lecturer, he preached a sermon at Whitehall, on the 18th of March, 1617, "before the Princess of Denmark, (afterwards Queen Anne,) and a great crowd of people, and at least thirty of the principal nobility," which, according to Evelyn, "contributed not a little to the manifest disadvantage of the Popish interest." And again, on the 20th of March, he delivered another pointed discourse at St. Martin's church, upon which occasion, we are told, "the crowd of people was not to be expressed, nor the wonderful eloquence of this admirable preacher."¹

Soon after this, on the 4th of April, 1687, James II. issued his celebrated Declaration of Indulgence: a document speciously designed to secure the support of the nonconformists in furtherance of his plans for the overthrow of the Protestant Establishment. By this proclamation the penal laws against Roman Catholics and dissenters were suspended, and the full exercise of the right of public worship guaranteed to both. Under the mask of toleration, however, the most sagacious advocates of freedom discerned a deep-laid scheme to undermine the religion and constitution of the realm. Many of the dissenting communities signified their dissatisfaction, and rejected the proffered boon, whilst the friends of the Church of England felt constrained to regard their sovereign as the open foe of Protestantism. It was evident to all men, and to Ken amongst others, that a crisis was at hand; and when it came, in spite of all his loyalty, he hesitated not how to act.

In the spring of 1688, (a memorable and eventful year,) Ken once more, and for the last time, performed the duty of preaching the Lent sermon in the Royal Chapel. The occurrences of the past year encouraged him to speak with greater plainness, and with more force and vehemence than were usual to him. Taking his text from the prophet Micah, he drew a parallel between the condition of the "Reformed Church of Judah," as there described, and the perilous state of the Church of England; and he concluded with an impassioned peroration, in which he earnestly exhorted his hearers "to a uniform zeal for the Reformation." Many of his stern, truthful, and pointed phrases were

conveyed to the king, who sent for him to the palace. They were closeted together for some time, but the only result of the interview was a reprimand uttered by Ken, "that if his majesty had not neglected his own duty of being present, his enemies had missed this opportunity of accusing him."

Very shortly after this interview with Ken the king issued a second Declaration of Indulgence, which was, in substance, little more than a repetition of the previous one; and there was for some time considerable doubt in the public mind why it was issued at all. But it soon appeared that James had a purpose in what he had done, and that purpose was made apparent by an Order in Council of the 4th May, directing that the Declaration, in its new form, should be read by the ministers of all churches and chapels throughout the kingdom, on two successive Sundays during divine service; and the bishops were further ordered to distribute copies in their respective dioceses. This order excited the utmost consternation and alarm amongst zealous churchmen and moderate dissenters. Several of the bishops met to deliberate upon it, under the guidance of Archbishop Sancroft, and circulars were sent to the absent prelates. Ken was in his diocese at this moment, but he quickly obeyed the archbishop's summons, and arrived in London on the 17th of May. The next morning a meeting was held, at which a petition to the king against the Declaration was unanimously adopted, and having been drawn up in the archbishop's handwriting, was signed by all present, except the Bishop of London, who was under suspension. The next step was to present it, and as the Declaration had to be read the day after the morrow, there was no time to spare. Accordingly six of the bishops (of whom Ken was one,) immediately repaired to Whitehall, and requested admission to the royal presence. They were almost instantly admitted, and a memorable scene ensued. At first his majesty was gracious and good-humoured, but his face darkened as he read the petition against his favourite scheme. He said it was "a standard of rebellion," and it was in vain that the bishops asserted their loyalty and reiterated their attachment to his person. At length Ken spoke: "Sire," he said, "I hope you will give that liberty to us which you allow to all mankind." But the king was implacable; he still spoke of the petition as an invitation to rebellion, and insisted that his Declaration should be read. Upon this, Ken exclaimed, with his usual boldness, "We are bound to fear God and honour the king. We desire to do both: we will honour you: we must fear God." It was evident that the object of the interview had failed. Angrier and angrier words came from the king. He told the bishops he would remember that they had signed that paper, (the petition,) and that he would keep it. Ken only uttered, "God's will be done;" and after a few further remarks the prelates respectfully withdrew.

The petition soon found its way into print, and the conduct of the bishops was on all sides applauded. In most of the churches of the metropolis on the

(1) Evelyn's Diary.

following Sunday, the king's order was disobeyed, and the Declaration was not read. A feeling of enthusiastic Protestantism ran through the nation, which irritated the court and goaded the king to adopt measures of revenge. The bishops were summoned before the council, and ultimately committed to the Tower, on the charge of having published a false and seditious libel, by placing their petition in the king's hand. On the first day of term, they were brought before the Court of King's Bench, and a day having been fixed for their trial, they were, after some discussion, suffered to go at large on their own recognisances. Had bail been required, it was known, says Mr. Macaulay, "that one of the most opulent dissenters of the city had begged that he might have the honour of giving security for Ken!" On the 29th of June, amidst unparalleled public excitement, the trial took place, and resulted, as is well known, in a triumphant acquittal of the courageous prelates. We need not detail the circumstances of this important inquiry, as they belong rather to history than to the private memoirs of Bishop Ken. It is sufficient to state that the proceedings were watched with the utmost anxiety by all sections of Protestants; and when, after a night of fierce discussion, the jury pronounced their verdict of *not guilty*, the clamorous shouts with which it was hailed by a crowded court, and the public manifestations of joy in the metropolis and elsewhere, filled the king and his advisers with terror and dismay.

However deep and sincere might have been the loyalty of a large portion of the English nation, the downfall of the Stuart dynasty was now certain. The birth of the Prince of Wales, which took place whilst proceedings were pending against the bishops, had aggravated the uneasiness of the public mind, by introducing the prospect of a Roman Catholic dynasty; and many staunch Tories, who at a former period had shrunk from rebellion as the greatest possible crime, began to regard the deposition of their sovereign as an act of inevitable necessity. On the day of the acquittal of the bishops, a message was sent to the Prince of Orange, inviting him to come over to England with an armed force, which was signed by several distinguished statesmen. Many English noblemen and gentlemen repaired to the Stadtholder's court, and whispers of invasion and revolt were heard on all sides. As soon as the king became fully aware of his danger, he seems to have had some intention of making terms with the Church of England, for he immediately sent for Ken and other prelates. The influence of the Jesuits, however, prevented him from following the dictates of a sound policy; and the bishops were merely told, in vague and general terms, that the king wished well to the Church of England, and relied on the loyalty of its bishops and clergy, and were then dismissed.

With a heavy heart Ken returned to his diocese, and awaited with calm dignity the coming storm. He had left the king surrounded by time-servers and parasites, who he well knew would desert him in the

hour of danger, and without compunction transfer their allegiance to a stranger. His own notions of loyalty and obedience were of a far different character, and were calculated to stand a severer test. On the 5th November, the Prince of Orange landed at Torbay, and Ken once more found a portion of his diocese in the occupation of a foreign army. As soon as the Dutch came within a short distance of his cathedral city he took refuge in Wiltshire, having first communicated the circumstances of his departure to Archbishop Sancroft. "I would not," he said, "have left the diocese in this juncture, but that the Dutch had seized houses within ten miles of Wells before I went, and your grace knows that, having been a servant to the princess and well acquainted with many of the Dutch, I could not have stayed without giving some occasion of suspicion, which I thought it most advisable to avoid; resolving by God's grace to continue in a firm loyalty to the king, whom God direct and preserve in this time of danger."

In the last crisis of James's fate it is important to note the melancholy contrast between the conduct of Ken and others whom he had injured and persecuted, and that of the relatives, friends, and dependents on whose attachment he relied. Abandoned, and "deserted in his utmost need," the unfortunate monarch bowed beneath the storm and fled the realm. As he passed into exile the ingratitude of those who were nearest and dearest to him pressed heavy on his heart, and the proceedings which followed his departure tended still further to embitter his reflections. In the hour of adversity he learned who were his true friends. It will be found that Ken assiduously attended the Convention parliament during the debates on the alleged vacancy of the throne by the king's withdrawal from the realm; and when the peers, by a majority of fifteen, concurred with the commons in offering the crown to William and Mary, he joined the minority in a firm but temperate protest. Nor was this all. His name appeared in the list of devoted royalists, who, though they had little reason to be loyal to king James, were ready to affirm the solemn obligation of the oath of allegiance which they had taken to him, under any circumstances, and at any personal sacrifice. All the arguments of expedience which could by possibility be urged made no impression on Ken and this chivalrous minority. At the cost of his bishopric the loyal prelate determined to obey the dictates of his conscience, and, had it been necessary, he would have submitted to far greater sacrifices for the vindication of a principle.

When the important act of parliament which required the clergy to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary, before the 1st of August, 1689, (further providing that if they continued to refuse till the 1st February, 1690, they were to be absolutely deprived,) passed the legislature, Ken was busily engaged in his diocese. He had made up his mind to pursue the even tenor of his way, in peace and quietness, ready to yield when summoned by law

to do so, but not feeling himself at liberty to retire voluntarily from his post of duty. Several other prelates were in the same predicament, and it must be admitted that they were treated by the new government with great consideration. It was not till more than a year after the date fixed by the act of parliament for their deprivation, that they were interfered with; and it is probable that no attempt would have been made to remove them even then had not a foolish conspiracy for the restoration of James by means of a French army been discovered, in which some of the more rash and inconsiderate nonjurors were implicated. When the sentence of deprivation was at last permitted to take its course, a considerable delay took place in appointing a successor to Ken. His blameless life and conduct had made him everywhere an object of respect, and he had many friends at the court of William and Mary. At length Dr. Richard Kidder, a learned Hebraist, was promoted to the see of Bath and Wells, and after a solemn assertion of his canonical rights in Wells Cathedral, the deprived bishop quietly retired from the diocese over which he had presided with such distinguished honour.

A glowing picture has been drawn by Mr. Bowles of the circumstances which probably attended the departure of Ken from his episcopal palace; and although, (to quote the observation of his recent biographer,) the description is highly poetical, it may not, therefore, be less true. "We can easily conceive," he says, "with what prayers of the poor, and how beloved and regretted, Ken bade farewell to the diocese and flock so dear to him, to the palace of Wells, the retired gardens, and the silent waters that surrounded them; to the towers and to the devotional harmonies of his cathedral. Surely it would be no stretch of imagination to conceive, that, on the drawbridge, as he passed, leaving the abode of independence and peace, a crowd of old and young would be assembled, with clasped hands and blessings, to bid him farewell. Mild, complacent, yet dignified, on retiring with a peaceful conscience from opulence and station to dependence and poverty, as the morning shone on the turretted chapel, we naturally imagine he may have shed only one tear when looking back on those interesting scenes. Perhaps his eye may have rested on the pale faces of some of the poor old men and women who had partaken of their Sunday dinner so often, and heard his discourse, in the old hall: then, and not before, we may conceive:—

'Some natural tears he dropp'd, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before him, where to seek
His place of rest, and Providence his guide.'

After Ken's expulsion from his bishopric an asylum was generously afforded him by his college friend, Thomas Thynne, (who had been raised to the peerage by Charles II. under the title of Viscount Weymouth,) in his beautiful mansion at Long Leat. In his retirement he composed "many useful, excellent, and pious pieces," (as Hawkins, his earliest biographer, calls them,) and conducted himself with a quiet

dignity and moderation, which secured the sympathy and affection of all around him. During the great storm in 1703, his successor, Dr. Kidder, was killed in his palace at Wells, by the fall of a stack of chimneys, upon which an offer was made to Ken to restore him to his bishopric. It happened, however, that his old friend Dr. Hooper had been just mentioned as Kidder's successor, and this circumstance was sufficient to determine him in refusing an honour which his age and growing infirmities rendered him disinclined to accept, unless the interests of the church imperatively required it. "I told you long ago, at Bath," he says in one of his letters to Hooper, on this subject, "how willing I was to surrender my canonical claim to a worthy person, but to none more willingly than to yourself. My distemper disables me from the pastoral duty, and had I been restored, I declared always that I would shake off the burthen and retire."

A year afterwards a pension of 200*l.* per annum was conferred by Queen Anne upon the retired bishop. His income had previously amounted only to 80*l.* out of which, however, it is stated that he distributed a considerable sum in charity. As soon as he obtained this large accession to his means, his friend, Bishop Hooper, was compelled to use his friendly authority to prevent him from giving it all away, "which," according to a manuscript life of Hooper, "he was so charitable as to be always doing; so that his habit was mean, and a poor horse to carry him about, which made Hooper entreat him to lay out something for himself; and from that time he appeared in everything according to his condition."¹ Having survived all the other deprived bishops, Ken died at Long Leat on the 19th of March, 1711, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. In the latter portion of his life his bodily sufferings were very acute; but his cheerfulness of disposition never forsook him, and his hours of pain and sickness were soothed by the attentions of many affectionate friends. His death, which came at last as a welcome release, had been long apprehended, and he had desired that, whenever and wherever he died, he might be buried "in the churchyard of the nearest parish within his diocese, under the east windows of the chancel, just at sun-rising, without any manner of pomp and ceremony, besides that of the Order for Burial in the Liturgy of the Church of England; and be carried to the grave by the six poorest men in the parish." He also directed that a plain stone should be laid over him, with the following inscription upon it of his own composing:—

"May the here interred Thomas, late Bishop of Bath and Wells, and uncanonically deprived for not transferring his allegiance, have a perfect consummation of Blisse, both of body and soul, at the Great Day, of which God keep me alwaies mindful."²

We shall not follow the course we have adopted in our previous sketches of illustrious divines, by attempting to give any extracts from Ken's writings. It must not be forgotten, however, that as the author

(1) *Life of Ken, by a Layman.* ;

(2) *Ibid.*

of the Morning and Evening Hymns, and of other devotional poems, a distinguished place should be assigned him amongst our sacred poets, and that as an eloquent and forcible preacher, his reputation stood high amongst his contemporaries. But it is not as an *author* that we have selected him as the subject of our present sketch. It has appeared to us that the incidents of his life have a peculiar interest of their own, and that his pure, firm, and consistent character ought not to be left unnoticed, whatever may be his claims to literary distinction.

SIR THOMAS MORE AND ERASMUS.

THOSE of our readers who have lately found any pleasure in contemplating the Household of Sir Thomas More, and in reviving their recollections of his intimacy with Erasmus, may be grateful to us for the following scattered notices of those celebrated men.

Erasmus was born at Rotterdam, in 1467. At nine years old, he was sent to school at Deventer, where he gave proofs of uncommon memory, though he represents himself as accounted a dull scholar. He was left an orphan at the age of thirteen; and his guardians plundered him of his patrimony, and drove him into a convent. Young as he was, he refused to part with his liberty for three years; and it was not till his third removal from one convent to another that his constancy gave way, and he reluctantly entered on his year of probation.

The monastic life suited his health as little as his taste; and, in his twenty-third year, he, with the permission of his superiors, accepted an invitation to reside with the Archbishop of Cambray. Thence he went to Paris, where he gave private lectures. Among his pupils were some young Englishmen, who induced him to visit England in 1497, where he met with a reception that endeared the country to him, and made him thenceforth fond of visiting it. In 1498, he applied himself closely to the Greek language, and said that, as soon as he could get any money, (which was a necessary we find him continually in want of,) he would first buy Greek books and then clothes. He seems to have been fearful, at first, of burning his fingers by meddling with theology, as if he had had a kind of instinct that his inquiries would lead him away from received opinions. In 1513 we find his friend, Dean Colet, roundly charging him with being too querulous and greedy, (probably in answer to some indirect application for assistance,) but promising to give him a small matter if he would ask for it without false modesty. Erasmus replied, that, in the opinion of Seneca, favours were dearly purchased which were extorted by begging. "Socrates," says he, "talking once with some friends, said, 'I would have bought me a coat to-day, had I had the money.' 'They,' observes Seneca, 'who then gave him what he wanted, showed their liberality too late.' Another, seeing a friend who was poor

and sick, and too modest to make his wants known, put some money under his pillow while he was asleep. When I used to read this in my youth," pursues Erasmus, "I was extremely struck with the modesty of the one and the generosity of the other. But since you talk of begging without shame, pray who can be more shameless than myself, who live in England on the footing of a public beggar? I have received so much from the archbishop that it would be scandalous to take any more of him, were he even to offer it. I asked N. with sufficient assurance, and he refused me even more roundly. Even our good friend, Linaere, thinks me too bold; and, though he knew my poor state of health, and that I was leaving London with hardly six angels in my pocket, yet he urged me most pressing to spare the archbishop and Lord Montjoy, and advised me to retrench and learn to bear poverty with patience. A most friendly counsel, forsooth! While I had health and strength I used to dissemble my poverty, but now I cannot, unless I would risk my life."

In his fortieth year he visited Italy; then revisited England, where his acquaintance commenced with Sir Thomas More, for whose amusement and his own he wrote his "Moriae Encomium, or Praise of Folly." At the request of the Chancellor of Cambridge, he went to that University and read lectures in Greek and divinity. He returned to the Low Countries in 1514, and was created nominal counsellor to the Archduke Charles, with a stipend. The prior of Erasmus's convent, at Stein, now endeavoured to recall him; but he strongly resisted, defending his mode of life, which was indeed that of a scholar rather than of a monk. "I have lived," says he, "among sober people, attached to my studies, which have preserved me from many vices. I have conversed with persons who had a true love of Christianity, and from whose conversation I have derived great benefit. I will not boast of my writings; but many have told me that they have been made by them not only more learned, but more virtuous. I never loved money, nor was ambitious of glory or reputation. Every time I have thought of returning to you, I have been dissuaded by the consideration that some of you would envy and others (hate) me. I have recalled the insipid and frivolous conversations I used to hear, without the least savour of Christianity in them; your altogether secular repasts, and your whole life taken up in the observance of ceremonies. I have considered the infirmities of my own body—long a prey to harassing and dangerous disease—and have felt that either I could not give you satisfaction, or that I must destroy myself in doing so. But perhaps you will say that it would be a sufficient happiness to die in a fraternity. Alas! you are mistaken, and almost all the world along with you. We make Christianity to consist in a dress, in eating, and in little observances. We look upon a man as lost, who quits his white garment for a black one, who wears a hat instead of a hood, and who often changes his habitation. May I not venture to affirm that the

greatest mischief that has been done to the Christian religion arises from these *Religious Orders*, though perhaps a pious zeal at first introduced them? Would it not be better, according to the doctrines of our Saviour, to look upon Christendom as one house, one family, one monastery, and all Christians as one brotherhood? Would it not be better to account the sacrament of baptism the most sacred of all vows and engagements, and never to trouble ourselves where we live, so we live well?"

Such a letter must have been highly unpalatable to his superior; but Erasmus was beyond the reach of his anger. About this time, he visited Basle, and became acquainted with Frobenius the printer; and here, in 1516, he published his celebrated Greek and Latin New Testament, which was bought and read with avidity. Though he shrank from joining the reformers, it was a common saying among the monks that "Erasmus laid the egg and Luther hatched it." Certainly, no man did more to discredit the frauds and superstitions of his church. "I am surprised," he says to Wareham, in 1516, "at the perverse judgment of the multitude. We kiss the old shoes and dirty handkerchiefs of the saints, and neglect their books, which are the more valuable and holy relics." Yet, to Wolscy, two years later, he endeavours to clear himself of any connexion with the reformers. "These wretches," says he, "ascribe to Erasmus everything that is bad; and confound the cause of literature with that of Luther, though they in reality have no connexion. As to Luther, he is altogether unknown to me; and if he hath written anything amiss, surely I ought not to bear the blame of it. His life and conversation are universally commended; and it is no small presumption in his favour, that calumny itself can fasten no reproach on his morals. If I had really had leisure to peruse his writings, I am not so conceited of my own abilities as to pass a judgment on the opinions of so considerable a divine; though even children, in this knowing age, undertake boldly to pronounce this is croneous and that heretical!"

"There are none," says he, "that bark at me more furiously than those who have never even seen the outside of my book. When you meet with one of these bawlers, let him rave on at my New Testament till he has made himself hoarse. Then ask him gently whether he has read it. If he has the impudence to say yes, urge him to produce one passage that deserves to be blamed. You will find that he cannot. Consider, now, whether this be the behaviour of a Christian, to blacken a man's reputation, which he cannot restore to him again if he would. Of all the vile ways of defaming him, none is more villanous than to accuse him of heresy; and yet to this they have recourse on the slightest provocation!"

A Dominican friar at Strasbourg, who had spitefully attacked Erasmus's Testament, was compelled to own that he had not read one word of it. "These men," exclaims Erasmus, "first hate, next condemn, and lastly, seek for passages to justify their censures. And then, if any one opposes them and calls them

what they are, they say he is a disturber of the public peace; which is just as if you gave a man a blow in the face, and then bid him be quiet and not make a noise about nothing."

Speaking of converting the Turks, in case they were conquered, "What will they think," says Erasmus, "when they find our quibbling professors so little of a mind, that they dispute together till they turn pale with fury, call names, spit in one another's faces, and even come to blows? What must they think when they find it so very difficult a thing to know what expressions may be used when you speak of Jesus Christ? as if you had to do with a morose and malicious being whom you call forth to your own destruction, if you use a wrong word in the form of evocation, instead of a most merciful Saviour who requires nothing of you but purity of heart and manners."

"Let no man," he soon afterwards says, "be ashamed to reply to certain points. God knoweth how it can be! as for me, I am content that it is so; I know that the body and blood of our Saviour are things pure, to be received by the pure, and in a pure manner. He hath appointed this for a sacred sign and pledge of his love for us, and of the concord which ought to exist among Christians. I will therefore examine myself, to see if there be anything in me contrary to the mind of Jesus Christ, and whether I be in love and charity with my neighbour. But, to be curious how the ten categories are in this sacrament, how the bread can be transubstantiated by consecration, and how a human body can be in different places at the same time,—all this, in my opinion, serves very little to advancement in piety."

Elsewhere he says of the eucharist, "I know not what good an invisible substance can do there, nor how it could profit any one if it were discernible. If there be a *spiritual* grace present to the symbol, that seems to be sufficient. However, I cannot depart from the general consent of the Church."

In other words, he had no mind to be a martyr, but only to suggest doubts which should lead braver men to be such. "This worthy man," says his biographer Jortin, "spent a laborious life in an uniform pursuit of two points: in opposing barbarous ignorance and blind superstition, and in promoting useful literature and true piety. These objects he attempted in a mild, gentle manner, never attacking the persons of men, but only the faults of the age. He knew his own temper and talents, and was conscious he was not fitted for the rough work of a reformer."

His income arose almost entirely from pensions and gratuities from princes and wealthy prelates, all of the Romish Church, who would undoubtedly have withdrawn their patronage had he made common cause with the Lutherans. His cause was rather that of free and critical inquiry, in opposition to ignorance and prejudice; and when he found it leading him farther than he had foreseen, he stopped short and began to defend the church he had done so much to shake. Luther expressed pity rather than contempt

for this weakness; but the heat of controversy gradually placed these two eminent men in more open antagonism, and drew from each of them acrimonious expressions which did their cause no good.

In 1522, appeared the "Colloquies," of Erasmus, which, in the easy and popular form of dialogue, attacked the superstitions of the day with a mixture of sense and wit that made them very generally acceptable. Their tendency was soon detected by the Church; and the faculty of Theology at Paris pronounced a censure on them as on a work "in which the fasts of the Church are slighted, the suffrages of the Holy Virgin and the saints derided, celibacy rated below matrimony, Christians discouraged from monkery, and grammatical preferred to theological erudition. Wherefore it is decreed that this wicked book be forbidden to all, more especially to young folks." He was next engaged in his controversy with Luther, which did not redound much to his credit. In consequence of the public change of religion at Basle, he removed to Friburg, where he published an epistle against the reformers, in which he asserted that there were certain cases in which they might lawfully receive capital punishment as blasphemers and seditious persons. He afterwards returned to Basle, which he left no more; and after prosecuting his learned labours for a time, under the pressure of severe bodily afflictions, he expired in his sixty-ninth year, surrounded by Protestant friends, and dying much as a Protestant might, in everything but in name. He was the most eminent, though not the sole reviver of learning in his day, and is justly regarded as one of the great benefactors of his age. His memory is equally cherished at the place of his birth and of his death; and the bronze statue erected to his memory in the great square of Rotterdam, representing him in the act of scrutinizing a manuscript with delighted avidity, is admirably characteristic of the man.

When we say that some of our happiest and earliest years were spent on the site of Sir Thomas More's country house in "the village of palaces;" some of our readers will hardly believe we can mean Chelsea. But, in those days, the gin-palace and tea-garden were not; Cremorne was a quiet, aristocratic seclusion, where old Queen Charlotte

"Would sometimes council take and sometimes tea."

—A few old, quiet streets and rows, with names and sites dear to the antiquary, ran down to the Thames, then a stranger to steam-boats; a row of noble elms along its strand lent their deep shade to some quaint old houses with heavy architraves, picturesque flights of steps and elaborate gates; while Queen Elizabeth's walk, the Bishop's walk, and the Bishop's Palace, gave a kind of dignity to the more modern designations of the neighbourhood.

When the Thames was the great highway, and every nobleman had his six or eight-oared barge, the banks of the river as high as Chelsea were studded with country houses. At the foot of Battersea Bridge,

which in those days did not disfigure the beautiful reach, Sir Thomas More, then a private gentleman and eminent lawyer in full practice, built the capital family house which was afterwards successively occupied by the Marquis of Winchester, Lord Daera, Lord Burleigh, Sir Robert Cecil, the Earl of Lincoln, Sir Arthur Gorges, Lord Middlesex, the first Duke of Buckingham, Sir Bulstrode Whitlock, the second Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Bristol, and the Duke of Beaufort. It stood about a hundred yards from the river; its front exhibited a projecting porch in the centre, and four bay-windows alternating with eight large casements; while its back presented a confused assemblage of jutting casements, pent-houses, and gables in picturesque intricacy of detail, affording "coigns of vantage," we doubt not, to many a tuft of golden moss and stone-crop. This dwelling, which for convenience and beauty of situation and interior comfort, was so highly prized by its many and distinguished occupants, appears at length to have been pulled down when it became rickety and untenable from sheer old age—in Ossian's words, "gloomy, windy, and full of ghosts." In the freshness of its recent erection and occupancy by a buoyant, untamed, gay-spirited family, Erasmus thus writes of it:—

"More has built himself a house at Chelsea. There he converses with his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grand-children. There is not a man living, so affectionate as he; he loveth his old wife as if she were a young maid." "I would call his house," he continues, "the academy of Plato, were it not an injustice to compare it with an academy where disputations concerning numbers and figures were only occasionally interspersed with disquisitions on the moral virtues. I should rather call his house a school of Christianity; for though there is no one in it who does not study the liberal sciences, their special care is piety and virtue. No quarrelling nor intemperate words are heard; idleness is never seen."

We must give one more life-sketch of this engaging household; more attractive than that painted by Holbein:—

"He suffered none of his servants to give themselves to cards or dice; but some of them he allotted to look after the garden, assigning to every one his sundry plot; some, again, he set to sing, some to play on the organ. The men abode on one side of the house; the women on the other. He used, before bed-time, to call them together, and say certain prayers with them. He suffered none to be absent from mass on Sundays or holy days; and upon great feasts he ordered them to watch the eyes till matin-time. He used to have some one to read daily at his table, which being ended, he would ask of some of them how they had understood such and such a passage; and so then grant a friendly communication, recreating all men that were present with some jest or other."

More was born in Milk Street, 1480. His father,

Sir John More, one of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench, on removing him from a free grammar school in Threadneedle Street, placed him in the household of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor. Here his early promise of excellence soon fixed on him the attention of his patron, who, on occasion of one of his many ready and felicitous replies, observed to one of the bystanders, "This child will unquestionably prove an extraordinary man." The cardinal would often amuse himself by putting his wit to proof, especially during the Christmas merriments; when, the actors performing their several parts, young More would suddenly step in among them, and, never studying before upon the matter, make up an extempore part for himself so full of drollery and fun, that he made more sport for the company than all the players besides.

At the Cardinal's instance, young More was early sent to Oxford, where, from sixteen to eighteen, he studied hard with scarcely any intermission; his father limiting him to an allowance, the scantiness of which he was himself in after-times one of the most forward to praise. His inclination was for the church, but his destination was the law; and at the end of his two years at Christ-church he was removed, first to New Inn and then to Lincoln's Inn. His private discipline was now of the strictest kind. Interpreting the text, "He that hateth his life," &c. somewhat too literally, he acted up to his interpretation of it with an honesty and courage which it is impossible not to admire, living hard, lying hard, and never allowing himself more than four or five hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, with the ground for his bed and a log for his pillow. Dean Colet, the founder of St. Paul's school, which he dedicated "to the child Jesus," was the confessor of More, who diligently attended his sermons on the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the Ten Commandments. The following letter of the young student to his venerable pastor is delightful, both for its affectionate, pious turn of thought, and unaffected ease of expression:—

"As I was lately walking before Westminster Hall, busying myself about other men's causes, I lighted on your servant, at whose first salutation I was marvelously pleased, both because he is always acceptable to me in himself, and because I thought he could not have come to London without you. But when I learnt of him that you were not come, nor likely to come for a long while, my great pleasure was turned into as great disappointment. For what can be more grievous to me than to be deprived of your most sweet conversation? whose wholesome counsel I was wont to enjoy, with whose delightful familiarity I was recreated, by whose weighty sermons I have often been stirred up to devotion, by whose example I have been much amended, and in whose very countenance I was wont to rest contented! Wherefore, as I have found myself greatly strengthened, so long as I enjoyed those helps, so now do I find myself much weakened and depressed, being deprived of them so long. For what, I pray you, is there here in

this city to incline any man to live well, and that doth not rather, by a thousand devices, draw him back, and tempt him to all sorts of wickedness? What findeth he here but feigned love, and the honey-poison of venomous flattery? In one place, cruel hatred, in another nothing but litigations and suits. Whithersoever we cast our eyes, what see we but victualling houses, fishmongers, butchers, cooks, pudding-makers, and poulterers, who administer to our appetites, and do good service to the world and the prince thereof? Why, even the houses themselves bereave us, in great measure, of the sight of heaven; so as that the height of our buildings, and not the circle of our horizon, limits our prospect. For which cause, I forgive you, the rather that you delight to remain where you are, in the country. For there you find a company of plain souls, void of all craft, wherewith our citizens do so abound; wherever you look you behold a pleasant prospect, the temperature of the air refresheth you, the clear beholding of the heavens delighteth you, and you find nothing there but bounteous gifts of nature and saintly tokens of innocence. Yet I would not have you so carried away with these contentments that you should be stayed from hastening hither. For if the discommodities of the city displease you, as they very well may, yet the country about your parish of Stepney, whereof you ought to have some care, may afford you the like delights to those which now you enjoy. Return, therefore, my dear Colet, either for Stepney's sake, which mourneth for your absence as children for their mothers, or else for London's sake, in respect it is your native place, whereof you can have no less regard than of your own parents; and last, though least, return for my sake, who have wholly dedicated myself to your directions."

The lectures of "the boy-sage," as he was called, were even honoured by the attendance of his Oxford master, the learned Grocyn; and his reputation acquired him the office of law-reader at Furnival's Inn. With every prospect of a rapid rise in his profession, there was nothing imprudent in his early marriage with Joan Colt, the eldest daughter of Mr. Colt, of New Hall, in Essex. He established her near his own family in Bucklersbury; and his being thus early "clogged," as his grandson says, with wife and children only proved a healthful stimulus to increased exertion. Before the age of twenty-three, he was member of the House of Commons, and incurred Henry the Seventh's resentment by opposing his demand for an enormous dowry for his daughter the Princess Margaret. The king revenged himself on the son by throwing the father into prison, and keeping him there till he paid a heavy fine for a pretended offence. More found it necessary to retire from practice, to keep out of the incensed monarch's sight; and this pause in his active career was to him a season of enjoyment and self-improvement. In the sixth year of his married life his wife died, leaving him one son and three daughters, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Cecily. Within two or three years he married

Mrs. Alice Middleton, a widow, who had one daughter, named Margaret; and he farther increased his family circle by the addition of Margaret Giggs, a gentle, sweet-tempered orphan girl, whom he said he loved as if she were one of his own daughters; and who herself said in after times, that "she had sometimes been fain to commit a trifling fault for the nonce, for the sake of hearing Sir Thomas More chide her, with such sweetness, gentleness, and moderation." Here then, we have the family party, first at Crosby House, and then at Chelsea, where More commenced building his house soon after his return to practice. Six years of retirement had done him no harm; he rose rapidly in his profession, found himself in the receipt of a large income, in spite of a disinterestedness which prevented his accepting a retaining fee in any cause the justice of which he was not fully convinced of; and, amid all his busy moments, he found time to continue the literary works and maintain the correspondence with eminent foreigners which he had probably commenced during his seclusion. His chief correspondent was Erasmus, who, in those days when penny-posts were not, retained a number of young men to carry his letters and receive their answers, which were often in the shape of money. At length these two celebrated men met by chance, each without knowing the other. More was calling on the Lord Mayor; Erasmus happened to have been shown the Mansion House cellars, where he had been regaled with ale and oysters. On being introduced, merely as a foreigner, to More, the following colloquy ensued. "Whence come you?" "From the regions below." "What were they about there?" "Drinking out of leather jacks, and eating live oysters." More, after a moment's thought, exclaimed, "Either you must be Erasmus or the devil." "Either you," returned Erasmus, "must be More or nothing."

More frankly made him free of his house, which Erasmus called "neither magnificent nor provocative of envy, but handsome and commodious enough." The gay, approachable manners of the young people, and their innocent salutations when they met and parted, amused and pleased him. Here he accorded some of his notice to their tutor, Mr. Gunnel, who afterwards rose in the church. To this excellent man Sir Thomas More writes thus:—"I have received, my dear Gunnel, your letters, such as they are wont to be, full of elegance and affection. Your love for my children I gather from your letters; their diligence from their own. I rejoice that Elizabeth has shewn as much modesty of deportment in her mother's absence as she could have done in her presence. Tell her that this delights me above all things; for, much as I esteem learning, which, when joined with virtue, is worth all the treasures of kings; what doth the fame of great scholarship, apart from well regulated conduct, bring us, except distinguished infamy? Especially in women, whom men are ready enough to assail for their knowledge, because it is uncommon, and casts a reproach on their own sluggishness. Among other notable benefits which solid learning

bestows, I reckon this among the first,* that we acquire it not for the mere sake of praise or the esteem of learned men, but for its own true value and use. Thus have I spoken, my Gunnel, somewhat the more in respect of not coveting vain-glory, because of those words in your letter wherein you deem that the high quality of Margaret's wit is not to be depressed, which, indeed, is mine own opinion; but I think that they the most truly depress and affront their wit who accustom themselves to practise it on vain and base objects, rather than raise their minds by the study and approval of what is good in itself. It mattereth not in harvest time whether the corn were sown by a man or a woman, and I see not why learning in like manner may not equally agree with both sexes; for by it reason is cultivated, and as a field, sown with wholesome precepts, which bring forth good fruit. Even if the soil of a woman's brain be of its own nature bad, and apter to bear fern than corn, by which saying men oft terrify women from learning, I am of opinion that a woman's mind is, for that very reason, all the more in need of manure and good husbandry, that the defect of nature may be redressed."

In the same vein writes this enlightened, affectionate father to "his most dear daughters, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Cecily, and to Margaret Giggs, as dear to him as if she were his own." To his beloved Margaret at a very early age he thus expresses himself:—"I cannot tell you, most dear Margaret, how grateful to me are your most delightful letters. While I was reading them there happened to be with me that noble youth, Reginald Pole; not so ennobled, indeed, by birth, as he is by learning and all kinds of virtue. To him your letter seemed a miracle, even before he was made aware how you were beset by shortness of time and other molestations; and hardly could he believe that you had had no help from your master, till I told him seriously that you had not only no master in the house, but that also there was no man in it that had not more need of your help in writing than you of his."

Praise like this would stimulate a mind like Margaret's rather than inflate it with empty vanity; he knew with whom he had to do. "I pray thee, Meg," he elsewhere says, "to let me know what your studies just now are; for I declare to you that rather than suffer my children to lose ground, I would myself continue your education to the loss of my worldly estate, and the neglect of all other cares and businesses." "I will pass over, my sweetest daughter, the delight your letter gave me, to acquaint you with the impression it made on a perfect stranger. It happened, this evening, that I was sitting with the Bishop of Exeter, a learned man, and by general consent allowed to be a sincere man. Happening to take out of my pocket a paper which was to the purpose we were talking of, I by chance pulled out therewith your letter. The handwriting pleasing him, he drew it from me and looked at it, when, perceiving the salutation to be a woman's, he began eagerly to peruse it, novelty inviting him thereunto. But when

he had finished it, and found it was your writing, which he could not credit till I had seriously affirmed it—why should I not report what he said upon it? Such a letter! so good a style! such pure Latin! so eloquent! so full of sweet affection!—he was marvellously taken with it. When I perceived this, I brought forth an oration of yours, and also some of your little verses, which so pleased him, that every look and gesture of the man, quite free from exaggeration and flattery, bewrayed that his thoughts were more than words could utter, though his words, too, were to your great praise; and forthwith he took from his pocket a Portugal piece, which I shall take care to inclose you herewith. I could not possibly shun the taking it, as he must needs send it to you in token of his dear affection, though by all means I endeavoured to prevail on him to take it again, for I was afraid lest he should think I had contrived the accident on purpose, and therefore I would not show him any of your sisters' letters, lest he should send them presents too; but I thought within myself, it is doubtless a pleasure to gratify the good man in this. Write carefully to him, therefore, and express your good thanks."

The oration was, we believe, in answer to Quintilian, and she also translated Eusebius out of Greek. The good bishop would hardly have sent a Portugal piece to a girl who was not of very tender age, and yet More addresses her as a woman, and a woman of sense. In nothing, perhaps, are the discrimination and genius of parents more discernible than in their knowing whom, and what, and how much they should encourage or repress. To show his daughter's letters, and tell her of the encomiums they received, was the act either of a brave or a foolish father. Nobody could call More foolish. There was such a singular happiness in his treatment of those around him that not one of even the inferior members of his numerous household turned out ill, and even his homely wife's rugged temper was charmed from its asperity, though he would laughingly tell her she was penny wise and pound foolish, saving a candle's end, and spoiling a velvet gown. "Tilley-valley," she would reply to him, "here sit you, making goslings in the ashes. My mother would often say to me, Better rule than be ruled."

"Truly then, good Alice," was his retort, "you better her teaching, for I never found you willing to be ruled yet. Are you not a jolly master-woman?"

It was one of his sayings, that souls in a separate state would think as meanly of the bags of gold they had hoarded in their lifetime, as a man advanced in years would think of a bag of cherry stones which he had hoarded when a child.

When he saw any of the young men of his household dressing themselves fine in some uneasy fashion, or stroking up their hair to make themselves high foreheads, he would coolly tell them that if God gave them not hell he would do them great injustice, for they were taking far more pains to win it and to please the devil than many even virtuous men did to win heaven and please God.

Another of his sayings was, that God could not punish man worse than if he should suffer everything to happen that every man wished for. "Not only," said he, "doth pleasure withdraw wicked men from prayer, but affliction doth the same sometimes. Yet there is this difference, that affliction doth sometimes wrest a short prayer from the wickedest man alive; but pleasure withdraweth even one that is indifferent good from all prayer."

The public conduct of More as chancellor is too well known here to need repetition. The death of his father brought him a very small addition to his estate, as Sir John More's house and lands at Gubbins, in Hertfordshire, were settled on his last wife for her life, and she survived the chancellor. Sir Thomas has left it, under his own hand, that the amount of all his revenues and pensions, except what had been granted by letters patent of the king's liberality, viz., the manors of Duckington, Frinchford, and Barley Park, did not exceed fifty pounds a year; a rare saying for one who had gone through so many public offices! A subscription of a thousand pounds was made by the bishops and clergy, and offered to him in testimony of their thankfulness to him for his polemical writings; but he would in no wise accept it, nor permit it to be settled on his wife or children, saying he would sooner see it cast into the Thames.

Having resigned the great seal he never busied himself in public matters any more, but devoted the interval that elapsed before his refusing the oath of supremacy, to study, prayer, and the preparation of his mind for its approaching conflict. He diminished his establishment, finding other services for his men, and disposing of his children in homes of their own. As he lay wakefully on his pillow, his wife was often aware that he was passing the long hours of the night in prayers and tears, instead of in sleeping. The strength which he needed, however, he obtained for the seeking, for when the time of action came, we never find him betraying the slightest token of vacillation. On being summoned to Lambeth, to take the oath, he requested to see the form, which, when he had attentively read, he said that he would neither find fault with its authors, nor would blame any man that took it, but that, for his own part, he felt that he would not do so without danger to his soul. He was committed to the custody of the Abbot of Westminster for a few days, during which time the king took it into private deliberation how he should deal with his old servant, and was inclined to let him off on his swearing not to divulge to any one whether he had taken the oath of supremacy or no; but the enmity of the queen caused this merciful design to be abandoned, and, on the oath being again tendered and again declined, he was committed to the Tower. As he went thither, Sir Richard Wingfield, who had him in charge, observing that he wore a gold chain about his neck, recommended him to take it off, and send it home by some private hand to his family; but he calmly replied, "Nay, sir, that will I not, for if I

were taken in the field by mine enemies, I would they should fare somewhat the better for me."

According to his great-grandson, to whose testimony we do not accord implicit faith, More was tempted even by his beloved Margaret, to yield his conscience to the dictates of expediency, but to this he hearkened, no, not for a moment; saying, that "for the last seven years he had been diligently reading over all the fathers, who, with one consent, supported the pope's supremacy, and he saw not how one member of the Church, as England was, could lawfully withdraw itself from the whole body." Here we find the wise More arguing on false premises, and adjudging the Church of Rome to be the Church of Christ, instead of one member of it, as much so as the Church of England. But a conscientious Roman Catholic could hold no other doctrine; and, while differing from him in judgment, we cannot withhold our admiration from the marvellous constancy with which he supported a point of conscience. Henry the Eighth did more harm to the cause of the Reformation by beheading More than by writing against Luther, for he furnished the Church of Rome with her purest martyr.

The only moment when his steadfast composure was almost overcome, was when Margaret Roper rushed into his arms on his return to the Tower after his condemnation:—

"Oh! what a spectacle was this!" exclaims his grandson, "to see a woman of nature shamefast, by education modest, to express such excessive grief as that love should make her shake off all fear and shame; which doleful sight piercing the hearts of all beholders, how do you suppose it must have moved her father's? Surely, his affection and forcible love would have daunted his courage, if that a divine spirit of constancy had not enabled him to behold this most generous woman, this most worthy daughter, endowed with all good gifts of nature, all sparks of piety, which are wont to be most acceptable to a loving parent, pressing unto him at such a time and place, where no *man* could have had access, hanging about his neck before he was aware of her, holding so fast by him as she could scarce be plucked off, not uttering any other words than 'Oh, my father!' What a sword was this to his heart! and at last, being drawn away by force, to run upon him again without any regard either of the weapons wherewith he was compassed, or of the modesty becoming her own sex! What comfort did he want! what courage did he then stand in need of! and yet he resisted all this most courageously, remitting nothing of his staid gravitie, speaking only what we have recited before, and desiring her to pray for him."

It seems that, when the unhappy daughter was borne off, Margaret Giggs, incited by her example, rushed forward also into More's arms, and received a last embrace. After this tragic scene there is a little bathos in the like approach of Dorothy Collie, a poor, humble servant maid, who loved her master well in her simple way, and must needs kiss his hand, and of

whose demonstrative attachment he afterwards said, with a benignant smile, that it was very homely but very lovingly done. Perhaps this little incident, artless and unlooked-for as it was, had the good effect of withdrawing his soul for a few moments from the anguish of parting from his child.

More's wife was turned out of her house at Chelsea immediately after his execution, and all her goods were taken from her, "the king allotting her of his mercy," says her descendant, "a pension of twenty pounds by the year; a poor allowance to maintain a Lord Chancellor's lady."

The manner of Margaret's possessing herself of her father's head has been variously told, and it is not the only incident connected with his sad end which his friends, not superior to the superstition of the time, dressed up with additions approaching to the supernatural. The partizans of a great and good man betray a want of faith in his imperishable qualities, when they seek to hasten and enhance his fame by fabulous marvels.

And yet we must wind up with a *ghost story*, most unexpectedly borne testimony to, since writing, the last paragraph. Near Ewhurst, in Surrey, is a very old, secluded, beautiful country seat, built in the Elizabethan style, of red brick, and called Banyards. It is at present in the occupation of a venerable clergyman and magistrate. This mansion, in the time of Henry the Eighth, was the residence of Sir Edward Bray, who was Constable of the Tower in the year 1539, and whose son married Elizabeth, the daughter of Margaret and William Roper. Here, then, Margaret may probably have visited her daughter; and, as she seems to have kept jealous ward over the coffer containing her father's head to the day of her death, when it was buried with her in the Ropers' vault, in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury, the knowledge of her possession of so ghastly a relic may easily have given rise to a report among the poor people of the neighbourhood, that a restless ghost haunted the long gallery of Banyards. The facts connected with the legend have probably died away; the belief in the ghost remains. While writing the above, I asked a country-girl from Ewhurst, who happened to come into the room, if she knew Banyards. She said, "Oh, yes, her father used to work there; it was a beautiful old place." "Had she ever heard of its being haunted?" "Yes; there were strange noises frequently to be heard in the long gallery, as of men playing at bowls; and—she did not know whether it were quite right to talk of such things—but a man still living, she believed, and still working on the grounds, had once kept watch in the house, all alone, and, on looking through the keyhole of the gallery door, had seen a figure, white as wool, pacing up and down, which melted away the moment he opened the door." Furthermore, she did not believe much in ghosts, and thought the house had of late years been quite quiet. There is a distinction between authenticating a ghost and a ghost story. Of all the spirits that in English history have walked, there are few with whom one would more

gladly have an hour's colloquy than with that of Sir Thomas More.

"If from the ceremonies of the silent dead
Our long departed friends could rise anew,
Why feel a horror, or conceive a dread
To see again those friends whom once we knew?"

"Oh! if the flinty prison of the grave
Could loose its doors and let the spirit free,
Why not return the wise, the just, the brave,
And set once more the pride of ages free?"—

A. M.

(To be continued.)

THE PIC-NIC PARTY.

J. STOTHARD, R.A.

STOTHARD was beyond comparison the first illustrator of Boccaccio's graceful fancies—without embodying any of his objectionable grossness. What can be more elegant than the group before us—of Florentine nobles and ladies—buried in the rural retreat to which they had retired from the plague, and amusing their vacant hours by reciting the tales of the Decameron? Our painter has thoroughly seized the spirit of the scene. There is a grace in the forms, and a sentiment diffused over the whole composition, that thoroughly reflects the manner of the great original.

RUINS.

D. ROBERTS.

DAVID ROBERTS is well known as the first architectural painter of the present day. Whatever may be the style—classical, mediæval, Greek, or Gothic—no one can compare with him either for grandeur of general effect or delicacy of detail. The subject before us is a composition of the ruins of an ancient Roman edifice, seen in the beams of the setting sun, that diffuse over the scene an air of pensive melancholy which heightens the fallen magnificence of the ruined pile.

A VIEW FROM TELEGRAPH HILL, SAN FRANCISCO.

WE invite the reader's attention to the subjoined admirable epistle to the EDITOR, from a friend and correspondent in far-off "Eldorado." It is as graphic as a painting, and moreover is imbued with true feeling, which cannot be simulated. The letter was written in April last; and into it we plunge, *in medias res*:—

"The rainy season has fairly commenced, yet the Storm-king is by no means inexorable, but often courteously gives place to the Sun, who readily avails himself of the privilege, and lights up the newly-washed face of Nature with a brilliancy of which the unhappy dwellers in Atlantic cities cannot have the faintest idea. At such times it is my delight to ascend 'Telegraph-Hill,' an eminence of some twelve hundred feet in height, and reclining upon the green

slope, with a quiet cigar, to bask in the glorious sunshine, and look down upon this city of magic, and its beautiful surroundings. Though many of the accessories of a fine landscape are wanting, yet the scene is not without its charm. There is a delicious, dreamy haziness in the atmosphere, lulling the senses to repose, and lending enchantment to everything upon which the eye can rest. Looking westward through the portals of the 'Golden Gates,' I see the mighty swell of the Pacific rolling onward with a dignified good-nature until it reaches the shore, when it loses its equanimity at once, and dashes the foam high upon the imperturbable rocks, proclaiming at the same time its resistless and overwhelming power in its own solemn and majestic tones. Glancing along the opposite shore of the bay, my eye rests with delight upon the graceful outlines of the magnificent 'White Squall,' peerless among clipper-ships, as she gallantly dashes outward on her fleet career. In the distance I see the long line of green mountains of the 'Contra Costa,' varied only by a single forest of pines, far behind which is visible the summit of 'Mount Diablo,' blue in the distance, yet with its outline clear and sharp in the pure atmosphere; before which rises abruptly the small matter-of-fact-looking island of 'Yerba Buena,' with the ghostly wreck of the ill-fated 'pent-up Utica' at its base.

"And now I look down upon the wonder of the nineteenth century, this miracle of progress and promise, which yesterday was not, and to-day ranks in the first class of cities; in whose history a period of four years carries us back to dim and remote antiquity. How shall I describe it, as it appears to me now, laid out in most scrupulous regularity, but built in every possible style of architecture which the heart of man can conceive, from the stately brick edifice, which would be respectable in any eastern metropolis, down to the most grotesque and nondescript shanty? In the place of innumerable spires that strike the eye of the beholder in more ancient and advanced communities, I see only the quaint belfry of the new Presbyterian church, and the modest cupola of the City Hall. We are worshippers of Mammon here, and there is nothing about his temples to point heavenward. Prominent in view is the Grand Plaza, 'Portsmouth Square,' tastefully ornamented with ancient boots, broken bottles, and superannuated counters, with the *joint* indications of an Artesian well in the centre, commenced some time since with great zeal by our city fathers, but speedily discontinued; doubtless on the principal that 'all's well that ends well.' Conspicuous, also, is the high form of the 'Union Hotel;' not much, certainly, in the way of architecture, but not to be excelled in any land for 'creature comforts;' the 'Eldorado,' chief shrine of those who 'buck at monté,' and otherwise disport themselves; and the new gaol, gorgeous with granite and marble, on which the chain-gang have just commenced work, with most rebellious stomach. Hard by is Pacific-street, so called by reason of numberless rows, and the classic precincts of "Clark's Point,"



where the sons of Neptune most do congregate. Even at this far distance come to my ears, on this calm afternoon, the tones of a gloomy fiddle, and a sound of most portentous dancing.

"It is a curious sight to see noble ships engulfed in the very heart of a populous city, but such a remarkable spectacle is presented here. In the olden time they were dragged far up into the mud to serve as store-ships, and the gigantic improvements of the money-making 'Yankees' have surrounded them with sand, and the city has reached and passed them in its wonderful progress. To a sailor it is indeed most pitiful to see these gallant ships doomed to such an ignominious fate, never more to bound 'o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,' but to rot ingloriously in these 'yellow sands.' At the foot of the hill upon which I recline are the white tents of the peaceful and enlightened 'Sidney coves,' gleaming in the sunlight like virgin snow; emblematic perhaps of the purity of the occupants. On the hills behind the city, I see houses in every stage of elevation, and some of them are of considerable pretensions. We are not civilized enough, as yet, for Tudor cottages, but there are some faint imitations of Swiss chalets, standing boldly out from the barren hill, guiltless of foliage. Now I look again upon the noble bay, filled with a vast assemblage of vessels of every clime and kindred and tongue. 'John Bull' is here, sturdy and dogmatic; the noisy and garrulous Frenchman; the swarthy Italian; and all the other nations with their appropriate adjectives. The old heathen gods and heroes are here in full force: Jupiter is setting up his back-stays; Apollo is full of candles; Mars has grown domestic, and holds a choice assortment of furniture; Ariadne still lies sad and solitary on the shore, while Theseus rides doggedly at anchor on the other side of the bay, regardless of her woe. Nor is Shakespeare unrepresented, for 'Othello' is here seeking new adventures to beguile the car of Desdemona; 'Hamlet' has given up his moody speculations, and gone rashly into the lumber trade; 'Brutus' is 'up' for Panama; 'Cleopatra' is taking in ballast; and I notice 'Miranda' with her fore-top mast gone, having been roughly treated in a late tempest. 'Byron' also sleeps here in a muddy grave. Apart from these are anchored the government-vessels, in sullen state, disdaining communion with the common herd. A Dutchman with an unpronounceable name, is coming up, escorted by one of those fiery and vindictive little iron steamers, shrieking malignantly, as if fretting and fuming within herself that she cannot get on faster; like the workings of a proud and restless spirit in a feeble frame.

"But now I behold the long black form of the mail steamer, as she threads her way through the mazy throng, rushing boldly outward on her certain though trackless course, regardless of the gathering mist and darkness, bearing her precious freight that shall move the very heart-strings of mankind. As I gaze upon her receding form, I muse upon the varied contents of those grim-looking mail-bags. What tales of weal and woe do

they not contain!—some of them gilded with the bright rays of hope and promise, and many, too many, dark with the despairing sentiments of those who have sunk beneath the influence of a malignant star! What gloomy returns of consignes; what out-pourings of love and devotion from the weary exile to fond hearts at home! All this, in every language, and addressed to every land, is contained within the narrow compass of that long black steamer. God protect that gallant ship, and may no link of the chain that binds millions of warm hearts to the Fatherland ever be broken!

"It is a good thing and a pleasant to meditate at eventide in this calm retreat. I love to withdraw from the plank-roads and bustling throngs, and gain, Antæus-like, new vigour from every touch of earth. . . . But the blue waters of the bay are fast changing to a dull green; the top of 'Mount Diabolo' is veiled from mortal eyes; the 'Golden Gates' are golden no longer; the breeze comes in chill with the evening fog. I leave my 'bad emittance,' and mingle once more with the busy throng." W. H. F.

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN.¹

CHAPTER II.

THE GREY TOWER.

WE have stated that the founder of the family at Milford Grange obtained by grant from the Long Parliament two hundred acres of a confiscated estate. This estate had been the property of Sir Hugh Grey, a cavalier of eminence; and consisted (besides other lands) of the great manor of Milford; whence the members of that family were always called Greys of Milford, in contradistinction to the Greys of Groby, the Greys of Ruthyn, and other noble persons of the name of Grey. Sir Hugh died in exile, leaving a son, who, at the Restoration, laid claim to the estates, and had his claim acknowledged by the government. He was put into possession of all the lands owned by his father, excepting the two hundred acres aforesaid. In consideration of some secret service rendered to the state by Gideon Underwood's father-in-law, the London citizen, (probably the negotiating a private loan for the new king,) the Puritan soldier had this grant of land confirmed to him and his heirs for ever by Charles II. free from all dues to the Lords of the Manor. It may easily be imagined, that the proud Greys of Milford, who believed that they had a right to be "monarchs of all they surveyed" from their ancestral tower, were by no means pleased to survey thence the goodly habitation of that "cattiff Roundhead" standing sturdily in the valley, and looking as if it were meant to stand for ages—an upstart, and a rival to the Grey Tower itself. For several generations there was a deadly hatred between these two families. It was none the less deadly that the Greys thought the Underwoods beneath them, far beneath them, in rank, and that the Underwoods acknowledged that they

(1) Continued from p. 171.

were so. Each party was proud of its own position; for it is a remarkable thing, that people who are proud by nature are never at a loss for something to be proud of. A man of low degree is often as proud of his origin as one of high degree; there is no personal or mental defect,—no point in a man's condition or conduct, that may not be made food for pride. Of all vices it is the most omnivorous and the most tenacious of life; and it is not unfrequently hereditary, like other predominant characteristics, moral or intellectual. The course of hatred, like the course of love, does not always run smooth and undisturbed; and it happened more than once in the last century, that some young people of these two families forgot that they were Greys and Underwoods, and committed the enormity of falling in love with each other. In these cases the Montague-and-Capulet rage of the two houses was increased by all the fire of patrician and plebeian animosity and contempt, and the poor Romances and Juliets came badly off in the sequel.

As in all physical things a perpetual circling change goes on, thereby preventing unwholesome stagnation, so it is in the social system. The rich become poor and the poor rich—new families are continually springing up to public notoriety, and old ones are dying out. Many a noble house, after attaining the highest honours, sinks out of sight in a generation or two, and is merged in the great mass of the nation. There is more aristocratic blood lost among the people than is ever found in the aristocracy. The springs on the hill-tops are fed from the unfathomable ocean, and render their pure streams to it again. The moral which the reader is expected to draw from these startlingly new observations, and which by his own unassisted genius he might never have found out, is just this,—The people should live as though they were one day to become nobles, and the nobles should live as though they were one day to become plebeian.

The Greys of Milford never let such an idea enter into their heads; and when they found the words "*passing away*" written upon their grandeur and state, their earthly possessions and their very family, they became prouder than ever, and scorned more than ever plebeians generally, and the Underwoods of the Grange in particular. At length, when only a fourth part of the original estate remained, it was inherited by a certain Sir Everard Grey and his only sister. In childhood, these two had been left for several years at the Grey Tower, under the care of a sort of housekeeper or *gouvernante*; while their father—their only surviving parent—was on the Continent, preferring to live cheaply in a sort of second-hand splendour where he was not known, to economising in his old family abode amid the ruins of former grandeur. The dilapidated condition of this abode, which he had not money to repair, would cost his little children no pangs; they would be happy and healthy there, and by the help of the housekeeper and the clergyman of the parish, they would learn from books all that was necessary, till he should find it convenient to send for them. This he settled quite to his own satisfaction;

but when he *did* send for them, he was amazed and indignant at the result of the training to which they had been subjected. For instance, he found that Everard had so little sense of the dignity of a Grey, that he wished to become a practical farmer, and cultivate the remnant of the family estate instead of entering the army, as had been the immemorial custom with the eldest sons of the house. Worse still, instead of having what their father considered a proper degree of Christian pride, they had been taught, that a certain quality called Humility ought to be the great distinguishing characteristic of a Christian, since it is the one moral virtue inculcated by Christ which is not also inculcated by most systems of pagan morality. He read his Bible and attended Divine Service every Sunday, but he was quite disgusted on week-days that his children did not think of themselves more highly than they ought to think, that they esteemed others better than themselves, that they were not disposed to take the highest place at feasts, and that they had the extremely vulgar habit of condescending to persons of low estate. It is not easy, nor would it be pleasant to describe his anger, when he discovered that, while at Milford, they had learned to love their neighbours as themselves, *especially* the Underwoods. Nay, as it turned out, when he presented a certain rich cousin Grey to her as a husband, his daughter had learned to love one of the Underwoods better than herself, and, indeed, better than all the rest of the world put together; which is more than she had Scripture warrant for doing, perhaps. It was also more, much more than she had warrant for doing in the code of pre-matrimonial propriety for ladies, since, though she was well assured that this scion of the ignoble house of Underwood loved her, she was also well assured that he would rather be burnt at the stake than marry any woman whose family would look down upon him; he had so much proper pride. This young lover who would never seek to be her husband, but would only worship her at a proud, respectful distance, was the Gideon Underwood whom we have introduced to the reader as an elderly gentleman, (we beg his pardon, as an elderly *yeoman*,) ruling his household with a rod of iron, and, unconsciously, perhaps, revenging the undue severity he had exercised in youth against himself, by administering as much as possible to his children, under the name of wholesome discipline. He and her brother Everard were friends, although Gideon often gave a bitter tone to their friendship by his pride of inferior rank, which took offence at shadows, and cost young Grey a world of conciliation and submission in boyhood. In manhood, Everard Grey saw clearly that Gideon Underwood's pride would prevent his becoming a good husband to his sister, even if it would allow him to sue for her in marriage, and if their father's pride would allow him to grant such a suit. This point decided in his own mind, he used all his influence with his sister to induce her to give up all thoughts of their old playmate as a husband, and to marry the cousin who had presented himself,

and who seemed really attached to her. After a time, she yielded to her brother's reasoning, and became the wife of James Grey, Esq. of Torrington Hall, near Milford. This gentleman soon after neglected his property, and his wife too, preferring other places and other people. When they had been married five years, he had lost nearly all his possessions, including his character. Soon after that, his wife lost *him*, and returned, with her two little girls, to live with her father in Germany. Here she was employed happily enough in educating her children until her father's death, when, by his will, she became co-heir with her brother, (now *Sir* Everard,) of the old ruinous Grey Tower, and the few remaining acres of the once great Manor of Milford. When she again took up her abode there, with her brother, her eldest girl (afterwards Mrs. Ward) was twelve years old, and her old lover had been married almost as many years to an excellent woman, who had already two sons, and, in due time, brought him the rest of the fine family with which the reader became acquainted in the last chapter.

Sir Everard Grey and Gideon Underwood were both undemonstrative, reserved men—one from timidity and modesty of character, the other from inordinate pride; but the affection which had sprung up in childhood between them was as enduring as it was sincere. They lived in habits of intimacy, though Gideon never forgot the difference of rank. At Sir Everard's death, a change came over Gideon Underwood. He became sterner, more morose, and more tyrannical in his family; harder and more reserved to the rest of the world; the little tenderness which he had ever shown during the life of his friend, seemed now to be sealed up again within his breast, scarcely ever showing itself to his wife or children.

Sir Everard died unmarried, and, by his will, his sister and her children were to inherit the property; but, failing their issue, it was to pass to Gideon Underwood and his descendants. Mrs. Grey did not long survive her brother, and, on her death-bed, appointed Gideon Underwood guardian to her unmarried daughter, Miriam, then a girl of fifteen. It was the dying mother's wish that Miriam should live in the Grey Tower until she married. In this strongly-expressed wish might be detected the secret romance of a woman's heart. The Grey Tower had been the paradise of her youth. Here she had known peace, and joy, and love; it was full of sweet personal recollections—of old family traditions. There was a repose and a sanctity about the old place—a noble sadness in its picturesque decay—a sense of vastness and of freedom in the wide prospects from its lofty site, which she felt sure would have a hallowing influence on the enthusiastic and poetic nature of her youngest daughter. Mrs. Ward, her other child, had lately married a young man of good fortune, and was gone to India. She needed not a share in the small family property; and, by her husband's consent, it was all settled on Miriam.

Gideon Underwood undertook the guardianship of the young orphan, Miriam Grey, with a feeling of chivalrous loyalty and reverence scarcely to be ap-

preciated in these days, when chivalry and loyalty are no longer the most fashionable qualities. He felt towards her as the Scotch Jacobites felt towards the young Pretender,—as old Whig nobles felt towards Queen Victoria, on her accession,—as the Anglo-Saxons looked upon Matilda, the niece of Edgar Atheling,—as Lord Craven must have looked upon the Princess Sophia, the youngest daughter of Elizabeth of Bohemia, that far-famed Queen of Hearts. All the tenderness and delicacy of his stern nature came to light again in his conduct to this young lady—the last representative of the house of Grey, and the child of the fair woman he had loved in youth. His pride in and for her became unbounded. It is true Miriam Grey was a beautiful girl, but he believed that there was no beauty equal to her beauty. Her powers of mind were considerable, but he believed them to be unrivalled in her own sex. With birth, beauty, and talents for a dowry, he soon began to form ambitious hopes for his ward—hopes of restoring the old dignity and splendour to the family of Grey. Why should she not marry one of her wealthy cousins of the same name? Why should they not settle at Milford, restore the old Grey Tower to more than its original splendour, and raise up sons and daughters, who should in future generations call the lauds after their name? Why should not Miriam Grey do this?

Because Miriam had a warm loving heart, which was not easily to be perverted to ambitious purposes. Because she was a very woman, and would have rejected a coronet of strawberry-leaves from an unloved hand in favour of a myrtle-wreath placed on her brow by one she loved; and this, though she was keenly sensible of the dignity of her family, and of the honour due to her as a woman. She inherited a portion of the pride of the Greys, and had caught more pride from the influence of Mr. Underwood. It was her warm loving heart that saved her from the worst corruption of this pride in early youth. In vain did Mr. Underwood promote his ward's intimacy with her own distant relations, and other county gentry; in vain did he impress upon his two elder sons, David and Mark, the fact that Miss Grey of the Tower belonged to a totally different sphere from that of any yeoman's family however ancient and respected; in vain did he reiterate to the graceful Miriam, that within the valley of Milford she had no equal. It was all in vain—Miriam was not fond of visiting at the great houses of the county; she preferred living at the Grey Tower, and associating, even on unequal terms, with the young Underwoods. Every younger child in the family was a blessing to her, and David, Mark, and Martha were her companions. She also loved Mr. Shepherd her tutor, and soon learned from him, that if she had no equal in birth among the inhabitants of Milford, she had equals and superiors in simple genuine worth and fervent piety in some of the cottages there. Sometimes, she would spend many hours at the vicarage, (this was before Miss Agnes Shepherd came to live there and martyrise her brother,) and during these visits, she was often present at con-

versations between Mr. Shepherd and his pupil, David Underwood. She learned many things from these conversations; among others, that it was possible for a yeoman's son to have the intellect and the dignity of a prince. For, truth to tell, this said David Underwood, like Dr. Beattie's Minstrel, "was no vulgar boy;" he had, as the French say, "*de l'esprit comme quatre*," and learned early how to manage it; so that what Mr. Shepherd told his new curate many years after was quite true—at sixteen David was a remarkably good scholar for his age. Indeed, he was in every way a remarkable boy; and his father, in his secret soul, though he treated him somewhat harshly, was intensely proud of his eldest son, who for natural gifts and solid intellectual attainments might vie with any scion of a noble house. He looked forward to the day when David should take his place as master of the Grange Farm, and, in proud humility, adorn his station with such accomplishments as were never seen unaccompanied by gentle birth before.

Seeing these things were, that Miriam Grey was fair, that David Underwood was young and passionate, and that they had opportunity of knowing one another, the result may be guessed. Besides, David had almost been *forbidden* by his father to dare to raise his eyes to her;—was it therefore to be wondered at, that he should love her, without making an effort to check the feeling? He too had a will of his own.

In addition to the education received from his pastors and masters, David Underwood, like other youths of superior intelligence, had given himself an education which they dreamed not of. One effect of this was perceptible in his eighteenth year, when he argued thus with himself in the matter of his daily-growing passion for Miriam Grey. "Shall I be held back by a flimsy social fiction from laying hold on a strong natural truth? What care I for gentle or simple? God made *men* and *women*—'male and female created he them,' not plebeian and patrician, or I read neither nature nor the Bible aright. If sweet Miriam Grey were an emperor's child, yet being what she is, a beautiful high-souled girl,—and I, David Underwood, being as I am, gifted by God with a capacity for loving true beauty and nobility, I should still take leave to love her. Firmly, but reverentially, should I strip the purple from her in my imagination, and love her with all my heart and soul, as a true man loves a true woman. And if I were able to win her love in return, she should be mine in spite of Emperors and Royal Marriage Acts. The right of loving is one of the first of the Rights of Man, and for the exercise of this right I will contend against all human constituted authorities."

The pride, self-reliance, and strength of will of this youth were inherited from his father; his capacity for passionate affection, and his powerful intellect, were peculiarly his own; no member of the Underwood family had ever possessed such a union of disturbing attributes since the death of its founder, the Commonwealth soldier. There were traditional stories concerning that worthy and his wife, which

proved that he was as capable of fighting and dying for love as for glory; and young David's character was not altogether unlike that which the family annals, backed by his portrait, gave to their progenitor. David had the temperament of an innovator, a reformer—not to say of a revolutionist and a martyr. Let me now relate how David's character came to open war with his father's.

One evening, fourteen years before the date of the last chapter, at the same season of the year, *i.e.* in August, David Underwood, then a tall, vigorous youth of nineteen, was wandering along the hill-side, below the Grey Tower, lost in thought. Occasionally his eagle eyes shot a glance across the valley—sometimes they became fixed steadfastly on the old tower itself, standing proudly above him in solitude and decay; but more often they were turned on the grass and heather beneath his feet. There he had walked, to and fro, for more than two hours, unobserved by any one but Miss Grey, who sat at the window of her parlour, in the south turret of the tower, watching the prospect and the gradual approach of evening; and, perhaps, watching David Underwood as well, and wondering a little as to the nature of the subject he was revolving in his mind;—he was given to speculating upon all subjects in heaven and earth, she knew. Another half-hour passed; then the sun sank down in the midst of enormous gold and crimson clouds, leaving the sky, from the zenith to his setting-point, dappled over with roscate flakes of filmy cloud, while in the soft, dusky east, the young moon, with a tremulous light, seemed to hang motionless over the opposite hill-top. It was one of those sunsets which fix themselves in the memory of the gazer as among the rarest and most beautiful sights this earth can afford, and which, while we are gazing on their sublime loveliness, transport the soul to the great Creator's throne, in adoration of his power and glory. We have all seen such sunsets, and have thought as Miriam Grey thought then, that if it were not for the mysterious longings of the soul after immortality, this wonderful world contains beauty enough to satisfy the heart of man for ever—it is so "wondrous fair!" When the brilliant colours had almost faded from the sky, and the landscape was becoming obscured, Miriam Grey looked once more for David Underwood. He was gone from the place where he had been walking, and she was about to turn away from the window a little sadly, for the want of something she could not define, when she heard some one outside calling her.

"Miss Grey!"

The tone was deep and musical. She knew the voice; it was David's; and turning back again, she looked down upon him with a smile.

"So, you are tired of your solitary walk down there. What a glorious sunset it has been!"

He looked up at her, and remained silent; but silence is easier than speech in the presence of beauty which touches the heart.

Miriam's pale gold hair fell in massy curls over her

fair shoulders to her waist. Her blue eyes looked larger and darker than usual in the twilight, and a soft, ineffable expression of joy, caused by the sublime sight she had just witnessed, lingered about her sensitive mouth. As she stood looking down upon him from that narrow, Gothic-pointed, ivy-framed window, David Underwood thought so fair a saint was never niched in cathedral aisle, or called into life beneath a painter's hand, or even imagined by a poet in his dreams. He could not speak, but remained gazing at her, as though she were indeed a poetic vision—a pictured or a sculptured saint. The sight seemed to have tongue-tied him; yet he had come there determined to speak.

"What are you thinking of, Mr. David, that you are so silent?" she asked, smiling once more, yet turning her eyes away from his, embarrassed she scarcely knew why, and trying to hide it.

"Of many things,—of some that, with your permission, I must tell you this evening. Excuse me if my language is somewhat abrupt and uncourtous; but you *must* hear me, Miss Grey! I cannot speak here. May I come in, or will you come down to the old north turret? If I come in, Mrs. Egerton may interrupt us. Will you not condescend to grant my request? It may be the last I shall ever prefer to you."

There was something so earnest, so strangely proud and sad in his tone, that Miriam could not bear to refuse so slight a request. Perhaps he had resolved at last to leave Milford, and seek his fortune elsewhere. He was wont to say that home-keeping youths have ever homely wits; and she knew that he yearned to mix himself with the great world-strife, and that Milford Valley had long been too narrow for his young ambition. She had been expecting this termination to his late moody disquietude; and now he had come, she thought, to tell her his plans, and to engage her good offices with his father, who would certainly be furious at the idea of his desiring any other mode of life than that which he destined for him. David, too, had so strong a will,—so much force of character generally, that most people yielded to him at once, knowing opposition to be useless. His was the tyranny of the strong over the weak—a better thing for both parties than the tyranny of the weak over the strong. On the present occasion, therefore, though Miriam Grey felt, instinctively, that there was some degree of impropriety in granting a private interview to a young man, in the absence of her governess and friend, Mrs. Egerton, yet Miriam Grey was not yet eighteen, and like most thinking girls at that age, was apt to think she had a right to do as she pleased. To offend David in his present mood did not please her; and, after a little hesitation, she said:—

"If you have really some secret of importance to tell me, you may go round to the north turret, and I will come to you there;" and she disappeared from the window.

The north turret was a complete ruin; hollow from top to bottom, open to the sky above, and with half

one side of the wall fallen to the ground. Nature had exercised her usual silent magic in adorning what the art of man had neglected to preserve for his daily use. She had had her own way with the north turret any time these hundred years; and now it was as picturesque a piece of ruined architecture as any painter would desire to see. Half tapestried with ivy on the outside, with its small loop-hole windows clearly marked out against the sky, the remaining segment of the circular wall stood erect, and apparently deriving no support from the main body of the tower, which it seemed barely to touch. Mosses, lichens, wall-flowers, and weeds of glorious feature, more than I have botanic skill enough to enumerate, grew in profusion over the inside of the wall, and among the fallen stones, lying in heaps around. There must have been a flower-garden beside this north turret in ancient times; for a few of the oldest and strongest garden-flowers maintained an existence there yet, and flourished amid the wilderness.

"The marigold amidst the nettles blew,
The gourd embraced the rose-bush in its ramble,
The thistle and the stock together grew,
The hollyhock and bramble."

"The bear-bine with the lilac interlaced,
The sturdy bur-dock choked its slender neighbour,
The spicy pink. All tokens were effaced
Of human care and labour."

No, not quite all,—at least, within the small area of the turret itself. The ground here had been disencumbered of stones and made level. And Nature, in one of her freaks of imitating Man's art, had covered it like the boudoir of a *petite maitresse*, with the softest, thickest, and most exquisitely-coloured carpet—the very *beau idéal* of moss. On one side of the interior, whence a magnificent prospect over the valley was obtained, a bank of earth had been raised; divan or sofa-fashion, and shaped carefully, with a view to the personal ease of the occupant. This too, Nature—assisted, perhaps, by art—had covered with similar moss, and cushioned (to speak at once like Shakspeare and an upholsterer,) with wild thyme and the nodding violet. This area had been cleared, and this seat made for Miriam's mother by Mr. Underwood. Here Miriam had spent many happy hours of childhood beside her mother, who loved the place; and for her sake, and for its own romantic beauty, Miriam loved it also, and took care to preserve it unchanged. The interior of the ruined turret always looked as if it were tended and set in order by fairy hands—but the fairy was no other than "a great lubberly boy"—Tom Withers—the only serving man in the household at the Grey Tower.

On the evening of which we have been speaking, the moonbeams were just stealing softly over the ruined turret, when David Underwood walked into it and stood looking eagerly at an old door in that part of the wall which still joined the main building. It was a low, gothic-arched door, somewhat sunken in the soil. It had been in olden time the only means of access to the north turret, and when this turret fell into

(1) From Hood's line poem, "The Haunted House."

decay, the door had been fastened up as useless, like other doors and "passages which lead to nothing" in the Grey Tower. In the late Mrs. Grey's time, however, the old doorway had been cleared, and the door turned once more on its great rusty hinges. Miriam from her childhood had been accustomed to pass through this door, from the house, to her mother's seat in the old ruin. David knew she would come that way now. In a few moments she emerged from the low, dark portal, and stepped into the mossy area of the turret, where the amber twilight lay like a gentle shadow, as yet untouched by the moonbeams. David stood looking at her in silence. There was something in her beauty which he had never seen before. It was always spiritual and delicate; but now there was a certain sad and wistful look in her face, a trembling tenderness in her manner as she moved towards him, that made his heart beat high.

"What is it you have to tell me?" she asked, with an attempt to speak and look as usual. "What discovery in philosophy have you made? Have you invented a new form of government?—or is it that you have come to tell me you are about to leave Milford for good?"

He bowed his head at the last words and murmured, "I am about to leave Milford,—whether for good or for evil is for you to decide."

"I, Mr. David? What have I to do with it?"

"Can you not guess?" he asked, without changing his tone.

"You think my influence over your father is sufficient to win his consent. I fear it is not, but, I will spare no effort."

"You will spare no effort to facilitate my departure?" he asked bitterly.

Miriam was agitated, and sat down on the moss-grown couch. "Is not that what you would have?" she asked. "Is not that what you came to speak to me about? I feared it was."

"You *fear*!—Miss Grey!—My heart and brain are filled with strong thoughts and feelings. I am, as you know, self-willed and impetuous. Perhaps I have committed what you gentlemen call an indecorum in insisting on this interview; but you, perhaps, recollect that I am not a gentleman, not your equal, and you condescend to speak with me as you would with any inferior who craved an audience."

"Mr. David! This is very misplaced. Why do you speak so bitterly? What have I done to offend you?" Miriam spoke with large tears standing in her eyes. "It must be a weighty matter indeed that so disturbs your mind."

"It is a weighty matter," he replied, his voice rising as he went on, till it swelled into a full-toned passionate music, that thrilled through Miriam's heart. "It is a weighty matter, this great strong burden which I carry in my soul, and from which I would not be freed, now, or in all the countless ages of eternity. It is a weighty matter for a solitary human soul—this—this—Ha!—You know it now!" and he sunk on his knee beside her, clasping her hands in his, and

searching her fair face with his eager gaze. "Ah! Miriam Grey, do not turn away—look at me once more with your gentle eyes—smile on me as you did a little while ago, that I may have power over myself—that I may get back courage and tell you of my love. But is there need to tell what I have so ill concealed? I am too proud for a dissembler—almost too proud for a wooer. Listen to me, fair Miriam Grey! How fair, how unutterably fair at this moment! You think as my father thinks, that I am not worthy to aspire to your love because my birth is lower than your own. I *know* you think this, and yet I love you, proud as I am, and am bold enough to tell you so. I am bolder still—I venture to tell you that your superior birth does not make me unworthy of your love, only your superior purity—your beauty and the glory of your womanhood; these bow down my spirit before you. No social distinctions can bar out my love. I love you, and I will love you. No power on earth shall dare to interfere with me there. Ah! do not shrink from me. I cannot tame my language into soft taffeta phrases. Miriam Grey, as sure as God reigns in heaven, I believe there is no man can love you so devotedly as I, or so enduringly. Was it only kindness—gentle, womanly kindness, such as you would show to any one, that I saw in your face just now?—that—if I am not mad—I see there now? Speak to me, Miriam. Have mercy! Forgive!—for indeed, I have lost my self-control, and I know not what I say." With these last words the passionate young man flung himself forward with outstretched arms, over the bank beside her, and buried his face in the thick dewy moss that he might hide the blinding, suffocating emotion which he found too strong for even *his* pride to subdue.

Sweet Miriam Grey! It would have been a rare sight for a poet or a painter to have watched her then, as the moon-beams began to rest on her face. For a moment or two she remained motionless, waiting another sign from him,—her heart swelled well-nigh to bursting with a multitude of feelings. He did not speak, but lay there, breathing great tremulous sighs,—the proud, self-possessed David no more. Love and pity soon made all other feelings in her heart (even fear) give way before them, and Miriam turned towards him and laid her hand softly on the bowed head. That he felt the touch she knew, for he started and trembled in every limb—but he did not speak—nor change his position. She looked upward to the sky for a moment, and shook back the fair curls from her face—she seemed to hesitate—the hand that rested on David's head played nervously with a lock of his hair—then bending low, she whispered,

"Dear David, why do you distress yourself thus? There is no need."

"No need!—Is it so?" he exclaimed, turning slowly round. "No need! Does that mean that you will listen to me?—that you will not think me beneath your love?"

"No."

"How then? What does it mean?"

"That I love you already."

"Miriam!" and he rose and sat beside her, "say the words again, a hundred and a hundred times, that my soul may drink in all the meaning. You *love me already!*—that means before this hour. Gracious, gentle Miriam, how can I thank you? You *love me!* what will this love be to you, Miriam?"

"It will make me happy. And you—will it make you happy? will your terrible pride allow you to take to wife a woman who is so unfortunate as to be your superior in birth?"

"And you—will the delicate Lady Miriam wed the rough David Underwood, half clown, half book-worm?"

"No. But she will wed the true-hearted boy, the *man* of genius, David Underwood; and she will lay aside her ancestry as a worn-out robe, and clothe herself proudly and meekly with the light of his fame."

"Fame! Yes, I had forgotten. I *will* be famous, Miriam,—fame shall make me in the sight of all men more honourable than the noblest pedigree. Let fame go now; this moment belongs to love."—They sat silently, in a state of perfect, measureless happiness gazing on each other; how long, neither they nor I can tell. At length, Miriam's head sank on his shoulder and David murmured: "Oh for a power to stay this moment! But it will never come again, never! in all the ages." And his eyes looked in steadfast sadness up into the unfathomable heavens. Miriam looked timidly at him.

"What makes you say that? It seems to me rather as if the light of this hour would spread itself over the whole of life; that it would never go. And you say that it will never come again! Ah, David! you frighten me. Is this one of those intuitions, which are to you what experience is to common minds, as Mr. Shepherd says?"

"Nay, I know not, Miriam. I have said only what forced itself upon me as a truth. All is so frail, so transitory here."

"Nay, not all things; God's greatest, best gift, Love,—that does not pass away. I feel it, I know it. If you do not feel thus, you cannot love—as I do," faltered Miriam.

"Hush, hush! do not talk of *my* love so slightly. You cannot guess what it is and has been. Come to my heart, Miriam! rest your dear head there, while I try to make you understand the great, strong love which has been growing up within it these many years. In truth, Miriam, this poor heart deserves such solace, for it has suffered much. There never was a time, since you came here a little fairy child, that I have not loved you. Had you been able to love me as long and as well, you would not need to be told this, and the last year could not have gone by with us as it has done. You could not have passed over or misunderstood my suffering, and you would have blessed me before as you have done this evening. One little look, a tone of tenderness, would have been encouragement enough for me, for I am bold-spirited even in love, which, like conscience, makes cowards of most of us."

"Am I not bold too; I fear I have been too bold, David. Yet—yet—I think the love a woman feels has something in it deeper than that of man."

"That is a woman's heresy. Let me assure you in the poet's words that

"'all thy passions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.'"

"The poet sings falsely, at least in regard to *one* passion," said Miriam, smiling as he kissed her cheek; "but 'deeds, not words' for me. If God grants us both life, you shall learn by my conduct how much Miriam Grey loves David Underwood; not now, perhaps, but in long years to come."

It often happens in life, that an hour of intense felicity is close neighbour to one of misfortune. It was so on this never-to-be-forgotten evening in the youth of Miriam Grey and her lover.

Mr. Underwood had set out from home that evening at an unusual time, to pay a visit at the Tower. He went to see Miriam alone, on a subject of importance concerning her future life. He wished to prepare her for the morrow, when, as he knew, a certain wealthy gentleman of her own name would present himself as a suitor, and would be ready to accept her on any conditions. Her birth, and her beauty, which he had seen during half an hour, had captivated his heart thoroughly for the moment, and the present owner of Torrington Hall had already propitiated Mr. Underwood by a promise of rebuilding the Grey Tower and living in it, if it ever fell into his hands. Mr. Underwood became anxious that it *should* fall into his hands, and went to sound his ward on the subject of Sir Ralph Grey, and, if possible, to prepossess her in his favour. As he was a fair and well-behaved young gentleman, Mr. Underwood did not think he had a very difficult task before him. With his usual firm, proud step, he mounted the hill. When he arrived at the level ground, half way up, on which stood the Tower, he walked more slowly, for the solemn beauty of the evening had awakened bygone memories connected with the spot and the hour. Here, long years ago, he had walked with his early friend, Sir Everard, and here, on such a night, he had told his love to Miriam's mother. Not here, indeed, on the wide hill side, but in that still, sheltered nook, within the ruined turret. The thought of her child's marriage brought her forcibly to his mind. How beautiful she was! how good! Yet he had renounced her; it was his own act. Had he dealt well by her? Perhaps not; yet how could he, an Underwood, marry a Grey? *He* to be spoken of as a low interloper in a noble family. No, the Underwoods would have nothing to do with unequal marriages; they were always evil. But, though he had resisted the temptation of his own heart then, he would not at such a time as this forget what had once been between them. He would go to the old place and think of her, and of what *she* would have done for Miriam at this juncture. It would be a fitting preparation for his interview with the girl.

Slowly he passed along in front of the Tower. Miriam was not at her window, and there was no light

in the room. He turned the next angle, and stood for a moment contemplating the exquisite beauty of the ruined turret, as the moonlight came through the long, narrow, ivy-wreathed windows, and its stand, time-softened outline stood out black against the sky. He knew that at this hour the moonlight was resting on the bank he had raised for Everard's sister, as it had rested on the same spot, when, in an unwary hour, long years ago, he had forgotten what was due to his dignity and hers, and had told his love. Gideon Underwood was not given to the melting mood, but he thought it would be a melancholy pleasure to see it now. And Gideon Underwood advanced again. As he made his way cautiously among the fallen stones, (he did not leap lightly over them now,) he thought he heard voices. He approached nearer. Yes! he was not mistaken; some one was speaking,—and now a voice that he knew—it was Miriam's—replied. Surely it was a man's voice he had heard before. Who could she be talking to *there*, and at that hour? A lover? Miriam? and he, her guardian, not know of it? Impossible! He knew her too well. Still he ought to ascertain who was her companion, and the nature of the conversation. She was his ward, as dear to his heart as one of his own children; as dear as David himself. He would listen.—He did listen. He heard nearly all the conversation we have set down, and at every word his anger increased. He looked in upon them unperceived, and saw them seated on that very bank, Miriam clasped in David's arms, and her fair head resting on his breast! The sight maddened him. It aroused a world of unavailing regret, and vivid pictures of what he himself had lost. In addition to his anger as a father against a disobedient son, and his bitter disappointment at this impediment to his plans for Miriam Grey, Gideon Underwood felt involuntarily and almost unconsciously envious and jealous as a man. His son, a mere boy, who had done nothing, deserved nothing as yet in life, sat there, blessed in love, where *he* had renounced *his* love, from a principle of honour,—there where he had so often seen *her* sit. David sat there, experiencing all the sweets of a first and mutual love, utterly regardless of aught but his own happiness. It cost the stern man a secret but acute pang, and gave a sting to the fury with which he interrupted them. He did not acknowledge it to himself, but the sight of a happy love always irritated him. He affected to treat all love as a mere delusion of youth, unworthy the attention of a mature man; but love revenged himself on Gideon Underwood. Even in advanced life the sight of happy lovers, if it did not actually make him envious, caused him to feel what is finely described by some French writer as, "*un malheur sourd dont on ne se rend pas compte.*" But to see David so happy, in the place where he himself had been so miserable; and with one who was so like his own lost love, that at the moment he could almost believe it to be she herself,—this was a "*malheur vif*" too acute to be borne by any man without some demonstration of pain; so it mixed itself up with his parental

anger. As Miriam pronounced those last words, while David pressed his lips on her cheek, Gideon Underwood strode up to them and seized David violently by the shoulder,—so violently as to drag him from his seat, and cause Miriam to fall to the ground.

Words are powerless to describe what young David Underwood felt at that moment; but somewhat of the wrath within might be seen in his eye as it glared fiercely at his father, when with one swift backward stroke of his young arm he had shaken off that offensive hold and confronted him. But this first natural instinct of resentment for the personal attack on himself was gentleness compared with the young man's feeling as he saw Miriam attempting to rise. True; her fall was a slight accident, and he who caused it had certainly not intended it. But it *had been* caused. Miriam Grey had been injured and insulted in his presence,—had suffered an indignity that no woman, not even the basest and most degraded, ought ever to receive at the hand of man; and he had not been able to prevent it! He, David Underwood, stood by and saw her rise from the ground after being thrown down: he could not stir a limb to assist her; but remained with a blanched face and tightly compressed teeth gazing at the spot on which she had fallen as if he expected the raging fire from his heart to burn up the offending place and utterly obliterate it from the earth. As yet he felt only the shame, the indignity, and a strange wild self-reproach. "I ought to have prevented it. Idiot! coward! fool! to be taken unaware. To have suffered my treasure to be cast from me—my idol to be profaned—a woman to be insulted while she sat beside me—any woman—no matter whom! but this one—my Miriam!—Miss Grey of Milford! Oh! away with the sight! It must be a dream!" He moved his hand hurriedly across his eyes as these thoughts passed through his mind; and at that moment a loud, angry voice addressed him.

"So it is you, boy! *you!* who have dared to speak of love to that lady. Have basely sought to make her forget what she is and what you are!" David started and turned proudly towards the speaker.

"Hold, father! enough of insult! Respect me if you would have me forbear from treating you as one man treats another. Though I am your son, I am not a slave or an insensible brute."

"David! It is your father," said the frightened Miriam, laying her hand on her lover's up-raised arm. It felt powerless to his side, and his eyes turned mournfully to her.

"My father!" he murmured. "You do well to remind me of it,—you, whom he struck to the ground! *That* I will never forget!"

"Hush! it was nothing. A mere accident. Don't look so, David, for the love of heaven! Your father is terrible in anger," she whispered. "Say something to him—see how he looks at you, David! For my aske."

The young man saw those beautiful imploring eyes, and made an effort to suppress the dark passion that raged within. He drew up his noble figure to its full

height, approached a step towards his father, and said in a subdued voice, "Father!"

"Silence, boy!" said Mr. Underwood. "Silence! am I to be bearded and talked to by you? Hear *me*, I say. You are my son; born to obey me, and I *will* be obeyed, or you shall be no more my son. How long have you taken advantage of that girl's weakness, and led her to disgrace her family by listening to your love? How long have you dared to let your thoughts and affections wander in direct disobedience of my well-known will? How long have you duped me and deceived us all? How long, boy as you are, how long have these things been?"

David replied in a lower tone, "Ever since I have felt a man's heart within me, I have loved Miriam Grey, and loathed your undue tyranny, father. But never until this evening has either secret been torn from my bosom. This evening I have told her of my passion, and she has promised to be my wife. Ay! glare at me as you will, your authority reaches not to my heart or to hers. We love each other, and we ask no blessing from you or any harsh earthly tyrant,—we ask only the blessing of our Father in Heaven. This evening, too, I tell you that you overstrain your parental authority,—that it is not good for *me*, at least, to bear it any longer; and that I will not. It poisons my heart. I am no longer a child. I claim the freedom of a man, and if you do not grant it me willingly, I will take it. I would be your son, father, not your bondsman. You shall not dictate to my thoughts or my affections. I love and I will love Miriam Grey, and no vain ambition, (the disease of an old-world imagination and a pitiful pride,) no false sentiment on your part shall withhold her from me. She is young, and fair, and pure-hearted; therefore I love her, and take no heed of her ancestry. I am her equal, and that I will prove to the world. Do you know me now, father? I would deceive you no longer. If you would have the love and respect of your children—of them all,—do not treat them as you have treated me. Perchance, some may bear it worse and love you less than I do now."

"Have you done, sir?" asked Mr. Underwood, with concentrated pride, rage, and surprise in his quivering voice.

David bowed his head in assent, and his father turned away.

"Miriam Grey!" said Mr. Underwood. "This is a shameful scene for you to witness, still it will open your eyes to the depth of your error. You have heard him. Look well! It was my son David,—the pride of my heart—as you thought just now, the fitting object for your love. Would you, indeed, take for your husband a son who disobeys, insults, outrages, and defies his father? Would you disgrace your name by an alliance below you,—an alliance with a penniless boy, without station, or means of subsistence? who has nothing to recommend him but a specious tongue and a handsome person? Miriam! shame on you, to be thus fooled by the eye. Awake, girl! This is

David Underwood the yeoman's son who aspires to wed you, the descendant of a noble house."

"She has said that she loves me!" cried David haughtily—"I will not have her tampered with. She is mine!" and he strode to Miriam, and threw one arm round her.

The father's rage at this action knew no bounds: "Loose her this instant!—loose her, I say! Miriam, come from him!"

Miriam made an effort to obey her guardian, but David's arm confined her. He smiled scornfully at his father.

"Ay! make the weak tremble at your authority! boys and women—they dare not resist you."

In another moment Mr. Underwood was struggling with his son. It was a fearful sight to see the natural love between those two men turned by their un-governed passions into deadly hate. The hate was strong in proportion to the love which should have been.

"Let her go, David, or, by God's—"

"I will not let her go at such bidding." David kept one nervous arm wound like an iron ring round Miriam's waist, and with it he held her off from his father, while with the other he warded off his attacks. At length David lost all self-possession, became furious, and with one unlucky blow struck his father to the ground, insensible.

Oh! what unfathomed depths of evil are in the human heart!—Who shall sound his own? or say, hitherto but not beyond it could *my* sin go. I tell you, O Reader! good and moral as you may be in other respects, if in your heart any strong selfish passion be knowingly indulged, it will undermine the kingdom of God within you; and in an hour when you look not for it, it will explode, and carry all before it—patience, meekness, long-suffering, kindness, truth, brotherly love—ay, and filial love—parental love—all sweet, sacred household affections. Not in the whining accents of the self-righteous hypocrite or the neighbour-scorning Pharisee do I say it; but in the sober voice of one who knows it by experience do I say to people as noble-hearted and as high principled as Gideon Underwood and his son David,—“The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,” when the devil's brood—the passions, any one of them—reign over it. Be sure it will burst out some day to the overthrow of virtue and happiness and self-respect. Therefore let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.

David stood stupidly gazing at Miriam as she tried to restore his father's consciousness. They had not spoken till Mr. Underwood seemed to be recovering. With his eyes fixed in horrible fascination on his father's face, David spoke in a low hollow voice,—

"Miriam, have you no words for me?"

"None! He was your father!—After this, you must forget all that has passed between us."

"Nay—No need to say it, Miriam. *Now*, indeed, I am unworthy of your love. I know you would shudder at my touch."

"He is becoming conscious!—Go!—Do not let him find you here."

"Farewell, Miriam!"

He went away; but not, as Miriam supposed, to return to her on the morrow and plead for forgiveness. How she dreaded that meeting! She had determined to put away David's love; she would be no source of division and anger between a father and a son. But she was spared it. The meeting of the morrow never came. David Underwood left Milford that night, and did not return to her or to his family. His name was never mentioned to Mr. Underwood; the little children were taught to abstain from pronouncing David's name in their father's presence; they were told he was gone away and would never come again. Mr. Underwood became a harder, sterner, sadder man—none knew exactly why, but Miss Grey of the Grey Tower.

(To be continued.)

A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

A TRULY republican idea was it to reconstruct the old social edifice at the very moment it was falling into decay, and to found it on a new basis, on the most solid basis that can support man, namely his own pride and interest,—and this idea was conceived by aristocratic England! This is true fraternity, and very different from the mistaken fraternity which the French demagogues proclaimed on their banners when they sent them, by the hands of bandits, into Belgium, Switzerland, and Rome. This great idea was not only conceived but also carried into effect by England, and the execution, to say all in one word, is worthy of the conception. Without further preface, let us imagine ourselves in the midst of the innumerable carriages that are continually passing in front of the Crystal Palace.

The exterior of the building is covered with flags and streamers, which, waving merrily in the breeze, add an air of festivity to the scene. The general aspect is one of extreme lightness and elegance, presenting a striking contrast to the stern and frigid appearance of the other London edifices. A gigantic portico is before us. In this large entrance have been erected, in order to avoid confusion, numerous little doors in red cloth, which admit but one person at a time. On these doors is written: "No change given," therefore you must have your money ready in your hand: you approach the narrow entrance, throw your shilling on a counter, pass on, and without uttering a syllable to any one, without being addressed, you find that you have entered, by the most insignificant doorway conceivable, into the most extensive covered space ever seen or imagined by man. It is a new world—and what world is it? Here are large and leafy European trees proudly extending their huge branches under the transparent roof; there, a thicket of palms and bamboos which speak of the East; a gigantic crystal fountain whose limpid waters rise to an extraordinary height, and sparkling in the sunshine

descend noisily into the basin beneath; and not far from this refreshing murmur, which tells of the wonders of nature, you hear the solemn tones of the organ, pealing forth the sacred melodies of religion. In the first moment of amazement you behold at the same time, in the midst of these confused sounds, carpets from the East, arms from India, a European park with its woods and rivulets, and an innumerable army of equestrian statues around you. All appears at first red and light blue; these colors have been selected with great taste. Red, the solid colour which adorns the ground-floor, forms an admirable basis, and contrasts well with the azure tints of the roof which appear to bury themselves in the sky. The top of the transept is but indistinctly seen, the beautiful foliage of the trees deprives it of architectural stiffness and gives it an incomparable air of magnificent elegance; but this is not all: this immense transept, of whose size I feel it utterly impossible to give any adequate idea—this unrivalled entrance in which you have experienced the first sensation of amazement—this *coup d'œil* which gives you an idea of the whole—all this is but a preface, and whatever your imagination may anticipate, be it as luxuriant as it may, is far below the reality. You must advance to the crystal fountain of which we have spoken, that is, to the centre of the palace, and then you see on the right and left the two veritable galleries of the Exhibition which are at right angles with the transept; this new view surpasses all expectation. You imagine you have reached the bounds of admiration, when your admiration is redoubled; your surprise is increased tenfold. Picture to yourself, on either side, prospects stolen from the golden country of the "Thousand-and-one Nights," two galleries, apparently interminable, covered from top to bottom with the most perfect produce of the human genius, and all natural curiosities from Canton to Peru, and from New Zealand to Greenland. Imagine entire miles of carpets of every colour, sparkling crystals, furniture of incredible richness, bronzes, velvets, jewels worthy of Cleopatra, silks, silver, pearls, diamonds; all appear cast at a venture into this bazaar of universal genius. For us has been realized one of those dreams which in a day of fever may have entered the brain of Sardanapalus. Those who have not seen the Exhibition have no idea, I may boldly affirm, of the riches of the world. And yet all these marvels are contained in a transparent palace, supported by imperceptible columns, and the light may freely play on the sparkling jewels, the dazzling colours, the murmuring fountains, and the innumerable statues. Over the glass roof, white canvas has been placed, to prevent the heat of the sun penetrating with too much power. Thanks to the ventilators and fountains, the freshness is extreme: we might imagine ourselves under the waves of some fabulous stream, in the crystal palace of a fairy, or of a naiad of whom Jupiter was the noble lover. Around you is an immense multitude, and yet not a crowd; you have sixty thousand companions, yet you are not crushed or pushed; you walk as quietly as you would in Oxford street; nevertheless there is nothing to

indicate constraint of any kind. Here and there are policemen who direct you which staircase to ascend or descend, or which way to proceed. You hear no sound of voices, you see no commotion; every one goes where he pleases and lives in his own way, for you must live in this endless palace if you wish to see the contents of it; you may eat there, and if you list, you may sleep there. Confectioners have large establishments there and plenty of occupation. Economical persons, such as labourers and workmen, of whom there is a large majority on four days of the week, bring their provisions in their baskets. It is a droll sight to witness these good country people in their smock frocks and carefully brushed leather boots, seating themselves by the side of one of the fountains, dissecting huge pieces of ham with their teeth, and distributing meat and bread among their children as they would the grain among their poultry. Every one eats in peace and troubles himself not about his neighbour: he goes to see, not to be seen. In France it is precisely the contrary; I recollect on the fourth of last May, round the tents of the mountebanks in the *Champs Elysées*, there were, without the slightest exaggeration, far more soldiers to preserve order, than spectators. In London, in order to guard the palace in which all nations are assembled, two sentinels in red coats have been placed in front of the grand entrance! and they, I fancy, are stationed there for decorum, or as picturesque accessories: they will assuredly never have anything to do.

The Exhibition has, in a great measure, put an end to the visits of ladies in their carriages to the shops of Piccadilly and Regent Street, and of this, as may well be imagined, the tradesmen complain bitterly. The Crystal Palace is now the grand promenade, especially on Fridays and Saturdays, when the prices are raised to prevent the admission of the mob. The crowd, however, is scarcely less on those days, indeed, all anticipations on this subject have been entirely disappointed. It was supposed that during the first few weeks such a multitude would have overrun the streets of London, as to render extraordinary measures necessary to secure order and tranquillity: people were mistaken. The *début* was so quiet as to give Prince Albert serious apprehensions for the success of the Exposition of which he was the instigator. At length it was reported that the shilling days would collect such an enormous multitude that the receipts would be considerably larger on those days than during the previous weeks. The contrary was the result: the receipts on the first shilling day amounted only to a thousand pounds, while those of the half-crown days were 2,500 pounds daily, from the commencement. The Railway Companies were forbidden to lower their prices during the first month, so much was it feared that London would be overrun by visitors from the country. Now it happened that the town was less full than ever; the hotels were empty; no one could understand it. In England, as well as throughout Europe, the generality of people determined to permit the most eager to visit London first, and to go

themselves when the "*crowd was over*;" consequently, everybody started at the same time: at the commencement of June the number of visitors suddenly increased materially, and from that time to the present, the amounts received have increased daily. At present, all expenses paid, there remains a surplus of several thousands, and this Great Exhibition, about which there have been so many different opinions, will in the end prove a very profitable speculation; for the receipts of each day cover the expenses of a month, which amount to between two and three thousand pounds. Thus, the difficulty will not be to raise the funds necessary for so extraordinary an edifice; but to decide on the manner of spending the surplus. This is a question which excites the interest of the world, and revives the grand quarrel between the free-traders and protectionists: it will not be an easy matter to decide. Some demand the continuance, others the immediate destruction of the universal bazaar; some vote for a winter garden, others for a commemorative monument. Who will be the victors? We are acquainted with the difficulties under which the Exhibition was opened. After an appeal to the voluntary subscribers, who in a very few days returned the insufficient sum of 65,000 pounds, signatures merely, instead of payments, were solicited. Numerous signatures having been received and the list signed, the Bank of England advanced the money, and in five months the Crystal Palace was constructed. The erection of this palace gave rise to serious reprehension; a considerable party opposed the idea of the Exposition *in toto*, as they deemed it a preface to free trade, and dreaded, in such revolutionary times, the unprecedented solemnity, and the vast multitude of visitors of every description which it would attract. Even when these objections had been overcome, the malcontents would not acknowledge themselves defeated. Every imaginable pretext was successively advanced by those who considered their opponents imprudent innovators. Now, by a happy coincidence, or if we may so speak, by providential chance, there is not one single ground of objection which, far from injuring the palace of the Exhibition, has not wonderfully improved it. It is certain that, strange as it may appear, its beauty is owed in a measure to the opposition made to it. Thus for example, the discontented demanded: "What right have you to build in Hyde Park? It is a public walk. Is it not in order to have a good view of these beautiful grounds that honest citizens have purchased at a high price the terraces which surround them? And can you come coolly and erect your building in front of their very windows? In virtue of what law can you thus lower the value of their property? Besides, how long will this exposition last? You say, six months, but who is to answer for that? If once you put bricks and mortar together we know what will become of your building, and what excellent reasons will be found to prevent its destruction." These objections were serious; not one of them could be faced and combated legally; it was necessary to parry them artfully. "You dread

the permanence of our building," was the reply, "and the difficulty of removing it? Be assured, we shall have nothing to do with bricks or stones; our building will be formed of cast-iron and glass; when the Exhibition is over, it will be removed in twenty-four hours; the neighbouring proprietors will not thus suffer the inconvenience of a slow construction, nor inhale the dust of a brick-building. If the vicinity of the Exhibition is a disadvantage, it will be of short duration, and repaid a hundredfold by the commercial movement which will be experienced in the neighbourhood of the building." Thus the glass palace was decided upon which was proposed by Paxton, and which was destined to produce the incomparable effect of which we have attempted to give some idea; thanks to the discontented, we were delivered from thick walls, and probably from those odious yellow bricks which the London smoke so quickly blackens. This was not all:—opposition returned to the charge. "Your building is to be of glass; very good: but what are you to do with the noble trees which stand on the spot you have selected? will you dare to fell them? These trees belong to the nation; we love them, we have seen them there from our childhood, our children play under their shade; what right have you to destroy these trees, which to them form the chief attraction of the park?" "You are right," was the answer; "we will not fell the trees, we will enclose them in our palace; thus, instead of being exposed to the inclemency of the weather this winter, they will, for the first time in their lives, be in a hot-house." In order to preserve these elms it was necessary to raise the roof of the palace to an unexpected height, and to form it of colossal dimensions; thus, the trees which had been happily respected, proved destined to give the *ensemble* extraordinary beauty.

We must return to the Exhibition and not quit it again, now that we have sketched its history. At the first visit it is impossible to enter into any of the details; and it would be useless, when everything claims a share of your attention, when curiosity induces you to take a general view, to remain long at one particular spot and commence partial examinations. You will find enough to do to take a general survey of this universal panorama. Five hours are not too much to prove to you, that you are wandering at the same time through the five portions of the globe. Interest does not tire for a single moment, if you merely read the superscriptions of the various exhibitions, and admire the colours of all the flags of the world. I was chiefly interested, I confess, in reading the names of the distant countries, the products of which we little expect to meet on the tables of industry, and which we know only by the yet recent accounts of the sailors who discovered them. Van Diemen's Land, South Australia, New Zealand, &c. can we read those names without surprise, in front of the stalls reserved for Belgium, Holland and the Zollverein? I might also add Trinidad, Guiana, Canada, New South Wales, and twenty more names. Was it not on these coasts, whose very existence was doubted,

that our grandfathers perished in shipwrecks, the accounts of which so deeply interested our childhood? The voyages of Cook and Bougainville, which kindled in our breasts a love of the unknown; the discoveries of Banks and Solander, who are our old friends; the combats of Anthropophagi; the Fortunate Isles, in which were found primitive manners and unequalled hours: all these marvels took place in a world that has now, alas! entirely disappeared. Our minds were still meditating on the adventures of Captain Wilson, the good king of the Pellew islands, the Nymphs of Otaheite, and of Guatimozi and Montezuma, when, after a lapse of several years, we cast our eyes towards these countries, expecting to find virgin lands covered with unknown fruits, mysterious forests, unexplored lakes, people living on yucca-root and dogs cooked between two stones, to our surprise, we behold nothing but parks, villas, towns lighted with gas, theatres, elegantly dressed ladies, and handsome carriages rolling over excellent Macadams! On the quays, we find engravings representing the massacre of Captain Cook at Owhyhee by naked savages, tattooed and adorned with feathers, and everybody knows that the present king of the Sandwich Islands, his majesty Tamehameha III, is one of the best billiard-players in the world! Canada itself, which has sent handsome calèches, elegant harnesses, and remarkably comfortable furniture to the Exhibition,—is it not very near to the country of Uneas, the last of the Mohicans? Does it not surprise you to inhale the perfume of the plants of the Prairie when standing close to an excellent travelling carriage, the wood of which was cut from forests which were but lately inextricable, and unknown to all save the deer and elk who there found their hiding-places? Have you forgotten Natchez, Chactas, and Celuta, and the well-formed women who hung the cradles of their children on the branches of the maple-tree? On those large rivers, from which Chateaubriand in his canoe contemplated the solitary forests, listened to the imposing sounds of the desert, and exclaimed that, at last, he had found primitive liberty—on those very rivers myriads of steamboats now ply, filling the air with smoke, and ringing their bells when approaching the towns at which they stop. Ah! the poetry of nature has forever disappeared: yes, it is true,—the savages now wear shoes and neck-ties. We must no longer dream of adventures in the Savannas, we must remember that the first half of the century in which we live has witnessed this incredible transformation; we must cease to say that man is stationary, and that the present age produces nothing great. I know nothing more senseless and insane than this common and oft-repeated maxim. Never, on the contrary, since the creation of this planet have men witnessed such extraordinary events; never has the current which hurries us onward been more irresistible, more rapid, or more wonderful; one must be blind not to perceive this, and to those who go to sleep thinking of the apathy of the nineteenth century we can promise an extraordinary surprise when they wake.

And now that we have witnessed the West awaking, and seen how the new worlds, apparently scarcely issued from chaos, were melted in the crucible of European civilisation, let us go into Asia, the cradle of the human race. On this ancient land of tradition, we shall behold a very different spectacle. In the West we observed inordinate passion for progress; here, we perceive determined opposition to all innovation, and, strange to state, the result is equally marvellous. The Exhibition permits us to make the comparison in a few steps, and never was examination more fertile in information, uncertainty, and mystery. On entering the Crystal Palace, the first objects we notice are the products of India, China, Turkey, Persia, and Tunis, if it be permitted to include the latter under the title of the Eastern countries. The philosopher, as well as the man of the world, may spend a whole day in contemplating the master-pieces of art from the countries of the sun. We feel, from the first glance, that we are in an extraordinary country, in which nothing recalls that which surrounds us, which we might imagine to have fallen from the heavens on to our globe. When we find ourselves in the Indian exposition in particular, surrounded by shawls of fabulous texture, of price still more fabulous, by veils so light that we are almost inclined to think them woven air, by tissues of silver and silk, of gold and pearls, we rub our eyes and stand gazing in utter bewilderment; but it is not a dream. These wonderful textures, these arms of almost incredible richness, of unparalleled elegance, these harnesses of gold and rubies, these dresses embroidered with diamonds equal in value to the wealth of one of our European kingdoms, these palanquins glittering with emeralds do not come from paradise; seraphs had nothing to do with the manufacture of them; they were men, real, veritable men, who created these wonders. It is true that these men resist our civilisation, we suspect them of barbarism, and in our intolerable pride we nearly call them savages. What! can those but little known and still less understood people be savage, whose works bear such an impress of distinction and dazzling richness? In a corner of this our globe there exist shepherds, who, seated before their habitations, without other instruments than their hands and feet, weave and embroider shawls, scarfs, and carpets, whose beauty confounds us with admiration. In order to imitate them, learned Europe studies and invents, she creates machines wonderful for their complication and skill, chemistry comes in with its aid, and the result of numberless discoveries, labour, and science, approaches not nearer the model than prose to poetry, or the cold representation of an architect to the boldly conceived picture of a great artist. The most able artists of the West have exerted their talents in the manufactures of the Gobelins and Beauvais, and the carpets there woven are unequalled in the countries called civilized; but compare them with the carpets of Persia and Tunis: what a contrast! what harmony of colour, what exquisite tints, what richness, with far more simple processes! Whence

comes it that colours, which cannot be harmonised in our countries, and which nature has nevertheless united everywhere, blue and green, for instance, are so happily amalgamated in materials of Eastern manufacture? How comes it that they can give to the woollen stuffs, which with us are so dull in colour, the transparency and brilliancy of windows of the Middle Ages? What genius has instructed them in secrets, which after so many centuries of research we have been unable to discover? It is not for us to instruct the peasants of Africa and Asia; it is for us, on the contrary, to learn by studying their work; and this has been so clearly proved by the Exhibition, that the workmen of our western manufactories, the dyers especially, have been sent to this school of taste and simplicity. Where then are art, progress, and civilisation? what doubts are excited by such a phenomenon! Yes! the East is a perfect enigma! He who has been in the midst of those silent and dignified, elegant and majestic nations, has felt that there is something inexplicable about them. Light comes from the East, from thence also have come all great innovations, and western conquerors have been unable to cross the eastern frontiers. Have you not often thought of the eternal and extraordinarily unequal contest between the Russians and Circassians? Have you never been struck with the incredible and undying resistance maintained by the poor Indians against another colossus named England? Where then exists the secret force of these people who are apparently so feeble? Compare their resources with ours; their means of defence with our engines of war: their arms are still more simple than their machines. Look at the light bows, the slender arrows, the inlaid poignards that India exhibits in London. After our mortars and instruments of war, these are veritable toys; the handle of these little sabres is so short, that they seem made to be used by children. It resembles a contest between the panther and the elephant; and on the peaceful land of industry, we find again the same difference; we can instantly recognise in their various works the agile Sikh and heavy Saxon.

There is yet another remark to make upon the striking exhibition of the eastern nations. It is the contrast between the extravagant richness of the objects of luxury, and the extreme poverty of the utensils necessary to life. For the exterior they have splendid garments, gold and precious stones; for the fireside, for the wants of every hour, a humble coffee-pot ill-made, a handful of rice, and pure water. An Indian sleeps on a hard mat, but he is anxious that his wife should have an extravagant dress, and loves to see her adorned with bracelets more valuable than his whole house; the Arab sleeps under a wretched tent, but his horse must be the most beautiful of his tribe; his furniture consists of a solitary and ancient carpet, but his pistols are mounted with silver. The native of the East is a poet preeminently; he loves the beautiful, he adores the superfluous, the useless is to him necessary; he despises what is indispensable, because what is indis-

pensable is ugly, always ugly, always the expression of some want of our frail nature. He deems nothing beautiful to be useless. In the West, man is of a diametrically opposite opinion; he values things only in proportion to the material services they render him; he consecrates his life to the useful, he raises temples in its honour, he deifies the material, he makes gods of his wants.

Having visited the Eastern exhibition, and admired the tissues of gold, and magnificent jewels there displayed, let us turn to the exhibition of the United States. Assuredly, these enlightened Americans do not trouble themselves about the beautiful. Here we see paletots of caoutchouc, boots of caoutchouc, houses of caoutchouc; all these are hideous beyond measure, but they are serviceable and lasting. Here are steam-engines. Nature had bestowed superb forests upon these men; they have felled them in order to make railways: they have drained their flowery meadows to sow potatoes and beans, and they rear hogs where the wild horses formerly grazed in peace. To them, time is everything; "go ahead" is their motto. The man of the East, on the contrary, watches the years passing, he spends his day after the counsel of the poet, he enjoys his hours. To him life is not a mathematical thing, it is not measured by the pendulum of a clock. He regrets not the days he has lost, he deplures only those that are passed. The one dreams, the other is constantly active; both are happy in their own fashion; and following tracks diametrically opposite, both arrive, even in industry, at results equally surprising. Economists and philosophers, meditate and write books! here is a problem worthy of you; and before you have decided between the United States and India, the world will have performed more than one daily revolution.

And China? what is China? What is this almost fabulous empire, twice the size of Europe, which abhors us, and which we admire, despite its contempt of us; of which we know nothing save prodigies; whence we receive nothing but masterpieces of art? I know that we pretend to ridicule this nation of sages, but how little they trouble themselves about our raillery! how they prosper in peace, while fever gnaws us! how firmly do they remain stationed on their immovable basis, without even hearing the distant sound of our revolutions! The Chinese exhibition, however, is not worthy of the Great Empire, it must be acknowledged. China is not on good terms with England; she has her reasons for that; it is even said that China has sent nothing to the Crystal Palace, and that the rare products which have been introduced under her name, are there unknown to her, and have been picked up from the shops of London by diplomatic precaution. It was not necessary that China, by her absence, should recall the inglorious invasion of Canton. We laughed at this monstrous work, ridiculed the soldiers who opposed terrible figures on painted paper to the British cannon. We were in the wrong. On which side were the barbarians? Which party followed the law of nature, and combated for

the right? Where had England concealed her noble device that day? The Chinese army was ludicrous, but it was an honour to the Celestial Empire. Are the Chinese so primitive, so uncivilized, as to think of war, to employ their talents in discovering the best manner of killing one another, to waste their time in preparing arms like the savage hordes of the earliest times? They have something better to do; thousands of years have elapsed since the peace congress terminated its business at Peking. How these people must pity us, if they ever think of us! And they may well do so. In the Exhibition there is a young Chinese, seated in the midst of his porcelain and cabinet-work. Without surprise, smiling with an air of raillery, he watches the movement which surrounds him. He is a man about twenty years of age, dressed in silk and shaved after the manner of his country. Never have I beheld a more satirical and contemptuous countenance. I could not look at him without a certain degree of embarrassment; his contempt annoyed me, and yet I could not help looking at him constantly. "Is it possible," said I to myself, examining him from head to foot, "that this man laughs at our Crystal Palace? What has he seen so wonderful in his own country, that a marvel, so extraordinary in our eyes, excites no surprise in his mind? What is it that makes this Chinese think us so profoundly ridiculous?" At the very moment I was looking at him, the young man, doubtless surprised at the attention with which I was examining him, laughed in my face in a most impertinent manner; and it is not towards me alone that he has acted thus. One day I observed two illustrious men standing at his stall. Do you imagine that the Chinese guessed the distinction of those visitors? Not at all; he showed his white teeth to them in the same manner as he had done to me, and you would never have made him believe that those men were worthy of the blue button of the first class.

At a short distance from the Crystal Palace, in a small building lately erected, is a second Chinese exhibition. There, in the midst of numerous articles of furniture and porcelain, is seen a lady of high rank, with her suite, from Peking; at least so say the advertisements. Being curious to see this family, I entered the building. Scarcely had I done so, when I heard in the distance a strange soft melody, which arrested my attention. I proceeded to the drawing room of the lady, who was carelessly seated in a large arm chair, fanning herself like an Andalusian, with a very pretty fan, her tiny feet crossed on a silken cushion; her shoes were of red silk, with a silver chain passing from the heel to the toes. She was very young, and very pretty, according to my taste, although yellow as an orange. Her little brown eyes, turned up at the temples, were keen and observant; her long black hair fell in plaits on her shoulders; her figure was very easy and supple, as far as I could judge through three or four tunics of different coloured satin, which hung down, and partially concealed large red silk trowsers. Her manners were perfect, and when I approached her in order to examine her feet more closely

she testified, by a slight and very pretty movement, that her modesty was alarmed. Behind her was seated her female attendant, and two pretty children, as yellow and satirical looking as their cousin; at a little distance a young man, dressed in blue satin and standing, was playing on a long flute, and producing the singular sounds I had heard on entering. The young lady had so engaged my attention at first, that I had not noticed the musician; but when I turned my eyes towards him, I instantly perceived that the ironical look of the young Chinese of the Crystal Palace was fixed upon me. It was, in truth, he; this provoking fellow; he recognized me perfectly, and was seized with so strong a desire to burst out laughing, that I thought at one moment he would have stopped in the middle of his serenade. He evidently found something very ludicrous about me. The tune he was performing on the flute bore no resemblance to anything, save the slow psalmodies which the Arabs of the desert sing in the evening. There was something in it at once incoherent and sad, melancholy and soothing. Such a composition has never been met with at any period in European music; it was the song of another race, the melody of another world; but (may musicians pardon me!) it was charming. It might be compared to a bird of another hemisphere warbling notes completely unknown in this one. Doubtless there is something Chinese, or at least Asiatic in my composition, for nothing can equal my love of the songs of the East, save my detestation of the piano, that heartless and soulless instrument, which excites no emotion in the mind, and produces only powerless chords and short tuneless notes. For the greatest musical emotion I ever experienced, I am indebted to a Greek sailor. I arrived at Syra on a starlight night; our vessel was at anchor; all the crew were sleeping, and I was walking alone on the oridge. Suddenly a boat passed me, in which a man was singing while rowing. What he sang no one knew he could not have told himself; but the air of touching melancholy which the breeze wafted over the water filled me with such emotion, that I wept like a child. I do not pride myself upon being able to produce tears on every occasion, and I defy all the singers at the opera, as well as all the composers, to plunge me into a state of causeless sentimentality or beatitude. I would not send such a challenge to the Chinese. He is acquainted with the secret of the sailor of Syra. All Eastern melodies have the same origin, and the same inexplicable charm. Just now, in speaking of colours, I asked myself how the inhabitants of Asia could so happily amalgamate green and blue, which in Europe are irreconcilable. How can they, we may also ask, succeed in producing such striking harmonies by coupling dissonant notes, which with us create such fearful sounds as to drive to despair all unfortunate cats who chance to hear them? This is another problem to which no treatise on counterpoint can give us the key, and which musicians are unable to explain. I could have wished to understand and speak Chinese, that I might talk of these things

and a thousand others with the interesting family from the Celestial Empire, but when the serenade was ended, the lady rose hastily and disappeared, pattering the floor with her little feet, like a gazelle trotting; her attendant vanished with her, and the juveniles followed; the hero of the flute took the same road after giving me a little friendly salute.

I could speak of the East for a long time, were it not necessary to limit even our most irresistible predilections. The West is well worthy of being visited again: from China, then, let us go to Europe; at the Exhibition 'tis but a minute's journey. We will first visit the smaller states, and then proceed to the great industrial nations. And first we enter Greece, a little blue and white division, patriotically hung with the national colours. Poor Greece! what yet remains to thee save thy patriotism and thy name? It is not yet decidedly European, and it is no longer oriental; the gold embroidered dress is very beautiful, but it is out of season. The European has supplanted the Asiatic dress in Attica, frys and carriages are numerous in Athens, and you no longer see the lower classes in little velvet waistcoats. Greece has adopted our manners; she has nothing beautiful now save her sky, nothing great but her memories. It is true I see there marbles from Paros, but who will carve these marbles? O Pericles! what wouldst thou think, wert thou to behold in this obscure and empty corner all that remains of thy country.

Portugal is contiguous to Greece; the two ruins may console each other. After the manner of the poor, Portugal makes a show of wealth; it is as generous as a broken down gentleman. Its liberality is carried so far as to open ten tons of the very best snuff for the benefit of those who pass. Sixty thousand snuff-takers daily sneeze at its expense. I admire this untiring and aristocratic generosity. Germany is more parsimonious; it had at first a fountain playing Eau de Cologne, but the source is now dried up; it is a poor affair to make promises which are not kept. Portugal is no longer as it was in the time of Diaz, Albuquerque, Vasco de Gama, and Camoens, who sang its praises, but it is far from being dead, and its exposition is not indifferent. Fine linen, passable silks, good arms, excellent cloth, prove that its industry demands only to be allowed to exist in peace. Luxury is represented by essences, fine marbles, and some very pretty flowers in wool by M. Marques of Lisbon, and the Azores have sent a filter of very rare and massive stone. Denmark and Sweden ought to have made a similar effort. Excepting some statues after Thorwaldsen, or perhaps by himself, the Danish exhibition is not worth mentioning. Thorwaldsen was very fortunate in being born in Iceland, a country in which sculptors are rare; he is indebted in a great measure to his origin for his renown. Had he been an Italian or Frenchman, his name would never have been heard of; being a child of the pole, a reputation was created for him similar to that which will shortly belong to Hiram Power, a sculptor of the United States, for almost the same reason, although his

"Greek Slave," which was made in Italy like the statues of Thorwaldsen, is superior to them. I ask the pardon of enthusiasts—I do not propose my judgment as a standard, but, for my own part, I hope that Mr. Hiram Power will not establish a school at Boston, as Thorwaldsen has done at Copenhagen. The Americans and Danes have accomplished great things in the world; would that they would leave the arts alone! As to Sweden, let us not speak of it; we must not abuse the absent. It might have sent some of the brass of Boraas, and some of its splendid iron; it preferred a vacuum. The space allotted to it is as desert as the forests of Norway. There, it is said, meetings are now appointed at London; it is the least frequented spot in England. "Let us go to Sweden," is the whisper, "no one will disturb us there."¹

From Sweden to Italy the distance is great, but I like contrasts. Besides, with regard to industry, the difference is not so great as might have been imagined. Italy, like Greece, dreams of the past; she may well do so; let this for the present be her excuse. It is true there are mosaics from Florence, some alabaster vases of doubtful taste, some fine specimens of cabinet-work, a small reduction of the "Laocoon," a copy of Costoli's "Dying Gladiator," some very fine straw bonnets, and a large block of alum from Civita Vecchia; but of industry properly speaking, there seem to be no specimens except from Sardinia. Genoa has sent some fine carpets, some cabinet-work worthy of notice, lace, silks, and even "confetti." This is all very creditable, but not uncommon. Let us remember the three years, the three iron ages which have ruined this country, formerly blessed by heaven; and wishing it a happier future, let us now quit the Crystal Palace for to-day, and reserve for our next visit, the examination of the other countries.

(To be continued.)

SCRAPS.

RECIPT FOR A WINTER SALAD.

Two large potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
Unwonted softness to the salad give.
Of mordent mustard add a single spoon—
Distrust the condiment which bites so soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And once with vinegar, procured from town.
True flavour needs it, and your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs.
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole;
And lastly, on the flavoured compound toss
A magic teaspoon of anchovy sauce.
Then, though green turtle fail, though vonison's tough,
And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
Serenely full, the Epicure may say—
Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day!

Quarterly Review.

"UNDER this head come the practices of making speech vary according to the person spoken to; of pretending to agree with the world when you do not;

(1) Sweden has since this was written taken her rank among the exhibitors.

of not acting according to what is your deliberate and well-advised opinion, because some mischief may be made of it by persons whose judgment in the matter you do not respect; of maintaining a wrong course for the sake of consistency; of encouraging the show of intimacy with those whom you never can be intimate with; and many things of the same kind. These practices have elements of charity and prudence as well as fear and meanness in them. Let those parts which correspond with fear and meanness be put aside. Charity and prudence are not parasitical plants, which require poles of falsehood to climb up upon. It is often extremely difficult in the mixed things of this world to act truly and kindly too; but therein lies one of the great trials of a man, that his sincerity should have a kindness in it, and his kindness truth."

—*Friends in Council*, vol. i.

Dr. Johnson once told me that a young gentleman called on him one morning, and told him that, having dropped suddenly into an ample fortune, he was willing to qualify himself for genteel society by adding some literature to his other endowments, and wished to be put in an easy way of obtaining it. Johnson recommended the University; "for you read Latin, sir, with facility?" "I read it a little to be sure, sir." "But do you read it *with facility*, I say?" "Upon my word, sir, I do not very well know, but I rather believe not." Dr. Johnson now began to recommend other branches of science; and advising him to study natural history, there arose some talk about animals and their divisions into oviparous and viviparous. "And the cat here, sir," said the youth, who wished for instruction, "pray in which class is she?" Our doctor's patience and desire of doing good began now to give way. "You would do well," said he, "to look for some person to be always about you, sir, who is capable of explaining such matters, and not come to us to know whether the cat lays eggs or not. Get a discreet man to keep you company; there are many who would be glad of your table and fifty pounds a-year." The young gentleman retired, and in less than a week informed his friends that he had fixed on a preceptor to whom no objections could be made; but when he named as such one of the most distinguished characters (Mr. Burke) in our age or nation, Dr. Johnson fairly gave himself up to an honest burst of laughter at seeing this youth at such a surprising distance from common knowledge of the world.—*Note by Mrs. Piozzi to Boswell's Life of Johnson*.

"In every art there must be with respect to truth some fiction, and with respect to resemblance something incomplete. . . . Music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure according to the temperament of him who hears it. The mistake of most people is to suppose that it is by the *ear* they communicate with music, and, therefore, that they are purely passive to its effects. But this is not so. It is by the re-action of the mind upon the notices of the ear (the matter coming by the sense, the form from the mind) that the pleasure is constructed; and therefore it is that people of equally good ear differ so much in this point from one another."—*De Quincy's "Opium Eater."*

TRIUMPHS OF STEAM.

PART VI.

A PATENT was taken out in March, 1802, by Messrs. Trevithick and Vivian, for the first high-pressure engine adapted to locomotion; and, in 1804, as we have related, they established one upon the railroad at Merthyr-Tydvil. This machine was supported on four wheels, and the cylinder was placed horizontally, as in locomotives of the present day. Engineers were at this period, and for years afterwards, haunted by a phantom difficulty which a page or two of Bacon, ever powerful to exorcise all spirits of that species, would have laid at once and for ever. They theorised upon the insufficiency of the friction between the wheels and the rails to maintain the bite necessary to ensure progression, and neglected *experimental* observation. Contrivances, many and various, were invented to obviate this imaginary impediment, and Messrs. Trevithick and Vivian proposed to this end, (as their patent states,) "to make the external periphery of the wheels of carriages uneven by projecting heads of nails, or bolts, or cross grooves, or fittings to rail-roads; and in cases of a hard pull, to cause a lever, bolt, or claw to project through the rims of one or both wheels, so as to take hold of the ground." Then Mr. J. Blenkinsop, of Middleton Colliery, near Leeds, invented a "rack rail," which he patented in 1811, and the driving-wheels of his engines were cogged to correspond with the rack, and thus prevent the possibility of *skidding*; of course the friction and wear of the rails was most extravagant.

In the following year Messrs. W. and E. W. Chapman, of Northumberland, patented a new invention to reduce the expense of railways by directing the power employed to the rotation of a barrel, which, as it revolved, wound up a chain fixed at certain distances and compelled the advance of the carriage to which it was attached. One inventor, Mr. W. Brunton, engineer to the Butterly Company, Derbyshire, commiserating the unfavourable prospects of the steam-locomotive, determined to set it fairly on its legs, and with great ingenuity fitted it with these valuable appendages, making one of his "mechanical travellers," as he called them, a uniped, a second a biped, and another a polyped. Moreover, the legs were terminated in jointed feet, which accommodated themselves to the irregularities of the road; and the feet were nicely fitted with shoes, not to preserve their tenderness from the action of the cruel flints, but to diminish the wear of the road by these iron-hoofed runners. Mr. Brunton has furnished a full account of his invention to the "Repertory of Arts," and states that it succeeded famously in 1813 on a railway at the Crick Limb Works, where its stately trotings were performed. Pulleys, toothed and smoothed, connected with chains of links alternately circular and oval, were arranged in a new and complicated form by Messrs. W. Tindall and J. Bottomley, of Scarborough, in 1814, with a view to the improvement of the steam motors then in use; but happily that year

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Mr. Blacket, of Wylam, exploded, by the obvious method of trial, the erroneous idea of the necessity of racks, chains, or pulleys to compensate the ideal want of adhesion between the circumference of the wheels and the iron road. Furthermore, during this same year, Mr. G. Stephenson constructed a new engine at the Killingworth Colliery on a greatly improved principle, (introducing the *double cylinder*,) capable of drawing thirty tons at the speed of four miles per hour, which was improved upon by this inventor, and Mr. J. Dodd, in 1815, and again, in 1816, in conjunction with Mr. Losh. Gradual advances were made, but especially after the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway in 1825, where Mr. Stephenson conducted his experiments on a larger scale and led them to a more successful issue. The complete triumph of the locomotive steam-engine over all competitors we have already witnessed on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. And let us now pause a moment over the history of the successful introducer of the iron steed, and here devote a few lines to that hero of other more legible and more enduring lines, in which his genius is faithfully portrayed by axe and mattock upon rock and stone, with an unvarnished grand simplicity, where flattery is inadmissible, and which infinitely transcends in force and dignity the grandest panegyric of the pen.

George Stephenson, born at Wylam, near Newcastle on Tyne, in 1781, was made a coal-pit "trapper" when only six years old; the whole duty of his situation consisting in holding open a trap-door for the successive "trams" to pass through. Then he became a "picker," whose employment is to separate the slate from the coal; and, (having removed to Callerton Pit,) after passing through two or three other gradations, he was promoted to the office of engineman. Literary education he had none, and did not even learn to read till his twenty-third year. From Callerton he changed his quarters for Walbottle Pit, where, his wages being increased to twelve shillings a-week, he considered himself, as he said on the occasion, "made a man of for life." His next remove was to Willington, and from thence to Killingworth, where, by the most diligent and unwearied self-culture, he rapidly advanced in his studies, and his talents first attracted influential notice. The character of his genius, like that of James Watt, was such as to apprehend and elucidate whatever came within its sphere. He constructed a sun-dial; and during the "night-shifts," when he had much leisure time on his hands, he used to cut out clothes for the pitmen and instruct their wives in the same art. He manufactured shoes, cleaned clocks and watches, and worked out his arithmetic lessons by the engine fire; here, too, he studied the action of the powerful engine of which he was destined successfully to introduce a new and most important application. Before his removal to Walbottle, and when in receipt of ten shillings a-week, he sought the hand of Miss Hindmarsh, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, but his suit

proving unsuccessful on account of his lowly condition, he transferred his affections to her servant-maid, and this time was rewarded with acceptance. The celebrated engineer, Mr. Robert Stephenson, was the only offspring of this marriage; and the exertions and self-denial practised by his father in order to secure him a sound education, present in a highly favourable light the steady determination and amiable character of George Stephenson. Subsequently—the death of his first wife rapidly succeeding the birth of her son—the *ci-devant* rejected suitor of Miss Hindmarsh exemplified the Parisian proverb, "*On revient toujours à son premier amour*," and renewing his early application, he was received with smiles, and lived a long and happy wedded life with his early love. It was at Wylam Colliery where Stephenson first saw the locomotive engine, (one of Trevithick and Vivian's,) and his thoughts were speedily directed to the correction of its imperfections, and at Killingworth, in 1814, aided by the partners in that colliery, he erected his first engine upon the improved principle before described. His ingenuity soon developed the latent powers of this machine, and its supremacy over all rivals was fully established in the "Rocket;" though it should not be left unmentioned that for one peculiar feature in the construction of the "Rocket," to which its success may in no slight degree be attributed, he was indebted to Mr. H. Booth, Treasurer of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company; namely, the introduction of hot air-tubes in the boiler, by which contrivance steam was generated with greatly-increased rapidity—a method since universally adopted, and to a far greater extent.

Long before this period the engineering talents of Stephenson were engaged on railways, and his son became associated with him in business. He laid the foundation of the extensive works in Newcastle, where the "Rocket" was built in 1830, and continually his inventive powers were tasked to improve the wonderful engine, of which he was not the original author, but which, at least, he *practically* invented, and rendered of that immense importance which it is now acknowledged to possess throughout the length and breadth of the civilised world.

Another valuable invention his northern friends claim for him—the Miner's Safety Lamp, (usually ascribed to Sir H. Davy)—and it is ascertained that he made trial of such a lamp in Killingworth Colliery before the chemist's discovery was made known, however independent that discovery may have been of Stephenson's experiments. It is certain that the latter received a testimonial from the townsmen of Newcastle, consisting of a silver tankard, accompanied by a thousand guineas, presented to him as "the discoverer of the safety-lamp."

Before his death, which took place at his seat at Euston, in Derbyshire, on the 12th of August, 1848, George Stephenson had amassed a considerable fortune, and was no less regarded for his sterling character than for his remarkable talents. The honoured of princes, and the friend of pitmen, the lowly miner and

the palace guest, he was at all times superior to the littleness which could have blushed at his humble origin, and displayed rather the nobler pride generated by the consciousness of having wrestled with the obstacles of birth and fortune, and come off conqueror in the strife. And justly he might be proud of having been the chief promoter of that new system of transport which is now widely diffusing its extensive benefits among the human race. His death was regarded as a national loss. "Tracing the progress of railways from the construction of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway to the present time," said the Directors of the London and North-Western Company in a resolution embodying their testimony of profound regret at his decease, "we find Mr. Stephenson foremost in urging forward the great railway movement; earning and maintaining his title to be considered, before any other man, the author of that universal system of locomotion which has effected such mighty results, commercial, social, and political, throughout the civilised world." His works are enduring monuments to his valued memory; his "good," at least is not "interred with his bones."

At length all preparations for the opening of the first grand passenger-railway were completed, and public interest was wrought to the highest pitch of excitement on the memorable morning of the 15th of September, 1825, when "all the world seemed collected in that spot," (the Liverpool *terminus*.) "Not only," says one lively describer of the scene, "nine-tenths of those I knew in the neighbouring counties were there, but three-fourths at least of my whole circle of friends, from Peking westward to the Pacific." Eight locomotives were assembled to perform the inauguration trip of revolutionized transit—the "Northumbrian," "Phoenix," "North Star," "Dart," "Comet," "Arrow," "Meteor," and the victor "Rocket;" all having issued from the erecting shop of Messrs. Stephenson & Co. Of these, the first engine devoted its services to three carriages, the first containing the band; the second, a magnificent and sumptuous carriage, assigned to the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Huskisson, and other gentlemen of distinction; and the third appropriated to the directors of the company.

One pair of rails was reserved to the "Northumbrian" and its precious freight, while the remaining seven "steam-horses," with their respective trains of cars, containing in each set from 90 to 100 passengers, were restricted to the other line. Thus 722 individuals were accommodated, and happy indeed was the possessor of any gay-tinted ticket which indicated by its hue that the correspondent flag waving above one or other of the hissing engines was to herald his approach, and by its number the particular carriage-seat allotted him. Of spectators it was estimated that at the *termini* and along the line, there could not have been fewer than 400,000; most of them devoting the day to a joyous holiday, though some indeed, at the Manchester end, of the destructive radical

school, hoped to change the aspect of the revolution of that day, and supplied themselves with abundance of the ominous tricolor cockades to deck the advocates of injustice, crime, and violence; but common-sense, constables, and dragoons, rendered unpopular these ribbon decorations. Exactly at twenty minutes to eleven o'clock the signal-gun fired; the engineers applied the steam to the "drivers," the obedient giants with a deep-breathed *puff-puff*, moved the massive trains—ran—*flew* with them, amid the exciting and tumultuous plaudits of the beholders, echoed and re-echoed from side to side, from carriage and from bank. Through the Olive Mount Cutting, under Rainhill Bridge, the novel procession swept the "iron highway" reaching the top of the Sutton acclivity, then travelling in those early days at a speed of twenty-four miles an hour, and reaching at mid-day the grand Sankey Viaduct and Embankment, where the beholders were congregated in unusual force. Vessels rested on the stream that the anxious eyes on deck might witness the rushing flight of their wonderful rivals; and fields and roads teemed with pedestrian and equestrian humanity ready to rend the air with their applauding voices. Stands were erected for public accommodation, one of which was prepared for a thousand rejoicers, at a charge of half-a-guinea a head, which included refreshment and, to a certain distance, carriage conveyance. Of course, the pleasure of the day could not be summed up in one or two glimpses—how brief!—of the steam *cortège*; so preparations were made for tripping and fiddling away the intervening time.

But these festivities were abruptly closed by intelligence of the melancholy accident inseparably associated with this memorable day. Gaily the procession swept over Sankey Viaduct and through the borough of Newton to Parkside, where the engines stopped to receive fresh supplies of water and fuel; and here the deplorable event happened which mingled wailings with the nation's joy. Not scrupulously attentive to the directions printed on the tickets by order of the company, Mr. Huskisson had alighted from his seat, and was standing near the carriage between the lines of railway, when three of the engines on the opposite line, advancing at a brisk pace, alarmed that gentleman, who, conceiving that there was insufficient standing room between his own carriage and the range of the passing train, hastily opened the door to re-enter, and with so much force that he lost his balance, falling across the rails immediately before the Dart reached that spot; and, though the driver sought instantly to stop the engine, before that could be accomplished, the two engine wheels and one of the first carriage wheels ran over him, crushing his leg and thigh, and inflicting the fatal injuries which in a few hours terminated his earthly career. Away flew the "Northumbrian" over the remaining seventeen miles to Manchester, where the impatient populace were waiting to receive the trains, but their unresponded cheer warned them of evil tidings, which were quickly spread by the first words of her passengers, "A surgeon! Lord Wilton wants a surgeon!" In an incredibly short space of

time one eminent in his profession was hurrying back to the wounded statesman, but his injuries proved too severe to yield to human skill. His last words were, "I have met my death—God forgive me!" Earl Wilton promptly applied a tourniquet, and the unfortunate gentleman was removed in a car to Eccles, where he expired at the house of the rector, Mr. Blackburn, before the whole of the party with whom he started in full vigour of health had returned to Liverpool.

The original arrangements of the programme of the day were by this gloomy circumstance subverted, and the increasing turbulence of the Manchester radicals, who pelted the better dressed with dirt, and were expected to work mischief to the rails, added to the sympathising gloominess of the weather, in no degree raised the spirits of the 721 hearts that bounded so exultingly when their owners that morning took their seats for the first time in a railway train. The gentlemen of the party were compelled to walk up the Sutton plane; and all finally reached Liverpool by about eleven o'clock at night instead of four, as had been anticipated. Nevertheless it is a golden day in the country's calendar of progress; a day of triumph which has secured us more, and cost us infinitely less, than by far the majority of those "glorious" days of victory—red-letter days if you will—reddened by the blood of thousands of desolate families, and secured to us as precious treasures of memory and proud congratulation which can never be forgotten by the true Briton while we have a Westminster Abbey, and a national debt of eight hundred millions.

On September the 16th, traffic was opened on this line by the Northumbrian, with a train occupying 130 passengers, and performing the journey from Liverpool to Manchester in one hour and fifty minutes; and on and after the following day, three times daily, a train regularly started from each *terminus*, and increasing traffic soon necessitated further additions. The number of passengers from this date till the end of 1830, was 71,951. In the first six months of the succeeding year, they numbered 183,726; and during the latter half of 1831, their number swelled to the astonishing total of 256,321; the goods traffic presenting a table of corresponding progression.

How much Manchester benefitted by the construction of this line may be gathered from the single fact that her manufacturers saved, in the carriage of cotton only, more than 20,000*l.* a-year; while her manufactured goods were transported to America, through Liverpool, in positively less time, and at less expense, than was formerly incurred from Manchester to Liverpool alone.

Thus did the grand experimental railroad pioneer the way for the steam revolutionists, that in an incredibly short space of time have completely changed the aspect, not only of travel, but of civilized society. Britain's indomitable energies were fully aroused to the consciousness of possessing a new and incalculably mighty element of progress, the full value and effects of which are still beyond the reach of human estimate.

With unexampled rapidity were schemes proposed, fostered, and matured, for reticulating with railways the entire kingdom. Regardless of distance, and obstacles, moral or physical, the most sanguine had already united together every town of the slightest commercial pretension. Acts of Parliament authorising some or other of these schemes, backed by enterprising capitalists, were speedily multiplied. From 1801, (the year of the first railway act,) to 1825, fifty-five acts were passed of this character, of which there are only six having reference to passenger-lines. From 1826 to the close of 1835, ninety-five acts were passed, authorising the construction of 927 miles of railway. Now had the tide decidedly set in, and accordingly, from 1836 to 1843, one hundred and fifty-three acts were passed, authorising an additional 1,717 miles. But during the next four years, the railway maniacal years, from 1844 to 1847, no fewer than six hundred and forty-one Acts passed the Legislature, permitting the construction of railroads to the extent of 9,837 miles; thus making the total number of acts subsequent to 1826, eight hundred and eighty-nine, and the number of miles authorised, 12,481. Since that period, the amount of mileage, for which new powers have been granted, is exceeded by that which is abandoned; and at the close of the year 1850, the table stands thus:—

MILES OPEN FOR TRAFFIC.	
England and Wales	5,132
Scotland	951
Ireland	538
	6,621
In course of construction	551
Not commenced	4,831
	12,003

Of the railways not yet commenced, the Railway Commissioners are of opinion that probably 2,400 miles will never be completed under existing Acts of Parliament.

Among the earliest and most important lines which succeeded the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester, were the Great Western; act obtained 1835, length 117½ miles, part opened 1838. The Grand Junction; act obtained 1833, length 82½ miles, opened 1837. The London and Birmingham, 112 miles; act passed 1833, part opened 1837. The Midland Counties, 57 miles; and the North Midland, 72½ miles; acts passed in 1836 and both opened in 1840. Of these germs of the main arteries of our railway system the Great Western has now attained to 263½ miles in length; while the Grand Junction, (which then included the Liverpool and Manchester,) became incorporated in 1846 with the London and Birmingham, and the Manchester and Birmingham Railways; thus forming the Great London and North Western Railway, the most gigantic among its brethren, its mileage having now reached 518½ miles; pecuniary interest being, moreover, possessed by the company in 640 miles of tributary lines. The autho-

risied capital of this company now exceeds thirty millions sterling. The North Midland and the Midland Counties, together with the Birmingham and Derby Junction, were incorporated in 1844, under the name of the Midland Railway, which is second in extent only to the London and North Western. Its present length is 496½ miles, and the authorised capital of the company 17,788,160*l*. Another of these main trunks, bidding fair to rival any of the foregoing in importance, is the Great Northern, the "spine," as it is called, of the kingdom. No part of this line was opened till 1848, but at present 236 miles are available for traffic, and, when completed its length will be 300 miles.

Perhaps there is no aspect that more strikingly exhibits the wonderfully rapid establishment of the railway system in England, and, at the same time, the remarkable monetary resources of our country, than the consideration of the immense sums devoted to their construction. Prodigious has been the outlay in every stage; upwards of *two hundred millions* having been already expended upon them, and powers yet unexercised are possessed for a further outlay exceeding one hundred and forty-six millions. On the 1st of January, 1850, the total authorised capital of the railway companies in the United Kingdom, was no less a sum than 347,046,164*l*! But there is no other state in which the cost throughout of establishing a railroad is so enormous as in our own; and to give some idea of this, we annex the amount *per mile*, expended on a few of our principal lines; independently of the "plant," and before a train has run upon their path.

Midland Counties	per mile	£35,402
North Western	"	41,612
Eastern Counties	"	40,355
Great Western	"	43,885
Brighton	"	56,981
Manchester and Bury	"	70,000
Croydon	"	80,400
Greenwich	"	267,270
Blackwall	"	287,678
Edinburgh and Glasgow	"	35,024
Dublin and Kingstown	"	59,122

On the English Lines the average sum per mile paid for the purchase of land, exceeds 14,000*l*, and far too great an element in the swollen amount has been the parliamentary expense incurred. By the Brighton Company 4,806*l*. per mile was thus outlaid; by the Manchester and Birmingham, 5,190*l*.; and by the Blackwall Company, 14,414*l*.

It has been estimated, indeed, that the money laid out in Parliamentary expenses, during the three years 1845 to 1847, would have been sufficient to pay for the construction of a line from London to Aberdeen at the rate of 20,000*l*. per mile! In contrast with this enormous expense stands the average cost per mile of American railways, which is only 5,031*l*. In Prussia the average cost has been about 10,000*l*.; Austria, 11,800*l*.; lesser States of Germany, about

19,000*l.* per mile. Many of the American railroads, it should be remembered, are only *single* lines; nor are they to be compared to our own for solidity, beauty, durability, or any other excellence. The trains rush up the centre of the streets, and, as the traveller "Across the Atlantic" tells us, "You might be walking in a shady lane of a dark night, unconscious that there was a line of railway within a hundred miles, and suddenly hear the engine turn in out of a field behind you, and see it whisk past, or feel it go over you, according as you did or did not get out of the way in time. As for villages and country towns, it rattles right up their main streets, not unfrequently stopping at the door of the hotel, or in front of the church, by way of a station. On these occasions you might sometimes shake hands with the people on each side of you, who stand at their shop-fronts to see you go past."

But, while astonishment is created by a financial view of our railways, their magnificence can only be rightly appreciated after consideration of the gigantic works and noble structures which they have on all sides called into existence. Trophies of art and science, varied and beautiful, elegant and stupendous, abound in *cameo* and *intaglio* upon our new highways. Starting from some chief station, among the two thousand erected, of noble exterior and corresponding beauty within—the beauty of *fitness* as well as adornment—(such, for instance, as the Euston terminus, the erection of which cost 81,582*l.*)—and presenting a scene unparalleled and *unique*, not the least striking portion being the light and elegant iron roofs which shelter the thronging travellers—the passenger now races the wind in some narrow defile, the grassy, earthy, brickly, stony, or rocky sides of which, sloping or perpendicular, are fifty, sixty, even seventy to an hundred feet in height; now emerges upon a luxurious level, where, sitting at his ease, he beholds fields, trees, streams and villages rush past him in hot pursuit, till he suddenly finds himself upon a thready ridge, high and dry, though in the centre of a boggy wilderness; and anon, he is hanging for an instant over some majestic river upon a bridge supported on peerless piers, which flies swiftly yet smoothly from under him, and he is buried in a reverberating chasm, where he hears in intense perfection the shrill salutation of his steed and its fellow-creature as they enjoy an interview, brief, 'tis true, in the course of their opposite windings. Again, escaping from the tunnel, he is restored to the light of day, and finds himself transported as by enchantment to the centre of a palatial edifice, there surrounded by temptations of appetite not easily resisted in the potent shapes before him, liquid and compact, sweet, pungent, savoury, warming, cooling, refreshing and invigorating, and he has five whole minutes at his disposal, so is instantly an added devotee before the gastronomic shrine. Not that he *needs* food or drink, but the universal rush is infectious; he has no interval for considering whether he hungers or thirsts; hesitation, one moment's delay, would prohibit choice; so with the energy of decision,

and reflecting that a merciful man is merciful to his stomach, he seeks to store that region with all expedition, till "Take your seats, gentlemen," irresistibly arrests the benevolent operation. Again, he is smoothly lighteninged over viaducts of surpassing grandeur; above chasms of unsearchable depth; across rivers and arms of the sea, wide enough and deep enough to swamp a fleet; through massive tubes of iron, glibly and swiftly as a grey pea through a pea-shooter from the distended jaws of a school-urchin; and is finally clasped in the arms of his friend—breathless?—nay, never freer in his respirations; fatigued?—pshaw!—"fresh as a daisy," as he assures that friend, who, knowing he would start at the nine a. m. train, felt equally sure that the 200 miles would be traversed, and he at his friend's table at half-past two, p. m., without so much a disarrangement as a rumpled whisker.

Wonderful works have combined to ensure him punctual to the dinner-hour, and he is a grateful man. He, and not he only, will listen with interest to some details of their structure. The level and smoothness of the road, which rendered our traveller's ride so voluptuously easy, cost labour and science a struggle with nature of no little severity. Mountains and valleys needed to be "made straight" by spades, and mattocks, and wheelbarrows.

Enormous embankments have to be packed and consolidated, carefully guarding against the risk of future subsidence or slips. On the Liverpool and Manchester Railway there is the Broad Green Embankment, which is thirty feet in height, and extends nearly three miles; measuring sixty feet in breadth at the surface, and at the base 135 feet: no less than 550,000 cubic yards of material being absorbed in its formation. The embankments on the London and Birmingham Railway, 112 miles in length, are estimated to contain 10,698,315 cubic yards. Perhaps the highest in the country are to be found on the Clarence Railway, in the county of Durham.

If our traveller wondered whence the masses of material were obtained for some of these immense works, the first "cutting" he came to would throw a little light upon his cogitations. This is one of the nice reckonings of the engineer, to make the cuttings and embankments of his line balance one another; though it is not to be expected that the result can be exactly attained. Some railways have averaged in their earth-works as much as 150,000 cubic yards per mile. The excavations on the London and Birmingham line amounted to considerably upwards of twelve million cubic yards, of which the chalk hewn out of the Tring cutting alone equalled 1,297,763 cubic yards. When the material is sandstone, as at the Olive Mount cutting on the Liverpool and Manchester line, the labour required is tremendous; and though sand excavations are certainly not so formidable, they are works of no insignificant magnitude when, as on the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, dug to the depth of 110 feet.

Engineers have displayed great ingenuity in suiting

the character of their works to the very various situations in which they are constructed. Thus, it frequently happens in cuttings that different descriptions of strata are pierced; and when the upper stratum is hard and solid and the lower more loose in substance, the *sloping* necessary for the stability of the under portion of the excavation would entail very serious labour in removing the superior portion. In such cases the rock is *underbuilt* with massive brick revêtement walls some three or four feet in thickness, and the sides of the cutting are left perpendicular. This method is adopted at Blisworth, where there is a cutting of this nature sixty feet in depth, and again between Camden Town and Euston Station.

But the most difficult, uncertain, laborious, and expensive works in constructing a railroad are the *tunnellings*, which are generally found to be great bores. Few travellers entertain any high degree of partiality for these dark, noisy, mysterious, earth-embowelled pathways; and engineers like them at least as little. The poor contractor for the Kilsby tunnel fell a sacrifice to its deceitful quicksand which wouldn't be pumped dry, and compelled him finally to give up the contract and the ghost. The strata through which the subterranean pass was to be made was believed to be entirely the shale of the lower oolite; but in the process of excavation the liquid enemy manifested himself by throwing water up the shafts in torrents. A reinforcement was sent to the attack under Mr. Robert Stephenson, who, with the aid of his army of thirteen steam-engines, 200 horses, and 1,250 men, obtained in eight months a glorious triumph; but not till after two years and a half had been spent upon this tunnel, which is 2,425 feet in length, and consumed 36,000,000 of bricks in lining the top and bottom.

Some tunnels need no lining, the material being sufficiently compact not to require support. This is the case with the Penmaenbach Tunnel, between Chester and Holyhead, which is cut through solid basalt: but the operation of perforating basaltic rock, granite, or whinstone, is extremely laborious, being effected almost entirely by the tedious process of blasting. The Box Tunnel, between Bath and Chippenham, the longest English tunnel, is upwards of one mile and three quarters in length, and exceeded 300,000*l.* in expense, or nearly 100*l.* per yard—nothing, if compared with Brunel's subaqueous achievement; for the Thames Tunnel cost about 1,200*l.* per yard. Sovereigns, if laid down abreast, a foot wide from end to end, up one path and down the other, would not pay for it.

Emerging from these gloomy recesses, let us follow our traveller over the viaducts, which led his musings back to our old friends the Romans. We have many imposing structures of this nature, and among the finest is that crossing the Dee, in the beautiful Vale of Llangollen, 1532 feet in length. It is securely built upon the solid rock, and measures 148 feet in height from the river-bed to the central top of the parapet. Its construction occupied from the 19th of

April, 1846, to the 12th of August, 1848, costing more than 100,000*l.* The London and Greenwich Railway is a viaduct throughout, twenty-six feet wide and about twenty high, and consists of 878 arches, twenty-seven of which are *skew* arches. This form of road was necessitated by the multitude of houses standing in the proposed line. Another magnificent structure is the Stockport Viaduct, designed by Mr. George W. Buck. It is 2,179 feet long, and 108 feet high, and carries over the Mersey the Manchester and Birmingham Railway. And many more raised roads, stupendous and beautiful, have our engineers erected throughout the kingdom, fully worthy of deep attention; but we must leave all further notice of them to more professional pages.

Bridges most numerous, of brick, stone, wood, and iron, span and support our railways; probably not fewer than 15,000. On the eighty-two miles of the London and North Western Railway, lately the Grand Junction, there are 169 bridges, of which sixty-three are below the line. There are two or three bridges of such surpassing interest that we must devote some space to their individual notice. Each would have conferred immortal fame upon its architect; but all have instead combined to weave an unfading wreath of laurel for one man, Robert Stephenson. The High Level Bridge at Newcastle, the Conway, and the Britannia Tubular Bridges, are all the works of his hands.

A "high level" bridge across the Tyne, had long been a desideratum with the good folks of Newcastle, the old bridge suiting only the low districts of the opposite shores; and when it was determined to combine the *termini* of the neighbouring railways into one grand central station, it became necessary, in order to include the Darlington line, then terminating at Gateshead, to carry it over the river at a considerable altitude. Mr. R. Stephenson served, therefore, the common interest of the directors and townsmen by planning this ingenious structure, the first which unites the suspension with the ordinary principles of a viaduct. It is nearly 1,400 feet in length, and comprises a carriage-road as well as a railway. A level bridge for horses, vehicles, and foot-passengers, is constructed at the altitude of ninety feet from high tide level. Above this the railroad is carried at an additional height of twenty-five feet, the parapet of which is more than 130 feet from the river bed. In this structure the iron-work weighs nearly 5,000 tons, and the total cost of the bridge has been about 580,000*l.*

But this beautiful erection is greatly surpassed in interest by the tubular bridges on the Chester and Holyhead line. It is true these are not the first tubular bridges, for a wooden one was built over the Rhine, about two miles above Lanfen, in 1757, by a carpenter, John Ulrich Grubenman, the length of which was 353½ feet without support from below; but this is no prototype of the Britannia and Conway tubes. The latter and lesser of these "iron tunnels, hung up in the air across arms of the sea," is flung over the Conway, close under the old castle wall, at an eleva-

tion of eighteen feet above high-water level; its clear span being 400 feet. The bridge consists of two rectangular tubes, each 424 feet long, and fourteen feet wide, with an average height of twenty-four feet, and weighing 1,800 tons. In June 1846, the masonry was commenced, and on the 17th of November 1846, the first tube was adjusted; on which occasion a festival was given in honour of the engineer, where his father was present, George Stephenson. To him the enjoyment of that scene must have repaid his early denials for the sake of the son, whose reputation was thus gloriously advancing. Before the second tube was fixed, which took place on the 2d of November in the same year, the father's spirit was removed from participation in earthly honours, and the son's shaded by his irreparable loss! Since that date, with invariable safety, trains have shot through the double tunnel, nor has anything occurred to diminish confidence in the all-abundant strength of the iron passage; and, indeed, the most timid would feel satisfactorily assured of their security in transit from Chester to Conway by a brief glance at the rigid tests and experiments of Captain Simmons, the results of which are conclusive against all apprehension of danger. As the principles adopted in the construction of this bridge are identical with those of its gigantic neighbour, we need not, to describe them, delay longer our notice of the grander triumph.

North Wales was rich enough in varied attractions before the year 1845. Admirers of scenery soft and sublime; students of history, of language, of manners, of men; votaries of fancy or fishing; lovers of loeks, lakes, or learning; the antiquary and the engineer; all, and severally, found abundant charms in Taffyland. But, in 1845, the hero of Conway designed, the directors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway proposed, and the British senate decreed, an added beauty to her scenes, especially attractive to the noble corps of engineers. Telford had prepared mighty and beautiful objects to delight the civil race in this lovely region, but Stephenson crowned them with the hand that—

"Knots in the air with the bridge that it flings,
Two peaks far disrupted by ocean and skies."

Beautiful were the Menai Straits, but not in the official eyes of the Chester and Holyhead Board. More lovely to them would have been a uniform level sward, solid and unyielding, instead of shelving shores and stormy seas, thought by the majority to be superior elements of the picturesque; and next in beauty would they have ranked the bridge first planned by their engineer, of two cast-iron arches on piers of masonry. But not so the Admiralty. They could not suffer the navigation of the channel, always intricate, to be thus impeded; and put their veto on any erection which did not fulfil the condition of a clear height above high-water from shore to shore of 100 feet, and no *centering*. So Mr. Stephenson was referred back to his cogitations, which kindly devised for him and the company that remarkable manifestation of skill and genius—the Britannia Tubular

Bridge. That offspring of much gestation may be briefly outlined as two contiguous hollow beams supported by a mid-tower in the Menai Straits, by two side towers near the opposite shores, and two massive abutments at the extreme ends on solid land.

On the 30th June, 1845, the Parliament sanctioned this undertaking, and experiments were instituted to resolve upon the best form of structure. The bridge was actually commenced April the 13th, 1846; and on the 21st of the same month, Mr. Frank Foster laid the first stone on the Britannia Rock of the gigantic central tower. Midway between the Anglesey and Carnarvon shores, here 1,100 feet apart at high water, frowns this firm and rugged rock, (though said frowns are not always visible, his crest being ten feet beneath the stream at high-tide,) and he stood sponsor to the tower, conferring his own name, which the boisterous Straits ratified by christening with no sparing sprinkle. Rapid was the growth of this promising child; from his chlorite-schist cradle, thriving, not on Cheshire cheese, but Cheshire sandstone and Anglesey marble, he attained on June the 22d, 1849, the astonishing stature of 230 feet, on which day the last stone was laid by Mr. R. Stephenson. At the base, its dimensions were sixty-two feet by fifty-two, and it tapers upwards, measuring seven feet less each way at the entrance of the tubes. 20,000 tons of stone, and 387 of cast-iron, are worked into this lofty mass of masonry. The twin-towers, Carnarvon and Anglesey by name, stand each at the distance of 460 feet from their taller brother, their heads rising 190 feet above the level of high water. Their base is equal to the Britannia base, but they taper to fifty-five feet by thirty-two at the lower level of the tubes. Beyond these, east and west, the Carnarvonshire and Anglesey abutments are erected inland 230 feet from the respective towers. The height of each is 163½ feet, and their length 173 feet, including the wing walls, which terminate in a pair of handsome pedestals, each surmounted by a colossal lion *couchant*.

The masonry, though magnificent, is not the most extraordinary portion of the Britannia Bridge, the characteristic feature being the iron tunnels they support. To fulfil the Admiralty *dictum*, Mr. Stephenson bent his energies to devising a straight, not an arched erection. Strength, durability, and lightness were the objects to be attained in such a construction, and the engineer determined to avail himself of the well-known superiority of hollow beams to solid ones in their capability of resistance proportioned to their weight. This form being resolved upon, experiment soon decided in favour of wrought-iron as the material to be employed, on account of the great resistance this metal opposes to extension. Plates of malleable iron varying from six to twelve feet in length are chiefly employed, strongly rivetted together. Many and elaborate were the experiments directed and performed by Messrs. Stephenson, Fairbairn, Hodgkinson, E. and L. Clark, and other talented engineers, before the form of these aerial tubes, or rather passages, was

With unexampled rapidity were schemes proposed, fostered, and matured, for reticulating with railways the entire kingdom. Regardless of distance, and obstacles, moral or physical, the most sanguine had already united together every town of the slightest commercial pretension. Acts of Parliament authorising some or other of these schemes, backed by enterprising capitalists, were speedily multiplied. From 1801, (the year of the first railway act,) to 1825, fifty-five acts were passed of this character, of which there are only six having reference to passenger-lines. From 1826 to the close of 1835, ninety-five acts were passed, authorising the construction of 927 miles of railway. Now had the tide decidedly set in, and accordingly, from 1836 to 1843, one hundred and fifty-three acts were passed, authorising an additional 1,717 miles. But during the next four years, the railway maniacal years, from 1844 to 1847, no fewer than six hundred and forty-one Acts passed the Legislature, permitting the construction of railroads to the extent of 9,837 miles; thus making the total number of acts subsequent to 1826, eight hundred and eighty-nine, and the number of miles authorised, 12,481. Since that period, the amount of mileage, for which new powers have been granted, is exceeded by that which is abandoned; and at the close of the year 1850, the table stands thus:—

MILES OPEN FOR TRAFFIC.

England and Wales	5,132
Scotland	951
Ireland	538
	—6,621
In course of construction	551
Not commenced	4,831
	—12,003

Of the railways not yet commenced, the Railway Commissioners are of opinion that probably 2,400 miles will never be completed under existing Acts of Parliament.

Among the earliest and most important lines which succeeded the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester, were the Great Western; act obtained 1835, length 117½ miles, part opened 1838. The Grand Junction; act obtained 1833, length 82½ miles, opened 1837. The London and Birmingham, 112 miles; act passed 1833, part opened 1837. The Midland Counties, 57 miles; and the North Midland, 72½ miles; acts passed in 1836 and both opened in 1840. Of these germs of the main arteries of our railway system the Great Western has now attained to 263½ miles in length; while the Grand Junction, (which when included the Liverpool and Manchester,) became incorporated in 1846 with the London and Birmingham, and the Manchester and Birmingham Railways; thus forming the Great London and North Western Railway, the most gigantic among its brethren, its mileage having now reached 518½ miles; pecuniary interest being, moreover, possessed by the company in 640 miles of tributary lines. The autho-

rised capital of this company now exceeds thirty millions sterling. The North Midland and the Midland Counties, together with the Birmingham and Derby Junction, were incorporated in 1844, under the name of the Midland Railway, which is second in extent only to the London and North Western. Its present length is 496½ miles, and the authorised capital of the company 17,788,160*l*. Another of these main trunks, bidding fair to rival any of the foregoing in importance, is the Great Northern, the "spine," as it is called, of the kingdom. No part of this line was opened till 1848, but at present 236 miles are available for traffic, and, when completed its length will be 300 miles.

Perhaps there is no aspect that more strikingly exhibits the wonderfully rapid establishment of the railway system in England, and, at the same time, the remarkable monetary resources of our country, than the consideration of the immense sums devoted to their construction. Prodigious has been the outlay in every stage; upwards of *two hundred millions* having been already expended upon them, and powers yet unexercised are possessed for a further outlay exceeding one hundred and forty-six millions. On the 1st of January, 1850, the total authorised capital of the railway companies in the United Kingdom, was no less a sum than 347,046,164*l*! But there is no other state in which the cost throughout of establishing a railroad is so enormous as in our own; and to give some idea of this, we annex the amount *per mile*, expended on a few of our principal lines; independently of the "plant," and before a train has run upon their path.

Midland Counties	per mile	£35,402
North Western	"	41,612
Eastern Counties	"	46,355
Great Western	"	43,885
Brighton	"	56,981
Manchester and Bury	"	70,000
Croydon	"	80,400
Greenwich	"	267,270
Blackwall	"	287,678
Edinburgh and Glasgow	"	35,024
Dublin and Kingstown	"	59,122

On the English Lines the average sum per mile paid for the purchase of land, exceeds 14,000*l*., and far too great an element in the swollen amount has been the parliamentary expense incurred. By the Brighton Company 4,806*l*. per mile was thus outlaid; by the Manchester and Birmingham, 5,190*l*.; and by the Blackwall Company, 14,414*l*.

It has been estimated, indeed, that the money laid out in Parliamentary expenses, during the three years 1845 to 1847, would have been sufficient to pay for the construction of a line from London to Aberdeen at the rate of 20,000*l*. per mile! In contrast with this enormous expense stands the average cost per mile of American railways, which is only 5,081*l*. In Prussia the average cost has been about 10,000*l*.; Austria, 11,300*l*.; lesser States of Germany, about

19,000. per mile. Many of the American railroads, it should be remembered, are only *single* lines; nor are they to be compared to our own for solidity, beauty, durability, or any other excellence. The trains rush up the centre of the streets, and, as the traveller "Across the Atlantic" tells us, "You might be walking in a shady lane of a dark night, unconscious that there was a line of railway within a hundred miles, and suddenly hear the engine turn in out of a field behind you, and see it whisk past, or feel it go over you, according as you did or did not get out of the way in time. As for villages and country towns, it rattles right up their main streets, not unfrequently stopping at the door of the hotel, or in front of the church, by way of a station. On these occasions you might sometimes shake hands with the people on each side of you, who stand at their shop-fronts to see you go past."

But, while astonishment is created by a financial view of our railways, their magnificence can only be rightly appreciated after consideration of the gigantic works and noble structures which they have on all sides called into existence. Trophies of art and science, varied and beautiful, elegant and stupendous, abound in *cameo* and *intaglio* upon our new highways. Starting from some chief station, among the two thousand erected, of noble exterior and corresponding beauty within—the beauty of *fitness* as well as adornment—(such, for instance, as the Euston terminus, the erection of which cost 81,582*l.*)—and presenting a scene unparalleled and *unique*, not the least striking portion being the light and elegant iron roofs which shelter the thronging travellers—the passenger now races the wind in some narrow defile, the grassy, earthy, brickly, stony, or rocky sides of which, sloping or perpendicular, are fifty, sixty, even seventy to an hundred feet in height; now emerges upon a luxurious level, where, sitting at his ease, he beholds fields, trees, streams and villages rush past him in hot pursuit, till he suddenly finds himself upon a thready ridge, high and dry, though in the centre of a boggy wilderness; and anon, he is hanging for an instant over some majestic river upon a bridge supported on peerless piers, which flies swiftly yet smoothly from under him, and he is buried in a reverberating chasm, where he hears in intense perfection the shrill salutation of his steed and its fellow-creature as they enjoy an interview, brief, 'tis true, in the course of their opposite windings. Again, escaping from the tunnel, he is restored to the light of day, and finds himself transported as by enchantment to the centre of a palatial edifice, there surrounded by temptations of appetite not easily resisted in the potent shapes before him, liquid and compact, sweet, pungent, savoury, warming, cooling, refreshing and invigorating, and he has five whole minutes at his disposal, so is instantly an added devotee before the gastronomic shrine. Not that he *needs* food or drink, but the universal rush is infectious; he has no interval for considering whether he hungers or thirsts; hesitation, one moment's delay, would prohibit choice; so with the energy of decision,

and reflecting that a merciful man is merciful to his stomach, he seeks to store that region with all expedition, till "Take your seats, gentlemen," irresistibly arrests the benevolent operation. Again, he is smoothly lighteninged over viaducts of surpassing grandeur; above chasms of unsearchable depth; across rivers and arms of the sea wide enough and deep enough to swamp a fleet; through massive tubes of iron, glibly and swiftly as a grey pea through a pea-shooter from the distended jaws of a school-urchin; and is finally clasped in the arms of his friend—breathless?—nay, never freer in his respirations; fatigued?—pshaw!—"fresh as a daisy," as he assures that friend, who, knowing he would start at the nine a. m. train, felt equally sure that the 200 miles would be traversed, and he at his friend's table at half-past two, p. m., without so much a disarrangement as a rumpled whisker.

Wonderful works have combined to ensure him punctual to the dinner-hour, and he is a grateful man. He, and not he only, will listen with interest to some details of their structure. The level and smoothness of the road, which rendered our traveller's ride so voluptuously easy, cost labour and science a struggle with nature of no little severity. Mountains and valleys needed to be "made straight" by spades, and mattocks, and wheelbarrows.

Enormous embankments have to be packed and consolidated, carefully guarding against the risk of future subsidence or slips. On the Liverpool and Manchester Railway there is the Broad Green Embankment, which is thirty feet in height, and extends nearly three miles; measuring sixty feet in breadth at the surface, and at the base 135 feet: no less than 550,000 cubic yards of material being absorbed in its formation. The embankments on the London and Birmingham Railway, 112 miles in length, are estimated to contain 10,698,315 cubic yards. Perhaps the highest in the country are to be found on the Clarence Railway, in the county of Durham.

If our traveller wondered whence the masses of material were obtained for some of these immense works, the first "cutting" he came to would throw a little light upon his cogitations. This is one of the nice reckonings of the engineer, to make the cuttings and embankments of his line balance one another; though it is not to be expected that the result can be exactly attained. Some railways have averaged in their earth-works as much as 150,000 cubic yards per mile. The excavations on the London and Birmingham line amounted to considerably upwards of twelve million cubic yards, of which the chalk hewn out of the Tring cutting alone equalled 1,297,763 cubic yards. When the material is sandstone, as at the Olive Mount cutting on the Liverpool and Manchester line, the labour required is tremendous; and though sand excavations are certainly not so formidable, they are works of no insignificant magnitude when, as on the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, dug to the depth of 110 feet.

Engineers have displayed great ingenuity in suiting

the character of their works to the very various situations in which they are constructed. Thus, it frequently happens in cuttings that different descriptions of strata are pierced; and when the upper stratum is hard and solid and the lower more loose in substance, the *sloping* necessary for the stability of the under portion of the excavation would entail very serious labour in removing the superior portion. In such cases the rock is *underbuilt* with massive brick revêtement walls some three or four feet in thickness, and the sides of the cutting are left perpendicular. This method is adopted at Blisworth, where there is a cutting of this nature sixty feet in depth, and again between Camden Town and Euston Station.

But the most difficult, uncertain, laborious, and expensive works in constructing a railroad are the *tunnellings*, which are generally found to be great bores. Few travellers entertain any high degree of partiality for these dark, noisy, mysterious, earth-embowelled pathways; and engineers like them at least as little. The poor contractor for the Kilsby tunnel fell a sacrifice to its deceitful quicksand which wouldn't be pumped dry, and compelled him finally to give up the contract and the ghost. The strata through which the subterraneous pass was to be made was believed to be entirely the shale of the lower oolite; but in the process of excavation the liquid enemy manifested himself by throwing water up the shafts in torrents. A reinforcement was sent to the attack under Mr. Robert Stephenson, who, with the aid of his army of thirteen steam-engines, 200 horses, and 1,250 men, obtained in eight months a glorious triumph; but not till after two years and a half had been spent upon this tunnel, which is 2,423 feet in length, and consumed 36,000,000 of bricks in lining the top and bottom.

Some tunnels need no lining, the material being sufficiently compact not to require support. This is the case with the Penmaenbach Tunnel, between Chester and Holyhead, which is cut through solid basalt: but the operation of perforating basaltic rock, granite, or whinstone, is extremely laborious, being effected almost entirely by the tedious process of blasting. The Box Tunnel, between Bath and Chippenham, the longest English tunnel, is upwards of one mile and three quarters in length, and exceeded 300,000*l.* in expense, or nearly 100*l.* per yard—nothing, if compared with Brunel's subaqueous achievement; for the Thames Tunnel cost about 1,200*l.* per yard. Sovereigns, if laid down abreast, a foot wide from end to end, up one path and down the other, would not pay for it.

Emerging from these gloomy recesses, let us follow our traveller over the viaducts, which led his musings back to our old friends the Romans. We have many imposing structures of this nature, and among the finest is that crossing the Dee, in the beautiful Vale of Llangollen, 1533 feet in length. It is securely built upon the solid rock, and measures 148 feet in height from the river-bed to the central top of the parapet. Its construction occupied from the 19th of

April, 1846, to the 12th of August, 1848, costing more than 100,000*l.* The London and Greenwich Railway is a viaduct throughout, twenty-six feet wide and about twenty high, and consists of 878 arches, twenty-seven of which are *skew* arches. This form of road was necessitated by the multitude of houses standing in the proposed line. Another magnificent structure is the Stockport Viaduct, designed by Mr. George W. Buck. It is 2,179 feet long, and 106 feet high, and carries over the Mersey the Manchester and Birmingham Railway. And many more raised roads, stupendous and beautiful, have our engineers erected throughout the kingdom, fully worthy of deep attention; but we must leave all further notice of them to more professional pages.

Bridges most numerous, of brick, stone, wood, and iron, span and support our railways; probably not fewer than 15,000. On the eighty-two miles of the London and North Western Railway, lately the Grand Junction, there are 169 bridges, of which sixty-three are below the line. There are two or three bridges of such surpassing interest that we must devote some space to their individual notice. Each would have conferred immortal fame upon its architect; but all have instead combined to weave an unfading wreath of laurel for one man, Robert Stephenson. The High Level Bridge at Newcastle, the Conway, and the Britannia Tubular Bridges, are all the works of his hands.

A "high level" bridge across the Tyne, had long been a desideratum with the good folks of Newcastle, the old bridge suiting only the low districts of the opposite shores; and when it was determined to combine the *termini* of the neighbouring railways into one grand central station, it became necessary, in order to include the Darlington line, then terminating at Gateshead, to carry it over the river at a considerable altitude. Mr. R. Stephenson served, therefore, the common interest of the directors and townsmen by planning this ingenious structure, the first which unites the suspension with the ordinary principles of a viaduct. It is nearly 1,400 feet in length, and comprises a carriage-road as well as a railway. A level bridge for horses, vehicles, and foot-passengers, is constructed at the altitude of ninety feet from high tide level. Above this the railroad is carried at an additional height of twenty-five feet, the parapet of which is more than 130 feet from the river bed. In this structure the iron-work weighs nearly 5,000 tons, and the total cost of the bridge has been about 580,000*l.*

But this beautiful erection is greatly surpassed in interest by the tubular bridges on the Chester and Holyhead line. It is true these are not the first tubular bridges, for a wooden one was built over the Rhine, about two miles above Lanfen, in 1757, by a carpenter, John Ulrick Grubenman, the length of which was 353½ feet without support from below; but this is no prototype of the Britannia and Conway tubes. The latter and lesser of these "iron tunnels, hung up in the air across arms of the sea," is hung over the Conway, close under the old castle wall, at an eleva-

tion of eighteen feet above high-water level; its clear span being 400 feet. The bridge consists of two rectangular tubes, each 424 feet long, and fourteen feet wide, with an average height of twenty-four feet, and weighing 1,800 tons. In June 1846, the masonry was commenced, and on the 17th of November 1848, the first tube was adjusted; on which occasion a festival was given in honour of the engineer, where his father was present, George Stephenson. To him the enjoyment of that scene must have repaid his early denials for the sake of the son, whose reputation was thus gloriously advancing. Before the second tube was fixed, which took place on the 2d of November in the same year, the father's spirit was removed from participation in earthly honours, and the son's shaded by his irreparable loss! Since that date, with invariable safety, trains have shot through the double tunnel, nor has anything occurred to diminish confidence in the all-abundant strength of the iron passage; and, indeed, the most timid would feel satisfactorily assured of their security in transit from Chester to Conway by a brief glance at the rigid tests and experiments of Captain Simmons, the results of which are conclusive against all apprehension of danger. As the principles adopted in the construction of this bridge are identical with those of its gigantic neighbour, we need not, to describe them, delay longer our notice of the grander triumph.

North Wales was rich enough in varied attractions before the year 1845. Admirers of scenery soft and sublime; students of history, of language, of manners, of men; votaries of fancy or fishing; lovers of leeks, lakes, or learning; the antiquary and the engineer; all, and severally, found abundant charms in Taffylund. But, in 1845, the hero of Conway designed, the directors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway proposed, and the British senate decreed, an added beauty to her scenes, especially attractive to the noble corps of engineers. Telford had prepared mighty and beautiful objects to delight the civil race in this lovely region, but Stephenson crowned them with the hand that—

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fixed in detail. Cylindrical, elliptical, and rectangular hollow girders were fashioned, tested, and crushed beneath the unconscionable pressures with which they were overburdened, by the zeal of these earnest and untiring men; who finally found the strongest form to be the rectangular, which is consequently adopted. Furthermore, the top and bottom are composed of parallel cells; eight in number in the roof, and six in the floor, a contrivance that affords much additional strength. Each gallery complete consists of four separate tubes, one on either side of the Britannia-tower, extending to its appropriate land-tower, the length being 472 feet, and one from each land-tower to the corresponding inland abutment measuring 274 feet. Externally the width of each tube is fifteen feet. 65 miles of bars of iron have been used to connect the vertical sides of the cells with the upper and lower plates, and the rivets that unite the iron sheets consumed 126 miles, or 900 tons of rod-iron. They are seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, and were driven into the rivet-holes red-hot, that their contraction in cooling might compress the wrought-iron plates still more closely together. The whole weight of iron in these aerial tunnels exceeds 11,300 tons; but if they had been solid instead of hollow they would have bent beneath their own weight. Of the eight tubes, the four shortest were constructed on scaffolding in the respective positions they were intended permanently to occupy; but the four longest were built on platforms on the Carnarvon shore, and were thence floated on pontoons to the foot of the bridge. It was in June, 1847, that the first load of iron reached the Straits, and in June, 1849, the first tube was floated, and was finally secured in its airy resting-place on the following 9th of November.

Perhaps during the whole process of this undertaking, fraught as it is with unusual interest in every stage and detail, there were no portions more striking and critical than the floatings and elevations of the great central tubes. Sir Francis Head was an eye-witness on one of these occasions, and he has portrayed the scene with his usual graphic power. Truly it was no ordinary sight to witness the stately sailing of the huge metal mass towards its lofty home, and required, as it received the guidance of the best engineering genius of the day. Mr. Stephenson directed the whole proceedings; and Sir F. Head describes the movements of his arms by which he signified to his coadjutors how he wished them to regulate the speed. This telegraphic mode of action, it appears, was imagined by some of the spectators to result from a high degree of nervous excitement on the part of poor Mr. Stephenson. "Did'nt you observe," said one, "how he kept continually stretching out his arms, raising them up and then sinking them down? But no wonder, he was so agitated!" When Aquarius had borne his burden to the foot of the Britannia tower his aid was not dispensed with; indeed, the greatest service had yet to be accorded. After the aquatic excursion came the aeronautic trip; for this

enormous gallery, weighing 1,800 tons, (the weight of each of the four longest sections,) had an upward journey exceeding 100 feet to accomplish; so, to give him a lift, Messrs. Easton and Amos, of Southwark, supplied a powerful hydraulic press, said to be the most mighty instrument existing. The engines applied to the force part of this press could drive the fluid, it is calculated, more than five times as high as the top of Snowdon. Upwards of 8,000 lbs. per square inch is the enormous pressure exerted by this machine, the whole lifting power of which is estimated at 2,622 tons.

In February, 1850, the second tube was deposited, and on March the 6th, a locomotive first flew across the Menai Straits. At half-past six a.m., the driver of that engine started with two other engines from the Bangor Station, all gaily decorated with union-jacks and foreign flags. That driver felt no fear in his trial trip; he urged neither steed nor stoker as he neared the novel tube, but at a steady, stately pace of some seven miles an hour, he boldly tested the strength of his own creation. It was Robert Stephenson. He was the first man that traversed with a steam-engine that spanning gallery. In the centre of each span the engines rested, but not the trace of a deflection could be detected. To prove the stability of the structure it was subjected to several severe ordeals, all establishing the complete success of the gigantic undertaking. During these tests an interesting episode occurred in the Carnarvon land-tube, where Mr. Mare, of Blackwall, the constructor of seven tubes out of the eight, inserted the last rivet, exactly the *two-millionth*, in its prepared home; Mr. Stephenson driving it in and clenching it amid the prolonged shouts of the assembled populace, reverberated by the bold hills of Carnarvon. On the Monday week following the "up line" was opened for public traffic. The third and fourth tubes were deposited on the 11th of July and 13th of September in the same year respectively; and on the 21st of October, 1850, the "down line" was permanently opened, and the Britannia bridge completed, little more than four years being occupied in the whole construction; about half the time required for the erection of Telford's beautiful Menai Suspension Bridge. Many similar and additional experiments were made on this occasion, and, among others, that of driving a heavily-loaded train throughout the tube at the highest attainable velocity; the result being a less amount of deflection than when the weight within the tube was stationary.

Those lovers of mountain and marine scenery whom the liberality of the London and North Western Company has induced to visit Bangor and Beaumaris, among other beauties of the principality, will feel peculiar interest in knowing that every section of this bridge through which they will be twice hurried, is constructed to bear a weight about nine times greater than it can ever be required to sustain, namely that of a train co-equal with itself in length. Indeed, Mr. Stephenson assures us that no part of the line is so competent for its work as the bridge between Car-

narvon and Anglesey; while its lateral strength is far too considerable to admit of the least apprehension of danger from the severest hurricanes. From lion to lion the total length of the bridge is 1,841 feet, an extent which will be readily realised by those of our readers who remember that this measurement is exactly seven feet less than that of the Crystal Palace. The whole cost according to the official statement has been as follows:—

Masonry	£158,704
Iron used in tubes and towers	149,565
Construction of tubes	226,234
Pontoons, raising, machinery &c.	37,878
Carpentry and labour in floating, raising, and completing bridge)	25,498
Experiments	3,986
Total cost :	£601,865

There are very many curious and interesting details and peculiarities, besides observations and experiments, which we should be glad to describe could we afford the space, but must content ourselves with referring only to the ingenious method by which the ever-varying contraction and expansion of the metal, according to the temperature is provided for. The differences of length vary from half an inch to three inches, the maximum and minimum lengths being attained about three hours after noon and midnight. To meet this effect certain ends of the tubes are left loose, working on iron-rollers, with admirable contrivances for maintaining the true level of the line and ensuring safety to the passing trains.

Our railways abound with beauties, and we confess to no sympathy with those who think them antithetical to poesy, or destructive of the picturesque. A rail-train skirting the forest, winding among steep hills and above or beneath graceful bridges, with the stateliness of a floating giant of the deep, and the swiftness of a messenger of air, is an object of exceeding beauty; while to see it dashing into a dark vision-impenetrable tunnel, like some fabulous dragon hiding himself from heaven's light in his earth-rent cavern; or to watch the swift approach through the blackness of night of those fiercely-glaring, fiery, blood-red eyes—to hear the rattling thunder of the monster as in one pulse-beat he rushes past—and then to lose him as instantaneously as though its air-rending shriek had opened a chasm which engulfed the black, half visionary, land-leviatian, approaches, nay, attains sublimity.

Hans Christian Andersen has admirably described a railway ride:—"The first sensation," he says, "is that of a very gentle motion in the carriages, and then the chains are attached which bind them together; the steam whistle sounds again and we move on, at first but slowly, as if a child's hand drew a little carriage. The speed increases imperceptibly, but you read in your book, look at your map, and as yet do not rightly know at what speed you are going, for

the train glides on like a sledge over the level snow-field. You look out of the window and discover that you are careering away as with horses at full gallop; it goes still quicker; you seem to fly; but here is no shaking, no suffocation, nothing of what you anticipated would be unpleasant. What was that red thing which darted like lightning close past us? It was one of the watchmen, who stood there with his flag. Only look out, and the nearest ten or twenty yards you see is a field which looks like a rapid stream; grass and plants run into each other. We have an idea of standing outside of the globe and seeing it turn round; it pains the eye to keep it fixed for a long time in the same direction It is as if town lay close to town; now comes one, then another. One can imagine the flight of birds of passage—they must leave towns behind thus. . . . And as to all the poetry of travelling being lost, I am quite of the contrary opinion. It is in the narrow, close packed diligences that poetry vanishes: we become dull; we are plagued with heat and dust in the best season of the year, and in winter by bad heavy roads; we do not see nature itself in a wider extent, but in longer draughts than in a railway carriage. Oh, what a noble and great achievement of the mind is this production! we feel ourselves as powerful as the sorcerers of old! we put our magic horse to the carriage, and space disappears; we fly like the clouds in a storm—as the bird of passage flies! Our wild horse snorts and snuffs, and the dark stream rushes out of his nostrils. Mephistopheles could not fly quicker with Faust on his cloak! I can remember but a few times in my life that ever I felt myself so affected as I was on this railroad journey; I felt a devotion, such as when a child I have felt in the church alone; and when older in the sun-illuminated forest, or on the sea in a dead calm and starlight night."

Truly "space disappears" beneath the strides of our "magic horse," and we feel scarcely startled by the assertion which has been made, that "it will be literally easier, and *take less time*, to travel than to stay at home." What different geographical ideas the next generation will imbibe from their "Goldsmith's" and "Guy's" to some of our hazy visions of distance! Mile-reckoning will be eschewed, and minute-measure established. Butler's Atlas must be superseded by Bradshaw's Guide, with a universal railway frontispiece; and the infant mind will describe the mutual distances of nations by the time in which express trains perform the journey between them. "Capital cities" and "chief towns" will become obsolete terms, and "central" and "minor stations" will bother instead the brains of childhood. What may we not prophesy of the future from that we witness around us? The journey from London to Paris has already been performed in nine hours. Only the other day our Exhibition Commissioners were whirling over the "pale iron edge" on their way to the gay capital at a velocity of sixty-six miles an hour. The night-mail regularly reaches Paris in twelve hours; while the express trains travel to

Southampton at the rate of about forty-five miles an hour, to Dover at forty-eight and a half miles an hour, and to Exeter at nearly fifty-two miles an hour; and in experimental trips even seventy miles an hour has been exceeded. But does not this tearing pace wear out mortal man, and seem better adapted for rockets or cannon balls than flesh and blood? Is it not at least subversive of all ease, comfort, and tranquillity? "While the train," says a reviewer, "is thus almost on the wing, beating the eagle in its flight, the passengers are reclining in their easy chairs, thinking or sleeping, reading or writing, as if they were in their own happy homes—safer indeed than there, for thieves cannot rob them by day, nor burglars alarm them by night. The steam horse starts neither at the roar of the thunderstorm, nor the flash of its fire. Draughts of a purer air expel the marsh poison from its seat before it has begun the work of death; and, surrounded by conductors, the delicate and timid traveller looks without dismay on the forked messenger of destruction, twisting the spire or rending the oak, or raging above the fear-stricken dwellings of man."

Nor is it passengers only, "the least transportable species of luggage," who speed from town to town with such rapidity. Ponderous loads of merchandise, perhaps 300 tons in weight, surpass the most extraordinary feats of swiftness our fleetest messengers could accomplish before the iron monarch waved his snowy plume. This branch of traffic is not confined to bulky articles. More than two thousand *parcels* are booked daily at the Euston Station, and the entire arrangements are so complete that not more than one parcel in *four hundred thousand* is lost.

Certainly the velocity attained is scarcely more striking than the immense cargoes, animal, vegetable, and mineral, that are now transported daily and nightly between all parts of the kingdom; which results as much from the great reduction of cost in money as from the diminished expenditure of time. Not only is merchandise conveyed as far in one hour as it travelled formerly by the best waggons in a day, but the charge made is now about three-pence a ton per mile where, eighty or ninety years ago, it was five times that sum; and it has been calculated for the two years ending 30th of June, 1848, that nearly *seventeen millions* was actually saved by passengers in rail-trains of what they would have expended had they travelled by stage coach—the saving being about *seven-tenths* of the actual outlay! We need not wonder, then, at the enormous increase of passengers, who last year were nearly treble the number booked in 1843 in the United Kingdom; for, in 1850, they greatly exceeded sixty-six millions. The total amounts of the yearly traffic received by the railway companies of Great Britain and Ireland correspond in magnitude and progression. The annual increase of the sums received is upwards of a million sterling. In the year ending 30th June, 1850, the total receipts for passengers and goods was 12,407,853*l.*; of which more than half was paid by passengers.

One of the most interesting developments of our new system of transit is the excursion train, which has obtained, in a remarkably short space of time, very extensive public support. Most marvellous are the invitations of the more liberal and enterprising of our railway companies; and not less astonishing are the swarming responders who besiege the London *termini*—portals to them of every variety of beauty in nature and art. Hence the trains and sets of trains conveying their two, three, even six thousand passengers to or from the metropolitan centre. Is it an afternoon's excursion that is desired, O denizen of London? You may go to Hampton Court and back, (thirty miles,) for one shilling. A sea-breeze? Take a ticket for Hastings; you pay five shillings for your 150 miles. Or have Oxford's glories excited your curiosity? For three-and-sixpence the intervening sixty-three miles are travelled twice over. Do you want more for your money, and a peep at Salisbury Cathedral? The same sum will defray the cost of your journey, and afford you nearly a 200 miles ride. If your friends, on the other hand, politely recommend you to "go to Bath," and you wish to oblige them, your journey there and back, (213 miles,) will cost you the modest sum of five shillings. Now-a-days, a scanty purse and a short leisure will not hide from you the lovely valleys of Hope and Hathersage, of Borrowdale and Patterdale, of Llanberis and Festiniog; or the bold summits of the Peak, of Snowdon, of Helvellyn, of Saddleback, and Skiddaw.

The democratic effect of these steam-trips in the present days for the millions, when,

"Her Majesty's carriage, though fit up in style,
Goes by just the same line as the penny-a-mile,"

is amusingly exemplified by Mr. Laing, who describes a Rhine steam-boat scene in his "Observations on Europe." After depicting an English exclusive he proceeds to "The German potentate, who at home sits in whiskered magnificence at the window of his *schlon*, and may count every shirt laid on the green to bleach within the circle of his hereditary dominions and territorial sway, condescends, in these days of speed and economy, to save his state revenues and travel by steam to visit his crowned cousins. Seated in the saloon of a Rhine steam-boat, he stares over his tawny mustachios, like an owl in a withered beech-hedge, at the free and easy crowd of passengers of all ranks and countries who seem quite insensible of their proximity to so much grandeur. He discovers, perhaps, in his all-engrossing, talkative, *vis-à-vis* neighbour at dinner, whom the waiters fly to serve, the thriving draper of his own village metropolis, returning from Manchester with a fresh stock of goods and assurance, with which he feels quite at his ease, and sits altogether unannihilated in the sublime presence. Nay, horror of horrors! the fellow calls for a bottle of higher-priced wine than his Serene Highness is drinking; nods, actually nods, to the thrice illustrious Herr; tells him they must have seen each other somewhere before, and proposes a glass to their better

acquaintance! Where will the influence of steam-power end?"

Notwithstanding the multitude of runners to and fro on the face of the earth, and the immense power of the newly developed agency of traffic, the risk and danger to the necks and limbs of prudent passengers is extremely small; and, owing to improvements in system, knowledge, and practice, these risks are still diminishing. In 1848 the proportion of passengers injured on all our lines, by accidents beyond their control, was one in every 452,818; the proportion killed, one in 6,440,087. In 1849 only one in 760,018 was injured, and one only in 12,768,308 passengers lost his life by such accidents. Railway riding is the *safest* as well as the most expeditious and cheapest mode of travel yet discovered. This the public are beginning to understand and appreciate; though the faith of many as well as the persons of few may be somewhat shaken now and then by "another dreadful collision," to be accounted for, perhaps, by the couplet a stoker writes to a friend in our merriest periodical,—
"Sometimes, Jem, I own with our puffin' and strivin'
We thinks too much of *speed*, and too little of *drivin'*."

There may be a few folk still remaining who sympathise in the old lady's feelings that refused to travel by railroads because she "didn't believe in 'em;" and there are many more to whom the truths of our new art of locomotion are not brought home. They cannot rid themselves of the old notions of distances and fatigues; nor can be persuaded that any journey of twenty miles and upwards can be other than "a great undertaking." But considerable advances are already made in familiarizing men's minds with the real expedition and ease of visiting those dear friends and scenes they have been wont to consider as enviously separated from them by floods, fields, and other obstacles, requiring much expenditure of time and great screwing-up of enterprise to overcome.

Still, as yet, we are but in the infancy of steam traffic. Railways beget travellers, and travellers extend railways; the most civilized countries, as was to be expected, are in the van, but their sphere is enlarging with accelerated rapidity, more than a thousand miles annually being added to their length. After the United States and England comes Germany, with 8500 miles of rails projected, more than half being completed. France, with upwards of 3,500 miles planned; mostly working. Russia has 1,400 miles open, or in course of construction. Belgium, 500 miles open. Italy has 150 miles executed. Spain, at present, boasts only of eighteen miles; but 800 miles have been laid down in Cuba.

Think of the impetus given to every variety of human intercourse when the continental systems of railway are complete; when not only the Panama railway is opened, (which it is expected to be next year,) but also that uniting Cairo with Alexandria, for which preparations are already making; when the proposed Ostend and Calcutta line is constructed, bringing Hindostan within seven days' ride of London; when Asa Whitney's Atlantic and Pacific Railway, (a

most novel, gigantic, and though, *prima facie*, extravagant, really feasible scheme) is not only feasible but fact!

Is not the Electric Telegraph an incorporated portion of the railway system? It would scarcely be excusable here to omit mentioning this wonderful invention by which we beat time hollow.

"Time and tide wait for no man," but the lightning messenger gives time the go-by, and, in America, beats him by "long chalks." A message sent from Boston at ten o'clock a.m. reaches New Orleans at half-past nine the same morning, beating time by half an hour. In America more than 10,000 miles of wire are laid down, the cost in that country being only about thirty pounds a mile. In England, where the cost is 150*l.* per mile, scarcely a quarter of that extent is in operation. From the chief station in Lothbury,—which like a great spider in the centre of his web, feels at the end of every thread what is transpiring around,—news are spread instantaneously to the confines of the kingdom. At eight o'clock a.m. Edinburgh knows the principal contents of the London Journals; and even Dublin, separated by the sea, had the Queen's Parliament Speech in print eight hours after it was delivered in the House of Lords. But salt-water is to oppose no retardation. St. George's Channel, as well as Dover Straits, is to become a site for that strangest marvel, the submarine telegraph; and it is seriously proposed to lay down wires between the United Kingdom and United States. It is said thirty-six distinct wires, making a total length of 120,000 miles, may be safely trusted beneath the Atlantic billows, protected by gutta-percha. The work would be guaranteed to endure for ten years, and might be completed in two, and the whole outlay is estimated at 600,000*l.* Really Lord Palmerston couldn't have been joking in talking of the day when, "If he were asked a question about India he should say, 'Wait a moment while I telegraph the Governor-general, and I'll tell you!'" Of *clairvoyants* the "occupation's gone," the electric telegraph has rendered us independent of them; just as steam, by almost conferring universal ubiquity upon us, inspires contempt for the seven-league boots so often sighed after in childhood. From electric telegraphs will flow repression of fraud and prevention of violence, in addition to much commercial advantage and social happiness.

What gigantic promises loom upon us through the atmosphere of steam! we would fain indulge in tracing their outlines, but must prepare instead to conclude our sketches of some of the Triumphs of Steam, in its appliance to locomotion, and space compels us to confine our remarks on their resulting effect in a very small compass.

Which are the leading characteristics of our new mode of transport? Immensely improved regularity, accommodation, cheapness, and speed. Let us reflect how these tend to diminish the evils and augment the enjoyments of life. It is evident that the inconvenience and sorrows of separation between friends

are materially lessened as the opportunities of meetings are multiplied, and their anxiety allayed as increased facilities of communication, personal and postal, are afforded, and which would therefore be embraced when cause for anxiety really exists. The swift transmission of letters, as well as the reduced rates of postage, tends greatly to their multiplication. John o'Groats and Land's End may communicate in as short intervals as correspondents between Stepney and Hammersmith could rail at, sympathise, or advise with one another but a very few years ago. As respects personal intercourse, journeys no longer entail personal difficulty or fatigue in the regions of railways. The comfort, ease, and safety of travelling attained is marvellous. Travellers are multiplied by the moderate cost of transit, and the increase in their numbers re-acts in further reducing prices. The cost saved by this reduction of rates throughout the kingdom is very considerable, and, of course, remains for employment in other branches of industry. It is obvious that the diminished cost of transport lowers to, at least, the same extent the price of the article to the consumer. In that important necessary, fuel, the chief expense is the carriage; and greatly is the comfort of the poor enhanced by a cheap supply of this commodity. Further, the consumer is benefited by depending no longer on a limited, local, and precarious supply. There will be fewer contingencies of scarcity of any particular product, and of unequal plenty, as markets for supply and consumption will be multiplied to every town, village, and province, by the facility of access now extended to greatly increased distances, thus enlarging in like degree the available field of commercial intercourse. Thus the producer derives corresponding advantages. His goods are transmitted with safety and celerity to more distant markets; nor can his supplies be too abundant, even though of a perishable nature, since he has access to an area with scarcely assignable limitations. Cattle can now be conveyed to distant towns, cheaper by from two to ten per cent., at far less risk, and in a more healthy condition, than by driving; and many fresh sources of industry and traffic have dated their origin from the establishment of railways. Land is advanced in value; much that had hitherto been left waste as uncultivable has been brought into cultivation by the cheap conveyance of chalk, limestone, and manure with which it is rendered fertile; and country towns are improved by the lighting, buildings, bridges, &c., for which to the railways they are indebted.

The employment afforded to a large class of our population is another point of view by no means to be overlooked. Upwards of sixty thousand persons are permanently engaged on our railways. Including those employed in the construction of new lines, and taking into consideration the probable number dependent on the employé, fully one-fiftieth of the whole population, Dr. Lardner reckons, were supported in 1848 by the railways of the United Kingdom. Prominent among the blessings conferred

are the opportunities presented to town-pent men, who toil with head or hands, of breathing pure air and refreshing their fagged faculties, mental and physical, with the invigorating beauties of country scenes, while their families share in a still greater degree the health-bestowing benefits. Gradually the poorer classes will partake of this advantage, workmen's villages will spring up, and cheap workmen's trains convey them to their respective scenes of labour. In the governmental departments of the country the rapidity of intelligence is invaluable, especially with the powers now possessed of transferring and concentrating large bodies of men, troops or police, when required, for the suppression of disorder and local disturbance. Increased traffic must eventually annihilate the vexatious passport system; and will no doubt materially help to eradicate the clumsy machinery of fiscal taxes, the expenses of collecting which will be saved to the people by the establishment of a direct system of taxation.

If we regard the effects of our improved methods of transport on the moral interests of the community, we shall find at least as much reason for congratulation. Habits of order, punctuality, and systematic industry are inculcated. Education penetrates the old fastnesses of ignorance, and dislodges prejudice and crime. Lessened labour, more abundant supplies—of not only the necessaries, but the conveniences, and even the refinements of life—improve the appearance and condition of the people, and increase their self-respect and good order. Their minds become enlarged by greater variety of scenes and intercourse. Degraded pleasures are less relished and less sought after. Innocent and healthful recreations, as well as being the least costly, will promote the happiness of individuals, and augment considerably that of their families, who will receive, in consequence, better training than they could otherwise have done. All these circumstances tend to diminish the country's criminal list, and, therefore, to reduce the civil army arrayed against crime; and as much will national crime be repressed, and the more gigantic and sanguinary armies of the earth, to a still greater extent, will become disbanded. What is the result? Besides the inestimable blessing of peace, the expense of maintaining troops is spared the people, and men are given us to assist with their labour, in obtaining and elaborating the products of our bounteous earth. Thus, mutual action and reaction advances social progress, nor can we attempt to pursue, much less to limit, the extent of the powerful agencies now being developed among us.

What steam-traffic has done, is doing, and will do, are subjects intensely interesting to the trader, to the politician, and especially to the friend of human progress, the lover of mankind. Replete with realized enjoyment and joyful promise are these avenues of thought, leading us, the farther we penetrate and the more diligently we explore them, into ever new and increasingly beautiful aspects of view,

where visions clearer and more clear unfold themselves—not cheats of the imagination, but naturally arising from the agencies witnessed at work around us—and all declaring tendency to that promised consummation of the ways of Providence towards man, when ultimately this fair earth shall be purified and perfected, and enjoyed by those happy children of men—

“The crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
On knowledge, under whose command
Is earth and earth's, and in their hand
Is nature open like a book.

No longer half akin to brute,
For all we thought, and loved, and did,
And hoped and suffer'd, is but seed
Of what in-them is flower and fruit.”

The pen of the poet alone, “faithful and far-seeing,” can portray, with any measure of success, the hopes that continually expand as contemplation is indulged of what these new powers and stirrings among men are destined to achieve. To some minds, railways and steam ships are interesting only through the medium of shares and dividends; to others, their prominent advantage is their aid in a day's pleasuring; to many more, they are contributors of various enjoyments, themselves being neither thanked nor thought of; but to the thinking observer of the times they unfold their true character as leading instruments in the regeneration of the world.

Society is already becoming penetrated with the influences of steam-traffic throughout every ramification—influences which it cannot be doubted must spread to every habitable speck upon the globe. No race nor class of men can be excluded from participating in the vast benefits that shall be conferred. We might rather say, races and classes shall exist no more; social distances, like physical distances, shall be annihilated; and the grand result of railroads, (of levelling tendencies, moral as well as material,) and their accessories, in fewest words may be described as moulding all mankind into one affectionate family, and universalizing to each member the abounding products and loveliness of their many-climbed and beautiful earth-home. Human life is becoming lengthened, strengthened, and more happy. The sources of enjoyment are daily increasing. Man sees more, hears more, learns more, achieves and enjoys far more in a limited time, than he could have done in any other age. Is not this living longer?

“We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.”

Above all, steam-power will cement the interests of men of all colours and climes; uniting the scattered threads of nations into one common cord, to the increase of strength and unity of purpose, and binding the prospering earth together in peace, happiness, and good-will. We consider it a mighty instrument, bestowed by Heaven upon men, to

mitigate the original curse of toil pronounced on our race in Eden, and to soften—perhaps to annul the further curse drawn down by the impiousness of our forefathers around the Babel tower, when the human family was confused, scattered, and divided. By the powers now entrusted to us shall they again be united together in mutual dependence; the arts of peace and civilization will be spread and multiplied, and the knowledge of Christianity universally extended—promulgated, not by the tardy though heroic labours of a few isolated missionaries, but by the free intercourse of all Christendom with the heathen nations of the earth, and the mingling of idolaters with the scenes and people of our Christian lands. The re-union of mankind thus established shall never again be dissolved, weakened, or disturbed, till the old heavens and the old earth shall pass away, and that better country shall appear, visions of which we are encouraged to cherish by the Holy Book of inspired Revelation.

In concluding our sketch of steamboats and railways, incomplete and imperfect as it must necessarily be, we nevertheless trust that sufficient interest has been eliminated to invite some minds to pursue more in detail, in other spheres and different aspects, the action, influence, and mission, the wonders, and the Triumphs of Steam.

B.

GOING! GONE!!

I NEVER had the honour of seeing or hearing George Robins, and I rather think, that if allowed the choice of when and where I should have enjoyed that privilege, I should not have cared for seeing him in the rostrum. Robins shone more in print than in his sale-room, the aristocratic character of his audiences preventing those familiarities in illustration which the critical desiderate in a model auctioneer. But there was one occasion on which I should have been glad to have seen the renowned knight of the hammer. It was at an annual meeting of the shareholders of Drury Lane. Lord Byron, Hobhouse, and other literati, with a laudable view to the elevation of the drama, had consented to become members of the managing committee, and on the faith of their efficiency, George had purchased certain shares. The day of reckoning came, and the noble and learned committee had to meet their constituents. The utilitarian capitalist listened with great patience to the details of what had been done for the restoration of “the legitimate,” but no mention was made of a dividend, and on his receiving a negative reply to his express inquiry on this point, the look of contempt which Robins cast on Lord Byron and his coadjutors, must have been rich beyond description.

I have alluded to the tight-lacedness of high-class auctioneers, and accordingly, I do not mean to call attention to them or their doings, but will restrict myself to the sayings and actings of some of the more humble professors of the art. I lately heard of

one member of the fraternity, whom it might be worth a walk of some miles to behold. He was selling some ready-made clothes, and excited the feelings of his audience by the bold statements which he thundered in their ears.

"Them clothes is unkimmin cheap—there never vas the like on them before, and there never vill be the like again. Them clothes, ladies and gen'lmen, vas made by people as vorks under ground nine days in the veek, keeps themselves in wittels, hasks no vages, and in these dull times werry glad to get a job too, I can tell you." None of Mr. Mayhew's social pictures can at all approach to this.

To proceed however to personal sketches. No. 1 was a youth who owned a donkey-cart filled with crockery-ware, whose system of business was amusing in the extreme. Halting at a crowded corner of the street, he mounted his vehicle and shouted out, "Here ye are!" and then spinning round a plate on the point of his forefinger, he jerked it up in the air several times, and then ended this part of the performance, by kicking it to pieces with his foot. By the time this feat was accomplished, a sufficient crowd had collected, and the sale commenced.

"Here ye are! look at this brown basin. Two and six for the basin, two and five, two and four, two and three, two and two, two and one, *two!* No! Well then, sixpence for the basin! five, four, three, two! *one penny* for the basin! No! not one penny for the basin? De'il a hair I care!" And with an action suitable to this irreverent remark, the brown basin was tossed over the heads of the spectators and shivered to pieces. The effect of this pantomime was striking. Women declaimed in loud chorus at such a wanton destruction of property, and men looked thoughtful and grave.

"Oh mau, dinna brak the things," was the imploring request of one Abigail.

Another brown basin sprang into the air, but was dexterously caught, and then the bidding began in good earnest, and generally was kept up with such spirit, as to preclude the necessity of sacrificing any more cracked ware; for although it may detract from the poetry of the narrative, truth requires us to state that those pieces only were made to describe the hyperbolic curve, which the young gentleman previously knew to be defective.

No. 2. Tommy East was a stationary, not a peripatetic vendor, and was amongst the first of his class who attracted my attention. He had a pale face and lack-lustre eye, and a monotonous nasal tone, which never by possibility varied one note. He was a sort of automatic auctioneer, no emotions being visible in his face, and the only thing that moved about his whole body was his lower jaw, and the hammer when it sounded the final "*Gone!*" To have an idea of Tommy's oratory, his harangues would require to be read not only without punctuation, but even without spaces between the different words. Thus:—

"Here's a watch five shillings for the watch, five and six so you may. Dont stand at the door there good people, like

likelike — the farend of a fiddle. Five and six — don't likespeaking at a sale—oftendone for a purpose. Several respectable people got their pockets picked last night. Five and eight thank you. Going all done at five and eight, ten then *gone!* Much good may it do you buyers pay the duty."

No. 3. Mr. Tuckey belonged to a different order. He had a well-developed person, copiously adorned with Brummagen jewellery, and he essayed connexion with the higher walks of the profession. He generally sold the stocks of large dealers, who accompanied him from town to town, and looked after goods and cash at one and the same time. Mr. Tuckey did not relish this surveillance, but nevertheless he had to submit. The point in Mr. Tuckey's rhetoric consisted in his extreme unwillingness to "throw away" so many valuable articles for a "mere nothing."

"Ladies and gentlemen, the next lot is three trays, real papier maché. None of your imitations, ladies and gentlemen, but the real sterling article, on my honour. At the wholesale manufactory, these trays are sold to dealers at one guinea each."

Proprietor. A guinea and a half.

"This gentleman, my friend here, ladies and gentlemen, says that the wholesale price is a guinea and a half; on my conscience I believe it is, but I am always unwilling to have the appearance of exaggerating. At the manufactory they sell at one guinea and a half each; now I am willing—nay, I am ashamed to mention it—I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, I do it with the utmost reluctance, but if it were not that the whole stock must be sold off on Friday by twelve o'clock, I would not—positively I would not—put up these valuable articles—the last set we have, positively the last of the many we had—and I am willing to put them up at one guinea—one guinea for the whole lot."

Here the proprietor groans.

"My friend's feelings are hurt, and no wonder. If I were not used to it, I could not do these things without blushing. To think of these three papier maché trays with chinese patterns being offered for one guinea—it passes comprehension, positively it does, ladies and gentlemen. In the shops they would sell at three pounds each—now do not offer sixpences or shillings, but let your advances be in crown pieces for these valuable articles. One guinea and no advance! none, no advance, none! can I believe my senses, ladies and gentlemen? Well, make me an offer, make me an offer, do pray."

Voice. Seven and sixpence.

Proprietor turns his eye upwards in silent horror.

"Seven and sixpence! Sir, you are pleased to be facetious—however, just for the joke of the thing we shall say seven and six. I shall probably offend my friend, but for the joke, I'll put them up at the trifle named. Seven and six, seven and six! Now positively, having put them up, I will sell them—I will do it. Ladies and gentlemen" (with great solemnity), "will you stand by and see me throw these things away? I am serious—upon my honour I never was more

serious in my life—I will do it. This is too much! You are not believing me, I see you are not, but I tell you I will throw these articles away if you don't interpose immediately—I will do it. The last call, seven and six, office, twice, thrice!"

Proprietor wipes his forehead, and produces other three of similar pattern.

"Miracles never cease. I thought the last was the last of these valuable articles, but here is another set of the same choice pattern. I love a joke as well as most people, but you will not expect that I should put up these at the same ludicrous, absurd sum as before," &c. &c.

No. 4. Joe Hadley was a stoneware dealer, who purchased and sold on his own account. He was a Dutch-built personage, with short legs, and seen from the chest upwards, had on the platform the appearance of a tall man, although in reality he was short and squat. Joe's voice was cracked, and he spoke with his mouth twisted to one side, and laboured hard in his vocation. As he warmed with his holding forth, he undid his neckerchief, then doffed his coat, then unbuttoned his waistcoat, each fresh item of disrobing producing an immediate extension of his harsh and dissonant tones. Joe used no hammer, but proclaimed the striking of a bargain by a tremendous clap of his hands. His elocution was more curious from manner than matter.

"Make me an offer for them two jugs—real ironstone—a fact, I assure you—they might be an ornament to any drawing-room. Come, speak up; don't be alarmed, ladies. They're worth a crown the pair, but I'll put 'em up at sixpence. No advance! Well then, a *bawbee*! Are you pleased now? or would you have me to give you them for nothink, and then pay you for the trouble of taking them away? I don't care for money. I don't, I assure you. I have lost five hundred pounds of goods, them was all blowed down in one night, and I never said a word. Am I to be kept standing here all night?—if there's no business to be done, far better that you go home, and I go in to supper; fact, I assure you. Them two jugs, I won't take them in again at no rate—I wouldn't do it, I assure you. But I must have an advance on a *bawbee*."

Voice. "A penny."

Joe smacked his hands with fearful energy.

No. 5 was a book auctioneer. Bill Gillespie was a great economist of his lungs, and would make the vital force expended by Joe Hadley in one night serve him for a whole week. Bill addressed his hearers in a conversational tone, and was the very personification of coolness. His books, for the most part, were not of a high order, but he made the most of them by descriptions avowedly quizzical.

"What have we here? Let me see. 'A Grammar of the Turkish language.' A most interesting publication this, gentlemen. Those of you who want to go and convert the Mahommedans, could not do better than present yourselves with this interesting volume. Shall we say three shillings for this excellent work?—or shall we say sixpence? Nobody says nothing for this curious duodecimo? Well, that is extraordinary. A

Turkish grammar—and I see it also has an appendix—going for one sixpence! This is the true shop for the diffusion of useful knowledge, but if you don't want knowledge, I must put up my shutters. Make me an offer for this rare volume."

Voice. "Threepence."

"It is yours. Here followeth what? 'Debates on the Corn-laws for six nights in the House of Commons,' containing a great deal of sence, and I dare say a great deal of nonsense. Well, it's the way of the world. Shall we say sixpence for this performance?—or one penny? Nobody says one penny for six nights' speeches? Take away the speeches, as the speeches are not wanted. What is this now? 'The distressed State of the Orkney and Shetland Islands.' Ah! gentlemen, this is a valuable work; it describes the sufferings of that interesting people; it is a rare, picked copy, and as clean as paint,—very possibly because the gentleman who first bought it never read it."

Voice. "Let me look at it."

"Havon't time, my dear sir. Shall we say half-a-crown for this unique tome?—or shall we say fourpence? The Orkney and Shetland Islands in distress, and no man cares fourpence for their sorrows!"

Voice. "I'll give you a penny."

"Two islands in distress, and only one penny offered! Gentlemen, what are things coming to? Sir, the treasure is yours for one penny. Now, what have we now? 'Gisborne's Sermons on Domestic Duties.' This comes home to us all. A volume of excellent sermons which any gentleman may read at home, if detained by sickness or bad weather. A portrait of the author too, evidently a peaceable old gentleman. Shall we say one shilling? Very fine subjects, 'Wisdom cryeth aloud in the streets,'—tippence!—'Disobedience to Parents;' listen to that, young men in the corner. Tippence for 'Virtue its own Reward,' to say nothing of the other discourses in this well-known work. Gentlemen, it's not poetry that I am offering to you, it's sermons. Tippence! Do I address any Divinity students—here's models of eloquence for you, and all for tippence! The country is going down. Take away Gisborne's Sermons till better days dawn on us."

I shall now add a few words on the philosophy of auctions. In the exhibitions of the grade I have referred to, the spectator may derive much instruction and amusement. The person who can, night after night, draw together motley crowds, every one of whom knows that his object is a crusade against their pockets, can be no ordinary artist. No advertisement or catalogue heralds the approach of these sales. When other shops shut, the auction shop opens, the red flag is, pirate-like, run up at the door, the crier takes his station underneath, and forthwith the traffic begins. People who go to lounge, remain to buy, and the most determined opponents of the system will melt if they come within the sphere of its influence, just as certainly as Franklin turned out the contents of his purse at the charity sermon of Whitefield. Mere buttoning of the pockets will not do

when one goes to a sale; he must denude himself of bullion altogether if he means to keep out of temptation—and even this extreme precaution will be useless, if he happens to be known to the officiating functionary. Nay, we have even heard of instances where a purchaser giving his card, and having an honest-looking physiognomy, at once obtained unbounded credit, and paid dearly for the compliment implied in this liberality. On the whole then the safest course, and we speak from long experience, is to go armed with a few shillings, and with a determination rigid as flint, not to exceed in expenditure the amount thus carried about the person.

Auctioneers behold many illustrations of humanity in its sinful and suffering phases. They preside at the breaking-up of many happy homes. They are privy to the despair of the bankrupt, and to the tears of the emigrant—and they preside over the final scattering of the chattels of those who have outlived friends and relations, and have wearily spent the last grains of the sand of life, amidst the cold looks of a new and unknown generation.

"Talk of friendship!" said a salesman to us, "why, I have known old files who entertained their friends by the score, and then when they died, and their effects came to be sold, how coolly would these old and tried guests look on! The bamboo cane of their friend, if it went above a couple of shillings, would pass into the hands of a stranger, his watch would be bought by a pawnbroker, and the curious old rummers that they so often drank out of, would be allowed to be carried off by some old crone of a furniture-dealer, with a black bonnet."

As affecting economical science, much might be said on the subject of auctions. No one dreams of hanging on at such exhibitions, except with the view of obtaining at a cheap rate something that may prove useful or ornamental. Professional attendants,—by which we mean, those who purchase with the intention of selling again—will rarely make mistakes; but amateurs, who constitute the bulk of the auctioneer's audience, must and do make many blunders. Let any one possessing furniture two or three years old make the experiment of selling off, and although the gross return may not equal the original cost, he will be surprised to find that certain articles, such as carpets, dining tables, &c. bring a higher price after being used by him, than he paid for them when new. These are the inconsistencies of frail humanity—in the race for cheapness, people become excited and forget what they are doing. Another shilling, crown, or pound, is nothing in the reasoning of such persons; according to them, the rope should go with the bucket, but in their hurry they forget that the last straw breaks the camel's back, and that the additional coin brings up the article to retail price. As a set-off against this class, there is a numerous section of the community who make a covenant with their person, and who will, on no account, enter within the precincts of a sale-room. "Time is money," say these utilitarian persons; "the time

that we spend in such places waiting for a windfall, might be more profitably occupied in attending to our own business; and supposing we do get the article cheap at last (of which, however, there is only a chance), the lost time is worth more than the saving effected." There is no use in discussing the question with such mathematical casuists—the auction is to them at best a peradventure, and they will not risk a stiver on the probability of the reversion. Of course, the amusement of the scene goes for nothing, for we are speaking of persons whose eye never glistens, whose cheeks never flush, and whose sculpturesque visages no smile ever irradiates. They are of the earth, earthy; and know of no enjoyment apart from their money-bags. We, therefore, finally turn to the median types of the human family, those who run not to the extreme of extravagance or parsimony; and to them we say, that if they wish to unbend from the realities of this stern world, they might do worse than to turn aside occasionally, and listen to the echoes of the *Going!* GONE!! of the Cheap Jacks.

ANECDOTES AND APHORISMS.¹

COLERIDGE, on one occasion, asked:—"Why are not more gems from our great authors scattered over the country? Great books," he continues, "are not in everybody's reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly, than to know them only here and there, yet it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more. Let every book-worm, when in any fragrant scarce old tome he discovers a sentence, a story, an illustration that does his heart good, hasten to give it."

Setting forth with this quotation, Miss Sinclair has here collected and put together a great number of anecdotes, incidents, aphorisms, and instructive sentences, which she has met with in the course of her varied reading, and considers worthy of being repeated and remembered. The collection is in some respects creditable to her judgment and good taste; though we not unfrequently come upon some rather stale, as well as indifferent remarks and sayings. For instance, that famous despotic dictum of Louis XIV.,—"L'état, c'est moi!"—now so hacknied and familiar as scarcely to deserve the gravity of being printed by itself. One suspects that the collector must have entered it in her common-place book at a very tender age, and, finding it there, has printed it with something of her first respect for its smartness and singularity. A great many passages might be given which appear open to the same objection; and indeed we think that the volume has throughout an air of "book-making" which, in such a work, it was doubtless very difficult to avoid, but which nevertheless might have been rendered something less apparent, had the compiler exercised a more rigid and critical discrimi-

(1) "The Kaleidoscope of Anecdotes and Aphorisms." Collected by Catherine Sinclair, Author of "Modern Accomplishments," &c. London: Bentley. 1851.

nation. Some of the anecdotes are particularly "scedy" —by which expressive vulgarity we mean, metaphoricly threadbare and worn out by previous repetition —while others are singularly pointless and utterly uninteresting. A few look like our old acquaintances in the pages of Joseph Miller, and are, of course, known and recollected more or less by everybody.

But apart from the inutility, tameness, and commonplace of many of the graver extracts, and the perplexing want of point in many of the anecdotes, we have to complain that Miss Sinclair, from what seems to be a loose habit of entry, often deprives even a tolerable thing of such actual force and pith as it originally possessed. As a case in point we take the following:—"A prosing tedious old gentleman, who had been tolerated occasionally in the country by George Selwyn, seeing him hurry past one day in London, stopped him, saying—'Surely you remember me?' 'Yes!' answered Selwyn, breaking away, 'and when next we meet in the country, I shall be glad to renew the acquaintance.'" (P. 351.) Now every one who knows the story (and it is known pretty generally) will perceive that the whole lustre of the joke is lost in this account of it. We have to write from recollection, but we believe the original relation states that when the old gentleman met Selwyn, the latter, as was likely enough, did not happen to remember him, or it might be that he intentionally passed him without notice; whereupon the old gentleman, stopping Selwyn, informed him who he was, and, by way of bringing himself to mind, said he had had the pleasure of once meeting him in the country. "Oh, indeed!" returned the wit, abruptly passing on, "and when next we meet in the country I shall be glad," &c. The turn of the jest manifestly depends upon the old's gentleman's reference to the circumstance of his having met Selwyn in the country; and by omitting to mention this, Miss Sinclair has evidently spoilt the story.

Then again, here is another anecdote familiar enough in literary circles, which we take to be very loosely rendered, and is made to have a bearing which is nowise justified by the actual fact. "When Victor Hugo was an aspirant for the honours of the Académie, and called on the learned and accomplished Royer Collard to ask his vote, the sturdy veteran in literature professed an entire ignorance of his name. 'I am the author of "Notre Dame de Paris," "Les Derniers Jours d'un Condamné," "Marion Delorme," &c. &c. 'I never heard of any of them.' 'Will you do me the honour of accepting a copy of my works?' 'I never read new books.' Exit Hugo!" (P. 350). Miss Sinclair must have reported this very carelessly, or received it from some one who had done the like: at any rate, the anecdote as we have heard it is distinctly different. Instead of his saying bluntly, "I never read new books," we have always understood that Royer Collard's remark was somewhat thus; "You must pardon me," said he, deprecating his ignorance of Hugo's writings, and offering his reason for declining to accept a copy.

VOL. XIV.

"You must pardon me, but at my age men cease to read; they read over again: *à mon âge on ne lit plus; on relit.*" The anecdote in this form assumes a significance very unlike the one which it has in Miss Sinclair's version. We are sorry to have to say it, but we must insist that such loose and heedless "jotting" as this is scarcely excusable in a lady of her pretensions. She seldom seems to demand any meaning of an anecdote, and does not appear to understand that such a thing can have no value unless it illustrates some fact in the experience of human nature, or is otherwise in itself particularly singular or entertaining. Other passages might be selected which have as little merit in point of accuracy or interest as any we have given; but which the limits of the present notice will not admit of being quoted. We are, moreover, getting tired of finding fault, and desire to draw attention to such parts of the work as are likely to possess an interest for our readers. Let no one suppose we have any wish to speak harshly or contemptuously of Miss Sinclair's labours; we have had, on the contrary, a sincere respect for her abilities and accomplishments almost from our infancy; and if in noticing this particular book we have dwelt somewhat on its defects, it is that, in our small critical capacity, we have an obvious duty to the public, and must reasonably do our best to put them in a position to judge whether the work is worth the outlay required for obtaining it, and whether it is likely to yield them any proportionate satisfaction when it is obtained.

Objections, however, as far as we intend to make any, being now disposed of, we have next to say that, notwithstanding its deficiencies, the volume does contain a sprinkling of useful and pleasant matter. Certain passages of the sort we shall straightway proceed to quote, leaving them, as is fitting, to speak their own praises. We begin with some remarks upon Exclusive People, extracted out of "Arlington;" we suppose, the novel of that name by the late Mr. Lister:—

"I have seen many kinds of exclusive society, and I am not very much the admirer of ours. I happened to be in—shire lately. There they are exceedingly exclusive. They exclude almost every person, and certainly every topic that does not belong to that county. Everybody talks, thinks, and looks—shire. All are provokingly intimate with each other, and as provokingly unacquainted with everybody else. You are made to feel, as long as you are among them, that to know the world in general passes for nothing; but you must know every man, woman, or child, house, road, horse, and dog in—shire, if you would be thought to know anything, and wish to understand what they are talking about. All their jokes are local. You hear a mightily flat story, about some person or other, that every one round you is ready to die of, and you stare about you and try, by way of sociability, to get up a laugh, and then you are told with a compassionate air, 'Ah! if you did but know the person! The story is nothing without having seen him!' And

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then what an inferior being you seem, the man who never saw Smith of Smithy Hall!

"I have seen people of a very different kind, people of family and rank, and of the world, who, in their way, were very snugly and amiably exclusive. I was once on a visit to the Caldecots at their country place—that warren overrun with cousinship—the head quarters of a family clique. It ought to have been charming to see a large party so united—impossible to disapprove—but equally impossible to like it. They were very merry together, but what intolerable wits to a stranger! They had among them a large stock of traditional jokes, known only to themselves, and the least possible allusion to any of these set a whole row titrating in an instant. One felt that the world was divided by them into two classes, those who were related to them, and those who were not, and that they a little despised you for being of the latter. Then they had family names for things and persons, which they stared at you if you did not know. It was really difficult to learn! Everybody was alluded to by a nickname.

"I call society exclusive that is intended solely for the amusement of an initiated few. It matters not who those few may be, whether country neighbours, or a class of cousins, or agriculturalists, with their talk on short-horned cattle and mangel-wurzel; or yachters, or turf-men, or those sporting pedants, who, morning and evening, live in scandal, and obtrude upon the drawing-room their reminiscences of the field; all these, and others too, I call in their several ways exclusives; and I think that this exclusiveness injures society rather than improves it. It is a selfish system, and a narrow-minded one; and it has one crime which many will think worse than all, it tends to make society dull."

As it is likely some of our readers have never read "Napier's Life of Montrose," we think it may not be amiss to insert an extract which Miss Sinclair has here reprinted, descriptive of the execution of that nobleman. It need scarcely be mentioned that this is the famous Graham of Claverhouse, whom Sir Walter Scott has drawn with such fine effect in one of his best novels.

"It was resolved to celebrate his entrance into Edinburgh with a kind of mock solemnity. Thus on Sunday, the 13th of May, the magistrates met him at the gates, and led him in triumph through the streets. First appeared his officers, bound with cords, and walking two and two; then was seen the Marquis placed on a high chair in the hangman's cart, with his hands pinioned, and his hat pulled off, while the hangman himself continued covered by his side. It is alleged in a contemporary record, that the reason of his being tied to the cart was, in hope that the people would have stoned him, and that he might not be able by his hands to save his face. In all the procession, there appeared in Montrose such majesty, courage, modesty, and even somewhat more than natural, that even these women who had lost their husbands and children in his wars, and were hired to

stone him, were, upon the sight of him, so astonished and moved, that their intended curses turned into tears and prayers. Of the many thousand spectators only one, Lady Jane Gordon, Countess of Haddington, was heard to scoff and laugh aloud. Montrose himself continued to display the same serenity of temper, when at last, late in the evening, he was allowed to enter his prison, and found there a deputation from the Parliament. He merely expressed to them his satisfaction at the near approach of the Sunday as the day of rest.

"'For,' said he, 'the compliment you put upon me this day was a little tedious and fatiguing.'

"Montrose told his persecutors that he was more proud to have his head fixed on the top of the prison walls than that his picture should hang in the king's bed-chamber, and that far from being troubled at his legs and arms being dispersed among the four principal cities, he only wished he had limbs to send to every city in Christendom, as testimonies of his unshaken attachment to the cause in which he suffered. When Sir Archibald Johnston of Warriston, the Clerk-Register, entered the prisoner's cell, and found him employed early in the morning, combing the long curled hair, which he wore according to the custom of the cavaliers, the visitor muttered:—

"'Why is James Graham so careful of his locks?'

"Montrose replied with a smile:—

"'While my head is my own, I will dress and adorn it; but when it becomes yours, you may treat it as you please.'

"Montrose, proud of the cause in which he was to suffer, clad himself, on the day of his execution, in rich attire—'more becoming a bridegroom,' says one of his enemies, 'than a criminal going to the gallows.' As he walked along, and beheld the instrument of his doom, his step was not seen to falter nor his eye quail; to the last he bore himself with such steadfast courage, such calm dignity, as have seldom been equalled, and never surpassed. At the foot of the scaffold, a further and parting insult was reserved for him: the executioner brought Dr. Wishart's narrative of his exploits and his own manifesto, to hang round his neck; but Montrose himself assisted in binding them, and smiling at this new token of malice, merely said:—'I did not feel more honoured when his majesty sent me the garter.'

"He then asked whether they had any more indignities to put upon him, and finding there were none, he prayed for some time, with his hat before his eyes. He drew apart some of the magistrates, and spoke awhile with them, and then went up the ladder in his red scarlet cassock, in a very stately manner, and never spoke a word; but when the executioner was putting the cord about his neck, he looked down to the people upon the scaffold, and asked:—

"'How long shall I hang here?'

"His head was afterwards affixed to a spike at the top of the Tolbooth, where it remained a ghastly spectacle, during ten years."

There is another execution scene, that of the

courtly and enterprising Walter Raleigh, from what book taken we cannot say, but as it seems to be from one not usually accessible to our friends the "general readers," we have decided on transcribing it.

"Sir Walter Raleigh, on the morning of his execution, received a cup of sack, and remarked that he liked it as well as the prisoner who drank of St. Giles's bowl in passing through Tyburn, and said, 'It is good to drink if a man might but tarry by it.' He turned to his old friend Sir Hugh Ceeston, who was repulsed by the sheriff from the scaffold, saying:—

" 'Never fear but I shall have a place.'

"When a man extremely bald pressed forward to see Raleigh, and to pray for him, Sir Walter took from his own head a richly embroidered cap, and placing it on that of the aged spectator, said:

" 'Take this, good friend, to remember me, for you have more need on it than I.'

" 'Farewell, my Lords,' he exclaimed to a courtly group, who took an affectionate leave of him; 'I have a long journey before me, and must say good-bye.'

" 'Now I am going to God,' said he, as he reached the scaffold; and gently touching the axe, continued, 'This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases.'

"The very executioner shrunk from beheading one so brave and illustrious, until the unflinching knight encouraged him, saying:—

" 'What dost thou fear? Strike man!'

"In another moment, the great soul had fled from its mangled tenement."

The bearing of brave men in the face of the "king of terrors" is a noble and salutary spectacle; nevertheless it is a painful one to witness; so, after the quotations just given, it may not be amiss to cast about for some respectable kind of joke, that the reader may not be overburdened by melancholy impressions. Here is one, borrowed from some back number of the Quarterly Review, and curiously illustrative of the acute discernment of a certain British farmer, not likely to be otherwise known to fame.

"There lived in the west of England, a few years since, an enthusiastic geologist, a Doctor of Divinity and chairman of the quarter sessions. A farmer, who had seen him presiding on the bench, overtook him shortly afterwards, while seated by the roadside on a heap of stones, which he was busily breaking in search of fossils. The farmer reined up his horse, gazed at him for a minute, shook his head in commiseration of the mutability of human things, then exclaimed, in mingled tones of pity and surprise: 'What, Doctor! be *you* come to this a'ready?'

The man, it seems, had no conception of *scientific* stone-breaking, and so, in his simplicity, fancied the geologist had been reduced to the necessity of working on the roads for a livelihood.

Next shall be related the story of the Tower Ghost; "communicated by Sir David Brewster to Professor Gregory," and authentically recorded in "letters on Animal Magnetism, p. 494;" also in this present kaleidoscope of anecdotes, p. 326:—

"At the trial of Queen Caroline, in 1821, the guards of the Tower were doubled; and Colonel S——, the keeper of the Regalia, was quartered there with his family. Towards twilight one evening, and before dark, he, his wife, son, and daughter were sitting, listening to the sentinels, who were singing and answering one another, on the beats above and below. The evening was sultry, and the door stood ajar, when something suddenly rolled in through the open space. Colonel S—— at first thought it was a cloud of smoke, but it assumed the shape of a pyramid of dark thick gray, with something working towards its centre. Mrs. S—— saw a form. Miss S—— felt an indescribable sensation of chill and horror. The son sat at the window, staring at the terrified and agitated party; but saw nothing. Mrs. S—— threw her head down upon her arms on the table, and screamed. The Colonel took a chair, and hurled it at the phantom, through which it passed. The cloud seemed to him to revolve round the room, and then disappear, as it came, through the door. He had scarcely risen from his chair to follow, when he heard a loud shriek, and a heavy fall at the bottom of the stair. He stopped to listen, and in a few minutes the guard came up and challenged the poor sentry, who had been so lately singing, but who now lay at the entrance in a swoon. The serjeant shook him rudely, declared he was asleep at his post, and put him under arrest. Next day, the soldier was brought to a court-martial, when Colonel S—— appeared on his behalf, to testify that he could not have been asleep, for that he had been singing, and the Colonel's family had been listening, ten minutes before. The man declared that, while walking towards the stair-entrance, a dreadful figure had issued from the doorway, which he took at first for an escaped bear on its hind legs. It passed him, and scowled upon him with a human face, and the expression of a demon, disappearing over the Barbican. He was so frightened that he became giddy, and knew no more. His story, of course, was not credited by his judges; but he was believed to have had an attack of vertigo, and was acquitted and released on Colonel's S——'s evidence.

"That evening Colonel S—— went to congratulate the man, but he was so changed that he did not know him. From a glow of ruddy health in his handsome face, he had become of the colour of bad paste. Colonel S—— said to him:—

" 'Why do you look so dejected, my lad? I think I have done you a great favour in getting you off; and I would advise you in future to continue your habit of singing.'

" 'Colonel,' replied the sentry, 'you have saved my character, and I thank you; but as far as anything else, it little signifies. From the moment I saw that infernal demon, I felt I was a dead man.'

"He never recovered his spirits, and died next day, forty-eight hours after he had seen the spectre. Colonel S—— had conversed with the serjeant about it, who quietly remarked:—

"It was a bad job, but he was only a recruit, and must get used to it like the rest."

"What!" said Colonel S—, "have you heard of others seeing the same?"

"Oh, yes," answered the sergeant, "there are many queer, unaccountable things seen here, I assure you, and many of our recruits faint a time or two; but they get used to it, and it don't hurt them."

"Mrs. S— never got used to it. She remained in a state of dejection for six weeks, and then died. Colonel S— was long in recovering from the impression, and was reluctant to speak of it; but he said he would never deny the thing he had seen."

What explanation Sir David Brewster has given of this singular apparition, Miss Sinclair's book does not inform us, and the present writer does not happen to know. We quote it for its strangeness, and leave the reader to make of it what he can. We proceed with a curious instance of mental absence:—

"Lessing, the German philosopher, being remarkably absent, knocked at his own door one evening, when the servant looking out of the window, and not recognising him, said:—

"The professor is not at home!"

"Oh, very well!" replied Lessing, composedly walking away; "I shall call another time."

The cool Charles-Matthews-cum Theodore-Hook-ism of the following has struck us as being rather good in its way: it appears to be taken from the Life of Sir F. Buxton.

"Mr. Gurney of Farham, who was a strict preserver of game, when walking once in his park, heard a shot in a neighbouring wood. He hurried to the spot, and his naturally placid temper was considerably ruffled on seeing a young officer with a pheasant at his feet, deliberately reloading his gun. As the young man, however, replied to his rather warm expressions by a polite apology, Mr. Gurney's wrath was somewhat allayed; but he could not refrain from asking the intruder what he would do, if he caught a man trespassing on his premises:—

"I would ask him to luncheon," was the reply.

"The serenity of this impudence was not to be resisted. Mr. Gurney accordingly invited him to luncheon, and afterwards supplied him with dogs and a gamekeeper, and thus secured to him excellent sport for the remainder of the day."

There is another anecdote of successful coolness, of earlier date, which will serve very well to accompany the foregoing:—

"Charles II. after his restoration, appears, according to custom, to have neglected his most faithful adherent, Lord St. Albans, who nevertheless was a frequenter of the court. One day, when a gentleman had requested an interview of his majesty to ask for a valuable office then vacant, the king in jest desired the Earl of St. Albans to personate him, which he did before the whole court; but, after hearing the stranger's petition with an air of dignified authority, he said that the office was by no means too great for so deserving a subject. 'But,' added the earl, gravely, 'I have

already conferred it on my faithful adherent, Lord St. Albans, who constantly followed my father's fortunes and my own, having never before received any reward.' The king was so amused by this ready jest that he instantly confirmed the gift to his clever representative."

But we have yet a cooler thing (though somewhat different in character) than either of the preceding to bring forward, and which, if true, is really one of the strangest incidents that could happen in a man's experience.

"Barthe, a writer of French comedies, hearing that his intimate friend Colardeau was on the point of death, instantly hastened to the sick man's chamber, and finding him still in a condition to listen, addressed him thus:—

"My dear friend, I am in despair at seeing you in this extremity, but I have still one favour to ask of you; it is that you will hear me read my 'Homme Personnel.'"

"Consider," replied the dying man, "that I have only a few hours to live."

"Alas! yes; and this is the very reason that makes me so desirous of knowing what you think of my play."

"His unhappy friend heard him to the end without saying a word, and then in a faint voice observed, that there was yet one very striking feature wanted to complete the character which he had been designing.

"You must make him," said he, "force a friend who is dying to listen to a comedy in five acts."

Our collector has treasured up two or three tolerable anecdotes of that artfullest of "dodgers," Talleyrand, which, though not new to everybody, are likely to have a novelty for some, and therefore may bear quoting.

"After the pope had excommunicated him, he is reported to have written to a friend, saying, 'Come and comfort me; come and sup with me. Everybody is going to refuse me fire and water; we shall therefore have nothing this evening but iced meats, and drink nothing but wine.'" When Louis XVIII., at the restoration, praised Talleyrand for his talents and influence, the latter modestly disclaimed the compliment, but added, with an arch significance, "There is, however, some inexplicable thing about me which prevents any government from prospering that attempts to set me aside." The next is exquisitely *diplomatic*. A banker, anxious about the rise or fall of stocks, came once to Talleyrand for information respecting the truth of a rumour, that George III. had suddenly died, when the statesman replied, in a confidential tone, "I shall be delighted if the information I have to give be of any use to you." The banker was enchanted at the prospect of obtaining authentic intelligence from so high a source; and Talleyrand, with a mysterious air continued, "Some say the king of England is dead; others, that he is not dead; for my own part, I believe neither the one nor the other. I tell you this in confidence, but do not commit me." No better parody on modern diplomacy could easily be written.

We insert the next incident for the benefit of such tyros and inexperienced persons as are apt to plunge too precipitately into vexatious and forbidden questions:—

“When the Church of England was first disturbed by keen controversies, grounded on the Oxford Tracts, Archbishop Howley, always conciliatory and prudent, gave a public breakfast at Lambeth, where his clergy of all parties had no sooner taken their seats than a very young divine, by way of beginning the conversation, said, across the table,—

“Pray, what does your Grace think of the Oxford Tracts.”

“The archbishop, with his usual suavity replied:—

“Pray, sir, do you take tea or coffee?”

Perhaps what follows next is the best joke in the whole book. If you look at it, you will see that it contains an extremely subtle imputation:—

“Lord Sundon, a commissioner of the treasury with Bubb Doddington and Winnington, was very dull. One Thursday as they left the board, Lord Sundon laughed heartily at something Doddington said, and, when gone, Winnington observed:—

“Doddington, you are very ungrateful; you call Sundon stupid and slow, and yet you see how quickly he took what you said.”

“Oh, no!” replied Doddington, *‘he was only laughing now at what I said last Treasury-day.’*”

Taking Doddington’s estimate, one would say that his lordship was the *slowest* man of his century.

Our last extract shall be what we consider a very pretty fancy, though in Miss Sinclair’s telling it loses some of its beauty:—

“Ariosto tells a story of a fairy who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear, at certain seasons, in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her guise, were ever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed; but to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love, and victorious in war. A useful moral might be drawn from this little fable, in favour of showing kindness and civility to the most degraded and unhappy!”

Good reader, you are to suppose the fairy to be the representative of our manifold humanity, and learn that whosoever honours that under its varied manifestations and disguises—whosoever shields and cheers it under difficulty and in danger, or pities and consoles it in its sins and in its wretchedness—is drawing benefit and beauty to his own soul and being, and making the track of his earthly pilgrimage glad and luminous behind him; even as the daylight, breaking over land and main, sheds glory on the clouds and mists with which the night had wrapped the world.

VISITS TO THE LONDON CHURCHES IN SERVICE TIME.

BY ONESIMUS.

THE present is truly an inquisitive age, the people of every part of the world desiring to know what those of all other parts are doing; and, while at home, nothing is exempt from scrutiny, we have engaged a “commissioner” to visit the London churches in service-time, whose reports we purpose to lay before our readers.

The novelty of such a feature in journalism is scarcely questionable; and it is submitted that a large portion of the reading public, amongst the other exhibitions of the time, will find something to interest them, and useful withal, in a moving panorama of the metropolitan pulpits, as well as in learning something of the quality and general tendency of orthodox divinity, as written by beneficed incumbents or preached by the working clergy, in the principal churches of London, in the year of grace 1851.

“Our commissioner,” himself a sincere and liberal churchman, has it also in charge to note how far congregations in general appear to be really concerned in the ritual and ordinary services of the church; and from certain other brief notices of the different churches and their immediate neighbourhoods, antiquarian, topographical or traditional, it is not unreasonable to hope that his reports will be found acceptable to the general reader.

And now, without prejudice or partiality, but simply because every undertaking must have a beginning somewhere, here follows his report of a visit to the church of

ST. CLEMENT DANES.

THIS parish, though anciently suburban, has been for ages in the very midst of busy life, being bounded on the east by Temple Bar, where the “Liberties of Westminster” terminate, and London proper begins. Its Danish name alone is as good authority as a registry for an antiquity of one thousand years, and the patron saint for almost another,—Clemens Romanus having been a disciple of St. Peter, and one of those pronounced by St. Paul to have been inscribed “in the book of life.” [*Phil. iv. 3.*] Moreover, wells being ever held in veneration by the ancients, there is one on the north side of this church, at the lower end of Clement’s Lane, which, though now covered over and surmounted by a pump, there was a time when to its copious effluxions, virtues salutary to both body and soul were ascribed; and whence the name of Holy-well Street, which anciently led to it.

And that motto, which is inscribed over the western entrance into St. Clement’s church,—“Thou God seest me,” [*Gen. xvi. 13.*] will be found to possess an interest far beyond that of a merely curious coincidence, on a due consideration of the verse following, in connexion with the facts just stated, directly referring, as it does, to “The well of Him that liveth and seeth me.”

But this is not the place for tracing down a con-

nexion between a branch of Hagar's offspring, or of any of the fierce tribes ranging from the sea of Japan, to the Orcaides, with the original settlement of this parish. Some of the family and immediate descendants of Canute are said to have been buried here, and Strype mentions, that to such of the Danes as had been married to English women was conceded the privilege of settling between the isle of Thorne, (the locality of Westminster Abbey,) and Caer Lud, (Ludgate). A church was standing here, however, in the first year of Edward the Confessor [1041], called *Ecclesia Clementis Danorum*, of which the patronage was given by Henry II. to the Knights Templars; and after the common course of times and changes it was presented by Queen Elizabeth to the Cecil family, who still retain it.

As to the ancient well, neither the traditional virtues of its waters, nor even the name of St. Clement, could exempt it from the common lot of all sublunary things; for in the course of time it was found to have degenerated into a place of resort to which the Loudon apprentices and other pleasure seeking citizens were wont to come out for a little rural recreation. The entire lane is now little better than a medium for the escape of the manifold impurities of Clare Market into the Thames, and the modern parish authorities, with the inscrutability of motive peculiar to their order, have in this channel of reeking pestilence established their Infant School!

When old Loudon first began to have extramural yearnings, this parish was foremost in the acquirement of "west end" importance, and along the northern bank of the Thames, quite to the then remote hamlet of Charing, the great aristocratic families built their mansions and laid out their courts and gardens, as the modern names of streets and localities, such as Drury, Craven, Russell, Devereux, Essex, Norfolk, Arundel, Lancaster, Cecil, Buckingham, Northumberland, &c. fully testify. But since the fanciful and talented Leigh Hunt and the recondite and painstaking Mr. Cunningham, have already, in their respective works, done ample justice to the lay anecdotes of London topography, we must keep as closely as possible to matters ecclesiastical.

The former church of St. Clement Danes, long described by old writers with the faint praise of "indifferent good," being at length removed, the present was built in 1682 by Edward Pierce, under the direction, it is said, of Sir Christopher Wren; but as to its style or order, the less that is said the better, except that, with the advantages of position, it is certainly a striking object, and the interior is commodious, light, and graceful. The steeple was raised 85 feet in 1719, the bells having been cast in 1695, "by their majesties' founders." Concerning these bells, the sexton's table of fees for funeral duty is a curiosity in its way, showing that much depended on the weight of metal to be put in motion. The charge for the great bell, or tenor, being one shilling and fourpence; for the 7th, one shilling; for the 6th, ninepence; for the 5th, sixpence; and the same for any other up to

the first. They constitute a noble peal, however, in professional hands, if they could but be heard, which is rarely possible, owing to the confusion and eternal din by which the church is surrounded; the only chance of hearing them in perfection being the adventitious descent of a deep snow, to deaden the noise of carriage-wheels, at the time when an old year is being rung out, and a new one welcomed in. At any other they must be listened to in the neighbouring inns of court.

From time immemorial the chimes of St. Clement have evinced a most Jacobite perversity of action, and such as under a less liberal system of government might have rendered the churchwardens liable to receive a communication from the attorney-general; for considering that in George Lewis of Hanover, afterwards George I., Handel found his first patron, the unrelenting torture of his sublime "Hanover tune" here perpetrated, day and night, year after year, must be anything but complimentary to the reigning dynasty, or creditable to the loyalty or musical taste of the parish.

The present rector of St. Clement Danes is the Rev. William Webb Ellis, M.A. of Brasenose College, Oxford; and who was presented to this rectory by the Marquis of Exeter on the demise of the late Rev. William Gurney, in 1843. While at Oxford, Mr. Ellis published "A Concise View of that class of Prophecy which relates to the Messiah, connected with the leading doctrines of the Christian Faith." 12mo. Oxon. pp. 125. He was afterwards appointed to the curacy of Gravesend, and published a Sermon there on the Resurrection, 1833. We next find him promoted to the curacy of St. George's chapel, in Albemarle Street, which he still retains, with the most effective personal ministrations. In 1836, he published a collection of sixteen sermons, which he had preached there, and dedicated it to the Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter, "with the sincerest respect and gratitude for especial kindnesses." In 1838, was published, by particular request, a Sermon preached in St. George's Chapel on Sunday, June 24th of that year, on the occasion of Her Majesty's Coronation. His text was from 2 Chron. xxxiv. 1, 2; the subject being the reign of the pious young king Josiah; and the argument, the natural and inevitable effect, for good or for evil, of royal example.

Designing to visit St. Clement's Church for the purposes above stated, and knowing that on Sundays, parish congregations are wont to put forth some showy pretensions to "respectability," a Friday in Lent was taken advantage of for a sort of preliminary call, when there were found assembled three persons, females; and these, with the writer, and the clerk, constituted the entire congregation to be addressed as "Dearly beloved brethren," &c. It was gratifying, however, to join in a service sedately and well read, and to glance up now and then at the seat long honoured with the preference of Samuel Johnson, who was here a regular attendant, and, as stated by Boswell, as well as in his own correspondence with Mrs.

Thrale, hither came on all especial occasions of penitence and thanksgiving.

On Sunday, March 30th, the service was again read by the same curate, Mr. Gregory; and an excellent discourse was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Brown, from 1 Peter v. 7: "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." Mr. Brown's voice was deep and sonorous, and yet clearly audible above the surrounding rumble of carriages; and he spoke with an earnestness calculated to strike the attention of people apparently engulfed in worldly cares. But the church, though immediately surrounded by an immense population, was not one-third filled.

In the evening, at seven, the ordinary service was read with a clear and distinct voice, by the Rev. Mr. Owen, after which the rector delivered a discourse from Psalm xxvii. 10: "O hide not Thou Thy face from me, nor cast Thy servant away in displeasure." His argument was, that in these words is embodied the substance of all prayer and devout supplication, and that this text, in letter or in spirit, must therefore be the language of all erring mortals, in their penitent appeals to the throne of grace. Upon such a groundwork as this, a less gifted orator than Mr. Ellis could have read arguments beyond the reach of controversy; but on the present occasion, he chose rather to expose folly than to combat with perverted reason, and adduced a succession of illustrations, in the felicity of which he excels, of that spiritual blindness by which a large portion of mankind are but as beings benighted, even in the glare of daylight. Mr. Ellis's voice is not strong, but his earnestness and energy of manner command respect and attention. It can be scarcely necessary to say, that, in the composition of his discourses, an infelt piety, and a mind of a superior order, are manifest; and in addition to that energy of manner before adverted to, there is a captivating eloquence of expression in his countenance, and his very hands seem to speak.

The organ was sweetly and well played, and the few children belonging to the parochial schools, who had been instructed in the choral service, acquitted themselves in a manner highly creditable to their teachers; and therefore such as, in these times of pretended refinement and of pretended zeal for the Church's honour and welfare, left the congregation generally open to the charge of listless inattention to the essential requirements of the rubric, or of incompetency to join in the more enlivening portions of devotional worship; and, with regret, we have finally to add that the church was not more than one-sixth filled.

LETTERS FROM AUSTRALIA.

THE following are *bona fide* extracts from the home-letters of a young man who has lately exchanged the life of a student in England for that of a farmer in Australia. They are here published as affording to intending emigrants much of that practical

information which only domestic correspondence is likely to furnish:—

"Ship ———, Adelaide,
"Saturday, Nov. 16th, 1850.

"MY DEAR——, We arrived here on Thursday last, after a tiresome passage of ninety-five days; and, as I expected, this is the first opportunity I have had of letting you know of my whereabouts since I left Plymouth. Our captain having unfortunately some peculiar notions on the subject of short cuts, has kept so completely out of the track of homeward-bound ships that we have only met one, and that one we did not go near enough to speak. After this explanation I will proceed to give you some account of the voyage; it will be principally from memory, as I have kept no journal.

"We left Plymouth on Monday, the 12th, as I suppose you know from my hurried note, sent by the pilot; a few minutes after the despatch of which I was attacked by sea-sickness and took to my berth. There I lay without eating anything, except half a biscuit, until Wednesday afternoon, when one of my messmates brought me a quart of gruel made after a primitive sea-fashion, of flour, water, and sugar. I succeeded in finishing this, and feeling much revived got up and went on deck. After the first three days I had no return of sea-sickness; during all that time, however, I was in a state of partial stupefaction, the only things I recollect being the alternations of daylight and darkness, and the noise of the waves striking the vessel, at each of which—and they occurred about every ten minutes—it seemed to me as if we had struck against a rock. During the last two of these momentous three days, we were running across the Bay of Biscay, (by the bye, one of my first attempts at a joke was to christen it the Bay of Biscuit, that being generally the sustenance of the passengers while crossing it,) and were fortunate enough to escape without a storm, but there is always a heavy sea there.

"After this we had a splendid fair wind for a fortnight; and beautiful weather, though not unpleasantly hot, the wind being N. E. We had reached lat. 15 N., long. 23 W., *i. e.* we were within 1,000 miles of the Line, and 1,400 W. of London, when, on Monday, August 26, about midnight, we had our first specimen of a gale. I was awaked by the noise of the men on deck shortening sail, and got up with the intention of going on deck, but found it quite impossible. The fore-hatchway was the only one open, and down that seas and the rain came pouring in such a way as to flood the 'tween-decks. In addition to the other unpleasantnesses, the lamps, which we have always kept burning at night, went out, and we were in perfect darkness until daybreak, listening to the captain's orders—which he delivered in a voice very like hoarse thunder—and trying from thence to get some idea of the state of affairs; add to this the scrambling for plates and dishes, which the rolling of the vessel caused to fly in all directions, and you have some notion of the way in which we passed the night.

"On going on deck in the morning we found the

only casualty that had occurred during the squall, which moderated at sunrise, was the loss of the foresail. About ten this day we exchanged names with the first and only homeward-bound ship we met on the voyage,—a brig bound for Liverpool. For about three weeks afterwards we had light and variable winds, but never a perfect calm. The weather was very hot, though there was no thunder and only a little sheet-lightning on two or three evenings. We crossed the Line on September 7, and in the evening had the usual nautical joke of Neptune coming on board. He made his appearance with considerable effect, amidst the firing of squibs and the blazing of a tar-barrel, supposed to be his chariot. His presence was the signal for the discharge of copious buckets of water by sailors concealed in the rigging on passengers assembled on the poop. We all came in for a pretty good soaking; however, as salt-water never gives cold, we took it very good-humouredly; in fact, I rather enjoyed it than otherwise.

"About ten degrees south of the Line, we fell in with the S. E. trade-wind, which carried us to lat. 38.5., when we were at our nearest distance to the coast of South America, being, on September 23, about 500 miles of it. From this time until, on October 7, we passed the Cape of Good Hope, we had a succession of foul winds for about twenty hours, then fair, then foul again, until October 20. These four weeks were the most unpleasant part of the passage, the weather being very cold, in consequence of the captain having gone so far to the south as lat. 45.5. It was just the end of winter there, too. One morning the snow lay three inches deep on the deck. From this time till we reached Adelaide, we had generally fair winds, sometimes very strong ones, but not once what the sailors would acknowledge to be a regular gale. The nearest approach to one was on Sunday, October 3; it lasted only a few hours, but carried away our foreyard, and all hands were employed that day and the day after in replacing. This was the only Sunday during the voyage that we had not Divine Service.

"On Thursday morning,—last Thursday, you know,—we were all aroused at breakfast-time by the news that land was in sight. This was soon made out to be Kangaroo Island, (at the entrance to the Gulf of St. Vincent, on the E. shore of which Adelaide is situated;—get a map, and look for these places.) My first view of Australia, i. e. of Kangaroo Island, was by no means prepossessing, the coast consisting of a row of rocky hills, nearly covered with stunted trees. The island appeared to me to be perhaps fitted for the colonization of kangaroos, but certainly of nothing else. In the course of the morning we came in sight of the main-land, and this looked more promising, being very picturesque and beautiful, and much better wooded than the island. It reminded me very much of a range of Scottish hills, covered with fir and birch-trees. However, the telescope soon dissipated that illusion with respect to the forests, and showed them to consist of blue and white gum-trees, of most strange and outlandish appearance.

"(Sunday, November 24.—I wrote thus far late at night by the light (?) of our swinging lamps, which must account for the fact of my letter being nearly illegible. I expected to have an opportunity of despatching it next-day, but in this I was disappointed, so I put it by, to be continued at leisure. So I'll now take up the thread of the voyage where I left off.)

"During the day we sailed slowly up St. Vincent's Gulf, every inch of shore being closely scrutinized by a dozen telescopes. We only saw three log-huts and a few cattle along the whole sixty miles of coast. We anchored off the light-ship at the entrance to the port of Adelaide at midnight. This was about the most interesting incident in the voyage. It was a beautiful moonlight night, the passengers were all on deck, the captain walking the poop evidently in a high state of gratification at having brought his ship safe to land, and the second mate heaving the lead, and giving the depth in fathoms in a peculiar sort of chant. At length we came to our right anchorage-place, the mate sang out, '*By the deep, five.*' 'Let go the anchor!' shouted the captain. Down it went with a splash into the water, the chain rattled out at the hawse-holes, and we were at rest for the first time for three long months.

"On getting up next morning we were much disappointed to find that, instead of going into port as we expected, the ship would be obliged to remain and discharge her cargo where she was, by means of boats. So here have we been lying for the last week, about five miles from land, in sight of Adelaide, but unable to get ashore. For, in consequence of there being no competition, the boatmen charge twenty-five shillings for a trip there and back; and the greatest part of our passengers—I among the number—cannot afford to pay that for the gratification of our curiosity. However, we have had the satisfaction of plenty of fresh provisions and bread. In the beginning of the week all the crew, except one, took a boat and ran away. The consequence is that we have been obliged to take part in the duty of watching at night. On Thursday and Friday the cargo was discharged into a lighter alongside, and most of the young men on board volunteered to assist. All our Adelaide passengers left us on Friday. We shall remain here about a week longer, Captain S—having to clear his cargo at the custom-house, and procure fresh hands before he can go on to Port Phillip. It is, however, only four days' sail if we have fair wind.

"I am afraid I have given you rather a meagre account of the voyage—I can't help it. Now that it is over, the time seems to have passed so quickly that it is just like a dream, one week being precisely like another; the only distinction, the varying state of the weather.

"There is to me one peculiarity about a long sea voyage, viz., the impossibility of realising the fact of being some 12,000 miles from England. The reason I suppose is, that as there can't very conveniently be land-marks or mile-stones at sea, one has no means of judging of the distance run. I feel as if we had been

cruising for three months just out of sight of land at Plymouth. You will, doubtless, want to know what sort of fellow-passengers I have had. With some few exceptions, they were not very brilliant. To use our old phrase, there was not a *soul* on board. One of the best educated men is a Mr.——. He was studying for the Church of England, but was obliged to give up on account of his health, so he got married and came out to Australia. He read us the service on Sunday mornings; and in the afternoon a Mr. W——, and Mr. R——, who have come out as Methodist missionaries, assisted alternately. These latter have gone ashore at Adelaide, as they are going to the Burra Burra Mines, (by the way, what a capital name for a mine, 'Burrow-burrow.')

I suppose you remember my speaking of a Mr.—— whom I met at Silver's, the outfitters. He turned out to be a gentleman farmer, who with his wife and two grown-up sons was emigrating on account of the repeal of the corn-laws; he was the 'large capitalist' of the vessel. The only mathematically-inclined individual on board was a Mr. W——; he was one of the masters at—— Prison, and, by a curious coincidence, attended Professor De Morgan's schoolmasters' classes at the same time that I did the regular ones. The rest of the passengers I shall dismiss in few words. One Mr.——, who has emigrated on account of the ill-health of his wife, is a very nice gentlemanly fellow; we intend to make an excursion up the bush together when we reach Melbourne. Among the women-kind, the nicest was a young married Scottish lady, who spoke with the prettiest of all possible Fife accents. One of our notables of another sort, was an Irish clergyman. I mention him because his brother introduced himself to me at Plymouth on the very Hibernian ground of his uncle having gone to school with my grandfather.

"I don't think I have told you anything about what we may call the 'domestic economy' of the ship. Well, first and foremost, we had plenty to eat; we had either preserved meat or soup four days a-week and salmon on Fridays. These preserved meats are roast beef and mutton packed in air-tight tins; when opened they eat as fresh as the day they were cooked. Then we had plenty of flour, suet, and raisins to make puddings of, and no want of sugar. The tea and coffee were but middling, but that did not matter to me since I was so well-provided with cocoa. I got a lot of marmalade at Plymouth, which proved very good with biscuit. All the passengers were divided into messes of eight each, who drew their provisions together; these were served out raw, and we had to take it in turns, two at a time, week and week about, to make them ready for the cook, though the cooking department itself we had, of course, nothing to say to. You have no idea what a splendid hand I am at the manufacturing of pies out of the preserved meat, raisin-puddings, &c. One thing which you will be interested about I've not mentioned yet, and that is my health. For the first month of the voyage, until we crossed the Lane, and got into cool weather, I was very ill and

weak; indeed it seemed to be the general idea that I should be dropped overboard (before we reached the Cape. During this time the ship's doctor was very kind to me, and let me have all sorts of 'medical comforts,' in the shape of arrow-root, sago, wine, &c.¹ After this I began to get better fast. You will think I am a good deal stronger when I tell you that, a few weeks ago, I went to the main-mast head, being the first of the passengers who had done it; it was by no means easy work, the rope-ladders only extending half-way, the other half there being only ropes to climb up. I cut off a piece of the vane as a trophy, which I enclose.

"Monday, Nov. 25.—I don't think I have told you anything about our amusements. They were scanty enough, the passengers being unsocial at first. While we were crossing the tropics the principal occupation was lounging about the poop, under the awning, in every variety of ungraceful attitude, looking out for sharks and flying-fish. We did not see any of the former, but plenty of the latter flew on board. The evenings were very beautiful, and most favourable for astronomical observation, the air being so clear. We saw Mercury every evening for a fortnight. When there was no moon, the phosphorescence of the sea in the wake of the ship was splendid. My own personal amusement was, of course, principally my concertina. I am getting on with it pretty well, being able to play 'Lift thine Eyes,' and 'Körner's Prayer,' with all the parts. I soon formed an acquaintance with the ship's carpenter, as I told you I should. Ours was a very well-informed young Scotchman, from the neighbourhood of Inverness, and I found him one of the most conversational men on board. I have gained a great deal of useful information from him. He and the second mate sing Scotch songs, arranged as duets, uncommonly well.

"During the last few weeks I have been amusing myself, whenever the motion of the ship would allow it, in making a model of an emigrant's cottage out of rough Australian wood; it excited the admiration of everybody on board, including my friend the carpenter, who was pleased to signify his great approval of the way in which the roof was framed,—the said roof being a design of my own. I finished the house just before we reached Adelaide, and made a present of it to a Mr. L——, a lieutenant in the navy, who left us there. He is going up into the bush to take possession of a Government allotment of land, and promised most faithfully to build his house after my model, a good deal of which was made after his designs.

"As we approached the south, and came into cold weather, the ship was continually surrounded by flocks of birds,—Cape pigeons, whale-birds, and albatrosses. They afforded us some good sport in fishing for them, and the Cape pigeons were very good to eat. Mr. P—— caught two albatrosses, and, in defiance of the experience of the Ancient Mariner, killed them, and

(1) As a good and liberally-conducted ship is of the utmost importance to emigrants, it may be well to state that this vessel belonged to Messrs. Hall & Co., Leadenhall Street, London.

kept their wings to send home to friends in England. They measured eleven feet from tip to tip. Since we have anchored here, (off Adelaide,) we have caught great numbers of gar-fish and grey mullet; and have had them every day for breakfast and tea. In this long and rather rambling epistle I have given you all the news of the voyage.

* * * * *

"I like the climate very much, for, although it is very hot sometimes, (it is now summer, and the thermometer stands in the middle of the day at 120° in the sun,) the heat is not half so oppressive as I have found it in England, and the mornings and evenings are always beautifully cool.

* * * * *

"There must be some evil genius trying to prevent the despatch of this letter, and to keep you in suspense as long as possible. From some cause or other, the 'Imperial,' by which I was about to send it, has been kept in port, and we have sailed for Port Phillip before her. I have therefore taken this letter with me, as I shall have a better chance of sending, *via* India, from thence. I shall cover the outside of this letter with odds and ends of information. We had no deaths on board, but some serious illnesses. There was one birth. Tell — that her prognostications that I should lose all my worldly goods overboard have not been fulfilled; the only things I have lost being a straw hat and the brass cap off the end of my telescope. I have been speculating and wondering where you will spend your Christmas-day; I suppose I shall spend mine in Melbourne. Does it not seem strange that, owing to the difference of longitude, when you are having your Christmas dinner, it will be three o'clock on the morning of the next day with me? I always have to make this allowance when I try to imagine what you and my friends in England are doing at any particular time."

"At sea, between Adelaide and Port Phillip,
"Tuesday, Dec. 10th, 1850.

"A wet day at sea! Oh, what a deal of discomfort is implied in these five words! Everything cold, damp, and miserable; no place endurable except one's cabin. Fortunately I have mine all to myself now, the three other occupants having left at Adelaide; and so thither I have retired, and having placed my desk in my berth, under the port-hole, and improvised a chair out of a couple of boxes, am trying to write, which the rolling of the ship makes rather a difficult matter. We left Adelaide last Thursday evening, having been detained much longer than we expected, on account of the lighter which took the goods out of the ship running ashore. This kept us a week, and then we had to wait some days for fresh hands, since, as I told you, all the sailors but one had run away. I was glad enough when we sailed; it was so tiresome to be anchored in sight of Adelaide and unable to land. One day, we had some hours' amusement in fishing for a shark. It was discovered in the morning swimming slowly round and round the ship, just beneath the surface of the water. A large shark-hook was

soon hunted up, baited with a lump of pork, and thrown overboard, fastened to the end of a strong rope. The shark bit three or four times, and once we hooked and hauled him half out of the water, but he contrived to get away. He was such a monster!—twelve or fourteen feet long. He did not pay us another visit; and, I suppose, told all his friends of the reception he met with, for we saw no more.

"Another reason that made us by no means sorry to leave was, that the anchorage-ground where we lay was very bad; and whenever there was a strong south wind, and as this was the case almost every night, we were in continual expectation of the anchor dragging, and the ship going ashore. The first did happen one afternoon, and the vessel drifted about a mile in shore, bringing us into most unpleasant proximity to the wreck of another ship, the 'Græcian, which had been drawn from her anchor a short time before. We let go another anchor, which fortunately took hold and brought the ship up just in time. We were at work for two hours in the evening heaving in the anchor; for, being short-handed, the captain sung out for volunteers,—a call promptly obeyed by all the young men. I worked away at the windlass the whole time, and hardly felt at all tired after it. Some of the songs the sailors sing while at work are very pretty; I enclose one which I have taken down. The part in small notes is given in recitative by one man to any words he may happen to think of: the part in large notes is sung by all the men in chorus, beginning very *piano*, and then gradually ascending to *ff*. You have no idea what a beautiful effect it has, especially at night, during a storm, under which circumstances I first heard it. It is only used on grand occasions, such as hoisting the yards after reefing, or while getting in the anchor.

"Melbourne, Dec. 19.—We arrived here on Wednesday last, but I did not go ashore until Friday morning. My first impressions of Melbourne were not very favourable, for it was a cold, showery day, and the streets, which are all unpaved, were about six inches deep in mud. I went to an inn for the night, and next day removed to where I am now writing—a boarding-house kept by a Mr. M'J—. It is a comfortable, respectable place, and by no means expensive; the inmates are all either Scotch farmers or stock-holders.

* * * * *

"I will write again in the course of a few weeks and tell you how I am going on."

LIFE IN PRAIRIE LAND.¹

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM.

CHAPTER III.

Leaving Alton we discover that Jersey is on board—A day on an island—Who Jersey is—Some of his experience during his travels—His political opinions—Peculiar style of expressing them—His notions on travel.

We got under weigh again after several starts and backings, and ran slowly along under the magnificent

bluffs that tower above the Mississippi on the Illinois side. In a short time Hal came to me, his face drawn into one of its heartiest expressions of humour, and said, "Jersey is here; who could have dreamed of the good luck?"

But as the reader doesn't know Jersey, he will hardly participate in our pleasure till he is introduced. The brief appellation by which he is here distinguished was given him on the first day of his appearance among us, in honour of the declaration which he then made, that he "was born in Jarsey, and had never been out of it till that day." He wore a suit of coarse snuff-coloured homespun, a large bell-crowned white hat, and a cravat of blue ground, dotted with large oval figures of copperas colour. He had lost a front tooth, and had an awkward habit of grinning, which made it manifest at every word he uttered. Though much older than Hal, the latter had kindly offered to be his Mentor on first meeting him, and many were the waggish tricks he had played upon him, and the roars of laughter which the performances of Jersey, under his direction, had elicited. The simple, credulous face of the one, and the grave, imperturbable honesty of the other, in the height of Jersey's most ridiculous exhibitions, had been an inexhaustible fund of amusement among the gentlemen during the weary hours of our journey. Jersey had left home under the auspices of the celebrated Marion City colony, but had been separated from them at Columbia, Penn., by getting on board the wrong boat. It was there that he first joined us. He travelled economically: that is, he found his own supplies, and slept on the floor of the cabin. His ignorance exposed him to every sort of imposition, against which Hal was in truth his protector. But for the honest care which he exercised over his worldly concerns, he repaid himself by letting out upon him the whole strength of his trick-loving disposition. A party of gentlemen were about leaving the packet, on the second day, for a walk. Hal suggested that Jersey had better accompany them, as his health might suffer from the long confinement. But there was a difficulty in the case. He had just purchased two large cards of gingerbread,—and what should he do with them? To leave them on his box he thought would be dangerous, and this opinion was fully concurred in by his adviser. To eat them at so short notice was out of the question; to put them in his pocket impossible.

"There is but one way in which you can dispose of them in safety," said Hal, "and that is to tie them up in your handkerchief and take them under your arm."

This was accordingly done, and they set forth. But Jersey's handkerchief gaped and revealed the secret. It was no choice herbarium, as his friend had asserted to the company when they joined them, but a pair of luscious brown sheets of gingerbread, which he had purchased at a Dutch farm-house just back; none of your shop compounds made of dirty lard, vinegar, and sal seratus, but a dainty mixture of golden butter, pure butter-milk, and superfine flour. A league

was entered into at once; two of the party engaged Jersey in familiar elbow conversation, and at a rough place in the road stumbled against him, while a third at the same moment dexterously abstracted about a third of one of the loaves. The foremost rogues begged his pardon, and the walk was resumed, Jersey replacing the handkerchief, which had settled a little in the shock he received. Another stumble was soon made, and the part of the other loaf which projected behind his arm was withdrawn. After a long walk there was a short run to gain a bridge from which to let themselves down on the boat. Jersey seated himself on the railing beside Hal, and, as the boat came up, the latter began to swing his arms and go through the various motions preparatory to a leap. These were continued till the moment of jumping, when at a word they all found themselves upon deck, but Jersey's bell crown was lying on the bridge. Astonished and alarmed beyond measure, he looked about with the most ludicrous terror in his countenance, and exclaimed, "My hat's lost!"

"No, it isn't," said his grave friend, who had knocked it off. "There, the steersman is throwing the boat up to the shore. I'll take care of your gingerbread while you run and get it."

But Jersey preferred to keep the gingerbread under his own protection, and leaping ashore with it, soon returned with the favourite chapeau elevated to its old position. He now seated himself to examine his stores, and great was his consternation to find that more than a third of each cake had disappeared. A thousand ways of accounting for its loss were immediately suggested by the innocent youths about him. But Jersey evidently rejected them all, and from that hour his confidence in Hal and his companions waned. When he reached Louisville he took another boat and came on to St. Louis alone. But if he had enjoyed greater freedom from jokes, he had been imposed on in more serious matters, and seemed rather glad than otherwise to meet his grave friend. I had never seen him yet, except in the heat of his performances, but now Hal was very desirous that I should have the pleasure of hearing him converse awhile. An opportunity soon offered.

We were passing a little wooded island three or four miles above Alton, when one of the *spasms* came on, and was succeeded by a lurch more violent than any previous one, and an immediate settling of the whole craft. She had sprung a leak. The captain made his appearance, this time without the gloves, and ordered her to be run on the island instantly. The goods were all taken out, the hands set at work, while the passengers went strolling through the woods.

The island was small and uninhabited. There was nothing of interest upon it, save two or three little glades in which the early spring flowers were just unfolding their petals. We spent three or four hours in the checkered wood, admiring the various arts by which nature ushers her tender and beautiful train into being, and were about returning for some books, when

"The sound of approaching footsteps arrested us. In a few minutes Jersey broke through a thick copse near us. "Stop," said Hal, "this fellow will be richer than any printed book." Accordingly we waited, and Jersey was introduced in due form. He had in some confidential moment intimated to Hal that he was more brilliant in the society of ladies than gentlemen, and I saw at once that he needed no patronage. He prided himself on his political acumen, and, considering this his forte, plunged at once into a discussion of the various prominent men who were likely to claim the suffrages of the people in the ensuing presidential canvass. His opinion of them was delivered with a simplicity and brevity which quite surprised me.

First of all, he thought "Mr. Clay capable, honest, and fittin." Mr. Van Buren he guessed was capable, but dishonester than Mr. Calhoun, who would be all right if he wasn't a nullifier. I asked about Mr. Webster. "Oh, Webster," said he, "is a capable man, but he ain't fittin." On proposing a word or two of the leading doctrines of these statesmen, I found him utterly ignorant of them. Nullification, for aught he knew, meant the annexation of Texas. Bank and anti-bank were the same to him. He only knew of banks in general, that they were places where people put their spare funds for safety. He seemed not to have become acquainted with that more modern feature, by the introduction of which they have become forced loans for the accommodation of gentlemen who wish to travel in Europe, Texas, or other "foreign parts." The tariff was in some way connected with trade, but whether trade between the mechanics and farmers of our own country or between us and the Indians, of which he understood there was "considerable" carried on in the west, he could not tell. In short, Jersey was one of those few Americans who, having a moderate share of sense, have grown up without travel or books, and while they have not the weakness of idiocy, have the ignorance of the most unfavoured peasant. I have rarely met in a citizen of the republic a like absence of all acquired knowledge, except among some of the miserable emigrants from the mountains of North Carolina.

Having finished his political discourse, this illustrious son of "the Jarseys" was pleased to deliver himself of some rambling thoughts on travel. On this topic his style was more discursive. In general he thought people had better stay "to hum and mind their business, than to be licking it through the country, the way they do now in steamboats and on rail-roads. He thought they'd make more by it. Besides, when he went, he preferred going in conveyances to travelling. He didn't think it was a pleasant thing to be carried along as if you had a whirlwind wrapped around you; and then you met so many sorts of folks. No doubt," he added, "a good many of 'em is honest as anybody, but there's a good many more that'll cheat you out of your eyes, if they can make sixpence on 'em, and some that'll steal your bread and meat and throw it away, if they don't want it themselves." These remarks *werged*, as Mr. Weller

would say, on the personal, but the ringing of the bell left no time for explanation. We hurried to the boat. It was much later than we thought, before the summons called our attention to the hour. When we arrived, the last of the barrels, boxes, &c., were going on board; the steam was up, and we were just ready to be off. Supper was soon laid, and we left the pleasant island while at table.

CHAPTER IV.

Another night on the Banner—A conversation with our western bridegroom—His opinions on the woman question decidedly anti-Wolstoncraft—His reasons for entering into matrimony—How he would sympathize with his wife in sorrow, with a practical illustration—Her story and disposition to lighten the darker shades of his doctrines.

THE night brought on another general engagement between the passengers and the vermin. The latter held the berths by prior occupancy and could not be routed, but they were more than willing to enter into a treaty for joint tenancy, with certain privileges in their favour. It was these privileges that made all the mischief. Like most questions in diplomacy, they were exceedingly difficult to settle; one party claimed and exercised them on all opportunities, the other denied them, and rarely failed to offer the most violent opposition to their use, even to the taking of life. It is due to the weaker party, however, to say that they gained by industry and perseverance what they never could by strength—the partial exercise of the prerogatives they claimed, and, in general, the final rout of their more powerful opponents.

They, at any rate, were productive of much merriment below, but it was a heavy affair in our quarter. I had few books which were accessible, and the long-haired bride had fewer ideas. She possessed little of that strength of mind and bold thought which characterize most of those rudely bred women. I thought the magnificent garniture of her head had taken the place of more valuable properties inside, as is often the case among more cultivated females. The strange character of the feeling manifested by her husband made me very desirous of drawing him into an expression of it in words before he left us, and as their landing-place would probably be reached on the third morning, I availed myself of a chance meeting on the shady guard in the afternoon, to engage him in conversation. A few words about the height of the water, the timber, and the prairies, served the purpose.

"You are going to become a prairie farmer?" I said.

"No, I've been onc afore, I've got a farm up the river *hyur* that I've *crapped* twice a'ready; there's a good cabin on it, and it's about as good a place, I reckon, as can be found in these diggins."

"Then you built a cage," I said, "and went back for your bird to put in it?"

He looked at me, and his face underwent a contortion, of which words will convey but a faint idea. It was a mingled expression of pride and contempt, faintly disguised by a smile that was intended to hide them.

"Why, I don't know what you Yankees call a bird," he replied, "but I call her a woman. I

shouldn't make much account of havin a bird in my cabin, but a good, stout woman I should calculate was worth somethin. She can pay her way, and do a handsome thing besides, helpin me on the farm."

Think of that, ye belles and fair-handed maidens! How was my sentiment rebuked!

"Well, we'll call her a woman, which is, in truth, much the more rational appellation. You intend to make her useful as well as ornamental to your home?"

"Why, yes; I calculate 'tain't of much account to have a woman if she ain't of no use. I lived up *hyur* two year, and had to have another man's woman do all my washin and mendin, and so on, and at last I got tired o' *totin* my plunder back and forth, and thought I might as well get a woman of my own. There's a heap of things beside these that she'll do better than I can, I reckon; every man ought to have a woman to do his cookin and such like, 'kase it's easier for them than it is for us. They take to it kind o' naturally."

I could scarcely believe that there was no more human vein in the animal, and determined to sound him a little deeper.

"And this bride of yours is the one, I suppose, that you thought of all the while you were making your farm and building your cabin? You have, I dare say, made a little garden, or set out a tree, or done something of the kind to please her alone?"

"No; I never allowed to get a woman till I found my neighbours went ahead of me with 'em, and then I should a got one right thar, but there wasn't any stout ones in our settlement, and it takes so long to make up to a *stranger*, that I allowed I mought as well go back and see the old folks, and git somebody that I know'd thar to come with me."

"And had you no choice among your acquaintances? Was there no one person of whom you thought more than another?" said I.

"Yas, there was a gal I used to know that was stouter and bigger than this one. I should a got her if I could, but she'd got married and gone off over the *Mississippi*, somewhar."

The cold-hearted fellow! it was a perfectly business matter with him.

"Did you select this one solely on account of her size?" said I.

"Why, pretty much," he replied; "I reckon women are some like horses and oxen, the biggest can do the most work, and that's what I want one for."

"And is that all?" I asked, more disgusted at every word. "Do you care nothing about a pleasant face to meet you when you go home from the field, or a soft voice to speak kind words when you are sick, or a gentle friend to converse with you in your leisure hours?"

"Why, as to that," he said, "I reckon a woman ain't none the worse for talk because she's stout and able to work. I calculate she'll mind her own business pretty much, and if she does she won't talk a great deal to me; that ain't what I got her for."

"But suppose when you get home she should be

unhappy, and want to see her parents and other friends?"

"Why I don't allow she will; I didn't get her for that."

"But if she does," I replied, really anxious to touch some chord that might afterwards vibrate in the poor girl's behalf; "if she does feel unhappy? You know one's feelings are not always under their own control."

"Wall, if she does I expect I shan't mind it much, if she keeps it to herself."

The selfish brute!

"If she kept it to herself, as you say, would you not attempt to alleviate her sorrows? would you not take her on some pleasant ride or walk, and speak very kindly to her, and endeavour to make your new nome and company agreeable to her?"

"Oh!" said he, laughing feebly, "I shall give her enough to eat and wear, and I don't calculate she'll be very *daunsey* if she gets that; if she is she'll git *shet* of it after a while."

My indignation increased at every word.

"But you brought her away from her home to be treated as a human being, not as an animal or machine. Marriage is a moral contract, not a mere bargain of business. The parties promise to study each other's happiness, and endeavour to promote it. You could not marry a woman as you could buy a washing machine, though you might want her for the same purpose. If you take the machine there is no moral obligation incurred, except to pay for it. If you take the woman, there is. Before you entered into this contract I could have shown you a machine that would have answered your purpose admirably. It would have washed and ironed all your clothes, and when done, stood in some out-of-the-way corner till it was wanted again. You would have been under no obligation, not even to feed and clothe it, as you now are. It would have been the better bargain, would it not?"

"Why that would be according to what it cost in the fust place; but it wouldn't be justly the same thing as havin a wife, I reckon, even if it was give to you."

"No, certainly not; it would free you from many obligations that you are under to a wife," (it was the first time, by the way, he had used the word,) "and leave you to pursue your own pleasure without seeing any sorrowful or sour faces about you."

"Oh, I calculate sour faces won't be of much account to me. If a woman 'll mind her business, she may look as thunderin as a live airthquake, I shan't mind it."

"No, sir, I see you possess a very happy insensibility to the woes or happiness of others. Your wife has occasion to congratulate herself on the prospects of life with a person elevated so far above the emotions which move the common herd."

I will not deny that the fellow's coolness somewhat enraged me. There was a fair prospect that I should have read him a lecture as long as he would find patience to hear, but at this moment his wife came

round the stern of the cabin. I thought she had heard the conversation, for the usual insipid smile was replaced by a slightly contracted expression on her dark brow, and her voice sounded more as if it were the utterance of a soul conscious of its own identity and requirements, as she said, "John, will you come help me git to the big chist, the captain has had some truck put on it."

"Wall, you ain't a baby, I reckon, that you can't tote it somewhar else," was the amiable reply.

"But thar's such a heap of it," answered the poor girl, unwilling to be wholly refused—so early too!

"What if thar is a heap. Tote away ten or fifteen minutes, and thar won't be so much."

She turned away without another word, but as she passed the open window, I saw her wiping her eyes with the corners of her calico apron. It was the most human manifestation I had seen in her. Notwithstanding the intense disgust I felt for the base-hearted tyrant who stood before me, I was constrained to make one more effort on behalf of his victim. I said, therefore, as gently as I could speak, that it was not customary to treat females so in our country; that a man would be pronounced a brute who would refuse to render or procure assistance for a woman under like circumstances, even if she were his servant, and such conduct was still more abhorrent toward a wife.

"Wall, I reckon the Yankees may do as they like about them things, and I shall do jist the same. I don't think a woman's of much account anyhow, if she can't help herself a little and me too. If the Yankee women was raised up like the women here aar, they'd cost a heap less and be worth more."

This was the old key again. He was hopelessly benighted and brutified. His red flannel bosom and dark face inspired stronger aversion than ever, and I turned away, saying that I trusted his wife would agree with him in these opinions, or they might lead to some unpleasant differences.

"Oh, as to that," said he, "I reckon her pinions won't go fur anyhow; she'll think pretty much as I do, or not at all."

Thou beast! I exclaimed mentally; and sat down in the cabin pondering on the incredible brutality of such opinions in a civilized man, when the wife came in. She had just returned from her visit to the "big chist." There was no longer a doubt, from the expression of her face, that she had heard the conversation, and understood some part of it too. I left her to her own choice, whether to speak of it or not.

After a few minutes she said, "I reckon you'll think John talks hard about women."

I replied, that it was quite unusual to find persons who thought as he did.

"Well," said the faithful creature, "I reckon he don't think as bad as he says;" but her suffused eyes more than half contradicted her tongue.

There's too much of the true woman in her for this brute, notwithstanding her ignorance and silliness, thought I. It's an absolute waste of some of the

fairest materials that compose human nature to throw her away with this selfish animal.

"How long have you been married?" I asked.

"Two weeks yesterday," she replied, the blood mantling through her dark cheek and brow.

"Had you been long acquainted?"

This question unscaled her tongue, and without waiting further inquiry, she ran on with her story.

"No, I never see'd him but three or four times.

We was new-comers in the settlement whar his folks lived, and nobody knowed when he come back that he wanted to git a woman to take with him. He come to our house once after night, and him and the old man had a long talk out doors, and finally he come in and stopt a little, and went off. The next day, dad ast me how I'd like to come to *Illinice*! I didn't take his meanin rightly, but John came again afore long, and then he ast me. I told him I'd heern 'twas a good country, but I liked it well enough thar. Then he said the old man had told him he might have me to go back with him if I was willin to it, and he allowed I would be. So after two or three weeks, we got married and put right off for his place."

"And you expect to be happier in the new home than you were with your father and mother?"

"I hain't calculated much about that; but I reckon I'll want to see them and the young ones a little, till I get broke in."

I could scarce forbear a laugh at the significance of this rude expression. It was a common one with her, but described the process before her more forcibly than the most elegant language. There was no hope for her but to settle into her slavery, and wear the shackles, if possible, without chafing under them. She had not character enough to redeem herself, and the brutal treatment to which she was doomed would tend every day to diminish the little that she had, and reduce her to the condition of a mere machine. Both parties were beyond hope: so that in gratifying my curiosity I had raised a crowd of painful emotions in my own breast, and turned a dark page for the poor over-brown child before me. They left us next day, the bride wrapping her light slippers in her pocket-handkerchief, and walking barefoot from the landing.

(To be continued.)

A WOMAN'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.¹

BY IDA PFEIFFER.

Few places can offer less attraction to lady visitors than Canton; European women live there almost as prisoners, and never leave the house but in a closed litter; no places of amusement or social intercourse are open to them,—neither horses nor carriages are kept, and the only recreation is a little boating or walking in the evening in a small pleasure-garden laid out by the European settlers, and which is surrounded on three sides by a wall, the fourth being

(1) Concluded from p. 102.

washed by the Pearl River. They cannot either, in the absence of objects of amusement and interest out of doors, find any amends in domestic occupation, for the entire management of the house is taken out of their hands by an officer entitled a Comprador, whose business it is to take charge of all the furniture, plate and linen, to engage the servants, provide their food, and be answerable for their fidelity; in consideration of which services he takes two dollars a month from the wages of each.

A great number of servants are kept; for as a separate one is required for every different kind of work, a family of, for instance, four persons will want not less than ten or twelve. First, every member of the family must have one servant exclusively; if there are children, there must be several nurses, and three or four persons must be kept for the common work, such as cleaning rooms, carrying wood and water, and so forth; yet with all this crowd of attendants, people are badly waited on, as, if the one happens to be absent whose particular kind of service you need at the moment, no other will supply his place. The Comprador makes all the purchases of provisions, and at the end of the month gives in his account, without troubling himself to enter too much into details. The mode of life of most Europeans is dull and monotonous, though sufficiently luxurious. The general routine is this:—In the morning, on first waking, they take a cup of tea in their rooms, and after that a cold bath. At nine they have breakfast, consisting of fried fish, cutlets, cold roast meat, eggs, tea, and bread-and-butter; and then every one goes to his respective business till four, when there comes a dinner of turtle, curry, roast meat, fruits, &c.; with Portuguese wines and English ale and porter, all iced. After this there is tea, and perhaps a walk in the before-mentioned garden.

Madame Pfeiffer, however, was not to be deterred by the consideration of personal risk, or fear of the Chinese "Mrs. Grundy," from making her short stay in Canton as amusing and instructive as possible; and a countryman of her own having chivalrously offered his attendance, she made several excursions, and saw most of what there was to be seen.

She went first to the studios of several painters, and greatly admired the brilliancy of their colouring. In composition and in their knowledge of perspective, they are, as is well known, in their infancy. The figures in their background are as large and as bright as those in the front, and rivers which should be in the remote distance appear to meander through the clouds.

With music the case is even worse than with painting; they have many instruments—violins, guitars, lutes, (though all with wire strings,) as well as drums, trumpets, and other wind instruments, but their performance upon them, in point of musical excellence, is about on a level with that on the marrow bones and cleavers. Of more mechanical arts—the manufacture of silk and porcelain, the carving in wood, ivory, and tortoiseshell, &c., they often produce admirable specimens. Among other manufactories, Madame Pfeiffer

mentions one at Hong-Kong for coining bad money, which carries on its operation with the most perfect composure, and remains quite undisturbed, paying, of course, a tribute to certain mandarins and official dignitaries. The seas swarm with pirates, especially in the neighbourhood of Canton, but they manage in the same way to escape all troublesome interference with their professional undertakings. Madame Pfeiffer herself experienced an instance of the carelessness or the impotence of the Chinese government to put a stop to these outrages.

"On the 8th of August, Mr. Agassiz left home to accompany a friend to Whampoa, intending to be back the same evening, and I remained with the Chinese servants alone in the house. He did not come back as we had expected, and at length, towards one o'clock, I was startled by loud voices, and a violent knocking at the house-door. At first I supposed it was Mr. Agassiz returned, and wondered only at the noise, but I soon perceived that it was not, as I had supposed, at our house, but the opposite one; for, from the extreme narrowness of the streets, and the windows standing open day and night, it is very difficult to distinguish between the two. I heard a cry, however, 'Get up, get up! Dress yourself!' accompanied with exclamations of, 'It is dreadful! Horrible! Good God! Where did it happen?'

"I sprang out of bed and hastily threw on a few clothes, thinking either that there was a fire, or an insurrection broken out, which was daily expected. The common report was, that on the 12th or 13th of August a revolution would certainly take place, in which all the Europeans would be put to death. My situation, it may be supposed, was not a very pleasant one, for I was entirely alone with the Chinese. I soon, however, perceived one of the European gentlemen at a window, and called out to beg him to tell me what had happened, and he informed me that news had just come of two of his friends who had been going to Hong-Kong, (Whampoa was in the direct road,) having been attacked by pirates, one murdered, and the other very severely wounded. He then immediately left the window, so that I had no opportunity of asking the names of the unfortunate persons, and remained the whole night in the most terrible anxiety. Towards five in the morning I was relieved by the return of Mr. Agassiz, and I then learned that this calamity had befallen a Swiss, named Vauchec, whom we had met the evening before at the house of a neighbour, and who at eight o'clock had been merrily singing beautiful songs and quartetts. At nine he went on board his boat, moved off at ten, and a quarter of an hour afterwards had met his tragical end in the midst of thousands of *Shampans* and other vessels.

"It had been his intention to go to Hong-Kong, and thence in a larger vessel to Chang-Hai, a new port opened to the English in 1842. He had carried with him Swiss watches to the amount of 40,000 francs, and had been mentioning to a friend how carefully he had stowed them away, so that none of his servants

had seen where they were placed. In this, however, it appeared he was mistaken; the pirates generally have in every house their spies among the servants, and they were only too well informed of poor Mr. Vauchee's secret. Scarcely a day passed indeed in which we did not hear of some violence towards Europeans, and in almost every counting-house, there was a store of muskets, pistols, and sabres kept in constant readiness."

Notwithstanding these perils, however, Madame Pfeiffer had the courage to sally forth under the protection of her countryman, to visit some of the Chinese temples, a gratification which nevertheless, under the circumstances, we cannot but think she would have done better to renounce.

The great temple at Honan is said to be one of the finest in China; attached to it, are extensive buildings and large gardens, surrounded by a high wall. You first enter a great outer court, at the end of which is a colossal portal leading into an inner one. Beneath this portal are the statues of two war gods, each eighteen feet high, in a threatening attitude, and with terribly distorted faces. They are supposed to be driving evil spirits from the temple. Beneath a second portal, resembling this, are placed four celestial kings; this gate leads unto the innermost court, where is the entrance to the temple itself. It is a hundred feet long, and about the same breadth, and has a flat roof from which depend a great number of lamps, glass lustres, artificial flowers, and coloured ribbons, and also many altars, candelabras, images, and vases for flowers and incense, which reminded me involuntarily of the decorations of Catholic churches.

In the foreground stand three altars, and behind these, three statues, representing Buddha in three different forms, as the past, the present, and the future. The figures are colossal and in a sitting posture. When we entered the temple there was a service for the dead going on, by the order of a mandarin, for the death of his wife. On the right and the left were priests, whose robes, and even their ceremonies, resembled those of the Catholic Church. At the middle altar was a mandarin devoutly praying, while two servants were wafting air to him with two long fans. He had on a brocaded robe reaching to the knee, with open sleeves, and beneath it white silk trowsers. On his breast he wore two birds as the insignia of his rank: round his neck he had a necklace of precious stones; and on his head a velvet cap of a conical shape and fastened with a gold button. He kissed the ground very frequently, and every time he did so, three little wax tapers were handed to him, which he first raised up high, and then gave to a priest, who stuck them up before the statue of Buddha, but without lighting them, and in the meantime a band of music composed of three performers, one blowing a kind of flute, another striking a metal ball, and a third scraping an instrument with strings.

Besides this chief temple, the authoress visited several others decorated with statues of wood, all

gilt and painted in staring colours. In the Temple of Mercy, the zeal or folly of an American missionary had nearly been productive of fatal consequences. One of the Bonzes had offered to Madame Pfeiffer and her companion, each a little wax taper, which they were to present to his deity; but before they could do so, the American snatched the tapers from their hands, and angrily gave them back to the priest, declaring that such an action would be idolatry. The priest took great offence, immediately closed the door of the temple, and called to his comrades, who came running from all sides, pouring forth torrents of invective, making threatening gestures, and pressing closer and closer upon the strangers. They escaped with much difficulty, and almost fighting their way through the crowd; but the undaunted lady, notwithstanding this alarm, found herself able and willing to pay a visit to the *Sacred Pigs*, whose sty is a handsome stone hall, but which, notwithstanding all the care that is taken of them, was so powerfully perfumed, that even the authoress, little fastidious as she is, was compelled to make a hasty exit.

Sacred as these animals are, however, the Chinese, it seems, fully appreciate the savoury properties of roast pork.

Another excursion was to visit the pleasure palace and gardens of the Mandarin Hauqua. The house, though only one story high, was of considerable extent, and furnished with broad stately terraces. At the entrance were painted representations of two gods, whose business it is to drive away evil spirits. The front of the house consisted of various reception rooms, with no wall on one side, and opening immediately on a garden, on the ground floor; those on the floor above, on a broad terrace, also adorned with flowers, and enlivened by a splendid prospect of the ever animated river, of the beautiful country, and of the villages round Canton. Round the saloons lay a number of pretty little cabinets, separated only by transparent partitions painted with flowers. The number of chairs and sofas that stood round the apartment seemed to indicate that large parties were sometimes entertained in it. There were also some European articles of furniture, such as looking-glasses and clocks, besides an astonishing number of lamps and lanterns of glass, of transparent horn, gauze and paper, ornamented with glass beads, fringes, and tassels. There were also lamps attached to the walls, so that when lit up the rooms must have a very gay effect.

"As we had been so fortunate as to reach the house without being stoned, we took courage to visit also the great ornamental gardens, which lay about three-quarters of a mile off, on the banks of a canal communicating with the Pearl River. We had scarcely turned into the canal, however, before our boatmen attempted to put back; the reason of this proceeding was, that they saw lying in it a mandarin's boat with all the flags hoisted, a sign that the mandarin himself was on board, and they would not venture to take us Europeans past him, for fear of being punished by the

great man, or stoned by the populace. We would not, however, allow them to turn, but passed close by the mandarin's boat, and then landed, and continued our progress on foot. We had soon collected behind us a great crowd, who began their operations by pushing children against us to make us angry. We armed ourselves, however, with patience, and reached the garden in safety, when the door was immediately closed behind us.

"We found the garden in perfectly good order, and crowded with kiosks, bridges, and so forth, and all the walks, great and small, trimmed with flower-pots, in which, as well as flowers, were a great number of little crippled fruit-trees.

"In this art of stunting and crippling trees the Chinese have obtained a mastery, and they prefer these dwarfs of about three feet high to the finest and most umbrageous trees that can be found. It is certainly curious to see what fine fruit these diminutive cripples will bear. Among the other decorations of the garden were ships, birds, fish, pagodas, and so forth, cut out of trees, in which the eyes of animals were made with eggs with black spots in them; little rocks ornamented with little flower-pots and little animals, which could be transported at pleasure, so as to form different groups, a favourite amusement, I am told, of the Chinese ladies.

"Another amusement, very fashionable for gentlemen as well as ladies, is flying kites, and for this purpose every Chinese gentleman's garden is provided with a lawn, where grown people will sit for hours gazing at the paper dragons, &c., which they have sent up.

"In another garden the travellers found a steam-boat, building under the superintendence of a Chinese, who had been thirteen years in America studying the art. The mandarin, to whom the garden belonged, had gone to Peking to receive a *batton*, as an acknowledgment of his services in having started the first steam-boat in the Chinese empire. The builder was much pleased with the praise of the Europeans, and also took considerable pride in his knowledge of the English language, in which he requested them to carry on the conversation."

A visit paid to a tea manufactory did not pass off so pleasantly. The proprietor himself conducted them into some great lofty halls where about six hundred people were at work, among them many women and children. Immediately on the entrance of the Europeans the whole throng rose up from their work, screaming and pointing their fingers at the visitors, and rushing towards them with such an appearance of fury that Madame Pfeiffer was "almost afraid." The united efforts of the proprietor and the superintendent were scarcely sufficient to keep them off, and they begged the strangers to make their inspection as quickly as possible. The alarm did not, however, prevent the authoress from taking a very cool observation of the process of preparing the tea, and afterwards accepting the hospitality of the proprietor. In the evening, as they returned in safety along the Pearl River, they witnessed a brilliant spectacle.

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"It was, as I afterwards learned, a festival of thanksgiving, offered to the gods by the owners of two junks which had made a long sea voyage without being attacked by pirates or damaged by the formidable typhoon. Two of the largest flower-boats, magnificently illuminated, were floating slowly down the stream; all their apartments resplendent with lamps and chandeliers; all the galleries marked out in lines of fire; the masts lit to the top with paper lanterns, while rockets were continually being sent up from the decks, which, if they did not ascend very high, made a famous noise. Two boats with torches and noisy music preceded the two illuminated junks, and from time to time they stopped and sent up flaming offerings of consecrated paper highly scented. This consecrated paper is used on a great variety of occasions, and as it has to be bought of the priests, the sale makes a considerable part of their revenue."

Madame Pfeiffer returned to Hong-Kong as she had come, in a Chinese junk, but this time she confesses not quite so fearlessly as before, for the melancholy fate of Mr. Vauché was too fresh in her recollection. In order therefore to prevent the pirates from taking any unnecessary trouble on her account, under the idea that she had any valuable property, she took care to pack the few things she carried with her in the presence of the servants, as it was likely enough that some of them might be engaged as reporters for those worthies.

From Hong-Kong she visited Singapore, Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, Benares, Allahabad, Delhi, and Bombay; but as it is not possible for us to bear her company much longer, we prefer joining her again when she sets out on the more unfrequented route from Bagdad to Mossul.

We should not, however, omit to say, that she speaks with enthusiastic gratitude, of the kindness shown her by the English residents throughout India. Not only was every comfort and luxury of their splendid abodes placed at her disposal, but a higher value was imparted to these things by the warm-hearted friendliness with which they were offered, and which she felt was so much the more honourable to the bestowers, as her appearance and manner of travelling was so perfectly simple and unpretending.

From her commendations of many things English, we must indeed except most of the English steamers in the East, which are, from her account, in general bad and inordinately expensive. To the captain of the steamer, *Forbes*, however, which brought her from Bombay to Bassora, she was indebted for many attentions. The only European the city contained was the English agent, named Barseige, not an Englishman but an Armenian, to whom she had a letter, but who abruptly declined to afford her the shelter of his roof, so that had not Captain Lichfield offered her an asylum in the steamer, she would have been in the most awkward position.

From Bassora to Bagdad she was courteously offered a free passage in a Government steamer, a very welcome kindness, for though the way by land is

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shorter than by water, (390 instead of 500 miles,) it is dreary and dangerous, leading through deserts where there are no other inhabitants than wandering hordes of Bedouins and robbers.

The ancient city of the caliphs Madame Pfeiffer describes as making a glorious appearance from a distance, with its minarets and cupolas glittering in the sun, and the palaces and fortifications which in almost endless lines embrace the shores of the yellow Tigris, and the palm-groves and gardens which cover the country for many miles round; but, like nearly all Oriental cities, it does not improve on a closer inspection. The houses however are handsomer inside than outside. All the buildings are of brick, burnt and unburnt, of which a great deal is brought from the ruins of Babylon. The heat is here so great as to necessitate three changes of the sitting-room during the day. The early morning is passed in the ordinary rooms, towards nine o'clock people take refuge in cellars fifteen or twenty feet below ground, and after sun-set, they ascend to the terraces, where they drink tea and receive visits till a very late hour, and frequently also sleep under mosquito nets.

"In order to travel safely, and without great expense, from Bagdad to Mossul, one must join a caravan; I begged Mr. Swoboda, therefore, to recommend me to one. He, indeed, advised me by no means to venture alone amongst the Arabs, but to take at least one servant with me; this, however, with my very scanty resources, I could not afford; and besides, I was pretty well acquainted with the people, and knew from experience that I could trust them. The distance I had to go—from Bagdad to Mossul—is three hundred miles, and is usually done in fourteen days, or rather nights, for in the hot season that is the time for travelling. At five o'clock in the evening we were all to assemble in the caravanserai before the city gate; Mr. Swoboda accompanied me thither, and promised the guide in my name a good *backsheesh* if he would pay me some attention on the way. And so off I set on my long journey, through many difficulties and dangers, without any convenience or any kind of protection. I travelled like the poorest Arab, and had to make up my mind, as he must, to endure the burning sun, to content myself for food with bread and water, or at most a handful of dates or a few cucumbers, and to require no other resting-place than the hot ground.

"Our caravan was small; it consisted of only one-and-twenty camels, of which the most were laden, and twelve Arabs, of whom five were going on foot; but some miles beyond the town we were joined by other travellers, mostly traders, and after that the numbers varied almost every evening, some remaining at different stations, and others arriving to join us. But not unfrequently our caravan presented such an assemblage of rabble that I was more afraid of them than of the robbers; and, indeed, I was told it was by no means uncommon for these to join a caravan in order to find better opportunities of pursuing their profession. At all events I could not feel much

confidence in the protection of such a mob of pilgrims, traders, &c. most of whom had never drawn a sword or fired a pistol in their lives. Two or three dozen of well-armed robbers, it was evident, could easily manage a hundred of them.

"We rode the first night for about ten hours through a flat and desolate country—for a few miles from Bagdad all cultivation appeared to be suddenly cut off—and we then reached a place on the Tigris, called Yengilché, where there was a khan, but by no means so handsome and clean a one as I found on the road to Babylon. Hunger drove me out into the village, where I went from hut to hut in hopes of hunting up something to eat, and at last was so fortunate as to become the possessor of some milk and three eggs. I then filled my leathern water-bottle at the Tigris and returned to the khan to consume my magnificent repast. The eggs I ate directly, the milk I saved for the evening, and I had certainly more satisfaction in this my hard-earned meal than is often found at the most richly furnished table. On my foraging expedition through the village I noticed that it had once been far more extensive, as I saw many decayed houses; but the plague, it seems, had carried off the greater part of the inhabitants.

"I had made some disparaging observations upon my khan at this place, but how glad should I have been the next day of a far worse one, so that it had only afforded me some shelter from the fierce intolerable radiance of the sun! We encamped on a stubble field, far from any human dwelling, and the utmost that could be done for my accommodation was to drive two or three sticks into the ground, and throw a cloth over them so as to get a little shade; but my tent was of such small dimensions, as well as such simple construction, that I had to remain in it constantly in a sitting posture, and dreaded to make the least movement lest I should bring my house about my ears. I could not help thinking with envy of some of the missionaries I had met travelling in the most luxurious manner, with laden pack-horses, and tents, and servants; and especially afterwards when the heat rose to above forty degrees of Reaumur, and I could get nothing to eat but a bit of hard bread with lukewarm water to dip it in, and one cucumber without either salt or vinegar. I never lost heart, however, nor for a single moment repented that I had exposed myself to these hardships.

"The first considerable stay that we made was at a village about three miles from the little town of Kerkoo; this was the home of the Arab leader of our caravan, and his house, as well as several others, lay round a dirty court-yard, surrounded by a wall and with only a single entrance. Men and mules, horses and asses, were sleeping all together about it as we entered, and our animals trotted past so close to the sleepers that I was quite frightened for them. They knew, however, where they had to go to, and were very careful, and the sleepers lay quite undisturbed.

"My Arab had been three weeks away from his home, and was now returning for a very short time,

yet no one of his family got up to greet him except one little old woman whom I took for his mother; and as she exchanged no word of welcome with him, and merely ran by his side without doing anything to help him, I thought she might almost as well have remained lying with the rest.

"His house, in which I was for the time to take up my abode, consisted of one long high room, separated by partitions, which did not reach quite to the front wall, with three narrow divisions, about thirty feet long by nine broad, each of which was occupied by a family. There was no light but what came through the common door of entrance and through two holes in the ceiling. A corner was assigned for my accommodation in one of these divisions, and my first study was devoted to ascertaining the degree of relationship subsisting between the different members of the family. At first this was rather difficult, as there was no sort of tenderness shown to any but the little children, who seemed to be regarded as common property. I made out at last, however, that there was a grandfather, a married son, and a married daughter.

"The grandfather had been with us on the journey; he was a fine vigorous old man of sixty, but a desperately quarrelsome old fellow, who was always wrangling about something or other and contradicting his son, our leader, who took it very quietly and always did what his father told him. The animals of the caravan belonged to them in common; but when we got home the old gentleman did not trouble himself to look after them but betook himself to repose. It was easy to see that he was the patriarch of the family.

"As far as I could judge from a first impression, the character of the Arab appears cold and repulsive; neither man nor wife, father nor daughter, ever exchanged a friendly word, but spoke only what was absolutely necessary. There was, as I have said, more affection shown towards the children, who might riot and scream as much as they would, and were never scolded however naughty they were. But as soon as the child is grown up, it comes to his turn to bear with the weaknesses of the parents, *which he does*, treating them with great tenderness and respect. To my great astonishment I heard the children call their mothers 'mama,' or 'nana' and their fathers 'baba.'

"The women lay the whole of the day long, lolling on the ground; only towards evening did they make up their minds to get up and set about baking some bread. For this or for any other kind of work their costume is excessively inconvenient, as their sleeves hang down half an ell from their arms, and whenever they set about anything they have to tie them in a knot behind. Of course, they continually get loose, and are a great hindrance, at the same time the worthy ladies, it must be confessed, make them of as much use as they can, for they make them do duty as kitchen cloths, to wipe spoons and other utensils, as well as for pocket handkerchiefs.

"I was terribly tormented by the women at first during the two days we had to pass here. They

pressed round me and examined my clothes, then they tried to take my turban from my head, and at last became so intolerable, that I was driven to seize one of them suddenly by the arm, and turn her out of doors. I had done it so quickly that she did not know what I was going to do till she found herself outside, and probably they supposed me much stronger than I really was, for when I signified to the rest that I would do the same to them if they over-stepped a circle that I drew round me, they drew back and respected my boundary. The only trouble I had afterwards was from the wife of my host, who worried me to give her things. I gave her a few trifles at first, but when I saw plainly that she would go on till I had nothing left, I appealed to her husband, and threatened to leave his house and seek another shelter if she did not leave off. As, to Arab notions of hospitality, this would be a most terrible disgrace, he immediately gave his wife a most hearty scolding, and after that I had some peace.

"In the evening I saw, to my great joy, a large pot set over the fire, and into it was put a good quantity of mutton to boil. I had for eight days eaten nothing but bread, cucumbers, and dates, and I really longed for some warm and more nourishing food. But, alas! how did my appetite decline when I saw the dish prepared. The old woman threw some handfuls of small red grains and a great number of onions into another pot containing water, and in about half an hour she put in her dirty hands, stirred it about, squeezed it, and then took out some of the red grains, chewed them, and spit them back into the saucepan. This operation she repeated many times; she then took a dirty rag, strained this delicate sauce through it, and poured it over the mutton. In spite of my determination not to touch it, however, I so much felt the want of food that I began to reflect how many things of which I had already eaten were probably not at all cleaner, only that I had not seen them prepared; and, in short, I partook of this dainty dish, and found myself much strengthened by it.

"The night of the 30th June, the last of our journey, was the most fatiguing, for we made a march of eleven hours. At about half way we crossed the river Hasar, famous for the passage of Alexander the Great. It was broad but not deep, and we rode through it; on one side at a considerable distance ran a chain of mountains, and nearer a range of bold, low hills; but the want of trees in this part of Mesopotamia is most striking; during the last five days I had not seen one, and I really believe there must be in this country many people who have never seen one in their lives, for there were tracts of from twenty to thirty miles where not so much as a shrub grew. Water, fortunately, is not wanting, for every day we crossed one or two little rivers. At seven o'clock we reached the town of Mossul, which lies on a trifling elevation in a very large valley on the western bank of the river, which is here considerably narrower than by Bagdad. I had been now fourteen days day and night wearing the same clothes; I had only once

had a warm meal—the memorable one above mentioned—and had been exposed to the most tremendous heat, and had been almost constantly riding, yet, notwithstanding these hardships, I was perfectly well and in the best spirits.”

One of the first objects of Madame Pfeiffer before leaving this country was to visit the ruins of Nineveh and view the excavations made under the direction of Mr. Layard; but as these are very likely already known to our readers, as far as description can make them, we pass on to what will probably have more novelty.

At Mossul our adventurous heroine found that there was a possibility—though avowedly not without considerable danger—of making a journey into Persia, a design which she had before been compelled to abandon on account of an important insurrection that had broken out in the country through which she would have had to pass. Even at present she was well aware that the result of her enterprise was somewhat doubtful, and therefore as a measure of precaution, in case she should never return, forwarded her papers to her sons in Europe; and then with a stout heart joined a caravan that was going, though by a circuitous route, to Tabreez, carrying with her a few letters of introduction to native Persians, and a list of Persian and Arabic words for every day use.

“On the second night’s journey, as the caravan was passing through a beautiful valley, into which a resplendent moon was pouring down its full radiance, half-a-dozen stout fellows, armed with great cudgels, sprang out and seized the bridles of the foremost of the party.” Madame Pfeiffer saw, of course, that they had fallen among thieves, and began to rejoice, she says, that she had had the lucky thought of leaving behind her her papers and sundry treasures that she had collected during her travels; and she seems to have awaited with perfect calmness the result of this little agreeable meeting. One of the travellers had sprung from his horse, and, seizing one of the fellows by the throat, threatened to shoot him. This threat had a most admirable effect; these tractable highwaymen immediately desisted from their attack, and in the course of a few minutes hostilities had ceased, and the belligerents were engaged in a pleasant conversation, which ended at last by the robbers pointing out to the caravan a comfortable place for their bivouac, and receiving for their services a friendly *backsheesh*. From Madame Pfeiffer, as a woman, they appear to have been too much of gentlemen to ask anything. A day or two afterwards they had to pass through a magnificent mountain pass; high walls of rock suddenly opened to form a passage for a river and a narrow path among loose stones and fallen masses of rock. Along these the practised animals climbed like chamois, and carried the travellers with steady steps past the edge of a fearful precipice, with the torrent roaring and dashing from rock to rock at the bottom. They had proceeded for nearly an hour this way when the moon became obscured by clouds, and they were soon enveloped in thick darkness. The guide kept constantly striking fire, in

order to throw some light on the path; but it was soon found absolutely necessary to make a halt, and stand one behind another, motionless, as if changed into stone, till the morning dawn enabled them to advance with rather less danger. They found themselves in a beautiful circle of mountains, and saw rising far in the background the snowy head of an enormous giant peak. As they ascended towards the plateau for which they were bound, they perceived on several places small spots of blood, but no one paid much attention to them, as it was thought a horse or mule might have torn himself against the crags and left these signs behind him. Soon, however, they came to a spot where there had been a great pool of blood, and looking about for the cause, discovered two human bodies hanging half-way down the rocks. The travellers turned shudderingly from this scene of murder, and continued their journey towards the little town of Raandus.

At this place, which is scarcely ever visited by an European, Madame Pfeiffer found herself an object of intense curiosity, especially to the women. As soon as they heard of the arrival of the *Ingleso*—for here every European is supposed to be English, as in England formerly every foreigner was catalogued as a Frenchman—they ran in crowds to see her, and not merely to see, but to institute a very searching inquiry into the material of her clothes, and of every thing belonging to her. After a time one of her numerous visitors hit upon the happy idea of offering her a bath—an offer which she, of course, accepted with great joy; but, unfortunately, it appeared when the bath was ready that the locality chosen for it was a cattle-shed that had no door, the vacant space being filled by a throng of eagerly curious faces; and Madame Pfeiffer found that, unless she would consent to go through the ceremony in presence of the whole company, she would have to renounce the prospect of this most welcome refreshment. At this place she had to wait some time for a caravan. The evenings and nights were spent upon a terrace at the top of the house; the day in a dark hole, crouching on the ground, and making use of her knees for a table, if she wished to write. The women, as usual, lounged about her all day, or played or quarrelled with the children. Madame Pfeiffer, as a good housewife, was naturally scandalized at this state of “*do-nothingness*,” especially as there was the most obvious need of washing and patching in their persons and clothes. She could not remonstrate with them in words, but she pointed to the rags in their garments, and then fetched a needle and thread, and gave them a practical lesson in the valuable art of mending, which was by no means thrown away, and she soon found herself the directress of a regular sewing-school. No less satisfactory was the result of her efforts in another department. The behaviour of the children, when anything happened to cross them, was of the most outrageous description; they would fling themselves on the ground, roll in the dirt, kick, scream, and howl, and not unfrequently, out of pure wickedness,



lay dirty hands on the bread, melons, or any eatable that chanced to be near. To cure them Madame Pfeiffer, as before, had recourse to pantomime—she behaved herself precisely in the same way—and the astonished juvenile, after gazing at her in speechless wonder, at length understood her meaning, and to a certain extent amended the error of his ways. The reform proceeded so far that the child would often go and give itself a good washing, apparently for the purpose of affording her pleasure, and then come and exhibit its hands and face. "How much good," she adds, "might any one acquainted with their language do among people so willing to be taught. What a fine field would appear to be opened among them for the exertions of missionaries; yet the result of missionary labours in the East appears hitherto to have been the reverse of encouraging." So far as Madame Pfeiffer's inquiries on the subject went, indeed, it amounted as nearly as possible to zero. We have not space here to inquire whether the missionaries themselves are in any respect to blame for the failure, but we earnestly recommend the inquiry to those who are endeavouring to turn into this channel the benevolent energies that might be better employed on less remote and uncertain objects.

We regret to be compelled here, for the present, to take our leave of Madame Pfeiffer, having already been induced by the interest of the subject to devote to her volumes more space than we can well spare. We would willingly have followed her through the remainder of her wanderings, and seen her, after a thousand perils past, lodged safely in the bosom of her family and her native city. But even if we had done so, we could not have laid down the story of her adventures, as we do those of a fictitious heroine, with the satisfactory conviction that there is nothing more to be said; for the truth is, that at the present moment she is (not quietly at home in Vienna, but) engaged in a second circumnavigatory expedition, and will once more have "travelled the earth's wide region round" before we hear of her again.

THE RIVAL.

C. R. LESLIE, R.A.

THE prince of illustrators of Don Quixote—the finest interpreter of the more humorous scenes of Shakspeare—is the accomplished painter who has furnished this capital subject. Woe to the unlucky wight, grown old and palsy, who ventures to lay siege to the heart of a youthful maiden, as mirthful and malicious as she is irresistible. Hero is a case in point. The poor old gallant, half disabled by years and half by buckram and wadding, is puffing like a turkey cock in his endeavour to pick up the fan which the fair one has spitefully let fall, while her younger and more favoured suitor is sharing the laugh at his rival's expense.

THE SUBLIME PORTE.

IN offering a few remarks upon the government of Turkey, which, by common accord, is known in Europe and the United States as "The Sublime Porte," it is not intended to quote history, but rather to speak of it; only in reference to the present period. It is nevertheless necessary to state that the Turks themselves call the Turkish Empire *Mémlik-i-Othmanieh*, or the "Ottoman States" (kingdoms), in consequence of their having been founded by Othman, the great ancestor of the present reigning sovereign, Abd-ul-Mejid. They are no better pleased with the name of *Turk* than the people of the United States are, generally, with that of *Yankee*: it bears with it a meaning signifying a gross and rude man—something indeed very much like our own definition of it, when we say any one is "no better than a Turk;" and they greatly prefer being known as Ottomans. They call their language the "Ottoman tongue"—*Othmanli diloo*—though some do speak of it as the *Turkish*.

As regards the title, "The Sublime Porte," this has a different origin. In the earlier days of Ottoman rule, the reigning sovereign, as is still the case in some parts of the East, held courts of justice and levees at the entrance of his residence. The palace of the Sultan is always surrounded by a high wall, and not unfrequently defended by lofty towers and bastions. The chief entrance is an elevated portal, with some pretensions to magnificence and showy architecture. It is guarded by soldiers or doorkeepers well armed; it may also contain some apartments for certain officers, or even for the Sultan himself; its covering or roof, projecting beyond the walls, offers an agreeable shade, and in its external alcoves are sofas more or less rich or gaudy. Numerous loiterers are usually found lingering about the portal, applicants for justice; and there, in former times, when the Ottomans were indeed *Turks*, scenes of injustice and cruelty were not unfrequently witnessed by the passer-by.

This lofty portal generally bears a distinct title. At Constantinople it has even grown into one which has given a name to the whole government of the Sultan. I am not aware, however, that the custom here alluded to was ever in force in that capital, though it certainly was in other parts of the empire of Othman. It is not improbable that it was usual with all the Sultans, who, at the head of their armies, seldom had any permanent fixed residence worthy of the name of *palace*. Mahomet the Second, who conquered Constantinople from the degenerate Greeks, may, for some time after his entrance into the city of Constantine—still called in all the official documents, such as "*Firman*s," or "Royal Orders," *Kostantinieh*—have held his courts of justice and transacted business at the elevated portal of his temporary residence. The term "Sublime Porte," in Turkish, is *Deri Alich*, or the elevated and lofty door; the Saxon word door being derived from the Persian *der*, or *dor*, in common use in the Ottoman language, which is a strange mixture of Tartar, Persian, and Arabic. The French, or rather the

Franks, in their earlier intercourse with Turkey, translated the title literally "La Sublime Porte," and this in English has been called, with similar inaccuracy, "The Sublime Porte."

Long since, the Ottoman Sultans have ceased administering justice before their palaces, or indeed anywhere else, in person. The office is delegated to a deputy, who presides over the whole Ottoman government, with the title of Grand Vezir, or in Turkish, *Véziri Azam*, the Chief Vezir, whose official residence or place of business, once no doubt at the portal of his sovereign, is now in a splendid edifice in the midst of the capital. At Constantinople the Ottoman government is also called the "Sublime Government," *Devleti Alih*, a word closely bordering on that of superiority and preeminence claimed by the "Heavenly Government" of the empire of China. The Sultan, in speaking of his government, calls it "My Sublime Porte." The Grand Vezir being an officer of the highest rank in the empire—a Pacha, of course, in fine, the Pacha—his official residence is known in Constantinople as that of the Pacha, *Pachu Kapousee*, i.e. the "Gate of the Pacha." The chief entrance to the "seraglio" of the former Sultans, erected on the tongue of land where once stood the republican city of Byzantium, called the "Imperial Gate," or the *Babi Humayoon*, is supposed by some to have given rise to the title of "The Sublime Porte;" but this is not correct. It may have once been used as a court of justice, certainly as a place where justice was wont to be executed, for not unfrequently criminals were decapitated there; and among others, the head of the brave but unfortunate Aâli Pacha, of Yanina in Albania, the friend of Lord Byron, was exposed there for some days previous to its interment beyond the walls of the city.

The title of *porte*, or door, is used in Constantinople to designate other departments of the government. The bureau of the Minister of War is called the *Seraskier Kapousee*, or the Gate of the *Serasker* (head of the army); and those of the Ministers of Commerce and Police are called, the one *Tijaret Kapousee*, and the other *Zabtieh Kapousee*. These, however, are sufficient, without mentioning any other facts, to explain the origin and nature of the title of the Ottoman government, known as "The Sublime Porte."

The Sultan of the Ottoman Empire is known by his subjects under the title of *Sultân*, which word signifies a ruler; and generally as *Shevketlu Padischah Effen-dimiz*, "His Majesty the Emperor our Lord;" and all foreign governments now recognise him as an Emperor, and call him by the title of "Imperial Majesty." The definition of the word *Padischah* is supposed to be "Father of Kings," and originally was *Peder Schah*, the first part of it (*Peder*) being the origin of our Saxon word *Fâder*, or father. In his own tongue he is called *Khan*, in Persian *Shah*, and in Arabic *Sultan*, all meaning, *in extensu*, the same, viz. King, Sovereign, or Prince. He reigns over one of the most extensive empires of the world, all possessed or

acquired by inheritance from his ancestors, who obtained it by conquest.

Until the reign of the late Sultan, Mahmoud the Second; the Ottoman sovereigns had their residence in the "Seraglio" before alluded to, in the city of Constantinople. Its high walls were not, however, sufficiently strong to protect them against the violence of the Janissaries, and after their destruction the remembrance of the scenes of their cruelty induced the late and present Sultan to forsake it for the safer and more agreeable banks of the Bosphorus. The extensive and very picturesque buildings of the Seraglio are now left to decay; they offer only the spectacle of the "dark ages" of Turkey, gloomy in their aspect, as in their history, and yet occupying one of the most favoured spots in the world, on which the eyes of the traveller are fixed as by a charm in approaching the great capital of the East, and on which they dwell with a parting feeling of regret as he bids the magnificent "City of the Sultan" farewell.

On the Bosphorus are two splendid palaces, one on the Asiatic and the other on the European shore. The first is called *Beylerbey*, "Prince of Princes," the latter *Teherâgiân*, "The Lights." Both are beautiful edifices, in excellent taste; and, as architecture has done in all ages, they serve to show the advance of the people who erected them in the noblest of the arts.

The Turkish Sultan, in theory, is a despotic sovereign, while in practice he is a very paternal one. As the supreme head of the government, he may exercise unlimited power; few checks exist to preserve the lives and property of his subjects against an influence which he *might* exercise over them. His ancestors conquered the country, and subjugated its inhabitants to his rule with his troops, consequently it all belonged to him, and could only be possessed by his gift: thus, in fact, the empire is his, and the concessions made by him to his subjects are free-will offerings, which are not drawn from him by compulsion on their part, but are grants on his, in behalf of reform and civilization. The feudal system of land-tenure was abolished by his father, and there is now scarcely a feature of it remaining. It is several years since the present Sultan spontaneously removed all the arbitrary power hitherto possessed and frequently exercised by his predecessors; at the same time he granted all his subjects a "Charter of Rights," called the *Hatti Sherif of Gulckhaneh*, or imperial sacred rescript of *Gulckhaneh*, named after a summer-house or *Kiosck* within the precincts of the Seraglio, where it was read before him by the present Grand Vezir, Reclid Pacha, in the presence of the whole diplomatic corps, and all the ministers and other high officers of the Ottoman government. In this charter the Sultan conceded all the rights and privileges which could be expected from a sovereign prince not reigning with a constitutional form of government. He has never withdrawn any of these privileges, or resumed the power which he then renounced. Moreover, this charter limited the power of all his officers. The only punishments which they can now exercise are fine

and imprisonments of limited extent. None can any longer inflict the "bastinado," nor capital punishment for crimes of a graver nature; these are reserved for the Councils or Boards at the capital and the chief towns of each province. The sentences of the latter are, in all cases, subject to the confirmation of the former, and the decrees of the Council of State, held at the [Sublime Porte, are laid before the Sultan previous to their adoption as laws." The following extract, translated from a small work in the Turkish language, published by the order of the government in 1848, will serve to show the spirit of the reforms made by the late and present Sultans:

"Fifty years ago, certain Governors-General of the provinces of the empire, aided by individuals known as *Déré Beys*, (petty princes, who had usurped and maintained arbitrary power in the interior of the country,) exercised despotic power over the persons and properties of the subjects of His Majesty. The Sultan, having observed this abuse of authority, ardently desired to suppress so serious an evil; but at that period the Janissaries, the only coercive force of the empire, formed a powerful body of rebels, which disregarded the rights of the people, and aided the plans of the factious. The Sultan endeavoured for some time to draw these rebellious forces to a wiser and more salutary course, and even acted with indulgence toward the more criminal, and in this way deferred the accomplishment of his reforms until a favourable moment. The late illustrious Sultan, Mahmoud II., a prince possessing a character full of benevolence and justice, yet of uncommon determination and courage, finding the Janissaries unable to curb their own vicious inclinations, found it imperiously necessary to suppress the entire order, and to create a regular army in their stead, on which reliance could be placed to sustain the authority of their sovereign. In fine, the Sultan, seeing that all his generous motives were unappreciated, and hoping by their disbandment to secure the peace and tranquillity of his subjects, found himself compelled to suppress the order by violent means. It need not be here related that the sudden destruction of the armed force of an empire, before another has been properly created to supplant it, will expose it to the evil designs of its enemies. In this position Sultan Mahmoud found his empire situated some twenty years ago. In the midst of his important reforms he was called upon to protect his empire against the attacks of Russia, to suppress a revolt in Albania, the Morea, and later to carry on an internal warfare with the ambitious Pacha of Egypt. His young army, but half organized, was poorly qualified to take the field against troops which had enjoyed the advantage of instruction under officers of experience. He even, near the close of his eventful reign, had the sorrow to know that his fleet had proved unfaithful, and gone over to his rebel governor. An untimely death put an end to the reign of this illustrious and talented, though unfortunate prince; and in the midst of disordered finances, a defeated army, and a misguided marine, the present Sultan, Abd-ul-

Mejid Khan, succeeded, at an early age, to the throne of his ancestors.

"Endowed with a character eminently distinguished for its sentiments of justice, clemency, and the most unbounded benevolence, his present Imperial Majesty, on ascending the throne, formed the design of allaying all the troubles and dissensions which were preparing the ruin of his country, and destroying the confidence of his subjects in the stability of his government. Measures were at once adopted to reorganize the army and improve the education of its officers; the Egyptian question, one of great gravity for the welfare of the empire, was, by judicious management, settled in a manner satisfactory to the sovereign and his Governor-General, and the imperial fleet returned to its natural obedience. By reforms in the administration of the government, the tranquillity of his Majesty's subjects was secured against molestation on the part of their authorities; and the acts of tyranny, become so common from the governors of the more distant parts of the empire, were suppressed. Thus, in a short time, the Sultan was enabled to render his accession illustrious by acts which secured to every individual his life, fortune, honour, and the faculty of pursuing his affairs free from all apprehension.

"The prosperity of his country and the happiness of his people having thus been secured, His Majesty was left to effect the most sincere wish of his heart by carrying out the task which he had assumed, of instituting salutary reforms in all the branches of his government, based upon principles of strict justice and equity. Actuated by sentiments of generosity and clemency, he desired also that the expenses of the government should be diminished; and the results of his paternal administration, by a gradual increase of his revenues, enabled him to do so without any loss or detriment to the public service.

"The military force of the empire, which at the commencement of his reign was only 50,000 troops, without scarcely any organization, by care, at the present moment amounts to 150,000 regular troops, and 150,000 more as national militia, all provided with arms, and exercised; thus offering a force of some 300,000, which may at any time be called into active service. In the marine of the Sultan there are now 15,000 scamen, all under strict organization and regular instruction.

"It has been the constant desire of His Imperial Majesty to maintain and strengthen with all friendly powers relations of peace and sincere amity; relations which, as much as any others, promote the prosperity and well-being of the empire and the welfare of his subjects.

"Beside the naval, military, and medical academies established at the capital, many young men have been sent to be educated in London, Paris, and Vienna, in all the branches of knowledge, the arts and sciences. Instructors and architects have also been engaged from Europe and America, for employment in the marine and army of the Sultan, and the great benefits arising from their labours are daily extending."

"It may also be added, with the assurance of its being regarded as a strong evidence of the salutary administration of the government of the Sublime Porte, that the many families which forsook their native soil to seek a shelter and a home in foreign lands, where for some twenty-five years they remained exiles from their own country, have, by the wise measures of the Sultan, and the justice which actuates all his acts, happy to return to their homes, solicited permission to do so. This act on their part has not been in any measure promoted by the government, but has taken place wholly from a conviction that the dominions of the Sultan offer them more safety and happiness than those of any other sovereign.

"The preceding will serve to show the unprejudiced mind of the reader that the heavy clouds which obscured the reign of the present Sultan, at the commencement of his career, have disappeared; that the past seven years offer a convincing evidence of the generous intentions of his Majesty, and of the salutary nature of the reforms which he designs effecting. What may not be expected from the sway of so enlightened and clement a prince? We submit this question to the minds of all just and impartial men, and devoutly offer the prayer that the life of a sovereign so precious to his empire and people may be prolonged. He is doubtless an agent in the hands of the ALL-WISE, to regenerate the vast country placed by HIM under his charge."

The present Sultan, Abd-ul-Mejid, which name is Arabic, and signifies "Servant of the Glorious," (God,) is now in his twenty-ninth year: he succeeded his late illustrious father, Mahmoud II., in 1839, when he was but seventeen years of age. His father had inspired him with the desire to improve his empire and promote the welfare of his people by salutary reforms, and frequently carried him with him to observe the result of the new system which he had introduced into the different branches of the public service. Previous to his accession to the throne, but little is known of his life, or the way in which he was brought up. It may be supposed to have been much like that of all oriental princes. Except when he attended his parent, he seldom left the palace. He had several sisters and one brother, all by other mothers than his own. The former have, since his accession, died, with the exception of one, the wife of the present Minister of War. His brother still lives, and resides with the Sultan in his palace. The mother of the Sultan, who was a Circassian slave of his father, is said to be a woman of a strong mind and an excellent judgment. She exercised much influence over her son when he ascended the throne, and her counsels were greatly to his benefit. He entertains for her feelings of the deepest respect, and has always evinced the warmest concern for her health and happiness. She is a large, portly lady, yet in the prime of life; and although she possesses a fine palace of her own, near to that of her son, she mostly resides with him. Her revenues are derived from the islands of Chio and Samos.

In person the Sultan is of middle stature, slender, and of a delicate frame. In his youth he suffered from illness, and it was thought that his constitution had been severely affected by it. His features are slightly marked with the small-pox. His countenance denotes great benevolence and goodness of heart, and the frankness and earnestness of character which are its chief traits. He does not possess the dignified and commanding figure which eminently characterised his father, and in conduct is simple and diffident. His address, when unrestrained by official forms and ceremony, is gentle and kind in the extreme—more affable and engaging than that of his Pashas; and no one can approach him without being won by the goodness of heart which his demeanour indicates. He has never been known to commit an act of severity or injustice; his purse and his hand have always been open for the indigent and the unfortunate, and he takes a peculiar pride in bestowing his honours upon men of science and talent. Among his own subjects he is very popular and much beloved; they perceive and acknowledge the benefit of the reforms which he has instituted, and he no longer need apprehend any opposition on their part. In some of the more distant portions of his empire, such as Albania, where perhaps foreign influence is exerted to thwart his plans, his new system of military rule has not yet been carried out; but it evidently soon will be, especially when its advantage over the old is felt by the inhabitants.

The palaces of the Sultan, on both banks of the Bosphorus, though externally showy, are very plain and simple in their interior arrangement. They are surrounded by high walls, and guarded by soldiery. The first block of buildings which the traveller approaches on visiting them, up the Bosphorus, are the apartments of the eunuchs; the second his *harem*, or female apartments; and the third those of the Sultan. Beyond this are the offices of his secretaries, guard, and band of music, all beyond the walls of the palace. The number of eunuchs is some sixty or eighty, and the females in the harem about 300 to 400. The Sultan never marries; all the occupants of his harem are slaves, and he generally selects from four to six ladies as his favourites, who bear children to him, and who succeed to his throne. The remainder of the females are employed as maids of honour, who attend upon his mother, his favourites, his brother's mother, favourite if he has one, and upon his children. Many hold offices in the palace, and are charged with the maintenance of good order and regularity. Many of them are aged females, who have been servants to his father, his mother, and sisters and brother, and have thus claims upon his kindness and protection. The only males who have the right of entrance to the imperial harem are the eunuchs, all of whom are black, and come mutilated from Egypt. The chief of their corps is an aged "gentleman of colour," possessing the Sultan's confidence in an eminent degree, and in official rank is higher than any other individual connected with the imperial palace. The

eunuchs are assigned to the service of the different ladies of the harem, do their shopping in the bazaars, carry their messages, and accompany them on their visits. Indeed, their duties are much like those of well-bred gallants in our country, without any of the ambitious feelings which animate the latter, and certainly they never aspire to the possession of their affections. Some of them grow wealthy, possess much property, and slaves of both sexes, but as they can have no families the Sultan is their legal heir. Eunuchs are possessed by many of the pachas and other officers of rank, for the purpose of serving their wives, sisters, and daughters: they cost four or five times as much as an ordinary black slave, and the highest officers seldom possess more than ten of them at once. From them much interesting information can at times be procured relative to the most sacred and least known of the Mussulman family system. They are generally of mild disposition, gentle and amiable; though this is not always the case, for they sometimes are petulant, cross, and confoundedly non-communicative.

The Sultan's palace is peculiarly his private home, and no officers of high rank occupy it with him. He has four private secretaries and as many chamberlains. He has also two aids-de-camp, who are generally in command of the body-guard, which has its quarters in the vicinity of the palace. He seldom, however, commands their attendance: their duties are to keep watch at the principal entrances, and to salute him or any of his higher officers who may arrive at or leave the royal residence. The secretaries write out his orders, and the chief of their number receives all foreign functionaries or Turkish dignitaries who visit the palace on business. One of them is the Sultan's interpreter, and translates articles for his perusal from the many foreign papers received from Europe and America by the Sultan. All official documents are sent to the chief secretary by the different ministers of the Sublime Porte, and those received from the foreign embassies and legations are translated there, previous to being transmitted to the Sultan. No foreign legation ever transacts any official business directly with the Sultan, or through the chief (private) secretary; but the latter may be visited on matters relating to the sovereign personally. Documents from the Sublime Porte are always communicated through the Grand Vezir, who has a number of portfolios in which these are placed, and he sends them to the palace by certain functionaries charged especially with their conveyance. Of these the Vezir possesses one key, and the Sultan, or his chief secretary, another. The Sultan passes several hours of the day, from eleven to three, in perusing these papers, and in hearing their perusal by the private secretary before him; and his imperial commands are traced on their broad margin, either by his own hand in red ink, (as is customary in China,) or he directs his secretary to do it for him. So very sacred are all manuscripts coming from his pen, that these papers seldom ever leave the bureaux to which they belong, except after

his decease. It is only on such documents that the autograph of the Sultan is ever seen.

At about three o'clock the Sultan generally leaves the palace in a *caïque* or barge, which, being smaller than that used for official purposes, is called the *incognito (tebdil)*, and visits the edifices that he may be erecting, calls upon his sisters, or spends the remainder of the day at one of the many delightful nooks on the Bosphorus or Golden Horn, where he possesses *kiosks*, or summer-houses. Sometimes he takes with him his brother or his sons; and he is strongly attached to them. It is said that he is having the latter instructed in the French language, in geography and mathematics. The elder is some ten years of age, but will not succeed his father to the throne until after the death of his uncle, who, by Mussulman law, is next in right to the reigning Sultan. Inheritance, in Islam lands, runs through all the brothers before it reverts to the children of the eldest son. Females cannot succeed to the throne, and the house of Othman would consequently become extinct with its last male representative.

ITALY, AND HER FOREMOST MEN.

HAVING introduced upon the scene, in our last number, an influential person of the republican party, we will next present one from that of the Moderates, in the person of Massimo Tapparelli, Marquis of Azeglio, one of the most accomplished artists and authors of modern Italy. This distinguished character is descended from an ancient Piedmontese family. His eldest brother, the Marquis Roberto, is the father of the Marquis Emanuel d' Azeglio, the present ambassador at the English court from Sardinia. He himself is the second son, and derives his title, as Marquis, from the Castle of Azeglio, in the province of Soera, not far from Caluzo, a part of the family property. After completing the usual routine of a liberal education, he entered the army as lieutenant in a regiment of dragoons; but his passion for the arts preponderating over his inclination for a military life, he quitted it three years after, with a nominal advancement, which secured to him the right of wearing his uniform. He then went to Rome, where he soon made a reputation for himself—as well for his moral and intellectual qualities as for his skill as a painter, particularly of landscapes; many of which it has been our good fortune to see, that fully merited the high eulogiums bestowed upon them, and the honour of gracing the walls of the royal apartments and gallery at Turin. He married the daughter of Alessandro Manzoni, the celebrated novelist, under whose influence his literary tastes matured and ripened, and brought forth their first fruits in a novel entitled "*Ettore Peveramosca, or La Disfida di Barletta,*" a work which is looked upon by the Italians as next in merit to the "*Promessi Sposi*" of his distinguished father-in-law. In this novel, he has admirably portrayed his own character, and depicted his own senti-

ments, glowing as they were with pure patriotism and an ardent love of liberty. Four years after, he published another novel entitled "*Niccolo di Lapi*," which gained him additional celebrity as a writer, and drew the attention of the public towards him as a politician. A few years after his marriage, he had the grief of being left a widower, with an infant daughter. In due time he again entered into the bonds of wedlock, with a French Protestant lady, respectably connected, but who proved so dissimilar to himself in tastes and pursuits, that after a reasonable period of probation spent in the gradual development of the fact, they found they had at least one opinion in common, which was, that it would be to the increased advantage and comfort of each to live apart; though still on terms of friendship and mutual good-will, or, as the Marquis himself gallantly expresses it, "*In una tenera separazione.*"

Azeglio had traversed Italy, through all its principal states, and had everywhere found much to complain of; as well in the narrow policy as the dishonourable and immoral means resorted to both by the church and the restored monarchies, in their respective governments. His fame preceded him at Milan, Genoa, Venice—wherever he went; everywhere he found himself sought after, and courted by leading men, and became a political leader, almost before he was aware of the extent of his influence; indeed, in Italy, distinction of whatever sort it may be, instinctively, sooner or later, impels a man of ability towards a political object; so much does that unfortunate country feel the necessity of the aid of talent in its behalf—so ready it is to acknowledge, and, if possible, reward every exertion made for its benefit.

Azeglio was in the full prime of genius and attainments when the political movement began to reveal itself in Italy; he entered fearlessly into it, and was one of the first who endeavoured to give it a wise direction.

Until 1840, the Italians had dreamed only of revolutions, but conscious that they had not strength enough in their own country to effect them, they relied solely on France for assistance, and were in fact entire tools and victims of the French interests. Gioberti and Balbo had already endeavoured to raise a feeling of nationality among them, independent of France, or any other power; and Azeglio, seizing the moment when an abortive insurrection in Romagna served to place his arguments in their strongest light, published a pamphlet showing the futility and injurious effects of all such premature attempts, at the same time that he exposed, with all his eloquence, the nefarious conduct of the priests and government, who goaded the people on to these rash undertakings, by a tyranny that drove them to despair.

This pamphlet, written in the familiar though energetic style, characteristic of its author, was read throughout Italy, and produced an electrical effect, heightened by its coming from a man of Azeglio's known liberality. The Grand Duke banished him in consequence of it from Florence, where he was living at

the time of its publication. Gregory XVI., then lying upon his death-bed, ordered a reply to it to be framed, but before it was completed, he departed this life, leaving behind him the singular, we may say the solitary precedent of a pope appealing, or, at least, intending to appeal to public opinion, through the impartial medium of the press.

Charles Albert, whose decided hatred to Austria, though as yet kept secret from the world, was already known to some of his bosom friends, persisted in protecting Azeglio as he did Balbo, in spite of the entreaties and threats of that haughty and despotic power, not all the arguments of which could ever prevail upon him to exile either one or the other of these eminent patriots.

And now came the accession of Pio Nono to the papal throne, and with it the glorious vision of reform which, for a brief moment, dazzled the mental view of his admiring subjects. Azeglio immediately wrote a pamphlet in praise of the new Pontiff, and cordially supported his politics. He even came to Rome to advocate them in person, and was well received by the pope, who permitted him to remain unmolested. He was the leader of the movement in the "Eternal City" during 1847, but nothing was ever undertaken or done either by himself or his friends, without the previous consent of his holiness. His party might, in fact, be considered as the connecting link, at that time, that kept the pope and the people together. By the advice, and with the aid of Pantaleone, a man of excellent judgment and calmness of character, he framed the Programme "*Dell' opinione nazionale in Italia.*" It was the banner raised in the cause of reformation; asking for moderate liberty, agreement with the national government, and federation among each other as the only independence, at that juncture, feasible to the Italians. It was warmly approved, and even acted upon, by Pio Nono, Charles Albert, and the Duke of Tuscany, up to the end of 1847. Meanwhile Austria offended the pope by her attack upon Ferrara. Azeglio wrote a pamphlet upon the protestation of his holiness respecting it; another upon the emancipation of the Jews, and a third upon the infamous conduct of the Austrians at Milan. He then went into Romagna and Piedmont, with the consent of the pope, to excite the people to oppose the Austrian intervention.

When the papal troops marched out of Rome in the cause of independence, under colours solemnly consecrated for the occasion by the pontiff, the Marquis d'Azeglio accompanied them as *aide-de-camp* to Durando, the general-in-chief; but receiving a wound in the leg, from the effects of which he is still suffering, he retired to Florence, where he witnessed excesses in the republican party, then greatly strengthened by the proclamation of a republic in France, which drew forth a pamphlet from him couched in the same indignant terms he had used in his reprehension of the excesses of the absolutists. The severity of his strictures drew upon him threats and menaces that made him consider his personal safety in

danger, insomuch that when Guerrazzi came into office, he judged it expedient to retire to Spezzia. He there wrote several political articles, and among them an address to his electors at Strambino, in Piedmont, in January, 1849, which may be justly regarded as a model of popular *verve*. He was returned, and duly elected; but he could not prevail upon the Chamber of Deputies to vote against the offensive war with Austria, or against other measures, by which Piedmont was carried to the very brink of ruin.

After the fatal battle of Novara, Pinelli was desired to form a fresh administration, but he only consented to do so on condition that he might be aided by Azeglio, to whom he offered the Presidency of the Cabinet. Azeglio had no longings after power, and he detested application to business—nevertheless he yielded to the entreaties of his friends, on the express condition that a liberal constitution was to be retained. The Parliament was dissolved, and a strong opposition against the government was returned. It was then that Azeglio exhibited the tact and management that constitute him one of the first statesmen in Europe. He struggled calmly and peacefully against a party that, in his opinion, had ruined Italy; giving time to the country fairly to judge of his own administration, and to contrast it with that of those who succeeded him, and whose attacks and opposition he bore with so much equanimity as to draw upon him the displeasure of some of even his most attached friends. Fortunately, the king supported him, and Pinelli resigned office, still, however, adhering to the Ministry.

The Opposition increased in strength, and pushed its influence so far that the parliament was again dissolved, and another called immediately. The Opposition used every effort to gain Azeglio over to its side, but in vain. The king published a touching address to the nation, which brought the people in shoals to the poll, and the result was a great majority in favour of government. It is this same parliament that is now directing the affairs of Piedmont, and by which the measures that have raised that country so highly, have been carried into execution; Azeglio is one of its greatest ornaments, and strongest supports, and is considered as the head of the Moderate Party in Italy. He has had many difficulties to struggle with. As they gradually receded on the side of the Revolutionists, they secretly advanced on that of the Conservatives; it was the re-action that was to be apprehended. He had to oppose, or, at any rate, to restrain, a large portion of the most respectable and honourable portion of the community, who had warmly upheld him in the previous assembly; persons devoted to order and monarchy, and who were still willing to adhere to the form of the constitution—but they were timid and narrow-minded, and having before bowed their necks to absolute power, they were regarded with coldness and suspicion by the people at large. Piedmontese to the letter, in the worst acceptation of the word, they would have succumbed to Austria, provided Austria would have made concessions to the

Piedmontese interests. Their party would have been, at that moment, supported by the country, and applauded by all the governments of Europe; especially by those of France, Russia, Prussia, and Austria. The court of Rome would also have treated them with every indulgence; but they would have had national feeling against them, and an opposition would have sprung up, in consequence, between the people and the government, which again would have caused a reaction in favour of the revolutionary party. Azeglio kept on good terms with this party at first, but never gave ear to its emissaries; and on the great question of the ecclesiastical tribunals being agitated, he separated himself from it entirely, being, on this point at any rate, strongly supported by the republican party.

No arts, no intrigues, in fact, no means whatsoever, honest or dishonest, are there that have not been resorted to by the papal party, and the absolutists, by the Austrians, and even by the French, to shake Azeglio's administration; but to all their accusations he has answered by facts; strengthened in his integrity by the honesty of the king, who has withstood every endeavour to estrange him from his faithful and talented minister, and who reaps the benefit of his firmness, in the returning confidence of his people and the gradually increasing tranquillity and prosperity of his dominions.

The Marquis d'Azeglio himself may be regarded as one of the most gifted men that Italy ever produced: musician, poet, painter, author, and politician, he shows in all his pursuits that peculiar aptitude which distinguishes the Italians in everything they undertake: but it is more especially with respect to his moral qualities that he may claim the respect of all who know him. Simple in his tastes, and unostentatious in his mode of living, his purse is always at the service of his friends, or of any one that may be in need. He is devoted to his family, devoted to his friends, and, above all, devoted to his country—for its welfare he sacrifices his own tastes, and the leisure he knows so well how to turn to good account. He would willingly resign public life could he feel assured that the state would lose nothing by his transferring his office to another. He has no personal ambition; no love of power for its own sake, nor any pride whatsoever. He dines simply with his friends at a *restaurant*, as he did in his unfettered artist days; his doors are always open; no one ever finds any difficulty in procuring access to him, or engaging his attention; his manners are courteous and encouraging, and his temper perfect. Need it be said of such a man that he has not a personal enemy, however some may differ from him in his opinions, or may be envious of his success?—Respected in public, and idolized in private life, time will only shed a brighter halo around his head, and Italy will proudly inscribe on her list of imperishable names, that of the sagacious politician, and most accomplished gentleman, the Marquis d'Azeglio.

Another ornament of the moderate party is Count Terenzio Mamiani, characterised by General Pepe as

"a terse versifier, a studious metaphysician, a man of subtle mind, both prudent and clever. He placed the summit of wisdom in pursuing half measures, under all circumstances, and balancing all extreme parties by temporisation." The Count was born at Pesaro at the beginning of the present century, of a noble family descended on the female side from the famous Della Rovere, formerly Dukes of Urbino. His father was impoverished by the political troubles attendant upon the close of the last century, and he, being a second son, was almost without fortune. Being sent to Rome for the purpose of education, he studied at the *Collegio Romano*, where he soon made himself distinguished by his talents. He showed at this period of his life a sincere disposition towards piety, but it was damped by the bigotry and intolerance of the priests with whom he was surrounded, who checked in him every attempt at rational inquiry, predicting of him that his love of investigation would one day lead him into all manner of heresy: and he himself unwittingly strengthened their conviction on this head by his manner of treating the subject, given him for a theme, of the appearance of the cross, with the inscription "*In hoc signo vinces*," to the Emperor Constantine the Great, on *Pons Milvius*, the present *Ponte Molle*, on the occasion of his battle with the tyrant Maxentius, over whom he obtained a signal victory; the unfortunate tyrant being drowned in the Tiber, close to the bridge. On this occasion, the young student spared no research in the valuable library of the college, to ascertain the nature of the vision, and the facts on which its appearance was entitled to credit: but the deductions he drew from his investigations were such as to give anything but satisfaction to the Professor, subsequently Cardinal, Ostini, who not only joined his brethren in the prophecy that he would decidedly fall into all the damnable sins of an inquiring, and therefore, heretical spirit, but went forthwith, in a towering rage, to complain of him to his uncle, Cardinal Galeffi.

After having completed his studies at Rome, Mamiani returned to Pesaro, his native town, where he shortly after obtained an appointment as Professor of Italian Literature, at the Military Academy at Turin. This appointment was equally suited to his tastes as his attainments, and he discharged the duties of it to the satisfaction of his pupils and himself, to the end of the session. On returning to Pesaro, however, for the vacation, he found himself compromised in the political movements of the Papal provinces in 1831; his townsmen therefore, anxious to shield him from molestation, sent him as their deputy, to the Congress, at Bologna, where he was named Minister of the Interior. But the Austrian invasion, soon after, put an end to the short-lived reign of the liberals, and the members of the revolutionary government were obliged to take refuge in the fortress of Ancona, where they capitulated to Cardinal Benvenuti, the Pope's *Alter Ego*.

On this occasion, however, Mamiani showed himself a hero, as in his more peaceful capacity he had a

man of letters. He was the only one who refused to sign the agreement to the capitulation, and advised a vigorous resistance. When the town, in spite of his spirited remonstrances, was given up, he took refuge, with forty of his companions, on board a felucca, intending to gain the coast of Corfu, but the master of the boat basely betrayed his passengers to the captain of an Austrian vessel, who took them to Venice, where they were detained many months in confinement, but were finally released, and sent to France, through the interposition of Louis Philippe, who had not, at this early period of his reign, thrown off the mask of liberality so bare-facedly as his successor, the president of the Republic, has ventured to do.

Mamiani, encouraged by this show of good-will on the part of the citizen-king, now went to Paris, but he soon found there that any reliance on France for sympathy in the cause and interests of Italy, would be equally misplaced and injurious. He therefore withdrew, for the time, from public life, and tranquilly devoted himself to his favourite pursuits, preserving, nevertheless, his personal independence, notwithstanding the very limited means of subsistence that remained at his disposal. Unfortunately, the assiduity with which he followed his studies, was such, that, about 1834, he found his sight so seriously affected that he was alarmed lest he might be called upon to endure the total privation of it; nor has he ceased to suffer from it, though in a varying degree: yet it was in this season of privation that he published the admirable metaphysical works which gained him at once the reputation of a great philosophical writer. He was thus leading the happy life of a man of letters, rich in the society and friendship of the most distinguished men in France, when the sudden and unexpected burst of enthusiasm, called forth by the first measures of Pio Nono, awakened an answering echo in his patriotic bosom, and roused him to new hopes for his beloved country. His nice sense of honour prevented him from signing the declaration required by the Papal Nuncio, at Paris, previous to accepting the amnesty granted by the new Pontiff, but he requested permission to visit his family for three months, upon giving his word of honour to take no part in any illegal political movement. In October, 1847, he came to Rome, and was presented to the Pope, who received him very kindly; at that time he took some part in the journalism of the day, and wrote several articles for the *Italice*.

From the Papal States Mamiani removed to Genoa, where he undertook the management of a journal which became of considerable influence in the rapid movements at that time taking place in Italy, and afterwards throughout Europe. He advocated the principle of progressive reform, in accordance with the crowned heads of Italy, and reproached even the revolution of Sicily, though never struggle against oppression was more justly called forth, on the grounds that hostilities between sovereigns and their subjects could only end in the discomfiture of

the latter. Happily for the human race, his theory, in this particular, is not borne out by history, or by its agreement with that Holy Writ, which declares, "There is no king saved by the multitude of an host; a mighty man is not delivered by much strength."

The revolution of Sicily, nevertheless, however reprobated by Mamiani and his party, forced the king of Naples to grant, nominally, a constitution on the 29th of January, 1848, and his example was followed by the King of Sardinia, the Duke of Tuscany, and the Pope. The French revolution came next, and Mamiani published a very sensible pamphlet upon it and its possible consequences. The revolutions of Milan and Vienna followed, and to them succeeded the war of independence in Italy.

About this time the elder brother of Mamiani, distinguished, like himself, by his scientific and literary attainments, died, and left him the heir to a moderate fortune; upon which he requested permission to return to the Papal States, in order to take possession of it. This permission was granted him, and he arrived in Rome towards the end of April, 1848, at the ill-omened moment when the Pope's duplicity or weakness led him to publish his Encyclica of the 29th of that month, wherein he condemned the very war against Austria which he had himself excited only a few months before. The ministry, disgusted with the treachery or irresolution of his holiness, sent in their resignation two days after, and the formation of a new one was entrusted to Mamiani.

All the energies of Mamiani were now employed in endeavouring to preserve peace at home, and prosecuting the war in Lombardy, which he did with the express authorization of the Pope, as temporal prince, although as spiritual sovereign he affected to disapprove of it; in fact, his holiness tried to do what no man, be he priest or layman, has ever yet been able to do; he tried to "serve two masters," to flatter both Austria and Italy. When Austria triumphed he showed the Encyclica, when Italy, he claimed its gratitude for having authorized the war.

After a stormy session of three months, Mamiani, disgusted by the perpetual intrigues of the *Oscurantisti* to estrange the Pope from the Liberals, resigned office at the time of the Austrian invasion of Cremona, and was succeeded by Fabri, who equally disgusted with the secret machinations he had to contend against, gave place to Rossi.

Mamiani, meanwhile, returned to Pesaro, and afterwards went to Turin, to attend Gioberti's great political meeting. He was detained there by illness, but he had got as far as Genoa, when he received intelligence of the assassination of Rossi on the 15th of November, and the revolution of the succeeding day. He proceeded to Rome immediately upon hearing this, and found on his arrival that he had been named minister of foreign affairs. He had at first resolved to decline any part in public business at that time, but on the disgraceful, unprincipled, unpastoral flight of the Pope, the very next night, leaving the capital

without a head, and the country without a government, he declared his readiness to accept the office allotted to him in this moment of danger and emergency. His friends among the moderates strongly endeavoured to dissuade him from connecting himself, under the provisional government, with a party, the republican tendencies of which every day developed themselves more and more clearly; but his heart was too generous to make distinctions at such a moment, and he hoped to be able to prevail upon the pope to return, and to insure the maintenance of the constitution. Disappointed, however, in these expectations, and unable to fully sympathize in the views of his colleagues, constantly progressing towards the proclamation of a republic, he sent in his resignation; but not wishing to retain, for his own advantage, according to the custom of his predecessors, the profits arising from the passports whilst he was in office, he, with the generosity natural to him, handed over the amount to his friend Dr. Pantaleone, the treasurer of the Chamber of Deputies, to be laid out in the purchase of such works as might be deemed most useful for the library, which, at that time, it was intended to have formed for the use of the Council of Deputies. He was subsequently elected a member of the Italian Constituent Assembly, or Diet of the Italian States, the immediate convocation of which in Rome he had himself recommended, in a most eloquent harangue, as a potent means of uniting and strengthening the resources of the Peninsular. In this assembly he raised his voice against the proclaiming a republican form of government in Rome, and upon that measure being carried, he resigned his seat, and confined his political exertions to writing in the "Speranza dell' Epoca," against, what appeared to him, the disorderly proceedings of the time. The French, who soon after so unjustifiably surrounded Rome, approved highly of his arguments and his conduct, and on their entry into the city frequently applied to him for advice; nevertheless, with the fickleness and ingratitude of their nation, they shortly after gave him *leave to depart*, and he accordingly went to Genoa, where he took up his abode, and is at this time residing. He had written a work upon the Papacy, and had prepared it for the press, but his trunks being sent after him, from Rome to Civita Vecchia, the priests there, having received intelligence that it was in one of them, had the locks forced and consigned his papers to an *auto da fé*, without giving themselves the trouble of looking into them, to know whether or not they deserved the fate prepared for them.

But we must not give all our attention to the Moderates. We will now introduce another of the republicans—not an orator, not a writer, not a diplomatist, not even a deputy in the chambers, an organ of the voices and views of thousands, but a warrior, stalwart and staunch, ready to die in the cause in which he has pledged his honour after the dictates of his heart. We mean Giuseppe Gari-

baldi, well known throughout the countries whose despotism he has opposed, as the Guerilla Chieftain. Garibaldi is a native of Nice; early accustomed to battle with the waves, at fifteen years of age he threw himself into the midst of them to rescue some of his companions, who were upset in a boat. Twice afterwards he performed a similar act of humanity; once was to a poor Negro. "Is he not a fellow-creature?" said Garibaldi, "a brother?" Entering early as a sailor into the navigation of the Levant and the Black Sea, he touched at many Italian ports, and from one of them proceeded to Rome, at that time merely to gratify a curiosity natural to, and commendable in a youth; little foreseeing, that in his maturer age he should find himself there again, in defence of her liberties, basely crushed by the superior numbers of republican France.

In 1833, Savoy and the neighbouring provinces began, like a hidden volcano, to throw up in portentous clouds the evidences of their interior commotions. Garibaldi could not escape the spread of the electric flame. But the plot being discovered, he returned to Marseilles, and entered as an officer in the marines.

Finding every hope lost, at this time, of a liberal movement in Italy, he proceeded to Rio Janeiro, in 1836, where for some time he carried on the humble trade of a coaster. The republican insurrection of Rio Grande against the government of Rio Janeiro had received a terrible blow in its very outset from the discomfiture in the island of Fanfa, and the leaders of it were arrested and sent to prison. Garibaldi's generous heart was moved at the thought of their defeat, and he endeavoured to arm a few bargues for their rescue, but he was himself taken prisoner in the attempt, after being struck by a ball, which severely grazing his arm, lodged under the left ear and finally traversed round to the right; whence it was extracted by the skill of Ranon Delarca, a benevolent surgeon, who lavished upon him the tenderest cares during the tedious months of his recovery, and still more tedious of his lengthened imprisonment. At last orders came for his removal to the capital. Aware of the tortures that might there await him, he endeavoured that same night to effect his escape, but was retaken, after wandering two days in the country, and sent back to his prison. "I shall be silent," says he, in a letter to one of his party, "on the hardships of those two days; only I cannot omit recording for the execrations of posterity, the name of a monster, Leonardo Millan, who basely availed himself of his brief authority over me, to keep me two hours suspended by the hands." From this barbarous and uncalled-for outrage, aggravated by the fiend-like mockery of a savage crowd of inhuman wretches, who, his prison door being left open for that purpose, stood by to enjoy his anguish, Garibaldi was afflicted, during certain states of the atmosphere, for twelve succeeding years, with severe rheumatic pains in the wrists. Being finally released from prison, he repaired to Rio Grande, where he was received with enthusiasm, and was immediately put in command of the small marine force that the place

was possessed of. He soon signalized himself by his bravery and foresight: being on one occasion attacked by Captain Moringue with 120 men, he with only eleven, all of whom were Italians, defended himself so bravely, that many of the assailants were slain, and the others took to flight; thus proving, as he wrote to his Government with that laudable pride in his cause which he would not have arrogated personally to himself, that one free man is worth ten slaves. "*Un uomo libero vale per dieci schiavi.*"

We do not undertake to trace Garibaldi's adventurous course in the Brazils, full as it was

———"of hair-breadth scapes,

And moving accidents by flood and field;"

our business is only with him in Rome; nevertheless, we must here make mention of his wife, that model of female heroism and conjugal love, who finally paid the tribute of her life to her devotedness to her husband, and to the sacred cause of liberty in which he early engaged her energies and her destiny with his own. This admirable woman had joined Garibaldi and his fortunes in Rio Grande, being herself a native of that country. In one of the rencontres with the enemy, she was taken prisoner, and had the grief to hear it reported that her husband had fallen. Unable to endure her suspense, still hoping to render him some solace, or receive his last sigh, she eluded the vigilance of her guard in the middle of the night, and the break of day beheld her on the field, bending her trembling steps among the dead, turning her pitying eyes upon the wounded, seeking among them the form—perhaps, alas! the inanimate form—of her beloved. Two days she tracked the wide and solitary expanse. At last she found him whom she sought, and who was spared to be revived by her tender cares. Often have we seen this high-minded, yet gentle woman at Rome, charming all who approached her by the frankness and kindness of her manners; her serene though thoughtful brow showing that she felt herself the wife of a hero, whilst the tenderness of her smile betrayed that she would not have loved him less had his lot been cast in the humblest walk of private life. Shortly after her husband was thus restored to her, she presented him with a son, whom he named Menotti, out of reverence for the memory of one of the many brave who had shed their heart's blood for Italy.

After the hazardous undertaking of *Cima da Serra*, Garibaldi, unwilling to expose his wife, who had accompanied him with her infant, to greater dangers than she had already encountered, took up his abode for a time in Monte Video, and there, with all the docility of a truly great mind, which never feels degraded in bending to circumstances not degrading in themselves, he eked out the means of subsistence for those dear to him, and for himself, by giving lessons in algebra and geometry, in the principal college in the city; as he had before done in French and writing, in Constantinople; yet has this unpretending hero been represented as an illiterate adventurer, that could scarcely spell his own name.

Garibaldi's personal habits were at all times of the simplest kind, and in his private dealings he was exact even to scrupulousness. To this, General Pacheco y Obes, minister from the Oriental Republic to Paris, bears honourable testimony. "In 1843," he informs us, "Signor Francisco Agell, one of the most respectable merchants in Monte Video, waited on the Minister of War, to inform him that Garibaldi, the head of the Italian Legion, the commander of the national fleet,—the man, in short, that had, day after day, risked his life for Monte Video, and was ready any day, at a moment's notice, to risk it again in her defence,—that this man had no light in his house in the evenings, because in the soldiers' rations, his proportion of which afforded his principal means of support, candles or oil were not included. The minister immediately sent him a hundred *pataccoi*, about twenty pounds; but Garibaldi would only retain half the sum, requesting that the other half might be given to a widow, whose circumstances, he said, were more necessitous than his own. Those fifty *pataccoi*," continues the same writer, "were all that Garibaldi ever received from the Republic: whilst he remained with us, he and his family lived in poverty, he wore the same shoes as the common soldier, and his intimates often had recourse to stratagems to replace for him his worn-out habiliments. Nevertheless, he was equally respected by all the inhabitants of Monte Video; never man was more universally beloved, and never man more deserved to be so. Ever the foremost to excite the ardour of the troops in battle, he was not less zealous in palliating, as far as came within his power, the miseries inseparable from war. Whenever he was seen in the office of the Governor, it was to solicit the pardon of some conspirator, or to plead in behalf of some unfortunate: and it was solely through his intervention, that the life of Michele Haedo, condemned to death by the laws of the Republic, was spared." Many other traits of Garibaldi's chivalric generosity are related by the General Pacheco y Obes, which, he remarks, are still themes of admiration, as well in the adverse party, as in his own. Among them is his conduct at Gualaguaychu, when he took prisoner Colonel Villagra, one of the most ferocious of Rosas' leaders, and restored him and his companions to liberty. What a contrast to the barbarous cruelties of Rosas himself, and of his friend Oribe, one of whose latest exploits, not yet two months since, was to have an unhappy prisoner of war, Major Tabares—unhappy indeed, in falling into such fiend-like hands—brought forth at a bull-fight, when the people had assembled, with his hands tied behind him, and lashed by the neck, waist, and heels, to a thick bar of iron, firmly fixed into the ground, in the midst of an enclosure, on one side of which was a raised platform for General Oribe and his particular friends, to whom he had sent special invitations for the purpose. The signal was given, the music struck up inspiring airs, and four ferocious bulls were admitted into the enclosure, where they gored in the most dreadful manner the

helpless victim, pointed out more immediately to their fury by being enveloped in white, and having a red cap placed on his defenceless head. All the time this revolting spectacle went on, the music continued; and when the bulls, wearying of an enemy from which they could meet with no resistance, were withdrawn, it being discovered that life was not quite extinct in the unfortunate victim, he was coolly lanced to death, and his head cut off, in the presence of the horror-stricken spectators; who, nevertheless, durst not manifest by any outward sign the disgust and detestation they felt against the promoters of such an infernal deed.

And these things are done in a country calling itself Christian, in an age boasting of its enlightenment; and yet there are those who would brand all attempts at reformation, any endeavour to limit human authority, capable of such enormous abuses, as the work of anarchy, planned by the enemies of social good! A fleet of twenty English vessels was commanded by Admiral Brown, an esteemed veteran officer, against the Argentine Republic, at the time when Garibaldi was performing his prodigies of valour in its defence: the generous Englishman could fully appreciate valour in a foe, and was so struck with the astounding proofs of it that came within his own perilous experience, that he sent to him to express his intention of paying him a visit. Garibaldi, respecting the grey hairs of his frank and noble opponent too much to suffer him to take this trouble, hastened to his house to prevent it, by offering his hostages in person. The admiral was astonished to find so commanding a figure in so young a man, and equally pleased with his manners as his appearance, shook him most cordially by the hand, warmly complimented him on the courage and skill he had shown in the battle of Parama, and other naval rencontres, and a few days afterwards, not to be outdone in courtesy, returned his visit, at his own humble dwelling.

For his valorous defence of Salta, Garibaldi had the gratification of receiving from the governor of Monte Video a banner, with the inscription upon it, written in letters of gold: "*Gesta dell' 8 Febbraio, 1846, della legione italiana agli ordine di Garibaldi.*" "Acts of the Italian Legion, February 8th, 1846, under the command of Garibaldi;" and of having the honourable privilege granted to his men, of taking the right hand on all occasions of public parade. But notwithstanding the success that followed his arms, and the distinctions he received, he found it impossible to remain longer away from his native country, and his desire to return to it was most fortunately seconded, at that moment, by the extraordinary excitation of the Italians residing at Monte Video; who, overjoyed at the outbreak in Italy, and animated by the noblest hopes, followed the impulse of their generous hearts, by raising in a very short time, among themselves, a considerable sum, to fit out an expedition to aid the cause of liberty in their native country. Thus it may be seen that Garibaldi did not intrude himself into the Roman States, the unauthorized and lawless rebel he has been

represented, by a party who have good reasons of their own for smothering all the breathings of an oppressed multitude after a better order of things.

Accompanied by a hundred chosen men from the Italian legion, and by other volunteers, Garibaldi quitted Monte Video in April, 1848, and after a tedious passage and fourteen years of honourable exile, he once more put his foot upon his native ground, and hastened to Nice, to embrace his aged mother and his wife and children, who had preceded him by some months in arriving at his paternal roof. But it was only for a few days that he allowed himself the calm enjoyment of domestic happiness; the war of independence was already declared, and, all impatience to take part in it, he proceeded to Turin, to lay his pretensions before the government; but Charles Albert was then vacillating between two parties, with an indecision which, a she afterwards paid for it by griefs and anxieties that ended in his death, there is no need to dwell upon in this brief memoir: let it suffice to say, that Garibaldi was wounded in all his finest feelings, by the coldness with which he was received, and after wasting some time of which every moment was precious to him, he proceeded to Milan, where he found a very different reception; the Committee of Public Safety there, unhesitatingly and joyfully availing themselves of the name and services of so illustrious a warrior, immediately consigned to him the care of forming a volunteer corps, for the defence of the province of Bergamo.

In a very short time three thousand men rushed to his standard, and were immediately ordered to Brescia. Scarcely had he finished these arrangements ere he was hastily called to Milan, then suffering under reverses of its first successes, that filled the inhabitants with gloomy forebodings, too fully verified by succeeding events. He lost not a moment in obeying the summons; arrived at Monza, within twelve miles of the city, the intelligence reached him of the armistice, which revealed to him at once the real state of affairs. Garibaldi, who had seen such energy called forth among the people, and the soldiers gaily rushing onwards to battle, as to a festival, rejoicing in the roar of the cannon, and bravely confronting death in every shape, could not but suspect that this armistice was a snare laid by cowards, and disdaining to complain of such unworthy artifices, instead of succumbing in any way to the Austrians, he preferred calling around him a few faithful followers, and with them daring the enemy upon other ground. Crossing the Tessin after a forced march from Bergamo, he embarked at Arona, for Luino, which he found occupied by the Austrians in four times his own numbers. Nevertheless he resolved upon attacking them immediately, in their quarters, which he did with an impetuosity that drove them from their stronghold; but soon ashamed of their momentary discomfiture, and confident in their superiority of numbers, they returned to the attack, and were again repulsed by Garibaldi, until he found himself in danger of being entirely surrounded; he therefore had only to think of saving the remnant of his troops. They were, in fact, in want

of everything; ammunition, food, even clothes. By forced marches he reached Arona, with his men exhausted by fatigue and inanition. In this deplorable plight, he was compelled to ask for assistance, and the Municipality advanced him seven thousand francs upon his receipt for the same; a paltry sum in comparison with his necessities and deserts, yet some have endeavoured to represent his acceptance of it as a crime. The nights which by his troops were given to short repose, after their toilsome days, Garibaldi had passed in exploring the mountain paths by which he might most safely and speedily convey them across the frontier. Once arrived in Switzerland, he and his followers were warmly welcomed, as the brave and honourable defenders of the flag of liberty, but he had brought with him the germ of fever, contracted in Roverbella, and worn out with fatigue and chagrin, he sought a temporary repose in the bosom of his family at Nice. After a very brief sojourn with them, he returned to Genoa. His transit was one continued triumph; the population rushed in crowds to hail him as he passed, and the clubs sent their deputies to greet the hero of Monte Video, the warrior of Luino. His first care was to recruit his health, which he justly regarded as the property of his country. Whilst he was slowly recovering, he was offered by the Piedmontese government a distinguished post in the national army, but he had already pledged himself to Sicily, and soon after repaired to Leghorn for the purpose of embarking for that island. The enthusiasm with which he was received by the Livornese, induced him to prolong his stay in Tuscany; but the death of Rossi, followed by the flight of the pope, turned all his thoughts towards Rome.

His arrival in that city is thus noticed in "The Roman Advertiser" of Dec. 16, 1848. "General Garibaldi arrived in Rome on Tuesday morning, and was enthusiastically received in the evening, at the Circolo Popolare. The expression of his face indicates talent and resolution, and he spoke with enthusiasm, and at the same time with prudence, of the present state of affairs in Italy; moderating the furious zeal of some violent republicans, who would fain have borne him then and there to the Capitol. . . The General returned to his hotel accompanied by the applauses of the audience, and of the crowd in the Corso, the demonstration limiting itself to vigorous cheering."

A few days after this welcome, however, Garibaldi was requested to leave the city for a time, on account of some unruly proceedings on the part of the ultra republicans; for though it did not appear that he had anything to do with them, his departure was deemed a proper measure of precaution, lest the malcontents should make his name a pretext for further disturbances. In January 1849 he returned to Rome to take his place in the Constituent Assembly, as delegate from the College of Macerata, and voted for the proclamation of the republic in the memorable sitting of the 5th of February following. At this time a splendid sword of honour, which had been publicly

exhibited for a month beforehand in the great hall of the Caffé Nuova, was presented to him in the name of the Tuscans, and other Italians.

For some weeks Garibaldi's military movements were confined to watching the movements of the Neapolitans, among whom his name created so much alarm, that ten thousand men were sent on the Abruzzi frontier, with all the precautions of advanced guards, out-posts, picquets and patrols, to be in readiness to resist any hostile movement on his part.

Too soon, however, Rome herself required his aid, and called him within her walls. He was then fifty miles off, at Agnani, but in two days he presented himself with his troops before the people, who rushed out to meet him, and all ranks seemed to be inspired with fresh confidence, new hopes from his presence.

We have already described Garibaldi's noble appearance and chivalric bearing in Rome,¹ his valour in its defence, his sorrowful departure from it, when it reluctantly succumbed to the brute force of the most treacherous and unjust attack upon it, that modern history will, it is to be hoped, ever have to record,—the afflicting trial he had to undergo, in seeing the beloved partner in his toils as in his glories sink under the griefs and dangers of his retreat, and in receiving her last sigh as she lay stretched on a humble pallet, in a lonely hut, the poor owners of which were punished for their charity by imprisonment, and threatened with death. It would be painful and useless to recal those scenes. We have wished to do justice to Garibaldi, because his character and conduct have been misrepresented or misunderstood.

We have witnessed what he was at Rome; we have inquired continually of honourable men, and of Englishmen, too, who served under him, what he was in the field. All their testimonials have been in his praise. Humane as brave, rigid in discipline, inflexible in honour; unwearied in exertion, considerate to the wants of others, careless of his own; devoted in his friendships, gentle and loving in his household; such is the man who has been stigmatized as a lawless mercenary freebooter. It may perhaps raise a smile; but it ought to be one of admiration, rather than of scorn, if we inform our readers that this man of war, this sanguine—not sanguinary—hero, is at the present time peacefully, and we trust profitably, employed at New York, in a manufacture of his own, of spermaceti candles. So at any rate he will not be in want of that article of home consumption, as he was at Monte Video. But let "the blast of war" blow in his ears, the trumpet sound once more in the cause of freedom, and Europe will soon see him wave his banner, and gather his followers about him, again to confront despotism and treachery, whatever forms they may assume for the oppression of the helpless portion of mankind.

(1) *Vide* vol. x. p. 253. Art. "Rome."

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN.²

BY JANE M. WINNARD.

CHAPTER III.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW BY THE NARRATOR, AND A DISCOVERY BY MISS SHEPHERD.

DAVID UNDERWOOD's sudden and unexplained departure made a great sensation in the little world of Milford, at the time. Dame Rumour, with her hundred tongues, was extremely busy with the event; but of these fivescore unruly members, very few wagged to any truthful purpose. What these few said remained, ultimately, as matter of common belief in the valley and its neighbourhood;

"The rest, the gods dispersed in empty air,"

to share the fate of the unaccepted prayers of mortals in the Iliad and Odyssey.

As the reader was put in possession of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, concerning the matter in the last chapter, there is no need to tell him what was agreed upon as *true* by the Milford people, who had no means whatever of verifying the same, since those who *could* tell were silent. Nor will it be necessary to say, that though startling events are talked of and thought about much longer in small communities than they are in large ones, yet a year or two sufficed to obliterate the recollection of David Underwood from the minds of most people in the parish. Of the few who did not forget him so soon, it will be well to say something now, before I return to the proper date of my story.

Miriam Grey did not forget David Underwood. Whether she held any communication with him after his departure,—knew where he was, what he did, what he intended to do,—was not known even to those who watched her with the vigilance of affection; but that she did not forget him was well known to them, though she never pronounced his name, or seemed to heed when it was mentioned accidentally by indifferent people.

His mother did not forget David Underwood. She was not by any means what is called "a superior woman," not even a positively *high* woman, in anything; she was simply, a well-meaning, conscientious creature. Her reason had quite a sinecure as regards the regulation of her passions in youth, for there were none within her that required regulation. The mainspring of action, nay, of feeling, in this calm, gentle woman, was a principle of active obedience and non-resistance to her husband. And this principle led her to the habitual breaking of the first commandment of the Decalogue. She had "more gods than one:" the God in heaven, to whom her morning and evening prayers were addressed, and Gideon Underwood, her god on earth, to whose service and honour her days were devoted. Had any friend told her this truth, the pious, candid soul would have been wretched, perchance; but as long as her husband continued what he had ever been to her, cold and

(2) Continued from p. 250.

considerate, kind and commanding. Mrs. Underwood never perceived that she worshipped the creature instead of the Creator. She would have lived an idolatress of her husband to the end, but that God had willed to draw her wholly to Himself by suffering. There where she had sinned, from thence came her punishment—from the character of the human being she had allowed to stand between her and God, blinding her to his laws of immutable right and truth.

I was wrong in saying her nature was utterly passionless; her maternal love was a passion; and David, her first-born, was dearer than all her other children. From his childhood David had avoided his father instinctively, and clung to his mother with a tenacity and warmth of affection which sometimes startled her with its intensity, for her weak nature could not comprehend the strength of his. Not comprehending, she feared for him, she knew not what strange trials in life. She watched over him anxiously, treasured all his sayings in her heart, tried even to sympathise in his ambition, and promised to use her influence with his father to let him go from home when he was grown up; for she felt that her young eagle was not to be caged like a linnet.

When he presented himself before her, as she sat alone on that fatal night, and with white lips and broken words told hurriedly what had happened a while since at the Grey Tower, and prayed for her forgiveness and her blessing on his departure, she granted all his desire, and breathed no word of reproach. She did not oppose his going, but with silent celerity helped him to collect the few things necessary for his journey, and gave him all her money and trinkets; for she knew her husband too well to hope that he would relax one iota of his anger or his natural parsimony in favour of his offending child, at least for many months to come. She did not dream that he would never forgive. When she asked where he thought of going, David replied, that he had not determined yet, but to London first of all.—London! If anything could add to his mother's suffering then, it was the thought that her inexperienced boy was going alone and friendless to that far off, terrible city, which she had never seen, but which in her imagination was worse than Tophet,—a place where all the devils had set up their thrones, and the nations of the earth came to worship them. Her last words, as she clung weeping to her boy, were of warning and fond injunction to keep himself unspotted from that wicked world. She was comforted by poor David's few sentences.

"Mother, your love will keep me from all deadly sin. Your love—the thought of Miriam—will be ever in my heart. No devil will have power to enter in where they are. The place where we are matters little; the kingdom of the devil, like the kingdom of God, is *within* us. In this quiet valley, in the very presence of that sweet angel, I sinned—I might have been a parricide! I can do no worse in London, or in hell. Mother, let me go; I cannot meet my father's eye. I must go and expiate by some good work this fearful

early sin. Miriam is lost to me, now, for ever! But you, mother! you will love me, pure or sinful, absent or present, sane or insane, here and hereafter. Kiss me once more, dearest mother; bless me, forgive me, pray for me, hope for me, and oh! *love* me ever as you do now."

And thus David left his home. His gentle mother's eyes, streaming with tears, followed his form as he took his course along the valley in the moonlight, turning often to look at his old home.

She still stood outside the house, when her husband returned with his customary slow proud step, but with a bandage across his brow. How the sorrowing mother shrunk from this evidence of her child's violent spirit! She suppressed a cry of anguish, and stood waiting. Her husband asked what she did there. Grief had "made her stout," and she replied, "I was watching my son David. He has left his home, and gone abroad into the world."

"Ha! it is well. Henceforth, remember, Mary, that name is forbidden in my household. He is no longer a son; I trust to you to obey me in this, as you have ever done."

"But, Gideon——"

"No word for him. Do you forget your duty as a wife? Let me never be reminded of his offences, or I may come to *curse*——"

She laid her hand upon his arm, and said fearfully, "I will obey you; only, for the love of heaven and your own soul, curse not your son. Let him be a stranger to you henceforth."

And it was so. David seemed to be swept out of his father's recollection from that hour. The little children were tutored by their mother to ask no questions of any one but her about their brother. And in less than a year, his name was never heard in the household; the little ones forgot him. Mark and Martha, who were older, talked in secret of poor David, but they thought their father could do no wrong, and came to the conclusion that David must have committed some very wicked act. Though they did not love his memory the less, they mourned for him, and feared to ask what he had done.

Miriam Grey's mirthfulness was all gone now whenever she came down to the Grange. She did not play much with the children, or talk with Mark and Martha. She would sit watching Mrs. Underwood as she moved about her household duties with an enforced exactitude; while her pale face and wasted form told of the secret lamentation and woe. In obedience to her husband's commands, "no voice was heard in Rama." But the grief, though voiceless, was imperative. Her gentle heart, which, until now, had been in utter subjection to her husband's will in all things, throbbed in secret opposition to him. Slowly, in the very tumult of the strife between this old allegiance and the natural sorrow for her son, she began to perceive that her husband was harsh and tyrannical, and that as it had been with David, so might it be with each of their children in succession, as they grew up to have hopes

and desires beyond the home circle. Then came the thought, "If I had acted differently; if, in years gone by, I had remonstrated against this vile love of power, and this cold hard pride, instead of yielding to it, and encouraging it, because I liked to see him so like a king! Ah, I have not been a help-mate for him! I have been his slave, and he has not respected me! How could he respect so poor and mean a creature?"

Her husband treated her more coldly from day to day, as he saw in her face that her heart was with the child who had outraged the holiest human bonds. Not until four years afterwards, when she lay on her death-bed, did his heart feel a pang of remorse for his wife's unhappiness. Then he said, "Mary, is there anything I can do to prove that you have been dear to me?" With the courage of a spirit in sight of immortality, the once timid, weak-spirited wife, spoke out. She spoke of his hardness to them all,—to her, to the banished one, to all but Miriam Grey, the child of his first love. She was not stayed by fear or undue reverence. And from that simple woman, whom he had more than half despised, the proud Gideo Underwood heard words of truth which were for the most part strange to him. When she had passed away, they were not all forgotten. Though habit was potent, and he never lost his ungentle pride wholly, yet pity, and something like tenderness for his motherless children, sprang up within him. His iron rule was relaxed for the younger children. Leah and Rachel, John and Mary were allowed to grow up in a softer, warmer atmosphere than their elders. Miriam Grey's influence was always strong, and after his wife's death, it became stronger than before. But no word concerning David was ever exchanged between them.

The years passed on, bringing each its portion of joy or sorrow to the Underwood family and to Miriam Grey. To the latter more of sorrow than of joy, for she had ceased to hope for the realization of the dream of her youth; and it pleased God by slow degrees to deprive her of sight. This affliction she bore with a cheerful resignation that endeared her to all. Religion and philosophy taught her the same lessons by different methods. She learned, that as "God's incorruptible spirit is in all things," so is his immutable will above, around, within us; ordering all our existence as it seemeth good to him, with a wise illimitable love that no man can fathom; so that it is folly for short-sighted human beings to nourish any desire of a different lot in life than that which He has assigned them, and utter madness to try to make a different lot for themselves, since in his own good time he will do for us better than we can hope or dream. She learned also to lay down any supposed claim she had to be made happy on earth, because she saw clearly that "with renunciation life begins." She was young to learn this deep truth; nor would she have learned it by experience alone. There was one in Milford who had helped to teach her this and much other strengthening doctrine; one whom she revered and loved for his wisdom and goodness, and for his affectionate

remembrance of David. This was Mr. Shepherd, the rector.

He, too, had disappointed hopes connected with his old pupil. It had been his secret desire that David should enter the church. He had some expectation of winning Mr. Underwood's consent to sending the youth to Oxford, when David disappeared from Milford as we have described. A short time after that event, Mr. Shepherd received a few affectionate manly lines from his young friend, enclosing a letter to his father, which he begged him to deliver, and informing him that he had met with much kindness from some distant relations of the name of Underwood. The letter was faithfully delivered, but the good rector had reason to fear that it was never read, and that all David's subsequent communications to his father shared the same fate. After his mother's death, David wrote no more to his father, and seldom to Mr. Shepherd. At length, his letters ceased altogether, and there was good reason to believe that in the midst of new ties and associates those of his early days had been, for a time at least, forgotten.

Mr. Shepherd, too, had a new pupil and associate, who, in some measure, compensated to him for the loss of David. This was Philip Ward, who came with his mother to reside at the Grey Tower on the death of Captain Ward. Philip was then about fourteen years of age, and being an amiable, clever boy, soon became a great favourite with every one, especially his aunt and Mr. Shepherd. About the same time, too, Miss Agnes Shepherd, having given up all hopes of a husband, left off going from London to Cheltenham and from Cheltenham to Brighton, and resolved to take up her abode with her brother at Milford for the rest of her life. No event so important to the parish had happened for many years. The flight of this lady from the gay and busy world was a sort of Hegira from which the Milford folks dated. "That was two years after Miss Shepherd came;"—"It was five years from the time Madam Shepherd came that the fever broke out again;" &c., were sentences of daily occurrence.

Miss Shepherd thought she had two or three decided advantages over Mrs. Ward, as a candidate for the hand of Mr. Underwood—she was her *brother's* sister,—she was rich and clever. Mrs. Ward, on the other hand, was her *mother's* daughter, and was poor and foolish. But then she was pretty, and not by any means old. It was a frequent question with Miss Shepherd, whether, on the whole, Mrs. Ward had not as good a chance as herself of marrying Mr. Underwood of the Grange. "Men are so foolish in those matters," she argued. This question remained long undecided; and Miss Shepherd had not settled it to her satisfaction, at the time our story opens. One thing, however, she had settled to her own satisfaction by that time, viz. that Mr. Underwood *loved money*—nay, that for some cause or other, he was extremely anxious to obtain money at that time.

Being of an active turn of mind, especially after tasting Martha's cherry-brandy, she never rested till

she got to the bottom of any business that excited her curiosity. Therefore, when she returned home from the little party at the Grange, with her brother and the Strange Gentleman, and her ears caught the words, "mortgage," and "five per cent." in a *sotto voce* conversation carried on between the two gentlemen, she, with the dexterity of a great wit, jumped to the conclusion, that her brother's guest was a usurer from whom Mr. Underwood was negotiating a loan.

"Yes, yes!" she thought, "that's it!—no wonder Edward would not tell me who he was, or anything about him, except that he comes from Germany.—He's a Jew, of course! Nearly all the Germans are!—Besides, any one can see he is a Jew, by his face, and his great black beard. What terrible eyes he has!—He is not like common mortals, I am sure.—I wonder I could ever mistake him for a Christian. I remember, now, he looked quite pale when Martha asked him to take some ham. And then—he could not be making fun of me when he spoke so gravely about the battle of Leipzig!—I am not superstitious—but—we all know that there is such a person as—the Undying One. No one believes in ghosts and such things, but the Wandering Jew has been seen in every age of the Christian era. I wonder whether Edward has any suspicion on the subject. What can he mean by inviting him here, after what the Prayer-book says against Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics?—Poor Edward! He has all sense but common sense, and never suspects anybody. Still he *must* know something about this person, especially as he told me he was a remarkable man, and well known in the world. Besides, he met him at Torrington Hall. Sir Ralph is not likely to have objectionable people there."

This seemed rather a strong argument against her view of the case. She watched the stranger's features as they were illumed by the moonlight. They were composed, and grave, and although she was still convinced of his Jewish origin, she was a little inclined to doubt the preternatural history of their guest, till he suddenly turned his eyes on her, and caught her in the act of scrutinising his face. A strange expression came over it, and he asked,—

"Shall I tell you my thoughts, madam, and save you the trouble of deciphering them?"

Miss Shepherd was quite frightened at the tone in which this was said, and was almost inclined to call out to her brother, who had walked on a few yards ahead. But she found her voice die away within her; and she stood staring while her companion went on in a strange low tone: "I was thinking of certain moonlight nights in Palestine, and in South America—in China, and at the Poles—for I, you know, have led a wandering life, and have gone, like Satan, to and fro in the earth, and up and down in it."

Miss Shepherd could not utter a syllable. Fascinated, and half afraid, she stood as in a dream, till awakened by the voice of her brother, telling them to come on faster. The stranger smiled, and offered

her his arm: she declined it sturdily, and walked on alone, lost in thought. When she became again conscious of what was going on, they were all standing in the porch, at the Rectory, and her brother and his friend were talking of Sir Ralph Grey. A laugh from her brother, in which the stranger joined, dissipated all her late fantastic thoughts. They seemed to vanish like a dream. But a fresh train of speculation concerning the stranger succeeded—and this time, it had nothing supernatural for its basis. It ran thus:—"He is a Jew—it is as clear as the nose on his face. Now, Sir Ralph Grey would not ask *any* Jew to his house.—It must be a distinguished one.—It may be the author of 'The Curiosities of Literature'—that would make him so interesting to Edward;—but then, what could he possibly want with Mr. Underwood?—indeed, what would Sir Ralph care for him?"

At last a bright idea occurred to her as she remembered a maxim of the society in which her early life was passed—"Let a man's origin be what it may, provided only he be richer than other people, he will be received in the best society." She glanced again at the stranger, as he hung up his hat.

"Edward said he had been used to the best society, here and abroad. Yes, it is clear by his manner that he is a person of distinction,—though unfortunately a Jew. Ah! I have it now! He is here *incog.* of course! What can I have been dreaming of all this time?—It must be that last spoonful of cherry-brandy that has set my brain wandering so and disturbed my nerves. How could I mistake that dignified manner. This is a Jew indeed!—the great Jew of the Age—honoured by Christian majesties all over Europe. No wonder Sir Ralph Grey is proud to have him at the Hall. I suppose he is looking for land to purchase. It would be a fine thing for the country if he should buy a place near here. I suppose that is what he went to Mr. Underwood about; I've always heard he is not at all proud, and it looks like it, indeed, for him to come and stay at our house and go to a trumpety tea-party at a farm-house. How condescending really great people always are!—I wonder now how much he is worth! I dare say he don't know himself."

At this point in her thoughts, to which an active brain and cherry-brandy had brought her, the subject of them approached her with a chamber-candlestick in his hand, like an ordinary mortal wending bedwards.

"Good night, my dear madam," he said rather sleepily.

"Good night, *M. le Baron!*" replied the lady with emphasis, and making a profound curtsy.

He raised his eyebrows—but refrained from speaking. There could be no mistake now, she thought—"He does not reject the title;" and she retired to rest satisfied that she had at last unravelled the mystery which had perplexed her all day. Proud was Miss Agnes Shepherd to sleep beneath the same roof with that very particular Baron "of the Hebrew persuasion," who was one of the bulwarks of Christendom, and like "the jolly young waterman" of the song, was

certain of "winning each heart and delighting each eye," because he had

"Gold and gold! and gold without end!
He had gold to lay by, and gold to spend,
Gold to give, and gold to lend,
And reversions of gold *in futuro*.
In wealth his family revell'd and roll'd,
Himself and his wife and his sons so bold,
And his daughters sang to their harps of gold,
'*O bella eia del oro!*'"

"Ah!" thought Miss Shepherd as she was just dropping asleep,— "I must go up to the Grange the first thing in the morning, and give that flirting creature, Miss Mary, a hint. How forward all the girls are, now a days! She went on chattering all tea-time with him. I must tell her it is of no use to try her arts in that quarter. There is a *Baroness* Rothschild, I know."

At the risk of being thought somewhat prying and inquisitive I will add that Miss Shepherd's sleep was not peaceful that night, and that she muttered many words indicative of the nature of her dreams. (These few, I can bear witness to—"Mr. Underwood,"—"Salathiel,"—"Mortgage of the estate,"—"Der Ewige Jude,"—"Railway scrip,"—"Loans,"—"Three per cents,"—"Undying one,"—"Ugly one,"—"Disagreeable one,"—"Mrs. Ward,"—"Odd trick,"—"Cherry-brandy,"—"Mr. Croly,"—"St. Leon,"—"The Strange Gentleman."

CHAPTER IV.

BUSINESS OF IMPORTANCE. THE BACK-PARLOUR, AND THE BLACK SCAUR.

It was midnight. The latest guest had been gone more than an hour from the Grange Farm. All the household was quiet. The girls had retired to their rooms; and though I will not venture to say that they were in bed and asleep, because it is not the custom of girls to go to bed and to sleep immediately on retiring to their rooms for the night, especially after a party, yet I will say this for the Underwoods,—they laughed and talked at night with the fear of their father before their eyes, and did it so discreetly, that no one in the adjoining rooms could be disturbed by their discussions; a habit which we recommend to the imitation of young ladies generally, as conducive to the peace of domestic life, especially during the small hours of the night.

But though every one else was gone to bed, the master of the house was still sitting in the little back-parlour. This room was his private apartment or study, in which he wrote letters, transacted business, and sat much alone. In this apartment he had spent some of the most important hours of his life; and if its walls could have spoken, they would have revealed more things that lay hidden in the heart of Gideon Underwood, than any human being had ever known—some things that he himself, perchance, had forgotten in the long course of years. They could have told of the proud infant who used to hide himself in a dark corner and sob out his indignant

grievs where no one should see that he wept—of the schoolboy who would sit at that window watching the pathway from the Grey Tower—of the young man who paced its narrow area with impatient steps and moody downcast glance,—paced it night and day, times without number—of the mature man who sat hour after hour at the carved black-oak table,—making interminable calculations of pounds sterling, and of acres and crops, sometimes with a strangely sanguine look for one habitually so calm. They could have told of the widower's grief, and of the father's—of the man of to-day, grey-haired and hard featured, who turned restlessly over papers, and found in none what he seemed to seek. But in all the bygone years, not even when his lost son first went into banishment, had those dark walls witnessed such emotion in Gideon Underwood as on this night.

The interview between him and the stranger endured for three hours; and at the close Gideon Underwood saw distinctly that he was a ruined man, that he had reduced his children to beggary, and not only his own children—that, he thought, he might have borne with comparative equanimity—but the children of her whom he had loved in youth—the helpless women committed to his charge; he had defrauded the orphan and the widow—he had dealt treacherously by those who trusted implicitly to him.—This stranger had come in the name of the law to take possession of all he had inherited from his ancestors. Worse still, of the old tower on the hillside, and of the few acres which Miriam Grey still called hers and hoped to bequeath to her nephew. The facts, plainly read to him in written documents, seemed to Mr. Underwood more real than when he had only known that they were so, and that any day the law might claim its own. With the strange infatuation of error, he had half dreamed that by some miraculous chance he might escape from the consequences of his misconduct—that he might recover all by a lucky speculation, as he had lost all by a series of unlucky ones.

What was it he had done? asks the reader. What many a man has done before, and most have lived to repent. He had done evil that good might come. He felt the importance of money; he desired to gain it more quickly than was possible by the ordinary course of his business, and he speculated in the funds—in railways. First, he employed only his own property—It was mortgaged—at first, slightly,—then deeply,—then, beyond hope of redemption unless he should succeed in one final, promising, brilliant scheme, a share of which was proposed to him. The success was almost certain; it seemed madness not to use any means in his power to attain it. The only means in his power was to mortgage Miss Grey's property, which she entrusted entirely to him. He would risk it—it was a fine means of increasing her little fortune as well as of redeeming his own. There could be no doubt of success. He *did* risk it; and he knew no peace from that hour. It was more than two years before the result of this brilliant speculation was

known to the shareholders. It was total, irremediable failure. When Mr. Underwood was officially informed of the fact by his lawyer, in London, he was at the same time informed that the gentleman by whom his estate and that of Miss Grey had been finally purchased, and who lived much abroad, would send an agent in the course of a few months to arrange with him all minor details—the time of yielding possession, &c.

The great blow having been struck, Mr. Underwood was singularly calm and careless about the rest. He determined not to abridge by a single hour the season of happiness to the unconscious victims of his misdeed. His children saw indeed that his *mind* was much occupied, and Martha and Leah began to talk together about the sudden breaking-up of his constitution, and were anxious that he should have medical advice; but he denied having any ailment, and persisted steadily in all the old habits of his life. He was a strong, iron-hearted man, or he could not have lived as he did. Perhaps, too, there was a secret hope at work, that something—he knew not what—might happen to ward off the blow from the innocent sufferers. Week after week and month after month passed; but the expected agent did not appear.

On that August day, when Mr. Shepherd asked permission to bring a friend who was staying with him, to join the little party in the evening at the Grange, Mr. Underwood never suspected that this friend was the dreaded messenger from the real owner of what he still called *his* property. He had not for a long time been more at ease than on that evening. The dreary secret of his heart seemed to be forgotten, until it was recalled to memory by Miriam Grey's expression of gratitude to himself. At that moment, too, he caught the stranger's eye fixed on him; and the gaze was like that of the avenging angel who haunted his dreams. By some unaccountable process of the mind, he knew immediately that the stranger was the agent so long expected, and when he subsequently requested a private conversation, Mr. Underwood led him at once to the little back-parlour, and without a word of unnecessary preamble proceeded to the fatal business.

The stranger said very little, and though his accent was foreign, he showed in a few moments that he was what he declared himself to be, an English lawyer, whose business had kept him much abroad. He had, in fact, been attached to several embassies in various capacities. He now presented his credentials in due form, but with an unbusiness-like sympathy for the receiver. These were inspected and read by Mr. Underwood with self-possession. If anything could add to the bitterness of his feelings on seeing the patrimony of which he had been so proud pass into other hands, it was to learn, as he did now, for the first time, that the man who had got possession of it was a certain Admiral Underwood, the head of one of those branches of the family which, as we informed the reader, had taken root during the last century among the gentry of the land. Our yeoman hated his *gentlemen*-cousins, and avoided all commu-

nication with them, and with this one in particular, who was a courtier. He was somewhat surprised that the Admiral should have heard that the Milford Grange was in the market. "How did he know it?" he asked with a grim look at the agent.

"From a person who comes from this part of the country, and who thought it a desirable purchase," was the reply.

"Does the Admiral intend to come and live here himself, sir, do you know?"

"I think not. He has provided a tenant, I believe."

"What, without giving *me* the option of remaining as tenant?"

"Would you be inclined to *rent* the farm?" inquired the stranger in a business-like way.

"Yes; I will take it at the rent he affixes. Please to mention this to the Admiral, and add that though I never stooped before to ask a favour of any man, I ask this of him,—to let me work for bread during the remainder of my life as tenant of the land which I and my fathers have owned for ages."

The agent noted the request in his pocket-book, and then proceeded to read aloud numerous law-papers connected with the transfer of the Underwood estate. The wretched Gideon sat by, seemingly as immovable as marble. The strange gentleman watched him in some surprise. It was clear that he felt for him; he turned his head aside while Mr. Underwood finally signed away the house in which they were, and all its demesnes and appurtenances.

"Now, if you please, we will proceed to the documents connected with the Grey estate."

"As you please. Shall I send for Miss Grey? But *no*, I had forgotten. She must be prepared for this."

He was silent for some minutes, and seemed trying to collect his thoughts while he slowly paced up and down the room. The stranger sat at the table arranging his papers, and with an instinctive respect for the grief of his companion, never once looked up during that painful pause. Presently, Gideon Underwood stopped beside him.

"It is necessary, I dare say, that those documents should be read and signed by Miss Grey."

"In the presence of two witnesses."

"The reading of legal papers to women is generally a mere form; they don't understand them. At least, it will be so in the present case. You can read them to me *now*, and I will engage that she shall be ready to sign them to-morrow at the hour you appoint, after being made aware of the nature of their contents."

"As you please, sir, in that matter. Anything I can do to soften this unhappy event."

Gideon's proud stiff bow was changed into a sudden impulse to offer his hand to the stranger.

"Admiral Underwood has been considerate in the choice of his agent, sir. Words are not necessary between us, for I have seen all along that you have a manly heart, and that it feels for my agony at this moment. My children, whom you saw just now around me, have not the remotest suspicion that their true

condition is that of houseless wanderers, and it is the thought of what I must tell them on the morrow which breaks my spirit now. But, proceed; your work is not over yet. The Grey Tower,—where is that accursed deed of mortgage? I am ready to hear all the necessary forms."

They were all read through, and an hour was appointed on the morrow, at which Mr. Underwood was to meet the stranger up at the Tower in the presence of Miss Grey, when the papers were to be duly signed and witnessed. His business completed, the agent rose at once to depart, for he knew that his presence was a restraint on the feelings of that stern grey-haired man. Truly, lawyers had need have nerves of steel.

"To-morrow, then," he said, "at four o'clock in the afternoon, I will wait on Miss Grey." Then, as he was going to the door, he turned back and said, "Will you excuse me, Mr. Underwood, if I interfere in your affairs so far as to advise that you defer speaking to your family on this unfortunate subject until *after* I receive my next instructions from the Admiral?"

"What good can there be in the delay?—They *must* know that they are beggars, sooner or later."

"Nay; if the Admiral accepts you as a tenant, your sons, indeed, may turn out into the world; indeed they should do *that*, under any circumstances; but your daughters—"

"Need not. Ah! you are right. I had not thought of it; girls do not readily suspect evil, or foresee misfortune. They will live on here as usual, and need not know that we are but tenants of our old home. There is something in that. I would not be entirely disgraced in their eyes; I thank you heartily for the suggestion. Good-night—you will find your way back to the great parlour by that staircase; tell them that I am too busy this evening to return to the company, and inform Miss Grey, if you can find an opportunity, that I shall be with her at the Tower to-morrow afternoon, and shall hope to see her without the presence of Mrs. Ward or Philip."

Saying these words, Mr Underwood closed the door softly, almost in the face of the stranger. The latter stood near it for a short time hesitating. At one moment his hand was on the lock, as if he could not resist a strong impulse to go in again;—then again he withdrew it suddenly, and went quickly up the staircase to the company. He delivered Mr Underwood's message to Martha, and then approached Miss Grey, for the purpose of communicating the one with which he had been entrusted to her. Miriam Grey was seated at the piano-forte. No one was near her at the time but Mary and Philip, who had come there that their words might be drowned to "alien ears" by the notes of the instrument. She heard their soft tones occasionally melting into the cadences of the air she was playing. Since her loss of sight Miriam Grey had lost much in music; she could not learn new compositions from printed pages, and she seldom had an opportunity of hearing them performed by others, when the ear might in some measure have done the work of the eye. So she

learned to love all her old familiar music better and better, because she had little hope of acquiring new. At the present moment she was playing an air that carried her back to the years of early youth: and so absorbed was she in the train of thought which it suggested, that she was not aware the strange gentleman they had all been talking of in his absence was standing beside her, listening intently, and watching her sightless up-turned eyes.

It was natural he should look on her with melancholy interest, as he thought of her position. She, a gentle lady—blind—helpless, and, as it seemed to him, with too little of earth in her nature to wage a successful warfare with the commonest, lowest ills of life, in the midst of which she was about to be precipitated through the misconduct of her guardian. And if she could not bear these commonest, lowest ills, of poverty and low estate, and perhaps, (who could tell?) the daily labour for the daily bread; for though, while Gideon Underwood lived, he would never suffer her to toil—as, indeed, he ought not—yet Gideon Underwood was an old man, and the time of unprotected privation would come at last to his injured ward;—if she, blind and delicate in body and refined in mind, all unused to the rough work which in some shape or other always attends the earning of bread,—if she could ill bear to become poor, how could she bear to be stripped at once of all her old reverence and esteem for her guardian?—how could she bear that terrible misery—the recognised unmistakeable wrong-doing of one loved and trusted in as surely, ay, *almost* as surely, as the eternal and immutable God?

The stranger felt all the weight of Mr Underwood's misconduct, now, as he regarded his gentle unconscious victim. He speculated as to whether she had yet learned the lesson which women are so slow to learn, that when they lean on a man's faith and rectitude it is for the most part on a poor pliant reed they lean. He wondered whether she had already trusted in man and been deceived. Perhaps, she had had a faithless lover; did she *love*, now? He tried to read the secret in her face. But he could not read anything there but a pure and chastened spirit, that seemed to have anticipated on earth the serenity of the blessed in heaven. Blind as they were, and all unconscious of his searching gaze, he could not look long on those eyes, but passed his hand hastily across his own, and muttered to himself a half malediction that he was made an instrument in the work which brought tears to them.

Slight as the sound was, it recalled Miss Grey to the consciousness of the present, and turning her head suddenly, her sightless eyes shone full upon him, as she said, "Is it you, dear Philip?"

Some emotion seemed to impede the stranger's utterance, but at length he said indistinctly, "No, madam. I have the misfortune—unhappiness—to be a stranger. But that music is a mutual friend."

She smiled gently and said—"Ah! you know it?—Do you like Haydn's canzonets?"—It was a simple question, but whether the sense of all that would

befal the questioner in a few hours overpowered our legal friend, or whether German music brought back the German language to his tongue, so as to embarrass his English, certain it is, that he could find no words to reply.

Miss Grey continued playing in silence. He stood by her till she came very near the conclusion of an allegro movement, and then stooping down he said,

"Mr. Underwood commissioned me to say, that he wishes to see you alone to-morrow afternoon, on important business. I—it is in *my* power, perhaps, to prepare—to soften, in some degree, the pain he must inflict. Will you grant me a few words alone before you see him? Do not let any one in this room, his children especially, suspect anything. Affliction may be in store for them, but 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

Miriam Grey's eyes turned towards him with a sad wondering expression, while her fingers went mechanically through the last cadence of the music, and she said, "Ah! I have felt that something lay heavy at Mr. Underwood's heart. It concerns *me*, too?" For a moment her beautiful features flushed, and were contracted by a strong spasm of agony; and then they turned of an ashen whiteness. Her hands dropped from the keys, making a mournful, jarring discord; her head dropped on her bosom, and she burst into tears.

Unfortunately, there was no concealing the fact. Martha and Leah hurried her from the room, and the stranger made the best story he could in the circumstances—the heat, the touching nature of the music.

"Ah! it's that music of Haydn's, I know," said Philip; "it often makes her cry."

"She has been very nervous for some time," said Mrs. Ward. "It is only nervousness, I assure you, my dear Mr. Shepherd."

"On the contrary, my dear Mrs. Ward, I think there is something really the matter with her. She has been in this state for some time. You had better take her home directly. Go and see if the phaeton is ready, Philip," said the affectionate old man, forgetting his sister and the odd trick. "Is Martha with her?"

"It is nothing but the heat!" said Jack, loudly.

"It is nothing but this foreigner! I hate foreigners!" said Mr. Bang, *sotto voce*.

"It is nothing but affectation!" muttered Miss Shepherd.

The stranger looked very uncomfortable, and sat down alone at one of the tables, pretending to be much interested in looking at a set of Bartolozzi's engravings. He stood up and bowed to Mrs. Ward when she withdrew, and he heard Martha say that Miss Grey was better, and was quite ready to go. He sat down again and took up an engraving.

Presently Leah approached the table, as if searching for something. When she had attracted his attention she said quietly, (her manner was singularly composed at all times,) "Miss Grey will be obliged if you will see her early to-morrow."

"Certainly. How early?" he replied, still examining the print.

"Anxious as she seems to be about this business which you have to communicate, I should say, as early as possible. She is always up at five o'clock. At six you would be certain to find her roaming about near the Tower. I will walk with you then, as she will need a companion, and cannot have her sister."

"You are very good. We will meet at the end of the village about that time."

"Let me warn you to inflict no unnecessary pain. She cannot bear as my father can. She is so good, so gentle! We all love her so much!"

"God bless you all! Perhaps—"

At this moment Mr. Crypt came up to look after Leah; and Miss Shepherd having taken her limited quantity of cherry-brandy, rose up and announced that it was time to be going. The good rector went to the door of Mr. Underwood's room to wish him good-night, and was struck by the alteration of his looks during those few hours. Mr. Underwood wrung his hand, and murmured in his ear, "Pray for me! Pray for me, my old friend, for I am in trouble." Simple, affectionate Mr. Shepherd. He went away believing that Gideon Underwood's grief was in some way connected with his banished, disobedient son. He was too unworldly to think of such things as loss of property, station, and character,—too virtuous to think that an ill-regulated desire for riches, and a proud ambition of aggrandising those connected with him, could lead a man like Gideon Underwood, the pattern of uprightiness and integrity, to positive crime. So, with his heart full of anxiety about what had befallen the poor exile, and a latent hope that he would return, at last, like the repentant prodigal, Mr. Shepherd accompanied his sister and his friend.

In an hour from that time, when all was still at the Grange, we will look in on Mr. Underwood. He is seated before an old-fashioned escrutoire, many small drawers of which are open, and packets of discoloured letters are lying about. The table behind him is covered with written papers of various kinds; the floor is scattered over with fragments of torn letters. The room looks much like a mere room for "ledger-men," with their "red-lined accounts," to meet and barter and transact what the world calls business in. But look again carefully at the apartment and its occupant, and you will see through the appearance into the very heart of things. That grey-headed man! what is it that he does? Are those bank-notes or bills that he fingers so gently? that he gazes on through a dim mist? Nay, they are rubbish to you and me; old letters, the few faint words scarcely legible, promising nothing, claiming nothing, telling of the veriest trifles that happened long ago. They are written in a weak, girlish hand, and bear a foreign post-mark. They are absolutely valueless, yet that old man gazes on them as if the world held nothing more precious. These, at length, he lays aside reverentially.

He takes up a small clasped volume. He opens it.

It is a neat, methodical-looking diary, and on every page he sees the words "my dear husband," "my honoured husband." He looks quickly but yet softly through the pages, and sighs as he closes it once more, and lays it beside those dear letters, but not so as to touch *them*; they are too sacred for contact even with so pure a thing as his dead wife's diary. Then, from out one of the larger drawers he takes out packet after packet of letters, all addressed to himself. One or two he unfolds and reads; they are signed "Your affectionate friend, Everard Grey." A tenderness stole over the sad stern face as he read. But suddenly he broke off from reading, and muttered,—

"Why waste more time? Let *them* go too! I dare not keep them now, old friend! I am stained, disgraced, infamous! Go, all of them! all my precious, best treasures! Henceforth I am poor indeed! I, Gideon Underwood, friend, lover, husband. See! just spirits, present *now*, I feel it—present and upbraiding;" and he looked somewhat wildly round the room, as if expecting a visible spirit-presence; "See, I will not contaminate these your dear relics, by allowing them to remain any longer in the keeping of a wretch such as I." Then rising, he made a heap on the hearth of those letters from Everard Grey, and laying gently above them his wife's book, and holding above that those most precious mementos of his early love, he set fire to the pile. The bright flame leaped up, roaring and dancing, as if in triumph over its prey, while the offerer of the sacrifice knelt beside it, pale, haggard, and with his eyes fixed on the devouring element.

He watched the last spark expire, and then rose up with an expression in his eye that told of a fiercer fire within. The disorderly condition of the room seemed to attract his attention, and he was about to set some of the papers in order, when he caught sight of certain letters lying in a drawer of the escrutoire. There were ten or a dozen of them, all with the seals unbroken.

"Poor David!" murmured the father, "you are well avenged for my unforgiving spirit. Your mother's prophecy is true. It is too late now to care for your fortunes, my boy; but it is not too late to speak the word which I know these letters pray for. I cannot read them now, I am too weak; but Miriam shall have them." He gathered them together, and wrapping them in a paper, addressed the parcel to Miss Grey. Then he walked hurriedly to and fro, looked through the window out into the moonlit garden, returned to the escrutoire, busied himself there for some time, and then shut it up. At every moment his agitation seemed to increase. He flung himself moodily into a chair by the table, and seizing a pen, wrote as follows in a handwriting quite unlike his usual firm one.

"MY CHILDREN,—When these words are read by you, my crime will be known. I have brought disgrace and poverty on you all. I have betrayed the sacred trust reposed in me, and have ruined Miss Grey and her sister. My sons, all of you! as you hope for

happiness hereafter, spare no efforts to keep them from want, and, if it may be, restore what I have deprived them of. My daughters, be you ever gentle and loving to Miriam Grey, and may God bless you! David, my son, I forgive your offence against me, and ask now that you will forgive my greater one against you. In the heat of your young blood you resented a strong provocation, and I, with the concentrated energy of a proud, vindictive, wicked spirit, would never suffer my anger to be appeased. God has broken that spirit now. I have sinned like the meanest of mankind, and my pride is laid low. I bless you, my son, and if it be any satisfaction to you, know that I have always loved you in the bottom of my heart. And now, farewell, all of you. And when you are struggling with the misery he has brought on you, curse not too bitterly

"YOUR UNHAPPY FATHER."

These poor, vague, disjointed words, were all he could command at that moment. Having written them, he left them lying on the table, and opened the door gently, for fear of disturbing the house. When he reached the hall, he did not ascend the staircase to go to his bed-chamber, but softly unbarred the front door, he took his hat and walked out into the garden. He stood on the steps some moments, contemplating the well-known view of the valley and the Grey Tower Fell—all now steeped in the white moonlight, and assuming a distinctness of outline that seemed to him almost preternatural.

"How beautiful!" he thought, "how opposed to the dark disordered world within my breast! All this I have forfeited! of this I have robbed my children! Here, for two hundred years, we have lived honoured and trusted of men, and blessed by God, and I, who verily thought in my heart to be more honourable than all my ancestors, and scorned to accept the common every-day happiness of man, that I might cherish my devilish pride and worship my own image—I have fallen below the lowest of mankind! Ah! there is the verbal scutcheon of our race!" and he gazed at the marble tablet over the door-way; "I have stained and dishonoured it—I dare not repeat the words now."

He turned away, and passing through the garden-gate, which was unfastened—for in that part of the country locks and bars were needless—he walked away rapidly down the valley. He had no sooner gone through the gate, than a tall figure emerged from a shadowy angle of the house, and walked stealthily after Mr. Underwood. The latter hurried on as if impelled by some goading demon, skirting the silent village, along a wood side, away over the shoulder of the Grey Tower Fell—pausing for one moment to gaze on the old Tower itself, and then rushing on faster, as if that look had but served to accelerate his flight. Out of sight of the Grey Tower and of Milford valley, the country on the other side the fell was of a wilder, rougher character. At every hundred yards the ground became more rugged, but Mr. Underwood

sped on unhesitatingly, as if he were a youth flying to his beloved. Some strong spell was on him—he looked neither to the right nor to the left, and never once looked behind him after he had lost sight of the Grey Tower. His pursuer followed as best he might, but he was never far behind. At length they struck into an old wood; a weird, dark, gloomy spot, even at noon-day; a place avoided and dreaded by the villagers for miles around—full of traditional horrors, and brooded over by a supernatural curse. The Black Scaur Wood was a more secret and unexplored locality than any I have ever seen within the four seas. Rarely did any one venture into its dim recesses, and he who did so once seldom attempted the feat a second time. Among such adventurous spirits no one born in Milford was ever to be reckoned; unless, indeed, some educated youth of spirit—a Grey or an Underwood—might try his courage there once in a generation.

All along the edge of this wood, on one side, were strange spectral trees; some blasted by lightning, others standing erect but lifeless, their huge trunks hollowed into cavities that looked like the lurking-places of unclean beasts; and here and there a black sepulchral yew stretched its enormous arms in contrast with the dead trees near. What had once been a road or path-way, wound into the depth of the wood, and terminated on the edge of the Black Scaur, on the further side of the wood. A *scaur* is a local term for a precipice. This Black Scaur was so called from the dark colour of the silix rock which composed it. It overlooked a narrow ravine between the hills, at the bottom of which, a rapid stream flowed with a ceaseless clamour all through the summer, and in the winter the clamorous stream became a deafening torrent. To a fanciful observer looking from the brink of that stream, up along the perpendicular face of the Scaur, the trees of the wood above seemed like a jagged iron crown in the very act of tumbling over the brow of a huge Norse Giant. And to such an observer, gazing from the upper edge of the Scaur down into the ravine below, it seemed as if the turbid stream were an army of demons shouting to him to jump down from his station and join in their revels.

Without simile or metaphor—without the slightest exaggeration—the edge of the Black Scaur is incomparably the most dangerous precipice I ever saw. There is a fatal, giddy fascination about it; and the strongest-headed men have need to clasp the trunk of a tree very tightly, when they look over into the abyss. The Scaur continues for about five hundred yards or more, and in no part of that space is the ground so dangerous, as at the sudden point where the old road through it terminates. It might have served as a place for the execution of criminals in some far off, barbaric age, when the law-makers, in conscious or unconscious imitation of the early Romans, threw offenders from the top of some natural elevation. But far more hideous, wild, and terrible than any Tarpeian rock was the sheer, blank, murderous descent of the Black Scaur, with the demon-

roar of the torrent below. The very birds, and small woodland animals, seemed to shun the brink—and all along the edge, no delicate mountain blossom smiled in innocent defiance of the terror that overhung the spot.

And now, in the beautiful holy night, Gideon Underwood was hurrying through the old pathway he had once threaded in his youth. Then he went to satisfy the bold-spirited curiosity that was within him, and the pride which loved to say, "I have been where my fellows dare not go." Now, he went with a strange undefined purpose. An irresistible impulse had seized him to stand once more and look down from that fearful point. He often did this in his dreams—he would do so now in his waking state, and see what came of it. It was a terrible trifling, a reckless play with the spirit of evil, whose hand he now felt on him. He felt that he had the power to resist—to turn back—but that somehow, the will to use that power refused to exert itself. As he went through the dark hollows of that old wood, where the moonbeams sent little light, he was obliged to pause several times to make sure that he was not deviating from the path; and as he paused, hoarse voices from the stream, in the depth of the ravine beyond, seemed to be calling him to hasten onward.—Once he called out aloud, "No! I will not go on!" and just then, a dark shadow appeared close behind him. But, in another moment, the fatal, inexplicable fascination was resumed—he hurried on, stumbling, breathless, yet still eager and determined. Through the sudden opening in the trees, at the end of the path—on the extreme edge of the precipice, where there was nothing beyond, but the upper and the lower air, hanging over the ravine—there, in the infinite space, floated the moon, looking searchingly into the face of the advancing man. Yet on he went, listening to the torrent voices from below, and closing his eyes against the soft dazzling light.

His steps became more rapid as he approached the edge of the Scaur, for the ground there descended a little. At length, he stood on the utmost verge—where he had once stood as a boy. He had thought then, that if disgrace should ever overtake any one of the name of Underwood, *here* were his fitting place of punishment, where none might ever know his fate. It was the wild romantic fancy of a boy; but it came back with vivid force to the disturbed brain of the old man, coupled with the passionate yearning of the heart for freedom from the galling load of life. Gideon Underwood was one of the many hundreds who in an hour of strong agony rush wildly towards any point whence they may hope to break loose from this bondage of sin and sorrow.

"Mad from life's history,
Swift to death's mystery,
Glad to be hurl'd
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world."

The wild desire had mastered him now; and as a bird falls from the tree into the jaws of the serpent

below, he was about to drop over the fearful edge, when he was dragged back into the wood by a strong arm. His o'er-excited spirit could bear no more, and he sank down at the feet of his deliverer in a state of utter unconsciousness.

(To be continued.)

A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.¹

AFTER a few days' rest to reflect on what we saw at our last visit, we again enter the Crystal Palace to continue our examination of its contents. The next country we enter is Switzerland, which is worthy of remark for various reasons: but there is a more attractive name, it is Spain; let us examine its exhibition leisurely—those who love this chivalrous nation will find much to interest them. Spain is like men of great minds, none offer her a cold affection or mere common sympathy—they either adore or dislike her. Thank goodness, I am among the number of those who love her passionately, and nevertheless, Spain is diametrically opposite to China. Imagine my Chinese friend traversing the uncultivated territories of Castile. He would not hesitate to affirm that all the inhabitants are mad at least, if not dead.

Can you fancy Don Quixote riding through a Chinese rice-field and meeting a Mandarin? Here reason reigns; there, romance in its highest acceptation: on one hand we trace the operations of the mind, on the other, the impulses of the heart; meditative philosophy and noble folly, Confucius and Cervantes. I have spoken of Chinese wisdom and the nobleness of peace. Now Spain allures me, and were I not afraid of contradicting myself, I should sound the praises of the clarion and the tournament. It is true, order is a most excellent thing, but is glory nothing? May not the fascinating attraction of peril, the intoxication of combat, be taken into consideration? Is it necessary to convert all the glittering spears into scales for counters? Love and honour do not increase the contents of the purse, yet who would consent to live in the world without them? Ah! how noble was the age of lances, cavaliers, tournaments, and scarfs defended till the latest breath! "God and my lady" was a noble cry. Ages of heroism and passion, of nobility and combats, of golden crests and iron-girded horses; days of poetry in which woman reigned, when brave knights lived but to love her, and died for a smile; ages for ever passed, ye will still be adored, and far as the admiration of the useful may lead us, woe be to him who can think of you without feeling a spark of chivalry kindled in his bosom! If we love Spain, let us not deceive ourselves—it is because she, more than any other country, has preserved the worship of love and honour. In the midst of her misfortunes, she has ever remained faithful to the traditions of the past; we can everywhere trace the influence of the poetry of other days. Look at its

exhibition in London, which I have quitted too unceremoniously; you will there see its image. It has been said, and very justly, that a nation may be judged by its products. The Spanish love God, woman, and glory. What have they chiefly exhibited? Sacred vases, ornaments, and swords. Religious fervour, the respect of love, chivalrous enthusiasm, the church, the boudoir, the circus, are all there. The pyxes and silver gilt crosses inlaid with precious stones, from Madrid, are of beautiful workmanship, but rather overloaded with ornaments; to my ideas, profusion of details injures the elegance of the whole; but it is not correct simplicity that best pleases the Spaniard, and we may easily recognise the models of this jewellery in the crowded and minutely-detailed sculptures in wood of Seville and Burgos. As to the inlaid arms of Eusebio Zuloaga, they are very fine, and the swords of Toledo, pliable as whalebone, enclosed in their round adder-shaped scabbards, are excellent. When drawn from the sheaths in which they peacefully sleep, they raise themselves tremblingly, like infuriated reptiles. The inscription the Andalusians place on their *navajas* should be engraved on these blades: *Si esto bitora te pica, no ha remedio en la boteca*, ("If this viper sting thee, there is no remedy in pharmacy.") Every one is acquainted with the cloaks of Valencia, the woollen stuffs of Segovia, the richness of the mantles of Malaga, and the fans of Andalusia.

The exhibition of Spain would not have been complete without some of the tedious and delicate workmanship in wood. M. Perez of Barcelona has engaged to maintain the ancient reputation of his country, and has sent a mosaic table composed of three millions of different pieces; it is a prodigy of patience and delicacy. When the Spaniard has prayed to God, seen and conversed with the woman he loves, and praised the *chiclanero*, what is still a desideratum? A cigar. Havannah has completed the exhibition of the mother country, by adding two glass cases filled with the best and most tempting *regalia* and *pañatelas*. In short, the peninsular exhibition is very interesting. I was at Madrid five years ago, when for the first time, I believe, Spain opened a museum for the products of her industry. I might venture to affirm, if I were any authority on these matters, that, since that period, the progress is immense. We ought all to rejoice at the prosperity of this loyal nation, which, for the last three years, has given to the whole of Europe lessons of good sense and pride.

Belgium has long been Spanish, and something of the character still remains. Although assimilated to England by its tastes, manners, climate, and industry, it has preserved some artistic tendencies of a different nature, of which it would be unjust to make no mention. Its statuary, for instance, although it does not entirely justify the pretensions of the connoisseurs of Brussels, is far from contemptible. But it is not for me here to speak of arts, or of their application to industry: I well know that a more able pen must

(1) Continued from p. 256.

treat of this subject for the readers of SHARPE; I wish merely to touch upon the Sculpture in wood, of which the Belgians have exhibited numerous specimens, because I fancy I can there trace Spanish influence. It is shown, I think, in the execution, which is rather heavy—in the drawing, which is rather laboured and crowded—and in the choice of subjects, which are almost all religious. All that is certainly not without merit, although we may safely say that the Spanish did better formerly, and that the French, in this respect, are far before their excellent neighbours. It is true, the French might in their turn take lessons in the manufacture of wools, cloths, and flannels. Each to his work.

Belgium, in London, is bounded by Austria, and if we turn our back upon Antwerp, we shall perceive Bohemia with its crystals. It is a frightful spectacle. I love Vienna tenderly, as one may and ought to love a country in which happy days have been spent; I esteem the Austrians: they are powerful, firm, resolute, and have a thousand other good qualities; but they are not colourists. These far-famed Bohemian crystals offer a horrible mélange of detestable tints which are enough to give one the headache. Never did a pack of famished dogs howl in a more distracting manner than these unlucky glasses: one may hear them cry; they abhor and abuse each other. I have never smelt any perfume whatever, without immediately giving it, in my own mind, some colour, and to colours one may, in like manner, give a voice. The senses are never completely independent of each other; if their functions are different, they have a common soul. Without positively asserting that we breathe what we touch, we see what we smell, and hear what we see, we may yet say that there exists a similar connexion between the senses. I heard the din of the Bohemian exhibition. I still see in my mind's eye two large green vases, the clarions of this insufferable orchestra; they resemble two rounded pyramids, extremely elongated, remarkably fragile, and refusing under any pretext to stand straight on their bases. The staring green with which they are coloured, is interrupted towards the summit by a collar of milky white; and immediately behind, two large, fat, dropsical, unruly flagons are singing a duet out of time. They are followed by a perfect army of melancholy candelabra, mutinous candlesticks, stupid wine-glasses, lazy cups, flat plates, empty sugar-basins, and ambitious fruit-dishes. It is a perfect bedlam. But those two vases—Austria ought never to be pardoned for them. If you happen to find them in any man's house, be he who he may, mistrust him—do not make him your friend; if you meet them in the drawing-room of a lady, be she young, be she even beautiful, be on your guard, reserve your homage for another occasion, she is not worthy your notice. It is to be regretted that interested, and, if we may credit report, mean and unworthy considerations prevented the French from sending their crystals of Baccarat to the exhibition; they would have obtained a sure and glorious victory over the Bohemian glass. The Baccarat workmen

conceal their superiority too carefully: it is not to their modesty that this secrecy is to be attributed; they are accused, on the contrary, of preferring money to glory, and of feigning inferiority in order to retain the exaggerated protection of the custom-house officers. Austria has also exhibited a bed-room and dressing cabinet, on which much praise has deservedly been bestowed. The sculptured bed, tables, chairs, and cabinet of maple-wood are executed in perfection. We do not often meet with such cabinet-work in Germany; it is true that comes from Milan, we are told. The design might well be German—this beautiful furniture is so inconvenient. The little, round, short, interwoven, useless curtains, forming a dais, covered with tassels resembling little bells, give the bed an air of resemblance to those instruments of torture, in which you are invited to sleep, in Germany, between two stifling eiderdowns which menace you with apoplexy if you endure them, and punish you with colds on the chest if you discard them! The Germans, who produce such good and useful things as the cloths and flannels from Saxony, have no idea of elegance. As soon as they attempt it, they lose themselves for want of knowing how to combine the useful and ornamental. Look for instance at a carriage from Hamburg, with golden springs, and chased lanterns; that is useless, and out of place. I could easily mention twenty more articles of the same description. When we depart from nature, goodness knows where we may go, and nothing, as La Fontaine says, is done with grace. Have you ever noticed Germans attempting to imitate the light gaiety of the French? They never can hit the exact mark; they aim either too high or too low, and exchange their own quiet and serious manners for awkwardness. It is precisely the same with their manufactures; if they leave their own sphere to follow their neighbours, they attain nothing but absurdity.

The German exhibition also contains an immense plan in relief of the castle of Rosenau, the birth-place of Prince Albert. Extreme innocence breathes in this object, and I am convinced that he who made it is a very worthy man. It is formed of a large square piece of wood, covered, I apprehend, with papier-mâché, on which hills and lawns have been placed, miniature fir-trees planted, and in which valleys have been excavated; the walks are ingeniously indicated by sawdust. On an eminence is seen a pasteboard castle; at the foot of the hill are assembled about a hundred little wooden country-people. The affair is wound up, and the worthy folks commence a waltz. It would be unjust, however, thus to laugh at the rest of Zollverein. Its exposition is extensive and curious. Prussia in particular has made great exertions. The statuarics of Berlin have sent several interesting pieces; and M. Drake's vase, although faulty from the inequality of the figures, the want of perspective, and a kind of general confusion, yet offers many admirably handled and extremely pretty parts, and the production, if not worthy of the enthusiasm with which it has sometimes been mentioned, is nevertheless very praiseworthy. I may say the same of his statue

of a child, which is said to be a portrait of his son. M. Ernst Rischel, of Dresden, exhibits two little bas-reliefs in white marble, in the anacreontic style, both very elegant, and touched with great delicacy; also, next to them, a religious group in a bold style. The chessboard and men of silver enamel, by Weishaupt Sohn of Leipsic, is, I do not hesitate to state, a wonderful piece of workmanship; it would look extremely well in the Hotel Cluny, in which is preserved another exquisite chessboard said to be the gift of the Old Man of the Mountain.

I am not acquainted with Russia, a circumstance I deeply regret. I believe there is no country in the world of which a more false idea is generally formed. Although we do not now picture the subjects of the Emperor Nicholas as uncouth savages bowed down under a yoke of iron, and inhabiting a country in which the white bear would not hesitate to take up its abode, yet we speak but doubtfully of them. The contrast is incredibly striking between the rude recollections of the age of Peter the Great, and the refined, exquisite, and we might almost add excessive civilization of which the high Russian society gives evidence. In no country can a more charming woman be found than a Russian lady of rank. There is an indescribable grace about her peculiarly her own, and bearing no resemblance whatever to Spanish loyalty, Italian passion, German reverie, or English reserve. This grace is probably not a gift of nature, but all trace of art is admirably concealed. It is a union of aristocratic distinction, Greek delicacy, and French tact, on which a ray of the East has also shed its light. How can we reconcile this delicate charm with the knout, these talented diplomatists with the Cossacks, and St. Petersburg with Siberia? At all events, there is something of the East in Russia, as we perceive in the Exhibition by the taste for luxury and love of the beautiful in the silks of Indian richness, and the gold and silver-embroidered leather. Besides the diamonds, turquoises, marble mosaics, and gold and silver work of which they are perfect masters, the Russians have exhibited the entire furniture of a house in malachite,—tables, mantelpieces, enormous vases, folding-doors twenty feet high, in malachite! With this stone, of which we unfortunate beings are happy to possess a seal or studs, M. Demidoff erects palaces. Being the proprietor of the mines, he lives in a precious stone like a seaman in his bark. If I mistake not, these are Asiatic ideas which would never enter the brain of a North American, although the sun of Massachusetts is far superior to that of Lithuania or Finland. Do you doubt this? Then let us visit the United States a second time, if this method of travelling be not too fatiguing. There, where the beautiful is always sacrificed to the useful, everything is black, cold and gloomy. Not an ornament, not a carving is there to relieve the frigid collection of articles exhibited. Fancy is banished as a crime; you inhale the united odours of iron, pitch and tar, the forge and the vessel. Even a child would

cultivators, the democratic and republican England, by its works.

On all sides appear chronometers, compasses, telescopes, sea-charts, instruments of war, hatchets, pick-axes, and all utensils round which might be inscribed the motto "*ense et aratro*;" and to represent commercial fever and love of gold, strong iron chests, with most extraordinarily complicated locks. What is art to those constant and indefatigable travellers? What matters the ideal to them? Are the days sufficiently long to be spent in dreaming? and what is the difference between reverie and idleness? No; if they want portraits, or even landscapes, they can be taken almost instantaneously by daguerreotype; is it not a more exact and mathematical mode of painting? Thus reasoning, the Americans have devoted themselves to the darkened room and to nitrate of silver, and, it must be confessed, they have sent some superb plates of silver. Nothing appears difficult to them; the fall of Niagara itself they have succeeded in arresting in its progress, or in seizing in its flight; they present it to us taken in the act. At length, when their exhibition was completed, they themselves were surprised at their own gravity. They perceived there was no article of amusement in all their collection, and, in commiseration of the frivolity of Europe, they wished to prove that jest was not unknown to them; consequently they filled four boxes with ludicrous dolls, pasteboard dogs, and stuffed birds. Such was their quota of amusement, at least so they thought, but they were mistaken. The ludicrous side of their character was revealed unknown to them, and in no part of the exhibition is our risibility so strongly excited as when we gaze on the eccentricities, so seriously exhibited, of American genius. I shall describe some of them. The first object we notice is a wooden box about the size of an ordinary trunk; in this case we find an entire house of caoutchouc, capable of being fixed at pleasure on a very light board, and folding by means of ingenious hinges, and occupying no more room than an umbrella. All necessary furniture is packed with the house. Here is an excellent elastic mattress which expands at pleasure; these rags are cushions, into which you have only to blow in order to transform them into good arm-chairs. Do you wish to breathe the fresh air before your door with your family on a lovely summer's evening? Blow into this long strip; you will thus convert it into a very comfortable form on which you may sit with your whole family. In the course of your journeyings you will probably meet with a stream you will be compelled to cross; take this paletôt; you have never seen its equal. At first sight there is nothing to distinguish it from an ordinary Macintosh, and it resembles those worn by the dandies of Hyde Park and the Champs Elysées. But in one of the pockets you will find a small tube, the end of which you must adjust to a button-hole. The paletôt instantly swells; it is metamorphosed, and takes the form and qualities of a good canoe. Two little oars are concealed at the bottom of the trunk;

you embark, seated on the case which contains your house, and having crossed the river, the canoe resumes its original form. According to the state of the atmosphere, it becomes a garment, or disappears in the box. A little further, you see a copper machine about the size of a bottle; you take it for a turnspit, doubtless; not at all, it is a tailor. Wind it up, and present a piece of cloth to it; it begins to move, it turns; scissors appear and cut the cloth, a needle presents itself, and begins to sew with feverish activity; in less than a minute or two it throws down a pair of trousers, then tremblingly waits for another piece of cloth. Take care lest it seize the end of your coat, for it would immediately cut it with its usual skill, and convert it into one of those garments which English modesty mentions not.

You thus perceive that with this trunk and machine a man might travel far without the aid of his fellow-creatures. Add to this baggage one of the steam-ploughs lately invented by the English, which, by means of a little apparatus that moves six ploughshares at a time, turns over a field in a minute; you can navigate, sleep, and support yourself without troubling any one. In spite of these eccentric inventions, the exhibition of the United States is not what was expected; it expresses not the power of that great nation. The English exhibitors rejoice at this with an ostentation which but ill conceals their secret jealousy, and even fears. On his side, the Yankee laughs at, or pretends to laugh at, the Crystal Palace. "We will purchase it," he says, "to form a wing to the building we intend to erect." It is like the Gascon asserting the palace of Versailles resembled his father's stables.

It is quite time, after these distant excursions, to retrace our steps and return to the point from which we started. We must not forget, that to ourselves, as well as to the rest of the world, the principal interest in this universal exhibition is caused by the contest between England and France; they are the real combatants of these pacific lists. The English exposition occupies the whole of the left wing of the palace, that is to say, one-half of the whole. It covers several acres of ground. A folio volume would not suffice to describe it minutely; besides, it is not my intention to wander step by step into this endless labyrinth of products of every species and every colour. I wish to sketch from afar this imposing spectacle, to notice the resemblance to and difference from the French exhibition, and remark some of the principal objects. England is the most powerful country in the world: such is the exclamation that involuntarily escapes your lips at the sight of this formidable bazaar, which is as a counterpoise to the entire universe, and in which everything seems to have been amassed by the hands of the Titans.

As you enter the gallery, an almost terrific noise assails your ears; you hear the mingled sounds of steam-engines, the moving causes of the numerous works, pistons, hydraulic machines, fountains, spinning machines, weaving machines: the iron world seems

hurrying on as if in its feverish ardour it would cover the earth with its works, or grind the world from one pole to the other. In the gallery above this volcano, which is constantly emitting columns of cottons and cloths, iron and tools, you meet with heaps of diamonds, entire streets lined with golden jewels and pieces of plate; at the end, miniature ships, a perfect fleet, always in full sail, as if ready to convey to every sea these products of intelligence, riches, industry, and courage. And think not that I have arranged this rough sketch of the English exhibition to suit myself. No, you will find it thus yourself; every one may see it; the nation is painted at its work, and if we enter into details, we shall find the portrait still more striking. What do you see under that enormous globe? It is an aerial tunnel, in which the carriages of a railway train may travel above the masts of the vessels; below are implements for draining, by means of which the Scotch drain marshes, fertilize an ungrateful soil, and give to countries more favoured by heaven, lessons in agriculture. At a little distance, we perceive marbles, silks, unknown fruits, and exotic grain; these are exhibited by the English colonies, who exchange the riches they receive from the hand of Nature for the products which the governing nation owes to its industry. There we see Malta, the depository of the Mediterranean; the Archipelago of the Ionian Isles, the key to the Adriatic; Guiana, New South Wales, Canada, Jamaica, the Cape of Good Hope; Jersey, the sentinel stationed there to watch the French; Calcutta, Bombay, and many more: these are the arms of England encircling the globe.

It must be confessed, as far as grandeur of appearance is concerned, the English exhibition is incomparable. In its general aspect, it has this striking feature, that it appears, thus to speak, to take its stand midway between America, the country of the useful, and France, the land of the agreeable. Without possessing to the same extent as the French, devotion to the beautiful, and love of amusement, we are yet less determined in our austerity—in a word, less prosaic—than our rivals of the New World. If we have nearly the same tastes, the same manners, the same inclinations, we at least admit a different manner of living and different customs: with us, the useful ever bears the palm; but if ornament offers itself at the same time, we do not despise it. If we give the preference to the useful, that is no reason for our rejecting all besides with scorn. We are the greatest manufacturers in the world, but we have had our Shakspeare and our Byron. Here we see a droll machine which is worthy of America: it consists of some wheel-works of iron, into which a child throws some sheets of paper, and from which issue envelopes; but there are carvings almost French in appearance, and by the side of this enormous block of pit-coal, we find a blue diamond worth thousands. We may almost accuse our exhibitors of having paid too much attention to elegance, for in several objects there are marks of evident affectation and imitation. The

French may rejoice at this, for they know themselves to be the cause of the passing aberration. We laugh at the follies of the French, and often have cause for our mirth. When they pretend to combat with us, we point to our sky charged with the smoke of our machines, our seas covered with vessels: they can answer nothing; but we are not ignorant that this light and pleasure-loving nation illumines the torch from whence rise sparks the world admires, and which to-morrow might emit flames that would set the universe on fire. Will it be credited that this "*Diable au Corps*," which is the cause of their vices as well as their virtues, the transports which produce their success as well as their misery, the grace and ease in which refinement and education appear, the chivalrous pride to which they owe their elegance, the gallantry which is probably their greatest charm,—all is admired and envied by England, perhaps quite as much as France envies and admires our calm power and imposing stability? Despite our gravity, we like the French, and notwithstanding our sense, we are jealous of them. I know that this assertion will probably call forth a sneer, or at least a laugh, and will perhaps be regarded as a jest; yet, if we do not like France, and are not jealous of her, why do we imitate her? why do we seek from her models of good taste, and thus tacitly acknowledge the superiority of her imagination?

That we imitate France, who will deny after visiting the Exhibition? And we must confess we are but poor imitators; in attempting to follow them, we take the wrong path, and lose more than we gain by our pursuit. This year especially we have erred in this respect. Sure of our power and commercial superiority, we were anxious to be the first in everything, and almost neglected our incontestable advantages, in order to combat our neighbours across the channel on their own ground. We have always heard the artists of France praised for their talent in making objects of luxury and beauty; we dreaded their ability and experience, and feared lest we should be ridiculed for our simplicity. We fancied that massiveness might be taken for heaviness, and put ourselves to great expense in order to ape the French; in so doing, we have exaggerated, done violence to nature, and abandoned our good old customs and traditions. The English silver has always been celebrated for the elegance and richness of its massive simplicity: this year, a new species of plate has appeared, studied and overcharged with chasing, in which we can trace a clumsy imitation of French goldsmith's work;—the comfortable, delightful, durable London carriages, were renowned for their straight cut: the Exhibition is adorned with extraordinarily shaped travelling carriages, lined with red silk, the panels adorned with orange-blossom, painted on flesh-coloured grounds; semicircular gigs, white phaetons, and laudaus formed like shells. We all know the comfort and solidity of our own furniture; the Exhibition presents pianos with the keys of mother-of-pearl, ebony seats on which it would be impossible to sit, and sofas absolutely useless, save for dolls.

French gloves and boots are unrivalled; we, in order to excel them, have renounced our good coachmen's gloves and never-ending shoes, and produced pink, primrose, and pale-green gloves, and pointed boots, on the ends of which the portrait of Prince Albert is embroidered. The London harnesses and saddles are unequalled for excellence and simplicity; for the Exhibition, the best saddlers in the United Kingdom have exerted their talents, to embroider shapeless saddles with red thread, and load with ornaments harnesses suitable only for cardinals. It would be easy, but useless, to add to this list.

Far be it from us to say that everything in our exhibition is equally ugly: no, there are on the contrary multitudes of excellent and superb things. Everything that is intended for daily use is perfect. The shawls are soft, warm, and cost nothing; the Scotch tartans are beautiful in colour; the cast-iron fire-places draw wonderfully; the telescopes are perfect; and the price of the calicos and prints is incredibly small. Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that England, the land of aristocracy, produces good things for the people only, while France, the country of democrats, works only for the aristocracy! At Paris, a certain degree of luxury is permitted to everybody; in London, unless you are a nabob, you must steadily deny yourself everything that exceeds the limits of absolute necessity; for here, as well as everywhere else, you may read the character of the nation in its exhibition. If you wish to live in London like a workman or shopkeeper, you will be well fed, well clothed, well lodged, and at little expense; but you must not think of pleasure. You do not live there to amuse yourself; a box at the theatre with a carriage to conduct you thither will cost you just as much as a journey from Paris to Marseilles. The superfluous is unknown to the common people, and the parallel we have established between the tastes of the East and West may also be equally well applied to France and England. Walk through the Strand, the City, or Piccadilly; notice the crowd hurrying on; you might take it for a swarm of ants: not a man stops or looks round; each one has his own business in his thoughts, and thinks of it alone. During the day, there is not a moment to spare for pleasure; the evening is devoted to the family circle; the Sabbath is consecrated to God. We do not need the amusements in which the French delight; indeed, we could not enter into them with such zest as they do. Imagination and Reason are two inimical sisters, between which, alas! choice must be made, for the former rarely permits those whom the latter has crowned to enter her lists. England has long since made her choice, and daily reaps the advantages of it; she is calm, majestic, inflexible and wise. We must, however, remain faithful to the customs tradition has handed down to us and our climate compels, for if we once leave the beaten track, we shall lose ourselves, and renounce our native character without acquiring that which we covet. France has chosen the flowered path; she is ever gay

and agreeable, and often unhappy. The two great nations are separated only by a little strait, yet how different are they! there is nothing between them but contrast and dissimilarity. We may, however, give them good lessons sometimes. An incident lately occurred in England to which the scandals of French assemblies offer a sad contrast. From time immemorial it has been the custom in the House of Lords to open the sitting by a short prayer offered by one of the bishops who are honoured with a seat in the assembly. One day, it chanced that there was not a single bishop present. What did the house? It immediately and unhesitatingly deferred the sitting. In France, such a circumstance would be thoroughly laughed at, yet it is by this absolute respect of the past that a country preserves its greatness and purity. It is the same with institutions as with the dykes of Holland: in permitting the slightest encroachment there is danger of perishing: the smallest fissure might give entrance to the deluge.

But we must hasten now to the French exposition, which, indeed, well merits our attention. The first object which arrests our attention is Pradier's Phryné, which is placed before the beautiful carving in walnut wood and the bronze armour. A little further appears the Bacchante of Clesinger, surrounded by the Gobelins, Beauvais, and Aubusson tapestry, and Sèvres porcelain. The vases from Sèvres are so beautiful, that all who cast their eyes on them remain as if enchained by some invisible power. Ascend to the gallery; you will then see the various produce of Lyons. It is not necessary to be a connoisseur to recognise the beauty of those pieces of velvet and satin; the painter as well as the workman may find matter for study; the mere arrangement of the Lyons exhibition is a masterpiece. Each yard of silk is displayed with the respect due to it; each tint is surrounded by friendly tints, each design by designs which harmonize with it. The Queen, who is the most diligent visitor of the Exhibition, greatly admires these galleries. M. Eugene Delacroix, a good authority, asserts that the persons who arrange the goods in the shop-windows of Paris are the best colourists in Europe. The power of arranging and harmonizing colours, which so eminently distinguishes the French, is a national feature, and is found everywhere throughout France, not only in the shop-windows, but in the arrangement of the houses, and the dress of the women. It is greatly to be lamented that imitation has been carried to such an extent, that it is frequently almost impossible to distinguish the true from the spurious. Below the galleries of Lyons and Alsace, opposite the furniture of the working association, in which a certain unity and harmony is wanting, is seen a perfect host of jewels and watches in imitation gold, bronzes of pretended art, and "*nouveautés*" in bad taste, which the jury of admission ought to have excluded, for they are unworthy the place they occupy in the Crystal Palace.

We may also hazard another remark on the French exhibition. For the purpose of maintaining order, French superintendents have been stationed in various parts;

this is very good, but why, in the name of that is singular, have these worthy men been furnished with military hats? What is the good of testifying their warlike mania in this pacific congress? We all know that they are incomparable soldiers; Europe has learned that to her cost, and there is no fear of her forgetting it. Our English policemen have a much more simple and suitable costume. Our neighbours have yet to learn from us, how to esteem and respect the constituted authorities. As we have already remarked, France, which men have attempted to make the nucleus of universal democracy, is eminently aristocratic in her industry. She can produce only beautiful objects; she can work only for the wealthy. As long as there are rich people on earth to purchase her silks, velvet, porcelain, carpets, bronzes, pictures, and statues, there is no fear of the prosperity of her commerce. It matters little whether the prices demanded be exorbitant or not, the objects will still be required. Do you think that because a velvet dress cost 350 francs instead of 300 one less will be sold? Do you imagine it will be of any consequence whether M. Fourdinois asks 40,000 or 35,000 francs for his sideboard? The only marvel is, that Socialism has produced workmen capable of such things. How blind are Socialists! Can they not perceive that the day which witnesses the realization of their fond dreams, and the disappearance of those large fortunes which alone can procure objects of art and luxury, will also find them dying of hunger?—for cheap and useful things [they] cannot make, and the expensive articles by which they now obtain their living, will no longer be demanded. They are attempting to kill the hen of the golden eggs. Worthy demagogues! you who are longing to raze the palaces, of "your tyrants" for love of equality, to level fortunes, abolish luxury, and sow potatoes in the Tuileries; intelligent counsellors! you who are advising the people to select the ignorant and simple for their leaders, go to the exposition of Lyons and Sèvres; tell us for whom these masterpieces of art will be made, when there is no one to pay for them; tell us whether a nation formed upon your model would produce such wonders; tell us, in short, whether the people who formed them are capable of being governed by men taken from the dregs of the community. The French may derive consolation from their own exhibition; there is no fear of their being yet reduced to the miserable condition which Socialists desire.

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"The more truth you can get into any business, the better. Let the other side know the defects of yours; let them know how you are to be satisfied; let there be as little found out as possible, (I should say, nothing,) and if your business be an honest one, it will be best tended in this way. The talking, bargaining, and delaying, that would then be needless—the little that would then have to be done over again—the anxiety that would be put aside, would, even in a worldly way, be 'great gain.'—*Friends in Council*, vol. i.

IT RUNS IN THE BLOOD.

THE tendency of nature to reproduce personal peculiarities of all kinds, and to transmit them through successive generations from father to son, has often been remarked, and may, to a greater or less extent, be noticed in every family circle. It is no uncommon occurrence to see the child an almost perfect *fac-simile* of the parent in the cast of features and expression of the countenance, the sound of the voice, the figure of the body, and the dispositions of the mind. Sometimes there is no resemblance to either father or mother, where there is a very striking resemblance to a grandfather or grandmother, or even to a more distant relative. A family peculiarity will not unfrequently disappear in one generation and re-appear in the next, and even more generations than one are occasionally passed over. Every one who has examined a gallery of family portraits must have noticed this tendency of nature to raise up casual varieties or characteristic peculiarities of features or form, and to render them fixed and indelible in succeeding generations. A face of remarkable loveliness will thus be reproduced at intervals with perfect accuracy, and the beauty of to-day, while bearing no resemblance to her immediate progenitors, will frequently be found to be an actual likeness of a remote ancestor from whom she may be separated by a couple of centuries. "I always consider an old English family," says Washington Irving, "as well worth studying as a collection of Holbein's portraits, or Albert Durer's prints. There is much antiquarian lore to be acquired, much knowledge of the physiognomies of former times. Perhaps it may be from having continually before their eyes those rows of old family portraits with which the mansions of this country are stocked; certain it is that the quaint features of antiquity are often most faithfully perpetuated in these ancient lines; and I have traced an old family nose through a whole picture gallery, legitimately handed down from generation to generation almost from the time of the Conquest. Something of the kind was to be observed in the worthy company around me. Many of their faces had evidently originated in a Gothic age, and been merely copied by succeeding generations; and there was one little girl in particular, of staid demeanour, with a high Roman nose and an antique vinegar aspect, who was a great favourite of the Squire's, being, as he said, a Bracebridge all over, and the very counterpart of one of his ancestors who figured in the court of Henry VIII."

It would be very easy to adduce many instances of this transmission of family faces and features. A peculiar thickness of the under lip has been hereditary in the imperial house of Hapsburg ever since the marriage, some centuries ago, with the Polish family of Jagellon, whence it came. In our own royal family, a certain fulness of the lower and lateral parts of the face is conspicuous in the portraits of the whole series of sovereigns, from George I. to Victoria, and has been equally marked in other members of the

family. The females of the ducal house of Gordon have long been remarkable for a peculiarly elegant conformation of the neck. The Clackmannanshire Bruces, who are descended from a common stock with the famous Robert Bruce of Scotland, are said to have that strongly-marked form of the cheek-bones and jaws which appears on the coins of that heroic monarch, as it did in his actual face when his bones were disinterred at Dunfermline about thirty years ago. The prevalent tallness of the inhabitants of Potsdam, many of whom are descended from the gigantic guards of Frederick I.; the Spanish features observable in the people of the county of Galway, in which, some centuries ago, several Spanish settlements were made; and the hereditary beauty of the women of Prague,—are well-known facts which have frequently attracted the attention of chronologists. The burgesses of Rome (the most invariable portion of every population) exhibit at the present day precisely the same type of face and form as their ancestors, whose busts may be seen carved in relief on the ancient sarcophagi, and the Jewish physiognomies portrayed upon the sepulchral monuments of Egypt are identical with those which may be observed among modern Jews in the streets of any of our great cities.

A curious example of the persistence of family features occurred a few years ago in the case of a female descendant of the unfortunate Stuarts, through Charles Ratcliffe, the brother of the Earl of Derwentwater, who was executed for his share in the rebellion of 1715. The lady referred to was walking through the gallery of the Louvre, when a gentleman whom she did not know began to observe her studiously. At length he came up, and begging her to excuse his curiosity, requested to know if she was in any way related to Charles II. of England. Her ladyship told him she was; her great-grandfather was a grandson of that monarch. The quæstioner said he was gratified, but not much surprised, to be informed of the fact. Lady — then asked how he should have thought of putting such a question, when he informed her that he was an artist accustomed to copy portraits. On seeing her ladyship enter the room, he was struck by a certain droop of the eyelid in her case, which he had recently found strongly marked in a portrait of Charles II. which he had been employed to copy. The peculiarity being almost unique, he had imagined that she might be a descendant of the king, as she now proved to be.

A still more curious example of the manner in which a family peculiarity may originate and become indelible, occurred in the family of Scott of Harden, now represented by Lord Polwarth. During the reign of James VI., William (afterwards Sir William) Scott, eldest son of Scott of Harden, made an incursion upon the lands of Sir Gideon Murray, of Elibank, afterwards deputy-treasurer of Scotland, and a great favourite of the king. But the laird of Elibank was upon his guard, and, having collected his retainers, attacked the marauders when they were encumbered with their plunder, defeated them, and made young

Harden prisoner. Sir Gideon conducted his captive to Elibank Tower—now a heap of ruins on the banks of the Tweed—where his lady received him with congratulations on his victory, and inquired what he intended to do with his prisoner. "I intend," said the victorious laird, "to consign him instantly to the gallows, as a man taken red-hand in the act of robbery and violence." "Hout na, Sir Gideon," answered his more considerate lady, "that is not like your wisdom. Would you hang the winsome young laird of Harden when you have three daughters to marry?" "Right," answered the baron, who joyfully caught at the idea, "he shall either marry our daughter, *meikle-mouthed* (large-mouthed) Meg, or strap for it." When this alternative was proposed to the handsome prisoner, he for some time stoutly preferred the gibbet to "Meikle-mouthed Meg," and persevered in this ungallant resolution until he found one end of a rope made fast to his neck, and the other knitted to a sturdy oak-bough of Elibank's "doom-tree," which extended its broad arms close to the gate of his fortress; when, seeing no other chance of escape, he consented to save his life at the expense of marrying the lady. The contract of marriage, executed instantly on the parchment of a drum, is still in the charter-chest of his noble representative.

The marriage contracted under such singular circumstances proved eminently happy, and it appears to have completely terminated the feud between the Murrays and Scotts. But the most curious and memorable circumstance connected with it is, that all Meg's descendants have inherited something of her characteristic feature.¹ Sir Walter Scott, who was descended from the third son of this worthy dame, largely inherited her "oral" peculiarity, and has made this incident the subject of a ballad, (never completed,) entitled the "Reiver's Wedding," of which we may give a few stanzas as a specimen. For some unknown reason the poet has substituted Lochwood, the ancient fortress of the Johnstones, in Annandale, for the real locality of his ancestor's drumhead wedding contract.

"Lord William rode down by Falshope burn
His cousin dear to see,
With him to take a riding turn—
Wat Draw-the-sword was he.

And when he came to Falshope glen
Beneath the trysting tree,
On the smooth green was carved plain,
'To Lochwood bound are we.'

'O if they be gane to dark Lochwood
To drive the Warden's gear,
Betwixt our names I ween there's feud;
I'll go and have my share.

'For little reck I for Johnstone's feud,
The Warden though he be,
So Lord William's away to dark Lochwood
With riders barely three.

(1) In the south of Scotland, where this incident occurred, the family to which the lady belonged, are commonly designated "the Muckle-Mou'd (big-mouthed) Murrays."

The Warden's daughters in Lochwood sat
Were all both fair and gay,
All save the lady Margaret,
And she was wan and wae.

The sister Jean had a full fair skin,
And Grace was bauld and brow;
But the leal-fast heart her breast within,
It weel was worth them a'.

Her father's pranked her sisters twa
With meikle joy and pride;
But Margaret maun seek Dundrennan's ha—
She ne'er can be a bride.

On spear and casque by gallants gent,
Her sisters' scarfs were borne;
But ne'er at tilt or tournament
Were Margaret's colours worn.

Her sisters rode to Thirlstone bower;
But she was left at hame,
To wander round the gloomy tower,
And sigh young Harden's name.

'Of all the knights the knight most fair,
From Yarrow to the Tyne,
Soft sigh'd the maid, 'is Harden's heir,
But ne'er can he be mine.

'Of all the maids the foulest maid,
From Teviot to the Dee,
Ah!' sighing sad, that lady said,
'Can ne'er young Harden's be.'

She looked up the briery glen,
And up the mossy brae,
And she saw a score of her father's men
Yclad in the Johnstone grey.

O fast and fast they downward sped,
The moss and briers among,
And in the midst the troopers led
A shackled knight along."

* * * * *

We may match this tale of "Meikle-mouthed Meg" with another "legend of a large mouth," the accuracy of which is vouched for by the author of the Traditions of Edinburgh, who received it from the present representative of the family referred to—a large pursy old man, with a low forehead, small eyes, and an enormous mouth. His mouth, he said, was the chieftain and representative of a long ancestral line of illustrious and most extensive mouths, which had flourished for upwards of two centuries at a place called Tullibody, somewhere in the western parts of Kife. There was a tradition that the mouth originally came into the family by marriage. A paternal ancestor of the speaker wooed and was about to marry a lady of great beauty but no fortune, when his design was knocked on the head by the interference of his father, who, by threats of disinheritance, induced him to jilt the "locherless" dame, and to marry another lady who was the heiress to a large fortune and a large mouth—both bequeathed to her by her father, one of the celebrated kail-suppers of Fife. When this was told to the slighted lady of his love, she was so highly offended that she wished the mouth of her fortunate rival might descend, in all its latitude, to the latest generation of her faithless swain's posterity. The country people, who pay great attention to the

sayings and doings of ladies condemned to wear the willow, waited anxiously for the fulfilment of her malediction, and accordingly shook their heads, and had their own thoughts, when the kail-supper's daughter brought forth a son with a mouth reflecting back credit on her own. The triumph of the ill-wisher was considered complete when the second, the third, and all the other children were found to be equally distinguished by this feature; and what gave the triumph still more piquancy was that the daughters were found to be no more excepted than the sons from the family doom. In the second generation, moreover, instead of being softened or diluted away, the mouth rather increased, and so it had done in every successive generation since that time. The race having been very prolific, it was now spread so much that there was scarcely a face in Tullibody altogether free of the contagion, so that the present head of the family could look around him with all the patriarchal feelings of the chief of a large Highland clan.

Fate and fortune are said to be very favourable to people with large mouths. So it proved in this case. After the mouth came into the family, luck also came; and still as the mouth had increased with successive generations, just so had riches increased. The third in the line from the "first man," a cooper by profession, became so wealthy before he died, that he might have got his name handed down to immortality on a certain conspicuous, though dusty and illegible, board in the parish church, along with those of other charitable persons, by leaving "ane hunder merks, Scots, to y^e pvir." Despising the humble glory of making such a legacy, and being too poor to found a college, and too wise to endow a cat, he did better—he *founded a spoon!*—a spoon which should go down to future ages as a traditionary joke upon his family feature, and remain for ever in the hands of those who could appreciate his beneficence. He left it under certain provisions or statutes of foundation. The main scope of his intentions was simply that the spoon should always be possessed by his largest-mouthed descendant. In the first place, after his own death, it was to fall into the hands of his eldest son, a youth of highly promising mouth; or, indeed, whose mouth was fully entitled to the proverbial praise bestowed upon the cooper of Fogo, "that it was father's equal and mair;" and who, moreover, entertained such a respect for the will of his parent, that he seemed likely to preserve and transmit the precious heirloom with all due zeal and care. At his death it was to become the property of the son, daughter, nephew, or niece, (for it was not limited to heirs male, but, with a laudable regard for the claims of the fairer sex, destined to "heirs whatsoever,") who should appear to have the mouth most fitted to enjoy it in all its latitude. At the death of that person it was to go to the next largest mouth, and so on in all time coming. The will of the eccentric founder of the spoon was most religiously observed by his descendants, and with the exception of an attempt, nearly

a century ago, on the part of a female possessor of the much coveted article, to alienate it to a person not eligible, which had nearly caused a family feud, the invaluable vessel glided peacefully down the current of ages in the possession of a lineal male line of truly respectable mouths, prized by the happy inheritors, and honoured by the homage and veneration of all the rest of the family. The precious heirloom, which was exhibited by its venerable possessor, was a silver implement of peculiar shape. The *calix* was circular, like the spoons of the Romans, about four inches in diameter and one deep in the centre, and it had a short sturdy handle, with a whistle at the extremity.

There are examples of family peculiarities handed down from father to son, of a much more painful kind than those which characterised the descendants of "Meikle-mouthed Meg," and the kail-supper of Fife. One of the most remarkable of these has been traced through three generations in the family of Lambert, commonly known by the name of the "Porcupine-man." The founder of this extraordinary race was first exhibited as a boy by his father in 1731, and came from the neighbourhood of Euston Hall, in Suffolk. His body is described as covered with warts as thick as packthread, and half an inch long. In 1755 he was again exhibited, when he was forty years of age, and had had six children, every one of whom at the same period, nine weeks after birth, had presented the same peculiarity. One of his sons grew up to maturity, and was still alive in 1802, when two of his children, of the ages of twenty-one and thirteen respectively, were exhibited in Germany by a person of the name of Joamy, who pretended that they belonged to a race found in New Holland. Dr. Tilesius, however, examined them most minutely, and published an accurate account of this singular family, which corresponds exactly with that given of their father and grandfather. The whole body, excepting the palms of the hands, the soles of the feet, and the face, was covered with a series of horny excrescences of a reddish brown, hard, elastic, and about half an inch long, which rustled against one another when rubbed with the hand. Once a-year the horny clothing was shed, and its falling off was accompanied with some degree of uneasiness; it yielded also to the action of mercury, which was tried for the purpose, but in both cases it gradually returned after a very short period. "It appears, therefore, past all doubt," says the author of the account of this extraordinary phenomenon, (*Philosophical Transactions*, vol. xlix. p. 22.) "that a race of people may be propagated by this man, having such rugged coats or coverings as himself; and if this should happen, and the accidental origin be forgotten, it is not impossible that they might be deemed a different species of mankind." Another more common peculiarity, which runs in entire families, consists of supernumerary fingers. In ancient Rome it was designated by a peculiar name, and the *Sevigili* are mentioned by Pliny and other eminent writers. Sir A. Carlisle has carefully traced, through four generations, the history of one such family, into which the peculiarity was brought by the

great-grandmother of the youngest examined. Everybody has heard of "Six-fingered Jack," and many other instances of a similar kind might be mentioned.

The natural law which originates and regulates these peculiarities, is found to operate among the irrational as well as among the rational creatures. A striking instance of this fact is to be found in the origination of a new breed of sheep in the state of Massachusetts, in which a peculiar natural quality displayed by an individual animal for the first time has become perpetuated in its offspring. In the year 1791, a ewe gave birth to a male lamb, which, without any known cause, had a longer body and shorter legs than the rest of the breed. The joints are said to have been larger and the fore-legs crooked. The shape of this animal rendering it unable to leap over fences, it was determined to propagate its peculiarities, and the experiment proved successful. A new race of sheep was produced, which, from the form of the body, has been termed the otter-breed. It seems to be uniformly the fact that, when both parents are of the otter-breed, the lambs that are produced inherit the peculiar form.

It would thus appear that even the smallest varieties of race once produced are never again obliterated. "Whence," says a distinguished ecclesiastic, "arises this indelicity by natural processes of variety by natural processes introduced? This should seem to be one of the mysteries of nature, that we may on anything compel her to place her signet, but we know not how to force it off. Man, like the magician's half-skilled scholar, so beautifully described by the German poet, possesses often the spell whereby to compel her to work, but has not yet learned that which may oblige her to desist.

The natural law in question operates as powerfully in regard to intellectual and moral qualities as it does in the case of physical peculiarities. The old Roman poet, commemorating the hereditary virtues of one of the great clan families of ancient Rome, says, "The brave spring from the brave and good. There is in heifers and in horses the virtue of their progenitors. The fierce eagle does not produce the unwarlike dove." Many of these family characteristics which run in the blood of certain races have been commemorated both by traditions and by songs. The old Scotch family of the Gordons, for example, are characterised, both by the people and all the old ballad writers, as "the gay Gordons." As in the fine old ballad of "Glenlogie:"—

"His name is Glenlogie when he is from home,
He is of the gay Gordons, his name it is John,
He turn'd about lightly as the Gordons does a'.

Again:—

"Where left thou thy men, thou Gordon so gay?
In the bog of Dunkinkie, mowing the hay."

The Grahams are the "gallant Grahams:"—

"O! the Grahams, the gallant Grahams!
Wad the gallant Grahams but stand by me,
The dogs might donk in English blude
Ere a foot's breadth I wad finch or flee."

The Lindsays—a clan celebrated for their warlike achievements—were termed the "light Lindsays," probably in consequence of the gaiety of their deportment. They appear to have made a conspicuous figure at the famous battle of Otterburn, and their prowess is thus commemorated in the old ballad written on that memorable conflict:—

"He has chosen the Lindsays light,
With them the Gordons gay.

The Lindsays flew like fire about
Till a' the fray was done."

The characteristic peculiarities of other eminent families are preserved in such traditional designations as the "manly Morisons," the "haughty Hamiltons," the "sturdy Armstrongs," the "haughty Humes," the "saucy Scotts," the "cappit Kers," the "bauld (bold) Rutherfords," the "false Montceiths," the "trusty Boyds," the "proud Macneils," the "bauld Frasers," and the "fiery Macintoshes." The moral characteristics of some half dozen of these powerful families are very graphically hit off in an imitation of the Litany, made about a century ago by Mr. Maxton, of Cultoquay, the proprietor of a small estate in Perthshire, which has been preserved without either the diminution or the addition of a single acre by the family whose representative still possesses it, for the space of 500 years. This is the more surprising, as the estate, which is small, is surrounded on all hands by those of about half-a-dozen different proprietors, whose power, wealth, or policy, would long ago have succeeded in attaching it to their own enormous properties, had not the Maxtons, from father to son, made it a point of pride to preserve and transmit it entire. In allusion to the difficulty of preserving his estate intact in the midst of such powerful and avaricious neighbours, the proprietor referred to was in the habit of repeating the following strange prayer, with the rest of the Litany, every morning on performing his toilette at a well near his house:—

"From the greed of the Campbells,
From the ire of the Drummonds,
From the pride of the Grahams,
From the wind of the Murrays,
Good Lord, deliver us!"

All the objects of the satire took the joke in good part, except the Murrays, whose characteristic is the most opprobrious—*wind*, in Scottish phraseology, signifying a propensity to vain and foolish bravado. It is said that the Duke of Athol, the chief of the Murray clan, hearing of Cultoquay's litany, invited the old humourist to dinner, and desired to hear from his own mouth the lines which had made so much noise over the country. Cultoquay repeated them, without the least boggling, when his grace said, half in good, half in bad humour, "Take care, Cultie, for the future to omit my name in your morning devotions, else I shall certainly crop your ears for your boldness." "That's wind, my lord duke," quoth Cultoquay, with the greatest coolness, at the same time taking off his glass. On another occasion a gentle-

man of his grace's name having called upon Mr. Maxton, and used some angry expostulations on the manner in which his clan was characterised, Culto-quey made no answer other than bidding his servant to open the door and *let out the wind of the Murrays!*¹

We shall conclude our account of these family peculiarities of disposition with the notice of one of a darker character, originating in the troublous times when 'might made right.' After the fall of the Romish Church in Scotland, the rank and wealth of the bishops, abbots, priors, &c. were no longer vested in ecclesiastics, but in lay impropiators of the church revenues, who had no claim to the spiritual character of their predecessors in office. Of these laymen who were thus invested with ecclesiastical revenues, some were men of high birth and rank, who did not fail to keep for their own use the rents, lands, and revenues of the church. But if, on the other hand, the titulars were men of inferior importance, who had been inducted into the office by the interest of some powerful person, it was generally understood that the new abbot should grant for his patron's benefit such leases and conveyances of the church lands and tithes as might afford his protector the lion's share of the booty. There were other cases, however, in which men who had got grants of these secularized benefices were desirous of retaining them for their own use without having the influence sufficient for that purpose, and these became frequently unable to protect themselves, however unwilling to submit to the exactions of the feudal tyrant of the district. This preliminary explanation is necessary to enable the reader to understand the object of the following atrocity practised on one of these titular abbots by the Earl of Cassilis, (ancestor of the present Marquis of Ailsa,) whose extent of feudal influence was so wide that he was usually termed the King of Carrick—a district in Ayrshire.² We abridge and modernise the narrative from the Journal of Bannatyne, secretary to John Knox.

Master Allan Stewart, by means of the queen's corrupted court, obtained the abbey of Crossraguel. The Earl of Cassilis, thinking himself greater than any king in these quarters, determined to have the whole benefice, (as he hath divers others,) to pay at his pleasure, and because he could not find such security as his insatiable appetite required, this shift was devised. The said Mr. Allan, being in company with the Laird of Bargany, (also a Kennedy,) was by the earl and his friends enticed to leave the safeguard which he had with the laird, and was suddenly seized and carried to the house of Dunure, where, for a

season, he was honourably treated, (gif a prisoner can think any entertainment pleasing;) but when the earl found that Stewart could not, either by promises or menaces, be induced to alienate to him the land of the abbacy, he caused his luckless prisoner to be conveyed to a secret chamber in "ane house callit the Black Vault of Denbic." In the chamber there was a great iron chimney, under it a fire. "My lord abbot," said the earl, "it will please you confess here that with your own consent you remain in my company, because ye durst not commit yourselves to the hands of others." The abbot answered, "Would you, my lord, that I should make a manifest lie for your pleasure? The truth is, my lord, it is against my will that I am here; neither yet have I any pleasure in your company." "But ye shall remain with me, nevertheless, at this time," said the earl. "I am not able to resist your will and pleasure," said the abbot, "in this place." "Ye must then obey me," said the earl; and with that were presented unto him a feucharter of the whole lauds pertaining to the abbey, together with a nineteen and five years' lease of the tithes.

After that the earl spied repugnance and saw that he could not come to his purpose by fair means, he commanded his cooks to prepare the banquet, and so first they took off the abbot's clothes even to his skin, and next they bound him to the chimney, his legs to the one end and his arms to the other, and so they began to feed the fire; and that the roast might not burn, they spared not flaming with oil, (basting as a cook bastes roasted meat.) Lord, look thou to sic cruelty! And that the crying of the miserable man should not be heard, they closed his mouth that the voice might be stopped. In that torment they held the poor man till that often he cried, "Eye upon ye! will ye no ding whingers (daggers) in me, and put me out of the world, or else put aue barrel of powder under me, rather than to be tormented in this unmerciful manner?" The famous King of Carrick and his cooks, perceiving the roast to be aneuch (sufficiently done), commanded it to be tane from the fire, and the earl himself began the grace in this manner, "*Benedicite Jesus Maria*, you are the most obstinate man that ever I saw; gif I had known that ye had been so stubborn, I would not for a thousand crowns have handled you so; I never did so to man before you." And yet he returned to the same practice within two days, and ceased not till he obtained his foremost purpose, that is, that he had got all his pieces subscribed as well as aue half-roasted hand could do it. The earl thinking himself sure enough so long as he had the half-roasted Abbot in his own keeping, and yet being ashamed of his presence by reason of his former cruelty, left the place of Dunure in the hands of certaiu of his servants, and the half-roasted Abbot to be kept there as prisoner. The Laird of Bargany, out of whose company the said Abbot had been enticed, understanding (not the extremity but) the retaining of the mau, sent to the court and raised letters of deliverance of the person

(1) Chambers' Popular Rhymes of Scotland, p. 241.

(2) The family of Kennedy, of which the earl was the head, were possessed of very extensive influence in the south, as indicated by the old rhyme.—

'Tween Wigton and the town o' Ayr,
Port Patrick and the cruiues of Cree,
Nae man need think for to bide there,
Unless he court wi' Kennedie.

The Kennedies of Bargany, who interfered in behalf of the oppressed Abbot, were themselves a younger branch of the Cassilis family, but held different politics, and were powerful enough in this and other instances to bid them defiance.

of the man according to the order, which being disobeyed, the said Earl for his contempt was denounced rebel and put to the ban. But yet hope there was none, neither to the afflicted, neither yet to the purchaser (*i. e.* procurer) of the letters, to obtain any comfort thereby, for in that time God was despised and lawful authority was contemned in Scotland. The Laird of Bargany, perceiving that the ordinary justice could neither help the oppressed nor yet the afflicted, applied his mind to the next remedy, and in the end, by his servants, attacked and took the house of Duure, where the poor Abbot was kept prisoner, and carried him to Ayr, where publicly at the market cross he declared how cruelly he was entreated, and publicly did revoke all things that were done in that extremity.

John, sixth earl of Cassilis, the grandson of this brutal savage, was the husband of Lady Cassilis, the heroine of the adventure with Johnnie Fa and the Gipsies.¹ With a barbarity worthy of his descent, the Earl hanged the whole band of gipsies, including the hapless Sir John, upon "the Dule Tree," while the wretched countess was taken by him to a window in front of the castle, and there, by a horrible refinement of cruelty, compelled to witness the dreadful scene.

Let our readers now peruse the following account of a recent exploit of the present possessor of the titles and estates of the King of Carrick, and say whether he ought not to be regarded as the worthy scion of a worthy race.² A man at Maybole (the village where the poor Abbot enjoyed the Earl's treacherous hospitality) had a pet deer which was known to all the people of that place. The man was sitting by the road-side with his tame favourite near him, when the Marquis of Ailsa was passing in his carriage on his way to the Kilmarnock steeple-chase. The Marquis ordered his coachman to stop and demand of the man whence he had that deer. The man replied that it was his own and a pet deer. The Marquis (who appears to have been under the impression that the deer had been stolen from his park) ordered the coachman immediately to throw the animal over, which was done, and the Marquis descending from his carriage, kneced on the creature and stabbed it in the throat. He and the keeper then took up the deer and carried it to the toll-house which was at hand, telling the gate-keeper to retain it till he sent for it. Shortly afterwards, the Marquis met a police officer and ordered him to go and take the man's name. When the officer went to the toll-house, he knew the deer, which was found to be still alive. It got up and ran bleeding to its former home, which was not more than one hundred yards distant. The officer followed it and gave it water to drink, but the liquid ran out of the hole the Marquis had made in its throat. The police officer declared that it would

be humane to kill the poor animal at once, but the owner declared he could not take the life of his pet and associate. The officer then killed it and took it back to the toll-house, where it was kept in obedience to the orders of the noble Marquis, who, however, did not send for it, and at the end of seven days it was taken by the toll-keeper and thrown over a hedge into a ditch. The game-keeper of the Marquis had meanwhile sent the owner word that he might take the deer from the toll-house and eat it. The poor man, however, declared that he could not eat his favourite.

It has been justly said by Walter Savage Landor, in his indignant comment upon this cold-blooded and unprovoked atrocity, that "rude nations, where pity and mercy were little known, have risen up unanimously against the powerful and warlike for similar injuries. Well known to every school-boy is the Virgilian story of Silvia's pet fawn, and fiercely was its death avenged on its less culpable slayer. Yet never had it beguiled the anxieties and penury of a weary master; never had it followed him into the public road, harmless, heedless, innocent, confiding; never had it partaken or needed the wayfarer's morsel begged at the last hospitable door. Enough to see that it was caressing a kind master and a kind master was caressing it."

No one who reads the account of this atrocious action, can doubt that moral as well as physical qualities "run in the blood," and that the noble Marquis is the heir of the "savage virtues" of the King of Carrick, as well as of the estates so mercilely extorted from the "half-roasted" Abbot.

BIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS CHALMERS.³

PART III.

WE left Chalmers just as he was entering upon his duties as Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. He appears to have become at once quite a popular professor, gaining the good-will of the students by his suavity and heartiness of manner, and commanding their respect by the dignity and impressiveness of his prolections. It is true, he one day caused them to laugh at him, by calling them "brethren" instead of "gentlemen;" and he had once or twice to reprove them for trifling indecorums—such as introducing a dog into the class-room, or the too free indulgence of what he called "pedestrian approbation," a habit of applause stamping with which they greeted the little bursts of oratory and striking illustrations that frequently diversified his lectures. This practice seems to have been very common in the Scottish Universities. Alluding to it on one occasion, Chalmers said:—"Even the cold and unimpassioned mathematics, I have been given to understand, are

(1) "Sharpe's Magazine," Part 57. p. 321. Kirk Yetholm and the Scottish Gipsies.

(2) It may be proper to state that the account of this transaction appeared originally in the Scotch Reformer's Gazette, and was widely copied into other journals, both metropolitan and provincial.

(3) "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D. D. LL. D. By his Son-in-law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL. D. Vol. iii. Edinburgh."

now assailed with the din and disturbance of these popular testimonies; and on asking a professor of that science, whether it was the trapezium or isosceles triangle that called forth the loudest tempest of applause, I learned that the enamoured votaries are after all not very discriminating, but that they saluted each of these venerable abstractions with equal enthusiasm." He considered it "a somewhat perplexing phenomenon in the seats of learning," and suggested that, if the professor's effusions required any response at all, it would be better and more appropriate that it "should come from the heads than from the heels" of the applauders. It seems, however, that his suggestions were not particularly attended to, for we learn that this same "pedestrian approbation accompanied Dr. Chalmers through the whole of his academical career."

After the close of the first session, in 1824, the Professor repaired to Edinburgh to attend the General Assembly; but as the matters of debate in which he engaged were principally of local and temporary interest, it is not necessary or desirable that we should enter into any account of them. Neither need we stay to describe his daily movements during a six weeks' visit in Glasgow, or to relate how his pulpit ministrations were, as heretofore, invariably attended with "a great crowd," and his company solicited for endless "dinners," and every variety of festive and social gathering. It was the old life of buzz and bustle, which is the haze that surrounds an established popularity; confusing, wearisome, and unsufficing beyond description. Towards the end of it, he writes:—"This festivity is now beginning to tell. Spent a sick and sleepless night, and the suffering aggravated by the thought that after all I make no progress in satisfying my friends. Those with whom I have not been, insist upon their day, and those with whom I have been once, insist upon a second visit." Were he a patent digester of the first magnitude, he could not successfully go through a tithe of the gastronomy which his tolerably stalwart but still imperfect system was called on to perform. "Vanity of vanities," says he, at last, "all is vanity!"

As an instance of the minor perplexities arising from such a blazing notoriety, we will mention one that was not a little ludicrous. On Sunday, the 18th of July, he writes, in a sort of journal-letter which, when he was from home, he was in the habit of transmitting to Mrs. Chalmers,—“On our arrival at the chapel gate, was met by my old friend the daft woman who used to pursue and annoy me, and at one time presented me with a sheep's head and trotters. She got hold of my legs as I was stepping out of the noddy: she has been urging me in this way for several Sundays." That was the daft woman's way of expressing her homage for a distinguished reputation! Chalmers, however, could take such things good-naturedly; and on summing up the proceeds of his services at St. John's, he was able to say that "the whole parochial concern is already about 200l.

the better for me;" and so he thinks *that* of itself "worth coming for," even though he was afterwards followed by his daft friend aforesaid, "who ran after the noddy with all her might, but could not overtake it."

The Glasgow preachings and festivities being ended, Chalmers appears to have gone to Edinburgh, and from thence passed on to Costerton, to visit Dr. Nicoll. Here he met an "exclusively academic party," most of them St. Andrews' men, his favourite colleague Mr. Duncan being one of the number. This gentleman, says Chalmers, "annoyed me by the affirmation that I am sensibly and considerably fatter since I left St. Andrews." Perhaps it was this remark which induced him to think of exercise. He adds in the same letter:—"Before dinner we had a game at bowls in the green before the house. I and Mr. Duncan against Dr. Nicoll and Dr. James Hunter. We had the best of three games. Mr. Gillespie afterwards took up Mr. Duncan, and was beat by him." The learned dignitaries were thus seasonably prepared for dinner, which seems to have been an affair of magnitude. "With all the convivialities of the west," says Chalmers, "I have seen no such guzzling as to-day with my St. Andrews' friends, and told Mr. Duncan so. They are rare lads these *Letterati* or *Katerati*." To avert scandal, however, and to prove that they did not get to singing "We won't go home till morning," it will be proper to mention, in the words of the same authority, that they "tumbled into their respective couches between twelve and one o'clock." Chalmers relates further that next morning he "got up about eight: went to Mr. Duncan's closet and got behind him in his sofa-bed, where I had a good purchase for jamming him out, and did so accordingly." He had subsequently "a cordial talk with him;" and after breakfast, the whole learned party proceeded on to Edinburgh.

Here Chalmers seems to have tarried for a day or two with a certain Miss ——, whom, as she is nameless, we shall venture to call Martha, inasmuch as she was "troubled about much serving." She is a kind of character not uncommon, though rarely, if ever, represented in our literature; and on that account we shall give the doctor's sketch of her:—"You would be amused with the state of matters here. Miss —— evidently making a great effort both to accommodate me and to abstain from pressing. She makes open proclamation of my freedom, protests that she will make no infringements thereupon—is determined to act up strictly to the principle of leaving me to myself; and if she would simply and silently do so it were most delightful. But she is so very loud in the profession of this her new system, and withal so very fearful and so obviously so of even the slightest encroachment upon it, that while she studies to abstain from all restraints upon me, she gives me a feeling that I am a very great restraint upon her. She is a truly kind and pleasant person notwithstanding, though her treatment is calculated to give a bystander the impression that I am a very

sensitive and singular personage withal. She never asks the same thing twice of me, but she makes up for this by the exceeding multitude of these things, such as, If my tea is right—if I would like more sugar—if I take cream—if I am fond of little or much cream—if I would take butter to my cake—when I take to loaf, if I take butter to my white bread—if I move from one part of the room to another, whether I would not like to sit on the sofa—after I have sat there, whether I would like to stretch out my legs upon it—after I have done that, whether I would let her wheel it nearer the fire—when I move to my bed-room, whether the fire is right—whether I would like the blinds wound up? &c. &c. She at the same time most religiously abstains from repetitions, but to reply even once to her indefinite number of proposals is fatigue enough, I can assure you; nor is the fatigue at all alleviated, when, instead of coming forth a second time with each, she comes forth with a most vehement asseveration, accompanied by uplifted hands, that she will let me do as I like, that she will not interfere, that I shall have liberty in her house; and when I said that I behoved me to make calls immediately after dinner, she declared that I would have leave to go away with my dinner in my mouth if I so chose. I have got the better of this by downright laughing, for I verily think now that the case is altogether desperate."

While Chalmers was at Glasgow, he had received what is styled a "call," from a Presbyterian congregation at Stockport, similar in purport to that of the man of Macedonia who appeared to the Apostle in a vision, saying, "Come over and help us." The Presbyterian congregation had just been building a new Sunday-school, large enough for the accommodation of four thousand children, and they accordingly wanted an orator of forty or fifty "parson-power" to levy a collection. As a man whose name had "honour in all the churches," Dr. Chalmers had been thought of; though it was intended that he should be only one of several attractions. On arriving at Stockport, he found that the managers of the affair were preparing a sort of "theatrical performance," and contemplated making him "one of the performers." "They have got the sermon into the newspaper," said he, writing to Mrs. Chalmers, "and on reading the advertisement I was well-nigh overset by the style of it. They are going to have a grand musical concert along with the sermon, to which the best amateurs and performers of the neighbourhood are to lend their services. This is all put down in their gaudy manifesto, and to me it is most ineffably disgusting." He could not avoid expressing his "antipathies to this part of the arrangement;" and he asked Mr. Grant, the gentleman with whom he was staying, if he might take the paper with him "for the amusement of his Scottish friends. Thereupon Mr. Grant inquired if the Doctor disliked music; to which the latter answered, that he "liked music, but disliked all charlatanerie." On Sunday, however, he proceeded with his entertainer to the place of exhibition, protesting strongly against the

"quackish advertisement" that had been issued; and on arriving found the "managers" in the midst of a rehearsal. What followed it will be best to state in his own words:—"I asked what they were about; and with some hesitation and difficulty they told me that they had been practising for the music of this evening. When I went to the great preaching hall, I found that there was just this practising before an immense assemblage, on which I called out, in the distinct hearing of those about me, that there was an air of charlatanerie about the whole affair, and that I did not like it at all. I would stay no longer in that place, and went along with them to the committee-room, where there were about twenty managers and others. I said that I had come from a great distance on their account, and had therefore purchased the privilege of telling them plain things; that they should have consulted me ere they made their arrangements—that I was quite revolted by the quackery of their advertisement—that they had made me feel myself to be one of the performers in a theatrical exhibition—that what they had done stood in the same relation to what they ought to have done, that an advertisement of Dr. Solomon's did to the respectable doings of the regular faculty, &c. &c. I was firm and mild withal—they confused, and awkward, and in difficulties. I said that still I would preach, but that I thought it right to state what I felt." After delivering himself to this effect, Chalmers left the place, and went in the carriage with Mr. Grant and Mr. Marshland to the magnificent residence of the latter gentleman on the banks of the Mersey. While there he begged Mr. Marshland to send for Mr. M——, the gentleman with whom he had corresponded on the matter prior to his arrival, that he might hold a conversation with him. "Mr. M—— sent word back that he could not possibly come—and why? because he was presiding at a dinner given before sermon to the *Gentlemen of the Orchestra*, and he was just in the middle of a speech to them when my message came. On this Mr. Marshland and Mr. Grant walked down to Stockport, and told Mr. M—— of my difficulties and wishes; that I would not comply with their arrangement until it was altered. They wished my prayers and sermon to be mixed up with their music, me all the while in the pulpit. I said, that I would not be present at their music at all, that my service should be separated altogether from their entertainment—that I should pray, preach, and pray again *in continuo*—not entering the pulpit till the moment of my beginning, and retiring from it as soon as I should have ended. The gentlemen had their interview with Mr. M——, and he was very glad to comply. I dined at half-past two—retired for an hour to prepare—drank coffee after five. The two gentlemen walked before, to be at the music. The two ladies went down with me in the carriage at six. Will you believe it? an orchestra of at least 100 people, three rows of female singers, in which two professional female singers, so many professional male singers, a number of amateurs; and I now offer you a list of the

instruments, so far as I have been able to ascertain them—one pair of bass drums, two trumpets, bassoon, organ, serpents, violins without number, violoncelloes, bass viols, flutes, hautboys. I stopped in the minister's room till it was all over. Went to the pulpit,—prayed, preached, retired during the time of the collection, and again prayed. Before I left my own private room they fell to again with most tremendous fury, and the likeliest thing to it which I recollect is a great military band on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh." By the whole exhibition, however, 3,500 people were got together, and a collection of more than 400*l.* was realized; so perhaps we must say that the Stockport Presbyterians were not unwise in their generation; and that so long as a community can believe that great or useful ends can be really served by clap-trap, there is not likely to be wanting a multitude of even "pious" folks who will think it may be "sanctified" to the promotion of religion and philanthropy.

Returning home in October to St. Andrews, Chalmers entered upon his second session at the University, surrounded by "more than double the number of students that had ever, in the days of his most famous predecessors," attended the Moral Philosophy Lecture Room. Dr. Hanna says, "The superior character and capacity of the students told upon the spirit and efforts of their professor. It was throughout one busy season of animating and most productive labour." As, however, all his views in this department of inquiry are already before the public in his published works, it seems unnecessary to advert to them in the present pages. In addition to his lectures on Moral Philosophy, he opened another class for Political Economy. His mode of conducting this was, to prescribe regularly a certain portion of Smith's "Wealth of Nations," to be read and studied, and upon it the students were afterwards closely and searchingly examined. "In the course of these examinations," says Hanna, "he refuted or modified, supplemented or illustrated the views of the text-book, as they seemed to require it, introducing occasionally a more elaborate treatment of some leading topic; endeavouring in this way, and by references to publications more recent than that of Dr. Smith, to make his students acquainted with the latest and most approved doctrines of the science." The good effects of this method were so apparent that on describing it afterwards to the Royal Commissioners for inquiring into the Scottish universities, he added,—"I must say, that I feel great comfort in it, and am sensible of its great efficacy. I find that coming to close quarters with the juvenile mind upon subjects which they have previously read upon, is a very effective method of teaching them, inasmuch that were I furnished with an unexceptionable set of text-books on moral philosophy, I should feel strongly inclined to adopt the same method in that class too." As it was, he regularly examined the students upon his lectures as they were delivered; his questions being first addressed to individuals, and then, if unanswered, cast abroad on the whole class. Professor Jardine says, "The excitement, the suspense of mind, and the

successive approximations of one after another to the true and sufficient answer, created scenes of intellectual animation that I delight to recal." Among the answers given, however, there were at times some of a very racy and original absurdity. The following anecdote of the class-room will serve as an illustration:—

"A raw-boned student from the wilds of Ross-shire was called up for examination. 'Who,' said the professor, about to plunge with all eagerness into the discussion of the Malthusian doctrines, 'who was the father of the correct theory of population?' At once, and in the strongest northern accent, his young friend answered, 'Julius Cæsar.' The gravest students were overset by this incongruous reply, and for a few moments nothing was seen of the professor himself, but his back rising and falling above the book-board, as he struggled with the fit of laughter into which he had been thrown. When at last he was able to command himself, he courteously apologised for his untimely hilarity to the poor student, who still stood in confusion before him, and without the least allusion to the answer, expressed his great regret that he could never hear that peculiar dialect without his risibility being affected."

In conjunction with the prelections and examinations, the students of both classes were required to write essays. A great latitude was allowed as to the subjects; "they might either take the topic suggested, or any other connected with that part of the course which was then before them, and they might either adopt the views of the professor, or they were left free, and even invited to adopt and defend their own, though they should be different from or opposed to those promulgated from the chair." As was to be expected, few availed themselves of a privilege so hazardous; but on one occasion, it seems, there was a fellow bold enough to do so. In the course of one of the examinations, Chalmers felicitously refuted Adam Smith's distinction between productive and unproductive labour, in which the statesman, the judge, the lawyer, the teacher, the clergyman, and the man of science, are all classed among the non-producers, because they do not create any tangible commodity; while the pastry-cook, the squib manufacturer, and the vender of quack medicines, being creators of 'tangible commodities,' are exalted to the rank of productive labourers. Mr. Lewis, (apparently a St. Andrews' student at the time,) in giving an account of the circumstance, says; "To rivet on our minds the absurdity of this distinction, we got it as the subject of an essay. All the essayists echoed the views of the professor, varied only with such illustrations, grave or humorous, as occurred to them, all save one, who stood forth as the champion of Dr. Smith, and not content with maintaining his own views, he termed those of the professor Quixotic, and characterised the distinction that he had drawn as a *fantastic* distinction. This was too much. The Doctor felt it, and coloured deeply; replied by a profusion of argument and illustration, and after thrice

slaying the slain, he returned next day to the charge with an elaborate written defence, until we roared out our convictions in unmistakable sounds; and the champion of squibs, and crackers, and puff paste, was fain to hide his head amid the general uproar." The bold student was probably wrong in his conclusions, but nevertheless, we should like to know his after history; for it appears to us he must have been rather an original fellow who could stand in a minority of one against a university professor and his class; and with that native daring, it seems that he would be always likely to maintain, manfully, a will and an opinion of his own. Of such men, as we fancy, the true stuff of society is made. As the Doctor took such pains to silence him by argument, one is led to believe that he considered him an antagonist worth convincing. For the rest, in his intercourse with the students, we find Chalmers to have been distinguished by the kindest and most familiar cordiality. And "if the highest end of good teaching be to awaken intellectual impulses, and stimulate to intellectual activity," Dr. Haama, who has had better means of judging than ourselves, considers that end to have been "gained in a preeminent degree."

Passing over the proceedings of the General Assembly of 1825, which have no interest for us, and are not likely to have any for the reader, we find Chalmers getting into a warm controversy with his associates in college. From a survey of his history, as far as it has been made public, we think it is not to be denied that the Doctor was a man of controversial spirit. A person of strong combative tendencies, he certainly seems to have been throughout his whole career. Such men, however, the world is generally in need of, and Chalmers undoubtedly appeared at a right time. All reformers are lusty fighters. Not, certainly, with the weapons of carnal warfare; but they are, nevertheless, furnished with an instinct for *contending* against all manner of baseness, error, and every form of falsehood and of tyranny. It is no disparagement of Chalmers to call him a pugnacious man. Luther, Knox, Cromwell, were all obstinate and constitutional contenders. Their work was not to be done without fierce blows and contradictions. Truth, with her serenity and gentleness, sometimes needs a champion. With respect to Chalmers, it is matter of proof that the strivings and oppositions in which he became from time to time engaged, were all more or less needful and conducive to the vindication of truth and manliness. Such we think, at any rate, was the character of the controversy, the particulars whereof are now to be related.

In the autumn of 1824, Dr. Nicoll resigned the living of St. Leonard, one of the city parishes of St. Andrews, which he had held conjointly with the principality of the United College. By ancient law and usage, the students of the University were obliged to attend the Sunday services in St. Leonard's Church. On Nicoll's resignation, it happened that a professor, whose hands were already full of his own proper work, and who was otherwise unacceptable as

a minister, received the presentation. As a consequence, a sense of dissatisfaction spread among the students, and a number of them presented a petition to the Senate, praying to be relieved from the compulsory attendance at St. Leonard's, hitherto exacted. Chalmers took no part either in originating or supporting this petition; but when the Senate decided against the prayer of the petitioners, and even refused to concede the relief desired on the solicitation of their parents, he warmly espoused the students' cause; "both acts being alike revolting to him, that by which the chancellor forced a minister upon the college, and that by which the college forced an attendance upon the minister." He stood alone against the rest of the professors; and his position was all the more painful, as one of them was the very person from attendance upon whose ministry the students were craving a dispensation. Nevertheless, he deemed it just to vindicate what seemed to him the natural right of the parent to direct and control the religious education of his children. He thought that the spirit of relaxation which the age required, should have led the college to defer to such a right, particularly as many of those who demanded it were not connected with the establishment, and among those who belonged to it, were many who desired more evangelical ministrations than had been provided at St. Leonard's. His colleagues, however, thought otherwise, and as majorities have the power of deciding in such disputes, the reasonable liberty sought by the petitioners was peremptorily denied them.

By his conduct in this affair, though he had obviously been striving only for the liberation of conscience, Chalmers incurred the suspicion of being hostile to the interests of the establishment, and much offence and irritation consequently ensued. How strongly he felt the unfairness of the imputation appears from the pains he took to vindicate himself, when he subsequently appeared before the Royal Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Scottish Universities. Being examined on the question of church attendance, he took occasion to explain his exact views respecting the claims and relations of ecclesiastical establishments. "I think," said he, "that if the church establishment of Scotland was overthrown, it would operate to the diminution, by nine-tenths, of the Christianity of our land; and yet, consistently with this principle, if I knew of any dissenting chapel where, in point of fact, the members of my family received a deeper, a more powerful, and a more practical impression upon their consciences than in the parish church, I should not feel myself guilty of schism though I recommended and encouraged the members of my family to go to that place where they found the ministrations that was most calculated to do them good." He held, further, that the purity and effectiveness of an establishment was substantially promoted by the external pressure of a zealous and vigorous dissent. And as to schism, he says:—"The real schismatics are the schism-makers, or they who, by means of a reckless and ill-advised

patronage, are the emanating fountain-heads of the whole mischief. . . . I have no veneration for the Church of Scotland, merely *quasi* an establishment, but I have the utmost veneration for it *quasi* an instrument for Christian good; and I do think, that with the means and resources of an establishment, she can do more, and does more, for the religious interests of Scotland, than is done by the activity of all the dissenters put together. I think it is a high object to uphold the Church of Scotland, but only because of its subserving to the still higher object of upholding the Christianity of our land; and the measure which I now contend for would only have the effect of bringing the Church into a sort of temporary obscurity in this place, from which she emerges on the moment that we put forth the remedy that is in our hands."

This disagreement about church attendance was not the only one which arose between Chalmers and his colleagues. A more distressing difference sprang up in connexion with the administration of the college funds. It had long been a practice among the professors to dispose of the university finances by laying aside yearly what they deemed sufficient for the maintenance of the college fabric, and then dividing the remainder among themselves. Finding that one-third of his income was dependent on this apparently irregular arrangement, Chalmers was led to inquire into the history of the appropriation. "That inquiry conducted him unwillingly to the conclusion that it was made without distinct and explicit legal authority; and that in making it, in becoming the arbitrators who fixed yearly the amount of their own salaries, the professors involved themselves in a very painful conflict between personal and public considerations—the more that they took to themselves the less being left for the general objects of the society." He accordingly brought his doubts before the "Senatus Academicus," and, pending their settlement, declined to receive his dividend. The Senate did nothing to satisfy his scruples. At length, however, in the summer of 1826, the appointment of a Royal Commission seemed to afford him an opportunity for getting the matter settled by authority. In this, his hopes were disappointed. Embarrassments arose connected with the investigation, which were prolonged until Chalmers left St. Andrews in 1828—at which time there was remaining due to him upwards of 700*l.* of income. The Commissioners subsequently authorized him to receive it, thereby sanctioning the mode of appropriation practised by the College; but, on bringing forward their report in 1831, they promulgated the conclusion, that "the principal and professors appear to have made these appropriations without authority." No acknowledgment was made of the part which Chalmers had taken against the practice so condemned; and thus he became very unjustly included in a serious public censure. To clear himself in the popular estimation he determined to write a pamphlet; in which he warmly intimated to the Commissioners, that "when receiving that money" under their sanction,

he did not understand that he had given them, in exchange for it, the power of aspersing his character and good name. In this production he very sufficiently vindicated his honour and integrity, and made it clear to all who cared to know the truth, that no shadow of blame attached to him in regard to the transaction.

It will be seen that the Doctor's residence in St. Andrews was not particularly peaceful. These distractions, however, did not hinder him from steadily proceeding with his literary pursuits. In the year 1826 he completed the third volume of "The Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns." The College Session over, and the General Assembly again attended, he struck off in the middle of summer for a country tour, in the course of which he visited the birth-place of Burns, and the grave of Dr. Thomas Brown. The rest of the year does not appear to be noticeable for anything requiring special mention.

In February 1827 it was proposed to him to take the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the new University of London. This offer he at first neither accepted nor declined, postponing his answer until he should have ascertained the result of the investigation into the Scottish colleges which the Royal Commissioners were then prosecuting. About the same time he accepted an invitation from the Rev. Edward Irving to open a new church which had just been erected for him in London. On this occasion he was introduced to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, to whose wondrous talk he listened for the space of three hours, but he does not appear to have been particularly edified. "His conversation," said he, "which flowed in a mighty unrelenting stream, is most astonishing, but I must confess to me still unintelligible. I caught occasional glimpses of what he would be at, but mainly he was very far out of all sight and sympathy. I hold it, however, a great acquisition to have become acquainted with him. You know that Irving sits at his feet and drinks in the inspiration of every syllable that falls from him. There is a secret, and to me yet unintelligible communion of spirit betwixt them, on the ground of a certain German mysticism and transcendental lake-poetry which I am not yet up to. Gordon says it is all unintelligible nonsense, and I am sure a plain Fife man, as uncle 'Tammas,' had he been alive, would have pronounced it the greatest *buff* he had ever heard in his life." Chalmers afterwards made a remark to Irving on the obscurity of Coleridge's utterance, observing, that for his part he "liked to see all sides of an idea at once;" to which Irving, in his eccentric, characteristic way, replied, "Ha! you Scotchmen would handle an idea as a butcher handles an ox: for my part, *I love to see an idea looming through a mist.*" One here gets a glimpse of that singular idiosyncrasy which subsequently evolved its wild vagaries on prophecy, and revelled in the "miraculous gift of tongues."

There is another incident of this London visit which seems to us worth reporting. On Monday, the 14th of May, after visiting the courts at Westminster,

where he "was much interested by the aspect of the various judges, who looked very picturesque," Chalmers went to Covent-garden to hear Cobbett and Hunt address the people on politics. "I had a view of their persons," says he, "but was excessively anxious to hear their speeches. There was a ladder set up from the street to the flat roof of a *low* house, which every person who paid a shilling had the privilege of going to. Duncan would not ascend; I and Strachan did, but on the moment of our doing so the peace-officers came and dispersed the speakers. Duncan enjoyed our disappointment vastly, and we felt that a fool and his money were soon parted. We followed the crowd in the hope of hearing them somewhere else, but all we got was a sentence or two from Gale Jones."

In September of this year Chalmers went to Belfast to open a new church, and availed himself of the opportunity to visit the Giant's Causeway, and other interesting scenes and curiosities in Ireland. On returning to St. Andrews he resumed a work which he was writing on the "Use and Abuse of Literary and Ecclesiastical Establishments." At the close of the year it was completed. We have no space to treat of its contents, but may say, in passing, that it related mainly to the existing condition of the Scottish universities. Prior to its publication Chalmers received from Lord Lansdowne the offer of the metropolitan living of St. Cuthberts—"one of the most desirable livings in the Church of Scotland." His conviction, however, of the "superiority of a professorship in point of usefulness" induced him to decline the offer. Shortly afterwards, he was elected, without solicitation on his part, to the Divinity Professorship in the University of Edinburgh; and thither, accordingly, he removed in November 1828.

In March, of the next year, he was requested by Sir James Mackintosh to use his influence towards disposing the popular mind in Edinburgh to a favourable consideration of the question of "Catholic Emancipation," then coming on for final discussion in the House of Commons. As Chalmers was personally desirous of relieving all classes of religionists from irksome disabilities he readily complied with the suggestion, and at several public meetings spoke boldly and earnestly in behalf of the contemplated measure. He held that the Protestant faith was competent to contend with Romanism on the broad arena of equal liberty. One of his speeches is said to have produced a most electric effect upon his auditors. From this we quote a passage which elicited enthusiastic and deafening applause:—"It is not by our fears and false alarms," said he, "that we do honour to Protestantism. A far more befitting honour to the great cause is the homage of our confidence; for what Sheridan said of the liberty of the press, admits of most emphatic application to this religion of truth and liberty. 'Give,' says that great orator, 'give to ministers a corrupt House of Commons; give them a pliant and servile House of Lords; give them the keys of the Treasury and the patronage of the Crown; and give

me the liberty of the press, and with this mighty engine I will overthrow the fabric of corruption, and establish upon its ruins the rights and privileges of the people.' In like manner, give the Catholics of Ireland their emancipation; give them a seat in the Parliament of their country; give them a free and equal participation in the politics of the realm; give them a place at the right ear of majesty, and a voice in his counsels; and give me the circulation of the Bible, and with this mighty engine I will overthrow the tyranny of Antichrist, and establish the fair and original form of Christianity on its ruins."

Right! Doctor, the truth may surely be trusted. Let every one contend valiantly for what he believes to be the truth, and at last that which is really true shall prosper. Against this, neither "principalities nor powers," neither popes, nor councils, nor sectarian confederations, nor parliamentary majorities, nor the very "gates of hell," shall be able to prevail. In the free conflict of opinions, popery, bigotry, and all superstitious abominations whatsoever shall be consumed, and the pure light of God's inextinguishable truth beam out and illuminate the world.

Proceeding with our sketch, however, let the reader be informed, that on the accession of William IV. Chalmers was sent to court as one of a deputation, to present a congratulatory address from the Church of Scotland. The particulars of this ceremony are graphically described, and amusingly commented on, in letters which he wrote during his absence to his daughters. A few sentences may be given, as they illustrate his playful style of correspondence, and show how a frank-hearted, unsophisticated man of fifty, albeit a Doctor of Divinity and a University Professor, can look on dignified conventionalisms, however formidably imposing. "A vast deal of consultation," says he, "aunt our movements to and from. We are all on edge. We have to make three bows; and the question is, whether we shall all make them on moving towards the throne, or after we have spread ourselves before it, and there is such a want of unanimity and distinct understanding about it, that I fear we shall misbehave. . . . The greatest consternation amongst us about hats, which had been promised at twelve, but had not yet arrived. There were four wanting, and at length only three came, with the promise that we should get the other when we passed the shop. We went in three coaches, and lauded at the palace entry about half-past one. Ascended the stair, passed through a magnificent lobby, between rows of glittering attendants, all dressed in gold and scarlet. Ushered into a large ante-room, full of all sorts of company walking about and collecting there for attendance on the levee; military and naval officers in splendid uniforms, high legal gentlemen with enormous wigs; ecclesiastics, from archbishops to curates and inferior clergy. Our deputation made a most respectable appearance among them, with our cocked three-cornered hats under our arms, our bands upon our breasts, and our gowns of Geneva on our backs. Mine did not lap so

close as I should have liked, so that I was twice as thick as I should be, and it must have been palpable to every one at the first glance, that I was the greatest man there, and that, though I took all care to keep my coat unbuttoned, and my gown quite open; however, let not mamma be alarmed, for I made a most respectable appearance, and was treated with the utmost attention. . . .” In the room he was “introduced to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was very civil;” and he “had a good deal of talk” with the Bishop of London. But, he adds, “far the most interesting object there was Tallyrand, whom I could get nobody to introduce me to, splendidly attired as the French Ambassador. . . . I gazed with interest on the old shrivelled face of him, and thought I could see there the lines of deep reflection and lofty talent. His moral physiognomy, however, is a downright blank. . . .” The time came on for the deputation to appear in the presence of majesty. “We all made a low bow on our first entry, and the king, seated on the throne at the opposite end, took off his hat, putting it on again. We marched up the middle of the room, and made another low bow, when the king again took off his hat; we then proceeded to the foot of the throne, and all made a third low bow, on which the king again took off his hat. After this the moderator read his address, which was a little long, and the king bowed repeatedly while it was reading. The moderator then reached the address to the king upon the throne, who took it from him and gave it to Sir Robert Peel on his left hand, who in his turn gave the king his written reply, which he read very well. After this the moderator went up to the stool before the throne, leaned his left knee upon it, and kissed the king’s hand. We each in our turn did the same thing, the moderator naming every one of us as we advanced. I went through my kneel and my kiss very comfortably. The king said something to each of us. His first question to me was, ‘Do you reside constantly in Edinburgh?’ I said, ‘Yes, an’t please your majesty.’ His next question was, ‘How long do you remain in town?’ I said, ‘Till Monday, an’t please your majesty.’ I then descended the steps leading from the foot of the throne to the floor, and fell into my place in the deputation. After we had all been thus introduced, we began to retire in a body just as we had come, bowing all the way, with our faces to the king, and so moving backwards, when the king called out, ‘Don’t go away, gentlemen, I shall leave the throne and the queen will succeed me.’ We stopped in the middle of the floor, when the most beautiful living sight I ever beheld burst upon our delighted gaze—the queen with twelve maids of honour, in a perfect spangle of gold and diamonds, entered the room. . . . She took her seat on the throne, and we made the same profound obeisances as before, advancing to the foot of the steps that lead to the footstool of the throne. A short address was read to her as before, and her reply was most beautifully given, in rather a tremulous voice, and just as

low as that I could only hear and no more. We went through the same ceremonial of advancing successively and kissing hands, and then retired with three bows, which the queen returned most gracefully, but with all the simplicity, I had almost said bashfulness, of a timid country girl. She is really a very natural and amiable looking person. The whole was magnificent.”

From this amusing piece of gossip, the reader who has never been at court may obtain some notion as to how things are managed there. Further extract of the kind will be unnecessary; and the remaining particulars of the Doctor’s history presented in the present volume, may be very soon despatched.

During the summer of 1831 he was almost unremittingly engaged upon his work on Political Economy. This was published in January 1832; at a time when the country was convulsed with the expectations and alarms, occasioned by the forthcoming “Reform Bill.” Chalmers was not in favour of the measure. “He had no faith in many of the principles upon which it was ordinarily advocated.” He did not perceive how any mere change in the mode of electing representatives was likely to improve the economic condition of the people; and the result has shown that he was right in denying that it would have any such effect. The reform he desired to see commenced, was a social one. He had studied long and diligently the question, “how the great mass of the labouring population of the country, in so many instances toil-worn and over-driven, could be sustained in sufficiency and comfort—could be prevented from sinking, as he saw many of them doing, into greater straitsness of circumstances, and into the necessity of severer toil.” His work, accordingly, was not a treatise on Political Economy in the usual acceptation; “it was rather a survey of all the devices for enlarging the resources and adding to the comforts of the community which political economists had suggested”—a searching discussion of all proposed expedients for securing the “happiness of the greatest number;” with the object of making it appear that each and all of them must necessarily fail in accomplishing the result desired: and this being demonstrated, he sought to establish the grand conclusion—which was true then, and is now, and will for ever remain true—“that the one and only means whereby a steady, progressive, and secure advance in the economic estate of every population, and more especially of a population such as ours, in an old country of limited extent, could be ensured, was the spread of right principles, and the prevalence of moral, intelligent, and religious habits among the people.” A work so distinctly opposed to the current notions, to the prevailing infatuation concerning paper-constitutions and salvation by act of parliament, was not likely to obtain just then a very warm reception; and accordingly we find that the book was but indifferently successful. Gradually, however, it is obtaining a more extended favour. We cannot regard it as a complete or sufficient exposition

of the subject, but it nevertheless contains many just conclusions, many eminent suggestions, which social reformers and economists may ponder to their advantage, and which perhaps they will ultimately find worthy of adoption.

While Chalmers was engaged upon this work, he received a communication from the Bishop of London, requesting him to undertake the composition of one of several projected treatises, "in proof of the wisdom and benevolence of the Deity," for the writing and publication whereof the Duke of Bridgewater had recently bequeathed the sum of £8,000. He readily accepted the invitation, and in the course of 1832, produced the well-known treatise "On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man." This work was published in 1833, and "notwithstanding a depreciatory notice of it in the Quarterly Review, it met with a very large amount of public approbation and acceptance."

In the General Assembly of 1832, Chalmers was elected "Moderator." A little before, he had received the offer of the West Church, in Greenock—"the most lucrative ecclesiastical living in Scotland." Its endowments were nearly double those of his Divinity Professorship, but he nevertheless declined it, under a "firm conviction of the superior importance of a theological chair." He did not mind about preferment, save in so far as it enabled him to accomplish what he considered his proper work in life.

In the summer of 1833, Chalmers made what he called his "Tour of the Cathedrals." Some rest and refreshment was required after four years of incessant literary and professorial labour, during which he had composed an entire course of Theological Lectures, his work on Political Economy, and the Bridgewater Treatise before mentioned. So he set off and visited the Peaks and caves of Derbyshire, Chatsworth, Haddon Hall, and other sights, taking with him a rustic Achates, or gig-driver, from Huddersfield, whom he especially delighted, by letting him see all the wonders which he himself visited, and drew from him the confession, many times repeated, that "no such fine things were to be seen at Huddersfield." Going southwards, he stays a day or two in London, where, on the 26th of June, he writes off the following bit of drollery, for the women-kind at home:—"Started at nine, much refreshed. Got a hair-dresser to clip me—a great humourist; he undertook, at the commencement of the operation, to make me look forty years younger, by cutting out every white hair, and leaving all the black ones. There was a very bright conversation of clever sayings that passed between us while the process was going on. I complimented his profession, and told him that he had the special advantage, that his crop grew all weathers, and that while I had heard all over the provinces the heavy complaints of a bad hay-harvest, his hay-making in the metropolis went on pleasantly and prosperously all the year round. He was particularly pleased with the homage I rendered to his peculiar vocation, and assured me, after he had performed his work, that he had at least made me

thirty years younger. I told him how delighted my wife would be with the news of this wondrous transformation, and gave him half-a-crown, observing that it was little enough for having turned me into a youthful Adonis. We parted in a roar of laughter, and great mutual satisfaction with each other."

He proceeded next day to Cambridge, where he found the town "all in a bustle with the British Association," and was introduced to a multitude of learned and scientific persons. In less than a week he was back again in London, a circumstance which we mention solely for the sake of introducing the following passage from his diary:—"Monday, July 1st. After dinner I went down to the House of Commons. A dull debate, and I did not sit to the end of it. Sir Robert Peel the best speaker. A number of the members came to me—last, though not least, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, who shook me most cordially by the hands, complimenting me on my evidence about the Irish Poor-Laws, saying that he was a disciple of mine upon that subject, and not of his own priest, Dr. Doyle; and I, on the other hand, glad of good being done whatever quarter it came from, and, knowing him to be an influential personage, expressed myself much gratified with the view that he had taken on that question. I am sure it would have done your heart much good to have seen how closely and cordially Mr. Daniel O'Connell and your papa hugged and greeted each other in the Lower House of Parliament."

In the course of his visits to cathedrals he finds himself at Norwich, where, in company with Mr. Gurney of Earlham, he had an interview with Bishop Bathurst. The good old gentleman was then nearly ninety years of age. "He received us," says Chalmers, "with great courteousness; had just finished reading my last book, which he complimented, and gave us most interesting anecdotes of other days, and I felt particularly interested in his personal acquaintanceship with Bishop Warburton. We stopped a quarter of an hour with the venerable old prelate—a perfect gentleman, and of a mild and benevolent spirit, and great suavity of mind. I was much pleased with the Cathedral and its precincts." As the Doctor was some days afterwards proceeding from Peterborough to Lincoln, he was discovered by one of the outside passengers on the coach, who rather obtrusively asked him if he was going to preach at Boston. "I observed him," says he, "making me known to a shop-keeper at Spalding, a town through which we passed, when they both ran together to the shop, I supposed to write a letter to some of the Independents at Boston to get up a deputation." At Boston, next day, being Sunday, a deputation actually appeared, the Doctor's "Peterborough discoverer" having sent on the news of his arrival. He would not preach, however, but went "forenoon and afternoon" to Boston church—"one of the noblest parish churches, and furnished with one of the finest and loftiest towers in England." He expresses only an indifferent opinion of the *preaching*. The next day he goes on to Lincoln by steam-

boat on the Witham. "The people," says he, "came into our boat both at Boston and from various parts of the tract through which we passed, and had a good deal of the uncouthness and rudeness of the otter tribe, an amphibious species of animal like themselves." If the Doctor were to travel that way again he would find them just the same. He adds, "We little comprehended the dialects of each other."

After visiting Lincoln Minster, and standing under the big bell, familiarly called "Great Tom of Lincoln," he went forward to Hull, and thence to Beverley, where amongst other curiosities he beheld and conversed with the "biggest man" he ever saw. This was the clergyman of Beverley. The Doctor playfully describes him to his little daughter, Fanny, in a letter. "He is so heavy that he cannot walk; he would weigh more than two of your papa. We found him sitting on an arm-chair that could have been made into a bed for you and Helen sleeping in. When he goes to church to preach, which he does very often, he gets upon a wooden horse called a velocipede, which runs upon wheels, and with this he moves through the streets, and through the church, till he gets to the foot of the pulpit; and then two great strong men-servants push him up the stair, and through the door of the pulpit with their backs and their shoulders, when he sits squash down upon an immense cushion, and preaches sitting to the people, for to do it standing would be impossible. He received us with great politeness, is a literary and gentlemanly person, and so much esteemed, that his odd movements in public excite no ridicule."

Through Whitby, Stockton-on-Tees, Sunderland, and Morpeth, Chalmers at length reached Norham, from whence he intended to have "speeled along the border on foot, with one leg, wherever it was possible, in England and another in Scotland." But this "pedestrian speculation" was frustrated by the kindness and solicitude of friends, who passed him on from place to place, by carriage or on horseback, with such persistent accommodation, that he was not in fact "suffered to foot it on any part of the journey." "All the week," says he, "I have had the services done to me which I recollect in my younger days done to those beggars who were carried about in barrows;—lifted at Norham and let down at Kirknewton,—lifted at Kirknewton and let down at Sprouston,—lifted at Sprouston and let down at Edgerston,—lifted at Edgerston and let down at Wolflee,—lifted at Wolflee and let down at Hindlee,—lifted at Hindlee and let down at the Rowe,—lifted at the Rowe and let down at Woodhouselee. I will not, when I consider the length and arduousness of the way, say it was hard to be disappointed of my pedestrian speculation; but rather when I look back to all the accommodation I have had, and to the kindness which prompted it, I cannot but feel a grateful emotion, which for once in this classic and inspiring region, I shall give vent to in poetry:—

"Good people, my thanks,
For thus haining my shanks."

There is nothing more in this third volume requiring mention here, except we allude to a serious shock of illness which Chalmers sustained after making a warm speech in the General Assembly of 1834, from which, however, he duly and thoroughly recovered. Dr. Hanna's narrative is carried down to the year '35; but of the doings of Chalmers in these two latter years little is related but what appertains to church politics and purely local interests, with which we need not be concerned. The reader will perceive that the work is not yet finished; Dr. Hanna finding that he could not compress his materials within the compass originally assigned for them; and therefore "presuming on the public indulgence," he intends to bring out another volume. Under the circumstances, we suppose we must add another to the present papers when the work shall be completed; unless our readers happen to be getting tired of the subject; and in that case, perhaps they had better petition the Editor in a body, and thus prevail on him to put a stop to our humble, and, it may be, not over-successful efforts at entertaining them.

A DIORAMIC VIEW OF PENTONVILLE.

BY Q.

"The chaise in which my brother Bill
Used to be drawn to PENTONVILLE."

Young reader! are you familiar with those lines? I will believe you are; for though the occasion which gave them birth has long gone by, wit is perennial. Who knows not the "Rejected Addresses?" While Wordsworth, and Southey, and Coleridge, and Scott, and Byron, and Crabbe shall be read, the clever travestie of their various styles (Scott declared that *he* must have written his in a fit of somnambulism) shall be read and admired too. Well, you have read those lines then—but you are disposed to be critical. You say a burlesque should bear some sort of analogy to its original. Now here is none—the very reverse. Wordsworth was what a poet said of poets in general, —one who fled the city and loved the woodlands. If "brother Bill" had been drawn to Hampstead Heath, or Dulwich Common, or even to Kensington Gardens, verdure enough would have been obtained to make him look Wordsworthian. But Pentonville! the muse of Wordsworth could not have breathed in it. A land of unwatered streets in summer, and smoky mud in winter. World-famous, indeed; but for what? For the biggest and gloomiest of penal structures—"loca nocte *silentis* latè," like the infernal realms of the poet, where all is gloom, and people must not speak to each other. Not even in his slumbers could Wordsworth have persuaded himself that he had drawn poetry from such a place. Peter Bell would have died unsung, if he had unfortunately got into Pentonville prison.

So you say, young reader! and no wonder: Pentonville *is* all you say. But when brother Bill used to make his chaise-trips thither, matters were much

otherwise. The prison had no existence. On that site of sorrow, voices like yours tuned the summer air to melody, and the fresh hay loaded it with incense. Hundreds of happy children, merry as the carolling lark above them, were rolling about in that rich fresh hay, or hurling huge heaps of the fragrant mass at each other. No doubt there were many places worthier the notice of the bard; but Pentonville was not unworthy. It had scenes as rural as might be found about the most secluded villages in England. And a village it was, though, no doubt, a large one. But Wordsworth's heart might have danced with the daffodils that grew where those long and gloomy vistas of brick now weary and depress the eye. The valetudinarian, of either sex, of every age, was brought from the darkness and closeness of London to the bright exhilarating sky, the refreshing breezes, the rich and verdant fields, of Pentonville. The Smiths were right. It was just whither Wordsworth would have transported the Cockney child.

Perhaps, young reader, you have never been at Pentonville. The name has been enough for you. You would as soon have made a pilgrimage to Newgate, or its neighbour, Giltspur Street. You have turned your travels, actual or imaginative, another way. And if you have been ambitious of seeing the world, but have not possessed the means, whether of time or money, to make "the Overland Route," you have seated yourself in a diorama, or at a dissolving view, and Fancy and Art have borne you beneath the frowning brows of Gibraltar, over the blue Mediterranean, up the staircase streets of Valetta, along the broad unpeopled squares of Alexandria and Cairo, across the sandy expanse that parts you from the pearly sea, and over its lordly billows, to the scarcely less lordly floods of the Ganges. Yet, for once in a way, condescend to sit at a diorama of Pentonville. My exhibition will have this advantage, that you can travel now no other way to what it will show you. Some freak of fortune may transport you to the East, and you may see, in veritable essence and reality, all you contemplate in the clever mockery of a London panorama. But what I shall show you, you will never see, save in contrivances like mine. I do not take you far, young reader, it is true, especially if you live in the gorgeous land of Cockayne. One little mile—omnibuses every three minutes. But what I lose in space, I compensate in time. I carry you up that ever-flowing stream. I bear you, not over seas and shores which possibly you may behold with the natural eye—but over years—which it is unquestionable you never can behold. I carry you back to the times when "brother Bill," in his little chaise, "used to be drawn to Pentonville."

Take your seats then, young readers all, and attend to the spectacle. The long highway before you is Penton Street. You that have not seen it say, "Well, any how, there is no beauty there"—you that have, are becoming impatient, and tell me that it is very accurate certainly, and that for that very reason you are disappointed, because I had prepared you for a considerable

change: but there it is, just as you saw it, it may be, a week ago—a fair, wide, respectable street enough, with some good houses, especially in the more distant part. Now have a little patience, and observe. Already that distant part is becoming more indistinct—a mist is spreading over it. Now the houses are gone—only a portion of the street is visible. Now that mist, the exhalation of early summer morning, is clearing away. Across the street some faint object is coming into sight. Now we can make it out—It is a rustic railing—at one end of it, close to the houses, is a gate as rustic. The whole is just what you might observe at the end of a lane in some sequestered village, to prevent the intrusion of cattle. Now try if you can make out anything beyond. A small stone building, of cottage dimensions, but scarcely cottage shape, is just becoming visible. Now its outline is distinctly traceable against a background of rich verdure, field, and wood. The fresh morning breeze, laden with the thousandfold fragrance of the country, rushes on our faces.

Would you not like to explore that green and pleasant land? "Assuredly." Once more then, observe. The mist which has cleared from the field is now descending on the street, along which we seem to have made some advance. A few houses only separate us from that rural barrier, and those fields beyond. And take a look at those houses before they too pass into the mist. Do not say they are such as you have beheld with your unenchanted eyes. They are the same walls, no doubt. But did you ever remark those rich cabbage roses, with their mossy rival sisters, and those silver-starred jessamines, which leave you in blissful ignorance of the "graystocks" they cover? Did you ever observe, in your rambles past these houses, those hedges of sweet peas, those luxuriant masses of convolvulus, those broad and bright carnations? Never! they are not the growth of 1851. Gaze on them! for while you gaze they are dissolving, and we stand beyond the gate we were noticing, and must prepare to take a survey of the scene before us.

The prominent object which we beheld when first the dispersing mist disclosed the view, we now ascertain to be a square building of stone, with two gables and a sloping roof, and appearing to exhibit some pretensions to a venerable antiquity. This is THE WHITE CONDUIT. It gives its name to a famous place hard by, which we will presently turn to inspect; it names also the fields before us. It gives character to the foreground of a fairer landscape than you probably suspected was ever to be seen at a place that at any time bore the name of Pentonville. It is no conduit, however, whatever it may have been. It is preserved because it is old and picturesque, not because it is useful. Utilitarianism has not progressed so far from London yet as to Pentonville. Now look at the landscape beyond and about you. There is, first, the far sweeping and undulating horizon. Take one general glance around at it. How varied! how beautiful in its variety! how distant!—those objects which we behold to the left may be trees, but yet we

cannot pronounce them so. That far away verdant knoll, crowned with wood, is Primrose Hill—a name of Cockney mould, it is true, but not, like Cockney names in general, belying its application. Now look just below it—that little church, with the low tower, is St. Pancras, and gives its name to the pretty little village grouped beneath it. Now direct your eye to the right. What is there to remind you of a prison in those varied fields?—some blending the dark promise of the hay harvest with the painted buttercup and starry daisy, some alive with the mower and the hay-maker, some luxuriant with the rich yellow green which marks the new mown meadows. It is the very dwelling of Liberty. How freely are those Spanish sheep grazing in the valley, and how goodly is the appearance of their Andalusian guardians in native costume, and the stanch wolf-dogs, with their spiked collars, here so superfluous withal! How free are those 999 cows which give life to that largest pasture of the whole! mysterious number, as the Pentonville rustic tells with awe; beyond which, the wealthy proprietor dreads, or has not been permitted, to acquire. Now mark that pleasant-looking, large, white building, at the distance of a mile or two, standing out against the trees that strive to close it in. How cheerfully it faces the morning sunshine, which comes right down upon it without impediment or adulteration! That is Copenhagen House. There the more ambitious son of Cockayne, who spurns the barriers of Pentonville, finds satisfaction for his adventurous spirit. Thither the Pentonvillian himself, for change of association, takes his morning or evening summer ramble. That noble mass of tufted green which you see beyond, is called Caen Wood; and that sheet of fiery gold, as our view exhibits it, is the sun-lighted roof of the stately mansion that bears the same designation. Now turn to those fair “sister hills.” They are not unworthy a poet, nor have they been unsung. Who knows not Hampstead and Highgate? Yet look at them here, and they are fairer than you have ever seen them—there is little trace of brick and mortar in those wild half-purpling summits which we have now in view. What say you now? might not the bard of Rydal have brought Master Bill hither, without impeachment of his taste? or even been pleased to make Pentonville alternate with “sweet Liswyn Farm,” and “Kilve by the green sea?”

But perhaps we may get a view of the young gentleman in the chaise. Our best chance will be found in turning to the right, where a very different scene opens on our eye. That long and not very shapely edifice, whose deficiencies, however, are considerably covered and obviated by that fair row of lindens, is a spot of no small renown in Cockneyland. It derives its name from the White Conduit opposite. It is called White Conduit House. The summer's morning is now seven hours on its way, and behind a gate, in a clear space well adapted for the purpose, the kine are brought out to the milking. White earthenware jugs are deposited on a board for the convenience of those who are disposed to enjoy the

luxury of a draught of milk, fresh from the cow. And these, in truth, are not a few. The substantial citizen, the office clerk, the apprentice of the shop, find time, these long days, to procure a modicum of pure milk and pure air—things which “jewels, purple and gold” cannot procure for them in their dwellings beyond Smithfield Bars or London Wall. They enjoy, too, the benefit of a two-mile walk, which, long before they reach “the Angel,” has come upon open ground. But mostly invalids, and of these mostly children, are “drawn” to Pentonville. An abundance of little chaises is thronging the entrance to White Conduit House. “Brother Bill” is most probably in one of them.

The milking is over—the men of business are gone back to their desks and counters, but the children stay to disport themselves in the renowned White Conduit Gardens. These have no existence in 1851, but they have only very lately been built over. Still, you do not remember them as “brother Bill” beheld them. Look then, and you shall see. Our background is breaking up into a triple vista. We cannot, alas! acquit either design or execution of the grave sin of Cockneyism. But what of that? Is the air less pure, are the boisterous children less happy, because the great mind of the designer scorned to be limited by the narrow material boundary, and projected a wooden tower twenty feet high to represent a rustic church, and painted a flat board with innumerable trees, that an avenue of twenty yards might seem interminable? What joy is afforded by the mechanical chimes in that tower to the embryo musician! What study in perspective does that board present to the infant amateur of art? Say what you will, here are flowers in abundance, here are arbour seats with tables for study and refreshment, here is an ample pond where the youthful disciple of Walton may practise on the minnow and stickleback. And when evening shall arrive, every corner of these gardens will be crowded by people who spend their days in honourable toil amid dust and smoke, and think themselves entitled (and who will dispute it?) to their coffee, a ramble and ventilation, before they sleep to prepare them for the morrow's early labour. I wish to make my diorama agreeable as well as faithful, and, therefore, I do not exhibit the White Conduit Gardens on a Sunday evening. Yet were I to do so, it would be unjust to conclude that all of that vast multitude were sabbath-breakers. Many of them have been sober attendants on morning and evening service, and must take some refreshment for themselves, and for the children fatigued by a salutary walk, and overlaid with the buttercups, roses, and honeysuckles, which are to gladden and perfume the smoky atmosphere of home for the next six days.

But the day wears on—let us turn once more to the fair “White Conduit Fields.” And, hark! there are notes of martial music. A pageant is approaching. Drum and trumpet and trombone are distinctly heard—it is the Grenadiers' march. Now they are near enough for us to hear oboe and clarinet as well. Now

scarlet glares, and gold and steel glitter in the sun. Some rough-looking carpenter-like soldiers precede. They are not armed with musket and bayonet, but with axe, and saw, and hammer—they are the pioneers. Here is the drum-major, with his cocked hat set square and trimmed with gold lace and red ribbons, and wielding his staff of office with conscious pride. Then the band, not dissimilarly attired, save here and there an Ethiop musician, with turban and crescent. There are the drums and fifes, a goodly company. A gallant array follows. The colours are displayed. The officers, with cocked hat and pendant plume, keep order from their chargers. They proceed to the second field. There they are drawn up for a field day—that field is called “the Parade;” for such it is for them. Here their band plays one evening in every week, to the great delight of the Pentonvillians, who promenade on that fair gravelled walk, and gaze on the green prospect below.

To the eye of the unpractised civilian, these soldiers seem to perform their evolutions very gracefully and precisely. At any rate, some allowance is due to them. They have never been called on to stand fire, and uncharitable people doubt if they would respond to the call: but do not you think so. They are men—they are Englishmen—they have wives, and children, and hearths, and a country, and freedom to fight for. They will fight fast enough, if they are wanted, and gallantly too. They have enrolled themselves in a military body, that they may be able to add skill and system to courage. They are peaceful men—men of trade and labour—of the shop and of the field. But they are true and loyal hearts, and their king and country may rely on them for peace or war. They are THE CLERKENWELL LOYAL VOLUNTEERS. A strange designation to your ears, young spectators! and such may it ever prove! If the substantial Pentonville of 1851 be a gloomy substitute for the fair vision we have been beholding in our aerial diorama, we are not without our compensation, and a very sufficient one too. Red coats, indeed, do not everywhere dazzle our eyes, nor do Tyrtæan strains thrill our ears, and make our hearts beat martially. But we have no apprehensions from foreign enmity and violence—and if we want exhibitions, we have one which outdoes all which we have ever beheld, and which is a testimony, and, let us hope, a warrant too, of peace and love with all nations around us. Therefore let us be grateful, though Pentonville be now better known to pickpockets than to poets. Poets must go further; and they will not lose time—and the rail will carry them with ten times the velocity with which “brother Bill” was necessitated to travel, to spots ten times fairer than even his Pentonville.

That house, now broken up into two humble tenements, is probably as useful, and even as ornamental externally, (the old laburnum still grows over the wall,) as when, under the designation of Hermes Hill, it was the proud abode of the important Dr. De Valangin, whose painted dogs, no doubt, “brother Bill” must often have admired on his summer excursions;

or as when from its stately gates issued a pompous equipage, bearing ostentatiously on every part the cipher of S. S., and freighted with no less a personage than William Huntington, “Sinner Saved,” the coalheaver converted—into a man of wealth, and a popular preacher. And some will think that an elegant residence, called Suetonius Lodge, with a formidable British Lion in front, is preferable to the fragment of a vallum (still, however, amid the wilderness of houses, religiously preserved) which the Pentonvillian of old dignified with the name of Cæsar’s Hill, and which a well-grounded tradition assigns as the spot where eighty thousand Britons lay bleeding round the car of the outraged Boadicea.

Well! we have seen enough—have we not? to justify the Smiths in making Wordsworth bring little Bill, for air and recreation, to this overbuilt and overcrowded place. Perhaps it had undergone fewer changes from the time of Suetonius to his, than from his to the present day. It is a very type of change. On its every flagstone it bears inscribed, “*Tempora mutantur.*” Yet, is not that inscription more or less legible on every work of man, and every production of nature?

“And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wreck behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.”

The ancients tell us that the first moiety of night brings with it sullacious visions through a stately portal of ivory; while the dreams of the latter half are true, but come through a homely gate of horn. The sleep that “rounds” our little life is even so. Our early dreams come to us in pageantry and beauty, through the pure white portal of innocence; but, alas! they are soon departed, and sadly unreal. Pass, however, the meridian of “our little life,” and up come the hard realities, through the dark horny gate of maturity: and they depart not till we awake in the incorporeal morning—but it is our own fault if they depart not then—for, after all, earthly realities are dreams, if we make them not something better or worse. Be it then our wisdom to cherish the remembrances of youth. Let the young store them while they may, like summer fruits, for the solace of winter. I do not agree with Dante’s Francesca, that no distress is more grievous than the recollection of happiness in affliction. It is one of the aggravations of affliction that it with difficulty permits us to call up the images of departed happiness. “One fatal remembrance” commonly erects an impassable barrier against the happy memories which before used to come back to us at a call, with the spring of an unstrung bow. If they can only be brought back, they will not change their nature—they will be happy memories still. Perhaps it may be said, this must depend partly on the object of memory, and partly on the nature of the affliction. I will not enter on metaphysical re-

finements. I believe an innocent joy will never forego its joyousness in the presence of the darkest sorrow, if memory can only bring it thither. Happy days and a fair scene may alike pass away—the scene not only from our eyes, but from the very face of the earth, vanishing like the hours with which it was associated—but, if the association can be retained, and its lustre brought to pierce the gloom which surrounds us, the light which is in it will not be found darkness. The beams of Faith and Resignation must, however, clear the way for it. Persuaded that all is for the best, that all is the operation of unerring Love, we may in time be enabled to let in the radiance of early happiness upon our darkest sorrows. Otherwise, even a little present grief may shut out happy memories of considerable proportions. Pentonville is life symbolized. Whose flowers have not been shred away by the hand of Death or of Inconstancy? In whose gardens and fields have not care and sorrow reared their dark and unsightly dwellings, their silent prison-houses, where they ply their stern corrective discipline? But shall these meditations mar the fresh enjoyments of childhood? Nay; they will not—they cannot; childhood, happily, is protected from this suffering by a providential incredulity. Shall the retrospect overwhelm the mature with despondency? Nay, again; the dispensation is providential, and, therefore, must be good and wise. Who now repairs to Pentonville for clear air and rural joys? Yet it were no less unreasonable to seek the pure delights of heavenly-minded childhood upon earth. Those pleasures were given us that we might aim at that land where they abide for ever, by “becoming as little children” in lowliness, docility, trustful faith, and tranquil purity, and thus fit ourselves for those substantial enjoyments, of which the exquisite experiences of childhood are, perhaps, the faithful shadow—but no more.

Our diorama has beguiled us somewhat from the idea with which we sat down to behold it. It has made us, perchance, “sadder;” if our sadness has made us “wiser” also, the exhibition will need no apology.

LIFE IN PRAIRIE LAND.¹

BY ELIZA W. FAIRHAM.

CHAPTER V.

Improved conduct of the boat—Politeness of her captain—Our style of conversation pantomimic on my part—Landing—Pokerton—Starting for our final destination—The country, the road, the *sioux*—Their peculiar character demonstrated—Woodland and its principal inhabitants—Prairie Lodge—Our meeting.

OUR boat conducted herself much better in the latter part of her tour than the first. Her improved conduct gave the captain leisure, when he was awake, to spend some time with his female passengers. As I was the only one left after the departure of the Hooshier bride, these honours were concentrated on me. It would have been a troublesome distinction had the

engine been less noisy or his voice louder, but as the one was “soft and low,” and the other hissed, whistled, groaned, and splattered continually, I was but little embarrassed by them. If his face expressed astonishment at what he uttered, I proceeded to look astonished myself. If he looked a negative, I shook my head; an affirmative, I nodded; sentiment, nothing was easier than to respond; profound, it cost little effort to look wise and inquiring. Every day he donned a fresh ruffle and white pantaloons; but the hose, I think, were the same—so that after two or three days, there were several transverse stripes of a dark brown colour crossing the foot, which, at a distance, with a little aid from the imagination, might be construed into ribbons, and so made to impart the appearance of a more elaborate finish to the fine pumps. He had a Leghorn hat, with a wide rim lined with lemon-coloured silk, in which he aired his brainless cranium on very warm days, though he never pardoned himself for appearing in the cabin with it.

We worried on through the flood of water that was pouring down the bed of the Illinois and submerging its banks, till the night of the fifth day brought us to the landing-place of our friends in the town of Pokerton. It was at that time the county seat of one of the largest and wealthiest counties in the state. Its name is faintly descriptive of its inhabitants in a double sense: one of their favourite recreations being a game at cards, which is indicated by the first two syllables of this name. A still more conclusive right to it was demonstrated before we left the town. We had a promise of a conveyance to reach our friends early in the morning, but our utmost efforts of coaxing, hiring, and remonstrating failed to bring it till one o'clock. My vexation may easily be conceived. After a journey of nearly four weeks, to be delayed so long within nine miles of the dearest friends I had on earth; to be doomed to sit in the wooden room of a wooden tavern, every beam and board of which was saturated with the juice and fumes of tobacco; to look out, hour after hour, into the sleepy street of a river town, thronged with rough boatmen, horse-jockeys, plaintiffs and defendants, (for the court was in session,) with their learned counsel, every man and boy of them armed with a cigar, or old pipe, brown with the absorbed fumes of the weed; to see among them all not a face that one had ever seen, and, tired as I then felt, not one that I could fancy I should ever wish to see again,—was insufferable. Reading, in such a state of suspense, was out of the question; and it was impossible to set foot out of doors, for the mud mounted half-way to the tops of the men's boots. I had not a few misgivings about the “new country,” and they increased in arithmetical progression, till a nondescript vehicle drove to the door, and Hal came in to announce that deliverance had at last come. Cloak and hat were never donned quicker than mine on that occasion. I stood waiting long before the baggage was in.

The driver was a native. “Is this *kyur* the young woman that's goin out?” said he.

(1) Continued from p. 286.

"The very same, sir."

"Wall, just wait till I get this truck aboard, and I'll help you in."

"Thank you, I can help myself. How long will it take you to drive to my sister's?"

"I can't rightly judge now; the roads is heavy and the slues deep, but I allow we'll fetch it about five o'clock, anyhow. I should a been here two hours ago, but my beast was out on the prairie, and I couldn't git him afore."

"Well, our patience has been amply proved, meantime; but now, if you can, accomplish it by five o'clock. It's just half-past one, and I confess I do not see clearly how one horse is to travel nine miles, with three persons and the baggage, over the heavy roads and those other phenomna that you named, whatever they may be, even in that long time."

"Thar, we're all ready now, that big piece of plunder can't go; seat yourself with the lady, Mr. and we'll put out;—jist hold on the lines a minute, till I go in."

When he returned he had replenished the inner man with a liberal potation of whiskey, and his resolutions for our benefit were multiplied indefinitely.

He mounted a large trunk in front, flourished his whip, and we soon left the suburbs of Pokerton behind us.

It was a glorious April day. The very air was exhilarating enough to have routed a legion of azure tormentors, not to mention the circumstances under which we were breathing it.

Those who have ever experienced the emotions that fill the heart when one approaches the home of friends—a dear sister or brother, after a separation of years, can appreciate something of ours as the wheels rolled on and brought us nearer to this interesting termination of our wanderings. The deep joy which will not permit one to be silent, and yet finds no relief in words; the questions which will continually force their way to utterance, though no answer is expected; the imaginary portrait of the home, its internal arrangements and external appearance; the changes which time has wrought in the persons of its old inmates; the appearance of the new ones he has introduced; the volume of the past which is to be opened by each party,—its mingled contents of painful and pleasurable records; the new things that are to be told, and the old ones, that are to be reviewed; the freshness of each to each, and the days that must elapse before this single charm can be diminished; the speculations upon the probable position and employment of each member of the family when you enter, and their surprise contrasted with your coolness which says, "Why, you didn't know we were so near, but we did, and are not at all surprised;" all these thoughts and feelings, and a thousand others which human language can but faintly define, crowded our minds and kept every faculty upon its fullest tension.

The country itself had indescribable charms for the eye to which it was new. We had left the foliage of spring further south, but I rejoiced more to see the

prairies in their naked majesty, having in my mind the rich promise which the coming months were to fulfil. Where they had not been burned, the grass was still brown, and the trees and copses naked.

One of the great desires of my life that yet remained ungratified, was to see a prairie. Several smooth openings among the groves looked large enough to our uneducated vision, but the driver declared they were nothing—mere "little meadows which would make smart truck patches by-and-by. Jest nothin at all in the way of a prairie." But this did not restrain our exclamations of delight at the beauty around us; to all which came the reply, "Nothin at all, ma'am."

I at last asked if we should pass nothing entitled to the name of prairie?

"None of much account," he replied; "thar's two or three smart little openings among the *baarens*, but the timber's scattered all over hyur."

We crossed a little stream at some distance from the town, and our road thence onward, for more than a mile, wound among beautiful heights thinly wooded and covered with the clean brown grass. As we mounted one of these, the country opened before us, and swept away to the eastern horizon, a distance of many miles—a smooth, open plain, undotted by a tree or other familiar object. I can never forget the thrill which this first unbounded view on a prairie gave me. I afterwards saw many more magnificent—many richer in all elements of beauty—many so extensive that this appeared a mere meadow beside them—but no other had the charm of this. I have looked upon it a thousand times since, and wished in my selfishness that it might remain unchanged; that neither buildings, fences, trees, nor living things should change its features while I live, that I might carry this first portrait of it unchanged to my grave. I see it now, its soft outline swelling against the clear eastern sky, its heaving surface pencilled with black and brown lines, its borders fringed with the naked trees!

No better proof of the reality of this prairie could have been given than the silence which it inspired in myself and my companion. We had burst into exclamations of delight a dozen times before, when the little glades opened around us; but now there was not a word uttered. Both were lost in contemplation of the sublime spectacle which lay before us. We had no inquiries to make. Nature spoke to us in her own unequivocal language.

But the view was short; the road soon wound again among trees, and afterward ran across a tract of low open ground from which the prospect beyond was cut off. It began now also to be worse than we had found it. The turf was wet and very soft, and the soil where it was cut, so adhesive that it was extremely difficult for the horse to make any progress. We had not yet learned what the *slues* were, and I was about asking our Jehu to enlighten us on this point, when a practical demonstration, much more impressive than the most eloquent description, super-

ceded the necessity, and, indeed, the opportunity of speech.

We approached a long narrow line of stagnant water, filled with bogs of tall grass, and apparently very much broken up in the middle. There was no bridge in sight, and the road terminated abruptly on one side of this miniature swamp, and emerged as abruptly on the other. It was evident that people crossed, or at least drove in from both sides.

The man on the trunk betrayed no hesitation, he only looked first to the right, then to the left, as if he contemplated turning out of the beaten track if any better one offered; but apparently the examination was fruitless, for he advanced and plunged his horse at once into the thickest of the black pool. I was certain we should never get through. The animal sprung, floundered, and pulled his best, and drew the waggon (the driver, by the way, called it a *dearborn*,) about twice its length, when he went down, and I thought was going to disappear altogether, but a sudden jerk showed that he still found footing. The fore-wheels sank in the place he had just occupied, the driver lay in the pool between, the horse stood high and dry on the opposite side, the shafts dragging at his heels, and Hal and I sat looking all sorts of consternation, first at the driver, then at the horse, then at each other. It was but a moment, and both broke into a shout of laughter that brought Jehu in astonishment to his feet, and drew the attention of two elderly ladies who were looking up some early sprouts of beans in a garden near by. There we sat dismally helpless, in a bemired and decrepit waggon, the horse and driver a few feet in advance, and both of us wondering how we were to get out. The man of the whip soon recovered his self-possession, and merely remarking that the bottom of the *slue* must have fallen out since he crossed it, suggested that I should walk ashore as I best could, and go into the tavern, while he went to the blacksmith's shop for help, and to get his fractures repaired. "It was right good luck," said he as he drove off, "that we didn't get *slued* afore we got to town."

"To town!" said Hal, opening his eyes in astonishment; "where is a town?"

"Why, hyur; don't you see there's a tavern, and yonder is a blacksmith's shop, and two *houses* beside. This is Woodland."

"Yes, so I should think, in its natural sense."

On due inspection, however, a sign-post was visible before the smartest-looking of the three cabins. It belonged to the garden where we had seen the elderly ladies, and now both their caps were visible in front. People with travelling baggage could not pass through the town without inspection, still less be "*slued*" in its very suburbs, and not receive any proffer of hospitality from its principal inhabitants. On charitable thoughts intent, therefore, the good matrons issued from the door to invite the strangers in till repairs were made. While they approached, I had time for a brief survey of their persons. As we were within two or three miles of our sister's house,

these people must be neighbours, so I had some interest in the examination.

Both were somewhat past the middle period of life. One was a straight, tall, precise figure, trimmed at all corners into more than Puritan stiffness. Her face was expressive of much kindness, I thought. I was not so well skilled in physiognomy then as now. Her carriage was lady-like, and both her dress and manner indicated that she was an emigrant from the east. The former, however, was peculiar, and betrayed the presence of some strong prejudices in the wearer. The waist was short, and the long skirt fell in narrow, perpendicular folds to the feet. The sleeves, (it will be remembered that this was the period of maturity among large sleeves,) were confined to the long, slender arm half-way above the elbow, and thence enlarged a trifle to the shoulder. A neat, square collar of spotted muslin surrounded the neck. The cap was equally plain; still all was in keeping with the person, whose whole mien was characterized by a stiffness that reminded one of a new-made Quaker in a ball-room. Her companion was quite a contrast to this in person and dress. She was shorter and thicker. Her movements were quick and free, and indicated a woman who had moved much, and always with an object. Her dress was more conformable, as Mr. Weller, sen., would say. Her sleeves were larger, her waist longer, her skirt not so perpendicular, and her cap had a fuller border. All these observations were made in a much shorter space than it will take to read them, for we met in less than a minute from the time when they commenced. A courteous salutation from the non-conformist and a cordial one from her companion were followed by a scrutinizing gaze through the glasses of the latter, and an exclamation, "La! it's Miss —, Mary's sister, isn't it?" There was no denying the charge.

"I thought so, you look so much like her; come in, do. Why, you broke down in the *slue*, eh? Well, who'd a thought it?—but Mary's been expectin on you this good while. She'll be glad enough, I guess. Take a chair; you must be tired. And that's your brother Hecury with you, eh? I thought I knowed you as soon as I looked at you. It beats all how much you and Mary looks alike. Why, when'd you come up the river? What, last night, and never got out here till this time? Take off your things; you'll have to wait some time for 'em to mend the waggon: the whippetree is broke; I see the fellow carryin it along in his hand."

"No, thank you," said I, embracing the first pause in the good old lady's interrogatories and salutations, to inquire the distance that yet remained.

"La! 'tain't but three mild; we're nigh neighbours. Well, how glad they will be to see you! Do take off your bunnut; they won't get the waggon mended right away."

I replied that I would walk rather than wait long, now we were so near.

"I massy, you can't do it,—the road is so wet and the *slues* so full of water. There's a *slue* right out

here that you couldn't get across at all, so you'll have to wait."

I now turned my attention to a group of young girls who were gathered at the other side of the room. One of them, a pale, timid-looking child of fourteen, with large black eyes and a face singularly like that of the taller woman, came forward, and was introduced by the latter as her daughter Josephine. The others bore the like relation to the hospitable landlady. When the latter abated the tempest of her speech a little, the more dignified non-conformist entered into conversation with me. She told me who she was, a piece of information which had more interest for me than the reader may suppose; how long she had been there, and where she came from. It was all done in a very proper and precise manner. Not a single rule of etiquette was transgressed, either in question or answer.

At the end of half an hour the waggon was at the door, and we were once more ready to start. We inquired of the landlady for the house.

"It's the next but one," she replied. "You go by Squire O'Brien's jist out here in the edge of the grove, and it's the next one you come to. It's a story and a half frame-house, with a kitchen back."

Silence seize your tongue, good woman, for the next half hour, for that hint! I wouldn't have looked at the best painting that represented it, and here, within an hour of seeing it, I have the whole thing set before me.

We drove on, got over the *slue* without breaking down, rode through one or two little copses of hazel and sassafras, emerged on the open prairie with the same sky-bound savannah in front that had so charmed us a little way back, and continued thus till we struck the outskirts of a thin tract of barrens, entered a lane with fair fields on either hand, and saw two houses before us. But now we were all seized with a sudden mistiness of recollection. Nobody could tell whether it was the first or the second; something had been said about two close together, and it was finally settled between Hal and his Jehu that it must be the further one. We looked hard at the first to see if we could detect no familiar face peering from its windows, but they seemed deserted and lonely. The yard and garden adjoining were enclosed with a picket-fence, some rose-bushes and a few other flowering shrubs dotted the turf of clean cultivated grass, which was just springing from its winter bed, and there was an aspect about the whole that made me almost exclaim, "This must be Mary's home." But we had passed, and were looking back, when a face appeared at one of the kitchen windows that settled our doubts, and turned the horse's head in the direction of our own rather quicker than was quite consistent with the safety of the *dearborn*. No accident befel us, however, and in another moment we were ushered through the unfinished hall into the room which served as kitchen, parlour, and dining-room. One was there whom our hearts bounded to see, but not Mary.

"Where is she?"

"She has stepped into her father-in-law's, the next house; but she'll be here in a moment, for she must have seen you."

The words were scarcely uttered when the outer door opened, and a thin, slight figure bounded in, and the next moment we were alternately clasped in her arms. "My dear sister!" "My dear brother!" were the only words we had need to exchange. Deep emotion is always silent.

CHAPTER VI.

Sun-bonnets, veils, gloves, &c.—Environments of Prairie Lodge—Its neighbours—A horticultural curiosity—Preparing for tea—Partaking it—The evening—Who were present, and how we spent it.

MARY was followed by a sturdy little boy, with cheeks like the rich side of a fall pear. He looked at us a moment, and then drew to the opposite side of the room.

"This is my Junius," said the proud mother.

"So this is the famous letter-writer, about whose wonderful doings and sayings we have been favoured with such long passages in certain epistles from Prairie Lodge. He is not exactly as spiritual as old *Nominus Umbra* was at the last date, but he will be all the more interesting to us mortals by-and-by, when his highness condescends to make our acquaintance. Now let us see the externals of Prairie Lodge."

"Oh, there is little to see now. Nature does most of our ornamental work here, and she has barely commenced the business of the season yet. I can show you what she has to work on, and you will soon see for yourselves that she is an elegant and unsparing artist here. Now, are you ready?"

"Yes."

"What, no gloves?"

"Never a one. I want my hands at liberty, having a special use for them; and, moreover, I hate gloves."

"But you'll wear a sun-bonnet?"

"Why, yes, I must concede as much as that, I suppose, though next to the articles just mentioned your close, straight-forward sun-bonnet is my abhorrence."

"Yes, so I should think, and all other forms included, to judge from the colour of your face and neck."

"Why, I have worn, as you see, a little open hat, that would let me look wherever I chose. I have not lost sight of a leaf, or rock, or anything either curious or beautiful, for the sake of saving a shade of brown on my complexion."

"But you haven't travelled from New York in that little ribboned nut-shell without a veil?"

"Exactly so, sister mine. I packed my veil in the bottom of my trunk when I started, to save all scruples, and relieve myself from two or three troublesome debates each day on the propriety of dropping it over my face for five minutes. I put veils in the same category with gloves."

"And sun-bonnets too? Why you'll run wild on the prairie before the first flowers are out; if the Indians were crossing the country as often as they

used to be, three or four years since, they'd take you along for a stray princess."

"Thank you; the rank would be flattering: but if it were due to our family on the score of colour, I have an elder sister who should take precedence."

"Here we are. This little brook that is fringed by these willows, runs from a piece of springy ground above the garden, and falls into the little stream that crosses the road at the foot of that large tree. It is here all the year, except, occasionally, a few weeks in very dry seasons. One could scoop out a delicious little pool under those drooping willows, if one had time and felt no scruples about gloveless hands."

"Yes, I'll think of it. Now where does this clean path lead through that unparalleled gate and those bushes beyond?"

"To the spring."

"Ah, what a distance!"

"Oh yes, but we only bring water thence for drinking and cooking; we have, usually, an abundance of rain-water near the door."

"That's a blessing; but when the clouds fail?"

"That is a failure we very seldom hear of here. You'll see before you have been with us a week it is the last dispensation one would provide against."

"You have showers, then, sometimes?"

"The clouds will answer that question some day in a manner that will astonish you."

"Is there anything worth seeing in this grove beyond your spring?"

"Nothing of much interest in the natural world; there is a little spot there—" and my sister's face lost its playful expression while she spoke. "But I must tell you the story some day, when we have leisure, and take you to see it."

"Very well, if it be melancholy, as I guess, let us dismiss it till some future time, when sorrow will be a pleasure. Whose house is that down the road?"

"That is Mr. R——'s, John's father. We call it 'the other house.'"

"It would be more convenient, would it not, to eliminate the last two letters of the article, and cut the phrase down to two words?"

"Undoubtedly. But I trust you will not claim the idea as original. It is one we have often availed ourselves of, since the erection of this made a t'other of that."

"Very ingenious, truly. But what are all these shrubs about the yard?"

"Here you see a row of forest trees: this tall one that bends so gracefully is an elm. John and ——— placed them here two years ago. These are roses along here; yonder are two lilacs on each side the front door; further on is another kind of rose between the gate and the large tree, and this is a seringa, but it has never flowered yet. Those scattered promiscuously yonder, are roses. I have been unable to procure a greater variety; indeed, if roses would bloom at all seasons, I should scarcely crave it. As the roots increase, I intend to divide and multiply them till the yard, all except my bleaching plat, is a wilderness of

them. There is nothing in the flower world that I so much love. They grow very fast on our rich soil. If different kinds of shrubbery were to be had here, one could have a magnificent display in a very few years. I have the promise of some from Cincinnati this spring, by a gentleman with whom you are partially acquainted, I believe. Oh, I declare it's a phenomenon that red can be seen through so dark a brown! But this gentleman is to have a variety of plants sent on, and he offers to divide with me. By the way, I had like to have forgotten one horticultural curiosity. It is here on the west side of the house, under the bed-room window. These windows are not so bare in summer. I have a flowering scarlet-runner that clusters very thickly over them, and makes a more beautiful drapery than your damask and gossamer."

"I have no doubt; but show me your curiosity."

"Here it is, do you recognise it? But there's little need of asking; for a lady who abhors bonnets and veils, you blush easily, methinks."

"I scarcely know who would not blush to see themselves stared at by their own initials done in green of that size, and in salad, too! common salad! By-and-by it will be plucked and eaten in vinegar. Who would not blush at the prospect of such an ignominious blotting from the face of nature? But who is that approaching us?"

"My husband. You'll hardly recollect him:—but come in. I must set about tea. Hal is whispering me that you haven't eaten since you left St. Louis."

"If he doesn't call such service as he did at the supper table last evening eating, it must be confessed we have not."

"Be seated; you will now learn the convenience of having your parlour and dining-room in the kitchen,—that is, when you are your own servant. I take care of my family alone, but it will interfere little with our conversation; you sit there, I work here; so it all goes on harmoniously."

"But suppose I work with you; let me lay the table."

"Certainly. I shall refuse you no privilege of that kind."

In a few minutes the shining plates were laid upon the snowy cloth; a reflector filled with tender biscuit glittered on the hearth; the tea-kettle bubbled into the fire; the cellar yielded its stores of golden butter, cheese, and honey, and a repast was before us that would have tempted appetites more pampered than ours had been. In the evening all the family were gathered, not excepting the gentleman whose plants were on their way from Cincinnati. There was also present a gentleman who had long been domiciliated with my sister's family—a man with a dark face, which seemed the home of the very genius of melancholy. A single word explained his connexion with the story which Mary had promised me at some future day. The evening was spent in the enjoyment of some of the richest emotions that belong to humanity; all retired at a late hour; we new ones with a world

of novelty yet to explore—the others with many wonders of the eastern world yet to learn.

CHAPTER VII.

Prairie life begun—Rambles in the groves and over the prairies—Visits on horseback—An afternoon with a neighbour three miles distant—Amusing details of this visit, a fair specimen of the social visiting of the country.

THE next day calls were received from the other house, invitations accepted, and prairie life fairly begun.

There was everything yet to see and learn, but we were under progress very soon. Hal, I believe, advanced much more rapidly than myself—a natural consequence of his being abroad so much more. But we were no stayers indoors. When the household cares were disposed of for an hour or two, away we went into the groves and thickets, or out upon the prairies. There were some visits to be made at two or three miles' distance; these called for horses. Sometimes the call was responded to by one only, and I remember one afternoon enjoying a hearty laugh when Hal, who was to accompany us, came in and announced very gravely that the horse was ready, and that he would mount and wait till we came out. He had built a small addition to him, he said, and quite regretted there was not a fourth person to accompany us. Mounted thus, one on the saddle, the other behind on a blanket, with Hal for our bridle knight—and never had two ladies a more waggish or humorous one—we scoured the prairies. Hal was generally in at the mounting and dismounting; but unless there were danger to be encountered, we saw little of him between the goals; what we gained over him by our speed being lost by the various explorations which curiosity or fancy led us to make.

The equestrian of the prairies enjoys the largest liberty which falls to the lot of mortals. Time and distance are the only checks he knows. He draws his rein for whatever point he lists, and gallops in straight or curved lines on till he tires or reaches the spot. Physical freedom is nowhere more perfect, and seldom is it enjoyed with a higher zest than we brought to these excursions, great as was the disproportion between steeds and riders.

Our visits were usually made in the afternoon. The hour for starting was the earliest practicable after dinner, which was always taken at twelve. When the morning had been auspicious within, and only the ordinary affairs of the house were on hand, the preparations could all be made by one o'clock. But the force of habit was too strong to suffer me to submit to this without an earnest protest, and I remember feeling very much annoyed one day at being dragged out to spend a long afternoon less agreeably than we should have spent it at home.

"What possible pleasure can it afford our hostess?" I inquired.

"I cannot vouch for the pleasure," said Mary; "but the convenience, I can assure you, will be very great."

"How, pray?"

"If we go at one she will have time to prepare tea; if we wait till two, she will be compelled to dismiss us without."

"Send a messenger, then, to assure her that we are coming; that will give her time."

"Yes, but it would be very awkward to take her in mid preparation."

"Not at all for us; and the lady, on your own showing, can be endowed with no very high degree of sensibility; so I think your argument fails."

"My argument may, but my experience does not. I have visited this lady, you never have; and I speak from positive knowledge when I say that it will not do to go later than one."

This was one of those obstinate cases—such as arise in many other affairs of life—in which one feels the reasons to be indisputable, but finds it difficult to set them forth in words. We repaired to our post at one o'clock; the hostess was already on the *qui vive*. She, however, sat about five minutes after our entrance, to give dignity to the reception, and then went about consummating the great event of the day—the tea table. The whole affair went on in the room where we sat, so that I shall be able to give its different stages and progress with an accuracy which, I trust, may be appreciated.

First stage—half-past one—a kettle of pumpkin is suspended over the fire for stewing, and a tea-kettle placed on the hearth, a few inches from the forestick; half past two, a patent oven is placed before the fire, filled with gingerbread, of which I will give the recipe to the next edition of the *Frugal Housewife*. Next, the pumpkin is taken up and prepared for baking, by sifting and mixing with eggs, milk, ginger, and molasses. I ought to have remarked that as all this took place in the month of May, the pumpkin was dried. At four o'clock, the gingerbread was replaced by a pan of wheaten biscuit, and the tea-kettle was suspended from the hook whence the pumpkin had been taken. At half-past four, the table was placed in the centre of the room, and covered with a cloth. Dishes now began to drop around upon it. They appeared at random, of all ages, colours, and sizes, just as the congregation gathers at a country meeting-house. This continued till dark, broken at intervals by the attention necessary to affairs elsewhere. At five o'clock, the biscuits were removed, wrapped in a table-cloth or towel, and a pie placed in the oven. The fire was stimulated with a fresh basket of chips. Time was shortening now, and affairs began to wear a hurried look. I could not forbear taking advantage of a short absence of the hostess, to ask Mary whether her experience would enable her to guarantee us any supper, with all our punctuality. At six o'clock, a plate of dried beef and pickles appeared on the table, flanked by a saucer of honey and a preserve dish of plums. The teapot was scalded at half-past six, the biscuit and cake had taken their places at a quarter to seven, and just fifteen minutes afterward, we were seated at the table. The attention of the hostess was several times interrupted by the pie, which would not

bake; at last she declared herself under the necessity of apologizing for its conduct, and asking us to excuse its appearance. We left a little before eight o'clock, and the naughty pie was taken from its hot berth a few minutes previous. When I was invited to repeat the visit, it was impossible to forbear expressing myself so highly entertained that I should take great pleasure in doing so.

This is not an exaggerated report; but it is due to the females of the country to say that such extreme slowness is not characteristic of them. The person who figured here was an importation from the Buckeye State, and would have been a snail even in Yankee land.

This, though a literal description, is a fair representation of social visiting in that country.

(To be continued.)

EPITAPHS AND GRAVE-YARDS.

BY F. LAWRENCE.

"Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, pompous in the grave."—SIR THOMAS BROWN.

"VICTORY, or Westminster Abbey!" was the exclamation of Commodore Nelson, when, during the great contest with the Spanish fleet, under Sir John Jervis, on the 14th February, 1797, he sprang from a captured vessel at the head of an intrepid boarding party, and seized another ship from the astonished and terrified enemy. "A grave in the Abbey"—too often an *early* grave—is, in like manner, the great ambition and reward of the English statesman. To be carried, a lifeless corpse, through long lines of formal mourners, and interred in that stately pile, is the gorgeous vision which cheers him at his post of duty, and stimulates the exhausted energies of mind and body. The neglected man of genius, consigned during his life-time to penury and wretchedness, is indemnified for his sufferings (in the world's opinion) by a bust in Poet's Corner, as in the memorable instance of the author of *Hudibras*, on the erection of whose monument in Westminster Abbey the following graphic and sarcastic lines were written:—

Whilst BUTLER, needy wretch! was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give;
See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown;
He asked for *bread*, and he received—a *stone*.

"To subsist in lasting monuments," as Sir Thomas Brown has it, "has been always the characteristic infirmity of the noblest and most active minds." Nay, even weaker men exult in the idea of handing down to distant generations, by means of the sepulchral memorial, some slight record of their existence. Whilst these feelings are so strongly implanted in our nature, it is reasonable enough that our meditations should often turn on "graves and epitaphs," and though the subject is not recommended by novelty—

though it is a topic with which every one is in some degree familiar, we trust that our readers will pardon us for attempting to string together a few remarks upon English epitaphs, and upon grave-yards in England and elsewhere. The theme, we know, is an exceedingly fertile and inviting one, but bearing in mind how much has been written upon it, we intend to confine our observations within very narrow limits.

It will not surprise those who take any interest in the subject we have started, that we first invite their attention to scenes which they have often visited. We say, "often visited," because we take it for granted that wherever the tombs and sepulchral memorials of our greatest men are grouped together, every Englishman with a spark of national pride in his bosom will occasionally love to linger. In treating, therefore, of the epitaphs in our great metropolitan cathedrals, we shall consider our readers to be treading with us over familiar ground; although it is ground far too interesting for us to omit to notice, or even to pass lightly over. The memorials of English worthies in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's are of all monuments in this great city the last we would see perish. It may be a question whether such memorials are well placed within the walls of a cathedral, or whether they could not with greater propriety be deposited elsewhere; but this is a point which, though of much importance, we feel it would be inexpedient for us to discuss here.

The best epitaphs, according to our notion, are generally the shortest and the plainest. In no description of composition is elaborate and highly ornate phraseology so much out of place. Where a world-wide reputation has been achieved by the illustrious dead, the inscription of the name alone, with the addition perhaps of a date, (as many instances might be cited to prove,) is often calculated to produce a more impressive effect than an ostentatious epitaph. It has been observed that the simple words—

CATHERINE THE GREAT TO PETER THE FIRST,
inscribed upon the monument erected by the Empress Catherine of Russia to the memory of Peter the Great, arrogant as they are, contain the essence of the true sublime. And, in like manner, amongst the most impressive memorials in Westminster Abbey are the words, "O rare Ben Jonson," chiselled beneath the great playwright's bust, and the name of J. DRYDEN, with the date of his birth and death, and the simple statement, that the tomb on which it is inscribed was erected, in 1720, by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. We doubt whether the effect of the latter would have been improved by the addition of the couplet which was written for it by Pope, admirable as that couplet is:—

This Sheffield raised: the sacred dust below
Was Dryden once—the rest who does not know?

(1) This course has been adopted in the monument recently erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Robert Southey, which, the visitor will remark, merely records his name and the date of his birth and death.

Among the best epitaphs to be met with in the interesting portion of the Abbey known as Poet's Corner, we are inclined to number that on Edmund Spenser, which combines in an eminent degree the qualities of dignity and simplicity, and possesses a character of its own which at once attracts attention. The monument upon which it appears had been originally erected by Anne, Countess of Dorset, and having fallen into decay, was restored, in 1768, precisely in its old form.

Hearo lyes (expecting the second
Comminge of our Saviour CHRIST
Jesus) the body of Edmond Spenser,
The Prince of Poets in his tyme,
Whose divine spirrit needs noe
Other witness than the works ;
Which he left behinde him.
He was borne in London in the yeare 1553,
And died in the year 1598.

The epitaph of Michael Drayton, another of the Elizabethan poets, said by some to be the composition of Ben Jonson, and by others of Quarles, has also a species of quaint beauty and solemnity about it which raises it above the ordinary level. It was originally set in gilt letters—

MICHAEL DRAITON, Esq.
A memorable poet of this age,
Exchanged his laurell for a crown of glorye,
A^o. 1631.

Doe, pious marble ! let thy readers know
What they and what their children owe
To DRAITON'S name, whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust :
Protect his memory, and preserve his storye,
Remaine a lasting monument of his glorye ;
And when thy ruines shall disclaime
To be the treasurer of his name,
His name that cannot fade shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.

* We cannot say that the Latin epitaphs in Westminster Abbey are much to our taste, nor can we, under any circumstances, recommend the use of a dead language in funeral inscriptions. One Latin epitaph, however, we cannot pass over, namely, that to the memory of Oliver Goldsmith, by Dr. Samuel Johnson—a noble and scholar-like production, dictated by genuine affection, and full of grace and tenderness. In the delineation of the personal and literary character of his deceased friend, we recognise all the grander traits of honest Samuel's loving heart and powerful pen. Nothing can be in better taste than his just and generous commendation of his friend's genius :—

*Affectuum potens et lenis Dominator ;
Ingenio sublimis—vividus, versatilis,
Oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus—*

To return to the English epitaphs in the Abbey, one of the most remarkable for its elegance and simplicity is that on Purcell, the composer, which is reputed, on the authority of Malone, to have been the composition of Dryden. It is certainly not unworthy of his pen :—

Here lyes
HENRY PURCELL, Esq.
Who left this life,
And is gone to that blessed place
Where only his Harmony
Can be exceeded.
Obiit 21 die Novembris
Anno Ætatis suæ 37
Annoque Domini 1695.

Among the more modern inscriptions, those upon the great engineers, James Watt and Thomas Telford, are particularly worthy of notice. The former is from the pen of Lord Brougham, and is justly admired for its noble and expressive phrasology :—

Not to perpetuate a name,
Which must endure while the peaceful arts flourish,
But to show
That mankind have learned to know those
Who best deserve their gratitude,
The King,
His ministers, and many of the nobles
And commoners of the realm
Raised this monument to
JAMES WATT,
Who, directing the force of an original genius,
Early exercised in philosophic research,
To the improvement of the Steam Engine,
Enlarged the resources of his country,
Increased the power of man,
And rose to eminent place
Among the most illustrious followers of science,
And the real benefactors of the world.

The inscription upon Telford's monument is equally chaste and beautiful. After giving his name and the dates of his birth and death, it presents this noble summary of his life and character :—

The orphan son of a shepherd, self-educated,
He raised himself,
By his extraordinary talents and integrity,
From the humble condition of an operative mason,
And became one of the
Most eminent Civil Engineers of the age.
This marble has been erected near the spot
Where his remains are deposited,
By the friends who revered his virtues,
But his noblest monuments are to be found amongst
The great public works of his country.

Every visitor to Westminster Abbey will reverently pause before the magnificent cenotaph of the great Earl of Chatham, which, though somewhat too confused and elaborate in its artistic decorations, is not unworthy of the great services of the greatest of English ministers. Having achieved a higher reputation as a statesman and orator than any other public man which his country had produced, and having fallen, as it were, in her service, the national gratitude was displayed in an unprecedented manner by the honours paid to his memory. His body lay in state for three days in the painted chamber in the House of Lords—his public funeral exceeded in splendour the obsequies of princes of the blood—his debts were paid by the nation—and finally, the stately tomb to which we have drawn attention was placed over his remains. The inscription upon it, whilst exceedingly plain and simple, is impressive and appropriate :—

Erected by the King and Parliament
As a testimony to
The Virtues and Ability
of

WILLIAM FITZ, EARL OF CHATHAM,
During whose administration, in the reigns of
George II. and George III.
Divine Providence
Exalted Great Britain
To a height of Prosperity and Glory
Unknown in any former age.

Of the poetical epitaphs in the Abbey some of the most important are by Alexander Pope. Like everything else that proceeded from his pen, they are highly polished and carefully written, but, viewed as monumental inscriptions, entirely undistinguished for any striking excellence. Among the best of them is that on the Honourable James Craggs, a secretary of state, rather discreditably mixed up with the South Sea Bubble:—

Statesman, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, yet in honour clear !
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend ;
Ennobled by Himself, by all approved,
Praised, wept, and honoured by the Muse he loved.

The epitaph on Gay is interesting as a tribute of friendship, and for the faithful portrait which it presents of that pleasing and amiable poet. The simplicity of his character is admirably delineated in the first couplet:—

Of manners gentle, and affections mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child.

Taken altogether it is a most beautiful and appropriate composition, and we cannot but regret that the monument on which it appears should be disfigured by the doggerel lines, said to have been written by Gay himself, and inscribed on the ledge just above Pope's epitaph ;

Life is a jest, and all things show it ;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

The epitaph of Nicholas Rowe, the dramatist, (also by Pope,) has been much admired for the pathos of the concluding lines, the beauty of which, however, it is a matter of notoriety, was considerably marred by a plain prosaic circumstance, which proves the danger of assuming facts even in poetical compositions. The monument is commemorative of the poet and of his only daughter, the wife of Henry Fane, Esquire. His widow survived him, and her inconsolable affliction was beautifully depicted by Pope ;

To these so mourned in death, so loved in life,
The childless parent, and the widowed wife,
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes, and expects her own.

Almost, however, before "the monumental stone" was finished, the disconsolate widow dried her eyes, and married a gallant colonel of dragoons, without considering that she was spoiling the beauty of her husband's epitaph. So much for poetical prophecy and female constancy !

Among the most flagrant instances of false taste

and imbecility in the monumental inscriptions in Westminster Abbey, we must specify, before we pass on, that on the tomb of David Garrick. The tomb itself has been described as "a theatrical conceit, of which the design exhibits neither taste nor invention."¹ The epitaph was the production of Pratt, the author of *Harvest Home* and other lucubrations which have long since been consigned to the tomb of the Capulets ; and both epitaph and monument are thus spoken of by Charles Lamb in the *Essays of Elia*. Alluding principally to the eccentric attitude of the actor's effigy, he observes, "Though I would not go so far, with some good Catholics abroad, as to shut players altogether out of consecrated ground, yet I own I was not a little scandalized at the introduction of theatrical airs and gestures into a place set apart to remind us of the saddest realities. Going nearer, I found inscribed under this burlesque figure a farrago of false thought and nonsense." The farrago in question is in verse, and represents Shakspeare and Garrick as "twin stars" (!) who as long as time shall last are to "irradiate earth with a beam divine."

There are but few epitaphs in St. Paul's Cathedral—the other great resting-place of our illustrious dead—which we deem worthy of remark or reproduction. The best in the whole edifice, and one of the most perfect compositions of its kind, is the well-known inscription commemorative of its renowned architect, Sir Christopher Wren:—

Subditus conditur hujus Ecclesiæ et Urbis
Conditor, CHRISTOPHERUS WRAN, qui vixit
Annos ultra nonaginta, non sibi, sed
Bono publico. *Lector, si monumentum requiris,
Circumspice.*

We need not point out the beauties of this celebrated epitaph:—its terseness of phraseology (to which no translation could do justice),—its suggestiveness, grandeur, and dignity. Another Latin epitaph in St. Paul's is also deserving of notice, both on account of its merit, and the individual it commemorates. We allude to the inscription on the monument of Dr. Samuel Johnson, written by the famous scholar, Dr. Parr.

Of the English inscriptions in this Cathedral, the only one which seems to possess any striking character, is that on the monument of the philanthropist, John Howard. It concludes with the well-known sentence: "He trod an open and unfrequented path to immortality, in the ardent and unremitting exercise of Christian charity. May this tribute to his fame excite an emulation of his truly glorious achievements."

From the remarks we have made, and the few illustrations we have selected from notorious sources, it will be concluded that it is no very easy matter to produce a good epitaph. Great practice in the art of composition is required—great power of condensation—and the exercise of rare judgment and discrimination. In their efforts at epitaph-writing, few English poets have appeared to great advantage. One or two perfect specimens, indeed, we do possess, but the

(1) "Worthies of England," by Geo. Lewis Smythe, 1850.

success of a single writer must be set off against the failure of a great many others. Of our good epitaphs, the very best, in our opinion, is that on the Countess Dowager of Pembroke, the sister of Sir Philip Sidney, by Ben Jonson. Although it has been often quoted, we cannot find it in our hearts to exclude it from our selections :—

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother ;
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and wise, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

Delicacy of expression, and grandeur and beauty of thought, are united in this exquisite production. Another of Jonson's epitaphs, although more rugged in versification, is also deserving of quotation ;

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die ;
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live.
If she had a single fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.

We have already had occasion to make a few remarks on Pope's epitaphs. Not a few of them, as we have before hinted, appear to us tame and insipid, and characterised by a false taste. We would, however, except from this censure the well-known couplet designed for the monument of Sir Isaac Newton, in which dignity of language, and boldness of conception, are strikingly blended :—

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night ;—
God said, " Let Newton be ! " and all was light.

David Garrick is the author of some very good and characteristic epitaphs. The best of them, to our taste, is that upon Claudius Philips, the musician, who lived and died in great poverty. It was for some time ascribed to Dr. Johnson, but is now clearly established to have been the production of Garrick :—

Philips, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power and hapless love,
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more,
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before ;
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

Another of Garrick's most celebrated epitaphs, is that on Mr. Havard, the comedian, who died in 1778. It is described by the author as a tribute " to the memory of a character he long knew and respected." Whatever its merits as a composition, the professional metaphor introduced is, to say the least of it, sadly out of place :—

" An honest man's the noblest work of God."
Havard, from sorrow rest beneath this stone ;
An honest man—beloved as soon as known ;
Howe'er defective in the mimic art,
In real life he justly play'd his part !
The noblest character he acted well,
And heaven applauded when the curtain fell.

The epitaph on William Hogarth, in Chiswick Churchyard, (also by Garrick,) is in far better taste :—

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art ;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart !
If genius fire thee, reader, stay ;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear :—
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

Some distinguished men have amused themselves in their life-time, by inditing epitaphs for themselves. Benjamin Franklin, and the great lawyer and orientalist, Sir William Jones, have left us characteristic performances of this kind in prose, and from Matthew Prior we have a mock-serious epitaph in verse. The latter composition has been often quoted, but its author was so great a master of terse, epigrammatic expression that it will bear repetition :

Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior ;
The son of Adam and of Eve,
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher ?

Written in the same spirit, but superior in tone and quality, is the following epitaph " on a poor but honest man," the authorship of which is unknown to us :—

Stop, reader, here, and deign to look
On one without a name,
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book
Of fortune or of fame.

Studios of peace, he hated strife ;
Mock virtues fill'd his breast ;
His coat of arms, " a spotless life,"
" An honest heart " his crest.

Quarter'd therewith was innocence,
And thus his motto ran :—
" A conscience void of all offence,
Before both God and man."

In the great day of wrath, though pride
Now scorns his pedigree,
Thousands shall wish they'd been allied
To this great family.

The identical thought contained in Prior's epitaph is ludicrously expressed in the following inscription taken from a monument erected in 1703, in the New Church burying-ground of Dundee, to the memory of J. R.

Here lies a Man,
Com'd of Adam and Eve ;
If any will climb higher,
I give him leave.

Amongst our poetical epitaphs, of the more polished and elaborate class, we must not omit to notice two by the poet Mason ; one of them being to the memory of his mother, in Bristol Cathedral, and the other on a young lady named Drummond, in the church of Brodsworth, Yorkshire. We have only space for the latter.

Here sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace ;
Grace, that with tenderness and sense combined
To form that harmony of soul and face,
Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.

Such was the maid that, in the morn of youth,
In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
Blest with each art that owes its charms to truth,
Sank in her father's fond embrace, and died.

He weeps ; O venerate the holy tear !
Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load ;
The parent mourns his child upon the bier,
The Christian yields an angel to his God.

Of whimsical and satirical epitaphs,—some actually inscribed upon the tomb-stone, and others merely written and intended for pasquinades,—a large collection might be made. We must admit that we have ourselves little taste for these anomalous compositions, nor do we consider it creditable to the national character, that so many English churchyards can be pointed out where they occur. Within the hallowed precincts of the grave,—in the presence, as it were, of the awful realities of death,—it would be thought that few men would care to jest. Nevertheless, experience proves that there are those who will make even the sad paraphernalia of the tomb the subject of mirth and pleasantry : witness the epitaph designed for the tomb of Sir John Vanbrugh, distinguished as a dramatist and architect, and reflecting on his achievements in the latter capacity :—

Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

The original of the following not very gallant production is to be found among the epigrams of Boileau :

Here lies my wife ; there let her lie :
She is at rest—and so am I.

We do not suppose that this was ever engraved upon a tombstone, either in its French or English dress ; but the following doggerel lines are said to have been actually copied from a slab in an English church :—

Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who as a wife did never vex one ;
We can't say that for her at the next stone.

The following effort of rustic wit (?) is also known to have appeared on a tombstone in Essex :—

Here lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife ;
Their surname was Pritchard ;
They lived without strife ;
And the reason was plain :
They abounded in riches,
They no care had nor pain,
And the wife wore the breeches.

We will not, however, multiply examples of these compositions. Doggerel lines of the description we have quoted have often found their way into print, and we have selected one or two of the least offensive, as examples of oddity and eccentricity. It may be added, however, that compliments almost as strange as this sort of satire have been sometimes engraved upon tombstones ; as in the following flattering epitaph on a beautiful young lady :—

Sleep soft in dust, wait the Almighty's will,
Then rise unchanged, and be an angel still.

From the subject of epitaphs to that of grave-yards and cemeteries, the transition is so easy and natural, that we are tempted to enlarge the limits of our paper, for the purpose of making a few observations upon them. We have somewhere met with the remark that national peculiarities and characteristics are nowhere more strikingly displayed, than in burial-places and monumental inscriptions. Perhaps the theory is fanciful, and if carried to its full extent untenable ; but it receives some support from the parade of sentiment which we meet with in a French cemetery, and also from some of the features of an English churchyard, where the epitaphs, though little distinguished for taste or variety, are generally expressive of honesty and heartiness of affection. In Scotland, also, it has been observed, that the plain and massive grave-stones harmonize with and illustrate the deep-seated and rugged piety of the people ; whilst in Ireland, the ill-tended and slovenly burial-places symbolize the unsteadiness of the Celtic character. But, however this may be—and the notion is hardly worth dilating on—we invite our readers to consider with us for a few moments the merits and defects of our present arrangements, in city, town and country, for the interment of the dead.

In the first place, we must protest, in common we hope with all sensible persons, against the practice which has hitherto prevailed to such a fearful extent, of hurrying the dead in the very heart and centre of populous towns and cities, and of continuing the use of over-crowded churchyards, surrounded on all sides by human habitations. We believe the practice to be both revolting and unnecessary, and we protest against it in the name of expediency, of humanity, and of propriety. Putting the matter simply on the ground of taste and feeling, we object to a system which renders the resting-place of the departed liable to continual desecration, as well as a source of annoyance to the living ; and we rejoice to find that the legislature has endeavoured by a recent enactment in some degree to remedy the evil, by empowering the Board of Health to prohibit interments in over-crowded burial-grounds.

The view which we take upon this subject is sanctioned so completely by the instincts of humanity and the dictates of common sense, that it is, perhaps, hardly necessary to refer to precedent, or to cite the practices of other nations and other times in its support. Nevertheless, we will remind our readers that among the Greeks, the cemetery, or "place of rest," was always *without* the cities, and that among the Romans, the interment of the dead beyond the walls was provided for by special enactment. The early Christians, also, originally buried outside their cities, though in the course of time they were induced to transfer their burial-places to the neighbourhood of their churches. The notion that led to this change was of course the greater sanctity of the latter situation ; and that idea has naturally clung to us up to this day. Where circumstances permit and sanction it, we admit that no place of interment can

be more appropriate than the consecrated ground in the vicinity of the church. We love the rural churchyard, where the "immemorial" yew-tree casts its solemn shade over the turf-covered graves of the humble dead, and everything breathes the air of tranquillity and repose. With its hallowed associations, and aspect of solemnity, peace, and serenity, it would be impossible, we believe, to imagine a more appropriate resting-place from the fitful fever of life, or one more consonant with the feelings and instincts of our nature. But the churchyard in the large city or town is a very different thing. Its narrow limits, often liable to be still further contracted by undue encroachments,—its graves profaned to make room for fresh tenants,—the busy hum of life and business surrounding it on all sides, and forming so strange a contrast to the stillness of the grave,—all combine to convince the most thoughtless and the most bigoted (for to all "old ways" some men will be found bigoted,) of the impropriety of such a mode of interment.

We say then, Abolish altogether the interment of the dead amongst the habitations of the living in large, populous, busy towns. As a substitute, cemeteries, or burial places in the suburbs, must be of course resorted to. Many of these have already been established in London and other large places, by means of Joint Stock Companies; and their establishment has done much to diminish the number of interments in crowded burying-grounds. But it is obvious that such a mode of burial is only accessible to the comparatively wealthy, and it cannot be said, therefore, that any efficient remedy is yet applied to the evil of which we complain.

With regard to the taste exhibited in the sepulchral memorials of English cemeteries, (which is a matter more immediately germane to our present inquiry,) we shall say but little. Many of our readers must be familiar with those in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and have, doubtless, formed an opinion upon this point. As far as our own impressions go,—whilst we admire the decency and repose, the neatness and propriety which are so grateful to the feelings of survivors, and form so striking a contrast to the squalid deformity of the city burial-place,—we cannot say that the cemeteries we have visited present in their monumental memorials and inscriptions many examples of elevated taste and poetical feeling. The sepulchral emblems which abound on all sides are characterised by great sameness and triteness, (witness the frequent occurrence of broken columns, and similar common-place memorials;) whilst, with regard to epitaphs, we think we are justified in saying that there are few which display originality of thought, or any remarkable power of expression.

"They order this matter better in France." Thus does Sterne begin the narrative of his "Sentimental Journey through France and Italy;" and if the oracular remark can in these days be said to apply to anything, we think it may be properly applied to burying-grounds. In the first revolution, the National

Assembly, by one of its most salutary decrees, prohibited interments within churches, and directed the formation of burial-places at a distance from human dwellings. During the dismal period of the Reign of Terror which soon followed, (when Death was declared an Eternal Sleep,) men and women were buried anywhere and everywhere, without memorial or inscription to mark the spot. But this barbarism was succeeded by a strong reactionary feeling. At the beginning of the present century decrees were promulgated for the regulation of cemeteries, and it must be confessed that at the present time the Parisian burial places are superior to any arrangements of our own for the interment of the dead. The famous cemetery of *Père la Chaise* (consecrated in 1804) ranks first in order, and is worthy of a few remarks. Among the many hundreds of our countrymen to whom the sights of Paris (thanks to the potent influence of rail and steam!) are now so familiar, there are few who have visited this spot without bringing away some pleasing impressions. Not that we intend to assert that *Père la Chaise* is all that a burying-ground should be. Far from it. We should like less prettiness and more solemnity; less theatrical display, less trite sentimentality. But still its advantages are great over all the burial-places on a large scale which it has been our lot to visit. To say nothing of its well-chosen situation, and the fine panoramic view of Paris which is obtained from it, there is a striking and peculiar beauty in the admixture of tombs, shrubs, and flowers, for which it is remarkable. Death is here disarmed of all that is terrible in its aspect. The resting-place of the departed is made as attractive as Parisian taste (which exults in the pretty and pleasing,) could devise. The carefully tended graves, periodically visited and adorned with amaranth wreaths, bear witness to the depth and constancy of the affection of the survivors. Flowers of the most brilliant hue, elegantly disposed in urns and baskets, relieve the sombre tints of the cypress and acacia trees, which flourish luxuriantly on all sides. The tombs themselves are many of them at once interesting and curious to an English eye; a large proportion representing temples and sepulchral chapels, fitted up with altars, and decorated with flowers. Although there is no great variety or originality in the epitaphs, simple and pathetic inscriptions continually occur,—full of good taste and delicacy,—and had we not already exceeded the limits we had assigned ourselves, we should have presented a few specimens.

We must not omit to state another circumstance, which gives more than common interest and importance to the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*. Amongst its sixteen or seventeen thousand tombs, there are mingled numerous memorials of illustrious warriors, artists, and men of letters, recently deceased; and the visitor cannot thread its winding paths without meeting with world-famous names inscribed upon stately cenotaphs, or, should he be accompanied with a guide, without having places pointed out to him where bodies are crumbling into dust, which were

once animated by spirits of no common mould. Conspicuously situated, in the centre of the cemetery, is the splendid mausoleum erected to the memory of Casimir Perier, who having vigorously wrestled with the giant democracy, after the revolution of 1830, perished in May 1832, from exhaustion of the mental and bodily energies, produced by over excitement. The burial place of Marshal Ney, enclosed with iron railings and planted with flowers and evergreens, is shown to the inquiring stranger, though no monument or inscription marks the spot: and we venture to think, that neither friend nor foe would pass on without heaving a sigh for the fate of the gallant soldier who was cruelly shot down, in cold blood, as a traitor and deserter, after passing unscathed through the perils of a hundred fights! The great politicians and orators of the Restoration, Manuel, Benjamin Constant, and General Foy, are all interred near the same place; and the monument of Foy, representing the General in the act of addressing the Chamber of Deputies, it is superfluous to state, has been much admired. A host of military celebrities who rose to distinction under the fostering eye of Napoleon, and whose achievements have added so much to the highly-prized military reputation of France, have also appropriate, and, in many instances, superb memorials in this remarkable burying-ground. Records will also be found of some who have won their laurels in more peaceful pursuits, or by works of charity and benevolence, as in the case of the Abbé Sicard, (a name well known in the revolution!) the Director of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, whose tomb is often inquired for. Without, however, enumerating all the illustrious persons of whom memorials are to be found in Père la Chaise, we venture to assert that it would be difficult to imagine a more interesting assemblage of monumental emblems, and the only regret is, that from the nature of their structure and constant exposure, they are not likely to be permanent.

Before we bring to a conclusion these discursive remarks, we may perhaps be permitted to refer to the judiciously and eloquently expressed opinions of a recent English writer on the subject of interments. In a late number of the *Quarterly Review*, (at the conclusion of an article on *Gardening*;) it is well observed that, "if the horrid means of disposing of the dead" which prevails in London and elsewhere, "had been found in New Zealand before the introduction of Christianity, and we had been innocent of them, we should reproach them with the foul iniquity, as a worse stain on the native character than even cannibalism itself." "There is a beautiful legend," continues the reviewer, "if in these days we may be pardoned for calling anything in this line a mere legend—that on the death of the Virgin, the apostles went, after a time, to remove the body, and on opening the tomb where it had been laid, found that it was gone, but in its place appeared, in full growth, a thick cluster of bright and varied flowers. On this hint be it ours to speak. Let us remove the

remains of our friends from the possibility of being a nuisance and a pollution. Let no vault, nor catacomb, nor niche, be permitted to pour forth through its chinks what must shock the sensitiveness of the most ardent affection. Let us lay what is left reverently in the earth, and above the spot let us spread a carpet of living bloom. . . . Give us, whenever the appointed hour arrives, no other monument than a parterre, six feet by two, not hung about with trumpety dyed wreaths of *éternelles* and fragile amaranths, but planted with humble, homely, low-growing favourites—the aconite and the snow-drop, to mark a resurrection from the death of winter; the violet and the lily of the valley, to join cheerfully in the sweetness of spring; the rose, to sympathise with the beauty of summer; and the Japan anemone and the chrysanthemum, to carry a smile into the fading light of autumn. So best may the corruptible body be rendered up to Nature." From the tenor of our previous remarks, the reader may conclude that we cordially sympathise with such sentiments as these. We believe they are participated in, to some extent, by most persons of taste and feeling, and whilst others may think them rather fanciful, they indicate at any rate an enlightened and elevated tone of feeling, on a topic which comes home to the "business and bosoms" of us all.

We must here break off, not because we have exhausted the subject, but because we do not wish to occupy too much space with so *grace*, and, comparatively, so trite a topic.

VISION OF CHARLES XI.

WE are in the habit of laughing incredulously at stories of visions and supernatural apparitions, yet some are so well authenticated, that if we refuse to believe them, we should, in consistency, reject all historical evidence. The fact I am about to relate is guaranteed by a declaration signed by four credible witnesses; I will only add, that the prediction contained in this declaration was well known, and generally spoken of, long before the occurrence of the events which have apparently fulfilled it.

Charles XI. father of the celebrated Charles XII. was one of the most despotic, but, at the same time, wisest monarchs, who ever reigned in Sweden. He curtailed the enormous privileges of the nobility, abolished the power of the Senate, made laws on his own authority; in a word, he changed the constitution of the country, hitherto an oligarchy, and forced the States to invest him with absolute power. He was a man of an enlightened and strong mind, firmly attached to the Lutheran religion; his disposition was cold, unfeeling, and phlegmatic, utterly destitute of imagination. He had just lost his queen, Ulrica Eleonora, and he appeared to feel her death more than could have been expected from a man of his character. He became even more gloomy and silent

than before, and his incessant application to business proved his anxiety to banish painful reflections.

Towards the close of an autumn evening, he was sitting in his dressing-gown and slippers, before a large fire, in his private apartment. His chamberlain, Count Brahe, and his physician, Baumgarten, were with him. The evening wore away, and his majesty did not dismiss them as usual; with his head down and his eyes fixed on the fire, he maintained a profound silence, weary of his guests, and fearing, half unconsciously, to remain alone. The count and his companion tried various subjects of conversation, but could interest him in nothing. At length Brahe, who supposed that sorrow for the queen was the cause of his depression, said with a deep sigh, and pointing to her portrait, which hung in the room,

"What a likeness that is! How truly it gives the expression, at once so gentle and so dignified!"

"Nonsense!" said the king, angrily, "the portrait is far too flattering; the queen was decidedly plain."

Then, vexed at his unkind words, he rose and walked up and down the room, to hide an emotion at which he blushed. After a few minutes he stopped before the window looking into the court; the night was black, and the moon in her first quarter.

The palace where the kings of Sweden now reside was not completed, and Charles XI. who commenced it, inhabited the old palace, situated on the Ritzholm, facing Lake Modu. It is a large building in the form of a horseshoe: the king's private apartments were in one of the extremities; opposite was the great hall where the States assembled to receive communications from the crown. The windows of that hall suddenly appeared illuminated. The king was startled, but at first supposed that a servant with a light was passing through; but then, that hall was never opened except on state occasions, and the light was too brilliant to be caused by a single lamp. It then occurred to him that it must be a conflagration; but there was no smoke, and the glass was not broken; it had rather the appearance of an illumination. Brahe's attention being called to it, he proposed sending one of the pages to ascertain the cause of the light, but the king stopped him, saying, he would go himself to the hall. He left the room, followed by the count and doctor, with lighted torches. Baumgarten called the man who had charge of the keys, and ordered him, in the king's name, to open the doors of the great hall. Great was his surprise at this unexpected command. He dressed himself quickly, and came to the king with his bunch of keys. He opened the first door of a gallery which served as an antechamber to the hall. The king entered, and what was his amazement at finding the walls hung with black.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked he.

The man replied, that he did not know what to make of it, adding, "When the gallery was last opened, there was certainly no hanging over the oak panelling."

The king walked on to the door of the hall.

"Go no further, for heaven's sake," exclaimed the

man; "surely there is sorecery going on inside. At this hour, since the queen's death, they say she walks up and down here. May God protect us!"

"Stop, sire," cried the count and Baumgarten together, "don't you hear that noise? Who knows to what dangers you are exposing yourself! At all events, allow me to summon the guards."

"I will go in," said the king, firmly; "open the door at once."

The man's hand trembled so that he could not turn the key.

"A fine thing to see an old soldier frightened," said the king, shrugging his shoulders; "come, Count, will you open the door?"

"Sire," replied Brahe, "let your majesty command me to march to the mouth of a Danish or German cannon, and I will obey unhesitatingly, but I cannot defy hell itself."

"Well," said the king, in a tone of contempt, "I can do it myself."

He took the key, opened the massive oak door, and entered the hall, pronouncing the words "With the help of God." His three attendants, whose curiosity overcame their fears, or who, perhaps, were ashamed to desert their sovereign, followed him. The hall was lighted by an innumerable number of torches. A black hanging had replaced the old tapestry. The benches round the hall were occupied by a multitude, all dressed in black; their faces were so dazzlingly bright that the four spectators of this scene were unable to distinguish one amongst them. On an elevated throne, from which the king was accustomed to address the assembly, sat a bloody corpse, as if wounded in several parts, and covered with the ensigns of royalty; on his right stood a child, a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand; at his left an old man leant on the throne; he was dressed in the mantle formerly worn by the administrators of Sweden, before it became a kingdom under Gustavus Vasa. Before the throne were seated several grave, austere looking personages, in long black robes. Between the throne and the benches of the assembly was a block covered with black crape; an axe lay beside it. No one in the vast assembly appeared conscious of the presence of Charles and his companions. On their entrance they heard nothing but a confused murmur, in which they could distinguish no words. Then the most venerable of the judges in the black robes, he who seemed to be their president, rose, and struck his hand five times on a folio volume which lay open before him. Immediately there was a profound silence, and some young men, richly dressed, their hands tied behind their backs, entered the hall by a door opposite to that which Charles had opened. He who walked first, and who appeared the most important of the prisoners, stopped in the middle of the hall, before the block, which he looked at with supreme contempt. At the same time the corpse on the throne trembled convulsively, and a crimson stream flowed from his wounds. The young man knelt down, laid his head on the block, the axe glittered in the air for

a moment, descended on the block, the head rolled over the marble pavement, and reached the feet of the king, and stained his slipper with blood. Until this moment surprise had kept Charles silent, but this horrible spectacle roused him, and advancing two or three steps towards the throne, he boldly addressed the figure on its left in the well-known formulary, "If thou art of God, speak; if of the other, leave us in peace."

The phantom answered slowly and solemnly, "King Charles, this blood will not flow in thy time, but five reigns after." Here the voice became less distinct, "Woe, woe, woe to the blood of Vasa!" The forms of all the assembly now became less clear, and seemed but coloured shades: soon they entirely disappeared; the lights were extinguished; still they heard a melodious noise, which one of the witnesses compared to the murmuring of the wind among the trees, another to the sound a harp string gives in breaking. All agreed as to the duration of the apparition, which they said lasted ten minutes. The hangings, the head, the waves of blood, all had disappeared with the phantoms, but Charles's slipper still retained a crimson stain, which alone would have served to remind him of the scenes of this night, if indeed they had not been but too well engraven on his memory.

When the king returned to his apartment, he wrote an account of what he had seen, and he and his companions signed it. In spite of all the precautions taken to keep these circumstances private, they were well known, even during the lifetime of Charles, and no one hitherto has thought fit to raise doubts as to their authenticity.

LETTER OF MARION DELORME TO M. DE CINQUE MARS.

[The following is inserted in connexion with our recent papers, "The Triumphs of Steam."] *To the Editor of Sharpe's London Magazine.*

SIR,—The credit of having first suggested the application of steam as a motive power, has, by common consent, been usually awarded to the celebrated and ingenious Marquis of Worcester. His claim, however, to the originality of the suggestion appears to be somewhat mooted by the following letter from Marion Delorme to the Marquis de Cinque Mars, the unfortunate favourite of Louis XIII., which I accidentally met with in the second volume of "A Summer amongst the Bocages and Vines," by Louisa Stuart Costello, published in 1840, by Richard Bentley, of New Burlington Street, p. 51, et seq.

As this letter is not, I believe, very generally known, and as it furnishes a curious illustration of the arbitrary proceedings in France in the 17th century, it may, perhaps, be worth republishing in your Magazine.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

August 1, 1857.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Paris, Feb. 1641.

MY DEAR EFFIAT,—While you are forgetting me at Narbonne, and giving yourself up to the pleasures of the court, and the delight of thwarting M. le

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Cardinal de Richelieu, I, according to your express desire, am doing the honours of Paris to your English lord, the Marquis of Worcester; and I carry him about, or rather, he carries me from curiosity to curiosity, choosing always the most grave and serious, speaking very little, listening with great attention, and fixing on those whom he interrogates, two large blue eyes, which seem to pierce to the very centre of their thoughts. He is remarkable for never being satisfied with any explanations which are given him; and never sees things in the light in which they are shown him. You may judge of this by a visit we made together to Bicêtre, where *he imagined he had discovered a genius in a madman.* If this madman had not been actually raving, I verily believe your marquis would have entreated his liberty, and have carried him off to London, in order to hear his extravagancies from morning to night at his ease.

We were crossing the court of the madhouse, and I, more dead than alive with fright, kept close to my companion's side, when a frightful face appeared behind some immense bars, and a hoarse voice exclaimed, "I am not mad! I am not mad! I have made a discovery which would enrich the country that adopted it." "What has he discovered?" I asked of our guide. "Oh!" he answered, shrugging his shoulders, "something trifling enough, you would never guess it; IT IS THE USE OF THE STEAM OF BOILING WATER." I began to laugh. "This man," continued the speaker, "is named SALOMON DE CAUS: he came from Normandy, four years ago, to present to the king a statement of the wonderful effects that might be produced from his invention. To listen to him, you would imagine, that with steam you could NAVIGATE SHIPS, MOVE CARRIAGES; in fact, there is no end to the miracles, which, he insists upon it, could be performed. *The Cardinal sent the madman away without listening to him.* SALOMON DE CAUS, far from being discouraged, followed the Cardinal, wherever he went, with the most determined perseverance, who, tired of finding him for ever in his path, and annoyed to death with his folly, ordered him to be shut up in the Bicêtre, where he has now been for three years and a-half, and where, as you hear, he calls out to every visitor, that he is not mad, but that *he has made a valuable discovery.* He has even written a book upon the subject which I have here."

Lord Worcester, who had listened to this account with much interest, after reflecting a time, asked for the book, of which, after reading several pages, he said, "This man is not mad. In my country, *instead of shutting him up,* he would have been rewarded. Take me to him, for I should like to ask him some questions."

He was, accordingly, conducted to his cell, but, after a time, he came back, sad and thoughtful. "He is indeed mad now," said he, "misfortune and captivity have alienated his reason, but it is you who have to answer for his madness. When you cast him

(1) This book is entitled, "Les Raisons des Forces mouvantes avec diverses Machines tant utiles que puissantes." Published, in folio, 1615.

into that cell, you confined THE GREATEST GENIUS OF THE AGE!!" After this we went away, and since that time he has done nothing but talk of SALOMON'S CAUSE. Adieu! my dear and faithful Henry. Take haste and come back, and pray do not be so happy where you are, as not to keep a little love for me,
MARION DELORME.

"THE LATEST NEWS."

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

LITTLE Grizzy Jones was one of the most intelligent and energetic girls in the village of Pangried: she knew every one, she thought for every one, she acted for every one; she was here, there, and everywhere; she was the friend of everything and everybody; and the more forlorn and helpless things were, the more did Grizzy patronise and protect them. And I may here use the odious term "patronise" in a far higher and better sense than that in which it is usually understood; for in her case it really signified "protection," and had nothing to do with selfishness, or pomp, or fashion. And who was Grizzy Jones? She was believed to be an orphan; her father went away, it was quite forgotten why or how, from the village of Pangried, while she was a baby; and her mother died before she was ten years old. Mrs. Jones had taught the village school until within a few days of her death, and there was nothing left for Grizzy but the furniture of the pretty cottage, excepting a few small matters which the child cherished exceedingly. Everything was sold, and Grizzy was nominally put to board and lodge with a certain Goody Green, who "did for" boys and girls in a way that did not meet with Grizzy's approval, who forthwith determined on "doing for herself," and went to one of the farmers, for the ostensible purpose of looking after the children; though in fact she looked after everything. No matter how humble individuals are, they have power of thought and action; the certainty of good both for themselves and others may be made to follow. Nobody seemed to care who Grizzy was: she belonged to the whole village; and, as far as the interest she took in it was concerned, the whole village belonged to Grizzy. In the harvest-time, that fulfilment of the year's promise, Grizzy would get afield with the early breakfasts, carrying a baby and a basket, and closely followed by a dog—or two—for all the animals followed her; and after giving the child the opportunity of a good healthy plunge in the grass, and decking its hat with flowers, and gathering some healing herbs for Goody Grimes's leg, and some groundsel for Miss Collin's bird, and cutting a straight switch for the poor lame boy, and picking a handful of moss for some one's flower-pot, and grubbing some worms for the old fisherman, Grizzy would sing all the way home; leaving the tokens of her thoughtfulness as she passed the humble tenements; pausing perhaps to lead the blind to a sunny seat, or lift the lame boy to where he could see the harvesters; and

then putting the farmer's wife in good humour by tales of an abundant harvest. Grizzy never saw things on the dark side: if an accident happened, she was sure to discover how it might have been much worse; if the sheep broke fold, she found it out in time to prevent much mischief; all the pining turkeys and motherless lambs were brought to Grizzy for cure and protection; the old women knew that her young legs would run their messages; the school-children could depend upon her scholarship; the cat always kitted in her handbox, in the belief that there her kittens would be safe from drowning; and the old curate could rely implicitly on her truth. And yet, though all the women were as her mothers, all the men her fathers, and all the young her brothers and sisters, still, at times, Grizzy felt the crushing of spirit from which she preserved so many. This came upon her in her little room, where only she had time to commune with herself, when the door was closed, and she had tended the maimed puppy, or trampled chicken, placed there by those who knew that if a chance remained for the outraged existence that threatened to forsake its tenement, it would be under Grizzy's protection. When she had cared for these things, and, as the last sweet duty of her waking life, read a chapter in the Bible, it might be that the sacred page was wetted by a tear! She was always ashamed and perplexed at this: things might be so much worse; she was so very happy, and every one was so very good; but it must be so sweet to have an *own* mother, and an *own* sister, or even a father or brother; but to have no one who was bound to care for her, no one who loved her just for her own self, not for her usefulness or out of charity, but simply because she was their own! Fearing she sinned even by such small regrets, the village maid would pray longer than usual, and then sleep to waken to the whine of the puppy, or the pipe of the chicken, or at the very first wink of morning.

Girls pass rapidly from ten to fifteen, and still more swiftly from fifteen to twenty. Grizzy had nearly arrived at this critical period without having been what is called "*in love*." She had not concentrated feelings, shared by every one; and though two "smart farmers" had paid more than usual attention to Grizzy, Grizzy laughed them off, with a mingling of seriousness and fun that put an end to all thoughts of the humble orphan girl, who could so completely neglect "a good opportunity." "Th dear!" she said, "what could I do for James Wilson? he is so well to do, with everything at his command; so prosperous, so comfortable, plenty and to spare, that I should be heartbroken from having nothing to do. Then he lives two miles out of the village! How could I be happy two miles—two whole miles—from all the people?" Tom Harmer was still more unsuited to Grizzy's taste; for he was a middle-aged widower, and hard to the poor, severe to his children, and unkind to animals. Some said that Grizzy would live and die an old maid. There was, however, one person whose affection would have been told to Grizzy

