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**TEMPLE BAR.**

**VOL. I.**

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*“Sir,” said DR. JOHNSON, “let us take a walk down Fleet Street.”*

# TEMPLE BAR

*A London Magazine*

FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY READERS.

CONDUCTED BY

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,

AUTHOR OF “TWICE ROUND THE CLOCK,” “WILLIAM HOGARTH,” “GASLIGHT AND  
DAYLIGHT,” “BADDINGTON FLEETING,” ETC.

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## P R E F A C E.

TIME passes so rapidly, and our monthly issue is of so considerable a bulk, that with the publication of our fourth Number it has been found expedient to put forth a book of nearly six hundred pages, being the FIRST VOLUME OF "TEMPLE BAR." At this, the first halting-place in a career which has already been most encouraging, and which bids fair to be permanently prosperous, it may not be out of place to usher in the volume with a few prefatory remarks, bearing a little on the past, lightly touching on the present, and just adverting to the future.

TEMPLE BAR has been a great success. This simple piece of information cannot fail to be gratifying to the many thousands of good friends, who, since December last, have hastened, month after month, to invest their shillings in purchasing the Magazine, and to read what our fellow labourers and the Conductor have had to say. Nor will the plain intimation of a plain fact be, perhaps, uninteresting to the few ladies and gentlemen who were good enough to predict at the very outset that "TEMPLE BAR wouldn't last," and "couldn't pay." We mean to make it last: and so far as its being, up to the present moment, a profitable undertaking, neither the Editor, nor the Proprietor, nor (I hope) the Contributors, have seen any reason to doubt that TEMPLE BAR is paying very well indeed.

Looking back at the prospectus, I ask myself how far I have been enabled to carry out the promises therein made either directly or indirectly to the public. I have done my best to give my readers every month an ample shillingsworth. I *would* give them pictorial illustrations; but when the dimensions of the first Number had to be agreed upon, we hesitated long as to which was the better course,—to furnish an etching, and a certain number of woodcuts in illustration of our stories and essays, or to give the public sixteen pages of letter-press in addition to the complement of matter we had at first contemplated. It was impossible (unless we had discovered the mines of Golconda underneath Temple Bar) to carry out both courses: with what we believed to be a due regard for the interests of our subscribers, we elected to pursue the latter. I still, however, keep the door for illustration open. I am sharpening my own amateur

pencil; many who wield more vigorous crayons are ready to help me; and if our prosperity continues, as I hope and believe it will, we shall, in due time, give you pictures as well as poems.

Again: touching the poetry of *TEMPLE BAR*. I have not yet found myself compelled to have recourse to the saving clause in the prospectus, which provided, that when I could not find a really good poetical contribution among our store, I might, for that month at least, dispense with poetry altogether. I am no poet myself; do not understand, and cannot appreciate the Muses: but the advisers, male and female, with whom I have held solemn counsel at the commencement of each month, have never as yet thought fit to impose an entire veto on the budget of poetic effusions selected for insertion. Now, unanimity is not given to mankind; perfection is not humanly attainable; and I dare say I may have those among my readers who don't like our poetry; who object to our serials; who think the "Travels in Middlesex" so much silly maundering, and the "Seven Sons of Mammon" a farrago of nonsense. Are they not welcome to their opinion? Some people don't like caviar; other people are fond to excess of that condiment. I can't eat sweetbread; but my neighbour may go into ecstasies over that rich viand. Every morning the post brings me letters from people who object, who censure, who sometimes abuse; but, on the other hand, I receive communications from a vastly greater number who write only to encourage, to cheer, and to commend. When I find the balance to be decidedly in favour of the objectors, when a majority of the public give unmistakable utterance to their dislike for *TEMPLE BAR* and its Conductor,—I shall lay down my *bâton*, and retire as gracefully as I can into private life. Until then, and so long as a very numerous public—increasing, by the way, every month—go on buying *TEMPLE BAR*, and wishing it success, I shall continue editing it to the very best of my ability. I don't say humble ability, because I despise humility of the Uriali Heep order. Of my own performances I think poorly enough, goodness knows; but I would rather not, if you please, be "'umble" about the Magazine; because I think, and hope and trust for the best, and am determined, that, by energy and perseverance, and the continued coöperation of clever men and women, *TEMPLE BAR*, apart from my own work upon it, shall be made better and better every month of its existence.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

*Sloane Street, March 1861.*

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# TEMPLE BAR

DECEMBER 1860.

## For Better, for Worse.

### CHAPTER I.

THE time was evening; the scene a small quiet garden, ivy-covered walls shutting out every thing belonging to the old city but the gray weather-stained tower of the cathedral close beside it; the persons, a young man twenty-five years old, and a girl about a year younger, tall and slight, with pale oval face, dark hair, and deep earnest gray eyes.

They were in earnest conversation.

"It seems very hypocritical of ~~me~~ to talk of despising riches when so much happiness or misery apparently depends on their possession."

"Perhaps, Ralph, it is the temptation against which we are appointed to struggle. Every heart has its own especial trial to pass through. We are poor, and so are always sighing for riches, in a vague belief they would give us the one thing wanting to make us happy; and yet with riches how often comes the closing up of the heart against all its better and holier impulses!"

"I dare say, if the truth were told, poverty is not so great an evil as we are often led to believe. If we are obliged to calculate ways and means so narrowly, and debar ourselves from the pleasures and luxuries others indulge in, it is very good discipline for the heart; it calls out energies we might not know we possessed, had no motive arisen for exerting them."

"I do not think I should feel so dispirited if I alone had to suffer; but there is mama, who has seldom had a wish ungratified, if it were in papa's power to grant it, at however great the cost to himself, and Grace and Ethie, and poor Frank—"

"And yourself, Margaret. Why do you exclude yourself? If comparative poverty is hard for them, it is equally so for you."

"If I only felt certain they could live comfortably on what my father was able to save, I could trust confidently to my own future; I should at once seek some employment which would make me independent."

"You would go out as a governess, you mean, my dear Margaret."

"There are many worse lots than a governess's, Ralph; but I have few qualifications for such an office. Too much stress is laid on accomplishments nowadays, for me, with my matter-of-fact education, to be successful in such a calling. When I start in the world on my own behalf, I must take a very sober course. The education of the heart and hands would be all I could attempt."

"A village schoolmistress, for instance," Ralph Atherton said; and he laughed out in spite of the grave serious face turned to his. "Oh, Maggie," he added, "you little calculate on all the clever things you would be expected to teach in even the humble sphere your modesty has made you fix upon. There will be no end of government certificates, and abstruse studies, enough to daunt a braver heart than yours, my little sister."

Margaret smiled as she looked up into his handsome face. "You should not despise my choice; you do not know how useful a one it may be: and even without a government certificate, *you* will think of me for *your* school when you get your curacy, Ralph?"

"I will think of you as my housekeeper: you must live with me, wherever my home may be, remember."

"Once I used to dream of such a thing, and the idea always came fraught with a thousand bright suggestions; but, like many other dreams, that is over now. You must get a curacy and a wife. I have my mother and sisters and Frank to care for."

There was a silence for a few minutes, and then Ralph said, "I cannot quite see what is to be done about my mother and the girls. What do you propose, Margaret? or have you not yet thought seriously about it?"

"Oh, indeed, it seems the one thought never absent from my mind since our father's death. I think I told you the long conversation I had with him the night before he died. I was alone with him, and it seemed a relief to him to be able to tell me what he most wished us to do."

"You mentioned that much, but you never told me more."

"It has all been so hurried and sad," Margaret said, passing her hand wearily across her brow, "I can hardly think of any thing beyond the present moment. But he told me how greatly it had tried him that he could save so little for his wife and children. Our mother's money has remained untouched, and accumulating; and that, he hoped, with a curacy, would give you a fair start in life, and where, if needs be, you might, for a time, share your home with Grace and Ethie. His insurances, he hoped, with great care, would support my mother in such a way as should make her regret least the comforts of the home she must now quit. His books and furniture would, he hoped, more than pay off his few debts; and he would trust to me to do my best for Frank until his pay in the Navy was sufficient for him to live on it, without the assistance he had hitherto given him. You know, Ralph," she added, "how little my mother has been

accustomed to struggle with difficulties : and seeing how anxious my dear father seemed about her, I promised him, so far as I could, that she, my sisters, and Frank, should henceforth be my first consideration."

"My father, I know, always had the greatest confidence in you, Margaret, but I am sure he never meant that you should entirely forget yourself in your anxiety for them and me."

"I have no anxiety for you, Ralph ; you are sure to get a curacy somewhere before long ; and that will be a home for Grace and Ethie, if need be. Frank will soon be able to shift for himself. You need not be unhappy about me ; a life of activity is the only one I could endure at present : had it been left to choice, I should have chosen it."

"And once it might have been so different for you!" This was said as if Ralph were rather thinking aloud than addressing his sister, round whose waist he fondly passed his arm and drew her close to his side. Margaret looked up into his face. "Hush, Ralph, do not say so ; it is better as it is now," she said in a low tone. They had reached the little door in the wall, half hidden by the ivy which trailed over it. A narrow lane divided the garden from the cathedral cloisters. Margaret slipped back the bolt, closed the door behind them, and the next minute the brother and sister were standing in the centre of the small plot of grass round which the cloisters ran, looking down with tearful eyes and saddened hearts on the small square stone at their feet, with the simple initials "R. A." engraved upon it. Neither of them spoke. Each was trying to realise the bright exchange the purified spirit of their father had made in those last awful moments which had separated parent and child ; while they, in all the bitterness of their own great loss, were striving to say from their hearts, and not their lips only, "Thy will be done."

## CHAPTER II.

FEW people had better performed their duty in this world, or had gone to the grave more honoured or respected, than Dean Atherton. Simple and unostentatious in his manners, and yet earnest and energetic in his office, the cares of his deanery, together with his struggle to maintain his family in the position they filled on an income barely sufficient to cover his limited expenditure, told severely on a constitution never strong, and weakened by the effects of a hot climate. Never entirely recovered from an illness engendered during the previous winter, a sudden attack of influenza, with its attendant prostration and debility, had overpowered his enfeebled constitution, and carried him off almost before the absent members of his family were fully aware of his danger.

Many years before our story begins, Mr. Atherton was a curate in a small village on the sea-coast of H—shire, where, during the summer months, an old gentleman and his daughter occupied a little cottage opening on the shore. Mr. Waldron was a Quaker, but his daughter had for some years joined the Church of England ; and here, in their bright sum-

mer home, Margaret Waldron cultivated her kindly charities among the poor, and entered warmly into every scheme for their improvement. The young curate often found his way into their cottage, at first for the sake of the arguments he was fond of holding with the venerable disciple of George Fox, but afterwards for the love which insensibly grew up between himself and the old man's daughter. Ralph Atherton's prospects were fair. He had few relations of his own—none near enough to be consulted on such a step. His little patrimony had well nigh been expended in his school and college life; but he hoped, as all young curates do hope in the first blush of their career, to win his way to something better than the small curacy he then held. Mr. Waldron frankly told him that Margaret's property would be settled on herself and children. At his own death she would inherit all he had, which was no great deal; but that, until that event occurred, she could only have the little he could spare from his own income. The old man was too fond of his child to deny her any thing it was in his power to grant; and though in a worldly point of view he thought she might have done better, he liked the young curate too well to make any serious objections to the match. As he could not bear to be parted from his child, he took up his permanent abode at Sandham. For some years they continued to reside close to each other; but soon after the birth of their second child, a chaplaincy in the East India Company's service was offered to Ralph Atherton; and with the increasing necessity for some effort on his part, while health and vigour were his, to enable him to make provision for his family, neither he nor Margaret thought it right to refuse it. This decision, however, was not arrived at without painful thought and anxiety. The separation it entailed on Margaret from father and children called forth all her Christian zeal and fortitude to sustain her in this overwhelming necessity; but the sacrifice was for their sakes, and that feeling nerved her to its endurance.

Long and fondly the young mother lingered over the last embraces of her father and children. Some doubts had arisen in the mind of Ralph about their religious training during their tender years; but to have made any other house their home than that tenanted by their grandfather would have utterly crushed the heart of the old man; and as Margaret trustfully dwelt on the same good Providence which had brought her through the narrow views of Quakerism to the place found in the fulness and truth of the Church's teaching, she could not doubt that He who never fails those who really trust in Him would so order the future for her young lambs as should eventually bring them at last into His fold. The discipline of Quakerism Margaret did not fear for them; and before they were old enough to feel the want of the sustaining helps and guides, which only can be truly experienced in the sacraments appointed by the Church for her believing people, she trusted either she or her husband would have them again under their care. This hope, however, in her own case, was never to be realised. In less than two years after quitting England, a premature confinement, followed by fever, laid Margaret Atherton in an

Indian grave. The intelligence reached her father when he was slowly recovering from an attack of illness, and so great was the shock to his already-weakened frame that a few weeks only intervened before he also succumbed.

In the cathedral town of Wylminstre resided the younger brother and sister of Mr. Waldron. Formerly the brothers had been in partnership in a small country bank; but having amassed enough money to satisfy their moderate wishes, they had given up the firm to the two clerks, who had saved capital sufficient during their servitude under generous and considerate masters. With his sister, the youngest brother still resided in the old red-brick house they had inhabited so many years. It was a tall unsightly edifice in one of the back streets of Wylminstre; but its pleasant garden-front opened on a lawn, intersected by straight gravel walks and gay flower-borders, with such an abundance of fruit, flowers, and vegetables as would have astonished a modern gardener. Miss Waldron's favourite parlour looked out on this bit of bright floral beauty; and sitting in the bow-window, in her arm-chair, with her little old-fashioned round table beside her, dressed in her dove-coloured silk-gown, the thick folds of her clear muslin handkerchief crossed on her ample bosom, the little silk shawl pinned so exactly over her shoulders, the closely-crimped border of her clear muslin mob-cap softening and blending with the narrow bands of her soft brown hair, still only here and there streaked with silver threads,—she imparted an air of purity and quiet simplicity you hardly expected to encounter, under a roof apparently so destitute of all the luxurious adjuncts of modern taste and refinement. The greatest simplicity pervaded their small establishment both in furniture and dress; but in this contrast to the world neither she nor her brother exercised any self-denial. If his coat or her gown were the self-same pattern as those worn by their parents before them, it was no act of self-denial in them to wear them, even when mixing with the gayest votaries of fashion; but had the shape or shade varied in ever so small a degree from their own self-established model of right or wrong, it is doubtful whether their peace of mind would not have been seriously disturbed: exemplifying, even in the case of the most rigid followers of George Fox, an evil he in his leathern doublet could hardly have foreseen, and which Quakers, in their great anxiety to avoid, have most unwittingly rushed into,—that of allowing their minds to be unduly influenced by trifles in matters of no real importance.

Naturally shrewd, intelligent, and full of that kindness of heart so characteristic of the sect, they could not see their little grand-nephew and niece homeless without at once bringing them to the old place their mother had filled years ago. Margaret was too young to have more than a confused remembrance of her first entrance into her uncle's house. She and her brother, ever kept studiously neat and plain in their dress, were allowed to range at will over the roomy old-fashioned house and large garden. And well could they remember the old pony they were allowed,

as they grew older, to scamper up and down the orchard, and the pleasant rides they took in the quiet country lanes in their uncle's old-fashioned roomy gig; and the long walks beyond the old city-walls with their active aunt Sarah, and their visits with her to the poor families crowded into the narrow back streets behind their own house. It was these visits which first awakened in Margaret's young heart an intense love for the poor, and an earnest desire to do her part towards ameliorating and improving their condition.

The only recollection the children had of their father or mother was connected with two drawings, which an artist of little celebrity had taken of them many years ago, and which now hung in Margaret's bedroom. But the strong imagination of the little girl needed few outward aids to developing bright pictures of her own future, in which her father invariably held a prominent part. Sunday after Sunday, she sat by her aunt's side in those dull silent meetings, at first striving hard to compose her rebellious hands and feet into the same statue-like stillness, which seemed to fall like a spell upon the grave motionless figures around her; then dreamily wondering why people should punish themselves so severely when they were old enough to do as they pleased; listening to the cheerful chimes of the various church-bells as they broke on her ear; following the loud hum of some large restless fly, whose very freedom as it flitted by her she felt tempted to envy. Or tracing by the aid of her quick imagination, in the large flaws and cracks in the whitewashed walls of the sombre meeting-house, all sorts of quaint faces and odd pictures. Or her active mind would rove away into her own world of thought, and visions of her dear papa would flash across her, toiling away in a distant land. Or she would draw airy pictures of some pretty home in this country, to which he would return; and of her being to him all that a daughter could be—housekeeper, companion, friend. Or she would go to him, and amid the splendours of a dazzling Indian home, such as she delighted to picture, she would rival the princesses of her own fairy-tales. These day-dreams she never confided to her aunt. Young as she was, she soon acquired an intuitive knowledge of her aunt's practical and very unromantic mind, and she felt she would not only meet with no sympathy, but would most probably get rebuked for indulging in such idle and enervating speculations. At ten years old Ralph was sent to Eton; a piece of parental extravagance his uncle and aunt could neither comprehend nor approve. Why so much money should be lavished on a boy, whose education elsewhere for a quarter of the sum, they believed, could have been carried on equally well, was a wastefulness in their nephew they could never understand. Unwillingly enough they sent him, and under the firm conviction they were assisting to lay the foundation for all sorts of future extravagance. When her brother left, a craving came over little Margaret for the companionship of younger people. Her aunt, therefore, who had hitherto been her only instructress, sent her, with the sanction of her father, as a daily pupil to two amiable and intelligent Quaker ladies,

who were educating a few young girls a little older than herself. This opened a new field to Margaret's young ardent mind; and she eagerly set herself to acquire all the knowledge she had longed for, that Ralph and her father might find in her a companion and friend, when the vision of her future home should be realised. If none of the accomplishments of female education were included in her studies, if music and singing and dancing were considered only as a sinful waste of time, and snares set to catch young unwary hearts by our great enemy—Margaret yielded them without any visible regret, consoling herself that it left her more time for other things; and these, when her father returned, might be acquired under his sanction.

Deeply as Mr. Atherton had mourned the loss of his beloved Margaret, he had not long remained a widower. His second marriage was less one of love than expediency.

His own residence was far away from any other station, up the country, and here chance threw on his hands the orphan daughter of an officer, to whose aid he ministered during a sudden and fatal illness. Utterly unprovided for, with no relative or connection in India, and none to whom she could be sent to in England, committed to his charge by the dying lips of her father,—there seemed no way open to him of fulfilling his trust short of offering to make her his wife. Pretty, half-educated, weak-minded, and indolent, the match was too much a matter of convenience to be rejected; and though nothing more than a feeling of gratitude for the shelter and home offered her animated the bosom of the new Mrs. Atherton, it was impossible to live with Ralph Atherton and not learn to love him. The news of her father's marriage startled poor little Margaret, and broke in rudely on her sunny pictures of the future; but her fertile imagination quickly recovered the shock, and set her off with a new train of ideas, in which the little brother and sisters she after a while heard of formed a prominent part in the grouping round the happy English home to which she hoped to welcome them before very long; for Mr. Atherton's health was failing under a warm climate, and his physicians agreed in the necessity for his return, so soon as a successor could be appointed to his important sphere of duties.

Mr. Atherton lost considerably in the estimation of John and Sarah Waldron by his second marriage. The chivalrous feeling which prompted it they could not at all appreciate. But while they looked forward with anxious fears to the new mother who would claim their darling Margaret, they wisely forbore showing before her the doubts they entertained of the wisdom of her father's choice. "We must make her a useful woman, fit to fill her own mother's place in her father's family," was the constant thought of Miss Waldron; and well and laudably she carried out her intentions.

Nothing pleased the little girl better than assisting her aunt in her preparations for the annual gatherings of "friends" from the neighbouring towns, when they transact the business of the Society, and by the inter-



change of their religious feelings and experience strengthen the faith and stability of the sect. The airing of spare beds and snow-white linen; the dusting of rooms already guiltless of such disfiguring ugliness; the cookery of spiced meats and savoury dishes; the tender chickens, large hams, and portly rounds of beef, with all the delicate fabrications of sweet dishes and rich cakes, in which Sarah Waldron prided herself;—these and a thousand other things, under the skilful superintendence of her aunt, in her clean brown-holland apron and sleeves, Margaret delighted to join in; but she never could take kindly to the quiet, grave, old people, in their sombre dresses, who flocked round her uncle's hospitable table.

Perhaps Margaret inherited her father's prejudices; and though it often raised a sigh in her aunt's bosom for the want of religious zeal she feared it augured, she never could resist that niece's pleading to spend the greater part of those days in her own room. Sometimes a young girl would come with her parents, and then Margaret would draw her away into her own room, or down into the sunny garden, and astonish her young guest no less by her own amusements than the deep thought and often wild speculations she loved to pour out into some more enthusiastic and youthful mind than her aunt's. The visits which most distressed Margaret were, when Quakers (often perfect strangers) came from all parts of the world, on purely religious errands;—"Household Missionaries," if one may so style them, having what they called "family sittings" with the different members of each household. The deep gloomy awe, which seemed mysteriously to pervade both visitor and visited, was so utterly repugnant to her own bright cheerful spirit; the oracular tone, giving to any human ministry the air of an inspired address, revolted so against the best feelings of the child's heart, that she longed for an angel's tongue to frame her reasons into burning words against such self-constituted authority.

Her uncle, seeing how she despised and rejected all attempts to overcome her repugnance, wisely forbore to press it upon her; and though he encountered much opposition from those in authority over him, who accused him of not acting up to the "light of his inward monitor," in suffering an earthly love to mislead his judgment, they could not shake his resolve. "She is not a member of our Society," he said; "I have given her shelter until her father claims her of me. Her mother quitted friends for conscience-sake; if I did not agree in her reasons, I have no right to betray her confidence by taking advantage of my power over her child." And from that time Maggie was sheltered from those grim awful personages, whose very rebukes and denunciations were treasured up by her uncle and aunt as if they had really contained something of a mystic spell from Heaven.

Margaret's chief recreation was wandering up and down the nave of the old cathedral with her maid; watching the shadows and sunlight as they fell across the massive pillars, and chequered the stone pavement with the reflected colours from the stained-glass windows; poring over

the old carved monuments on the gray walls, and sitting on the steps of the choir during service—her aunt would have forbidden her joining in it; listening in rapt attention to the deep tones of the organ, or the heart-stirring voices of the young choristers, whose places she often envied, as day by day she watched them trooping along to join their young voices in God's praise in His own beautiful temple.

Never did Margaret forget the moment when she was first folded in her father's arms,—that unknown but still loved father, with whom it had been her greatest pleasure to correspond, and who now gazed down upon her with eyes filled with tears, as she so vividly recalled to him the image of the Margaret of his heart's first love; her own timid anxious glance at the pretty delicate-looking lady they told her was her new mama; and better still, when she found herself hugged and kissed by the curly-headed little Grace and Frank, and crept softly to the heap of shawls and cushions, over which a strange black ayah presided, and saw nestled up in them the tiny face of the little Ethelind. It seemed at that moment as if Margaret had found all she most longed to possess; and to be in the love of them all, and to nurse and care for little Ethie, to guide her tottering steps, and teach her lisping tongue,—to love her with her whole heart and soul,—soon became Margaret's great ambition. Neither John nor Sarah Waldron could part with Margaret without very great regret; it seemed to them as if the light of their home had been extinguished; neither did they easily reconcile themselves to her father's second wife. Mrs. Atherton's natural indolence and inactivity had been increased by delicate health; believing she really could not exert herself, the care of the family soon devolved on Mr. Atherton and his daughter; and by the time Margaret had reached her twentieth year, the management of all household affairs had insensibly lapsed into her hands. Influenced by the stronger mind of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Atherton, as well as Grace and Ethie, owed much of their education and formation of character to Margaret's careful superintendence, who, while her brother was pursuing his career at Eton and Cambridge, was brightening her father's home by her industry, energy, and never-failing good sense.

Mr. Atherton had made many friends in India, and through the interest of one of them he obtained, shortly after his return home, a small living in a little country village.

As livings go, it was a pretty good one; the stipend moderate, the population small, and the duties no more than could be readily performed without the aid of a curate. It possessed the advantage also of a good neighbourhood; no slight one to a clever intelligent man, who liked the relaxation afforded him by intercourse with educated friends. Mrs. Atherton, who could never understand the reasons for any economy, would gladly have availed herself of any pretext for a gayer life; but this neither suited the wishes nor limited means of her more studious and retiring husband. Some years passed away, and then the deanery of Wylmynstre becoming vacant, the inhabitants of Fairfield were startled by the unexpected offer

of it made to Mr. Atherton. Various were the motives assigned for this strange freak of Government, contrary to the hopes of a host of expectant candidates. Whatever they might really have been, it mattered little. Ralph Atherton shut himself up in his study, to ponder over his own fitness for such an office; and when he returned to his family, the letter accepting the deanery was already on its way to Downing Street.

Mr. Atherton knew well the load of responsibility he was heaping on his own head; but it was in his Master's service, and never having sought it, neither could he think it right to refuse it. Mrs. Atherton felt that it placed them on a better footing with the world. She would live in the deanery-house at Wylminstre, and have an establishment more after her heart; and her children would appear under many advantages they could never possess as only the pretty daughters of the Rector of Fairfield.

Margaret's face brightened as she remembered it would take them back to dear old Wylminstre; that she should again live under the shadow of the glorious old cathedral-walls, within sound of its deep-silvery bells, its pealing organ, its heart-stirring anthems; and that she should again be near her uncle and aunt Waldron, whose places in her warm heart had never been rivalled by her new mother. For six years only did Dean Atherton fulfil his duties, or Mrs. Atherton occupy the Deanery. A cold taken in the cathedral, ending in influenza, with its prostrating effects, told on a constitution already weakened by hard work in a hot climate. His medical attendants became alarmed. Further advice was called in, but hope faded; and Margaret summoned Ralph from Cambridge, and Ethelind, who was visiting their old neighbours Sir John and Lady Repworth; while she herself never for a moment left her father's bedside. Mrs. Atherton, who never commanded her feelings, distressed her husband by her lamentation and tears so much, that his medical attendants almost forbade her his presence; and while she sat weeping in her own room, on Margaret devolved the care of her father's few remaining hours. For worlds she would not have exchanged her place by his dying bed, where hour by hour she watched the fleeting breath, and anxiously listened to the few directions and wishes his weakness permitted him to express. Of that little there was more of anxious thought for the survivors than doubt or anxiety for himself; and Margaret tried to soothe his dying moments by the assurance that her mother and sisters should become her chief care, and all she would ever have done for him should now, for his sake, be equally performed for them.

### CHAPTER III.

RALPH Atherton, Margaret, and Grace, were sitting in the old-fashioned wainscoted low-roofed library at the Deanery; Mrs. Atherton and Ethelind had gone early to bed.

"Well, I have written my letter to Frank," Margaret said, as she

closed up the envelope before her, and directed it; "so it will be ready for the China mail to-morrow."

"Poor fellow, what a blow it will be to him! and he will have no one to sympathise with him or to tell his trouble to," Grace added, as she put down her book, and began stirring up the half-expiring coals in the grate.

"I should imagine there was about as much sympathy in a gun-room as one used to find in the long room at Eton," Ralph added, as he began tying up the various papers and bills he had been looking over and arranging.

"For which reason he will require all the more from home," Margaret replied, and added anxiously, "Don't you think Ethelind is looking very ill? Whenever one speaks to her, tears start into her eyes, and she never joins in conversation, or appears interested in any thing about her; and she looks so pale and thin, I cannot bear to look at her."

"I don't understand Ethelind," Grace said quickly; "I meant to have asked you about her several times, but we are seldom alone. I know she has felt papa's death very much; but it is time now to be a little recovered from the first shock, and yet I find her, if left alone for a few minutes, drowned in tears, and it is so unlike her to be out of spirits long."

"A first grief is very hard to bear; and she is very young," Margaret said with a sigh.

Ralph came and sat down by his sister. "Maggie," he said, "you will spoil Ethie; you have always a reason or an excuse for her."

"No, Ralph, I won't spoil her. I know well we should try and keep our feelings in our own control as much as possible; but she is very young, and was a great darling of papa's, and it all came upon her so suddenly, with no time for preparation, and in the midst of her first gaiety."

"Are you sure the gaiety has had nothing to do with it?" Grace asked anxiously. "I don't mean to doubt her sorrow at our great loss, but it has struck me, from one or two things she has let fall,—her nervousness whenever the post comes in, and the anxiety she expresses to see Lady Repworth's letters to you,—that perhaps there is some other key to her altered looks."

"I hope in her eagerness to show off Ethelind's beauty Lady Repworth has not been leading her into trouble. She is not a person one can place much dependence upon," Ralph said quickly.

"She held papa in great dread," Grace replied; "she would scarcely have done any thing that would have displeased him."

"I would not trust to her dread of any body when her own interest was to be served," Ralph said sternly. "Her fear of my father was only her inability to understand him; his straightforward honesty of purpose and simplicity of heart always baffled her more worldly cunning, in a way she could never comprehend. With so many idle fellows hanging about her, I wonder almost how Ethie obtained leave to go there."

"Lady Repworth pleaded so hard, and Ethie wished it, and every

body was so full of the Repworth ball, and mama urged it, I know. Had Ethie been at all aware that even then papa was not feeling well, I am sure she would not have gone. Poor child," Margaret added, "I shall never forget her white face and terrified look when she reached home; or her sobbing so bitterly when she told me she had been so happy,—happier than she had ever been in her life,—and that this trial seemed as if it were a judgment upon for having left dear papa."

"Well, if it proves to be only prostration of mind under a first acquaintance with sorrow and death, it will wear away with time and more active employment. We shall all experience before long the excitement of finding a new home. In another fortnight the Deanery must be given up."

"It seems hopeless consulting mama," Margaret said. "What we do must be done by ourselves. She will consent to any thing we propose, and the sooner it is off our hands the better."

"I have arranged with the auctioneer so far, that as soon as you can take mama and yourselves away, there will be a sale of the furniture."

"And where are we to go to?" Grace asked sadly. "Oh, Ralph!" she added, "if you had got a curacy, we might still all be together."

"It is better as it is, Gracie; mama will prefer her own home, and Ralph must be left free and unshackled. Mama is so fond of Cheltenham, and there are many of her old friends residing there, I have been thinking, if we could get lodgings at a moderate rate, she and Grace and Ethie could go there until our affairs are settled. There will be time enough then to consider our next step."

"But you would go with us, Margaret? you surely do not mean to leave us."

"You will be my first care, Grace; I promised my father that."

"But you will live with us?" Grace said anxiously. "We could never get on without you, Margaret."

"You have never tried yet, Grace; it is almost time you did. I will settle you in your new home, wherever it may be, but I cannot promise to be always with you. Remember, there is Frank to be considered; it is impossible he can yet live on his pay."

"I know that; but mama will do what she can for Frank, his allowance must not fall upon you."

"Mama will not have much to spare; and even as it is, so little is she accustomed to economise, I must trust to you, Grace, to make the most of her small income. I promised papa to take Frank off her hands, and in the mean time I must not be idle. Work is necessary to my peace of mind; in what way I have not fully determined."

Grace started up. "Margaret!" she said, "you mean to be a governess, I know you do; there is no other way in which you can earn money."

"You will see Margaret's advertisement in the paper before long, Grace," Ralph said, in a tone which drove all the blood into Grace's face and neck.

"Oh, Ralph," she said pleadingly, "it is no subject for joking; Margaret will break mama's heart if she does."

"Neither mama's or yours, I hope, Grace dear," Margaret replied with a smile. "You will soon learn to think I am right, though it seems strange to you now. It will be strange to myself also to give you up, and go amongst people I don't know; but we are not sent into the world to be idlers, and while you are filling my place at home, I shall try and make my way in the 'outer world.' We shall both have the consolation of at least endeavouring to do our duty. We have been dreamers hitherto; we must be workers now."

"You don't know how you will be despised and condemned; people will not understand you, and you will be miserable."

"I don't think so, and you *must* not. I have no intention of leaving you until I see you comfortably settled in your new home. This is a present duty, and must not be put aside for what as yet are only intentions. To-morrow I shall go to my uncle John; I don't think he or my aunt will discourage me, as you try to do, Gracie."

"Then the case is hopeless," Grace said shortly. "I cannot bear those people; they know nothing of the world: how can they judge what is right and proper for a dean's daughter?"

"They will acknowledge no exemption from her duties in a dean's daughter, I dare say; but they know what a Christian should do, and what Margaret Atherton ought to do in her present circumstances, and they will, I think, try and strengthen her in its performance."

The tears were running down Grace's cheeks; Margaret looked distressed. "Oh, Gracie dear, I had hoped better things of you," she said. "You are tired now, and your feelings overcome your judgment. I don't know what I shall do; I have decided on nothing beyond this, that while I have health I must exert the powers God has given me for the good of my fellow-creatures. I shall look to you to help and assist me by reconciling mama to plans which, let them be what they may, she will oppose."

Margaret lit a candle, and putting it into her sister's hand, hurried her to bed. It seemed the beginning of her difficulties; for she had yet her mother and Ethelind to contend with; and, if they had nothing else, they possessed an immense amount of pride and a dread of the world's laugh, which counteracts such an amount of good among many who would otherwise be useful members of society. But Margaret had resolved not to shrink lightly from her plans, sustained by Ralph's sanction and the approval of her uncle and aunt Waldron, who, however they might fail in estimating her object, would, she knew, fully appreciate her motives, and support her in carrying them into execution.

"You must not expect to give up your place at home without opposition," Ralph said, as Grace closed the door. "You will have endless difficulties to contend with, real and imaginary; you must be prepared to justify yourself with the assurance that your own judgment is right."

"I think I am prepared," Margaret said quietly. "Poor Grace will be the first to follow my example, if need be. It takes her by surprise now. She is very resolute when once stirred up. I don't know how she will manage mama alone, but it will not hurt her to try."

"When I get a curacy, if Grace finds she has too much on her hands, I must come to the rescue," Ralph said, as he drew his chair to the fire; and the two sat on, far into the night, arranging the proceedings for the next week, during which time Margaret was to take the family away to Cheltenham, and Ralph was to arrange for the sale of the Dean's furniture and the breaking up of his small establishment.

As Margaret stole softly to her room, she could not resist her desire of going into Ethie's room. The thought of any unshared sorrow through which her young sister might be struggling gave her pain, and she longed to ask her if in any way she could help her, or give her counsel or consolation.

Ethelind was awake, the bright moon shining full upon her as she lay watching it through the undrawn curtains of her window. Margaret fancied she saw traces of tears on her face, which she was hurriedly wiping away when her sister came to her bedside. Margaret extinguished the candle, and sitting down beside her, gradually drew from the full little heart the story of Ethie's sorrow, who, blushing scarlet at her own confession, poured it all out into the ear of that fond elder sister, between whom and herself no shadow of reserve had ever yet fallen.

#### CHAPTER IV.

ST. PETER'S clock struck eight as a hack cab drove up to the door in Eaton Place. A small drizzling rain fell, and the lamps flickered feebly in the gusty wind, which swept round the corners of the quiet street, disturbed only by the cabman's loud knock, which reverberated from wall to wall.

The driver shook the rain-drops from his glazed hat and water-proof cape, as he opened the door of his crazy vehicle, and held out his moist hand for his fare. A muffled figure dropped the jingling coin into the extended palm, and with a spring rushed up the wet steps and through the open door before him. Standing in the warm well-lighted hall, and divesting himself of his wrappings, the traveller asked a few hurried questions of the gray-headed old servant who had let him in, and telling him he need not announce his arrival, he bounded up the stairs to the drawing-room door. A tall and rather stately lady occupied a large arm-chair by the fire. Wax-lights were burning on the table, on which lay a book with a pair of gold spectacles on its open pages. Two long needles and a large ball of coloured wool were lying idly in her lap. She started up as her eyes fell on the tall figure of her son, and the worsted rolled away to the other side of the room. Sir Philip Leigh stooped and kissed her cheek, and then quietly picked up the truant ball.

"I am afraid I startled you, mother," he said, "by my unexpected appearance. You seem alone: what has become of Di and Barbara?"

"My dear child, what can have brought you to town so suddenly? I thought you were dining at Repworth to-day?"

"I left Repworth this morning, and came up by the express after luncheon. But where are my sisters; are they out?"

"Dining at the Mertons. Mrs. Merton takes them to the Opera to-night. But you must want some dinner;" and she put her hand to the bell-pull.

"Don't ring, mother; I have had all the dinner I shall take. I will wait, and have my tea with you by and by."

"But you have not answered my question, Philip. What brought you so suddenly to town?"

"I am in a difficulty, mother; and I have come to you to help me."

"I don't know what difficulty I can help you out of, I am sure; nevertheless let me hear what it is."

"You don't wish me to behave dishonourably, mother, do you?"

"Dishonourably, child! no Leigh ever did behave dishonourably that I ever heard of, and you are scarcely the one to begin."

Sir Philip smiled at his mother's family pride.

"It is well perhaps that Di and Barbara are out. I have a long story to tell you, and I may as well out with it all at once. Mother, I have at last lost my heart; and, like a good child, I am come to you for advice in my difficulties." Mrs. Leigh started. The colour rose into her cheeks, and as suddenly faded away again. Her love for her tall handsome son was something very like idolatry. She had seen him for the last ten years admired and courted by the first and fairest, and yet he had lived on without once losing his heart. She had almost taught herself to believe she should never live to see a rival in his love and devotion to herself. And though an heir to his large estates would have gratified her pride, she was not prepared for this sudden and abrupt announcement of a rival to the possession of what hitherto she had looked on as peculiarly her own.

"You are old enough to judge for yourself," she said, recovering her self-possession. "If your choice is a prudent one, no one will rejoice to see you married more than I shall do."

"That is just the rub, mother. You, my sisters, the world, may not think it a prudent one. So before you congratulate yourself on the prospect of a daughter-in-law, you must listen to a long story."

"There are always excuses for a boy committing himself. I should be sorry, and I think you would too, Philip, if, at your age, the world had cause to laugh at you. But come, let me hear all about it."

Sir Philip rose up out of his chair; a bright colour came into his face. Something in his mother's tone jarred on his feelings; but he recovered himself, and sat down.

"You know," he said, "Foley asked me to run down to Repworth,



and join him at his quarters during the week the officers gave their ball to the neighbourhood, by way of return for civilities shown them since they have been quartered there. Under Foley's care, it was sure to be a first-rate affair; and though abominating such things, I could not very graciously refuse Foley, who is such a capital fellow, besides being an old school-fellow. Well, the night I reached Repworth he told me I must go with him and some of the rest of the fellows to Anton: some annual Easter ball was to be given there—a dull affair enough generally; but Lady Repworth had undertaken it this year, and had petitioned Foley to bring as many red-coats as he could muster, to try and inspire it with a little life and spirit. You know, mother, how I hate such things, but this, in a quiet country town, where I did not know a soul, was perfectly absurd. But Foley, in his good-nature, would hear of no excuse. Well, we dressed and dined at the hotel; and I sat sipping my wine and reading the papers until long after the dancing had commenced. At last, with some difficulty I threaded my way to the top of the room, where I could see Sir John Repworth standing by the fire. We chatted for some time, watching the dancers, when he left me to speak to some one else; and just at that moment a couple took their places opposite me. Who the fellow was I don't know; but the girl was the loveliest creature I had ever seen. I account myself a tolerably good judge of beauty, mother, as you know; and I think I have seen some good specimens of what is thought beauty in my time; but any thing approaching the surpassing loveliness of that girl's face, as she stood blushing and confused at the uncontrolled admiration she excited, I certainly never witnessed."

"What style of beauty was it, Philip?"

"I can't describe her, mother. I could give you no conception of her, if I did. Of course I tried to find out who she was; but I learnt little beyond her being one of the Repworth Park party, and her ladyship's star of the evening,—the beauty, in fact, whom every body was striving to see and be introduced to. At last I learnt she was a daughter of the Dean of Wymlinstre, that this was her first ball, and that she had been terribly annoyed at finding herself the subject of such undisguised admiration. You will laugh at me, mother, I dare say, when I tell you I never rested until I got an introduction. However, it was in vain to think of dancing. She was engaged for every quadrille; and she seemed so nervous and frightened at the sensation she created, it was a kindness to keep her away from the confusion which so bewildered her."

"Were you as pleased with her in conversation? Pretty faces often disappoint you when you are near to them. A girl may be very pretty and very stupid at the same time."

"She was too timid to say much; but she appeared quite sensible, and as natural and artless as a child. Indeed, her simplicity, her refinement, and her sweet face fairly took me by storm; she was so fresh and unspoiled by the world, so unlike the beauties one sees every day. I felt quite angry and annoyed when her hand was claimed by some young

fellow, who looked all sorts of triumph at me as he led her into the dancing room. I had, however, secured her for the first dance at Repworth; and I contrived to see her to her carriage, when Lady Repworth broke up the party by her return home. You may be sure I got well quizzed by Foley as we drove back; but I felt too serious myself to care much for him. The next morning he asked me to leave cards at the Park. He was too busy to go. You may be sure I was not slow in accepting the offer of his horses and groom, and any excuse for a further interview with Miss Atherton; besides, a brisk canter across the downs was no bad thing after the late hours the night before. Lady Repworth was at home; Miss Atherton had not returned from the village, which had formerly been her father's parish, and whither she had gone to see some of the cottagers. Of course I tried to learn all I could of her family. Lady Repworth spoke well of the Dean, though she wondered what had influenced the Government in selecting him for the deanery. She called him a zealous well-meaning parish priest, whose place had never been satisfactorily filled at Fairfield since he gave up the living; hinted at some peculiar views he held, which I thought she did not approve; said his wife was a poor, pretty, empty-headed woman, who seemed of very little use to her husband; that he had educated and brought up three as pretty girls, and two as handsome sons, as you would find in any family. It was a kindness to the neighbourhood, she added, to introduce a pretty face, especially one so fresh and bright as Ethelind Atherton's; and she took great credit to herself for having, with great difficulty, persuaded the Dean to let the youngest accompany them to the officers' ball at Repworth."

"Ethelind did you call her, Philip? My goodness, what a name!"

"Well, mother, it is an odd one I own, sounding something after the Clarissa and Evelina style of Madame D'Arblay's days; but we are not responsible for our names, you know; and shortened into Ethel or Ethie, as she says they call her at home, it does not sound so much out of the way."

His mother smiled. "Names go for very little, after all, when the heart is touched,—and yours must be, Philip, for you to have learnt already Miss Atherton's pet name."

Sir Philip's colour deepened at his mother's sarcasm.

"Dear mother," he said, "be merciful to your son's weakness. Remember, I am laying bare my heart to you without reserve. In my difficulty, I come to you for advice. You cannot give it unless you hear all my story—a very stupid one to you, I dare say; but to me it involves consequences which may influence my whole life."

"Forgive me, Philip; I did not mean to hurt your feelings," Mrs. Leigh said. "But remember, you are taking me quite by surprise; I cannot all at once realise the truth of what you tell me."

"I can hardly do that myself yet, mother," Sir Philip answered, in a tone which sounded not unlike a sigh. He went on: "I chatted with

Lady Repworth until Miss Atherton's return; and if I had thought her lovely the night before, I was not a whit disappointed in her in broad sunshine. I wish I could show her to you. She has large soft violet eyes, with clear cut white lids, and dark lashes throwing a shadow upon her cheeks. Her hair is a bright brown, with a golden tinge where the light falls upon it. Her eyebrows straight on her broad low forehead, and some shades darker than her hair. Her complexion bright and clear, with a soft pearly hue on it, like a young rose. Her dress was simplicity itself, and she seemed quite free and unrestrained, and looked pleased at my unexpected appearance. Lady Repworth asked me to take luncheon with them; and I sat on, until I thought all, even Miss Atherton herself, would guess my secret; so I first secured her for the opening quadrille, and as many more as I dared ask for, and then resolutely ordered my horse and rode back to Repworth. How I passed the time I don't know; I tried to think,—to realise the true state of my feelings, and to ask myself what I meant to do next. I could decide on nothing, so I determined to let things take their course until after the ball. It was a capital affair. Foley spared no time or expense in getting it well up; and I must own it did him and his brother officers great credit. There was no end of pink and white calico, green wreaths, gas-lights, flags, military devices, refreshments, and a band and supper which no London affair could have exceeded. Every thing, in short, was brilliant, and the whole thing went off admirably. All my youthful ardour returned, and I found myself dancing away with my lovely partner, who welcomed me with a glad smile of recognition as I received her at the door. It was well for me I had secured my partner, for I could see how, down to the youngest ensign in the room, they watched and wondered at my good fortune; and I heard more than one envious fellow exclaim, 'Well, no one can say Leigh is not in for it now.' At last it all came to an end. Lady Repworth declared she must go. Sir John asked Foley and myself to dine and sleep at the Park next day. I heard Miss Atherton tell a lady near her she was to return to Wylmynstre the day but one following. My brain was in a whirl; I thought, if miss her now, I may lose her entirely. The bare suggestion alarmed me. I asked her why she was to return home so soon. She replied, her papa was not well, and now this ball was over, it would be unkind to stop away longer. I asked if she would be at Repworth when Foley and I dined there? She said she hoped so; and something in her look and tone convinced me her words meant more than they expressed. As I wrapped her cloak round her, I could not resist saying, as we stood a little apart from the rest, waiting for the carriage to draw up, 'Miss Atherton, if I ride over to the Park to-morrow by twelve o'clock, should I find you alone and disengaged? I am anxious for a little private conversation with you; I may not get the opportunity in the evening.' She looked up into my face, her large eyes full of inquiry, as if she did not quite comprehend what I meant. 'I shall be at the

school at Fairfield most likely about that time,' she said very gravely; 'if you call there as you pass through the village, we can walk across the Park together home.' I could not help adding, 'I want to see you on a subject, of little interest to you, perhaps, but to me of the deepest importance. You may depend upon my being there.' I believe, for the first time, a glimmering of the truth flashed across her. She started; her eyes fell, and a bright colour and then as sudden a paleness spread over her face, and I could feel her hand tremble as it rested against my arm; but she did not turn away her eyes when I finally shook hands with her, after they were in the carriage, and I am sure I saw tears in them as the lights flashed across her face when they drove away."

Sir Philip paused; his voice had grown husky and low. His mother, though she kept her eyes fixed on him, did not speak. When he had recovered himself, he went on. "I had little or no sleep that night, and the next morning, leaving Foley to follow at his leisure, I made the excuse of calling somewhere on the road, and galloped on to Fairfield. I could neither see nor hear any thing of Miss Atherton; and, fearing I had made some egregious blunder, I slowly made my way up to the house. In the park I encountered Sir John and his bailiff, making a tour of the farm-buildings. He joined me; and before I had time to ask informed me a telegraphic despatch awaited their return the night before, summoning Miss Atherton home to her father's death-bed; that there was not a shadow of hope; indeed, it only appeared doubtful whether she would find him alive on her return. Both he and Lady Repworth lamented the sudden death of the Dean, and they spoke of it as a complete break up to the family. Sir John even thought it would compel them to earn their own bread. He regretted that Mr. Atherton had ever been persuaded into accepting the deanery, as it had entailed heavy expenses on him, which were unavoidable; and it would, of course, be now much harder for his children to go out into the world, after filling a higher station, than if they had simply been the orphan daughters of a poor clergyman. Lady Repworth wondered what they could possibly do. They had been educated in such a strange mixture of Quakerism and High-Church notions, as to render them quite unfit for governesses, of whom nowadays so much was expected; besides which, beauty in a governess was rather to be avoided than desired, especially when the governess was young and the family growing up. The Dean's odd views on religious subjects she attributed to the Quaker blood which in some way—she could not exactly tell how—was mixed up in the family. Sir John lamented they had not married earlier; there had been some report of the eldest being engaged a long while ago, but he forgot how it ended—in some strange way, he thought, but he was not sure. The mother would be a serious drawback to any matrimonial speculations; and, really, beauty without money went a little way in tempting men to marry. In short, I saw at once the tables at Repworth were turned. As the Dean's daughter, Miss Atherton was a beauty, and Lady Rep-

worth could afford to patronise her and bring her out; but simply as the pretty Miss Atherton, without money, station, or connections, it was a totally different matter, and there was nothing to be done for it but quietly let the poor girl down. For once I saw the intense hollowness of the world in its true light, and how people cheat themselves into a belief in their virtue, when they set up, and lament in full pathos, the hard destiny of some luckless mortal, without stretching out a finger to save the poor victim a single throb of pain.”

“You forget, my dear Philip, in your present excited feelings,” Mrs. Leigh said, “that Sir John’s view of the matter was the one which every body else would naturally take.”

“No: I made allowance for it, mother; and concluded I ought perhaps to be thankful I have had time to pause and consider before committing myself further. Such, I know, was Foley’s opinion of the matter; for he strenuously opposed my thinking any more of the connection. The Repworths, he said, told him privately they thought I had had a very lucky escape; and that I had no business, with my good family and large property, to marry a girl beneath me, when I could choose a wife from the aristocracy of England. I waited until news came of the Dean’s death, which of itself precludes my taking any further steps at present, and then I hurried up to town to ask your advice.”

“I think Colonel Foley was quite right, Philip,” Mrs. Leigh said. “Your position, your wealth, your connections, all entitle you to choose a wife from the upper ranks of society. I should bitterly grieve, after your waiting so many years, if you allied yourself to some low family whom you could not recognise, though you might choose to make one of them your wife. You have been caught by a pretty face. This love-fit you acknowledge to be a sudden one. You know nothing of her temper or disposition. A little time may make a great change in your feelings. You have not yet committed yourself, and on no pretext could you see the girl for some time. Think it all calmly over; reason with yourself; look at it in every light; go into society; try change—”

Sir Philip got up out of his chair, and stood leaning on the mantelshelf, opposite his mother. He fixed his eyes on her face.

“Mother,” he said, “listen to me. You know that no one, not even yourself, is more keenly sensitive to the world’s sneers than I am. You know how little hitherto I have cared about female attractions. I have now met the loveliest girl I ever saw, and she has carried away my heart captive at once. No one, not even yourself, values more highly than I do the privileges of birth and connection: of wealth I have enough and to spare, my marriage need never be a mercenary one. I have not, I acknowledge, actually proposed to her, but I have given her just cause to believe I shall do so. Ask yourself if you do not think I should be acting like a coward and a villain, if I let this fact of her father’s death prevent my doing it at the proper time.”

“If you take it in that light, Philip, there is no help for it; it was

hardly worth while asking my advice at all. But how many girls there are who are danced and flirted with in a ball-room, and perhaps never in their lives see their admirers again! How many men single out some pretty girl, and fancy themselves in love with her, and then find, on cooler reflection, that a pleasant partner in a ball-room is not always exactly the person you would choose for a partner for life!"

"And the poor girl is left to die of a broken heart."

"Girls don't die of broken hearts any more than men do; such things are imaginary, not real, you may depend on it."

"If they don't die of broken hearts, they marry the first scamp who offers himself; and that is worse, perhaps."

"But her family—her Quakerism. I don't exactly know what Quakerism is, except that one sees occasionally some strange demure-looking man or woman in a horrid brown dress, making perfect guys of themselves; who belong, I believe, to a sect who are in reality only half Christians. I am sure I would far rather you married a Roman Catholic at once."

"I know no more about Quakerism, mother, than you do; and I have only Lady Repworth's word for it that she is such: but, as I said before, the girl is young, and may be formed into any thing. If her father's principles had been so very singular, it is hardly likely he would have got his deanery. As to her family, I know nothing of them, and never need do so, after Ethel is really mine."

"But would she have you, do you think, under such conditions? And a refusal from such a quarter would be very, very mortifying, to say the least of it."

"It would shock her to tell her so, no doubt; therefore, I should avoid doing so: but I could soon contrive to wean her away from them; and once mine, she would soon learn to forget them. We shall be a nine days' wonder, I suppose," he added, "but there is no help for it. I must try my chance. If I get refused, well and good; you will have me with you, mother, to the end of your days. If I am accepted, I will take her abroad directly. By the time we return we shall have shaken into our right places, and the world will have quite forgotten we were ever talked about."

Andrew's entrance with the tea-tray broke in abruptly on the conversation. Neither Mrs. Leigh nor her son could enter fully into common topics, they each found themselves relapsing into long reveries; so, without waiting the return of the carriage from the Opera, the mother and son wished each other good night, and retired to their own rooms.

## Francis Bacon.\*

THE faith that justice is an eternal power presiding over human affairs, and sooner or later correcting all that violates its laws, is a sentiment so reasonable, consolatory, and encouraging, that it has found universal acceptance amongst men. The philosophic mind embraces it, and the untaught act upon it. A comfort to the good and a terror to the bad, it promises eventually to reward according to their deeds the children of light and the doers of iniquity. The man of noble purpose, covered with the obloquy and reproaches of evil times and enemies, receives from it an assurance that the partial verdict recorded against him shall one day be reversed, and that his transitory shame shall close in undying glory. To the lover of crooked ways, it turns the shouts of triumph into cries of execration. Living in the maxims of the moralist, and in the proverbs of the vulgar, it has modified both the laws and institutions of society. "Murder will out" is the dark legend of which the silver counterpart runs, "Truth shall stand, though all things fall."

Akin to this sentiment, and from some points of view it would seem proceeding from it, is that charity which makes the wise and dispassionate slow to decide on questions affecting the important interests of their fellow-creatures, and yet more reluctant to do so when those on whom sentence is to be passed have lost the power to defend themselves. That recognition of the fallibility of human judgment, which induces us in the proceedings of our law-courts to admit the system of appeal upon appeal, makes us ready to allow new trials in the high court of public opinion, wherever there are grounds for believing that a bad verdict may have been given, either through deficiency of evidence, or through judicial misdirection. And amongst the many healthy signs in the intellectual and moral condition of the present century, by no means the least encouraging and commendable is the frequency with which historians have recently availed themselves of this privilege of reopening discussion that has terminated either prematurely or in positive error. There was a time when historic investigation was hindered by a depraved orthodoxy, a conservatism of falsehood, raising against inquirers the shout of intolerance, and justifying the remonstrance of a noble writer: "There is a kind of literary superstition which men are apt to contract from habit, and which makes them look on any attempt towards shaking their belief in any established characters, no matter whether good or bad, as a sort of profanation." But this was of the past, and has all been changed. Still the work of rehearing, reversing, and restoring goes on. There is no need to deprecate the wrath of an opposition with asking, "Does antiquity consecrate darkness? Does a lie become venerable by age?" The spectators

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\* *The Personal History of Lord Bacon, from unpublished Papers.* By Hepworth Dixon, of the Luner Temple.

are as much in earnest as the workers, the auditors not less ardent with enthusiasm than the advocates; both alike believing that to discover, with patience and much toil, the true history and worth of great men who are no more, is a sacred duty, in the discharge of which the children of a mighty nation render most acceptably their thanksgivings to those fathers who were in the old time before them, and from whom they have inherited wisdom and strength.

The noble task of rescuing the memory of Francis Bacon from the misrepresentations of his traducers, generously but ineffectually attempted by Basil Montague, has at length been accomplished by Mr. Hepworth Dixon. The weapons from want of which, rather than from lack of sagacity or logical force, Mr. Montague failed in his splendid endeavour, Mr. Dixon acquired in the course of his researches amongst the treasures of the State-Paper Office, the manuscript collections of the Duke of Manchester and Sir John Pakington, and the records of the Lambeth library, and the library of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. The remark has been often and variously made, that no philosophic writer is more talked about and less studied than Lord Bacon. The criticism might be extended so as to include his biographies and their writers; for there have been few men of high distinction of whom so many lives have been written, and of whom so little has hitherto been known. The number and importance of the original papers relating to Bacon which are now, through Mr. Dixon's agency, for the first time brought to light and published, will astonish none more than those admiring students of the *Novum Organum* and *De Augmentis* who have made the life of their instructor a subject of constant inquiry. But Mr. Dixon's services by no means end with these priceless contributions of testimony, drawn from the dust, and moths, and perplexing character of long-neglected manuscripts. His evidence is not more startling and conclusive than the skill and power displayed in handling it are remarkable. The "judgment" with which the case is "managed" is void of craft or trick of any kind; the wile of advocacy nowhere taints it. Terse in expression, confident with the decision of a man thoroughly in earnest, and abounding in fire, the argument is throughout moderate in tone, every where displaying that composure and forbearance which best become one who has on his side both right and might. The oft-quoted maxim that forbids on prudential grounds exaggeration in debate, is a rule that in our cool moments we unhesitatingly endorse, but find most difficult to obey in the heat of contention. More than all other men is the historian fighting against received opinions tempted to disregard it; for he has before him, rousing all the pugnacity of his nature, not one disputant, but an entire army of antagonists. The aggressive position of such a man strikes the war-fever into his veins, and renders futile the schoolings of philosophy and the whisperings of prudence. It is therefore no little thing to say that a writer engaged in such a task displays an unruffled temper, a complete command of feeling, and a scrupulous regard for truth. Whether Mr.



Dixon would display the same moderation with a weaker case it is not our business at present either to inquire or to conjecture.

At the mention of Francis Bacon's name, the mind reverts to the time in which he flourished, the England whose councils he influenced, the London in which he acted his grand drama of toil and pleasure, triumph and defeat. The Englishman of the nineteenth century has no difficulty in reproducing both era and scene. The reign of Elizabeth is the passage in his country's history to which he turns more frequently than to any other. The intermediate generations have fewer charms and a greater number of painful associations. Of *them* he knows too intimately the corruption and baseness, the lewdness and riot, to find unmixed pleasure in the society even of their best and brightest. Of *that* he sees only what is fairest; or, if his eyes rest on the strife of rival creeds, and the sufferings of a nation doing battle with the united forces of disease and treachery at home, and leagued enemies abroad, the spectacle is so placed that even its deformities have that enchantment which distance lends. There is the court presided over by a queen who even at this day is dearer to the heart of the nation than any other in its roll of bygone monarchs. Around her is a bevy of heroes—soldiers, scholars, statesmen, courtiers—such as was never before, such as has never since been assembled together in our capital. Their life and amusements contain little that is strange, nothing that is repulsive to us. Their poets are ours,—indeed, are ours more than theirs, if regard be had to the numbers who read them with appreciation. And in their taverns and houses we find ourselves as much at home as we are in their theatres. But more than the artistic and merely social features of the Elizabethan period, the great events of the time, which gave shape and purpose to after ages, root it in our deepest affections. Then it was that the sternest battle of our faith was fought victoriously against the league of Pope and Cæsar; that was sowed in distant colonies the seed from which have sprung nations; that philosophy entered deliberately and with farseeing purpose on paths which were destined to lead her to the discovery of those sciences which are our reasonable glory; that the House of Commons, gathering together the scattered forces with which it had gradually during the course of many generations become endowed, gained a recognition of principles the development of which has given us whatever we possess of preponderance amongst the nations of the earth, and no inconsiderable proportion of our domestic happiness.

In this bright passage of England's life, lying between the dark turbulence of the feudal centuries and the generations of faithless sensuality that succeeded, Francis Bacon stands forth as captain and leader of his contemporaries. The statesmen and lawyers with whom he acted or contended have passed away from observation, or only loom out through the mists of history in monumental coldness. Raleigh, indeed, still fires the blood, and Essex draws tears from the eyes of women; but Bacon is the only member of the once conspicuous crowd who verily lives to our ima-

ginations, beautiful in face and form, by turns grave with thought and buoyant with jest, gorgeous in array of plume and velvet;—walking the gardens of Gray's Inn, where he nurses his sick brother Anthony, writes letters musical with pious affection to his mother, reverentially styling her the "good Christian and saint of God," staves off pestering duns, and through the silent hours of night muses on those sublime thoughts that are embalmed in his writings;—at court threading the maze of gallants, richly dight, gracious, stately, ready with repartee, but never offending; whispering a thousand delicate flatteries to his sovereign,—and yet the only one of all the glittering band who dares to tell her the truth when the truth is unacceptable;—in the House of Commons the greatest orator of his or any other day,—too great to serve a party, disdaining to be the slave of a court or the mouthpiece of a faction, taking a position not between but above the cliques, by turns checking or aiding one, supporting or restraining another, opposing or giving countenance to a third, but at all times looking only to the permanent interests of his country.

And yet this brilliant being, so rarely endowed in person and mind, from whom the very intellect of succeeding times has sprung, is rarely mentioned without words bearing a close resemblance to apology, never praised without a reserve. At once a glory and a shame, he is to nine persons out of ten a by-word for admiration and scorn. The blush that welcomes him is the language of opposite emotions. The most impious slander that the wickedness of man has ever dared to heap on the human intellect, and on the God who gave it to his creatures, is every where maintained by a reference to the moralist who betrayed his friend, the philosopher who corrupted the springs of justice. A sneer, a shrug of the shoulders, and the bare utterance of a name, are all the arguments required to prove that the only true light by which the darkness of this world is lightened is nothing more than an *ignis futuus*. That name has caused the fool to chuckle over his folly, and thank God for having blessed him with mental imbecility; and has led the wise man to look with fear and distrust on his faculties, doing dishonour, not so much to them as the power who fashioned them; while, by an admirable perversity of logic, the sinner has drawn from the same source countenance for his sin. The argument is every where admitted, just as the facts on which it is based are every where taken for granted. What are these facts? The question, even on selfish grounds, is of sufficient importance to justify the expenditure of toil and patience in winning a true answer; for just as Bacon's intellect has become ours, so has his reputation; and in dispersing the noisome clouds of calumny that hang over his greatness we do but purge the atmosphere we ourselves breathe. "One man only," Mr. Dixon well says, "set aside, our interest in Bacon's fame is greater than in that of any Englishman who ever lived. We cannot hide his light, we cannot cast him from us. For good, if it be good, for evil, if it must be evil, his brain has passed into our brain, his soul into our souls. We are part of him, he is part of us; inseparable as the salt and sea. The life he lived

has become our law. If it be true that the Father of Modern Science was a rogue and cheat, it is also most true that we have taken a rogue and cheat to be our God." This is only a fair way of putting a case by the side of which all inquiries into the characters of mere potentates sink into insignificance. The issue concerns not only an individual, or a school, or a people, but the entire human race. If Mr. Froude could prove that Henry VIII. was the good and enlightened monarch he believes, we should applaud the intellect that had worked both generously and successfully; we should experience joy at hearing once again the clear silver tones of truth ringing over the harsh bray of lying centuries; we should even feel a glow of national pride in the assurance that our forefathers did not basely bend the knee to a capricious despot, trembling at his nod, obeying his mandates with servile alacrity. But the great fact to which, above all minor considerations, the received view of Henry's character and life points would still remain unchanged. Not the less true would it be that energetic and successful rulers may be bad men, and that subjects may be servile. But prove that Bacon was not false to the dictates of human affection, that he was not a time-serving politician, that he did not sacrifice honour and violate duty to win the smiles of his sovereign, that he was not a venal judge; prove that the line branded on his sacred fame,—

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind,"—

is a vile slander worthy of the age that first received it with applause, and not unworthy of the man who penned it;—prove this, and in the sphere of that philosophy which undertakes to observe and analyse the human mind, the hideous dogma that there are no relations subsisting between the intellectual and moral life of our nature,—a dogma that has long perplexed the wise and troubled the good,—ceases to scare the timid, and insult the Creator of the universe. Together with the calumny disappears the argument, together with the sneer, the inference.

As we cannot follow the biographer through every division of the "Personal History," we leave the reader to go to the volumes for the important disclosures it makes concerning Bacon's domestic and parliamentary career. No extracts would do justice to the letters of Lady Ann Bacon, in which the writer, with true womanly confidence and true motherly concern, by turns cossets and scolds her darling boys, sending to their Gray's Inn chambers cakes of her own confectionery, beer from her own vats, game from her own larder; warning them against late hours, imprudent diet, excesses of wine, and pecuniary indiscretions; tutoring them—it makes one smile to think of it—in worldly wisdom; and ever, with that prophetic sense of coming calamity which so often is a beautiful element of maternal love, warning them against the perils of too close intimacy with that spoiled child of fortune,—that godless, reckless, tempestuous Earl,—whose evil example was to consign the one brother to a premature tomb, and whose mad crime was in its consequences years afterwards to give Papist libellers the means of inflicting on the other brother's reputa-

tion all but irreparable injury. On the present occasion we can only glance at the method by which the dark stains have been removed from the pure marble of Bacon's memory.

The story of his sins has been told many times and in various ways, but the accusations are in their grand features the same. The prurient scandal-mongering of Welden, the epigrammatic venom of Pope, the flippancy of Macaulay, and the easy carelessness of Lord Campbell, unite in the composition of the indictment on which, with a haste and incaution that public feeling would bitterly reprehend in the case of any ruffian tried for murder in the Central Criminal Court, the greatest Englishman who ever lived has been proclaimed an unfeeling cringing knave. Perhaps of all these accusers, the most virulent is Lord Macaulay.

The principal counts in the indictment against Bacon are four. He is asserted to have displayed black ingratitude in contributing to the ruin of his chivalric patron, warm friend, and munificent benefactor, the Earl of Essex. He is accused of having, in the case of Oliver St. John, maintained the right of the crown to raise money by forced benevolences, and of having taken part in an iniquitous persecution of the same Oliver St. John for declaring the illegality of such compulsory loans. He is charged with illegally persecuting and torturing a simple inoffensive country clergyman for the grave offence of having written a sermon encouraging people to resist tyranny, "which he had never preached, nor intended to preach, nor shown to any human being." Lastly, he is stated in his judicial office to have been guilty of corruption, by accepting bribes from suitors.

For obvious reasons, we cannot enter into the particulars of each of these charges, and show how completely Mr. Dixon has refuted them, tearing to shreds the arguments by which they have been sustained, and scattering every rag of defamation to the winds. Still less can we follow the author step by step, as he throws light on every passage of his hero's career, hewing down and sweeping away the jungle of falsehood by which its grandeur has been obscured, and more than half its beauties hidden. It must be enough for us to glance at the Essex and the corruption questions.

In the tale of Bacon's crimes, his perfidy to Essex, just as it stands first in order of time, is the most heinous in popular estimation. The story has fired the blood of every woman and every schoolboy. Who is not familiar with the romantic picture? On the one side is the impetuous noble, ardent with youth, aglow with high fortune and the triumphant consciousness of popular favour, lavishing wealth, services, love on a chosen friend of humble rank and humbler fortunes. On the other side stands that friend, a keen subtle lawyer, endowed with a heart as small as his intellect is vast; cold, crafty, calculating; receiving the gifts and profiting by the labours of his patron; whispering in that patron's ear assurances of undying gratitude, and, finally, in the hour of need, turning coldly from him—in the hour of trial straining every nerve, and with

success, to bring him to the scaffold. Such is the melodramatic story. Let us see how this spurious gold bears contact with the touchstone.

Mr. Dixon shows that Bacon was no more the recipient of unearned favours from Essex than was Essex the object of an illicit love on the part of the Queen. Friendship, indeed, in the ordinary sense of the word, subsisted between the petulant wilful noble and the man of genius; but the beneficent services that marked their intercourse were reciprocal. The Earl's countenance and intimacy gave the young lawyer—then sharing his rooms in Gray's Inn with his brother Anthony—a status at court, influence in legal circles, and an *éclat* in society, that promised to be especially useful to him; but which availed him more in his dealings with money-lenders than in the antechambers of power. On the other hand, the man of brain repaid, and with interest, all that he received from the man of rank. The basis of the connection between the two was business.

“Essex has need of strength such as these penniless men of genius have to spare. Francis Bacon has won all nature for his province. Anthony is a man of many parts; gay, supple, secret; fond of society and affairs, of good wines and bright eyes; at home in cloister and in court; easy in morals, tolerant in creed; hail fellow with the vagabond and the noble, the King's mistress, the professional conspirator, the free lance, and the travelling monk. The two brothers enter into the Earl's service,—Francis as his lawyer and political man of business, Anthony as his secretary,—hoping, as many wise men hope, to make him the court-leader of that great patriotic band of which Raleigh, Drake, and Vere are the fighting chiefs—the one part for which he is fitted beyond all other men. Under their eyes he so far gains in gravity and sense that the Queen swears him of her privy council, and even trusts to his care much of her correspondence abroad. Day and night their tongues and pens are busy in this work. Anthony writes the Earl's letters, instructs his spies, drafts for him despatches to the agents in foreign lands. Francis shapes for him a plan of conduct at the court, and writes for him a treatise of advice, which should have been the rule, and would have been the salvation, of his life.

For all these labours the workmen must be paid.

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Essex is poor. Dress, dinners, horses, courtesans exhaust his coffers. If he cannot pay in coin, he will in place. His servant Francis Bacon shall be the Queen's solicitor. Essex swears it.

Until he swears it all goes well. Burghley supports his nephew. Eger-ton and Fortescue urge his suit with admiring friendship on the Queen. Cecil is warm in his behalf; not alone begging in his own name, but stirring up friends, and making a party at the court. Every one at the bar, save only Coke, admits his claim to place.

Essex spoils all. At first the Queen is gracious; extols his eloquence and wit, while doubting if he is deep in law. It only needs that his nomination shall be made in the proper way; because it is the best, not because this or that lord of her court may wish it made. This does not please the Earl. Pledged to make Bacon's fortune, he will not stoop to see his debts paid by another hand. The work must be his own. ‘Upon me,’ he says, ‘must be the labour of his establishment; upon me the disgrace will light of his refusal.’

The earl's want of tact and temper is more hurtful to his friends than to his foes. He does Raleigh no great harm; he causes Bacon the most grievous loss. Give me this place of the solicitor, he drums and drums into the Queen's ear. She thinks her law officers should be chosen by herself, and for their good parts, not to please the fancy and make good the pledges of a carpet knight. She will not do a right thing for a bad reason or in a wrong way. Her courts are crowded with able men. She is old enough to choose a servant for herself. As Essex grows hot, she cools; when he storms upon her and will not be denied, she turns from the spoiled boy, her nomination made. Bacon must wait, Fleming shall be her man.

Lord Campbell says, as the writers have said from the days of Bushel, that the Earl atoned to Bacon for his failure by a gift of Twickenham Park. It happens, however, that Twickenham Park was not, and never had been, the Earl's to give. That lovely seat, which blooms by the Thames close under Richmond Bridge, fronting the old palace, and some of the elms of which stand even now, venerable and green, in the days of Victoria, had belonged to the Bacons for many years. In 1574, while Essex was a boy at Chartley, Twickenham Park, together with More Mead and Ferry Mead, the adjoining lands, had been granted by the Queen to Edward Bacon on lease. This lease is enrolled, and a copy of it may be read in one of the appendices of this book. Francis lived in the house, as his letters prove, long before his patent of solicitor passed the seal; for it had all the points of a good country house.

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Unable to pay his debt by a public office, Essex feels that he ought to pay it in money or in money's worth. The lawyer has done his work, must be told his fee. But the Earl has no funds. His debts, his amours, his camp of servants eat him up. He will pay in a patch of land. To this Bacon objects; not that he need scruple at taking wages; not that the mode of payment is unusual; not that the price is beyond his claim. Four years have been spent in the Earl's service. To pay in land is the fashion of a time when gold is scarce and soil is cheap. Nor is the patch too large; at most it may be worth 1200*l.* or 1500*l.* After Bacon's improvements and the rise of rents, he sells it to Reynold Nicholas for 1800*l.* It is less than the third of a year's income from the Solicitor-General's place. Bacon's doubts have a deeper source. Knowing the Earl's fiery temper, sharing in some degree his mother's fears, he shrinks from incurring feudal obligations to one so vain and weak. Hurt by his hesitation, Essex pouts and sulks; being, as he truly says, the sole cause of this loss of place, he will die of vexation if he be not allowed in some small measure to repair it. Bacon submits. Yet even in taking the strip of land he betrays the uneasy sentiment lurking in his heart. 'My lord,' he says, 'I see I must be your homager, and hold land of your gift; but do you know the manner of doing homage in law? Always it is with saving of faith to the King.'

And so all the story of princely munificence, of a noble estate conferred as a free gift out of disinterested love, vanishes like the dew of a summer morning. The black tale of the ingratitude that repaid such generosity is found on examination to be of equally unsubstantial materials. Events take their course. The earl quits his friend for new and more obsequious associates. The two separate, first only looking coldly at each other, ere long becoming political adversaries; the one to league himself with

foulest ruffians of the age in a plot against his queen, his religion, and his country; the other, through evil and good report, in spite of the menaces of power and violent prejudices of the vulgar, to fight a stern battle of exalted far-seeing patriotism. The drama proceeds. Essex, the scandal of his Irish campaign the topic alike of mart and tavern, is a fallen man. Rivals eye him with disdain. Parasites draw off from him. His brief bright summer-day is over; and in despair of ever recovering the lost position of honesty, he is already meditating fresh enormities of crime. How does Francis Bacon bear himself to the man who cast him off, scorned his wise advice, had been a stumbling-block to him in the road to honour? Why should he risk his fortunes to serve such a one?

"Bacon is not the man to ask. Seeing the Earl crushed without being charged, supposing him free from crime, he carries his plea of clemency to the throne. Often in the Queen's closet, on public duty, he seizes every opening for this plea. Never had such an offender such an advocate. Gaily, gravely, in speech, in song, he besets the royal ear. He kneels to her majesty at Nonesuch; he coaxes her at Twickenham Park. When she ferries to his lodge, he presents her with a sonnet on mercy; when she calls him to the palace, he reads to her letters purporting to come from the penitent earl. What Balingham dares not hint at from the pulpit Bacon dares to urge in the private chamber. Wit, eloquence, persuasion of the rarest power, he lavishes on this ungrateful cause. At times the Queen seems shaken in her mood; but she knows her kinsman better than his advocate knows him.

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Affairs grow brighter for the Earl. Good news come in from Dublin and the Hague,—news that Desmond has been taken, and Wexford pacified by Montjoy; that Vere and Nassau have fought a battle and gained a victory on Nieuport sands. The Queen's heart opens. When the Earl now begs for freedom, she more than ever inclines to hear his prayer. Cecil gets alarmed; putting Wright and Hayward under stern examination, he frames from their confessions an indictment against Essex, which, if half of it were proved, would assuredly send him to the block. But an advocate, stronger than Cecil, stands beside the Queen, who, in season as well as out of season, in the midst of a dispute on law, in the turn of an anecdote, in a casual laugh or sigh, searches and finds a way to her heart. One day she asks him about his brother's gout. Anthony's gout is sometimes better, sometimes worse. 'I tell you how it is, Bacon,' says her gracious Majesty; 'these physicians give you the same physie to draw and to cure; so they first do you good and then do you harm.' 'Good God, madam,' cries Bacon, 'how wisely you speak of physie to the body! consider of physie to the mind. In the case of my lord of Essex, your princely word is, that you mean to reform his mind, not to ruin his fortune. Have you not drawn the humour? Is it not time to apply the cure?' Another day she tells him the Earl had written to her most dutifully, that she felt moved by his protestations; but that, when she came to the end, it was all to procure from her a patent of sweet wines! 'How your Majesty construes!' says Bacon; 'as if duty and desire could not stand together! Iron clings to the loadstone from its nature. A vine creeps to the pole that it may twine.' 'Speak to your business,' says the Queen: 'speak for yourself, for the Earl not a word.'

Yet drop by drop the daily oil softens her heart. At length the Earl is at large; though as one to whom much has been pardoned, one who shall never again command armies, or even approach the court. Elizabeth will see her kinsman's face no more. Shall he go back to the Irish camp? 'When I send Essex back into Ireland,' says the Queen, 'I will marry you—you, Mr. Bacon; claim it of me!'

But affairs speedily take a turn when such pathetic mediation may no longer be continued. A mad outbreak of passion fills the measure of the Earl's offences, and for treason, the hideous character of which is not affected by the ludicrous impotency of the foolish villains who wished it success, he perished on the scaffold. No one presumes to say that traitor ever more richly merited the extreme punishment of the law. And yet Bacon, for his part in the trial of this miscreant, has been held up to opprobrium.

"Lord Campbell writes, and many others have written, as though it would have been right for Bacon to have shirked his part in this great act of justice. Yet this can hardly be his serious meaning. To put Bacon in the wrong, the objector must prove Essex to have been acting in his right. This, it may be safely asserted, they can never do. If all writers must agree that England was justified in crushing with swift stern hand this peculiarly hideous and unnatural plot, by what path of reasoning can we come to a conclusion that one of the Queen's counsellors, called to his duty by the crown, was not right?"

In Bacon's place, we must assume, that Lord Campbell would have done his duty as Bacon did. There is no second course for honest men. Bring the case down. Lord Campbell has had many clients,—men who have paid him fees far larger than the patch of meadow tossed to Bacon by the Earl. Imagine events arming the papal powers once more against England; hostile fleets off the coast; O'Donnell or M'Mahon at the head of a successful host in Connaught; Zouaves swarming in Cork; our colonies menaced with fire and sword; a gang of ruffians, spawn of the stews and prisons, abroad in London; the Queen's cousin of Hanover plotting with all those rebels and fanatics against her crown and life; a foreign league resolving to put down our free constitution and our Protestant faith; imagine, under all these circumstances of alarm, one of Lord Campbell's former clients, a man for whose personal character he felt no respect, and whose political conduct he held in abhorrence, joining with John Mitchell, Dr. Cullen, and the disbanded remnants of the Pope's brigade in open rebellion against the law, in rousing the dregs of the city, in shedding innocent blood at Churing Cross; would not Lord Campbell, under such provocations, do his duty as a lawyer and as a man?

This was Bacon's case. He owed nothing to Essex that could have tempted even a weak man to take the wrong side instead of the right side. He owed allegiance to his country and to truth. He was as much the Queen's officer, armed with her commission, bound to obey her commands, as her captain of the guard. He had no part in the Earl's crime, and utterly abhorred his means, his associates, and his ends. To have done more than he did in the conduct of this bad drama might have been noble and patriotic; to have done less would have been to act like a weak girl, not like a great man."

Having thus relieved his hero of the odium of contributing to his



patron's ruin, the biographer proceeds to dispose of the other counts in the indictment. We much regret being unable to follow his course step by step; but the texture of his work precludes us from doing so. To condense it is impossible; for it is itself a condensation of history. And it is not to our humour to mete out praise piecemeal to the separate parts of a work the scope and details of which we alike approve. That a lawyer such as Lord Campbell should, with the facts lying patent before him, have mistaken the nature of the proceedings against Oliver St. John, is nothing short of inexplicable. The case is in itself so simple that Mr. Dixon has little trouble with it. The affair of Edmond Peacham was different. The principal obstacle in the way of rightly estimating it was the absence of facts. Mr. Dixon's researches in the State-Paper Office and at Wells have supplied the deficiency; and from the fresh materials it appears that the simple speculative country parson, over whose sufferings Macaulay is indignant and Lord Campbell pathetic, was a convicted libeller, in whose defence no contemporary of his order could say one word.

To those who have studied with attention the original matter relating to Bacon's fall,—the charges of corruption brought against him by a faction the most corrupt that ever disgraced a court, the cases on which those charges were based, and “the confession of all the crimes laid to his charge,” as simple people call it,—the bribery question may seem one requiring only brief notice. Mr. Dixon, however, has thought, and wisely as we opine, otherwise. In that vague entity, the public mind, there exists a wide-spread belief that Bacon, in the eyes of his contemporaries, was stained with the same turpitude as that which would render execrable any judge who, in these days, should receive presents from the suitors of his court; and that, rather than face his accusers, Bacon, in his inability to clear his honour, admitted that he had for lucre perverted the streams of justice. Against the possibility of these most erroneous impressions continuing their hold on the ill-informed, Mr. Dixon takes the most elaborate precautions. Entering fully into the history of judicial payment by fees and presents from suitors, he shows how that system was well adapted to the age in which it began, although it had in Bacon's time come to be a source of unmixed evil, and a mark of general discontent. On the whole, we are inclined to think this the strongest part of the treatise. To the many it will be the *eureka* of a painful and perplexing problem. To the few it will be a noble commentary on that passage of the “Memoranda of what the Lord Chancellor intended to deliver to the King, April 16, 1621, upon his first access to his Majesty after his troubles:”

“There be three degrees or cases of bribery, charged or supposed in a judge.

The first, of bargain or contract, for reward to prevent justice.

The second, where the judge conceives the cause to be at an end, by the information of the party or otherwise, and useth not such diligence as

he ought to inquire of it. And the third, where the cause is really ended, and it is *sine fraude*, without relation to any precedent promise.

Now, if I might see the particulars of my charge, I should deal plainly with your Majesty, in whether of these charges every particular case falls. But for the first of them, I take myself to be as innocent as any born upon St. Innocent's Day in my heart. For the second, I doubt in some particulars I may have been faulty. And for the last, I conceived it to be no fault; but therein I desire to be better informed, that I may be twice penitent—once for the fact, and again for the error. For I had rather be a briber than a defender of bribes.

I must likewise confess to your Majesty, that at New Year's tides, and likewise at my first coming in (which was, as it were, my wedding), I did not, so precisely as I ought, examine whether those that presented me had causes before me yea or no. And this is simply all that I can say for the present concerning my charge."

Bacon never admitted more of the accusations than he here admits. The memorable "confession of guilt," which his biographers have made so much rout about, contains nothing more in the way of confession than these manly and affecting notes,—nothing that is not consistent with spotless purity of intention.

We must now take leave of Mr. Dixon. With that generous sympathy for noble deeds and men which has inspired him in his literary career to teach us how rightly to admire Howard, Blake, and Penn, he has again performed a manly and noble task. The dragon he has cloven down is no more. The lie no longer lives. Henceforth Bacon's fame is no matter for anxious gloom or ingenious speculation. The ground where he lies enshrined is for ever closed to contest. The case has at last been so stated that discussion on it can never again be reopened with any chance of altering the public verdict. No longer will good men fear to love him. Looking on his virtues, eternal in their dazzling beauty, even as his intellect is imperishable in power, no longer can the vicious boast of him as a familiar and a compeer.

## The Northern Muse.

KING OLAF was sad in his castle-home,  
 As he wander'd to and fro,  
 And sad on his ear fell the Norway foam  
 As it dash'd on the rocks below.

All sadly he look'd from the casement tall,  
 When he heard a soft sound ring—  
 A sound from without the castle-wall,  
 Like the thrill of a gold harp-string.

As the ship's mast springs again upright  
 While the tempest gathers breath,  
 So King Olaf felt his soul grow light,  
 And rise from the waves of death.

The harp-string trill'd forth yet once more,  
 A glory suddenly flew  
 O'er sea and sky and the mountains hoar,  
 And the green corn greener grew.

“ Who stands without,” King Olaf cried,  
 “ And strikes the gold harp-string ?”  
 “ 'Tis a stranger maiden,” a page replied,  
 “ A maiden as fair as Spring.

“ All lately she came, none know from where,  
 In a swift ship o'er the sea ;  
 And the strains she sings sound soft and rare,  
 Like the strains of a far countree.

“ She has sung by village and sung by town,  
 And eke by the greenwood-side ;  
 And beside the sea, when the sun goes down,  
 She oft sings at eventide.

“ Then the fisher-boy leans from out his boat,  
 And the fish within the sea  
 Draw near to her feet, and motionless float,  
 Entranced by her melody.

“ The forester halts in the greenwood deep,  
 His hound stands still also ;  
 And the wild deer, just about to leap,  
 Forgets where he would go.

“ The doves are mute within their nest ;  
 Still and silent is the jay ;  
 The falcons upon their poised wings rest ;  
 The white owl looks on the day.”

“ Haste, lead her here,” King Olaf said ;  
 “ Oh, lead her here straightway.”  
 Then swift before him stood the maid,  
 Blue-ey'd as a blue May-day.

But dark King Olaf's visage grew  
 When he saw how she was clad ;  
 Her mantle of serge had a russet hue :  
 “ O my page, you must be mad !

“ A Norway maiden this surely is—  
 A maiden of low degree ;  
 Small knowledge has this lorn maid, I wis,  
 Of the strains of a far countree.”

“ Thou wert simple, O King, to judge me, sure,  
 By the thread of my russet gown ;  
 See, the gold of my harp, it is more pure  
 Than the gold upon your crown.”

She struck her harp with a flying hand,  
 And King Olaf felt the roll  
 Of the soft sunshine of a heaven-bright land  
 Come swift upon the soul.

“ Sing, maiden, I pray thee,” King Olaf cried.  
 “ Nay, nay, that may not be ;  
 For the ear that leads to a heart of pride  
 I have no minstrelsy.

“ This homespun gown of russet brown—  
 O, it is full dear to me !  
 In village and town, and by dale and down,  
 'Tis known in thine own countree.

" 'Tis known, well known, in each lowly hut,  
 Where I dry the poor man's tear;  
 And the world's dread burden is all forgot,  
 And Heav'n itself seems near.

" At the village feast, to the wedding tune,  
 Thus I chant in accents blithe;  
 Thus I sit and sing when the sun of June  
 Flashes off the mower's scythe.

" Round the nodding gold of the harvest wains  
 Thus I lead the minstrelsy;  
 And thus with the gleaners in the lanes  
 Do I laugh in summer glee.

" And the pilgrim fresh in the morning light,  
 Or foot-sore on dusty eves,  
 Has heard my song, with a wild delight,  
 From among the dewy leaves.

" When the news is rung of Christ's joyful birth  
 In the quiv'ring steeple's chime,  
 'Neath the frosty stars on the snow-white cart,  
 I sing out my joyous rhyme.

" And there lives no peasant nor artisan,  
 Nor fisher upon the sea,  
 Who knows me not as the friend of man,  
 Both in joy and misery.

" And, King, listen now, if thy pride will bow  
 To kiss my robe's rough hem;  
 Oh, lighter perchance on your pain'd brow  
 Shall be your diadem."

There gleam'd a light from out her eyes  
 Which thrill'd King Olaf through;  
 He knelt, and kiss'd her robe's hem thrice,  
 And kiss'd her clouted shoe.

And as he knelt her robe fell down,  
 And radiance from her face,  
 More golden than his golden crown,  
 Fill'd all the shady place.

Like silver gleam'd her robe's white fold,  
Green cinctur'd at the waist,  
And waving wings of feathery gold  
Her angel shoulders grac'd

A smile of love-like rapture fled  
Through Olaf's darken'd brain;  
He blessed the saints, and bent his head,  
And then look'd up again.

A moment yet, in lustrous glow,  
She stood before him there,  
Then faded slow, and yet more slow,  
Into the viewless air.

The russet robe, the clouted shoes,  
They lay upon the floor,  
The vesture which the Northern Muse  
In her disguisement wore.

But echoes of her sweet notes yet  
By gentle hearts are heard,  
In concert with the rivulet  
And with the woodland bird.

And still about old castle-wall,  
Or ivied Gothic shrine,  
She murmurs in the waterfall,  
Or sighs beneath the pine.

And though within the noisy street  
She doth unheeded go,  
And in the roar of engines fleet  
Her voice sounds faint and low;

Yet not the less her notes shall rise  
Above the anvil's chime,  
And there shall swell into the skies—  
Fit pæan for our time.

WILLIAM STIGANT.

## The Father of the French Press.

IT is not easy to discover why Frenchmen crowd about the little closely-packed Boulevard watch-boxes; where women in snowy caps deal in evening journals. For, take up one of these gray little papers, and discover the interest in it if you can. It includes scraps of news, it is true; lively criticisms on opera or drama; the latest quotations of the Bourse; divers facts; and opinions on medicaments and cheap slop clothes, paid by the line. There is a slice of a highly-coloured romance in it, in which a nettle is called a nettle, and sometimes a little more. It comprehends, it may be, a foreign letter, which flirts about matters political, but touches them never.

“And is this a newspaper,” an Englishman asks—“this soulless, timid, uninformed square of tea-paper?” Even so; it is a journal of the Empire, costing three-halfpence, and sold by thousands from the site of the Bastille to the Arc de Triomphe. It is read eagerly by gentlemen wearing the after-dinner toothpick gracefully dangling from the mouth. The *concierge* has an eager glance at it before he carries it to monsieur on the fourth floor. The *café* waiter unwinds it from a stick at his first leisure moment, and becomes absorbed in its tittle-tattle. Ladies who have dined in Véry’s best *salon*, or who have enjoyed Barrière hospitality by the heights of Montmartre, thank their bearded husbands for it, while the Cognac is burning bluely upon the surface of the coffee. In *crémeries*, where students with empty pockets congregate; in pewter-countered wine-shops, where the *patois* of Brittany and of Marseilles pleasantly commingle; in black wood-sheds, where the Auvergnat works and screeches;—from garret to porter’s hole, from the Quartier d’Antin to the Montagne Ste. Genevieve, is this paper, call it *Patrie* or *Presse*, thumbed and devoured. It is by turns lively and grandiose. It gives to a fracas in the street the dignity of an historical event; but, then, on historical events proper it is, as a rule, silent. You may learn “the reason why” at a certain *bureau* in the Rue Bellechasse. Let us not sigh and complain, and bewail the lot of our French brothers, or that there is an evil eye shadowed by a cocked-hat ever glancing over the shoulder of the journalist. For who so gay as this same journalist, save his readers? It is the merriest dance in fetters we can call to mind. The jingle of the iron is sweet music, to which absinthe may be pleasantly sipped. The historian of this same journal, and of all French journals from Renaudot’s time down to this hour, calmly remarks that fetters are the proper accoutrements of the French journalist. Absolute liberty is incompatible with his prosperity. He sings well only in a cage. Open his door, and he chirrup and twitters in high regions, until he maddens all who hear his notes without method or harmony.

His wild song—we have no less an authority than that of M. Hatin—destroys the equilibrium of Frenchmen. Then we may fairly suppose that the evening journal now served from the Boulevard watch-boxes, in every paragraph of which the scratch of the Imperial eagle's claw is apparent, is a mixture as strong as Gallic nerves will bear. There are wide diversities of the human race. While one begs for more water in the tea-pot, another calls for tea, green and plentiful. If our neighbours can swallow only the weakest brew, we cry, *Tant pis*, and pass on.

French journalism has, however, a strange history. It took its rise at the commencement of the seventeenth century, with other presses in different parts of Europe. Guttemberg's invention had been long familiar to men, when, in the early part of 1631, Renaudot with his *Gazette* elbowed his way before an astonished public. Richelieu was at hand to take advantage of Renaudot's venture. This father of French journalism had a monopoly of all gazettes and political squibs. Richelieu made the monopolist his creature. The cloud of pamphlets, libels, satires,—the storm of ink beating against and blackening every thing,—the Mazarinades, in short, disturbed the days of Renaudot and his *Gazette*. Then the indefatigable J. Loret, with his incessant rhymed news, which went jingling on through twenty years, held the public by the ear. As Renaudot was the father of the political journal in France, so was Loret the parent of the social literary journal, of that which is understood in France as "little journalism." From Loret's rhymes of the Fronde arose, in 1672, the *Mercure Galant*. Gallant Mercury, if he can arise from his yellow sheet; if the worm have not eaten through every page of him to his heart,—may peep through nearly two centuries, and behold the wondrous progeny for which he is responsible. Let him dip his grisly head into one of the Boulevard news-boxes, and he will find children of his there by the dozen. There, packed together, lie *Figaro*, and *Charivari*, and the little loosely-clad *Zou-Zou*, and *The Thief*, with a chattering multitude of little sou voices, too many to command space even for their names. Will our gallant old Mercury shudder, withdraw his head, and fold himself up in his worm-riddled sheets upon the shelves of the Imperial Library, a quiet repose that will not ask him again to look upon his degenerate progeny? Or will he trip proudly back to his ragged catacomb, his lank face lighted with a smile? We confess that we are doubtful. But we know what Councillor Denis Sallo, the brave old scholar, would have to say to the *Zou-Zou*, with his farcical stories, his barrack humour, and his flavour of *camphre* and *caporal*. Sallo commands our respect as originator of the Scholars' Journal, the famous *Journal des Savants*, that has sown much good seed in the world. He is the grave and learned father of the literary press of France, whom Colbert wisely protected from the spite of his enemies. We are now introduced to the three fathers of that great intellectual operation which now covers France with printed thoughts adapted to all capacities,—to Arago in his observatory, and to the *garde champêtre* resting at the road-side. How, from the first efforts



of these men, the great press of France, that is as penetrating as Australian dust, reaching the darkest and farthest corners, grew from the Gazette, the Gallant Mercury, and the Scholars' Journal, is a story for stout octavo volumes, many in number, whereof I have five before me, by M. Hatin; to say nothing of the Red Journals described by a Girondin of 1850. But we may set up a landmark or two, if the time and space are wanting for an inch-by-inch survey. The parents of the press cried and whined to have their monopoly held by the force of the law. But there were greedy children of letters without who were too noisy and intrepid to be frowned away. Gallant Mercury's stronghold was scaled, and breaches were battered into it, and all kinds of strange flags were planted around it. The *Petites Affiches* were tantalising as gnats, and like gnats came in swarms. The *Journal de Paris* arose, and made itself heard daily. Not without grave apprehension did the great ones of the earth perceive this setting-up of independent flags. The law dealt rigorously with them while they were in weak hands; but borne by clouds of partisans, what could the law do save make way for them and treat them civilly? An impetuous, turbulent, and most aggressive army had Renaudot and Company brought into the world. The government made difficulties when still fresh comers asked to set up a flag, whereupon the frontiers of France bristled with quills, and journals were sent to Paris from foreign cities. But still the army of quills threatened, and still the law fell back. In 1704, was not the *Verdun Journal* printed in Paris? The law kept the ghost of its monopolising power by winking at a falsehood. The Journal of Verdun became a grave Paris newspaper. All these papers were but chronicles—reports. Government would have no critics while its arm was strong enough to hold the rod over them. The political journals were but the mouthpieces of authority, singing the airs of the man in authority, on pain of death. But the literary journals found a means of speaking freely; and by all kinds of ingenious devices, coteries of men arose to lead rival publications. The *Année Littéraire* warred long and well with the Encyclopædists. Then Ninguet, with his trenchant arm, cleverly posted himself behind book or pamphlet, and from this secure retreat stung and crazed economists and Encyclopædists, the Academy, and the Bar. The ingenuity of the invading host of writers was too strong for the frightened government. It put its back to the wall, and made a manful stand at every advantageous point; but the thrusts of the Encyclopædists were too keen and too frequent to be resisted. It brought pens to do battle for the throne, and to help the priests to master and trample underfoot the audacious philosophers. The police interfered. Imbecile courtiers believed that these philosophers would be routed, like brawlers in a street-fight, by the appearance of the police. But menaced in open day, they had recourse to dark corners, where clandestine journals (the more savage because they could be passed about under the table only) struggled forth, with barbed epigram and seditious song: not often of the kind Mrs. Grundy would

consent to read over her tea and muffins. Time, it seemed to the clandestine satirists of king and priests, would be lost in flinging roses at the enemy, in the hope that the little thorns behind might puncture him. Guttemberg, with his clumsy moveable types, had lived to make a new order of things possible upon earth; and of this new order of things they were born to be the preachers.

How varied and ingenious, as the fight thickened, were the forms the opposing armies took! Abbé Prévost's "For and Against;" the Jansenists' "Ecclesiastical News;" the Jesuits' famous *Journal de Trévoux*; the publications conducted by Desfontaines, Geoffroy, and Fréron; and lastly, the "Spirit of the Journals" (that included the cream of all of them), published at Liège;—all floated upon the growing tempest, and still agitated their power to heighten the waves. *Ephémérides*, annals written upon a white table by the supreme pontiff; *Acta Publica*, or *Diurna*; *Nouvelles à la Main*; *Notizie Scritte*,—these were pale bald chronicles whereof it was no longer question. There was a greed for news abroad, and an impatience to learn the "For and Against" that could not be defeated. The lion that had licked the hand of power so long had brought blood at last, and was a dangerous beast thenceforth. Men had come to know somewhat of their neighbours, and they were impatient to know more. Religious wars—the wars between Protestantism and Catholicism, so lavish of blood in Holland and Germany—had carried men's eyes over the walls of their native city. Guttemberg had helped partisans to disseminate the knowledge of their doings. Slips of printed paper, hidden in the lining of a cloak or under a saddle, carried news far and wide. By these slips French Protestants were informed of the triumphs of their co-religionists in Germany. These slips of printed matter gradually included various events of public importance; and so the modern journal grew out of a demand for news. Just as a village-street grows along a high-road, then spreads at right angles, until it becomes a town, with a hall and a mayor with a gold chain and mace,—so has the European newspaper grown from the dimensions of a snuff-paper to that of the *Times* broadsheet. From the chroniclers to "our own correspondent," with the electric telegraph at his elbow and the steam-engine at his command, there is a long journey. The discovery of America and the invention of printing were narrated to the Parisians of the fifteenth century in slipshod verse by Georges Chastelain and Jehan Molinet. But this slipshod verse naturally led its readers to ask for more wonders—for more news from foreign parts. The news-mongers of the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, and the Luxembourg, who drew crowds about them under the trees, were a race that supplied a want, or helped to supply it. They drew amply upon their imagination when facts failed; they pretended to have access to all kinds of committee-rooms; they made generals victorious, and toppled ramparts like packs of cards. Montesquieu said of these mongers of news, that "they had bridges of their own over every river, secret roads over every mountain,

immense powder-magazines in burning sands ; they lacked only common sense." The earliest numbers of the Gallant Mercury described them, and sounded their knell. They had fallen into disrepute. "The occupation of newsmonger makes a man ridiculous," saith the Dictionary of Trévoux. Yet rich men kept a newsmonger, as they kept a valet. The newsmongers presently took to writing their news in manuscript journals, which were kept at clubs, in great numbers. But more remarkable than the newsmongers, who chattered in the Tuileries and other public places, were the intrepid men who carried the redoubtable *Nouvelles à la Main* about, defying military and police. The Prince of Condé declared that they were an irremediable evil. Twelve were thrown together into the Bastille, and still these hawkers of scandalous and seditious news sold their illegal bits of paper. One of these hawkers was flogged in the centre of the Pont Neuf, in 1663, for having composed and written "gazettes." *Gazetier à la Main* was written upon the unhappy man's chest and back, that the populace might know all his infamy. The culprit was only a penny-a-liner in advance of his time. Another suffered the amputation of his nose by the sword of the Marquis de Vardes. But there were still buyers of these news-slips ; and while the market existed, Bastille or no Bastille, men would be found to supply it.

In the early years of the seventeenth century, however, a young doctor arrived in Paris, who was destined to deal a fatal blow at news-slips, news-mongers, and club manuscripts of tittle-tattle.

Théophraste Renaudot was a man of inquisitive mind, quick to perceive improvements, and bold in the adoption of them. As a doctor he distinguished himself by bearding the Faculty of Paris, and by adopting new remedies for certain ailments, which he gave gratuitously to poor patients. He was made Commissary-General of Poor Invalids by Richelieu, who saw that he had an original man under him. Renaudot had a tender heart, and did good service to the poor, not only as a doctor, but also by establishing the first *Mont-de-Piété* in Paris. He turned from this good work ; he founded an office where merchants could learn the addresses of other merchants, and hold meetings. Here is the germ of the 500,000 addresses of to-day, and the foundation of the many address-offices which have subsequently flourished in France. From this idea Renaudot moved gradually to the definite conception of a newspaper. He heard gossip from all parts of Paris in his address-office, and he had a friend (D'Hozier, the famous genealogist) who was in constant communication with distant provinces. These sources of passing knowledge made Doctor Renaudot a gossip of the most attractive description to his noble patients. Presently he was tempted to write a few copies of the news he collected, and spread them in various directions. But the demand soon exceeded the supply, and the doctor went boldly to the printing-press.

M. Hatin gives Renaudot credit for having founded the first French newspaper on honourable principles ; but he declines to admit its amusing

qualities. It is probable that the sagacious doctor, when he found himself forced into print, put forth news with a more timid hand than he had shown when he was merely amusing sick men. He aspired to make his newspaper not merely so much gossip, but a political organ and authority also. Richelieu gave him readily the authority he needed; for the statesman saw at a glance the use which an organ "inspired" by the government would be. It is believed that the first number of the first French newspaper appeared on the 30th of May 1631.

The first article was dated from Constantinople, the 2d of April. It informed the good people of Paris that the King of Persia was besieging Dille, two days' march from Babylon, with fifteen thousand cavalry and fifty thousand infantry. The Grand Seignor had commanded all his janissaries to repair, on pain of death, to him. Notwithstanding this grave business, the Grand Seignor continued to wage war against murderers by choking them with smoke. The first five numbers of the *Gazette* contained no Paris news. The good doctor was probably feeling his way with his somewhat perilous venture. In his sixth number, however, he ventured to inform his countrymen that the king and his court were drinking the mineral waters of St. Germain; and that the fine edition of the Bible, in nine volumes and eight languages, was in progress—a work in which he invited all nations to take part.

From month to month, from year to year, Renaudot enlarged his scheme. During twenty-two years he worked at his desk; and in reply to the base calumnies with which he was assailed, and the low jeers which met him at every turn, he gave the lofty replies of an honest man whose conscience was quiet. His preface, addressed to the public with the first volume of his *Gazette*, manifests a dignified spirit of independence, and an anxiety to adhere strictly to truth, which might be read with advantage in many publishing offices of Paris at this date. He declared that his *Gazette* would gain only strength from resistance, that it had this of the nature of a torrent, that it would grow with opposition. He makes bold to remind his readers that he does not "Monseigneur" all great people, because these titles are well known to the vulgar, and need not be repeated. He entreated that all his correspondents would send the naked truth to him; and at the same time he bade upstarts beware, and told them that he would parade their names in his columns until they had done something worthy the regard of their countrymen. There is, indeed, a print of the old man in the Imperial Library. The *Gazette* is seated upon a bench, her robe sprinkled with tongues and ears. Falsehood, unmasked, scowls at the *Gazette*; while Truth courts the *Gazette's* attention. On the right is Renaudot, crier of the court. People press about him, and offer him money; but his face is turned from them, and he will none of their bribes. To the left are representatives of various nations, who bring letters and news to the *Gazette*, singing in the *Gazette's* honour the while. Pleased with his success, Renaudot produced a monthly abstract of his *Gazette*, in which great events were treated with historic gravity.

The great Richelieu sent him contributions; and even the king revenged himself on his spouse by furnishing Renaudot with important revelations. Supplements and extraordinaries were natural offshoots of the doctor's print. All this in the midst of troubles, libels, and lawsuits. He was denounced as a usurer and a charlatan. The good he did, as doctor to the poor, was brought in evidence against him. When the king died, he was for a time in peril; for he had offended the Regent. But his native honesty and his consummate tact saved him; and Mazarin became as firm a friend of the *Gazette* as Richelieu had been. This new favour only heightened the fury of his enemies. His children were persecuted, the privacy of his home was held up to ridicule. The Faculty of Paris led the most furious attacks against him, with Guy Patin at their head. But he stood in the pillory bravely, and died in harness, still with his noble face fronting his ignoble foes.

The father of the French press may not be disturbed in days like these. *He* look into the newsvendors' cabins on the Boulevards of the second Empire! Why, the look of horror and disgust that would settle upon his face would send the white-capped denizens into convulsions. Renaudot was a rough, perhaps inelegant, journalist; but at least his hands were clean.

## Two Rocks.

A STERILE rock beneath a torrid zone,  
 'Gainst which the wild waves ever beat and roar,  
 A despot fettered to that barren shore,  
 Uncrowned, unkingdomed, friendless, and alone:  
 His name o'ershadowed and his glory gone,  
 His sun set in disgrace, to rise no more:  
 Such the World's cynosure in days of yore.  
 'Neath kindlier aspect is a rock now shown,  
 Fanned by soft winds in Nature's sunniest clime,  
 Claiming as lord Italia's noblest son.  
 The names of both shall live for endless time,  
 With Saint Heléne is linked NAPOLEON:  
 Caprera's name shall ring in verse sublime  
 Where GARIBALDI rests, his deed of duty done.

EDMUND YATES.

## The Kalewala.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

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To a certain class of modern philologists, no poem in the world is more familiar than the Kalewala, the long epic, which is to the mythology and traditional lore of the Finns what the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer are to the heroic story of ancient Greece. It is the source from which nearly all the information connected with the religious creed, the moral notions, the customs, and the domestic details of a most remarkable race is to be obtained. If we would know how the Greeks of the heroic age prayed, fought, eat, drank, sported, and clothed themselves, we turn to the pages of Homer. If we would obtain similar knowledge on the subject of the Finns, we consult the Kalewala.

Though the traditions of the Finnish heroes are possibly as old as those of Achilles and Ajax, the arrangement of them into a continuous poem is a work of very recent date. No Wolfian controversy will arise respecting the construction of the Kalewala, for it is not more than twenty-five years since the Peisistratid who first put together the isolated songs, or Runes, published the result of his labours. Fragments of Finnish poetry, collected from the oral traditions of the people, had already made their appearance, though even the first important collection of these, which was made by Dr. Zacharias Topelius, dates no further back than 1822. An attempt made by Professor Becker, some ten years before, to arrange a few of the songs in consecutive order is just worth mentioning, because it probably suggested to Dr. Lönnrot the notion of making the same experiment on a larger scale. But it is with Dr. Lönnrot that the existence of the epic as an epic, with the title "Kalewala," begins. He published it in thirty-two Runes,—that is to say, books or cantos, for the word, which previously denoted an independent poem, now sinks into little more than a sign of division, though here and there, it must be confessed an abrupt transition occurs, to which a parallel would not be found in the Iliad or the Odyssey. In 1849 a second edition of the Kalewala was published, likewise under the superintendence of Dr. Lönnrot, containing fifty cantos and nearly 23,000 lines. It is this edition that philologists have in view when they quote from the Kalewala, unless they expressly refer to the earlier publication.

Although, as I have said, the Kalewala is familiar to a certain class of philologists, that class is scarcely a drop in that ocean of humanity, the British public. Hence, humbly relying on the assistance of the great Finnish scholars Castrén and Schiefner, I venture to narrate a curious cycle of legends that will be perfectly new to thousands, though the units may accuse me of telling an oft-told tale. In a word, I give the story of the Kalewala.

The poem begins with a cosmogony of the kind which we find in the mythological traditions of many races. An allegorical female, called the Daughter of the Air, finds herself in a fair way to become a mother, through the influence of the wind while she is disporting on the surface of the water; but her expectations are so far from speedily fulfilled, that she floats about for 700 years before she increases, or rather commences, the population. In this condition, she offers a prayer to the supreme deity Ukko; and a duck at last appears, and builds upon her knee, which it takes for a mountain, a nest, in which it lays six golden eggs and a seventh of iron. When the eggs have been sat upon for some time, the Water-Mother (as the maiden is now called) feels a painful sensation of burning, and shakes them off, so that they fall into the water. The shells form the upper and lower vaults of the universe, the yolk becomes the sun, the white is coagulated into the moon, some particles are converted into stars and clouds. Raising her head above the flood, the Water-Mother herself creates the various divisions of the land and sea, a touch of her hand forming promontories, her head hollowing out gulfs, and so on. Thirty more years, however, elapse before she gives birth to the son, who is growing weary of his confinement, and is no other than the hero of the poem, Wäinämöinen. At last, rushing into the world by his own exertion, he plunges headlong into the water, where he remains eight years, and ultimately settles on a barren island.

Remaining several years more on this spot, he grows weary of its unfruitful condition; but is at last comforted by a beneficent deity, who is represented as a slender boy, and bears the two names, Pellerwoinen and Samsa. Pellerwoinen sows and plants liberally, and the bare earth is clothed with vegetation, to the great delight of Wäinämöinen, who is, however, disappointed at the non-appearance of the oak. In a few days the deficiency is supplied: the hay which has been made by five "water-maidens" is set on fire by a giant, who rises from the flood, and an acorn is found among the ashes. The oak that now grows proves a source of mischief; for it is so tall, and its branches are so close and wide, that it arrests the passage of the clouds, and shuts out the light of the sun and moon. Wäinämöinen, greatly shocked, calls on his mother for assistance; and in answer to his invocation a little man appears, no taller than his thumb, and clad entirely in copper. He laughs at the diminutive stature of the apparition, which replies by suddenly growing to a colossal height, and felling the oak with three strokes of an axe. The earth now enjoys the blessing of light; and the fragments of the tree, which are borne in all directions by the waters, endow with miraculous powers those who are so fortunate as to find them.

Wandering about, Wäinämöinen finds on the shore of the "Blue Sea" seven grains, which he is going to sow in a woody district, when he is warned by a bird that his labour will be in vain, if he does not first clear away the forest. He accordingly fells all the trees, with the exception of a single birch, which he leaves as a resting-place for the

birds. This consideration for the feathered tribe pleases the eagle, who has watched the operations of Wäinämöinen, and he kindles a flame which reduces all the trees and the brushwood to ashes. Wäinämöinen now sows the seven seeds, which he has carefully enclosed in skins, at the same time piously addressing the goddess of the earth and the celestial deity Ukko :

“Ancient goddess, who art dwelling  
 In the depth, the great earth-mother ;  
 Let the turf put forth its vigour,  
 Let the soil exert its forces.  
 For the pow'r in earth that dwelleth  
 Well I know will never fail me,  
 If the daughters of creation  
 With their kind assistance bless me.  
 Earth, awaken from thy slumber,  
 Thou domain of the Creator ;  
 Let the many stalks thou bearest  
 With a thousand ears grow fruitful,  
 Through my labour, through my sowing.  
 For my toil is very heavy.  
 Ukko, thou great God above me,  
 Thou, O Father, in the heavens,  
 Who amid the clouds art dwelling,  
 And canst guide them at Thy pleasurc,  
 Oh, direct them, in Thy wisdom,  
 From the north, and from the north-east ;  
 From the west, too, send them hither,  
 And before them come the south wind.  
 Send the rain from Thy high heaven ;  
 Let the heavy clouds drop heavy,  
 That the ears may rise in vigour,  
 That the grain may cheerly rustle.”

Wäinämöinen's prayer is granted, the seed grows, and spring is upon the earth, heralded by the cuckoo, who, asking why the birch-tree is left, is thus answered by Wäinämöinen :

“Cuckoo, I have left this birch-tree  
 As a place for pleasant warbling ;  
 Let thy voice be heard, O cuckoo,  
 Freely sing from throat melodious,  
 Sweetly sing with voice of silver,  
 Sing at morning, sing at evening,  
 Sing amid the heat of noontide,—  
 As a blessing to my labour,  
 That the wood may better flourish,  
 That the corn may be abundant.”

Wäinämöinen now passes an agreeable life on the plains of Kalewala, singing day and night such sublime songs about the origin of all things, that his fame reaches the ears of Joukahainen, a Lapland youth, who, moved by envy, resolves to defeat him in a vocal contest. In spite of the entreaties of his father and mother, Joukahainen sets off for Kalewala in a magnificent sledge, and in three days meets Wäinämöinen, likewise in a sledge, on the road. The sledges come into collision, and the dispute which ensues resolves itself into a trial of wisdom. Joukahainen



begins by singing various platitudes and trivial facts, which being heard with scorn by Wäinämöinen, he takes a higher tone, and laughingly asserts that he was one of the creators of the universe. Indignant at this falsehood, and contemptuously refusing a challenge to fight with swords, Wäinämöinen sings in his turn, and to such purpose that Joukahainen gradually sinks into the earth, while his sledge and his garments are subjected to the most fantastic transformations. In this predicament, the rash youth attempts to regain his liberty by successively offering to Wäinämöinen a pair of marvellous bows, a couple of useful messengers, two horses, caps full of gold and silver, quantities of corn; but all in vain, as the conqueror asserts he has enough of such possessions already. When, however, Joukahainen at last offers his sister Aino, Wäinämöinen, delighted at the prospect of obtaining so fair a wife, at once releases him, and he goes home in very desponding condition to his parents. His sister is equally grieved at the thought of leaving her father's home; but the old woman, his mother, is rejoiced that she will obtain a son-in-law of such renown.

Aino's dislike of old Wäinämöinen (he is called "old" even before his birth) is increased by some gallant speeches with which he accosts her, while she is gathering branches in a wood for the purpose of making brooms. She runs home in an agony of grief, in which her mother does not at all participate; but, on the contrary, advises her to make herself as smart as possible, and in particular to put on certain golden girdles and blue gowns that were made by the Daughter of the Moon, from whom in her youth she received them as a gift. Aino refuses to be consoled, but puts on the fine clothes, and flies from home to avoid the hateful marriage. On the third day after her flight, while she is lamenting on the sea-shore, and preparing to take a bath, a stone on which she attempts to sit rolls into the water, and she sinks with it, bewailing her own untimely end. Various animals perceive the accident; but neither the bear, the wolf, nor the fox will quit their usual occupations to carry the bad news to her parents. The melancholy office is performed by the hare; and such is the remorseful grief of Aino's mother, who justly regards herself as the cause of her daughter's decease, that she not only weeps so violently as to wet through all her garments, but her tears form three great rivers. In every one of the rivers is a cataract, and in each of these is a hill upon which stands a birch-tree, on the top of which three cuckoos are singing.

As for Wäinämöinen, he no sooner hears the fate of Aino than he resolves to recover her, and calls upon an obscure dreaming deity (a sort of Morpheus), named Untamo, to show the abode of the water-goddesses. A certain woody island is indicated, to which Wäinämöinen at once proceeds in a boat, and commences angling in the ordinary fashion. Soon he hooks the most beautiful fish he has ever seen in his life, and prepares to cut it up with his knife; when it leaps back into the water, and reproaching him for his want of discernment, confesses that it is Joukahainen's sister, who, in altered mood, had come to be his wife, but is now lost to him for ever. Wäinämöinen is overwhelmed with grief, less perhaps at the loss of the

lovely Aino than at the thought of his own stupidity, which he feels is increasing with advancing years. If his mother had been alive, he thinks he would have acted more wisely; and the old lady, hearing his complaints in her grave, advises him to seek consolation\* by wooing another maiden in the north.

In conformity with his mother's advice, Wäinämöinen sets off for a village in the northland, but is waylaid by Joukahainen, who still harbours his ancient grudge. Shooting at him with a bow of exquisite workmanship, he twice misses him; but the third arrow wounds Wäinämöinen's horse, and the rider falls, to be carried away by a hurricane into the boundless waters. Joukahainen, dooming his enemy to float unceasingly for eight years, returns exulting to his mother; but she hears him disapprovingly, and tells him that he did an ill deed in shooting Wäinämöinen.

After swimming about several days, Wäinämöinen feels the same uneasiness that might befall any ordinary mortal, pondering with himself whether he is most likely to end his days by hunger or by drowning. He is rescued by an eagle, who, still mindful of his benevolence in leaving the birch-tree intact for the repose of the birds, takes him upon his back. His position, however, is not materially improved, as he is placed by the eagle on a remote northern coast, whence he sees no prospect of returning. A beautiful girl hears his lamentations from the opposite coast, and tells what she has heard to Louhi, the "hostess" of Pohjola, as she is called, who, fetching him in a boat, brings him to her own residence, where she hospitably offers to entertain him with boar's flesh and salmon. With such delights he will have nothing to do, but pathetically demands to be taken back to his own country, Kalewala. Louhi promises to comply with his request, if he will make for her a certain machine, called the Sampo. He answers that he is no smith himself, but undertakes to send an able craftsman, named Ilmarinen; and he is accordingly allowed to depart in a sledge, with the information that the hand of Louhi's daughter will be given to the manufacturer of the Sampo. On his way homeward the maiden of Pohjola is sitting on a rainbow, weaving a web of gold and silver. He invites her to descend into the sledge, and go home with him as his bride, which she refuses to do if he will not perform a number of seemingly impossible tasks—peel skins from a stone, split a horse-hair with a knife, and so on. All these tasks he executes with facility till he comes to the manufacture of a sea-worthy boat without the employment of his hands or feet. An axe, guided by the malignant deity Lempo, wounds him in the foot while he is engaged in his work, and whole fields are covered with the blood which issues from the wound. In order to be healed, he enters the hut of an old man, to whom he describes, in a myth which we pass over with regret, the origin of iron, and its perversion from harmless to mischievous purposes. The blood is stopped by the force of

\* This incident is not to be reconciled with the miraculous birth of the sage; but the authenticity of the first Rune is doubtful.—J. O.

his own prayer, and the cure is completed by a salve which is made under the old man's auspices, and the elaborate preparation of which is most minutely described.

Wäinämöinen now resumes his homeward journey, and has no sooner reached the borders of Kalewala than, by the magical power of his song, he causes a pine-tree to spring out of the earth, and makes a moon and the Great Bear rest upon its branches, which are of gold and reach to the sky. When he arrives at his home, he pays a visit to the smith Ilmarinen, and tells him of the promise he has made in his name. The terrified smith declares that he will not go to the fearful land in the north; but his curiosity is aroused when Wäinämöinen tells him of the golden pine-tree; and he not only hastens with him to inspect it, but climbs to its summit, in order to fetch down the moon and stars. Through one of Wäinämöinen's magic songs, a wind now arises, which wafts Ilmarinen to the northern country, where he finds Louhi awaiting his arrival. She orders her daughter to deck herself in the most costly raiment, in honour of the expected bridegroom, whom she entertains liberally, and then explains that the Sampo is to be made of the feather of a swan, a small barley-corn, the wool of a sheep, and the milk of a cow. Ilmarinen declares his willingness to perform the required task, stating that by his hands the vault of heaven was fashioned. From the fire which he lights in his forge proceed a bow, a boat, a cow, and a plough, all of fair appearance but of mischievous properties, as if to typify the abuses of the implements most necessary to civilised life, and they are all cast back into the fire by Ilmarinen. After three days' hard work on the part of the smith and some assistants whom he engages, the Sampo is made, and turns out to be a miraculous mill, which from its three sides grinds forth corn, salt, and money. Louhi is delighted to possess this wondrous machine, and places it in a copper mountain for security; but her daughter refuses to wed the smith, on the plea that she is unwilling to leave her home, and Ilmarinen is sent back unrewarded to Wäinämöinen.

The thread of the narrative is now interrupted by the appearance of a new hero, the wild youth Ahti, also called Lemminkäinen and Kaukomieli, who falls in love with Kyllikki, a beautiful maiden resident at Suari; and is not to be deterred from paying his court to her by the fact that she has already refused the sons of the sun, the moon, and a star; nor by the warnings of his mother, who represents that the maiden is of too high origin to justify any hope of success, and will only treat him with scorn. He proceeds to Suari, where he is at first the laughing-stock of all the girls; but he engages himself as a herdsman, and by his proficiency in dancing soon wins the heart of every maiden save Kyllikki, in visiting whom he wears out a hundred boats and as many oars. All other means proving hopeless, he forcibly carries the proud beauty off in his sledge while she is dancing with some young companions. After a slight altercation, however, she consents to become his wife; and he takes her home to his mother, who is overjoyed to receive them.

On their journey the lovers have each made a vow—Ahti that he will never go to war, Kyllikki that she will never participate in a village dance. Ahti piously keeps his vow; but one day, while he is absent fishing, Kyllikki indulges in the prohibited pastime. Informed of the trespass by his sister Ainikki, Ahti resolves to leave Kyllikki, and seek the famous beauty of the North as his bride. Before he departs he throws against the wall the brush with which he has smoothed his hair, and tells his afflicted mother that it will shed drops of blood if any harm befalls him. Fully armed, and firmly confiding in the protection of the god Ukko, he reaches the land of his destination, and surprises an assembly of magicians by stepping into the midst of them unnoticed by their watch-dog. By the power of his song he annihilates them all, except a blind old man, whom he spares on account of his worthlessness and insignificance. He now demands of the hostess of Pohjola, who was among the magicians, the hand of her daughter; but she disdainfully refuses to comply with his request, unless he will catch the elk of the malignant deity, Hiisi, who, learning his danger, makes a living elk of dry wood. The chase of this animal is attended with the greatest difficulty; but Ilmarinen, invoking the aid of the woodland deities, Tapio and his family, overcomes every obstacle, and brings the spoil in safety to the “hostess.” Louhi, however, refuses to give up her daughter till Ahti has also bridled Hiisi’s horse. This task he likewise performs, with the assistance of the celestial god Ukko, who arrests the flight of the wild steed by a violent hail-storm; but Louhi now orders him to shoot one of the swans on the black river of Tuoni, the ruler of the infernal regions. This third task proves fatal. The blind old man, whose life he spared, sees him approach the river, and avenges his insulting mercy by shooting at him a water-snake, which penetrates his shoulder. Ahti falls into the stream of death, and is hewn to pieces by the son of Tuoni.

The blood that appears on the brush informs Kyllikki and Ahti’s mother of the disastrous event. The mother betakes herself to the hostess of Pohjola, who at first professes utter ignorance of Ahti’s fate; but ultimately, terrified by the menaces of the mother, confesses that she has sent him after one of Tuoni’s swans. Pursuing her investigations, the mother, after inquiring in vain of the trees, the winds, and the moon, at last learns from the sun where the body of the youth is to be found. She accordingly commands the smith Ilmarinen to make for her an enormous rake, and with this implement fishes up the pieces of the corpse from the depths of the infernal river. These she joins together, and with the assistance of Suonetar, the goddess of veins, and of a salve which is brought by a bee from the altar of the Supreme Deity, she restores her son to life and vigour, and takes him safely home.

This episode ended, we return to Wänämöinen, who is making a boat for another expedition, with the assistance of Pellerwöinen, who fells an oak to supply him with the necessary material. The boat, however, cannot be completed without the knowledge of three magic words; to dis-

cover which Wäinämöinen slaughters various animals, hoping to find them in their brain. His research proving fruitless, he resolves to visit the awful realm of Tuoni, whose daughter, on hearing his story, takes him in a boat across her father's river. The arrival of a living person in the regions of the dead is a marvellous event, and Wäinämöinen is hospitably entertained, and laid to rest in Tuoni's own bed. To prevent his return, three members of Tuoni's family make a large net, which is laid across the river; but the art of Wäinämöinen is superior to such an obstacle, and he slips through the meshes in the form of a worm.

The words, however, are still unknown, and Wäinämöinen is advised by an old shepherd to learn them from the mouth of a sage named Wipunen, to reach whom he must travel on the points of a needle and sword, and the edge of a battle-axe. Ilmarinen makes an iron suit to qualify him for this adventure; and though he finds Wipunen dead, with trees growing out of his remains, he removes these impediments, and wandering about the huge mouth of the corpse, slips down his throat. However, by making his iron raiment into an anvil, and doing smith's work upon it, he so grievously torments Wipunen, that, notwithstanding his defunct condition, he insists, with a torrent of imprecations, on his immediate departure. But Wäinämöinen will not go till the object of his journey is attained; and Wipunen at last sings a wondrous song about the origin of things, in which the desired words are contained. Furnished with these, Wäinämöinen leaves his singular place of sojourn, returns home, finishes his boat, and sets off for Pohjola to try his fortune with the celebrated maiden. As he passes along, he is seen by Ilmarinen's sister Annikki, who asks him whither he is going. He first endeavours to put her off with a series of falsehoods,—a very common practice with Finnish heroes,—but at last confesses the truth; upon which Annikki hastens to her brother, and demanding the manufacture of sundry trinkets as the price of her communication, tells him that Wäinämöinen is endeavouring to steal a march upon him. Accordingly Ilmarinen, thoroughly washing himself, and putting on his best clothes, sets off likewise for Pohjola in a magnificent sledge, and soon overtakes Wäinämöinen. The two old friends agree that they will not quarrel, nor endeavour to carry off the maiden by violence, but fairly leave her to the exercise of her own free will in the choice between them. When they both reach the place of their destination, they are kindly received, and Wäinämöinen, who shows how he has manufactured the required boat from the distaff, would be gladly accepted by Louhi as a son-in-law, while the daughter prefers the young-looking and handsome Ilmarinen.

The persevering smith now makes up his mind that he will not be deprived of his just reward, and tells Louhi that until the maiden is given to him he will not taste another drop of mead. The hostess of Pohjola begins to impose new conditions. In the first place, Ilmarinen must plough a field of snakes; and it is fortunate that he now has an auxiliary in t . . . . . m that the feat may easily be

performed with a plough of gold and silver, which he accordingly manufactures, likewise making for himself a raiment of iron. When he has done his work, he is ordered by Louhi to bring Tuoni's bears and wolf; and is secretly advised by his beloved to forge the requisite chains upon a stone placed at the junction of three streams. Performing this second task, with the aid of Terkenetar, goddess of mists, who conceals his approach from the animals, he is now enjoined to catch a large fish in Tuoni's river without employing a net. By the council of the girl, he makes an eagle of fire with iron claws, which with some difficulty catches the fish, and only gives the head to Ilmarinen, reserving the body as a prize for itself. Louhi is somewhat dissatisfied at receiving only a part when she expected the whole; but she no longer withholds her consent to the union of Ilmarinen and her daughter; and Wüinimöinen goes home gloomily convinced that he is too old to play the part of a suitor.

Great preparations are now made for the wedding: a bull of colossal dimensions is slaughtered; beer is brewed in vast quantities, the origin of brewing being the subject of a mythical episode, narrated by one of the personages. All that is wanted is a singer; and to supply this deficiency, Louhi invites every possible person, far and near, with the single exception of Ahti, whose turbulent disposition she thinks might work some mischief; and Wüinimöinen takes a conspicuous part in the festival, through his well-known gift of song. Other songs are sung by less distinguished personages, setting forth the duties of the bride and bridegroom in their new life; and the feeling is evidently predominant that maidens act unwisely in quitting the home of their parents to encounter the troubles incident to the married state. At last Ilmarinen leaves the northern country with his beautiful wife, and safely reaches his home, where his mother is anxiously awaiting his return. A magnificent banquet is prepared to celebrate the happy issue of the hazardous wooing, and the chief singer is again the unrivalled Wüinimöinen, who extols the hospitality of the hostess and the worth of the bride and bridegroom. On his way back to his own residence, the sledge of the poet is broken; but he makes for himself a new one, using for the purpose a tool which he fetches from the dark realm of Tuoni.

The daring Lemminkäinen or Ahti now appears once more. Having heard of the wedding-feast at Pohjola, he has resolved, though uninvited, to make one of the party, and sets off, in spite of his mother's warning, for the wondrous country in the north. Three obstacles which he finds on his road he triumphantly overcomes: a fiery eagle is tempted by some feathers of the heath-cock, which he has found on the road, to allow him to pass unmolested; a fiery gulf is crossed by a bridge, which he makes of the ice, produced from the rain sent by Ukko, in answer to his prayers; a ravenous wolf is appeased by some wool which he carries in his pocket; and Pohjola is reached in safety. He finds it guarded by a railing of iron, round which serpents are twining; but he cuts a passage with his knife, and reaches the gateway of the hostess's residence. This is guarded

by innumerable snakes; but he disperses them by singing a myth, in which he describes the origin of their race.

When he joins the banquet, Ahti is received with all the discourtesy that an uninvited guest might expect. He is ordered to sit at the lower end of the table, and neither beer nor provisions are brought for his refreshment. When he remonstrates against this inhospitable treatment, he is regaled with miserable fragments, and with beer of the worst quality, in which, moreover, he discovers snakes and other reptiles. These he fishes out of the can by a regular process of angling, and destroys with his knife; after which he drinks the liquor, and offers to pay hard money for further entertainment. The host of Pohjola (hitherto a much less conspicuous personage than the hostess) answers this proposal by causing a pool of water to appear before the feet of Ahti, who by a counter-spell conjures up a bull, that drains it to the bottom. The host raises a wolf to oppose the bull, and Ahti, on the other hand, evokes a hare to damp the appetite of the wolf; the host sets a dog to hunt the hare, Ahti attempts a diversion with a squirrel, which is attacked by a marten, which is chased by a fox, which is arrested in its progress by a hen, which is confronted with a hawk. Tired of this magical duel, the host at last challenges Ahti to a combat with swords, which is fought outside the banqueting-hall. Ahti strikes off the head of his antagonist, and seeing a row of spikes covered with human skulls, places it on the only one which has been left vacant. To avenge the death of her husband, Louhi, by means of incantations, summons all her people to the spot; but Ahti, who escapes with difficulty, by changing himself into an eagle, returns safe, though in a very sullen mood, to the residence of his mother.

Feeling, however, that he has exposed himself to no small peril by incurring the anger of the northern people, Ahti, by the advice of his mother, leaves his home, and departs in a boat to a secluded spot, taking with him sufficient pork and butter to suffice for two years. As he approaches the place of his destination, he is kindly received by a company of damsels, who tell him that he may hide himself in safety, and are astounded at the power of his song, which causes trees to spring from the ground, and works divers other marvels. Assuring them that he can sing even better under a roof than in the open air, he is conducted to a hall, which he immediately stocks with all sorts of dainties. Pleased with his new quarters, Ahti now leads the life of an Oriental voluptuary, making all the women of the place his mistresses, with the exception of one poor girl, who is deeply mortified by his neglect. In compliance with the earnest solicitations of this slighted beauty, he proceeds by night to her residence, and as he passes through a number of villages, perceives that all the men are armed for his destruction, his mode of life having proved less agreeable to the male than to the female part of the population. It is clear that he must at once quit his pleasant abode; and as his boat is reduced to ashes, he manufactures a new one out of a very

scanty supply of wood, and takes leave with many tears of his countless mistresses, whose grief is fully equal to his own. A storm that arises on the third day shatters his frail vessel, and he swims to a promontory, where he is received by a hospitable dame, who not only gives him abundant refreshment, but furnishes him with a new boat, in which he at last reaches his own country. But a scene of devastation meets his eye. His residence is destroyed, and his mother is not to be found till after a long search, when he discovers her in a little hut situated in the midst of a forest. She informs him that the desolation he has witnessed is the work of the people of Pohjola, who invaded the country in his absence, and anxiously asks him how he passed his time. He gives a glowing description of the place, and is particularly urgent in making his mother believe that he has had no intercourse with the women.

Going to the spot where he has left his boat, Ahti finds that sensitive vessel bitterly weeping at the inactive existence it is about to endure, and resolves on another expedition against Pohjola, in spite of the renewed remonstrances of his mother. This time, however, he takes with him an old companion in arms, named Tiera, or Kuura, notwithstanding the objections of Tiera's family, who state that he is newly married. On their way to Pohjola their progress is arrested by the spells of Louhi, at whose command the genius of Frost converts the sea into a sheet of ice. Ahti himself is nearly frost-bitten; but he terrifies the genius with his menaces, and at last returns home with Tiera, on horses which, in the plenitude of his grief, he has magically created.

The course of the narrative is now completely interrupted, and a new hero, named Kullerwo, is introduced into the story. Two brothers, Kalerwoinen and Untamoinen, harass each other by sundry petty annoyances, till at last Untamoinen, raising an army, destroys all the people of Kalerwoinen, with the sole exception of his wife, whom he takes home as a captive, and who gives birth to a child in the house of the conqueror. This child, who is called Kullerwo, is extremely precocious, and promises to become the avenger of his father. Attempts are made to exterminate him by drowning, burning, and hanging, but all prove fruitless; and when he is employed in various branches of labour his exertions are only mischievous to his employer, who, hopeless of turning him to any useful account, sells him to the smith Ilmarinen for a few old iron implements, supposed to represent his full value. By his new master, Kullerwo is employed as a herdsman; and the song in which he prays the gods to protect the flocks intrusted to his care may almost be regarded as an independent idyll. However, he soon becomes dissatisfied with the manner in which he is treated, especially when he finds in the middle of a very indifferent loaf a stone so hard that it breaks his knife, a relic of his father. To avenge this wrong, Kullerwo abandons his cattle to the bears and wolves, and making for himself a pipe out of a cow's horn, leads the wild animals to his master's residence. Ilmarinen's wife, who thinks the cattle have returned home, and goes out to milk them, is torn to pieces by a wolf



and a bear. Such is the miserable end of the northern beauty, for whose sake so many toils have been undertaken, and who may be considered the Helen of Finnish legend. Kullerwo then wanders about the world bewailing his forlorn condition, and resolves that his next exploit shall be an attack on his uncle Untamoinen; when he meets an old woman who informs him that both his parents, together with his two sisters, are living in a small hut situated on a remote promontory of land. The information is correct, and he lives for some time with his father and mother; but being found incompetent in any department of labour, he is at last sent out in a sledge to pay certain dues in a remote part. On his road he makes the acquaintance of a girl, whom he seduces, and who turns out to be his own sister. She drowns herself on making this horrible discovery; and he returns to his parents in an agony of despair, only dissuaded from suicide by the solicitations of his mother. He now resumes his project of making war upon Untamoinen, and takes leave of his family amid the tears of his mother and the revilings of his father and the rest, which he repays with interest. Before he has proceeded far, he learns from successive messengers that the whole family is dead. At the sudden decease of his mother he is greatly shocked, while on learning the fate of the others he expresses unmitigated scorn. With a magic sword, which he finds on his road, after addressing a prayer to Ukko, he exterminates the people of Untamoinen, and returns to his desolate home. At last, weary of his existence, he kills himself with his sword on the very spot which has witnessed the dishonour of his sister.

We are glad to reach the end of this disagreeable episode, and to return to our old friend Ilmarinen, who is plunged into grief through the loss of his wife. To console himself, he attempts to make a new spouse of gold and silver. First he produces a sheep, then a foal, and ultimately a beautiful girl, whom, however, he can but half animate, and consequently bears as a gift to the wise Wäinämöinen, who will have nothing to do with a golden maiden, expressing his refusal in terms which seem intended to point a moral against avarice. Ilmarinen now betakes himself to Pohjola to woo the second daughter of the hostess. As the unhappy result of his first marriage causes him to be unfavourably received, he forcibly carries off the girl in his sledge; and, finding that, while he was asleep on his way home, she has shown herself more gracious to another admirer, changes her into a sea-mew. To Wäinämöinen, whom he meets shortly afterwards, and who asks him news about Pohjola, he answers that the land is in a prosperous condition through the beneficial operation of the Sampo. The old sage proposes that they shall set off at once to Pohjola to take possession of the invaluable machine; and accordingly Ilmarinen manufactures a new sword, and they find a horse, which takes them to the sea-shore. Here they find a boat which is mourning its inactive existence, and is not only launched but provided with a male and female crew, by virtue of the song of Wäinämöinen. However, in spite of all the exertions of the mariners, it will not move onwards till Ilmarinen

himself puts his hand to the oar, when it proceeds merrily along, Wäinämöinen performing the duty of steersman. As they are passing a desolate promontory, they are hailed by Ahti, who is almost starving, and whose request to join the expedition is immediately granted. Praying to the gods for assistance, they pass in safety over a dangerous waterfall, but soon find their course impeded by an unknown obstacle, which proves on examination by the sharp eyes of Ahti to be a pike, in whose shoulder the boat is stuck fast. Ahti, who endeavours to cut a passage, tumbles into the water, whence he is rescued by Ilmarinen, who, in making a similar experiment, breaks his sword against the fish. Wäinämöinen, more successful, thrusts his sword into the throat of the pike, and lifts it out of the water; when it falls to pieces, the tail sinking to the bottom and the head remaining in the boat. This is cooked by the girls in the boat; and Wäinämöinen makes of the jaw a harp, which they take with them to Pohjola. No one can play this instrument with efficacy but the sage himself, who charms gods, men, beasts, birds, and fishes with the beauty of his song; and weeping at his own music, sheds innumerable tears, which, collected by a blue duck, are at once converted into pearls. On their arrival at Pohjola, they enter the well-known hall, and propose to the hostess a division of the Sampo. She rejects the proposal, affirming that the machine is indivisible, whereupon Wäinämöinen unreservedly declares his intention to take it entire. Louhi summons her armed men to destroy the intruders; but they are all lulled to sleep by the song of Wäinämöinen, and their slumbers are prolonged by the "arrows of sleep," which the sage carries in his pocket. The party next approach the copper mountain in which the precious Sampo is kept, and the door is loosened by the song of Wäinämöinen; while, to prevent unseemly creaking, the hinges are greased by Ilmarinen, who effects an access to the treasure. Ahti is appointed to take the Sampo; and it is at last removed with the assistance of a strong bull, who ploughs away the roots that fastened it to the ground, when it is conveyed in safety to the boat. On their way home with their prize, Ahti presses Wäinämöinen to sing. and being met with a constant refusal, begins to sing himself, whereby he so greatly terrifies a stork, that the bird flies to Pohjola, and with its violent shrieks awakens Louhi and all her sleeping heroes. The old lady, highly enraged at the loss of the Sampo, implores the aid of the goddess of mists, who embarrasses the travellers with a thick fog, through which, however, Wäinämöinen cuts a way with his sword. The boat is now nearly capsize-d by Iku-Turso, a water-deity, at the instance of Louhi; but his head is seen above the waves by Wäinämöinen, who immediately seizes him, and only releases him on the solemn promise that he will never again make his appearance. A violent storm is the next peril; but this is stayed by the prayers of the heroes, who, however, are much afflicted by the loss of Wäinämöinen's harp, which falls overboard, and becomes the prey of the chief water-deity.

Not content with this indirect mode of warfare, Louhi now equips a

vessel filled with warriors, which gives chase to Wäinämöinen and his companions. The old sage stops the progress of the enemy by flinging into the sea a splinter of flint and a scrap of tinder, which are at once converted into a large reef, against which the Poljola vessel strikes. Louhi herself now rushes into the midst of the engagement, assuming the form of a gigantic eagle, and bearing all her warriors, whom she rescues from the wreck, upon her wings and tail. On seeing the approach of this terrible bird, Wäinämöinen again proposes a division of the Sampo, which is again refused; and a sharp conflict now ensues, in the course of which all the warriors are shaken from the wings and tail of the eagle, who, with the single claw that is left her, snatches up the Sampo. It falls to pieces; and the larger fragments sink to the bottom of the sea, where they form the treasure of the water-god, while the smaller float ashore, to the delight of Wäinämöinen, who predicts that they will bring a blessing to Finland. To the enraged Louhi, who threatens to shut up the sun and moon in a rock, and to spoil Wäinämöinen's harvest by wild-beasts and inclement weather, he answers in a tone of pious confidence:

" If I trust in my Creator,  
 If I build upon the highest,  
 From the foe He will preserve me,  
 From the evil one my corn-field,  
 That the seed he may not injure,  
 That the growing ears he spoil not.  
 Oh, thou hostess of Poljola,  
 Hide the wicked in thy mountain;  
 But the sun, the blessed moonlight,  
 Ne'er by thee shall be imprisoned."

Louhi feels that her power has gone, and she returns home disconsolate, with nothing but the cover of the Sampo. Wäinämöinen, on the other hand, collects the particles which have floated ashore, and places them on a woody island, that they may produce rye and barley, the former for bread, the latter for beer.

Having brought this adventure to a happy issue, Wäinämöinen now feels the want of his harp; and having persuaded Ilmarinen to make for him a long rake, sets out in a boat and rakes the whole sea, in the hope of finding the instrument. His search proving fruitless, he makes for himself a new harp of a birch-tree, which he strings with the hair of a lovely girl, and once more sings a song which entrances every living creature.

In the mean while Louhi, hearing of the prosperity of Wäinämöinen, is consumed with envy, and resolves, if she can, to work more mischief. The arrival at her house of Loviatar, the youngest and worst daughter of the infernal god Tuoni, provides her with new weapons; for her horrible guest gives birth to nine sons, who are so many personified diseases. These are despatched to molest the people of Kalewala; but the sick persons are healed by the medicines and prayers of the sage, who especially addresses himself to another daughter of Tuoni, called the "daughter of pain," imploring her to put all the maladies into a vessel, bear them to the top

of a mountain, and after boiling them in a small kettle, to thrust them through a chink in the mountain side. The implacable Louhi next sends the bear to devastate the flocks of Kalewala; but Wäinämöinen, favoured by the sylvan deity Tapio, captures the animal while it is sleeping in a wood, and taking it home, skins and eats it with great solemnity. It is worthy of observation that the bear, while treated as an enemy, is accosted with all the terms of endearment that might be addressed to a favourite child, were it not for the expressions of veneration that are mingled with the blandishments, as this marks the very equivocal position which is held by the animal in the Finnish mythology.

Indulging in the exercise of his musical talent, Wäinämöinen, on one occasion, plays so beautifully on his harp, that the sun and moon come down and settle on two lofty trees; thus enabling Louhi to fulfil her most singular threat, for she carries off both the luminaries to Pohjola, and encloses them in a rock. Not only is Kalewala thus plunged into utter darkness, but the supreme god, Ukko, is himself embarrassed by the unwonted gloom. To remedy the deficiency, he kindles a fire, a spark of which he puts into a purse embroidered with gold, which he shuts up in a silver box. This is given to a maiden, who is enjoined to shake it until a sufficient flame is produced for the creation of a new sun and moon. The clumsy girl heedlessly allows the spark to escape, and it descends to earth with a tremendous crash, attracting the attention of Wäinämöinen, who sets off with Ilmarinen to ascertain whence the new light issues. Coming to the bank of a river, they proceed in a boat which Ilmarinen furnishes on the spot, and are met by Ilmatar, the "daughter of air," who informs them that the fallen spark, after doing a great deal of mischief, at last fell into the water, where it was swallowed by a fish of the salmon kind. The salmon was tortured by pain till it was swallowed in its turn by a salmon-trout, to whom all the pain was transferred; a pike, who swallowed the salmon-trout, is the last on the list of sufferers.

The capture of the pike is now resolved upon, and Wäinämöinen, after vainly using a net woven of bast, learns from the conversation of the fishes with each other that nothing but flax will answer the purpose. This is not easily to be obtained. The roots of two trees are pulled up, and the required seed, found in the vicinity of a terrible reptile, called "Tuoni's worm," is sown among the ashes of a boat that has been destroyed by fire. It thrives well; and the net is at last made by Wäinämöinen's people. After many fruitless attempts the fish is taken, with the assistance of a little man, who rises out of the waves, in answer to a prayer addressed to the marine deities. When the prey is carried on shore, Wäinämöinen hesitates about touching it with an unarmed hand; but the "son of the sun," who overhears his misgivings, states his readiness to do all that is required, if he is furnished with a knife. No sooner has he spoken the words than a knife falls from heaven, which the "son of the sun" dextrously uses, extricating the salmon-trout from the body of the pike, and the salmon from the body of the salmon-trout. In a ball of thread,

which is found inside the salmon, the spark is discovered, and almost immediately escapes, singeing the beard of Wäinämöinen, more seriously burning Ilmarinen, and laying waste the country wherever it goes. However, it is again found near the root of a tree by Wäinämöinen, who this time takes it safely home in a copper vessel, so that Kalewala is no longer without fire.

However, the people are still in great distress through the loss of the sun and moon; and Ilmarinen, yielding to their supplications, at last makes a new moon of gold, and a new sun of silver. [It may be remarked, that the Finns, in this respect contrary to other nations, seem invariably to associate silver with the sun, and gold with the moon.] The manufactured luminaries, placed each on the summit of a tall tree, do not give the desired light; and Wäinämöinen fancies that no good can be done till they have ascertained the place in which the real sun and moon are concealed. By a process of divination, accompanied by prayer to the Creator, he learns that they are concealed in the copper mountain of Pohjola, and pays another visit to that country, changing himself into a fish when he comes to a river that stops his progress, and finds that there is not a boat at hand to carry him over. A party of warriors, who, fully armed, are prepared to receive him in the celebrated hall, he hews to pieces with his sword; and proceeding a little further, comes to a green island, where he finds a block of stone standing on a birch-tree, and supporting a rock, which is furnished with nine strongly-barred doors. Splitting the stone asunder, he perceives a company of snakes drinking beer, and at once destroys them; but finding himself utterly unable to open the doors in the rock, returns home empty-handed, and in a very ill humour, to hear the reproaches of Ahti, because he did not take him as a comrade. However, he applies to Ilmarinen to make for him a dozen keys, and some other implements; and the smith, while he is engaged on his work, is surprised by the appearance of a hawk at his window, who, accosting him in flattering terms, asks the nature of his occupation. He answers that he is forging an iron ring to put about the neck of the hostess of Pohjola; whereupon the bird, who is no other than Louhi in disguise, flies back to the north, and having released the sun and moon, returns to Ilmarinen in the form of a dove, to report what has been done. The smith, going out of doors, perceives the sun and moon shining in the sky, and hastens to communicate the good news to Wäinämöinen, who hears it with infinite delight.

In the last, the fiftieth, Rune we are suddenly introduced to a beautiful maiden, named Mariatta, who is obviously intended for the Virgin Mary. In spite of the injunctions of her father and mother, she refuses either to milk the cows or to ride in a sledge, and prefers to lead her lambs to pasture. The cranberries invite her to pluck them, and one that she is forced to knock off with a stick ascends to her mouth, and goes down her throat. In consequence of this seeming accident, she gives birth to a male child, which, to her great grief, vanishes while she is

fondling it upon her knees. Wandering about, she inquires of sun, moon, and stars where she can find her lost son, and is told that he is the Creator of them all. Through information of the sun, she discovers her darling immersed to the shoulders in a deep marsh, from which she extricates him. He grows up in great beauty; and his mother asks Wirokannas, the person who killed the bull for Ilmarinen's wedding feast, to sprinkle him with water as a blessing. Wirokannas refuses to perform the office without higher authority; and Wäinämöinen, to whom the mother is referred, decides that the child ought to be destroyed. The sage is reproved for his folly by the boy, and Wirokannas performs the office of baptism, pronouncing the child King of Carelia. Wäinämöinen, deeply grieved, sails off in a copper boat, which takes him to a region situated between heaven and earth. His harp he leaves behind him for the delight of his people.

Thus ends the epic of fifty books, written in a metre, which the *Hiawatha* of Professor Longfellow has made familiar to the Anglo-Saxon public, and which closely resembles that of the dialogue in the Spanish plays, save that the ear is never relieved by a pause on a final long syllable. The whole poem flows on in an uninterrupted course of trochees, which, almost painfully monotonous, according to our feelings, is congenial to the Finnish race. So fond is the Finn of a trochee, that if he adopts a monosyllable from another language, he affixes a short termination to bring it to the desired form. "Hat," for instance, he calls "hattu;" "sack" he calls "sakki."

The story given above will, I think, be found complete, with the exception of those independent myths which are sometimes told by the personages in the course of the tale, and which, as their omission does not leave any gap in the narrative, I have for brevity's sake merely indicated or entirely passed over. But the peculiarity of which I have given no idea, is the fondness for minute description which characterises the Finnish poet, who in this respect closely approaches Homer, while he stands completely aloof from the bard of the *Nibelungen Lied*, who, absorbed in the contemplation of his heroes and their prowess, has scarcely a word to bestow upon accessories. As an instance of this peculiarity, I give the following description of the manner in which Ilmarinen was equipped by his sister Annikki when he went a-wooing to Pohjola :

"Then she fetched his pliant stockings,  
Which his mother once had knitted,  
That his shins might be well covered,  
That his calves might be enveloped;  
Then his shoes, that neatly fitted,—  
Dainty boots, which he had purchased,—  
Did she put upon the stockings,  
Which his mother once had knitted  
Then she gave him his blue garment,  
'oloured underneath like leather  
On his shirt of finest linen.

Next a coat of coarser texture  
 Did she four times wrap around him,  
 O'er that garment, blue in colour,  
 Which was newest of the newest,  
 Next she cast a fur, with buttons,  
 With an hundred gay adornments,  
 O'er the coat of coarser texture,  
 Which a finer cloth encircled.  
 Then about his hips his girdle  
 Did she bind, with gold embroidered,  
 Which her mother's needle work'd once,  
 While she helped her in the labour.  
 Then the gloves of wondrous pattern,  
 Gloves with fingers and gold edges,  
 Which the Laplander had fashioned,  
 On his well-shaped hands she fitted.  
 Then the cap she brought, which trembled  
 As it pressed his golden tresses ;  
 'Twas the cap his father purchased  
 When in youth he went a-wooing."

The reader will have no difficulty in understanding how a poem written on this principle can be spun out to any given number of lines. However, it is to this prolixity of description that the Kalewala owes much of its value as a record of the details of Finnish life.

To attempt any conjecture as to the veritable import of the Kalewala,—as to the nucleus of truth, moral, historical, or theological, that would remain if it were stripped of its wild fancies,—would be an act of ridiculous presumption, as the profoundest investigators of the subject are still in the profoundest darkness. There are certain features, however, which may be pointed out, and which may lead the reader to make reflections for his own benefit.

Throughout the whole poem a contest is carried on between the races of Kalewala and Pohjola; the former represented by the three heroes, Wiinimöinen, Ilmarinen, and Ahti, the latter by the witch Louhi. Some interpreters would find in this contest a mythical indication of the antagonism between good and evil. To this ethical solution of the fable Alexander Castrén shrewdly objects, that neither of the contending parties is sufficiently pure in intent or action to stand as the representative of perfect good. He would rather give an historical than a mythical interpretation to the long tale of the wooing of Louhi's daughter. Among the nations to which the story refers, it seems to have been an imperative law that a man could not marry a woman of his own family or clan. He must seek a wife beyond the wide precincts of his kinsfolk; and thus, as nearly all the clans were in a state of hostility, courtship was a matter of no small difficulty, while forcible abduction was in the natural order of things. The constant appearance of the heroes of Kalewala as suitors to the maidens of Pohjola, notwithstanding their detestation of the hostess, is therefore quite consistent with the manners of the people. Castrén is also of opinion that the opposition between Kalewala and Pohjola was sung when the Finns had not yet quitted their Asiatic birth-place. However,

as the poem at present stands, Kalewala may be taken as an equivalent for Finland, while Lapland is represented by Pohjola.

It is worthy of observation, that the martial virtues, which alone command the admiration of most primitive poets, are but lightly esteemed in the Kalewala. The only warrior in heart and soul is Ahti or Lemminkäinen, who always brings trouble on himself and every body else, and is manifestly an inferior being to Wäinämöinen the poet, and Ilmarinen the representative of the useful arts. Most of the battles are fought, not with sword, but with song; and wild as the magical contests may be, they still imply a belief in the superiority of intellectual endowments to the possession of brute force. With all its extravagance, the Kalewala is a wild song of civilisation; and Professor Longfellow imitated not only its metre but its tendency when he wrote *Hiawatha*.

The story of the mysterious machine called the "Sampo" is supposed by Castrén to be of more recent date than that of the wooing. The nature of the Sampo itself is a matter for boundless conjecture. Some regard it as a temple which perpetuates a deity; others look upon it as an ordinary mill. Whatever it is, it brings a blessing on the land in which it is placed, and this is a blessing of peace; the materials of which it is composed,—a swan's feather, a barleycorn, a flock of wool, and a portion of milk,—clearly pointing to the different departments of agricultural employment. Castrén calls attention to the fact, that in the pursuit of the Sampo the three heroes of Kalewala appear no longer as rivals, but as patriots united for the common good of their country. Might I venture to compare this expedition with the voyage of the Argonauts:—Wäinämöinen bears a strong resemblance to Orpheus; the nature of the fleece is not wholly dissimilar to that of the Sampo; Colchis, the land of marvels, has attributes in common with Pohjola.

The sentiment which most prevails throughout the poem is that of maternal affection, which is expressed even by the wicked Louhi, and most of all by the mother of the wild Ahti, who is constantly endeavouring to check her son in his reckless undertakings. However, the marriage state is clearly regarded as one of unhappiness to the wife, and the maid who leaves the home of her parents to dwell with a husband is evidently regarded as an object of commiseration.

The concluding Rune, in which the Virgin Mary is introduced, is obviously of recent invention; but it is nevertheless exceedingly curious, as marking the transition of a people from one religion to another. The gods of Greece were stigmatised as devils by the early fathers of the Church; but the old Finnish mythology is more gently treated. Wäinämöinen is not allowed to ascend to the Christian heaven, when the reign of the Redeemer is proclaimed; but he is still raised above earth, and his harp still remains as a relic of the blessings he conferred upon his race.



## Gold and Dross.

READER, have you ever heard of Halliday Hall? Very likely not. And yet, reader, it is one of the—may I say jolliest, without being considered fast?—well, yes, I *will* say jolliest old places in England; a big, rambling building, with no end of rooms, and not a bad, nor a dingy, nor a stuffy room among them, which is no small thing to say of any house, an old one especially.

It has a terrace that commands the finest view in the county, and a conservatory that beats those at Kew; and last year its Victoria Regias were larger and better grown altogether than any in the kingdom. Sir John Maurice is the owner of it. It has been in the family for years,—centuries,—and a capital old family, take them all in all, they were, are, and I believe will be, if there's any truth in the French proverb which says, *Bon sang ne peut mentir*.

Sir John Maurice may be somewhere about sixty; he stands six feet three without his boots; he is stoutish, erect as he was at five-and-twenty; with thick curling hair, quite white; a splendid face, a trifle weather-beaten; dark sparkling eyes; and not a tooth missing.

He is up at five in summer, six in winter; walks two miles before breakfast to bathe in the open sea all the year round; sleeps with his window open from January to December; rides to the foxhounds every time they go out, and, notwithstanding his size, his age, and his weight, he and his horse Goliath are among the very first in at the death. At great hunting dinners at Halliday Hall or elsewhere, he can drink more wine—habitually he is rather abstemious in the matter of drinking—than any man in the county; and when, for certain good reasons best known to themselves, most of the other guests eschew the drawing-room, or would do well to do so, he makes his appearance among the ladies as genial, as well-bred, as charming, as perfect a gentleman as he showed himself at breakfast in the morning.

A dear, fresh, wholesome old man; the best landlord, the best friend, the best father,—had been the best husband;—in short, the best gentleman to be met with any where in Britain or out of it.

The story of his marriage may stand as an example of what he was. At five-and-twenty he became attached to a beautiful girl, with a large fortune. He had not yet proposed, was in no way bound to her; when one day her father decamped, leaving wife, daughter, and creditors to shift as they best might; and about the same time the girl was attacked with confluent smallpox, which, the doctors confessed, could scarcely fail to disfigure her for life. Hardly was her life spared, when Sir John waited on her mother, disregarding all warnings as to infection, and proposed for her; and, as soon as matters could be arranged

after her recovery, they were married. Eventually Lady Maurice nearly recovered her good looks, and was as excellent a wife as he was a husband. After some years she bore him a son, and, when they were neither of them very young, a daughter,—Rosamond, the heroine of my story,—not very long after which she died.

The first ball that had been given at Halliday Hall since Lady Maurice's death took place on the occasion of Rosy's eighteenth birthday.

Young as she was, she was already opening out into a splendid specimen of womankind, tall and full and fair, with masses of nut-brown hair, and large violet eyes that looked at you steadily from under their deep white lids.

This was her first regular ball. How she enjoyed it, I don't know; but this I can state, that on entering her bed-room, when it was all over, she sat down, hid her face in her hands, and began to cry, sobbing, gasping, as only young people and strong men cry, and indulged—I use the word advisedly—in this exercise for about half an hour without interruption. Then she got up, undressed hurriedly, and went to bed.

Next morning, after breakfast, she came down late, when she knew her father would be gone to pay his matutinal visit to the stables. She went for her usual stroll in the gardens. It was a lovely day, though well on in September, and the beds were still bright with perpetual roses, calceolarias, verbenas, and geraniums.

But she passed them all by, and wandering off to one of the shadiest walks, began pacing up and down with an almost feverish rapidity.

Suddenly, as she came to the end and turned, she saw a figure entering the alley at the further extremity. Her first impulse was to dash in among the shrubs and escape; but a moment's reflection induced her to continue her course, though at a greatly slackened pace.

Meanwhile from the other end the figure advanced, meeting her.

A tall, slight, though firmly-built man, of about six-and-thirty; not in the least handsome, but with a grave, striking face, especially about the upper part, where a singularly earnest and piercing dark gray eye looked out from under a firm, broad, massive brow.

At last they met.

"I have been looking for you, Rosy," the new-comer said. "Child, how cold your hand is!" but he did not hold it in his to warm it, as he would have done yesterday, nor was his look or his voice the same.

For some seconds they walked side by side in silence.

"Rosy," he said at last, "I want to speak to you. Shall I say what I have to say now and here?"

She merely bowed assent.

"Rosy, I fear I have been mistaken in you, that you have been mistaken in yourself, and that we are both beginning only now to find it out."

"Oh, Stephen!"

"If it is so, we had better understand the truth at once. Rosy, I

would rather die than give you up, if I thought you loved me. But also I would rather die ten thousand deaths than marry you, if I knew you did not,—if I thought you only fulfilled our engagement from a mistaken sense of duty, to save me and to save your father pain. You are very young, Rosy, a mere child compared with me. I know the world, and women, and my own heart; and I chose you deliberately, and with full knowledge of what I was doing, and because I knew I could never love any other woman with the same love I had for you. Your case was different. It may have been that my devotion awakened in your perfectly inexperienced nature a feeling that you might easily mistake for love, but that was not love, as would be proved on the first occasion. I was very angry last night, Rosy. When I left you, I rushed out, walked off to the beach, and there I wandered about till daylight. I saw the sun rise, and the golden little waves ripple in with the tide, and the white cliffs become ruddy as the day came in. And in the face of all that eternal glory and strength and tranquillity, I felt the folly and the impotence of my anger, the vanity of struggling against what was to be; and by degrees I came to see things in their true light, and to say to myself what I have just said to you. Rosy, that man will never love you as I love you; it is not in him, and he is not worthy of you. I tell you so, not because I am jealous of him, but because I know it of a truth. Nevertheless, if you prefer him to me, and that I stand in the way of what you consider your happiness, Rosy,—let me say, *my* Rosy, if it be for the last time,—I give you back your freedom.”

“Stephen, O dear Stephen, how good you are to me! how little I deserve it! But indeed, indeed you only do me justice in thinking I have not been deceiving you. It was not till last night that I really knew I—I preferred Mr. Wilbraham. Oh, can you forgive me; can you bear it? Oh, what a change!—what a heart-break!—for papa, for everybody! I wish I never had seen Mr. Wilbraham. But I can’t help it, Stephen; you believe that?”

“Yes, Rosy; you never wilfully deceived me in your life, and I believe you have not yielded to this feeling without many struggles. Let them be over now. Shall I tell your father?”

“Will you? Oh, it will save me so much! But no! I have no right to save myself. No, dear Stephen, I will do it! What a wretch I am!—and you, what can I call you?”

“Your friend I shall always be, Rosy. Dear child, dear darling love of my heart! it seems like such a terrible nightmare to think that you are mine no longer! To think—after the delicious months of peaceful, happy, holy love, of tranquil security I have enjoyed—that all is swept away in an instant, and that I am to go forth alone, tossed hither and thither over the world’s tide, leaving to another all that I deemed so wholly my own. And I do not feel the worst or the fullest of it yet! Oh, Rosy, Rosy, it is *killing*! I thought I had made up my mind to bear it; but when I see you —!”

He passed his hand rapidly across his eyes, and Rosy sobbed aloud.

"Of course," he went on, after a pause, "I can't stay here and see it. To-morrow I shall go to town to wind up different matters, and in a week at furthest I shall be across the water."

"Where do you go, Stephen?"

"Heaven knows! if it could be 'any where, any where out of the world,' it would be all the better."

"You'll bid papa good-by?"

"Yes, yes, of course. I'll come to-morrow morning; you'll tell him in the mean time. And now, Rosy, best and only beloved of women, may God bless and protect you, and make you as happy with your new choice as I once fancied you would be with me! One kiss, Rosy,—the last of all the hundreds I have, in undoubting security, taken. Farewell!"

He strained her to his breast with a long and convulsive embrace, and without another word departed.

She stood some time on the spot where he had left her, bewildered by the suddenness of the scene, by the novelty of her position. For an instant her impulse was to call him back. Was it thus that was to end for ever an engagement she had, not many months back, willingly entered into with the man she had, almost from her childhood, esteemed above all others,—the dearest friend of her absent brother, the man whom her father regarded as another son? How he loved her!—how happy they had been together! Could it be indeed that a stranger, whose very name was unknown to her a month ago, could have thus changed her heart, broken her faith, made her untrue to all the associations of her life? But it was so. *L'amour ne se commande pas.* Alas!

Two months were gone by, and Rosy Maurice was engaged to Mr. Wilbraham.

The shock to her father of her rupture with Stephen Moreland, utterly unexpected as it was, had been even greater than she had expected; for he had set his heart on the match, which, in every point, except, perhaps, the difference of age, was an altogether unexceptionable one. But he was too sensible a man and too tender a father to fight long against the inevitable, and he at last yielded an unwilling consent to the new engagement, but with the proviso that a year should elapse before it was ratified.

"It will take longer than that to reconcile me to it," Sir John said. "I don't like the fellow, I hav'n't faith in him. He'd no business to make love to you when he knew, as every body did, that you were engaged to another man. I say nothing about *you*, Rosy; it'll take me many a year to get over *that*."

But now the old man, if not satisfied, was to a certain degree resigned to the match. He tried, for Rosy's sake, to like his future son-in-law, and as, in point of appearance, manners, family, and fortune, there was no fault to be found with him, he resolved to make the best of what he could not prevent.

Of course the lovers were happy; that it is hardly necessary to state. George Wilbraham was the very man to be the *beau idéal* of eighteen. Not one girl in a hundred is in the least to be depended on in her judgment of a man till she is some way out of her teens. A beauty-man, who rides and dances well, and who knows it, who is tolerably agreeable, and who has the manners of a gentleman, is safe to captivate the hearts, that is to say, to make a very strong (though perhaps by no means indelible) impression on the surface of the hearts of nineteen girls in twenty, before they have put ten and ten years together; not to talk of those who are susceptible to similar attractions for many years later.

And yet young love is so sweet and pure and natural a thing, that it is very hard to impugn it. Shall we despise spring's blossoms because they are not summer's fruit? Shall we frown on the gambols of you white lambs because they are not staid sober sheep, who have been shorn so often that they know the ways of men, and mistrust them?

They rode together, did our lovers; they drove together; they sang together in the long winter evenings, badly enough, and not always quite in tune; but with hearts in harmony, what did that signify? and George presented Rosy with the very smallest and most hideous Skye terrier that could be had for love or money,—the dog-fancier had had him from "a party" who had taken a mouth in compassing the stealing of him; and though Rosy hated Skye terriers and all ugly things, however costly, she got up a spurious affection for the creature, and tried to believe that in a big head, a thin neck, and a long lean body, lay the true line of beauty.

Were there ever times when Rosy remembered that with Stephen the conversation never used to flag, as it did now and then at present? that Stephen had no dread or horror of a wet day, and no sense of *ennui* under it? that he never was annoyed at trifles, and that, on the whole, though more than ten years older than George, his views of things in general were infinitely fresher, and brighter, and more hopeful, than those of that handsome young man?

I cannot say; but I know what Sir John thought on the subject.

However, it was Rosy, and not Sir John, who was to marry George, so perhaps it was not of so much consequence.

Rosy and her lover were riding one day among the lanes in the neighbourhood of Halliday Hall, unattended by a groom. In the hedge some singularly rich and beautiful clusters of holly-berries attracted Rosy's notice, and she expressed a wish to have them. George dismounted, gathered some sprays—not without maledictions on the prickles,—and having presented them to his lady-love, prepared to remount.

But the animal he rode, a nervous fidgety chestnut mare, taking some freak into her pretty head, set herself immediately in opposition to such a proceeding. No sooner did her master's foot approach the stirrup, than she wheeled rapidly round, repeating the action two or three times in succession. A dark fury passed over the young man's face, and gathering up the reins tightly, and swearing a fierce oath between his

teeth, he began kicking the mare's ribs till each blow sounded with the dull thud of a pickaxe in an old plastered wall.

"Oh, George, George!" Rosy exclaimed, in the distress of her tender heart; "oh, don't kick her so; it'll only make her ten times worse, and you may hurt her dreadfully. Oh, don't, I beseech you, George!" as a yet heavier kick resounded on the side of the plunging terrified creature, whose mouth was also bleeding from the pressure of the sharp bit.

"D—n her!" exclaimed George savagely; "I'll teach her to play me these tricks!" and kick, kick, kick went his double-soled boot into the mare's ribs again.

Rosy turned away her horse's head and rode homewards. In a few minutes she heard the plunging and panting of the mare behind her, but she continued her course without looking round. In another moment George was by her side.

He glanced at her furtively, and saw the tears wet upon her cheek. This, far from touching, annoyed him; but he knew not how to commence conversation. He was half angry, half ashamed, and wished to appear indifferent.

"I don't think she'll try that game again," he said. "I was determined not to give in."

"Not even when I entreated you," Rosy said, without turning her head.

"My dear Rosy, what can women know about managing horses! Besides, there's nothing like determination; it's no use to let yourself be bullied by man or beast. I never do, and I never will."

They rode home in silence. There was no singing that evening, and the hours passed heavily; every body was glad when bed-time came.

But next day George brought Rosy a bunch of roses that might vie with those of June, and made some sweet, and quite original, speeches about their being less fresh, less lovely, than *his* Rose; and so they kissed and made friends, and all was sunshine again.

Stephen had once given Rosy some trifling offence. He had not made her any peace-offering; but he had begged her pardon, acknowledged himself in the wrong, and promised never to repeat the error.

At Halliday Hall it had been the custom from time immemorial to greet Christmas in most hearty fashion. For some years after Lady Maurice's death the habit had been discontinued; but as his children grew up Sir John had resumed it, and this year a large party had been invited to stay in the house.

One morning Mr. Wilbraham strolled into Rosy's *sanctum*, where she always contrived, even when the house was fullest, to have a couple of hours to herself after breakfast.

He sat down by the fire, and began pulling her dog's ears, a resource he not unfrequently indulged in when out of humour or when conversation was slack.

"I say, Rosy, a deuced annoying thing has happened to me this morning."

"Dear George, what?" Rosy said, all sympathy.

"I've opened a letter that wasn't intended for me. It was for Wil-  
mingham; but the address was badly written, so they brought it me,  
and I opened it without looking at the outside; and though of course I  
didn't read it, I see it's from a woman."

"Well, but you told him, of course, how the thing was?"

"No, I didn't."

"You did not! What have you done with the letter?"

"Locked it up."

"Oh, George, why did you not give it to him at once, telling him of  
the mistake? Even if he had been a little annoyed, he'd have seen it  
was not your fault."

"I don't know. He's a deuced stiff punctilious fellow."

Rosy was struck dumb. To keep a letter addressed to another man,  
probably a letter of deep and delicate significance to him, through fear  
of provoking his displeasure by frankly owning the accident that had  
thrown it into the wrong hands!

When she spoke again, both her face and her voice were altered.

"George, the longer you wait to give the letter, the worse by a  
great deal it will be."

He made no reply, but continued to pull Fairy's ears till she winced  
and turned her round brown eyes on him piteously.

"George."

"Well?"

"Take the letter, there's a dear boy, and give it to Mr. Wilmingham  
directly."

"Oh, deuce take the letter! I wish I'd pitched it into the fire at  
once. I can't give it *now*. What shall I say for not having told him  
before?"

"George," Rosy said, with deliberation, but with a pale cheek and  
trembling hand, "it *must* be done!"

"*Must!* who says 'must'?"

"I do."

"And if I answered 'won't'?"

"Then we should part."

In violent agitation he rose, and took two or three turns in the room,  
muttering. Then he came back to the fire, and stood leaning on the  
mantelpiece. Rosy could not see his face distinctly, but she noticed the  
convulsive clench of his hands.

She softened her voice a little, but maintained its firmness.

"Will you do it, George?"

"Yes, I'll do it. But if you ever drive me into such a corner again—"  
Without finishing the speech, he dashed out of the room, and Rosy saw  
him no more in private for the rest of the day.

Nor did she desire to do so. Her confidence in him had received a  
shock it was impossible speedily to recover from, and while under the

immediate impression of it she felt she could not treat him as she was wont to do.

In spite of herself Stephen's words rose in her mind, "That man will never love you as I love you; it is not in him. He is not worthy of you."

And even were that the worst, but it was not; and Rosy shrank under the bitterest of all humiliations, that of the sense of shame in the man she loved.

Some days elapsed, and the lovers were still on a footing of coolness and half-avoidance,—on Mr. Wilbraham's part, more than half. Was he, then, sullen and resentful, in addition to his other shortcomings? Day by day, hour by hour, Rosy's bitterness of heart grew and strengthened. But still, to keep it from her father, she outwardly gave no sign.

But the climax of matters was yet to come.

A week passed by. Mr. Wilmingham was gone, and the lovers were, as far as appearances went, nearly restored to their usual footing, when one morning Sir John came to his daughter with an open letter in his hand.

"Very odd and very annoying this, Rosy," he said. "Wilmingham writes to me that a letter of importance, addressed to him here, has never reached him. He has made every inquiry, and has actually traced it to this house; but there the clue stops. I have questioned the servants, but every one denies all knowledge of the letter. And yet, you know, it must be one of them. What's to be done?"

Rosy sat with her back to the light, so that her father did not see the changes that came over her face.

"What day ought the letter to have reached Mr. Wilmingham?" she asked. She would hope while it was possible to do so.

"On the 23d,—yesterday week."

There was a moment's pause. Then Rosy got up from her chair, and stood beside her father.

"Papa, I know what became of the letter. Ask me nothing, I beseech you; only be assured there is no fault of mine in the matter. I will write to Mr. Wilmingham, and explain all. Leave me his letter. Dearest papa, you will trust me? Perhaps some day you may know every thing; but ask me nothing now."

Her father consented, and left her. The instant she was alone she sat down at her desk and wrote as follows:

"DEAR MR. WILMINGHAM,

"An accident has just brought to my knowledge the fate of your missing letter. At this moment I cannot tell you whether it has been destroyed or concealed, but as soon as I can ascertain the fact you shall know it.

"I can tell you no more now; and I appeal to you, as a gentleman, to ask me no further questions, and to believe that I am blameless in this matter.

"Yours sincerely,

"R. MAURICE."



She folded but did not seal the letter, and rang the bell.

"Tell Mr. Wilbraham I want to speak to him."

He sauntered in listlessly.

"Well, what's up now, Rosy; you want to speak to me?"

"Read these letters," she said, putting Mr. Wilmington's and her own into his hands.

He glanced at the signature of the first, and became livid.

"What have you done with that letter?" Rosy asked, her voice still unflinching.

"Burnt it."

"What are you waiting here for?" she said, after a moment's pause.

"Rosy, hear me!"

"I have nothing to hear from a coward and a liar. Go!"

He passed through the door, and they never met again.

Twelve months after Rosy and Stephen had parted, she wrote to him:

"DEAREST STEPHEN,

"A year ago I made a dreadful mistake. You were then the chief sufferer, my poor dear Stephen; but since then I have suffered horribly—yes! more than you could have done. There is no man living but yourself to whom I could write as I am now writing,—to whom, after treating him as I have treated you, I could say, Return to me; let the past be obliterated, and take me as the Rosy you loved a year ago. But I know you, and I know that twelve months of absence have not changed your heart, or made it forget or cease to love me, unworthy as I may have been of such a heart's love.

"So I come, Stephen dearest, in deep humility, to lay my fate in your hands, and to say that I am yours, if you will consent to take me.

"R. M."

Readers, I give you each three guesses as to the purport of Stephen's answer.

## Travels in the County of Middlesex,

WITH SHORT NOTICES OF THE ADJOINING PROVINCES.

### I.

FROM TEMPLE BAR TO KENSINGTON TURNPIKE.

HERO-WORSHIP—so long as it be offered up in moderation—is surely one of the most pardonable of human weaknesses. I pity the man who, at some period or another of his life, cannot be somebody's Boswell. To black shoes and carry coals are avocations, you may demur, unworthy any rank save that of servitor; but the best and bravest and wisest of mankind have been in their time Gregories, and have carried coals for some well-beloved Lord Capulet or adored Marquis of Montague, not churlishly and grumbling at the task, as does the ill-conditioned serving-man in the play, but with a frank and loyal free-will and singleness of heart. Was Boswell, after all, a toady? Is the *servante* in the French tragic drama—that devoted young woman who, when her mistress goes mad in white satin, invariably follows suit and goes mad in white muslin—actuated by toadyism or by heroine-worship? I confess, nevertheless, that I have my doubts about Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. That little incident of the pipes seems rather to impeach their sincerity; and if we come to analyse the particulars of their transactions with the Prince of Denmark, I am afraid that the conclusion must be arrived at, that these gentlemen were in the pay of Polonius, and but for that catastrophe behind the arras, which nipped all the crafty chamberlain's plans in the bud, would, at no distant date, have made their appearance as witnesses in a certain *case de lunatico inquirendo* before the Danish tribunals. But take Horatio. Surely he was no toady. He idolised Hamlet, that was all. He thought, you may be sure, that apostrophe to the skull in the graveyard the very finest piece of oratory that had ever issued from human lips. The prince's mania for moralising must have been a sore strain on the devotion of his friends. 'Tis no light task to have to act the part of Shadow during five long acts, and stand by respectfully attentive, wrapped in your cloak, and waiting for your cue, while your friend and master says fine things. But Horatio did all of this, and more. Had he been a toady, he would have made something in the end out of the rotten state of Denmark, and have curried favour with Fortinbras; but he disdained. He was more an ancient Roman than a Dane, —and more a Japanese than either; and seeing his lord fall, straightway ripped up his own doublet with his Andrea Ferrara, and performed the ceremony of *huri kari*, to the perpetual applause of the pit. Toadies don't kill themselves. When the king lies a-dying they rush off, making the antechambers resound as with thunder with their venal feet, to congratu-

late M. le Dauphin. They write the life of the hero they have toadied, and abuse him. Sganarelle in the *Festin de Pierre* is a toady and nothing more. The fellow, his wit excepted, is but a low fawning lacquey. When the demons take off his master, he begins to blubber about his wages. Had he been a hero-worshiper, he would have gone cheerfully down the trap after him amidst the sulphur and blue fire.

One of the prime vices of this age is a thin-skinned cynicism. We think it philosophical to be ashamed of our emotions. We cannot exercise discrimination even in sneering, and in our simulated abhorrence of toadyism lose sight of, or confound with it, a manly honest hero-worship. I admit that I should like, within proper bounds, to see this apotheosis of friendship revived. The worst of it is that the age won't believe you. If one tunes a harp and sets to warbling, *O Richard, O mon roi!* in a fine falsetto, the world accuses you of wanting a gentleman-usher or a yeoman-scullion's place. Why cannot a poet have a patron, and launch into his epic with "Awake, my POGRAM"—his lordship's title,—without being suspected of designs on a fat living, or an Inspectorship of Factories? It is as much if a great man's health can be proposed without the author of the neat speech in which it is proposed being charged with flunkeyism. All this springs from a want of Belief, and from the intolerable conceit of an egotistical generation. Every man is his own Boswell nowadays, and worships his heroic self. Sir Frederick Trench was the last of the hero-worshipers; and if Wellington had but spoken the word, I am convinced that the worthy baronet would cheerfully have thrown himself under the wheels of the car which conveyed Mr. Wyatt's monstrous bronze effigy from the Edgeware Road to Hyde-Park Corner.

Perhaps it is better as it is: you cannot fight against the world and live. If a man were as rich as Cresus or as powerful as Alexander, and persisted in eating peas with his knife, or wearing one eyebrow, Society would trample on and slay him at last. Those who really do vanquish public opinion die in the moment of victory. The present temper, then, of the irresistible monster is avowedly to discourage, and secretly to encourage, toadyism, and utterly to deny the sincerity of Hero-worship. Those who yet hold by that kindly and affectionate creed must practise their rites in secrecy and solitude. If they laud their hero openly, they will be exposed to the taunts and misrepresentations of the people who themselves subscribe for their own testimonial candelabra and full-length portraits, and erect monuments to themselves in the shape of pumps and drinking-fountains. Timid hero-worshipers are content to bow down before heroes to them personally unknown. How prettily absurd, how charmingly irrational, was Charlotte Brontë's girlish devotion to the Marquis of Douro and Lord Charles Wellesley! On her teeming paper, in her working brain, in her generous heart, they were her "Florizels," "Lotharios," "Eugenios,"—all that could sound romantic and pretty. How the sublime little governess would have blushed, and withdrawn into her shell, had she met either of her adored noblemen at a solemn

London dinner-party! I have heard of a lady who travelled two hundred miles to the metropolis; went to the house of a famous author, knowing that he was from home; obtained, by some dextrous pretence, admission to his study; kissed the pen with which they told her he wrote, and then quietly took train, and went her two hundred miles home again. There have been, sometimes, terrible mistakes committed in this idealistic hero-worship, it must be granted. Dr. Johnson tells us, after Virgil, how sadly undeceived the shepherd was when he became acquainted with Love. It is not pleasant to discover that the object of your long and passionate admiration is fat, is red-haired, wears spectacles, or is unduly addicted to eating mutton-chops. I know an enthusiastic amateur of music who posted to Berlin to see the most renowned composer of the century,—the illustrious author of the *Huguenots*,—and was bitterly disappointed at being introduced to a little, snuffy, old Jew-man. The half-crippled dotard, whom the children at Chelsea used to run after and point at, and call “Puggy Booth,” could not have satisfied many that he was Joseph Mallard Turner, the painter of “Carthage” and the “Shipwreck.” The flabby lame gentleman, who had a horror of growing fat, and drank more Hollands-and-water than was good for him, scarcely realised that exquisite Ideal in the turn-down collar and the Albanian costume, engraved on steel as a frontispiece to the *Giaour*. Did you ever see a *Giaour*? Why, that nasty Maltese sailor, lurking, rioting, or stabbing about the lanes of Pera and the dram-shops of Galata, is a “*Giaour*” to the Turks. Not only distance, but rhyme, good type, hot-pressed paper, steel engraving, and Mr. Murray’s imprimatur, lend enchantment to the view,—in hero-worship, as in every thing else.

As I happen to be, for once, the sole Editor and Conductor of this Magazine, I have an undoubted right to compose my articles in my own fashion, and therefore offer no apology for beginning these “Travels in the County of Middlesex” with a dissertation upon hero-worship. I don’t ask you to read a line of what I have written. There is no deception. You are not defrauded. We give you a sheet more matter than ever British contributor had before for a shilling. Let that sheet be *my* sheet, to spin as I list. Cut it out if you like when you send *Temple Bar* to the binder. I spoke at first generally concerning the worship of heroes, because I wished to avoid seeming too personal at starting; but personal at last I must become. I will assume that, “in your salad days” at least, “when you were green of judgment,” you did not disdain to keep in your heart of hearts a pet Hero or Heroine, living or dead. The adored one may have been the Marquis of Douro or Lord Charles Florizel Belmont Wellesley; Napoleon or Mary Queen of Scots; Lord Chatham or Charlotte Corday; the young Chevalier or Flora Macdonald; but there the Hero or the Heroine must have been. Many of our progenitors had Caroline of Brunswick for a heroine. At present the public faith in the injuries of that stout personage in the hat and feathers has grievously abated. Nay, look at the reverse of the medal. There are many old

people alive, and whom I esteem and love, who look on George the Fourth as a hero, and venerate him in their hearts. They are ready to weep when he is scouted or satirised. They maintain that he was the kindest and most courteous of gentlemen, the most munificent of patrons, the tenderest of friends. Well, he was their hero when they were young; and I should like to know how many thousands of little Canadian and United-States belles and school-girls have made a hero by this time, and with better reason, of our Albert Edward, and burn heart-incense to him daily. Many a poor prince-struck Evangeline would desire no finer epitaph to be written on her tomb than this: "She danced with the Prince at Toronto."

Yes; you have worshiped your heroes. I had my hero when I was young. I have him now. His name was JOHN HOWARD. Don't for one moment think that I am seeking your suffrages on philanthropic grounds. I am not going to toady John Howard, because he gauged human misery and took the measure of woe, and lightened the doom of the captive and bound up the sores of the leper. He must have been a good and brave man, trained by Heaven by the hardest discipline to exercise the most loving mercy; bidden to walk calmly about the world, to enter into lazarets and pest-houses and gaols, to see the cruel wrongs that were wrought there, and reform them; but I shrink from writing, uncalled for, his eulogy. The task has been done, and well done. I would rather turn, as a corrective, to the knowledge that he was in private life cold and harsh, that he used his son sternly, that he devised a scheme of discipline for the Blue-coat boys so rigid, that even the meek and gentle Elia declared that the memory of it tempted him, but for the sanctity of the place, to spit upon the philanthropist's tomb in St. Paul's. But this is why John Howard was my hero. He was so tremendous a traveller. To him Marco Polo and Mandeville, and all the voyagers whom Hakluyt has celebrated, were the pettiest of pilgrims. Howard had such a marvellous capacity for going about and seeing things; for calling on people and finding out what he wanted to know; for jotting down memoranda and working them up at last into an imperial theme. He wasn't a man who made the Grand Tour. He made an infinity of little journeys and wayside wanderings, that culminated at last into the grandest tour that was ever undertaken by mortal traveller. He didn't care for the dead donkey. He preferred the live beggar. He took a prisoner, and watched him in his cell, and saw the iron enter into his soul; but he didn't leave him there. He strove to take the iron out of his soul, and off his poor bruised limbs.

I didn't care a rush about Robinson Crusoe. There has been much popular cant poured forth about that individual with the hairy cap and the goat-skin umbrella. The history of his ways and means is readable enough; but when he grows comfortable and his man Friday arrives, he gets very wearisome. The second part of the book is as dry as Duncan Campbell. Boys read an abridgment of Robinson Crusoe and like it. In after years

they fancy that they like it still; but only give them the entire work to read, and see how they will yawn. This is very heretical, I know; but there are scores of heretics on this same article, literary faith, if they could be only honest enough to confess it. Your sticklers for the supremacy of Robinson Crusoe as a story-book are like the people who declare they think the Street Punch funny. It is *not* funny; and it is base hypocrisy to stand and grin at it. There are not half a dozen real Dog-Tobys left in London. "Shallaballa" scarcely ever makes his appearance, and Punch very rarely holds his once irresistible colloquy with Jack Ketch. I ask George Cruikshank if the contemptible parody foisted on us now is the same grand simple drama which, with inimitable cartoons, he illustrated thirty years ago. The text of Punch has been hopelessly corrupted by the interpolation of vile negro melodies, and the unity of its action marred by antics borrowed from the Fantoccini and the *Ombres Chinoises*. I have seen "Aunt Sally" introduced on those once classic boards, and shuddered. Punch *was* funny; but ah, how many things there were that are no longer!

I knew all about the travels of John Howard long before I could read. For I was a blind boy, and a good little sister had to find eyes for me, and tell me of the colours of things, their beauty, and their truth. At last I was freed from the tyranny of golden ointment, fuller's-earth poultices, and leeches,—ye rapacious ones, how much of my blood has flowed in your veins!—and so soon as I could see nicely I began to spoil my eyes with reading. I travelled some thousands of miles or ever I had gone out of Middlesex; but my pet traveller was always John Howard. I followed him from the spinning-house at Amsterdam to the grim Bastile, whose portals clanged in his face; from the English Bridewell to the lazaretto at Marseilles, from Dover Gaol to that last bourne at Cherson. I didn't care so much about Captain Cook. I never could believe in La Peyrouse; his early association with the penny characters of a toy theatre destroyed his reality to me. Jonas Hanway I liked; Coxe seemed to me an adventurous traveller enough; and if Baron Trenck hadn't been shut up so long in Spandau, he would have made, I thought, a fine traveller. But give me Howard. How I envied, how I longed to emulate him; to pack up a modest valise, put some hard biscuits and raisins in my pocket, and trot about Europe, up and down, hither and thither, calling upon people, asking questions, and finding out things! In what have all those fine aspirations resulted? In some petty travels in this County of Middlesex, and a miserable little walk on a wet day from Temple Bar to Kensington Turnpike.

I have gone about Europe in my time; but can our modern system of locomotion really be called travelling? The other day I was whirled in a train past a great black cloud of smoke, and was told that I was passing Sheffield. Have I any right to say that I have been to Sheffield? We don't travel nowadays. We rush from an hotel where they speak German to one where French or Italian may be the language in use.

That place where you had the veal sandwich that disagreed with you was Vienna. Pop your head out of window, or you will not be able to see Magenta. By and by, on our way to the Euphrates, a guard in a fez will dart along a platform, crying, "St'mboul, St'mboul! Change here for Pera and Scutairri!" I am sick and tired of trying to travel. I hav'n't time. Nobody has time. I wish the Geographical Society would send me out to some place where I could be compelled to hoard water in the muzzle of my gun, or to eat my shoe-leather, or be eaten by cannibals, just to prove that I had travelled. The years are accumulating; the strength begins to fail. I shall never be able to go any where; and in despair I throw myself on the County of Middlesex.

Which I propose to treat so far as a *terra incognita* as to assume that my readers know just as little about it as I myself did some weeks ago. Having made up my mind at the commencement of the month of October that I would undertake a series of journeys into the remote districts immediately surrounding London, I imparted my design to my relatives and friends, who were much moved thereat, and made sundry comments thereon. I do not feel called upon to repeat all the observations volunteered; but I remark that in one quarter I was bidden to go to Bath, where I have never been, further than passing it on my way to Bristol; and that from another source the opinion was tendered that if I considered a record of travels in Middlesex to be in the slightest degree interesting to the majority of the public, I had better commence them at once by an excursion to Hanwell, or to Colney Hatch.

Thus, having been duly impressed with the necessity of doing better, I bestowed myself sedulously to the task of travelling in the county which I had chosen, lest I should do worse, or nothing at all. I made inquiry regarding this recondite region of experienced viators therein, selecting mostly as informants men of staid countenance and gravity of conversation, such as penny-postmen, town travellers for commercial firms, and persons of small independent means, who were in the habit of driving little gigs and chaise-carts to places of resort to the environs of London on Sundays and holidays. I courteously entreated Messrs. Kelly, of Great Red-Book fame, to send me their new Suburban Postal Directory, and cutting out the map therefrom, pasted it against the wall and studied it attentively. I consulted the maps and charts of Mr. Wyld, of Charing Cross. I read up the literature of Middlesex in Lysons and Faulkner, in Hunt and Mogg, and in many well-thumbed gazetteers and cab-fare statista. I would have sought credentials to his Majesty the King of Brentford, had the extent of my first journey purposed so far. As it was, I took out passports in the shape of sufficient cash to pay the turn-pikes, in case I should be compelled to make use of land-carriage. Against the perils of water I made provision by purchasing my fifth umbrella within fifteen months (one dropped down an area, and the house-occupant mocked me from an upper window, and contumeliously refused to open and restore me to mine own; one lent to a friend, and

not returned; one borrowed by a friend without even the ceremony of asking; and one blown up in the Great Eastern); and then, commending myself to the tutelary genius of travellers, and fortifying myself against proximate fatigue by a copious breakfast, I adventured forth, the world and Middlesex all before me where to choose.

It was Saturday, and it poured with rain. A sky as dull as lead was reflected in a pavement as bright, through moisture, as tin. It was 1 P.M. The odour of damp straw came powerfully from the omnibuses in Piccadilly. The Hansom-cabmen on the fashionable stands were in despair. "I'm blest," remarked one gentleman from his Hansom perch to a loungee at the Whitehorse Cellar,—“I'm blest, if this here weather goes on, *if I don't keep a hearse.*” Who, indeed, would ride in a Hansom such weather? Being determined to reach the confines of Middlesex ere sunset (sunset!), I walked valorously into the very heart of London, and by twenty minutes to two I was at the western front of TEMPLE BAR.

"Poor Bar," I mused, apostrophising that time-worn edifice, "thou hast been much abused in thy time. Men call thee heavy, ugly, hybrid, Bar,—denounce thee as an impediment to an already hampered traffic, and declare that thou must come down. They sneer and say that there are no historical memories connected with thee. Why, 'twas but yesterday I read in Macaulay's grand bullad of Naseby fight, as chanted by 'Obadiah-bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron, sergeant in Ireton's regiment,' the stirring lines:

'Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide  
Their coward heads *predestined to rot on Temple Bar.*'

No memories, O Bar! Why, thou formest the background to Hogarth's crowning tableau to Butler's *Hudibras*, 'Burning Rumps at Temple Bar;' and if any thing were wanting to make thee traditional, I should like to know whether the memory of man can revert to the period when the perfumer's shop in the Strand, hard by, was undecorated with that accurate effigy of Temple Bar modelled in soap? The day is wet enough to cause the counterfeit Bar to run out in lather upon the oozy Strand." So I mused. I don't think that I "thec'd" and "thou'd" the Bar, however. We may be precisians in speech, but no man was ever a Quaker in his thoughts. I am only certain of this, that I stared at the Bar for at least ten minutes; wondered why it had occurred to the sculptor to make the statues in the niches appear as though they had only one leg a piece, wished that I could induce some bill-sticker, who didn't mind fine and imprisonment, and a handsome douceur when he came out, to placard the front of the Bar with a flaming sheet of double-crown, setting forth that the Bar which you are now passing through (candid reader) would positively appear on the 1st of December 1860. Sorrowfully I came at last to the conclusion, not that bill-stickers were degenerate, and that no paste-pots could be forthcoming for the carrying out of my design, that Temple Bar *was* an impediment, did needlessly narrow the thorough-



fare, and must come down eventually. But they must widen the Strand first. Aha! they must widen the Strand. Wych Street and Holywell Street must come down too. Pickett's Place and Clement's Lane must go by the board. The nest of foul alleys between the Strand and Carey Street must be swept away. The new Palace of Justice must be built, or the Suitor's Fee Fund howl for it; and then—then Temple Bar may be numbered as to its every stone, and carted away whither the Board of Works may direct. It would not be so very bad a notion to erect it in the midst of that new, spruce, pleasure-garden, near St. George's Fields, now called Kennington Park. Old Temple Bar would form an apt monument to the memory of Francis Townley and Jemmy Dawson, and all the brave unfortunate Jacobites who were so cruelly done to death on Kennington Common in 1746. Their heads travelled eastward to Temple Bar; why might not the grim structure make a pilgrimage into Surrey, and do penance on the scene of their martyrdom?

So thought I, till the personal remarks of jammed-up cabmen and dripping cads, and the passionate adjurations of men with burdens, reminded me that I too was an impediment and in the way. So I turned my face to the west, and entering a vehicle that had been specially prepared for me (with no greater trouble on my part than that incurred by holding up my finger and giving a ragged little boy a penny: at least, the pouring rain must, for once, have washed that cloudy urchin), I mused no more, but read the police reports in a diurnal till I came to Hyde-Park Corner.

Travels in Middlesex should begin here, I began to reason. Hyde-Park Corner was London's *Ultima Thule*, and its Pillars of Hercules. Squire Western putting up at the inn here, and sending Parson Supple westward for his tobacco-box. Sculptors' stoneyards, old applewoman who gave the Duke of Wellington such trouble to buy her out when he wanted to build Apsley House, St. George's Hospital, Wyatt's Gormagon statue, Mr. Hope's gates, Baron Rothschild's new house. What changes has not Hyde-Park Corner seen! This place has at least its historical memories. Not alone of the great Duke who was so liberal a benefactor to the adjoining cab-stand; not alone of the Allied Sovereigns, and innumerable coaches-and-four of British royalty. Hyde-Park Corner has represented within the last twelve months a name, a cause, and a defeat. The name was that of an "Indicator," applied to a prodigy of glass and iron-work, by day a kind of watch-box, by night a Chinese pagoda, illuminated as brilliantly as well-hollowed turnip lit by candle, and on sheet and pitchfork superposed by mischievous rustic for supernatural-appearance-simulating purpose. The cause was that of puffery,—puffery of shirts, casinos, and pills,—displayed in advertisements on the glazed sides of the pagoda. The defeat was a signal one. It was a rout, a dismal overthrow. It was the defeat of beardedness and vestrydom, of Mr. Bumble and of Mr. Puff. "We have borne much," cried outraged London; "but we will *not* stand the Indicator at Hyde-Park Corner. The Duke at Apsley

House protested. The omnibus-drivers wagged their heads in disparagement. The "green men," or park-keepers, shook their penny switches at it. High-spirited horses shied at the monstrosity. The very advertisers became ashamed to puff themselves upon it, and its panels were untenanted. The gas within it burned with a moist and marshy glimmer. By day the boys made a cocksly of the "Indicator." It was muddy and cracked and forlorn. At last discomfited beardedness pulled it down; they sowed its site with stones, and the pavior sang his coronach of "pech!" where once it had been. Since then a lamp-post has been put up in its place—a lamp-post ugly but useful. It has gone where the bad monuments go. Gone to join the King's Cross George IV., the wooden clock that was to spoil the Marble Arch, the porch of old Montagu House. Would that it could be followed by the St. Martin's Workhouse, the National Gallery, and the fountains in Trafalgar Square! So recent a failure as this Indicator might perhaps preferably be passed unnoticed; but it is good not to let little things slip. Bound together they make history. We are all too apt to forget that the little things we do will be noted centuries hence by grave historians. Mr. Edward Gibbon would have been robbed of a charming chapter on Ancient Luxury, had he not found materials to his hand to tell him how much a pound of silk came to, how much a goblet of glass, how much a Persian's furred robe in the days of the Antonines; and so I have given a paragraph to a transitory folly, remembering this: that its erection and its demolition both took place within so short a time, that an Australian supercargo might have gone out with governances and come home with gold, shortly before the Indicator was built, and just after it was levelled to the round.

As my first day's travel had for destination the famous turnpike of Kensington, I went straight out of my way from Hyde-Park Corner, and walked to the very bottom of Sloane Street, commenting as I proceeded upon the manners and customs of the inhabitants. There do not seem to be many inhabitants in Sloane Street, and the few boys you meet have no manners at all. A beggar-child demanded coppers in a ferulous whine; and when I demurred at advancing pecuniary relief,—had just caught sight of its fiery-faced beggar-mother, lurking round the corner like an old ragged she-wolf,—the child danced round me, shaking its tatters, and singing a derisive song. Boys came along with bones; a greengrocer at number five hundred and something was performing a familiar feat of delivering brocoli at the wrong house. Was it through accident, through the preoccupation of too much green stuff on the mind, or was it through design—an artful scheme to form acquaintance with a pretty housemaid? The housemaid at five hundred and something was not pretty. Her cheeks were of the form, hue, and texture of kidney potatoes; but over the parlour window-blind peeped a sweet face, very like Beatrice Cenci's. Will this greengrocer ever become the housemaid's young man? Why not? There was "Kate's young man." Their

acquaintance was "promiscuous." The young man became popular above as well as below stairs; for the ballad sets forth,

"Right downstairs the young missises ran,  
All to have a look at Kate's young man."

She with the Beatrice-Cenci face may be one of the "young missises." Would she run downstairs to see me, if I were a greengrocer and delivered brocoli in lieu of turnip-tops? Alas, I am reminded that "Kate's young man" was as recreant a knight as Sir Sanspitié the False. He abused the confidence of Kate to rifle the pantry and take away the spoons. It became a Lambeth police-court matter, and ultimately a Central-Criminal case. I read all about this tale of love and perfidy in a little halfpenny ballad, displayed with half a hundred more in a hovel-shop in a back lane down Chelsea way. It is a true ballad of the county of Middlesex; and that is why I have quoted so ungentle a lyric.

Sloane Street was built with rigid impartiality. The architect gave rich and poor a chance alike. Lordly mansions alternate with humble little cabins not much bigger than bird-cages. Cadogan Gardens are large enough for a small park; but why should the enclosure be converted into, apparently, a drying-ground for washerwomen? Why should greengrocery be tremendously dear in Sloane Street, when it is cheap as chickweed at Brompton to the north and at Chelsea to the south. I am afraid that Sloane Street has acquired a habit of living for appearances. Its former connection with Sir Hans the baronet has made it haughty. And, finally, tell me whether it be the extreme length of Sloane Street, necessitating mental relaxation while pursuing its course, or the breadth of its foot-pavement, offering convenient purchase for muscular exercise, that brings about this,—that I never walk down Sloane Street in the morning without being half trundled off my legs with a child's hoop, or hopelessly hampered with a skipping-rope; and that I never walk down it late at night without meeting a British volunteer in full uniform who is playing "The Power of Love" on the accordion?

The best way to get to Kensington Turnpike from Sloane Square is to bear to the right, lose yourself, and ask your way to the "Bell and Horns." Some people ask their way to the "Admiral Keppel," or the "Queen's Elm;" but then, if you do not steer carefully, you may find yourself at Fulham. The Bell and Horns—why Bell and Horns? has it any thing to do with Bellona?—is at Brompton, the point of bifurcation of the Fulham and South Kensington Roads. It is chiefly remarkable for being the rendezvous of market-gardeners, omnibus-conductors, Sappers and Miners, and gentlemen's coachmen. When some magnifico of Brompton gives an evening party in the season, or when there is a *soirée* at the South Kensington Museum, some of the showiest equipages and handsomest (footmen's) uniforms in London, with hofses, harness, whiskers, and calves on an equal scale of splendour, are to be found congregated about the Bell and Horns. Over against it, Londonwards, are the church and college of the Oratory, an establishment which I have been given to understand does

a great deal of good. It might be wished, however, that the ecclesiastical gentlemen attached to the Oratory were not in the habit of walking about Brompton in so stealthy and cat-like a manner, and that they sometimes looked people in the face, in lieu of perpetually contemplating the pebbles. These ecclesiastics—*why* won't they let their whiskers grow?—are pious clergymen, ripe scholars, and accomplished gentlemen, there can be no doubt; but that feline walk of theirs and downcast mien *will* give rise to the most alarming misgiving on the part of the old ladies of Brompton—misgivings that always tend towards a connection with the thumb-screws, the Inquisition, and the Smithfield fires. The *odium theologicum* rages with great bitterness at Brompton. Foxe's *Martyrs* can be bought very cheaply at the book-stalls; and you can scarcely ever pass the cabstand by the Museum, on a fine afternoon, without meeting the well-dressed mad woman, with her hair cut close to her head, and who is one of the lionesses of Brompton, railing fiercely against the Pope of Rome.

There was no lady at the cabstand on this especial Saturday. Her controversial fires would very soon have been quenched by the rain. A vain coachman attached to a brougham at the corner of Michael's Grove was positively looking at himself in the polished surface of his waterproof cape. Where will not vanity find a mirror and self-love an altar? I knew one very handsome young gentleman who used to look at himself in a spoon all dinner-time. I have read of female convicts who have stealthily cut metal buttons off their gaolers' coats, and polished them till they could serve as mirrors; but for vanity *in excelsis* I can't remember a stronger illustration than the anecdote related to me by the governor of a gaol I once visited, and which set forth how a lady detained for larceny was actually in the habit of skimming the fat off her broth and preserving it until she had a sufficiency of grease to serve as pomatum and to anoint her hair withal.

When I came to the Bell and Horns, and looked upon Brompton,—having come from Chelsea by a circuitous route, of which the distinguishing characteristics were second-hand furniture, small articles of iron-nongery, clothes-baskets, barbers' poles, and zinc cowls for chimney-pots,—I felt that need there was to travel in this part of Middlesex, for within the last ten years it has seen changes most remarkable. The Great Exhibition of 1851 has set its mark distinctively upon the whole of this district. Stately palaces are rising where once were humble little villas. Brompton Square used to be considered aristocratic. It is rapidly sliding into the shabby genteel now. Brompton Row begins to look ancient and careworn. The trees that front it are doomed, I know. The leases, which are as the sands of life to old London houses, are fast expiring. They will demolish that dark mass of houses by Ovington Square—those gaunt and grimy mansions, with the rusted iron railings and the dank grass-plats in front. One of the gaunt mansions has all the window-blinds drawn down, and its door looks as if it never could be opened save by the propulsion of half a dozen petards. They say it is a

convent. I see the Black Sisters silling along, sometimes mutely saluting the gentlemen who walk like cats. I am frightened of convents, although I knew an abness once who used to give me bread-and-jam. O my sisters, why will you be nuns, and submit your locks to sacrificial shears, instead of allowing those fair tresses to be dressed in the latest Parisian fashion by Mr. Couteau of Brompton Row? That day I travelled, wet, drenching wet as it was, the Black Sisters were out and about. What will not these admirable women do! They feed and comfort and pray with the sick; they teach the orphan girl to sew; they are not too proud to dig; they are not ashamed to beg for funds wherewith to carry on their beneficent works. And yet I had rather that my sisters were *not* nuns. See in this Brompton shop for fancy goods these collars, cuffs, and kerchiefs, so elaborately, so exquisitely worked in imitation of the old point. "They are made in the convents," the lady in the fancy warehouse tells me,—“made by the poor children who are educated by the nuns.” A good thing to keep the girlish little fingers from mischief; but how about the NUNS? The weary dreary hours, the frightful monotonous watch and ward while the little children ply their pins and needles, their threads and patterns; the Great Desert of Point Lace, whose only oases are prayers and penance. “How much human agony may that square of gas-lit glass contain!” said a friend to me once, pointing to the window of a London hospital by night. Look at one of Henriette Browne’s sweet tender pictures of Sisters of Charity. There they are, ruling copies for the orphan scholars, catechising the little toddling things, tracing diagrams on the black-board before a tiny class, superintending the never-ending needlework, watching by the sick bed, gravely, demurely doing their appointed work. One shudders to think how much pent-up passion, how many hopes reft and blasted, how many withered aspirations, seared thoughts, crushed flowers of love and life, may be mouldering beneath the long black duffel robe, the veil of serge, the wimple of starched linen, the grave and composed features, that are not, curiously, either pallid or hectic, but are blooming and comely—with the plumpness of embalment and the rosiness of living death.

Meanwhile I regretfully concluded in the rain—I had given up hoisting my umbrella in despair, and used it merely as a walking-staff—that the Brompton of the past was rapidly disappearing, and Albertopolis would flourish in its place. Already a portion of its demesne has been annexed under the title of South Kensington. By and by the huge houses at Albert Gate will multiply themselves westward, and will have counterparts (they are already commenced) on the other side of the road. Away will go the little patch of verdure called Knightsbridge Green, where there is a parochial signboard; where a fire-escape rears its head; and where, in the midst of the grass, rises a little locked-up cupboard, which I have always conjectured to contain the skeleton of the last highwayman who was hanged in chains for robbing a nobleman’s coach-and-six in Hyde Park. Then Palladian and Vitruvian structures will stretch from

Sloane Street to South Kensington; the heterogeneous little assemblage of cigar-shops, photographers, and cabins where pork-pies, sweet-stuff, periodicals, Abernethy biscuits, and cheap toys are vended, will shrivel up into nothingness; the hucksters' stalls and the Saturday-night street-market, which still gives the Brompton highway nocturnally the aspect of Tottenham-Court Road, will be inexorably banished, and a South London Nineveh will swallow up the once homely district; while splendour and stucco will engulf the Brompton lanes.

This being a drenching Saturday, there were very few people lounging about the turnstiles of the South Kensington Museum. The policeman on duty looked one of the severest of art critics, and as if he would have liked to see the boy who said that Turner was an overrated painter. I didn't enter the Museum, on principle. They ought to shut it up altogether on wet days. Under such adverse meteorological influences, the pictures all seem painted in *bi-tre*, a steam from damp clothes appears to cloud the delicate tints, to mar Wilkie's finish and blur Mulready's faces. I looked into the refreshment-room, where a man in a cloak, with a face like a door-knocker, was drinking hot coffee. It was too wet for the ordinary Supper and Miner to be performing feats of legerdemain with a camera obscura on the grass-plot. I left my benison on the South Kensington Museum, and contributing my mite, in the shape of a unit to the statistics of visitors, went on my way. I have heard the architecture of this charming repository of works of art very harshly criticised. My impression is, that the incongruity of the design is due to pork-chops. Captain Fowke had, once upon a time, been to see the Swiss *chalet* in poor dear Albert Smith's entertainment. The day before he had been detained at a station on the Midland Railway. During the previous week he had visited the Crystal Palace, and had, in addition, inspected the engineering works at Crewe. On the eve of making his design he supped on pork-chops; went to bed; dreamed of all the buildings he had lately seen; had a bad fit of the nightmare; and the next morning made a neat draught of the result of his reveries on paper. The result is the South Kensington Museum.

Having quite made up my mind on this point, and being much restored by sustentation in the refreshment-room before mentioned, I tramped cheerfully enough through the morass of mud, gravel, and macadam, bordered with palaces tenanted and untenanted, with here and there huge gaps of grass-land soon to be invaded by the builder, all of which, under the name of South Kensington, connect Old Brompton and Old Kensington. There were market-gardens hereabout a very few years since. You seek in vain for any cabbages or cucumbers now. I used to know this part of Middlesex, I pondered, trudging towards Kensington turnpike, long before I thought of travelling for or from Temple Bar. Anon I found myself at Kensington Gore. I had passed more palaces and belvederes at Hyde-Park Gate. Then suddenly I stopped and rubbed my eyes, and cried, "Where is it?"

“Where is what?” Why it’s gone, it’s disappeared. “What is gone and what has disappeared?” Why, GORE HOUSE.

The Gore House I mean was not the mansion so long tenanted by the beautiful and gifted Countess of Blessington, the famous *cénacle*, where almost every thing that was polished and brilliant and witty in English intellect and English fashion was congregated, under the auspices of a hostess herself the Hypatia to a school of laughing philosophers. I have seen this Gore House, not in its palmy days, but when its walls were desolate and its literary glories fled. One very bleak winter’s morning, ten years since, I stood in the long library, with its empty shelves, its Corinthian columns, and its decorations of white and gold. It was deserted. I went into the drawing-room. There were the marks of the pictures on the walls; the fresher colour of the spaces they had occupied contrasting with the deeper tones of the tarnished paper around, even as when removing the mourning band from a hat you find the nap beneath fresh and lustrous. But the pictures were there no more, and the guests were departed. Gone too from empty boudoir, from empty dining-room, from empty studio adjoining the house, where there were yet some crayon drawings, instinct with the touch of Genius, on the bare walls, some litter of modeller’s plaster. All was cheerless and abandoned. I went into the garden and found a ruin. I entered the kitchen, and the hearth was cold and black. So it fell out that, for certain Purposes, I went and abode in this deserted house, and slept in one of the upper chambers, and used to wander about the lonely saloons at the dead of night, conjuring up images of the famous time when they had been tenanted by the wise, the learned, and the great,—by fair women and brave men, by scholars and painters and dandies and soldiers; when the library was full of books, and the Lady of the House sate, radiant and smiling and talkative and queen-like, with Bulwer and Campbell, and Jerdan and Forster, and Dickens and Leigh Hunt, and Talfourd and Proctor, and Thackeray and Fonblanque, around her. *Foyers éteints!* And from library to drawing-room, from boudoir to drawing-room, I was haunted by two Ghosts. I saw one phantom, handsome, noble, graceful, facile in the practice of the Art he loved, easy and accomplished in every thought and act. I saw another shadow, moody, stern, taciturn, listening always, speaking seldom, smiling never,—sitting quiet and subdued, patient, not desponding, hoping against hope, waiting,—perpetually waiting for the Hour of which he was to be the Man. And the name of the first phantom was Alfred D’Orsay. The second had for name Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

So for many moons I slept, and ate, and drank, and walked, and talked in Gore House, surrounded by the very strangest of company. From February to mid-March a curious medley of carpenters, scene-painters, plumbers, glaziers, gardeners, town travellers for ironmongers, wine-merchants, and drapers, held high carnival in the place. By and by came dukes and duchesses, warriors and statesmen, ambassadors, actors, artists, authors, quack-doctors, ballet-dancers, journalists, Indian princes, Irish

members, nearly all that was odd and all that was distinguished, native or foreign, in London town. They wandered up and down the staircases, and in and out of the saloons, quizzing and talking, and laughing, and flirting sometimes in sly corners. They signed their names in a big book, blazing with gold and morocco, which lay among shavings on a carpenter's bench in the library. Where is that wondrous collection of autographs, that *Libro d' Oro*, now? Mr. Keeley's signature followed suit to that of Lord Carlisle. Fanny Cerito inscribed her pretty name, with that of "St. Leon" added, next to the signature of the magnificent Duchess of Sutherland. I was at work with the whitewashers on the stairs, and saw Semiramis sweep past. Baron Brunnow met Professor Holloway on the neutral ground of a page of autographs. Jules Janin's name came close to the laborious *paraphe* of an eminent pugilist. Members of the American Congress found themselves in juxtaposition with Frederick Douglas, and the dark gentleman who came as ambassador from Hayti. I remember one Sunday, during that strange time, seeing Mr. Disraeli, Madame Doche, the Author of "Vanity Fair," a privy councillor, a Sardinian attaché, the Marquis of Normanby, the late Mr. Flexmore the clown, the editor of *Punch*, and the Wizard of the North, all pressing to enter the wihlon boudoir of the Blessington. Meanwhile I and the whitewashers were hard at work. We summoned upholsterers, curvers, and gilders to our aid. Troops of men in white caps and jackets began to flit about the lower regions. The gardeners were smothering themselves with roses in the adjacent parterres. Marvellous erections began to rear their heads in the grounds of Gore House. The wilderness had become, not exactly a paradise, but a kind of Garden of Epicurus, in which some of the features of that classical bower of bliss were blended with those of the kingdom of Cockaigne, where pigs are said to run about ready roasted with silver knives and forks stuck in them, and crying, "Come, eat us; our crackling is delicious, and the sage-and-onions with which we are stuffed distils an odour as sweet as that of freshly gathered violets." Vans laden with wines, with groceries, with plates and dishes, with glasses and candelabra, and with bales of calico, and still more calico, were perpetually arriving at Gore House. The carriages of the nobility and gentry were blocked up among railway goods-vans and Parcels Delivery carts. The authorities of the place were obliged to send for a detective policeman to mount permanent guard at the Gore, for the swell mob had found us out, and flying squadrons of felony hung on the skirts of our distinguished visitors, and harassed their fobs fearfully. Then we sent forth advertisements to the daily papers, and legions of mothers, grandmothers, and aunts brought myriads of newly-washed boys; some chubby and curly-haired, some lanky and straight-locked, from whom we selected the comelier youths, and put them into picturesque garbs, confected for us by Mr. Nicoll. Then we held a competitive examination of pretty girls; and from those who obtained the largest number of marks (of respect and admiration) we chose a bevy of Hebes, whose rosy lips, black eyes and blue eyes, fair hair and dark hair, very nearly



drove me crazy in the spring days of 1851. And by the end of April we had completely metamorphosed Gore House. I am sure that poor Lady Blessington would not have known her coquettish villa again had she visited it; and I am afraid she would not have been much gratified to see that which the upholsterers, the whitewashers, the hangers of calico, and your humble servant, had wrought. As for the venerable Mr. Wilberforce, who, I believe, occupied Gore House some years before Lady Blessington's tenancy, he would have held up his hands in pious horror to see the changes we had made. A madcap masquerade of bizarre taste and queer fancies had turned Gore House completely inside out. In honest truth, we had played the very dickens with it. The gardens were certainly magnificent; and there was a sloping terrace of flowers in the form of a gigantic shell, and literally crammed with the choicest roses, which has seldom, I believe, been rivalled in ornamental gardening. But the house itself! The library had been kindly dealt by, save that from the ceiling were suspended a crowd of quick-silvered glass globes, which bobbed about like the pendant ostrich-eggs in an Eastern mosque. There was a room called the "Floriana," with walls and ceiling fluted with blue and white calico, and stuck all over with spangles. There was the "Doriana," also in calico, pink and white, and approached by a portal called the "door of the dungeon of mystery," which was studded with huge nails, and garnished with fetters in the well-known Newgate fashion. Looking towards the garden were the Alhambra Terrace and the Venetian Bridge. The back drawing-room was the Night of Stars, or the *Nécessité de l'Etoile polaire*; the night being represented by a cerulean ceiling painted over with fleecy clouds, and the firmament by hangings of blue gauze spangled with stars cut out of silver-foil paper! Then there was the vestibule of Jupiter Tonans, the walls covered with a samagundi of the architecture of all nations, from the Acropolis to the Pyramids of Egypt, from Temple Bar to the Tower of Babel. The dining-room became the Hall of Jewels, or the *Salon des Larmes de Danaë*, and the "Shower of Gems," with a grand arabesque perforated ceiling, gaudy in gilding and distemper colours. Upstairs there was a room fitted up as a Chinese pagoda, another as an Italian cottage overlooking a vineyard and the Lake of Como; another as a cavern of ice in the arctic regions, with sham columns imitating icebergs, and a stuffed white fox—bought cheap at a sale—in the chimney. The grand staircase belonged to me, and I painted its walls with a grotesque nightmare of portraits of people I had never seen, and hundreds more upon whom I had never set eyes save in the printshops, till I saw the originals grinning, or scowling, or planted in blank amazement before the pictorial libels on the walls. In the gardens Sir Charles Fox built for us a huge barrack of wood, glass, and iron, which we called the "Baronial Hall," and which we filled with pictures and lithographs, and flags and calico, in our own peculiar fashion. We hired a large grazing-meadow at the back of the gardens from a worthy Kensington cowkeeper, and having fitted up another barrack at one end of it, called it the "Pré D'Orsay." We

memorialised the Middlesex magistrates, and, after a great deal of trouble, got a license enabling us to sell wines and spirits, and to have music and dancing if we so chose. We sprinkled tents and alcoves all over our gardens, and built a gipsies' cavern, and a stalactite pagoda with double windows, in which gold and silver fish floated. And finally, having engaged an army of pages, cooks, scullions, waiters, barnmaids, and clerks of the kitchen, we opened this monstrous place on the first of MAY 1851, and bade all the world come and dine at SOYER'S SYMPOSIUM.

It was a mad year, and all kinds of wild and desperate speculations were entered into. Not one so wild, so desperate, so mad as the Symposium. Do I weary you in talking of the giant mistake? All middle-aged Londoners remember it well, and will chide me for prolixity; but you, my dear young readers of seventeen, eighteen, twenty even,—you were little boys and girls at school when the Symposium flourished. To us who are verging towards fogeyism, it seems but yesterday that the Great Glass House in Hyde Park itself was opened to the world.

Paxton's palace is gone from Rotten Row,—utterly gone and past. It has been in modified and more permanent splendour transplanted to Penge Park; but of the Symposium which reared its head in a kind of garish emulation hard by, not only does not one vestige remain, but its ruins even have no abiding place. And the monarch of the Symposium,—the kindly, erratic, frivolous, warm-hearted Alexis Soyer? Ah, gentlemen with keen intellects and a contempt for the pathetic!—ah, high-minded haters of humbug and quackery, will you laugh me to scorn; will you be bitter with me; or, in the interests of good taste and social decorum, will you denounce me to a rigorous critical Inquisition, because I have a good word to say, at the end of my first day's travel, for a man who was but a Cook? It has been even alleged that poor Alexis was not a good cook—that his sauces were too hot, and his hand too heavy. I have seen him cook many a time; but I will not waste time in culinary disputations. He lies cold and quiet in his grave, and the flavour of his stews avails nothing now. The sinner may be pardoned, *quia multum amavit*; and may not Soyer's questionable *entrées* be forgiven for the good service that he did when the British army lay half starving before Sebastopol? I say that he went to the Crimea with no greed of gain; and that the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke of Cambridge, and Lord Panmure knew, and know still, that he was actuated by no mercenary motives. He was a vain man; but he was good, and kind, and charitable. There are paupers and beggars even among French cooks; and Alexis always had his pensioners and his alms-duns, to whom his hand was ever open. He was but a Cook; but he was my dear and good friend. He quacked, certainly,—puffed himself and his eccentricity in all kinds of ways—in dress, manners, speech, mode of life; but he never derogated one iota from his dignity as an honest man. He was no vulgar charlatan, for he was full of inventive ingenuity; and to the soldier's and the poor man's kitchen his maxims, if properly carried out, would be, even now, inestimably beneficial. He was an ori-

ginal. He didn't do any body any harm. He did, on the contrary, a vast amount of good in his generation; and even those who laughed at him, loved him for his simple childlike ways and generous candour. Princes used to shake hands with Alexis; but he never bragged of his grand acquaintances, or deceived himself for one moment with the notion that he was looked upon as aught else than a good-humoured dependent. He never curried favour, never toadied, was never impertinent; but knew his own place, exacted the meed of respect due to him, and when the grandees came to see him in his kitchen, let them know that not alone *savetier*, but *cuisinier*, was *maître chez soi*. Peace be to his ashes; for he was the worthiest of souls.

The Symposium was in the end a failure. The guests were numerous. They ate and drank continually; and twelve or fourteen thousand pounds in hard cash were taken during the five months the place remained open. But mismanagement was the death of it. The money was frittered away. The heads of departments were incompetent. The *chef* was too busy making jokes, and devising new decorations for his rooms, and new names for his dishes; and, to tell truth, the public had to pay a great deal of money for very badly cooked, half-cold dinners. I will not dwell upon the gradual decline and fall of the Symposium. There is no need to do so. It is gone — gone like Carthage, or the Jerusalem that Titus demolished. Were I not halting now at the Gore, future travellers in Middlesex would pass by, utterly ignorant of the very site on which once stood the palace of calico. I wrote a guide-book to its contents. We didn't send a copy to the Museum. I have lost mine. There can be few records of its existence left. The house, after the Exhibition year, was purchased by the Royal Commissioners, and the grounds still form part of their estate. Gore House was for some time occupied as a school in connection with the Department of Science and Art. Then it was pulled down altogether; and on the rainy Saturday I began to travel, I could see nothing but a slushy swamp and some scarecrow trees remaining of the place about which I had written the guide-book; where I had painted the grotesque nightmare of people, half of whom are dead now; where I had revelled and feasted; and whence I once went up in a balloon, which, bursting when we were a mile high, came down by the run, and very nearly put a definitive solution to the question of whether I was ever to write any travels in Middlesex or elsewhere.

These reflections having made me exceedingly melancholy, and it being by this time nearly dark, I said, "Enough of Middlesex for this day;" and trudging slowly on as far as Kensington Turnpike, and vainly entreating an omnibus-conductor to admit me into his vehicle, I hailed a cab, and was conveyed to town and to my chambers, within the shadow of Temple Bar; where I sat down, and straightway committed this first instalment of Travels in Middlesex to foolscap paper.

## Notes on Circumstantial Evidence.

LORD BROUGHAM is reported to have replied to an attorney who asked him if a case would lie, "Yes; if the witnesses will lie too." Archdeacon Paley, for whom Lord Brougham had and *has* the profoundest reverence, has remarked, with less wisdom than was his wont, "circumstances cannot lie." That witnesses are not to be always implicitly believed, convictions for perjury sufficiently show,—the evidence given by the police before metropolitan magistrates labours under a suspicion of not being always immaculate; and the smallest experience, especially in our County Courts, demonstrates to any observer that whatever plaintiff A asserts, the defendant B confidently contradicts. That circumstantial evidence cannot always be strictly relied on, is proved by the melancholy fact that innocent men and women have been legally murdered in England; witness Eliza Fenning, Ambrose Gwynett, and other cases which in the course of these papers I shall cite.

The presumptions of facts, as well as of oral testimony, are the province of a jury, who, I need hardly remark, do not invariably concentrate in themselves the quintessence of the sagacity of Solomon, Solon, and Socrates. The most prolix judge who ever proved by verbose oratory to a jury that a good advocate may make a bad Rhadamanthus, may lay down the law and attempt to elucidate the facts; but the "twelve intelligent men," though "men of experience," and "men of the world," nevertheless say "guilty" or "not guilty," and they frequently do so after long discussions, to which it would be marvellously edifying to listen. Not that I wish to assail the Palladium of British liberty! let that ark of political and personal freedom remain for ages yet to come inviolate.

Who has not heard of "the story of the two brothers"? Twenty different versions exist, many of them equally incorrect. They travelled to a seaport-town together; an argument, vociferously conducted, ensued after dinner; they slept in a double-bedded room; one of the brothers rose at three o'clock of a fine summer morning, and wandered to a cliff. He was seized by smugglers, whom he detected in burying puncheons of spirits. They were too amiable to murder him, and merely put him on board a vessel which was bound for the West Indies. Meanwhile his brother, who, after his port wine and altercation, had slept the calm sleep of innocence, awoke in the morning to find his brother's pillow covered with blood, and his brother missing. It can be easily believed that when he rang the bell and summoned the landlord, his protestations of innocence were fruitless, and he was soon in the hands of the myrmidons of the law. Stains of blood were traced from the bedroom to the edge of a cliff, where marks of a scuffle were found. He was indicted for

murder, and defended by counsel. Every effort was made to save his life, and his life was saved;—but not in the way my readers may imagine.

The interest of this terrible drama is enhanced by the fact that the unfortunate man was engaged to a beautiful young girl, who was present at his trial, believed to the last in his innocence, and left him, after a heart-rending interview, in the condemned cell.

In those good old days men were not hanged in front of county gaols, but on any adjacent common considered suitable for the spectacle.\* The victim in this instance was taken to the place of execution, and constructively strangled, *at metus ad omnes perveniit*. When the law's last vengeance had been wreaked, a shepherd, wandering near the spot, heard a low moan, and cut down the pendent half-choked man. He reanimated in his rude way this creature whom Providence would seem to have saved by means miraculous as ever such interposition could be. He assisted his escape, and communicated with his now still more frantic betrothed, whose relations supplied the necessary moneys for flight. He was placed on board a vessel in the Channel bound for Barbadoes; and the first man he met in Roebuck Street, Bridgetown, was the brother for whose murder he had been wholly convicted and half hanged. Their interview may be imagined. Ernest had left Walter asleep; he had been seized with a violent fit of bleeding at the nose, which would account for the blood upon the pillow, and for similar stains which, as I have stated, were traced to the cliff. How he fell into the hands of smugglers I have already narrated. This, of course, well authenticated but rather improbable story, proves the infallibility of the "twelve intelligent men." It is human to err, and it is humane to err on the side of mercy; but, shade of Paley, reasoning still on Evidences and Natural Theology, seeing in the light of fruition what you presciently divined and eloquently expounded, I ask you, cannot "circumstances lie"?

Long before I ever dreamed that I should be by profession an advocate, and that it would be my responsible duty to defend a fellow-creature charged with the crime of murder, it was a favourite boyish day-dream of mine, which beguiled many a long walk, to imagine a combination of circumstances which might place me under suspicion of that frightful offence myself. And I would weave such a network round my own life that escape seemed hopeless.

I had not then frequented courts of justice; I had not learned the marvellous utility of bold but discreet cross-examination. No such safeguard of innocence, no such peril to guilt, exists as orally testing the truth of parole evidence, and the probabilities of circumstantial narrative.

A thousand Ciceros, ten thousand Hortensii, are feeble, be their eloquence transcendent, compared with the dangerous weapon of cross-examination in the hands of experienced and intrepid counsel. It is the

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\* A proposition in favour of the revival of this custom was made in the columns of the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1824, in a manner by the Editor of this Magazine, four years ago.

*error* of witnesses speaking to the facts of any case; it is often deplorably abused by barristers, ignorant or nervous, vulgar or vain enough to sacrifice the interest of their clients at the shrine of their fancied acuteness. It is this abuse which makes the bar, as a profession, unpopular, far more than shallow sophistry about venal and unconscientious advocacy. The cross-examination in the recent Stepney-murder case, by Mr. Sergeant Parry, of the witnesses called by the prisoner's counsel to prove that best and worst of all defences, an *alibi*, really adjusted the halter and drew the bolt away. But cross-examination may overthrow false or blundering witnesses; it is less powerful when "circumstances lie." Philosopher Reid proves to us, what is tolerably obvious, that it is more natural to us to speak truth than falsehood. But the facility and the impunity with which false averments are made is, as I have before stated, clearly shown in every action-at-law that is tried. It is in criminal cases, especially in cases of murder, that the value, or danger, of circumstantial evidence is proved. Just at present the blood of the infant stifled at Road, and butchered hideously (Heaven and the assassin only know by whom), cries out for vengeance. But with this appeal from Francis Saville Kent to the laws of his country and the indignation of mankind, is mingled the plaintive voice of Eliza Fenning, killed, after trial by jury, according to due form and usage. Were Edgar Poe living, he might materially assist the unpaid magistracy of Wiltshire in bringing home to the real culprit this atrocious murder. Circumstances may mis-lead Mr. Saunders, whose remarks are an average specimen of unremunerated county justices; but circumstances in the hands of a man of intellect may be so linked together by an exercise of the logical faculty as to amount to that highest moral proof, which falls only short of mathematical demonstration. I am not about to imitate first-class journalism by labelling the unhappy father of the dead child, by bringing additional notoriety to this publication through the medium of an action for defamation; but greater caution and larger sagacity on the part of those who first attempted to unravel this mystery might have secured proofs against the guilty, who may still possibly elude the gallows. With great deference, however, to letters in large type, I venture to caution the public against leaping in the dark to conclusions fatal to the character of any man. It is illegal to believe a man guilty until he has been proved so; and public opinion should be more merciful than law. Edgar Poe would probably have come to the same conclusion as the *Times*. But he would have expressed his suspicions in language more guarded and more philosophical, and would most likely have woven from its materials a thrilling tale of mystery and terror. This case has probably yet to be tried; but the facts will come under the notice and await the decision of "twelve intelligent men" of ordinary mental calibre. There will not be in the jury-box twelve Edgar Poes nor twelve *Times* correspondents. "Common sense" will prevail, and not uncommon penetration. In the present aspect of affairs, the acquittal of any person connected with the tragedy would infallibly result.

Yet men and women have been hanged on evidence purely circumstantial, and facts fastened together by the ingenuity of advocacy. Such facts seem in this case to exist, but the concatenation is wanting.

A man may stand for several minutes in a particular spot; he may be proved to have been guilty of other strange acts; he may bear generally a bad character; an intrigue may be suspected; it may be worth his while, at any cost, to prevent his immoral conduct being exposed. All this may be true, all this may give a shade and a colour to his every action; but *motive* is not absolutely proved, oral testimony is wanting; and it is foolish, and perhaps criminal, *without* these to point the finger of suspicion against him. Any thinking man will be brought, even reluctantly, to this conclusion by a study of reports of criminal cases. Take such recent *causes célèbres* as Palmer's, Madeleine Smith's, and Smethurst's— one acquitted, one absolved by virtue of the Scottish verdict of "not proven," and *one* conviction; Palmer declaring with his dying breath that he fell the victim of a medical theory.

The fact is, circumstantial evidence is the most difficult kind of evidence to deal with and to value at its real worth. Your "plain blunt man" is very likely to be misled by it. A false appreciation of it occasions half the ugly suspicions and petty miseries of life. Its value depends both upon its quantity and its quality. A vast number of facts, all pointing to the same conclusion, will carry conviction even to the mind unaccustomed to nicely balance probabilities. Two or three facts pregnant with significance will be equally convincing even to an intellect not highly cultivated, and not skilled in sifting the true from the false; a task which, in the words of the Roman satirist,

"Pauci dignoscere possunt."

In the *Idylls of the King* our Laureate exclaims:

"O purblind race of miserable men!  
*How many of us at this very hour*  
 Do frame a life long trouble for ourselves  
*By taking true as false and false as true!*  
 Here in the narrow twilight of this world  
 Creeping how closely till we pass and find  
 That better where we see as we are seen."

But twelve men of high mental endowments and a knowledge of the laws of evidence would make an infinitely better jury than twelve persons of ordinary weakness and prejudice. It may be objected to this that great acuteness might only be a snare, and that the temptation to the intellectual man would be to be too easily satisfied with a *minimum* of proof, filling up by his own rapid intuition and inventive powers the apparent gaps which might deter one less educated and less self-reliant from consenting to a verdict fatal to the life or liberty of a fellow-creature. This, however, will certainly not on consideration be found to be the case. It is fools who rush in where angels fear to tread. The greater a man's natural argumentative power, the greater his experience in connecting scattered or reconciling conflicting facts, the nicer will be his appreciation of the

difficulties of evidence, and the stronger his reluctance to accept any thing but the best, the amplest proof.

Were I to be tried for my life, I should infinitely prefer seeing twelve such "intelligent men" as Archbishop Whately in the jury-box to twelve average greengrocers, tailors, or bellows-menders. I would be tried by any twelve bishops on the bench, even were I indicted for the impious crime of murdering the Bishop of Melipotamus. Were Archbishop Whately, for instance, foreman of such a jury, I should at least know that no plausibility of counsel for the prosecution would influence that sound and acute intellect. Whereas, this would not be the case with Priam Podgers the publican, who, though a sober and decent man enough, has never been suckled on Aristotle, and has never written on Logic. The man who knew how so skilfully (playing as it were in frolicsome mood with dialectic) to disprove the existence of Napoleon Buonaparte, would never say "guilty" if there were a link wanting in the circumstantial evidence adduced against me.

It is such intellect (or such want of intellect), in the case of Mr. Saunders, that lays undue stress upon isolated facts, and lacks the ingenuity and the logic to see the subtle connection that may lie between them. This Polonius cries, like his ancestor in *Hamlet*,

"If circumstances lead me, I will find  
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
Within the centre."

And so poor Mr. Saunders, who has now favoured the curious public of the present day with a fragmentary autobiography, has gone on floundering among facts, to the confusion of the laws of real evidence, and the rules of common sense. But Sir John Awdry, and the Rev. J. Wilkinson, and others, who are men of sense and culture, do not conduct themselves after this wild fashion; and I ask whether any one of the readers of these pages would select twelve Saunderses as the jury by whom he would be tried. In the ordinary affairs of life, do we make such selections? Cases of card-cheating, unfortunately not so uncommon as might be supposed, occur in clubs and elsewhere: do we select the six or eight most stupid men of the set to bring home to the accused, or to free him from it, this frightful social crime? Now these cases frequently turn upon evidence purely circumstantial. Witnesses to character would not be called; for a man may be detected in his first offence. Now what may be the facts of the case. Seven gentlemen may be playing *Vingt-un*, and one turns up ten *naturals* during a game which lasts three hours. This is scarcely a case even for suspicion; who can be properly skilled in the doctrine of chances? I hardly believe in the doctrine of chances at all. Take another case. Ten friends are laying loo, and one is winning continually and almost uninterruptedly. Every one around the table is remarking on his good luck. Six on one occasion throw up their cards, and three play; he is asked if he will play; there is some hesitation, but he declares that he will. His hands, how-



ever, are under the table; there is some suspicion in the mind of a looker-on; and he plays the king. Some one, with previous suspicions, or too intemperate in making so grave an accusation, roundly brings a charge of cheating. The cards are counted, and one is wanting. Were this card found in the pocket of the *suspect*, secreted in his coat-sleeve, hidden in his bosom, thrust behind the back of his neck under his coat-collar, such evidence would be to all reasonable people sufficient evidence of guilt. It is the highest evidence one can get in such a matter, though it is still *JUST possible* that a very eccentric or very absent man might pocket or conceal a card without dishonest intent. However, as Bishop Butler says in the *Analogy*, "Probability is to us the very guide of life;" and we should condemn a man upon such evidence as guilty of the atrocity and meanness of card-sharpping. But if the missing card be under the table, if it be not nearer one man than another, though suspicion may naturally point to the winner,—and especially to him who has been observed to keep his hand under the table,—yet the evidence here does not amount to more than suspicion; and a jury of unprejudiced men would, were there no other circumstances of suspicion, acquit.

Take a case of supposed cheating at whist, though to cheat at whist without an accomplice would, on a *prima facie* view, seem difficult. Four gentlemen, in the habit of playing together, play six rubbers in an evening; and during the whole of that time, wherever he sits, A, to the utter astonishment of B, C, and D, deals himself in every deal an honour. Does this justify B, C, and D in accusing their friend of foul play, unless any quickness of vision on their part detect anything extraordinary in A's manipulation of the cards as dealer? If nothing of the kind has been seen, and if no antecedents exist which make it likely that a man could perpetrate such a wretched artifice to rob his friends of their money, would any number of men decide that he was guilty solely on the ground that he dealt himself an honour whenever he dealt?

But were I accused of any one of the aforesaid misdemeanours, I would assuredly elect as my jurors, were it possible to do so, the Right Reverend Arch-bishop Whately, the learned Professor De Morgan, Dr. Thompson, Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, and last, but certainly not least, that greatest of modern thinkers, John Stuart Mill. I am rash enough to aver that I should desire the facts of such a case to be tried by them rather than by any six ordinary jurymen, or even by any six fogies in a Whist Club.\*

Had the jury that tried the late lamented and valorous Lord Dundonald consisted of twelve men of as much ability and acuteness as Lord Ellenborough, they would never have permitted their judgment to have been swayed by judicial advocacy, when, in the words of a writer in the *Quar-*

\* This argument, if there be any thing in it, is a very good reason why we should have, as eventually we certainly shall have, a Court of Appeal, for *new trials* in criminal cases.

*terly Review*, the ermine of justice was tinged with the colour of party. That case reflects lasting discredit upon the Government of the day, the majorities in Parliament, and the judge who presided; and undying honour upon the electors of Westminster, and the few other friends who, when suspicions were rife, and envy busy, and malice at her dirty work, stood nobly and steadfastly by the brave good man who had fought his country's battles, and who, when paying the fine inflicted on him, made the memorable declaration, "I submit to robbery to protect myself from being murdered." Now this was a case of circumstantial evidence. The book containing the spirited and interesting account of the matter is now before the public, and it is needless to recapitulate in detail all the facts here. A Colonel De Burgh arrives at midnight at Dover, on the 20th of February 1814.\* He represented that he was "the bearer of intelligence from Paris to the effect that Buonaparte had been killed by the Cossacks; that the allied armies were in full march for Paris; and that immediate peace was certain. After this announcement, he forwarded similar intelligence by letter to the Port Admiral at Deal, with a view, as was supposed, of its being forwarded to London by telegraph, thus making the Port Admiral the medium of communication with the Government."

This man was De Berenger. A report was started to the effect that he was traced to Lord Cochrane's house in Greene Street, on the morning of the 21st of February. It was proved in court that De Berenger had left his post-chaise at Lambeth, had taken a hackney-coach at Lambeth, and proceeded to Lord Cochrane's house. Here followed more circumstantial evidence about a red coat and a "portmanteau big enough to wrap a coat in." The Stock Exchange, infuriated at the hoax perpetrated upon their august body, prosecuted with all the vigour of which they were capable. Lord Cochrane's defence was somewhat languid and reserved; for he no doubt was afraid of implicating and convicting his relative, the really guilty party. All now know the result; and they know also what is the opinion of posterity about the verdict. They have at least read,—or ought to have read,—the opinions expressed by Lord Brougham, Lord Campbell, and other men of eminence. Sir Francis Burdett, with all his faults a courageous English gentleman, said that if Lord Cochrane stood in the pillory, he would stand there by his side.

There have been many cases in olden and in recent times in which a trial by a new and special jury would have disturbed the verdict by which men have lost their lives or their liberties. This may be a supposition; but what do those who oppose the sensible suggestion that it should be possible to move for a new trial in criminal cases think of the case of Eliza Fenning? This doubt that hangs over circumstantial evidence is the strongest argument that can be adduced by the amiable sentimentalists who advocate the abolition of capital punishment. I do not mean this as a sneer; for Sir James Mackintosh was among their number, and so was Douglas Jerrold. What is it but the distrust in

circumstantial evidence that induces thousands to be dissatisfied even with the righteous verdict in the Stepney-murder case? I am very loth indeed to comment upon a case recently under the consideration of the Home Secretary,—a gentleman eminently fitted to weigh evidence in the nicest balance. But undoubtedly in this case (though personally, as far as one is justified in giving such an opinion, the verdict is logical) there should be a new trial before a special or select jury. The following case is a warning to us.

“About forty years ago, at one of the provincial assizes, a gentleman was tried and convicted upon circumstantial evidence of the murder of his niece. She was heard to exclaim, ‘Don’t kill me, uncle! Don’t kill me!’ and that instant a pistol or fowling-piece was fired off. Upon these circumstances the gentleman was convicted and executed. Near twelve months after, the niece, who had eloped, arrived in England; and hearing of the affair, elucidated the whole transaction. It appeared that she had formed an attachment for a person of whom her uncle disapproved. When walking in the fields, he was earnestly dissuading her from the connection, when she replied, ‘That she was resolved to have him, or it would be her death; and therefore said, Don’t kill me, uncle—don’t kill me.’ At the moment she uttered these words, a fowling-piece was discharged by a sportsman in a neighbouring field. The same night she eloped from her uncle’s house; and the combination of these suspicious circumstances occasioned his ignominious death.”\*

Such a case as this, as well as that of Eliza Fenning, should check our presumption and silence our “pert loquacity,” when, clothed in a little brief authority, we play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven as make the angels weep.

I have before stated, though not precisely in these words, that one fact to a clever is worth ten to a dull man. The man of experience and acuteness will come to a sound conclusion from a few facts, if they are significant. The well-known Lord Shaftesbury was returning from supping with Lord Clarendon, when he exclaimed to his companion, “Depend upon it, Hyde’s daughter is married to the Duke of York.” It was generally thought that the duke was only intriguing with her, and his character made the marriage very improbable. Shaftesbury’s companion doubted; but his lordship said, “I am sure of it; for her mother treated her with a degree of respect for which no other supposition will account.” Soon after, the marriage was announced.

It is impossible within the compass of a Magazine article to exhaust even a title of the “rough notes” on circumstantial evidence I have collected; but I hope to return to this subject, one of great and growing importance, at an early date.

## London Poems.

### I. TEMPLE BAR.

**FOR** evermore through Temple Bar  
 A mighty music rolls,  
 A troublous motion urging on  
 The march of human Souls;  
 The City palpitates around  
 With streets that seethe and roar,  
 And still that living sea of sound  
 Aches to an unseen shore:  
 The music goes and comes—who knows  
 From whence it comes or whither goes?

From East to West, from West to East,  
 Like some dark dream or care  
 Hid uncompleted in the heart  
 Till uttered out in prayer,  
 Through Temple Bar it ebbs and flows,  
 Swift as a crude March-wind,—  
 The Future darkling veiled before,  
 The stone-struck Past behind—  
 Whose mingling shadows, while we pray,  
 Make the Eternity,—To-Day.

By Temple Bar I stand and watch  
 The crowd rush on, a flood  
 Of Life, whose seeming darkness takes  
 Fine meaning in my blood.—  
 Oh, there is always poesy  
 Where human feet have trod,  
 These men and women, each and all,  
 Are poems made by God ;  
 Their birth is death, their death is birth,  
 Their Souls are lilies grown in earth !

O City !—Poet darkly veiled,  
 In songs of sin and ruth,  
 Cry to thy children that thou art  
 The Metaphor of Truth;  
 That Truth and Beauty are but one,  
 Eternal, changeless, true,  
 And that where'er the shadow falls  
 God sends the sunshine too!  
 Sing us this poesy sublime,  
 The climbing element of Time.

O City !—Poet darkly veiled,  
 Unveil thy secret heart,  
 Breathe out thy song of toil, and show  
 The Prophet that thou art;  
 Sing, Life is equal in us all—  
 Blind arms stretcht out on air  
 To touch the robe of Beauty, who  
 Is with us unaware—  
 Part of the Eden yet untrod,  
 Th' unfathomable secret,—God!

Sad faces, faces fierce with sin,  
 Swim on through Temple Bar,  
 While here and there a face beams by  
 As stainless as a star!  
 Ay, here is Want, and here is Woe,  
 Blotting the clouded street;  
 But every life is creeping on  
 To break at Beauty's feet,  
 And every little life, in sooth,  
 Assists the motion on to truth.

To take these mingled lives apart,  
 To view each sin and flaw,  
 Is weeping work and thriftless work,  
 Denying use and law;  
 For each is part, and has no life  
 Dissolved from that great Whole,  
 Whercin the strength and meaning lies  
 Of every human Soul—  
 It is a wave of that great sea,  
 Apart from which it cannot be.

And the great sea rolls on in power .  
 O'er black and shifting sand,  
 To cast its gathered jewels on  
 Some dark mysterious strand;  
 But clearer, dearer day by day  
 We grow in troublous strife,  
 And while we work, the hands of Death  
 Are making wings for Life—  
 Completing, 'neath a risen sun,  
 The godhead of a duty done.

God sets a Scripture in the Soul,  
 Whereby we breathe and live;  
 "Live up," it saith, "I ask but this,  
 To those good gifts I give;  
 I make thee capable by gifts  
 Of Loveliness and Love,  
 Which prove the lower darkness means  
 Excess of light above;  
 For Life is Hope,—a sense forlorn  
 Of Beauty out of which 'tis born."

This Scripture indicates the strength  
 Whereby we toil and climb,  
 Setting our thoughts and deeds like stars  
 Amid the clouds of Time;  
 Our Use is Love, our Love is Use,  
 And Hope, that urging voice,  
 Is something in ourselves beyond  
 Our common cares and joys:—  
 We climb the mountains, grand and dumb,  
 With sacrifice for years to come.

Oh, doubt not, doubt not!—Journey on,  
 Heart strong and sinews stout;  
 For when we doubt our work, the work  
 Is poorer for the doubt.  
 For Love will come, since Use is Love,  
 Our hardened dust 'twill leaven,  
 And proving all our faith in earth,  
 'Twill prove our faith in Heaven—  
 Pure in its patience and its trust,  
 'Twill vindicate our lives from dust.

Oh, doubt not, doubt not!—Labour on,  
 And prove our hidden worth—  
 Good lives, that are the heart of Hope,  
 Spring oft from lowly earth;  
 Work on, hope on, with hearts and hands  
 No petty fear controls;  
 And when the Future comes, 'twill take  
 The sweetness of your Souls;  
 And every lovely deed, at last,  
 Will help to dignify the Past.

Flow on, dark flood, through Temple Bar;  
 Breathe, City, busy breath;  
 Let the broad work move on till Life  
 Shall read the riddle, Death;  
 There is a music in your toil,  
 A meaning richly given—  
 Each struggling wave assists to push  
 Its fellow on to Heaven;  
 Each helps, and has no life apart—  
 All ebb from one mysterious Heart.

B.

## Soldiers and Volunteers.

If Wellington of the iron hand could have been amongst us in the flesh, and could have scanned with his eagle eye the battalions of the citizen army in Hyde Park last summer, would not the sight have called up the wrinkle of a smile in that calm impassive face? would not a new throb of patriotism have started at his heart of hearts, and surprised the conqueror of the great Napoleon into retracting for once in his life his opinion, that "the greatest scamps make the best soldiers"? Out of compliment to the volunteers, the great Duke would have been compelled to surrender his sagacious *mot*. We fancy that even the Duke's own 33d, the "Bengal Tigers," the "18th Royal Irish," or any other of our braves, the terror of their enemies, are not ambitious to sustain their traditional character exactly in this sense. The gentle youth,—the "curled darlings" of the *salons*,—after forty years of peaceful luxury and refinement, did not come off badly at Inkermann. Indeed, there would not be the smallest difficulty in showing that heroism and all that we call "pluck" burns as fiercely as ever amongst us; while all that we call "blackguardism," if not actually smothered, is no longer gloried in as it was when, for example, Picton told his men they were the greatest blackguards in the army. The stern plain-spoken officer was disgusted at the pillaging that went on, and let out in his own fearless style; and the hard word rankled in the men's minds,—the shot took effect; but confident in their fighting qualities, these reckless fellows bided their time for making the General retract. The time came, when, after a brilliant charge, the regiment, as they marched past, shouted out, "Are we blackguards now?" To which Picton, smiling, was obliged to say, "No; to-day you have redeemed your character."

In those days, which, if we chose to chime in with certain notions, we should call "the good old days," the Duke's judgment was sound as ever. But it is a question whether it has not maintained its influence long enough; and would that we could say, the recruiting sergeant in our times was not always lurking round corners, ever taking his pot-shots in those preserves of rascality, the dram-shops and skittle-alleys of our great cities! The necessity for encouraging the breed of such a ruffian race—of resorting to such a *corpus vile* for the supply of our army—has, we trust, been exploded. A work of melioration was forced upon us by the terrific climax of heroism and blundering in the Crimean war. The Augean barrack-rooms, cells, and guard-houses have been attacked; the physical condition of our fighting men has at last been seen to be a matter really worth thinking about, even in time of peace; and the conjecture has dawned upon our military administrators, that possibly soldiers have ideas above being either food for powder or serving as fighting marion-



nettes. Much has been done, more may be contemplated within the penetralia of Whitehall; in the mean while a lesson of national improvement, and an important one, as we think, is to be read in the ranks of the Volunteers.

Large standing armies have never been exactly agreeable to a people like us, who practise the arts of peace on rather an extensive scale. We are proud enough of our soldiers, when they do any thing glorious; we welcome them home with tears of joyful gratitude; we decorate them by the royal hand of our Queen; pension them,—do all we can with money to supply the loss of health or limb; subscribe for their widows and orphans in princely style; and employ our sculptors to raise monuments to their valour. We insist that our island home must be inviolable; that our colonies are to be protected; and, occasionally, that the cause of freedom should be countenanced when in difficulties abroad: but if we ask any one of the “gentlemen who live at home at ease” what he thinks about war and soldiering, the chances are that, while a serious cloud passes over his countenance, his hand involuntarily moves towards his pocket. Here we come upon a reserve force in the citadel heart of the wealthy civilian. Of course he knows well where his interest lies, and is rather disposed to boast that *he* has a stake in the country; and this leads him to look a little shyly at his military friend, whose sole business is fighting. Peace and Industry make a very pretty tableau, and so do War and Glory; but it is not easy to compose an allegory of the discordant elements, without running the risk of being offensive or ridiculously insipid to those of the community who love and emulate the chivalry of heroes, and those who think every thing a folly but the golden glories of commerce. But how does the picture look under the new light shed by the Volunteer movement? Does it not promise to throw a warm harmony over the subject? We imagine the comfortable classes may find very deep sources of congratulation in our new institution of social defence. They may be assured that certainly no increase of the army can be entertained; and possibly, with the expansion and perfection of the volunteer force, some considerable reduction may eventually be effected, and even that terrible invader the income-tax collector may be kept off the premises. The movement, which is now advancing so favourably, cannot be estimated by that which, to use the expression, broke out in 1800, although the old “Bony” of those days called up the same instinctive energy of self-defence. Events abroad have stirred up a fresh sympathy in us for all efforts to improve and to overthrow all powers used against the natural expansive tendencies and aspirations of humanity, whether the peoples may be suffering under the actual evils of foreign armies in their native land or not. This alone favours a military feeling. Then we have still alive amongst us the memories of the Crimean war, the Indian campaign, and the Lucknow heroism. These have infected us anew with admiration for the noble deeds and the perilous adventure of the soldier’s life,—grafted a new flower of chivalry upon the old stock.

All this has had something to do with inspiring our volunteers. But in a different direction the old leaven of the English sportsman has been stirred by the rifle. Already this new weapon has created an extraordinary feeling of rivalry and ambition to excel in the use of it. In proportion to its efficiency and perfection does it attract to the ranks, and encourage men to become amateur soldiers, with an interest that never was felt by our first gallant volunteers of fifty years ago; and, as far as we can see, this is not likely to burn out in another fifty years, nor, we hope, many generations to come.

But to return to the soldier. There is no love lost between him and the civilian, and unfortunately the policy of our successive military administrators has been one inclined to foster this antagonism and estrangement between the two classes. The first acquaintance that a regiment makes with a town in which it is to be stationed for a year or so, is effectually prevented from being cordial, by authority. The commanding-officer is ordered to have the credit of his regiment publicly cried down, and no debt under thirty pounds is ever recoverable by law against a soldier, neither is he liable to maintain his family or bastard children, nor obliged by any contract except apprenticeship. He cannot marry save by the rare permission of his commanding officer, who regulates his favours by the number of washerwomen required by the regiment. Of this regulation M. Esquiros, writing in the *Deux Mondes*, makes great fun. He tells of a pretty girl courted by a soldier, who said to M. Esquiros in confidence, "I love Robinson very well, and the army; but I can't bear standing all day over the wash-tub."

It is not to be wondered at that such a convenient avenue for escape from the contingencies of civil life specially provided by the State, should be constantly surrounded by all the demireps and vagabonds of the land. The Government sow tares, and expect to reap wheat. They bait their hook with a bounty, which, however, turns out to be little better than a delusion, and then affect the utmost astonishment that fifty per cent of these loose fish slip through their fingers before the year's end, and either come to the surface again disguised with long hair and smock-frock as real Johnny Raws, still hungry for the bounty, besides saving cost no end of trouble and expense to the country as deserters.

less than from 20,000 to 30,000 of these respectable characters are on wing every year, and those who get caught are serving out their time heavy shot about in the dismal and profitless confinement of the military prisons.

When the success of the volunteer movement became an accepted and a very significant fact, the principle, at one time viewed rather coyly by the War Office, became lauded as that upon which the whole British army was based. We were told that the army were all volunteers; so they are, but the term thus applied sounds wonderfully like a sarcasm. are these volunteers, for whom we pay something like twelve mil-a year, met with? Do they offer themselves in crowds, eager for

the shilling a day, fine clothes, comfortable lodging, plenty of good food, and a life of military display, relieved by the pleasures of foreign travel? Nothing of the kind; the War authorities have their grappling-irons spread throughout the length and breadth of the land. Scarcely a hamlet but what is invaded every now and then, as soon as the crop of bumpkins is likely to have grown up again, by that smart, well-set-up, wide-awake-looking sergeant, who takes up his quarters at the Bull Inn when harvest is over, and plies his craft with considerable ease, and not without some extra emolument in the shape of head-money. The man selected for this service is chosen for his good looks, his military swagger, and his natural gift of persuasive eloquence. He paints a charming picture of a soldier's life, not too minute and photographic in the detail; flirts just enough with the village-girls to make the lads envy the advantage of a red coat; wins half his men by appealing to their vanity, and the other half by appealing to their stomach. The recruits picked off the land in this way are not many, but they are of the best raw material. They enter the service honestly, if they have been caught with chaff; and finding themselves certainly better off than on six shillings a week and unlimited butter-milk, these are rarely the deserters, but, on the contrary, they generally prove the best of soldiers. The squirearchy grudge having their lusty husbandmen drawn away from the soil; and what with emigration and flourishing manufacture, there may be some cause for anxiety; but our gentlemen farmers must learn to supply their place with steam-ploughs and reaping machines, and rejoice with us that men find something better to do, while Manchester union workhouse is half empty, and Quarter Sessions are fast becoming obsolete in Gloucestershire.

There has been a growing scarcity of the real thoroughbred country chaw-bacon recruit, so capitally described by Miss Martineau.\*

This is our commanding-officer's "good recruit;" and as the doctor casts a keen eye over his fair Saxon limbs and sheep-like face, his gravity is a little tickled at the idea of inspecting such a man as that. But these rare birds seldom get into the meshes of the recruiting fowler now-a-days. The returns show a long list of "labourers," so called; †

\* "Fresh air, bread, bacon and potatoes, have made a stout man of him, though rather round in the shoulders and wabbling in his gait. He has generally carried a pound of good mud on each foot, and never had any nice fancies about the manure-heap three yards from the door. His ruddy face smiled through all the grime, and, as Bob's mother said, 'he do thrive in the dirt.'" (*England and her Soldiers.*)

† The returns of recruits examined at the head-quarters of the recruiting districts give upon ten years:

Husbandmen, labourers, and servants	. . . . .	647·9 in a 1000.
Mechanics	. . . . .	294·7 "
Shopmen and clerks	: . . . .	51·6 "
Professional men	. . . . .	3·2 "

Irishmen stand first in numbers, then Englishmen, and the smallest number are Scotch.

The recruits rejected for want of muscle, marks of medical treatment, weak legs, and deformed chest, &c. are 325 per 1000.

The army wears out at the rate of 32 per 1000 per annum.

but the term is applied in far too generic a sense to every spalpeen that has carried the hod, or eked out his living from month to month as tramping beggar-man, harvester, or pilferer, and even to the gentlemen of no profession that hang about the bye-places of the great towns. It is these latter who form the great haul of the recruiting-sergeant, and no doubt society gets rid of a vast deal of scum in this way. But at the same time, especially when any stress for men comes, a vast quantity of worthless *matériel* gets into the ranks, what with the bounty, which rises as the standard falls, the temptation it offers to conceal bodily ailments, and the less rigid examination as to the fitness for service, which is obtained by ordering regimental surgeons not to reject recruits passed by a staff surgeon. During the Peninsular War the bounty rose to 24*l.*, and the standard for the line fell to five feet three, young growing lads of sixteen being taken. During the last war the bounty was 7*l.*, and the standard fell to five feet four, and five feet six in the foot-guards. At present the bounty stands at 3*l.*

The recruit discovers, to his disgust, after being sworn in for ten years' service, that the shilling a day pay, which the bland promises of the sergeant led him to expect, is so docked for his rations and his washing, that he finds himself entitled every day to a handsome balance of some three-halfpence; and if the poor fellow happens to fall ill and gets into hospital, where most likely he can eat nothing but water-gruel, his shilling is nevertheless so fingered by an official called the purveyor, that very little of it ever reaches his pocket. The man naturally feels it rather hard to lose his health, perhaps his life, in doing his duty, to be served with slops at the same price as good beef and mutton, and, as often happens, to be turned out of the service a permanent invalid, with perhaps nothing in the shape of a bonus, or possibly the magnificent award of fourpence a day for two months. Is it not an insult to boast that our soldiers volunteer to encounter all this? Would it not be a more honest and a wiser policy to abolish the practice of giving premiums to sergeants and others for recruits, and to insist upon these men placing certain printed forms, detailing the conditions upon which service would be accepted, in the hands of every man offering himself? Another most unworthy shift, as it seems to us, requires to be exposed, in the recent revival of a procedure which has something quite feudalistic about it,—that of giving commissions without either purchase or qualifying examination to young gentlemen bringing up so many recruits. No less than seventy-one gentlemen have received commissions in this way, ten of whom only have passed an examination (vide *Report of Select Committee on Military Organisation*). It would be curious to know what were the inducements these gentlemen held out; their representations of the soldier's lot, we imagine, must have been as highly coloured as the sergeant's, and perhaps even painted on a gold ground. A volunteer of this kind, bound under the hypocritical maxim of "no compulsion, only you must," cannot surely be considered better off than a conscript. There

is no difficulty in tracing in this system of recruiting a vast source of the crime, more especially desertion, of which we hear such lamentation; and the matter is certainly not bettered by the *régime* practised by the non-commissioned officer immediately put over the men. An immense amount of petty tyranny goes on, which we can hardly think necessary for the maintenance of the principle of absolute obedience to orders. The officers overlook much for this reason, and any thing like full investigation of these petty charges is too much for their patience. They have their own affairs to think of; the study of the economy of the regiment, and the rational conduct of military discipline, are subjects too troublesome to enter upon; besides, there is always a shelter under cover of that military sophism, *point de zèle*. It is not considered "the thing" to be taking what might be thought an inquisitive interest in the affairs between the men and the non-commissioned officers. We now and then, however, are aroused by some awfully revolting instance of sudden revenge for very trifling causes, as in the case of the man now awaiting judgment for shooting his sergeant at Aldershott.

The whole plan of punishment adopted in the army seems to be designed upon principles singularly uncongenial to humanity, and even manliness. Forgiveness is a virtue very rarely exercised; every fault and crime a man has ever committed is minutely recorded against him in black and white; and this most repugnant testimony lies side by side with the "Sermon on the Mount" on the table of the orderly-room, in daily use at the "Old Bailey" which goes on every day except Sunday. So that a man may be ever so smart and efficient, if he is liable, like some of his superiors, to say an angry word, or indulge an irresistible *penchant* for whisky, he will find his crimes accumulating against him as it were in a multiplying ratio,—a compound interest in the defaulter's book, which makes him give up his own character as utterly irredeemable.

Strange to say, even officers are frequently subjected to an extraordinary amount of unfair annoyance for matters construed as offences which in ordinary civil society we should only laugh over. We have heard of subalterns happening to express a difference of opinion with their colonel as to the nature of the wine, or even the colour of the bottles at table, being placed in arrest, and kept so till the tardy arrangements could be made for exoneration. In a similar spirit are those confidential reports which result in mysterious crosses against a man's name at the War-Office, and—no promotion. We could name a recent case of an officer, whose services are mentioned officially as preëminently gallant, who served through the Affghan campaign and volunteered for the Kaffir war, but who, early in his career, refused from conscientious scruples to concur with the majority in the sentence of a court-martial, and consequently died a captain at sixty, with twenty-five years' service. These are some illustrations of the minor defects allowed to exist from neglect, and which ought to be expunged; but they remain, because both men and officers are too proud to consider them for a moment in comparison with the honour

that attaches to a service of such high *prestige*, in which all the regiments have their special traditions, and which most men will sacrifice the dearest tie on earth rather than disgrace.

Perhaps one of the most humiliating things a publicist, in these enlightened times, ever has to comment upon is "the lash." It is not that the punishment is too severe, but that it partakes too much of the cruelty of slow torture; and, inflicted, as it always is, in presence of the offender's comrades, it never fails to rouse a feeling of disgust and horror at the mere sight. But this is not the worst of it; for vile as the crime may have been, the men look on,—that is, those who can do so,—till the extremity of the poor wretch's sufferings calls up a certain sympathy for him; just as when some savage beast in his death-throes is put out of his misery by a death-blow from the most humane hand. The deliberate cruelty of the whole transaction has in it something quite unworthy of man and the dignity of justice. The misfortune too is, that experience convinces us no benefit ever results from flogging.

Public opinion, pretty freely expressed for many years against the lash, has only recently extorted the concession of a limit to fifty lashes, and a classification of the bad characters of the army into the comparative and superlative degrees—the bad and the worst. But surely if discipline cannot be enforced without this barbarous means, in the name of humanity, let Government relax their hold upon their volunteers, and not compel them to assist in a cruel ordeal, at which the stoutest heart has been known to flinch, and brave men, who never turned their backs to an enemy, have not had the courage to face.

The brand of the lash is fatal; sooner or later, it is certain to be followed by that indelible seal of the deserter's crest, the letter D,—an intaglio carved over the heart of the state volunteer. Here is another unworthy and really useless little cruelty. Why not cut off the man's nose, or slit his ears?—that would effectually prevent his offering himself as a candidate for reelection. Would it not be but fair, that when the army volunteer offers his services, that book of fate "the Mutiny Act and Articles of War" should be laid open before him, and that he should be informed of all the contingencies that await the military novice? If fair dealing were in this way resorted to, we should hear no more of men chopping off their thumbs, rubbing pounded glass into their eyes, and otherwise mutilating themselves, in order to escape from a service into which they have, in some sense certainly, been betrayed. We must find room for a remarkable case in point, which stands recorded in the archives of the service, and which we have from the very best authority. During the Crimean war, a recruit was brought before the assistant-surgeon of a regiment at home. He was a well-built able young man, with a hard-looking head, intelligent features, showing a trace of endurance and hardship, and he appeared anxious to serve. When on inspection he faced about, however, his back and side showed an awkward confused-looking scar, which the surgeon at once recognised as a burn of some kind. He

accounted for this in the readiest manner and with perfect self-possession. He had been, he said, to sea one time in his life, and while in harbour was assisting to hoist a carboy of vitriol out of the hold, when the slings broke, and down came the large bottle, breaking against the deck, and spilling the burning liquid over our recruit. The surgeon, by the time this short explanation was ended, had convinced himself that the scar was really caused by vitriol, as he happened to be familiar with the appearance from an accidental burn of the kind on his own foot. Still, of course, he searched closely for marks of the lash and the letter D; none could be seen. The recruit was passed, soon learnt his drill, and became one of the smartest men in the regiment, well-conducted and steady withal. All went well with him for a considerable time, when in some mysterious way it oozed out that he was a branded deserter. The surgeon was directed to make a minute examination again, but nothing more would have been discovered, had not the poor fellow's heart failed him, and led him, thus hunted down, to confess all. "Sir," he said, "I know what you're looking for, and I'll tell you all about it." He then related how he had, for violent and repeated acts of insubordination and desertion, been flogged and branded. That when undergoing his sentence in the cells, he got a comrade to buy him some vitriol, and with this he actually burnt out the hated marks upon his body, suffering all the while the most acute agony, without its being discovered.\* The man was, in the usual course, handed over to an escort, and very probably to be rebranded and flogged again before his comrades. Imagine the extraordinary nerve and endurance so terribly misdirected in this man; such qualities, one would have thought, might have led to deeds of Spartan heroism, had they been met with tact and some kindness from superiors. Morally speaking, we can hardly see why this poor fellow should not have been allowed to follow out the plan of redemption, which who shall say he had not formed and resolved upon in his heart. But no; where a soldier has disgraced himself, there he is kept, with all the burden of iniquity on his head, and his disgrace blazoned to all his associates, if he have any, in the regiment. It says little for our management if the profession of a soldier cannot be made attractive, —if men cannot be got to enter the ranks without all manner of contemptible deceptions and false allurements. What to do with their deserters and bad characters is no doubt a difficulty with our military administrators. If we might suggest an expedient, it would be, to form a corps for foreign service, into which discontented or disgraced men could be drafted,—a sort of English Bashi-Bazouks. They might be called the "Retrievers," or the "Reformers," with the motto on their ensign, "Not so bad as we seem," or "Never too late to mend." There is not the least doubt these fellows would fight and follow their officers as bravely and truly as any, if selected with any thing like judgment; and

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\* M. De Balzac relates a similar artifice on the part of his ideal hero, the convict Vautrin, in order to obliterate the marks of the galley-slave's brand.

officers would be found ready and willing to command them. During the Crimean war, a proposition was made to form a convict corps, and several officers of experience viewed the project favourably, more than one offering to take them in hand.

But if crimes and punishments are to be lessened in the army, the humanity status of the soldier must be raised, and the few good men who choose the life must not be contaminated by the dregs of society fished up by the recruiting sergeant. The present Minister for War has, we know, exercised a vigorous reforming hand in many directions; but we cannot think that he is so satisfied as to be disposed to rest from his labours. Soldiers are improved and improving physically and morally. The leather stock is no longer such a garotting implement as it was; trousers and tunics now give a man room for his strength; as to knapsack, shako, and boots, we fear the right thing has yet to be discovered; and we fancy a hint might be taken from the rifle volunteers upon these small but not unimportant points. As far as we know, the volunteer uniform proves cheap, comfortable, and serviceable; at any rate, if it is not, it can easily be made so, as they are not under the rule of Marshal Pipeclay.

It will be of small use looking for great results from the educational system applied to the army, as it is now, by a staff of schoolmasters, by regimental schools and garrison schools, by lectures and entertainments, so long as the army is recruited from the sluices of the enlistment system. Even with the aid of the chaplains, the whole force is swamped by the tide of vice and ignorance that constantly flows into the ranks. That better material exists in the country, and that a real military spirit animates the better class of the community, is shown by the strong ranks of the volunteers. But it is not likely that men with any prospects at all, men not friendless and houseless, will take to soldiering as a business, offering (provided sun-stroke, yellow fever, and the bullets of the enemy are escaped for twenty years) retirement with Chelsea and a laurel-leaf, or a shilling a day with a crossing to sweep.

There are thousands of young men in London and our other great cities doing work which women could do much better, while thousands of fair slaves of the needle are driven to a wretched, often a depraved life. Many of these youths lead a life of equal disgust and blighting tendency in the ranks of commerce; they may be fed like fighting cocks, as omnibus-horses are to get the work out of them; but they are "put up," as a soldier says, in lots of forty or fifty in a room with a high dead wall close to the window. They sit or stand, or loll over the counter all day, and growing more sallow in colour as their salary rises, develop into leathery old men at thirty-five. Happily the Volunteer movement has already rescued some of those who could afford to join companies, but there must be twice as many who could not, however they might wish it. Can Government do nothing to make the ranks of the army preferable to these men?

There is no innate reason why bravery should belong to blackguard-



ism; there ought to be nothing in the duties of a soldier debasing, brutish, or offensive to his natural manliness; it is the fault of our system that there is any thing of the kind. The volunteers will serve to enlighten the military authorities, and show them what a power there is as yet unworked. They may see here a body of men who can be trusted to wear belts and sidearms in the streets; and if they want to know how men of this class take the field for the first time, we can accommodate them with a specimen in those spirited fellows (Garibaldi's Englishmen) who charged in companies against the Neapolitan battalions, and stood fire like veterans, under the command too of amateur Brigadier Peard.

Of course we are not supposing that the majority of the volunteers would be disposed to enter the regular army, nor that any of the class who would be glad to become volunteers would offer to enlist, unless the existing system were very much remodelled. But the feeling evinced, the taste for soldiering, the aptitude in learning the use of the rifle, together with a volunteer force established as a permanent institution of the country,—an adult military school, in fact, with a sprinkling of cadets,—with all this before their eyes, Government ought, as a measure of improvement, to consider whether the system of pay and promotion could not be so altered as to make the service acceptable to a superior class of men. If Government were to lay themselves out to gain the services of genuine volunteers, we believe incalculable benefits would accrue to the State. The tremendous losses by crime and desertion would be comparatively annihilated; bounties, always a questionable expedient, would be unnecessary; the average number of effectives would be very greatly increased; and, above all, a way would be opened towards reaching those desiderata—promotion from the ranks, with provision for earlier retirement from the higher grades of the service. The system of promotion from the ranks and no purchase have, we are aware, many difficulties, doubts, and differences of opinion surrounding them; but we cannot help thinking these are destined to be the rule some time in the future of the British army, and that the boasted idea of the French army, “that every soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack,” associated as it is there with conscription, may yet become the dominant one in our army, though without any tincture of military fanaticism. Here, again, the volunteers offer a practical illustration: we see noblemen privates standing shoulder to shoulder “practising the touch” with stout clerks and shopkeepers, and obeying the orders of Sergeant Perkins as if he were not their most obsequious bootmaker. The fusion of all distinctions except the mechanical ones necessary to the construction of a regiment, is not found to interfere with efficiency and strict discipline. As the ranks of the army are now filled, there is a *raison d'être* for the aristocratic element in the half-superstitious regard for rank which influences the lower strata and the contiguous layers of the middle classes; but the spread of social improvements, the cultivation of the waste places of society, must eventually stop the rank produce of weeds and thistles, and favour the springing up

of new growths of sapling oak from the tough roots of the old tree. In this condition of the people, the State should be prepared to accept the services of volunteers of the right sort,—men who would despise bounties and abhor desertion, but not indifferent to military fame, with all the charms of a soldier's life; and assuredly not less animated by the sacred fire of patriotism which burns in the heart of every true Englishman.

We owe a debt of how many million blessings and benefits to our army—to those very men even whom a Frenchman (M. Esquiros) sneers at as the “*pauvres diables qui ont accepté le shilling de sa Majesté.*” We try to pay it off in something better than medals and marble monuments, and crying in sanctified tones, “Peace to the souls of the heroes; their deeds were great in fight.” But a *clientèle* of 64,000 pensioners is felt to be an awful burden on the state, with its 1,200,000*l.* per annum. Far be it from us to grudge this trumpery shilling a day, even if it does go to make some glorious old boys get groggy every night, and “fight their battles o'er again;” but the question may be entertained whether the succession to this class of the military establishment might not be stopped, by accepting the service of men for shorter periods at somewhat higher pay, and from a class to whom the shilling a day would be no great object. Pension for services would of course be excepted.

There are many persons, more particularly officers of great experience, who are perpetually harping upon the risk of a falling-off in recruits for the army. Looking back, there is some reason for their fears; but looking forward and around at our citizen soldiers, there is none. There is enough here to banish the thought of conscription, if ever such an idea could be entertained on this soil of liberty, and necessary as it is esteemed for the perfection of some of the military systems of Europe. Even the compulsory three years' service of Prussia would be esteemed by us an interference with the personal liberty of the subject. The old militia was a compulsory service by ballot; and many will remember the excitement about being drawn for the militia, a predicament only escaped from by either finding a substitute or paying 20*l.* smart money. But the hearty way in which the volunteer movement has progressed, not solely, as we believe, from any dread of invasion, suggests whether certain social privileges might not be the right of any man who chose to serve for a time. Not exactly a military franchise, but something more in the spirit of the Greek custom; so that a man, if able and strong in wind and limb, should not be considered to have won his spurs unless he had served in some way, either as volunteer rifleman, militiaman, or regular, not excepting, of course, the sister service. The salutary effects of bodily training, and the necessary acquirement of systematic habits of orderly and united coöperation, as well as the self-reliance which every rifleman must get, are all highly in favour of military training as a custom preparatory to many of the duties of life. This, however, is a subject that would carry us too far a-field, and as we hear the bugle sounding the “Cease firing,” we must haste to leave our pen-skirmishing, and retire.

## Over the Lebanon to Baalbek.

**TRAVELLERS**—whether their travels be long or short, whether bounded by Monument Hill or Margate, or (better qualified for admission among the Upper Ten of the Travellers' Club) extending from London to Cashmere, Timbuctoo, or the Mountains of the Moon—travellers, longs or shorts, spondees or dactyls of locomotion, have one feeling in common. They are all heartily glad when some expected haven of rest comes in sight; whether it be the wife of the "citizen of credit and renown" espying the desired Margate Pier from the deck of the Thames steamer, or the exclusive aristocrat (who has gone forth in search of a sensation) as he catches sight of the pillars of Philæ from the deck of his Nile boat.

Travellers and early risers are very commonly egotists. It is not so much what they say as what they imply by their aggravating manner (teaching you that they have a sense of their own superiority), which proves this. Have you been as far as the Pyramids?—with what a "sense" does your friend regard your limited opportunities who has been to the Second Cataract! Have you ever toiled across that dreary desert from Damascus to Palmyra "outside" a camel, and suffered the inevitable sea-sickness attendant on an inaugural essay of that dreadful method of locomotion? When, at last, you have rested your weary limbs beside the delicious fountain on yonder hill-side, and begun to feel rewarded for your venture, as you gaze upon the wondrous ruins of Zenobia's pride, have you by chance encountered some more venturesome Briton returning from Mosul or Bagdad? If so, how has he made nothing—absolutely nothing—of all your trials and experiences, wanderings and journeyings; giving you distinctly to understand that the man who has never travelled further than Palmyra is a child—a baby—a very infant wrapped in the swaddling-clothes of geographic ignorance, and still cribbed in the limits of a nursery, as to opportunities of having seen any thing, or been any where! "No, sir!" (he does not say, but very clearly conveys in that unspoken language of looks and shrugs)—"No, sir! the man who has never yet reached Niaroud, explored Palace No. 1, gone to Ararat, done his "ascent" there, and laden his mules with bricks from Babylon, can lay no claim to travel, and had better at once be silent as to his privations."

It is most probable when our friend from Palmyra returns to England, he will speak in precisely the same manner to his friend who has never travelled further than Troy and the Seven Churches. In fact, the travelled walk on stilts over the untravelled, and look down at them just as the early riser regards with a look of pity (which is the severity of virtue) the man who objects to shaving in the foggy atmosphere of

7 A.M., and prefers, if it be convenient, in wintry weather to enjoy his matutinal muffin not earlier than the peep of day.

In his conversation the traveller makes you feel the same thing by implication. Wherever he has undergone most hardship, and been most glad to reach the end of his day's toil, there is the place towards which he is also most glad to turn his observations among his friends and kinsfolk. They are made to feel their own insignificance in the greatness of his fatigues, perils, and experiences.

The reader will be quite prepared by these introductory remarks for a characteristic piece of egotism. If the traveller finds a satisfaction in, and derives self-esteem from, the narration of his sufferings, great indeed must be his self-complacency who describes crossing the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon.

It is not unusual to enter Syria by Beyrout, having voyaged per "Austrian Lloyd's" from Trieste, *viâ* Rhodes and Cyprus. St. George and the Dragon made Beyrout famous in times of old. In these utilitarian days it is chiefly famous for sponges.

From Beyrout to the Cedars of Lebanon is three days' journey. Three days! and the distance is only as far as from London to Oxford. It is, however, a very different matter to travelling by the Great Western—*malgré* its dividends. There you have to climb hill-sides that seem as if they were metallised by Titans with monster blocks of iron-ore; or to wander along circuitous valleys that persist in looking as if their windings were leading you back to the place from whence you came. For those who sit at home at ease, and are content to pick up their information from Herodotus Junior, it will be desirable to make a mental N.B. to this effect:—in Asia Minor twenty to twenty-five miles per diem may be considered as very respectable travelling—particularly respectable,—when the following is rather than otherwise a subdued description of how the day is spent.

1 A.M. *Restless Traveller (to ditto ditto)*. "Are you asleep, Tomlinson?"

*T. to R. T.* "Asleep! I wish I were. I've never closed my eyes since I got on this wretched stretcher."

(The dragoman would have been deeply hurt in his susceptibilities had he heard this remark; the "stretcher" so called being regarded by him as a bed, provided for "Milord Inglesi-gentleman" totally irrespective of lavish outlay. It consists top and bottom of two cross-bars c" wood, shaped like an X, with six feet of canvas sacking between; and the said cross-bars—not commonly, but always—being "infirm of purpose," have a perpetual tendency to a rapid decline, which deposits the traveller on the ground.)

*R. T.* "Are your musquito curtains tight?"

*Tomlinson.* "Tight as wax. How are yours?"

*R. T.* "They seem all right, but I'm pricking all over with pins. I feel as if the fairies were stabbing me from head to foot."

*Tomlinson.* "Ha, ha! To be sure: just like the well at Jericho. Don't you know it's the sand-flies? Nothing keeps them out. India! Musquitos!—curtains!—rubbish! India's a paradise; musquitos a blessing; their delicious "hum" soothing, melodious, Mozart on wings, compared with—"

*R. T.* "My dear friend, are you wandering in your dreams?"

*Tomlinson.* "Jericho! Go to Jericho!"

Prolonged silence: the silence of the stilly night—poetically "audible."

3 A.M. Sound of voices outside: a sort of chorus of the sibilation that is heard in an Oratorio at Exeter Hall, or from the lips of the "needy knife-grinder." The sound in question proceeds from the Arabs, who are "up and doing"—grooming the horses for the coming day. The morning air becomes fragrant with Latakia; and the "donkey-boy," who always accompanies a cavalcade while travelling, whose business it is to sing songs, enliven the Arabs, and make himself (*en route*) generally useful, is heard chanting a joyous carol, which sounds like the following:

[*It being found impossible to reduce the song to any ordinary notes on the gamut, the Printer requests it may be omitted, though it is a loss.*]

4 A.M. Dragoman enters the tent. The Arabs, he says, are ready. The cook (a Greek, of course,—tall, handsome, dark, and an excellent cook, but a great rascal) is preparing breakfast; and the mule-men want to strike the tents and pack them on the mules to travel.

A general turn-out ensues. A brass basin a-top of a portmanteau, "in the open," with a towel and a comb, furnish a dressing-room for the company. Razors being unknown, beards ensue; and looking-glasses not existing, the feelings of Mr. Truefit would be, were that eminent *coiffeur* present, grossly outraged.

4½ A.M. Breakfast: coffee, fowl, rice, perhaps an egg, if in a "lenny" land.

While Tomlinson is enjoying his egg, the cool gray of the morning is intruded upon by a sudden splash of blood-red pouring out on the horizon. The mountains, like unguarded Duncan, might be supposed to have been asleep, and the sun having broken upon their rest, to have stained the sheets of morning's fleecy mists, with their life.

"There was riding and striding 'midst Dogherty's clan,  
Rourkes, Rileys, and Reardons, they rode and they ran;  
They dashed helter-skelter."

That parody on "Young Lochinvar" will give something approaching an idea of the "start" when an Eastern cavalcade applies itself to the business of the day. There is none of that "poetry of motion" which the pencil of Stothard has thrown into his picture of the "Canterbury Pilgrims." Travellers, dragoman, and cook ride on Arabs;—but not those Arab steeds with which the musical young ladies of a few years back used to the "battle speed," amidst the lispng ecstasies of a Clapham tea-party. The

weary Haymarket cab-horse, as he turns-in about 5 A.M. in the height of the London season, would be a much more truthful portrait of the Arab steed which commonly falls to the lot of the Eastern traveller. A highly-bred Arab is there just as scarce, and just as much prized, as at "Cook and Co.'s, Calcutta," or at "the Corner."

Pace is a thing that your dragoman never considers. He caters alone for carriage. By carriage the transportation of the body is to be understood, because there are no carriages in Syria. Your choice lies between riding on an Arab, a mule, or a camel. Bad is commonly the best; and so, with much grumbling, and a rehearsal of all the vernacular of the stable, you accept your fate and the jaded hack which is honoured with the name of Arab.

The pencil of Leech, with all the vigour and humour which that inimitably comic draughtsman can exhibit, has rendered to the life the stable-keeper who passes off his nag, attenuated with blemishes, upon the unsophisticated Mr. Briggs. It would be well if the same artist could be placed in the compound of the Belle-Vue Hotel, Beyrout, some spring morning, when a travelling-party is about to start for the "Cedars" of Lebanon. The stable-keeper of Beyrout is quite fitted to bear comparison with the stable-keeper of St. Giles or Holywell, Oxford. Holywell! those were happy days, reader, when we were suited with those superior hacks, yeapt "Rosinante" and "Miss Lucy," by an obliging friend in Holywell; when we had exhausted the last of our daily and much-detested lectures; when we scudded across the "Quad" when the blessed 1 P.M. had arrived, and found that Simpson, the scout, had the split mackerel broiled in butter, and the tankard of egg-flip, all ready, and all hot!

Don't you remember what a diurnal delight it was to doff the ragged bombazine and trencher-cap, to don the beaver, and sully forth to Charles S—m—d's in search of faithful Rosinante? Ah, me! that well-known oak-grained gateway. Never passed I through any portal so jubilantly as I have through that. I have stood under the door of the Taaj at Agra, under the columns of Luxor, under the pillars of Philæ; toiled up that majestic ascent into the chamber of Cheops; stood under the mighty eagle of Baalbek's matchless temple; mused on the staircase at Fontainebleau; and looked up, "many's the time and oft," into the dark opening through which the portcullis fell in the noblest castellated gateway that now remains in England, beneath which "old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," passed in all the pride and dignity of royalty. But not one of these famous places can recall such pleasurable sensations as the sportive undergraduate must feel when, in the companionship of some five or six school-fellows and college-chums, he issues forth from the familiar gateway of quiet Holywell for a "constitutional" on Bullingdon; or, better far, having put in an "ægrotat," steals out stealthily after chapel, meets his "mount" in Oriel Lane, and then "tally-ho-ho-ho boys!" for the day with Gifford's hounds.

I wonder whether others share equally in the admiration which I have always had for LXII. of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*? What stately figures in our country's history does it conjure up, and, above all, what labours! How the poet wakes our sympathies for the man

"Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,  
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,  
And breasts the blows of circumstance  
And grapples with his evil star"!

And yet, in the midst of the labour, he recalls the hill, the stream, and the friend that was his earliest mate, still living on his native land, within the limits of his narrower fate.

"Does my old friend remember me?"

From many a country-parsonage, many a set of chambers, from the antipodes, that thought must revert in the minds of thousands to the pair of gates in Holywell. As men scattered across the world are fighting the great battle, they must often think of the hunter and the huck, the bit of "pink," and the loose-box; and I fancy they must ask the question, "Do my old friends remember me?"

I still possess my "brush"! The fox that owned it would not recognise his tail now. It is a brush truly: with a handle of ebony it hangs beside my writing-table, and neat-handed Phillis dusts the books therewith. I sit silent as I watch its graceful hairs whisked unheedingly over my judicious Hooker, or the thumbed leaves of my "Pindari Carmina." To what base or to what noble uses may we come! But if Alexander stops a bung-hole, tell me, shades of foxes, you who have lost your tails, "*animi sub vulpe latentes*," is it not in the course of nature that your brushes should be brushes indeed—*dramaticè* "practicable"?

Adieu, Holywell, and adieu, best of stable-keepers! incomparable judge of "flesh"! or rather, not adieu, but "*au revoir*." The stable-keepers of Beyrout have tempted memory back to old times; and though my "malacca" is useless now, it is sacredly preserved—a memento of the happy days that are gone for ever.

Pardon this digression, reader; and with our seven-leagued boots let us travel directly back to the Belle-Vue Hotel, Beyrout.

It is rightly named; for as you stand in the verandah, and look through the arch at the end, you have beneath your feet the town of Beyrout, jutting forth with a promontory into the Mediterranean, behind it a beautiful bay, and beyond that the hills of the Lebanon rising in terraces one above the other, dappled with spots of green; the sun's rays ever and again glancing on patches of white building nestling in the bosom of the hills, where the "well-to-do" inhabitants, and the consuls and European merchants, delight to retreat in the hot weather, and find a temperature more congenial to European blood than the sweltering lanes and bazaars of thriving dirty Beyrout.

This scene was before us, when the compound in front of the hotel was suddenly occupied by our dragoman, introducing the stable-keeper

and his Arab steeds for choice, pick, and approval, preparatory to our start.

We drew lots out of a hat who should have first choice, who second, &c. This done, the fortunate No. 1 mounted and tried the horses in turn. And here all the talent of the stable-keeper was exhibited. We were treated as a "Freshman" is when first he ventures inside an Oxford "livery." The object of the owner was to "force" (as the conjuror would say) the greatest "screws;" and in accomplishing this he was no doubt aided and abetted, for obvious reasons, by the dragoman. The poorer the horse, the cheaper the rate of hire to the dragoman. There was his interest directly; because he was paid so much per head per diem by us to find horses, provender, provisions, tents, every thing. The poorer the horse, and the slower the pace it could go,—there was the dragoman's interest indirectly; because the shorter the day's stage, the longer the time which would be consumed, therefore the more days' pay and profit to him. Prospective travellers may take hints; and they will perhaps not be surprised at the conclusion we came to thus early in our adventures, that, between dragoman and stable-keeper, we had fallen among thieves.

There are persons in this world, like Sir Charles Coldstream, who have so completely used up every thing, that they set forth at last in search of a new sensation. Here let me suggest a complete novelty. It is a first day's ride in a Turkish saddle. The sensations are novel to the last degree, and most decided in their character. An English saddle padded with "Macadam," well lumped down the line of the thigh and calf, will suggest the best resemblance that my unfertile imagination can conjure up. Instead of the smooth leather that Peat or Gibson would provide, let the saddle be supposed to be stitched over with a piece of rough-woven hearth-rug; the stirrup-leathers knotted at various places to suit them to the length of the leg of the rider; and instead of a flat steel snap to fasten them to the saddle, let the said leathers be tied to the front in a thick knot, a very cancer of cordage,—and the uninitiated will have a tolerable idea of the sort of "pad" on to which he vaults when entering Asia Minor.

Vain and rash is the attempt to try the paces of a horse when pounding on such an instrument of torture. The stable-keeper grins his satisfaction while he assures you of the excellence of his quadruped; and having jolted you into your fate, assumes that the animal you have crossed will exactly suit, and begins to knot your stirrup-leathers to the required length. The word "fate" is here used advisedly; because, as every thing beyond the Archipelago is *fate*, the sooner a traveller from Europe makes his mind up to his fate the better. When it became the writer's turn to "try his nag," nothing would induce him to submit to the knotted stirrup-leathers. Protests, loud and long and vain, were entered against the saddle; but the stirrups and leathers, calculated to bore holes all down the leg, were not to be endured. It would have been



better to bear, and be patient with fate, as an episode at Baalbek will hereafter prove. However, fate was resisted, and the dragoman was compelled to go to the Beyrout bazaar and buy new irons and leathers.

He returned with a great display; for the stirrups were in some way plated or "tinned," and consequently, viewed at a little distance, they looked like silver. Proud of my resolution and the result, the mount was called; the mules moved on, carrying the tents; the fowls, caged for some coming repast, fluttered like Shakspeare's Volscians; the donkey-boy headed the cavalcade; the "Inglesi-gentlemens" followed in the rear; and the dragoman and cook completed the imposing spectacle.

As any one day is a sample of all days, we may revert to that moment in a preceding page where our travellers, having dressed and breakfasted, are about to set forth upon the day's journey.

5 A.M. The whole party is safely astir; the donkey-boy, sitting apparently on the tail of his donkey, is always well ahead. The Arab horses, having enjoyed a night's rest, are at first coaxed into a spurt, leaving the mules and the baggage far away in the rear. But this vivacity seldom outlives the first half-hour, after which the horses subside into the same pace as the asses, male and female.

Unless it be in the spring of the year, when the hills of Syria are dressed in abundant verdure, and the green is variegated with thousands of flowering heather; when the broad plains of Cœle-Syria, of Esdraelon, and of the Maritime, are positively glittering in the morning light, like waving seas of gold,—unless at such period, nothing can be more wearying to the eye than the general aspect of the country, stretching from the Dead Sea northward to Tripoli. In one portion of the Lebanon, particularly in that which lies between Beyrout and the Cedars, the land is thickly covered with boulders of a dark, and in many places vitrified, character; but the country generally consists of unending and exhausting hills and mounds of dreary barren limestone. Timber is a thing positively unknown, except among the solitary trees of the few remaining cedars occupying one little plot upon the summits of Lebanon; or in that happy valley which the Barada (the Abana and Pharpar of ancient Scripture) cleaves for itself amongst the fastnesses of Anti-Lebanon, bursting madly over rock and crag, and driving onward furiously until it makes its way into the plain of Damascus. Wherever those "waters of Damascus" rush along, there is timber and shrub, plant, flower, verdure, richness, and plenty. Except in some very rare exceptions,—as at Baniyas, the ancient Cæsarea-Philippi,—the above places are the only ones wherein "timber" is to be found; and throughout the rest of the land the eye meets with nothing but olive, mulberry, vine, walnut, and fig trees. These are in abundance, but they give no effect of foliage, and are consequently most unsatisfying to the eye, which thirsts for shadow and for something green. It was well in ancient days to describe this as a land of corn, wine, and oil. Such it was; and despite Turkish misrule, Druse and Maronite animosity, such it still is. But these are very poor and unsatisfactory elements in the picturesque.

From Nîmes to Montpellier the olive-gardens are infinitely more beautiful than any where in Syria; and yet no one would quote them as contributing much to the beauty of the lovely hill-sides on which they are so richly cultivated.

When you are in your saddle, therefore, at 5 A.M., the day's prospect is not very inspiring in a general way. You ride, and ride, and ride to enjoy the pleasures of association, and not, as a general rule, the beauty of scenery. Regarded as a country, for nine months in the year (that is, except in the blush of spring) Syria is the most wearying, sun-baked, tautographical place in the world,—perpetual hills, everlasting rocks, blinding limestone ridges, limestone mule-paths, limestone valleys, limestone every thing and every where. The water is muddy with limestone; the scorching sun grills every flower and herb on this natural oven of limestone; the houses are built of it, floored with it, ceiled with it, roofed with it. Sir Roderick Murchison would be exasperated with it.

But it is, with a few exceptions, the historical associations connected with particular places (as I have said) that encourage the weary traveller still to go forward. Were it not that Christianity, the Apostles, and last of all the Crusaders, have given such intense interest to a multitude of spots dotted all over this country, I can hardly conceive a traveller having resolution to sustain the exhausting monotony and funeral pace of a tour through Syria.

From 5 to 10 A.M. you jog along, and commonly snoke. Hills above you, around you, behind you; now a little descent, and then the course of a dried-up brook; then up another hill. The horses and mules stumble and stagger in a groove about a foot wide and two feet deep. This is cut through the ascents and descents, and is the only representative of a road. It looks like an open drain; but it saves the beasts of burden from the shelving rocks, which are always very slippery, and consequently, uncertain footing both for horse, mule, and camel.

After five hours' journeying, the dragoman usually looks out for some place of shelter—the shadow of a ruin, or the covering of a grove of fig-trees is the most common, and, if possible, near a well or a stream.

The first of all considerations is to reach a spot where you can get water. So that throughout the East the well answers to the old English "half-way house" and road-side "accommodation for man and beast," which gave their cheerful welcome to the "Tally-ho" and "Red Rover" that flourished before this age of iron.

10 A.M. The well and rest.

Water may well create a digression. You halt where you can find water. That element is becoming daily more valued in England both for external and internal application; but if any one wants to learn its real value, and how far it excels all wines, spirits, and beer, let him travel for a few days among the mountains around the Dead Sea. A drop of water there has a high price, and its value is appreciated.

When you halt, water, bread, figs (*toujours des figues*), grapes, or

the packed-up and fresh-baked remnants of the ancient gallinacea served at breakfast, are the provender which, about ten o'clock and again about one or two P.M., your dragoman produces.

You get into what shade you can, and immediately your horse, regardless of saddle, or whatever he may be laden with, lies down and rolls about violently, raising clouds of choking dust. When ten or twelve animals adopt this species of demonstration expressive of their delight at being temporarily relieved from their burdens, the refreshing viands are peppered with a deposit that convinces you of your rapidly fulfilling that destiny to which we are all proverbially born, with reference to the consumption of a peck of dirt during the period of our natural life.

This species of refection is the only relief to the monotony of the day. When it is ended, and you have rested awhile, you mount and ride on again (the ordinary pace being a quick walk), until such time as the sun begins to verge towards the horizon. During your rest the mules with the baggage have pushed on, to some selected tenting-ground, which is generally reached from five to six o'clock. You arrive in a scene of confusion, your goods, chattels, and household stuff being scattered about like furniture in the street at a metropolitan fire. Inquisitive natives and bleary-eyed children (ophthalmia being a rule amongst the juvenile population) gather round at a little distance, to criticise the strangers, and see if there is any thing to steal. The donkey-boy is energetic in keeping back the rabble, while the Greek cook prepares a cup of coffee to beguile the time until the tents are pitched, and dinner can be prepared. As you sip this beverage out of a piece of crockery the size of an egg-cup, the sun dips and goes down; and in the absence of twilight, darkness and shivering take the place, almost instantaneously, of scorching glare and perspiration. Ten minutes ago you could hardly endure the heat; now you rush to pea-jackets and railway-wrappers for all the warmth and protection they can extend.

Dinner follows. Sometimes kid, more rarely mutton, generally fowls are the staple food. Fowls, roast to-day, boiled to-morrow, stewed with oil the next day, served with onions in broth the day after that, and then returning to roast, and going round the same circuit again, is the more ordinary "ordinary" of the repast which is honoured with the name of dinner. The Greeks are excellent cooks; and it is really amazing how many different dishes they can construct out of the genus fowl. One weakness, however, they betray in all their pottage and stews. It is the use of oil and garlic. Reconcile your taste to these culinary "help-meats" in all things, and you will get on tolerably well, provided you have not a passion for variety in food. In Asia Minor Macbeth's witches might have said, "Fowl is fare."

Dinner ended, about nine o'clock you are glad to creep to bed. A dark night in a tent, with one or two flickering candles, does not offer any particular inducement to joviality; and the ordinary result of ten or twelve hours in the saddle is a strong inclination to somnolency. What you have

to expect in the dead waste and middle of the night has been already described.

This is a very unpoetic but accurate description of the way you pass the day in the land of the East—the land of romance (on paper). Oh, the difference between romance and reality! That which reconciles you to bear and suffer is locality. Every day, and frequently often in the same day, you expect to reach places of which you have heard and read in history, sacred and profane, since your childhood.

What would not any one endure to start from Beyrout and visit the Cedars of Lebanon, Baalbek, Damascus, and Palmyra, one after the other?

Let us start. We will go over the Lebanon to Baalbek.

Having left Beyrout on those notorious Arab steeds, we proceed for some three hours along the shore, where the spurs of the Lebanon range sweep down to the ocean, and block up any passage on the sea-board. The road begins to ascend, by a very rugged mule-path, until it reaches some 150 feet above the water. Continuing for some distance, scrambling over rocky ledges, we at length arrive at a spot where the path winds round a sharp, bold headland, reminding us somewhat of a pass in the Alps. Here we come upon the Dog River, the ancient Lyeus, which finds its way to the ocean at the foot of this overhanging cliff. The river, cliff, and ocean have made this a natural gateway of the country; there being no means of passage but across the river, and over the rocky headland.

A very ancient ascent, in flights of steps, climbs up the face of the cliff from the river, which served as a road to the armies of Sennacherib.

The rocks above are rich in monuments commemorative of the Assyrian and Egyptian invasions. These are cut in the limestone, in recesses, some seven or eight feet high.

The figures of the king, with the winged deity over his head, the Egyptian figures, and also the cuneiform inscriptions, are very perfect.

The rocks on the inner side of the path have been cut perpendicularly, and faced. They are for several yards covered with Greek inscriptions; and again, on a broken pedestal, there are remains of a Latin inscription.

These various languages and sculptures are a history in themselves, telling us of the great invasions to which this land was subjected, of which we read in sacred history. On this side of Mosul, I know of no spot so singularly interesting, as regards inscriptions and rock-cut figures, as is this mouth of the Dog River.

The present road was cut (most likely it was an enlargement and re-  
 vision of the far more ancient ones taking the same track) in the reign  
 of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, during the second century of the Christian  
 era. (There are traces of two or three roads breasting the precipice.) A  
 Latin inscription commemorates its construction:

IMP. CAES. M. AVRELIVS  
 ANTONINVS PIVS FELIX AVGVSTVS  
 PART. MAX. BRIT. MAX. GERM. MAXIMVS  
 PONTIFEX MAXIMVS  
 MONTIBVS IMMINENTIBVS  
 LICO FLVMINI CAESIS VIAM DELATAVIT  
 PER \_\_\_\_\_  
 ANTONINIANAM SVAM

There are still existing nine carved slabs upon the rocks, all of them Assyrian or Egyptian.

The Egyptian commemorate Sesostris, of whom Herodotus speaks; and therefore they take us back three thousand one hundred years, or three centuries before David's time. The Assyrian commemorate Sennacherib, some of them, perhaps, the earlier Assyrian invaders; and therefore they take us back at least two thousand five hundred years. It would be impossible to describe the strange sensations with which a Christian traveller looks upon these marvellously perfect records of conquerors who carried desolation through this land centuries before the time of Christ. Exposed as they are to the spray of the sea and the action of the weather, it is astonishing to behold a series of sculptures, for the most part as clear and sharp as if they had been chiselled yesterday.

Proceeding round the Bay of Djounie or Kesrouan, we pass some ruins built in deep recesses of the rocks, beneath which the tide rushes into vaults that are unapproachable. The Arabs give this place the name of the Tomb of St. George. Having slain the dragon, our patron saint is here supposed to sleep his long sleep.

The sea-coast is followed as far as Batroun, presenting no objects of any particular interest, beyond some remains of fortified places that were battered down by our English ships in 1840.

At Batroun the traveller bids farewell to the sea, and turns directly inland, commencing his ascent of the Lebanon range, in order to reach the celebrated Cedars.

The slopes at the foot of the range call to mind the fields of stone and hills in the approach to Marseilles, only that the ruggedness of the former far exceeds the latter.

From Batroun to the Cedars is two days' easy journey, as far as distance is concerned, though the travelling is extremely wearying. It is well not to hurry over this ground, for magnificent as the Lebanon is in many places, in none is it more so than here. When once the higher ranges are attained, the views which present themselves to the eye are superb. You look back to the sea, and across the calm and glittering waters of the Mediterranean the outline of Cyprus is clearly visible on the horizon. Following the sea-board, the eye travels northward, and through that rare atmosphere of the East distinctly traces the houses, minarets, and smoke of the town of Tripoli; between which and the spot where we stand there interpose a

multitude of hills and valleys, which, on a very enlarged scale, have a strong resemblance to the view from the summit of the Malvern Hills, looking towards Wales. But the noblest feature in this superb panorama has yet to be mentioned. It is the mountain gorge through which, lashing itself into fury, roaring and tumbling over giant rocks, rushes Nahr Abu' Aly, the main branch of the river Kadisha, the sacred river of the Lebanon, rising in the neighbourhood of the Cedars, and dashing furiously over crags, and through deep valleys, until it reaches Tripoli.

I know not whether Martin ever travelled in the Lebanon; but whether he did or not, his pictures alone give any idea of the scenery through which we pass in approaching the Cedars. His rocks, gorges, and even his strange trees, with those deep distances, those remote plains and valleys, are a most faithful representation of the scenery along the banks of the Kadisha.

It is impossible to speak of any "valley" on nearing the Cedars by the course of the Nahr Abu' Aly. There is a deep awful gorge, walled in with enormous precipices of rock, with here and there little patches or knolls covered with verdure, and affording room for a few cottages. Now and again the gorge widens, and then a small bridge, and a little village, perhaps, ventures to plant itself beside those boisterous waters, reclaiming a small field for the growth of mulberries, figs, or plantations of pine, whose freshness and greenness are most grateful to the eye. Hundreds of feet above, you see occasionally a cottage, or perhaps a Maronite church, upon a sort of plateau between the precipices and the spring of the mountains, which rise again steep and rugged, shutting-in the Cedars in a natural amphitheatre of hills.

The traveller passes along this plateau at an elevation of about 5000 feet above the sea, rising gradually to 6400, where we reach the Cedars. The summits of the mountains above are again 3000 feet higher.

The Cedars nestle in a little clump in the hollow of a small basin, not many hundred feet above the spot where the Nahr Abu' Aly, after purling down the mountain, makes its first leap over a deep precipice.

The little green patch of trees, overhung by the enormous mountain-sides,—gray, cold, and barren, and crowned with snow,—presents a striking and very strange contrast to all around it. It stands a veritable oasis, lost in a mountain desert, lifted up high above all cultivation and the haunts of men. It consists of a cluster of about 500 trees. Of these only eleven or twelve are ancient.

That graceful cedar in Lady Place, Hurley Lock, and that spreading tree in the Duke of Northumberland's gardens at Sion House, far exceed in beauty any thing at Lebanon. It is the antiquity and the size of the Lebanon trees that give them such peculiar interest. By these few trees we are carried back in thought to the days of Solomon. The pride of Solomon's Temple, and of the heathen temples of Ephesus and Perpolis, was enhanced by being ceiled with cedars brought from these hills. The mountains are now denuded of their former glory, excepting these few, and perhaps one or two more in stray places towards Tripoli.

A considerable number existed in remote parts of the Lebanon, I am led to believe, up to the commencement of the present century; but they have long disappeared. It is not probable that the fine timber of ancient days was spared beyond the middle ages. The forests were consumed for building purposes, and the consumption was much more rapid than the cultivation. Queen Helena's Church at Bethlehem is the only building which now retains in its roof any remains of the ancient cedars; and it is a proof how scarce they became centuries ago when the fact is narrated, that on the repair of that roof it was necessary to provide foreign woods. Edward IV. of England presented the "heart of oak" wherewith the ancient cedars of the nave of that church are now held together.

In the midst of the clump of trees there is a small chapel, built much in the same way as the hedge-walls of Lancashire and Yorkshire. In the roof, the monks, who have charge of the place, stow away any pieces of branches which may fall from the trees, and which they jealously preserve.

No doubt in former years these trees were much abused. The noblest of them, which stands in front of the chapel, has its bark cut all over with initials and names. Among others I read, "Irby and Mangles, 1817." The names are mostly French.

The trunk of this monarch of cedars, at a rough measurement, I calculated to be about thirty-four or thirty-six feet in circumference. About eight or ten feet from the ground it divides into several branches, which are mighty trees in themselves. The monks assert that their favourite is 3000 years of age. It is not often that an Englishman credits a monkish story; but for once I believe their assertion is very near the truth. The longevity of the cedar is well known.

Strange it seems to the imagination, as we stand and look at the living, thriving, glorious king of the wood, and muse within ourselves, "This tree was one of the monarchs of these mountains what time Christ himself trod the banks of Lebanon, beneath yon southern spurs of Hermon! Nay, it may have flourished even when David built his palace of cedar, or Solomon "spake of trees; from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon."

Once a year the Maronites collect from all their villages and settlements around, and come up to the Cedars, where, kneeling in one vast congregation under the ancient trees in front of the chapel, they receive the holy communion, and sing their favourite hymns. This festival occurs in the month of June, and is regarded as a most imposing ceremony—grand in its simplicity, and most solemn in its effect.

Leaving the Cedars, we ascend the mountain immediately in the rear. It is a most toilsome, oppressive, exhausting undertaking, but amply repays every one who proceeds by this route to Baalbek. There are always patches of snow in the crevices at the top, so that the parched lips and burning throat can be slaked; for the heat is quite as oppressive as in India.

Here travellers, horses, mules, are glad to pause, and enjoy the fresh cooling breeze that meets you on the summit. And then the prospect! — the kingdoms of the world seem at your feet, and the critical eye asks for nothing. The panorama embraces every beauty which can be conceived. On the one side, inland, is the vast plain, reaching to Anti-Lebanon and Baalbek, yellow with corn, and beyond it the forked mountains; on the other, the amphitheatre, with the Cedars in the hollow, and beneath them the gorges, the rivers, the ten thousand hills, the opening valleys, the distant vineyards, pine-forests, mulberry orchards; lofty crags, with convents perched on their ledges; the remote towers of Tripoli, the Mediterranean, and Cyprus on the horizon. It is a scene that holds you in a state of enchantment, forgetting all the suffering and toil and ruggedness you have had to endure in order to attain this prospect of the grandeur of creation—this evidence of the unmeasured affluence of its Creator's benevolence.

The descent upon the opposite side is so steep that it is at times perfectly alarming.

The appearance of our cavalcade was very like a set of flies coming down a pane of glass; but those multipeds have the advantage over quadrupeds in their sure-footedness. I never saw animals so punished as were our horses in making this descent; and to sit them was a business of the greatest difficulty. It was in reality standing in the stirrups, with one's feet touching the horse's jaws.

The valley being reached after some hours of this dangerous toil, the traveller generally pitches his tent for the night at a pretty village called Ain-Ette. Leaving this about 6 A.M., you have three hours of sharp riding before you cross the range of minor hills which cluster about the feet of the Lebanon proper, making a gradual descent to the plain of Coele-Syria. At length it breaks upon you, running in a north-east direction between the two ranges of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. It stretches away north and south as far as the eye can see; while looking across it, under the spurs of the Anti-Lebanon, you catch sight in the dim haze of remote distance of the pillars and outline of Baalbek.

This mighty plain, one of nature's vast granaries, looks far more level than Salisbury Plain. It might be a bowling-green for Hercules.

Four or five hours of ordinary travelling brings us to the walls of Baalbek; but those stately walls must make every one impatient to reach them; and if there is any pace to be got out of your horse, the distance may be comfortably done in a little more than three hours.

Once you have sighted Baalbek, you never take your eyes off it. It is altogether different to any thing you can see elsewhere in the West. Baalbek and Palmyra stand alone in their peculiar characteristic grandeur; Palmyra the vastest, but Baalbek the grandest.

I have endeavoured to trace the first impressions of every writer, whose works I could meet with, that has visited Baalbek; but I have never yet,



among a multitude, met with any that gave me satisfaction. Perhaps this is the best evidence I could produce of the grandeur of its ruins.

Before we actually see a place, we have our impressions gathered from what we have heard and read. The insufficiency of language for description is shown in the fact, that we generally find noted places very different to what we expected. Tell me, you who have seen Athens, Philæ, Palmyra, were you not astonished as much by your mistaken previous impressions as by the actual appearance of these places, when in all their grandeur of decay you saw them with your own eyes?

Baalbek in my early days had formed part of my Sunday reading. It was a subject in a sacred story-book, because it was somehow connected with Palestine, and supposed to have been built by Solomon. My mind was impressed with the one idea of very great stones. Neither temples nor pillars had possession of my imagination, but simply great stones. So when, five-and-twenty years later, I really saw the place, as our cavalcade approached it, my mind was busy anticipating a sight of these great stones. But what was the reality? A marvel and a mystery, such as I never saw before, neither have I since. Ruined, forsaken, desolate, there is no place which exhibits for the architectural eye so much grandeur, with at the same time so much beauty, as Baalbek. You may point to things grander, and perhaps to buildings more beautiful; but you will not point to any one block of building containing so much of both combined as may be found in Baalbek.

In drawing near its walls, the first subject of astonishment to me was to find any immense city of ruin perched on the top of apparent fortifications.

It stands on the flat in the plain, about a mile removed from the foot of the range of Anti-Lebanon. It is evident, therefore, that the noblest structures, built upon the level, with these hills towering over them, would have looked stunted and low. The ancient architects evidently felt this; and therefore resolved, before beginning to build their gorgeous temples, that they should be raised above the plain. Hence it comes that the temples of Baalbek are elevated upon a mighty vaulted substructure, which alone is one of the wonders of the world in architecture. In the middle ages, and under Saracenic rule, the outer walls of this tremendous foundation have been roughly built upon and looped; consequently the present air of fortification, when first seen, in no way belongs to them. The mind is staggered and puzzled, as on nearing the walls their strength and dimensions grow upon the eye; while, towering above them, rise the solitary pillars of the world-famed *Τρίλιθον*.

On entering the town, and riding round the ruins, the marvel is explained. It is then found that a vaulted basement was constructed before a single stone was laid of the homes of the gods; and that this basement, upwards of 800 feet long by 550 broad, is every where 30 feet high, and under the Great Temple 50 feet.

This substructure, evidently constructed to give elevation to the plat-

arm of the Temples, is to my mind the greatest wonder of Baalbek. It is the masonry of this substructure that has created the surprise of every traveller and historian; and it was this (I found on examination) which had captivated my imagination in early Sunday reading. For a better understanding of the subject, I have drawn a ground-plan, taken from my own measurements and drawings on the spot, and lately corrected by other plans which I have examined in the British Museum. There is a difference (and superiority, I think) in the annexed plan to those of others, that I here give the outline of the additions made to the platform in the middle ages, when Baalbek was turned into a fort; and that I give a plan of the great thoroughfares of the substructure, which no one else seems to do. On turning to the American traveller Robinson's *Palestine* (the only thorough and accurate description of that country which I have ever met with,—the only book, most certainly, for any traveller to take in his hand as a trusty guide), I am surprised to find that he only looks into these vaulted passages, and does not attempt to explore them. Baalbek does not come within the scope of Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*, and therefore that work (which is immeasurably superior to any other by an Englishman on the subject) is silent on the matter.

Let me, therefore, attempt a description. Underneath the Great Quadrangle, it will be seen that passages, much like the letter H, are found to penetrate the whole. These are shaded-in simply to show their situation. It would have made the plan indistinct to have added the various chambers which at different stages open out of them. There are several. Several of which I have drawn on my own private key-map, and several which I could not enter, because they were walled up.

There is one other omission. It will be observed that there are no vaulted passages indicated under the Great Temple beyond the Quadrangle. They exist; but, from the substructure, are inaccessible. I could discover no entrance to them; but in the fall of the enormous pillars above, one has broken through the crown of the arch beneath, and exposed a small portion of a vaulted passage, which evidently extends under the whole of that building. On approaching this enormous substructure, it is found to have four entrances, on the natural level. They are the mouths of the vaulted passages, two at each end, on opposite sides under the Quadrangle, and running through from east to west, opening again beyond. They are connected, at some distance from the entrances, by two other vaulted passages, built transversely; so that the whole square can be walked under without ever going out into the open air.

In approaching the mouth of any one of these passages, the appearance is precisely the same as a railway-tunnel, with this single exception, that Baalbek is built entirely of monster blocks of stone.

The three gigantic stones in the western foundation of the Great Temple are objects of astonishment to the world; but throughout the whole of this extensive mass of masonry the average size of the blocks in the vaults is from twelve to ten feet long by six or seven square. There

is no building in Europe which exhibits such solidity of construction. It is very true there are no foundations which have to carry so enormous an amount of masonry above; and this is a simple explanation of the astonishing massiveness here presented to view.

It was necessary to traverse these vaulted galleries with torches. In their uncertain light much may have escaped my observation; but among other things, I was struck with several inscriptions upon the centre stones in the crowns of the arches. Two of these inscriptions I copied. They were as follows:

DIVISIO  
NOSCI

DIVISIO  
CHORII

What do they mean? I have asked myself that question ever since, but never arrived at a satisfactory solution. Perhaps some scholar well versed in antiquity may be able to give a better explanation than I can. I have never met with any notice or copy of them, and therefore no speculations upon the subject. Long after leaving Baalbek, I was struck with the resemblance to these vaulted passages in several of the thoroughfares of modern Nablous—the ancient Sychar.

At Nablous a great part of the trade of the town, or what we should call “marketing,” is carried on in vaults built after the same fashion, above which the houses are erected. These are, in fact, bazaars. Light is admitted from above at stated intervals; and in this way the glare and scorching heat of the sun is excluded, while the stone, by its dampness and chilliness, cools the air in its circulation.

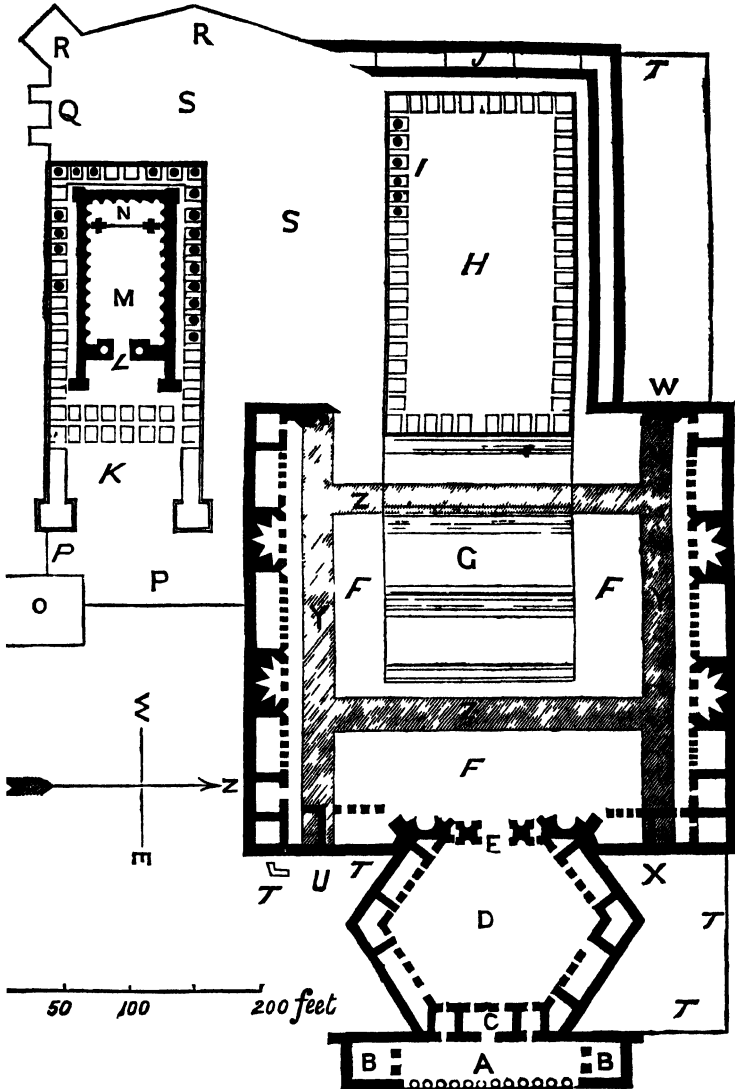
May not this have been the practical use of the substructure of Baalbek? While architecturally beautiful, may it not have been likewise socially beneficial? May it not have been a sort of “cloisters” to the temples above, and to the multitudes crowding there to the worship of the sun?

May not this substructure, in the grandeur of its vast design, and in the superb method of its construction, be one more evidence to the world that the ancient architects knew how to combine the useful and the beautiful; that they did not build for mere show, neither did they, while providing for social wants, neglect refinement and chasteness of taste in their engineering?

Reader, I must leave you to speculate among these vaulted passages, and to wonder at their stupendous strength. You shall gaze, if you will, at yonder three greatest stones of all, in the western foundations, collectively 190 feet long; the one 68 feet, and the other two 63 each. You shall wander for 1200 feet along these Titanic corridors without ever approaching the daylight. Hold up the torch, dragoman, and show them those strange inscriptions; point out the broken busts. Whose are they? Is that Severus? Is yonder Caracalla? Who knows! Turn out of these dark labyrinths into those darker side-rooms. This is the

# PLAN OF THE RUINS OF BAALBEK:

From measurements and plan drawn on the spot by J. C. M. BELLEW, 1856.



A Great Portico — B Adjoining Hall, separated by pillars, only — C Triple Portal leading into hexagonal Hall — D Hexagonal Hall — E Triple Portal leading into Grand Quadrangle — F Grand quadrangle — G Remains of flight of steps, with intervals and traces of double rows of statues on their side leading to the peristyle of the Temple of the Gods — H Temple of the Gods 'Erihon' — I The Six Pillars, with entablature, which alone remain — J The position of the three gigantic blocks of stone in the foundation walls of the Great Temple — K The Temple of the Sun — L The single Portico of the Temple — M The Cella — N Position of Heathen Altar, and also of the Altar when this Temple was a Christian Church — O Saracenic Tower, built in the middle ages — P Walls of the same period — Q, R Walls ditto, and small towers all constructed out of the masonry of ancient Baalbek, in order to convert the place into a fortification — S An immense irregular area, covered with masses of fallen masonry, shafts of columns from both the Temples, and numerous pieces of frieze cornice, and entablature — T Saracenic or Turkish outer wall constructed to mark and protect the Substructure entrance at W. — U, V, W, X The four great Entrances of the ruined Passages which traverse the Substructure, upon which the whole platform of the Temple and buildings has been raised. — Y, Z The direction of the Passages themselves as explored in 1856.

Divisio Chorii. There is a vast chamber here, large enough to be a hall of ambassadors. There is another within, but much smaller. And there is another beyond that, very small. It has a little platform at the end, and a niche. What may this mean? Did Gelasinus, the tragic actor, who became a Christian, and would not play his part one day in the great theatre of "Heliopolis,"—did he rush hither to escape the crowds that were hounding him to his death for his faith's sake, and dragged him forth, and stoned him till he died? Did he, think you, while pelted by the heathen crew, fly hither to pray for protection; and was there not one of that Divisio—not one Roman maiden—that loved the poor player more than she feared imperial Diocletian? Could he not find sanctuary in that inner chamber?

Those passages were once busy with the hum of life. Those foundations may have been laid by Phœnician hands. The bride of Solomon may have stood there, and seen the *Τριλιθον* erected to honour the worship of her own Egyptian god.

Cæsar and the Antonines were proud of Baalbek. Christian Bishops once celebrated the name of our Saviour within the cella of its temple. Tamerlane conquered, looked at it, and wondered.

There is silence obscuring its birth and shrouding its decline. We know not whence it came; we know not who was the Michael Angelo of those august shrines; and when the Tartar left it, the world left it. It was forgotten on the pages of time. And yet, before we ascend the great platform—before we enter the temples, and stand awe-stricken in front of those "cloud-kissing" pillars, down in this lower story,—in this "basement," where we still linger, there is enough to occupy our minds for many a day. Wars, ravages, earthquakes, have spoliated the place. Barbarians from year to year have made it their quarry, their stone-yard. They have mutilated it, robbed it, smashed its pillars to steal a lump of metal. And yet, I say, it stands strong, firm, and majestic. The antiquary will find it a library; the engineer a volume of marvellous design; and the traveller will tarry among its ruins, growing daily into a better sense of its vastness and its beauty, and learning to esteem it, among the remnants of architectural antiquity, in the combination of stupendous proportion and exquisite elaboration of detail, as one of the wonders of the world.

J. C. M. BELLEW.

## Always with Us.

Oh, Charity, of virtues first—  
 Oh, holy prompting of the heart  
 That bids us choose the better part,  
 But most in Heaven's mercy trust !

For mercy every night we pray ;  
 We daily ask that Heaven's decree  
 May lightly fall on us, as we  
 Our duty to our fellows pay.

But in our daily life we see  
 Great Sin that stalks around us still,  
 And yet we show nor way nor will  
 To prove our Christian charity.

Shall fellow-creatures fall away,  
 And we put forth no hand to save  
 From death, and death beyond the grave,  
 God's images in kindred clay ?

Like Cain, we ask that question still—  
 " Our brother's keeper how are we ?"  
 And, though we murder not as he,  
 Our Abels by neglect we kill.

The City's alleys, foul and damp,  
 Show sights to give the angels awe,—  
 Sad rebels 'gainst the Christian law,  
 Defacements of the Almighty stamp !

These are our sisters on the earth,  
 Our sisters in the world to come ;  
 Yet our fraternal hearts are dumb,  
 And feel no pulse of foster-birth.

We shrug our shoulders when we meet,  
 Our garments gather lest we touch ;  
 We will not own that any such  
 Are more than dust below our feet.

We mutter in 'side-whispered talk,  
 " How dreadful is this City's Sin !"  
 We—in our wealth of warmth within ;  
 They—pacing wearily the walk,

With awful eyes, and hungry glare,  
 Still seeking what they may devour,  
 With more of horror in an hour  
 Than we in half a life could bear.

Whose is the greater sin,—or ours,  
 Or theirs? We are not tried as they,  
 Whose living deaths from day to day  
 Make torture of those even hours,

Which gracious Heaven permits to glide  
 In quiet comfort o'er our heads,  
 Who, sleeping soft in downy beds,  
 Regard our easy lot with pride ;

As if ourselves that lot had made,  
 Had gained it by our proper skill,  
 And Heaven had merely to fulfil  
 The claims consistent with our grade.

As if, assured of granted grace,  
 We knew our sins already shriven ;  
 And, holding heritage in Heaven,  
 But waited to assume our place.

Christians of course, but all our years  
 Forgetful of our Saviour's law,  
 Who, when the Magdalen He saw  
 Washing his feet with bitter tears,

Forgave her sin, and changed her lot,  
 And raised her up, and bade her go  
 In peace, and taught us all below  
 A lesson we have nigh forgot.

And, "always with us," still we find  
 These ever-present at our side,  
 Yet from our hearts the truth we hide,  
 That we and they are Christian-kind.

Ah, that His light would shine again,  
 To show us where our duty lies,  
 And wake compassion in our eyes  
 Like that which shone from His at NAIN !

## Criminal Lunatics.

“NOT GUILTY.” Such is the verdict passed upon that low-browed scowling object in the dock, who stands before his country accused of having slaughtered his young wife and infant children.

“Not Guilty.” That pallid, emaciated, care-worn girl,—she has scarcely reached womanhood,—upon whose fate a jury has just decided, threw herself and child in an access of frenzy into the turbid stream. She was *fortunately* (?) rescued, but, the child being drowned, was transferred to Newgate, charged with suicide and murder.

“Not Guilty.” With what a wild ghastly look the prisoner at the bar receives the sentence which drags him from the gallows! He stabbed, whilst they were breakfasting one morning, his sister, with whom he had resided lovingly for five-and-twenty years. The stab proved fatal; nevertheless the judge records no angry sentence of death; he puts on no black cap; he pronounces no solemn formulary; he speaks no last words of pity and consolation.

“Not Guilty.” The parricide hears a confused murmur in the Court, and stares vacantly round as he is removed from the heated hall. He knows not, however, that that murmur was the expression of relief involuntarily uttered by a sensitive crowd, which had read with horror a narrative of his crime, and in the name of humanity had hoped his doom would not be death.

“Not Guilty.” Again it is a woman; and what was her crime? She had, under the delirium produced by puerperal fever, “put out the light” of that life to which but a few hours before she had given birth.

“Not Guilty.” Such was the verdict recorded against one and all in this gloomy category of crime; and those who heard it pronounced in Court, and those to whom it was repeated outside, felt that “mercy had tempered justice,” and that an equitable sentence had rescued our criminal code from the imputation of barbarity. But where was the equity? How was it that the hand of the executioner was stayed? Why were these heinous culprits not hurried back to the condemned cell, there in solitude and penitence to prepare for immediate death? Because, by the ingenuity of the defending counsel, or the justice or leniency of the jury, they were declared to be “insane.” For that reason, murderers as they were, their hands imbrued in the blood of the innocent, they were saved from the adamantine grasp of the law, and their offences condoned—condoned, however, only in a certain sense. They have been, it is true, exempt from undergoing the extreme penalty which society wields for its protection. But he who has once committed murder, even in a paroxysm of madness, is no longer deemed a safe member of the community, and is therefore delivered up into the hands of keepers and guardians,



and under their care condemned to undergo a life-long imprisonment. Little did those who heard the verdict of acquittal passed upon those hapless lunatics imagine to what a doom that sentence of "not guilty" had consigned them. The majority of those who listened eagerly in the crowded court for the words of the foreman of the jury, stole away to their business or pleasure, and before the sun had twice set had ceased to remember that the great ward of Bethlehem Hospital had received another victim, who, whether young or old, would never leave its precincts.

Yet such is the case. The man or woman who in an access of frenzy has committed homicide, and on trial been acquitted, is irrevocably buried in those maniac cloisters, there to linger out a hopeless existence. He may recover his reason, or he may not. If he does, what a fearful prospect opens before him! How is life lost for him! He stands as it were alone in a mental Sahara. He sees around him forms moving to and fro, wildly glaring upon him, mumbling and jabbering, but incapable of coherent conversation. He is awake, he thinks, he sees, he speaks; yet those whom he addresses respond not save by vacant gibes or foolish leers, or by dogged silence. Worse still, he hears their screams as the fury, seizes their brain and whirls them into a higher state of maniac ecstacy. Their savage shrieks reëcho through the long galleries of the building, multiplying the horror; yet he cannot turn from the hideous sight, or stop his ears to the hideous sounds. He is bound to them by a miserable membership. They are, they must be, his associates for life; they are the companions to whom a deed of blood, perpetrated in a fit of insanity, has linked him, and in vain he seeks for an avenue of escape. Thus the unfortunate Maenoughten, who fired at and killed Mr. Drummond at Charing Cross, is herded with the low perpetrator of some foul and horrible murder. Side by side with Captain Johnson of the ship "Tory," who in a fit of uncontrollable excitement, during a mutiny on board, sabred some of his crew, sits probably that ruffian who killed the warder in Cold Bath Fields Prison—a villain acquitted on the score of insanity by a feeble-minded jury who shrank from the responsibility of hanging him. Oxford is there also, sauntering away his life amongst maniacs, without being one himself; a feeble-minded unfortunate culprit, scarcely criminal, who, his brain heated with the passion for notoriety, shot at the Queen. And there too is poor Dad, the artist who killed his father whilst labouring under a sudden paroxysm of insanity, obliged to weave his fine fancies on the canvas amidst the most revolting conversation and the most brutal behaviour.

Not long since the provision for each criminal lunatic in Bethlehem was the same. The man of education and refinement, plunged by the deep affliction of insanity into that abyss of horrors, was huddled together in the criminal lunatic gallery with men of debased character, hardened villains, who became insane whilst undergoing the punishment which their crimes deserved; or, it may be, in the company of impostors, feigning insanity in order to escape prison discipline. The same accommoda-

tion, fare, clothing, and association awaited all alike: they were all thrust into the same dismal iron-grated dens, without regard to their previous social or moral condition. Recently, however, thanks to the philanthropic exertions of Dr. Hood, Dr. Bolden, and other eminent physicians, the subject has been brought before the notice of Parliament, and much has been done to alleviate the hardships of the better classes of criminal lunatics, by appropriating to their use a considerable part of the general building not immediately required for other patients. There they are separated from their more violent comrades in affliction, and permitted to while away the hours as agreeably as they can, by reading, writing, sketching, playing at innocent games, conversing, and even by dancing and singing. Much, however, remains to be accomplished; but little can be effected at Bethlehem. A State Lunatic Asylum, however, is being erected at Broadmoor; and then the evils of the present system will, it is to be hoped, be remedied, as far as possible, by a better classification of the patients, and by providing greater opportunities for their occupation and amusement.

Indeed, the treatment of our "criminal lunatics" is a subject which is every day commanding greater attention, since it is one of the highest importance to society at large. Foremost amongst the reformers of the present system stands Dr. Hood, the physician to Bethlehem, to whose benevolent exertions it is mainly due that ameliorations have been introduced into the Government ward of that Royal Hospital, and that a separate institution is now being erected for the purpose of better housing and guarding this unhappy portion of the community. This gentleman very properly divides criminal lunatics into two distinct classes of offenders, namely, those who have been acquitted on the ground of insanity, and those who have become insane, or pretended to be so, since their conviction. These last ought to be termed, for that reason, "insane convicts" or "insane prisoners." They have been tried and found guilty by a jury of their countrymen, and therefore should not be ranked in the same category as the former. Nevertheless they are crowded indiscriminately together, according to the *merciful* management of the authorities at the Home Office. And this arrangement, which is really cruel and inhuman towards those who have been exempted from judicial punishment on the ground of insanity, is hailed by the cunning convict with fiendish glee. He sees in it an avenue to promotion. Strange as it may seem, men doomed to a long period of punishment in the common prisons of the State actually plot to get removed to Bedlam, where, of course, the discipline is less severe, and where the patients are allowed positive luxuries. One anecdote will suffice to illustrate a hundred instances of the kind. A man in Millbank prison, sentenced to a very long term of punishment, determined, in his own mind, that Bethlehem was Paradise compared with perpetual imprisonment with hard labour. Accordingly, he entered into a conspiracy with some of his comrades, whose sentences were for shorter dates, and resolved to feign madness. The plan was simple. For some days

is affected moodiness, assumed an eccentric manner, and refused his food. As soon as he thought he had played this part of the scene sufficiently, one morning violently attacked the warder, threw him down, and was apparently in the act of strangling him, when some other prisoners, as preconcerted, rushed to the rescue, tore the keeper from his grasp, and held him down, foaming and raving *like a madman*. And did he obtain his end? Yes. He was taken to Bethlehem by a warrant of the Home Secretary, and, thanks to red-tapeism, remained there some time before he was again sent back, although the physicians of the hospital certified that he had not one symptom of insanity. Nor was that all. The prisoners who rescued the keeper, from what was imagined to be certain death, received tickets of good conduct, which hastened their release from the gaol.

However, it is not with this class, or even the class of "insane convicts," that we wish particularly to deal. It is with those—a not inconsiderable class—who are acquitted on the ground of insanity, kept in "safe custody during her Majesty's pleasure," and can only be removed under a special warrant of the Home Secretary. This warrant prescribes no limit to the term of confinement; the return to a sound state of mind in no sense implies or necessitates the restoration to liberty. They may therefore be incarcerated within the walls of a lunatic asylum for life, at the discretion of her Majesty. Now those who are thus sentenced form very widely different classes. Some have been guilty of slight offences, others of grave misdemeanours, others, again, of the deepest crime—murder, or the attempt to murder. According to Dr. Hood, the jurisdiction of the Commissioners in Lunacy might be advantageously enlarged; and he humanely suggests that they should have authority to discharge such patients on their restoration to reason, a guarantee being given by their friends that they should be prevented from again disturbing the public peace. When the present tedious system is remembered, the simplicity of this procedure will recommend itself without further comment.

The last class has more particularly to be considered in reference to their future. What shall be done with those who, in a maniac state, have committed, or attempted to commit, murder? By the skill of the physicians and the humane treatment of their custodians, they regain their reason, and become once more conscious and responsible beings. Would it be expedient to give them their liberty, and restore them to their friends? Could the public safety be guaranteed if men who have once given symptoms of homicidal mania were allowed to mingle with their fellow-creatures, and again enter the sacred precincts of society? Alas, the evidence of medical men is against them, and we cannot see how it can be otherwise. It is impossible to say when another paroxysm might not burst forth. The man who has been once attacked by insanity is henceforth unlike other men; his brain is more excitable, whilst his passions are more easily roused, because judgment has quitted her throne,

and there is no power within him to quell the mental storm. The maniac who has shown a tendency for blood invariably exhibits the same propensity when the fit is on him. In this he resembles the wild-beasts of the forest. Nor is there a means of guarding against the fury of his madness. In a moment, no matter where, no matter what the cause, the demoniac fit seizes him; his eyes glare, his nostrils distend, an angry flush suffuses his face, he snatches up a weapon of death, one blow and all is over. Or it may be, the maniac who has been conversing familiarly with a friend but a few minutes before, suddenly changes countenance, creeps up stealthily behind him, and, with a leer of half-conscious exultation, lays his victim prostrate on the earth. Ask for a motive; there is none. How, then, can such a creature be allowed to run at large without danger to society?

It is, we know, a terrible doom to be incarcerated for life, with all the faculties apparently perfect; nor is the doom less terrible that the punishment is passed in company with those who are what you were. "It is true," says Dr. Hood, "that every patient is not desirous of being discharged; to some returning sanity brings with it a remorse far more painful to endure than any imprisonment, and the recollection of the past inclines the individual to be thankful for a harbour of safety, and to be anxious to escape from public gaze, and probably the finger of scorn." To one class, however, some alleviation can with safety be extended. We allude to those who have committed infanticide under the influence of puerperal mania. When the possibility of this event recurring shall have passed away, then these wretched women ought to be restored to liberty. Dr. Tyler Smith is an authority not to be questioned on such a point. He maintains that when such women are past the age of child-bearing, to keep them incarcerated for life would be to treat past misfortune as an inexpiable crime. Lord St. Leonard's has also been a strong advocate for mercy being extended towards this unfortunate class of criminal lunatics; and since the subject was so ably treated by him in the House of Lords, their restoration to liberty is, we are happy to find, more frequently sanctioned by the Home Secretary.

If, however, the criminal lunatic, who has been guilty of murder or some grave crime, and who is liable to such sudden ebullitions of homicidal mania that no laws can bind him, and no companion or friend be safe from his attack, should not again be intrusted with unconditional liberty, cannot something be done to alleviate his misery? and cannot Parliament legislate on the subject? Every humane and reflecting person will at once arrive at the conclusion, that it is the duty of the Legislature to take counsel of those best capable of giving information on so important a question, and enacting a law in conformity with their views. At present, although there are degrees of criminality, it can scarcely be said that there are degrees of punishment. The best as well as the most guilty are, as we have already stated, huddled together, and shoulder one another from morning till night. This is a most glaring

outrage upon the feelings of the better class when restored to sanity; and this grievance is heightened by the prohibition of all exercise beyond the walls of the asylum, by the requisite compulsory submission to the rules of the institution, and the almost entire disseverance of all family associations and intercourse. "These grievances," Dr. Hood affirms, 'might, to some extent, be mitigated, by providing for the well-conducted a place of safety, in which some of the comforts and liberties of home are substituted for the discipline of an asylum, and where they would not be shocked by constant association with less favourable cases.' As restriction need not necessarily involve perpetual confinement in a lunatic asylum, there can be no reason why a provision should not be made for those who are doomed to a long incarceration by which they might be able to enjoy greater liberty, and in residences less repulsive and prison-like than our present gloomy buildings, with their slouching door-ways and portcullis-looking windows.

Where should the blame fall for perpetuating so gross and irrational a system in our national criminal lunatic asylum? On the administration of that institution? By no means. The physicians cry out energetically against it; they are amongst the first to denounce the inhumanity; and it is by their energetic representations that the Broadmoor establishment was decided upon. In fact, the complaints of these gentlemen do not terminate here. They very justly denounce the not uncommon practice of finding a criminal insane when he is really of sound mind. It is astounding, but nevertheless true, that the counsel of a doubly-dyed ruffian, as a last resource, introduce the plea of madness. All the little acts of the prisoner's life which have appeared strange are raked together; his friends are urged to recollect if no member of the family has ever been afflicted with mental aberration, when, if the accused has committed a more than ordinarily atrocious crime, a capital defence is ready. The jury listen to the evidence of partial witnesses, supported by the testimony of medical men who have really had no opportunity of observing and determining whether the villain is insane or not; the counsel works eloquently on their feelings; a kind of awe overcomes their judgment when he reminds them in a solemn manner, and in a solemn voice, of the deep responsibility which rests upon them; they retire from the box, consult together for a few moments, and then reappear in court with a verdict of not guilty on their timid lips. The gross injustice of such a verdict it is difficult to exaggerate. To the country it is a twofold nuisance. The murderer, who ought to pay the last penalty of the law, is by this sentence absolved from the natural consequences of his crime, and society is burdened with the support of a villain who has, by his own artfulness and the stupid leniency of an "intelligent and respectable jury," cheated the gallows. We would we could say that this is not a common circumstance. It is unfortunately sufficiently common for deep-dyed scoundrels deliberately to speculate upon. A circumstance of the kind occurred not long since at York. A man was acquitted of a hideous murder on

the ground of insanity. The following assizes a ruffian no less depraved was placed at the bar. The trial commenced, the counsel for the prosecution ably opened the case, and conclusive evidence was brought to prove the charge. There were peculiar features in the murder; it was one of no ordinary barbarity; it shocked the sensibility of the court even to hear the details. What, however, was the defence? A plea of insanity. No one had dreamt of such a plea. The judge, the jury, the counsel for the prosecution, were taken aback. Nevertheless, medical men were found to swear that the prisoner was of unsound mind, and he escaped, to be transferred to the lunatic prison, there to undergo no severer punishment than confinement. We will select another case. J. P. was an expert thief, and associated with a gang of housebreakers. In the summer of 1857 he was seized with delirium tremens, and being placed in the Westminster Workhouse committed murder. Tried, but acquitted on the ground of insanity, a warrant from the Home Office provided for his safe custody in Bethlehem Hospital, where he has been ever since, sane at the time he was brought in, nor has he shown a symptom of insanity since his admission. "He is still an inmate," writes Dr. Hood, in his able letter to Lord Shaftesbury; "but an ordinary lunatic asylum is no place for such a character, who, on eleven previous convictions for felony, had been as many times confined in prison. His vicious tendencies are unimpressible by either advice or kindness; yet, though perfectly sane, the doors of every prison are closed against him, and he must remain a tenant of a lunatic asylum, where he produces constant anxiety to those who have the charge of him." One more instance of the folly of the present system will suffice. J. F., while awaiting transportation as a convict in Millbank Prison, in the year 1849, assassinated one of the warders. On his trial he also was acquitted on the plea of insanity, and consigned to Bethlehem Hospital, where his conduct has been uniformly execrable. If any of his wishes are opposed, he threatens either attendants or fellow-patients with violence, and has twice nearly murdered those who were placed over him. He openly defies his attendants, and indoctrinates the mind of every new-comer with the idea of mutinying against their surveillance. He has spent most of his time in gaol, and is known to be a worthless and depraved man. Not having shown any symptoms of the mental disease on which ground he obtained his acquittal, repeated applications were made by the authorities of Bethlehem Hospital to the Home Office to have him removed to prison, there to work out his most equitable sentence. He was accordingly transferred to Millbank; but after remaining there three months, the governor of the Penitentiary procured a warrant for his return to the Hospital, not because he was insane, *but because, being neither a prisoner nor a convict*, the authorities had no power to detain him in prison; consequently he remains an inmate of an institution in which gentleness and kindness are essential to the comfort, happiness, and recovery of the patients. On this anomaly, the gentleman to whose instructive pamphlet

we are largely indebted for these important facts observes: "Although the character of J. F. is depraved, his example pernicious, and his antecedents exhibiting him as a savage murderer, and the worst possible type of humanity, his acquittal and subsequent sentence to be confined during her Majesty's pleasure prohibit his detention in prison; while his conduct requires that the general *morale* of the Hospital shall be invaded and deteriorated by a stern discipline, very similar to that of a criminal gaol." We will give one other case to prove how ready counsel are to set up a plea of insanity, and also to show how irrational and unjust the practice may become. Thomas Johnson was tried before Baron Martin at the Durham assizes on the 6th of March 1858. He had been a sailor, and was charged with having feloniously, maliciously, and advisedly endeavoured to seduce divers persons in the 9th Regiment of Foot from their duty and allegiance. Mr. Gifford, the counsel, elicited, by cross-examination, from one of the witnesses a belief that the prisoner was not of sound mind at the time he committed the offence. After some legal technicalities had been disposed of, the judge intimated that the jury must either find the prisoner guilty or acquit him on the ground of insanity, and suggested that it would be better that the plea of insanity should be withdrawn, as under that verdict the prisoner might be condemned to perpetual confinement. This recommendation was adopted, and the accused sentenced to one month's imprisonment. Had it not been for the considerate and humane interposition of Baron Martin, Thomas Johnson would in all probability, under the present law, have been detained *as a criminal lunatic for life, instead of a prisoner for thirty days.*

How, it may be asked, are the evils of this anomalous system to be avoided? The remedy is very simple. It should be rendered imperative that when the defence is to be grounded on the hypothesis of insanity, the case should be taken out of the hands of an ordinary jury, and the real mental condition of the accused ascertained by a tribunal similar to a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*. When a person is deemed incapable of taking care of and managing his own property, a special jury is summoned under the Great Seal, and some of the most delicate points of psychological science are carefully investigated. When human life, however, is at stake, the same set of men who have been impaneled to try a case of petty larceny, are called upon to decide whether a prisoner is or is not so far incapable of distinguishing right from wrong as to warrant an acquittal on the ground of insanity; with this disadvantage on their side, namely, that the prosecutor having in general no previous notice that such a plea would be set up as a defence, he is unprepared with witnesses to rebut the evidence by which it is attempted to be established. If, however, it be known beforehand that the plea of insanity will be urged, then it becomes a battle of inferences between the prosecution and the defence. The most eminent physicians and psychologists are arrayed one against the other; they are brought into the witness-box to see which can swear the hardest; and it becomes simply a contest of prejudices.

The solicitors who fee them seek their testimony, not to elicit truth, but to obtain a verdict for their respective clients. If a "specialist," that is, one who is supposed to have devoted all his time and talents to the study of diseases of the brain, can be caught, so much the better. He is considered a great card, and his evidence bears proportionate weight with the jury.

Do not all these facts show the imperative necessity of radical reforms in the laws and customs affecting our criminal lunatic population? We need not invoke the name of humanity. Those gentlemen who are intimately associated with and interested in the system possess tender and considerate hearts, and have done, and are doing, all in their power to alleviate the horrors of the present regulations. Dr. Hood especially is entitled to the warmest gratitude of the nation, for he has walked, and is walking, in the steps of such men as Tuke, Hill, Winslow, and Conolly; and is striving to obtain better accommodation, greater comforts, and the utmost possible laxity of discipline consistent with safety, for those unfortunates committed to his care. To aid in this good work, we have brought forward a few of the most glaring defects in the management of our criminal lunatics, not without the hope that when Parliament next undertakes to legislate upon this subject, a most comprehensive scheme of improvements will be proposed and carried.



## Under the Cliffs.

I.

WHITE-THROATED Maiden, gay be thy carol  
 Under the cliffs by the sea ;  
 I lays the soft wind with thy dainty apparel—  
 Ah, but thou think'st not of me.  
     Stately and slow  
     The great ships go,  
 White gulls in the blue float fice ;  
     And my own dear May  
     Sees the skies turn gray  
 Under the cliffs by the sea.

II.

Ah, there is one who follows thee lonely  
 Under the cliffs by the sea :  
 Joy to this heart if thy watchet eyes only  
 Turn for a moment on me.  
     Strange is thy gaze  
     O'er the ocean's haze,  
 With those white hands claspt on thy knee :  
     Sweet breast, flutter high  
     For a true-love nigh  
 Under the cliffs by the sea !

When shall I dare love's story to utter  
 Under the cliffs by the sea ?  
 When shall I feel thy little heart flutter,  
 Press'd, O my darling, to me ?  
     Lo, the foam grows dark,  
     And the white-winged barque  
 Seems a speck in the mist to be :  
     Ere the sun's rim dips  
     Let me kiss those lips  
 Under the cliffs by the sea !

# TEMPLE BAR.

JANUARY 1861.

## *For Better, for Worse.*

### CHAPTER V.

THREE months had passed; Mrs. Atherton and her daughters had quitted the Deanery. Every body pitied them, and wondered how they would exist on the little the Dean had contrived, by large insurances, to save for them.

Curiosity tempted half Wylminstre to the sale at the Deanery. The Dean's simplicity of taste and mode of life were visible enough to the thoughtless crowd of idle people who loitered over the low-roofed wainscoted rooms, where the furniture was lotted out for the auctioneer's hammer. Many bid for some little article, to preserve as a slight memorial of a man whom all alike loved and revered. Every bidder, however, paused as John Waldron, in his plain coat and broad-brimmed hat, offered a startling sum for a small, well-used, old-fashioned writing-table, at which the Dean had for many years penned his sermons, and the large easy leathern chair which accompanied it. Even the brokers themselves, a very relentless set of people, ceased when they saw how resolutely the old gentleman stood his ground. Gaining courage by his success, Mr. Waldron bid again boldly for the small finger-organ, which always stood in the Dean's study, and on which Margaret had so resolutely overcome the neglect of her youth, less to gratify her own natural taste than her father's intense enthusiasm for sacred music. A smile broke out on the faces of the crowd at the incongruity of the old Quaker's purchase; but even this did not deter him from his purpose, or prevent his adding a curiously antique silver tea-service, which was so small as to be contained in a small oak box, and whose delicate workmanship was the admiration of the keen-eyed Israelites, who never fail to flock to all gatherings of such a nature as this sale at the Deanery. John Waldron looked triumphant when he returned home to his dinner in Acre Lane, in spite of the unmoved face he had displayed during the excitement of the auction-room. "Thou wilt find room

or them, Sarah," he said to his sister, "until our Maggie comes back to us. I could not bear to see those things passing into other hands;—but to cost me a sharp morning's work to secure them, I can tell thee."

"It will indeed be a pleasant surprise for her, poor child," Miss Walron replied. "Susannah told our Betsy it had grieved the poor thing sadly to leave them; but she feared it would be a selfish waste of money, so she said no more about it. I am glad Betty thought to tell me." And the kind-hearted old lady trotted off into her bright airy kitchen,—bright from the reflection of its brilliant dish-covers and saucepans, and the clean and spotless stone-floor,—to give orders to the no less pleased old servant for the careful stowing away of the furniture until such times as Margaret should claim them.

Ralph had stayed at his uncle's until the sale was over, and all the affairs of his father duly arranged; and then he had once more returned to Cambridge, where he was now tutor and fellow of his college.

The evening sun was shining brightly, and sending long shadows on the pavement of the old city, when Margaret Atherton, giving her portmanteau and carpet-bag to a porter at the station, and pulling down her thick crape veil, walked down the long street with her wrapping-shawl across her arm. She was commencing her new life, and accommodating herself to independence. Thankful for not meeting a single face she recognised, she tripped lightly across the well-kept court, and up the clean steps of the stiff little portico. Old Betty gave her a joyful recognition; and only stopping to divest herself of her shawl, and throwing back her veil, she stood unannounced in the pleasant back parlour, where her uncle and aunt were seated at their cheerful tea. To be pressed fondly to the warm bosom of her aunt Sarah, and to feel the kind kiss of her uncle on her forehead, was but the work of a moment; the next, Margaret had thrown off her bonnet and cloak, and was sitting in her old place by her aunt's side, enjoying a cup of refreshing tea, and doing full justice to Betty's buttered toast,—such toast as Margaret well knew could be fabricated nowhere as it always issued out of Betty's hands.

"So thou hast ventured on this long journey alone, Margaret, and walked all the way from the station. Why not have sent us a line, and my brother would have met thee?"

"The opportunity for trying my power of independence was too good to be missed, aunt Sarah; but I got on very well."

"Thou art right, my dear; a woman who cannot help herself is a useless thing, and of no service to others. How will thy mother and sisters get on without thee?"

"There is no reason why they should not, aunt; they are in very comfortable lodgings. Mamma can sit at her window, and see all the gaiety going on without the trouble of going out."

"And who will take care of them? Thy mother will never make two ends meet if the household economy is trusted to her; we shall be summoned back to look after it."

"I hope not, uncle John," Margaret replied, with a smile. "I have left Gracie in trust, and Susannah promises to help her; and though Grace is a little nervous over her responsibilities, she is very anxious to do her best."

"And so Ralph means to try and get a curacy?—at least, so he told me before he left. I don't quite understand it all; but I should have thought he was doing better where he is."

"Ralph would prefer parish work; and though it would hardly be so remunerative, it is what papa always hoped for him," Margaret said thoughtfully.

"If Ralph has a curacy, he will want a housekeeper;—does he mean to take in all the family? I would have him beware of that young thing Ethie, if he takes pupils, which of course he will try to do, if he can get them. She will turn all their heads with her pretty face. Ralph must keep clear of thy mother and the girls;—but it is his place to look after thy comforts, child."

"Ralph won't forget me, uncle; nor do I think," she added, with a smile, "that he will be very long without a housekeeper. But however that may be, I too have found work to do. Frank cannot possibly live on his pay for the next three or four years; and during that time I hope, by a little exertion, not only to make myself a useful active member of society, but to be able to continue his allowance the same as when dear papa was alive."

"I have no opinion of the navy,—or the army either, for that matter,—teaching young fellows all sorts of idleness and extravagance; especially if a boy like Frank cannot keep himself out of his pay, but must depend on a sister's earnings to keep him going. Another argument, if any were wanted, in favour of my peace principles," Mr. Waldron added, rather testily.

"We won't fight that battle over again, uncle John," Margaret replied, with a laugh; "I shall leave Frank to attack you himself, when he comes back. I want to tell you what I propose doing myself; and I hope you will approve of that, at all events."

"A clergyman and his sister occupied the lower part of the house in which my mother has the drawing-room floor. Finding that the lady was a great invalid, I introduced myself, and offered any help I could render them during my stay. I found them particularly nice people. The brother had not long come into possession of a living in a country parish, which has for years been sadly neglected, and he was anxiously inquiring about for some active person, beyond a mere schoolmistress, who would assist him in bringing the school and parish into something like working order. All the schoolmistresses he had hitherto had had either thrown it up in despair, or had given him more trouble than they did good; and his sister was precluded from rendering him any help. Well, it seemed just the opportunity I wished for, as it would perhaps enable me to put in practice several little schemes which papa and I often talked over and

to give me employment at once. So I offered him my services, frankly telling my reasons for doing so, naming the salary I should require, and asking him fully to understand I should only undertake it for a few months, which should be terminable by either party, if desired."

"And pray how old may this said clergyman be?" her uncle asked, with a comical look at Margaret, which made the blood rise into her usually pale face. "If thou art not quite so pretty as thy sisters, thou art a fair sample of what a man would choose in a young wife; and it's thy place now to look after thee, and see that thou dost not fall into rough hands."

"Too old to be caught by a pretty face, uncle," Margaret replied.

His sister looks fifty at least, and I heard her say her brother was her senior in age. They know too as much of my belongings as it was needful to explain to them in making my agreement with them. If I like the work, and they like me and my ways, I am to remain as long as I please; but I am also free to give it up whenever I feel inclined."

"Well, thou art setting a good example to others of doing what thou thinkest right. I am sure I for one shall wish thee all success, child."

"Dear uncle John, I am so glad to hear you say so; a little sympathy and encouragement I stand sadly in need of, after all the hard battles I have had to fight with mamma and Gracie ever since I left Wylminster. Grace, I know, has reasoned against her better judgment; yet still it seems hard to be always struggling against the wishes of those we love best."

Miss Waldron took Margaret's hand. "Never fear, child," she said kindly. "They will see it all clearly enough by and by. If they knew thee as well as I do, they would be more willing to trust thy judgment than their own. Now come with me; I have something here to show thee." And the kind old lady unlocked the little carved oak chest, and displayed, to her niece's great delight, her own mother's silver tea-service, which had been her uncle John's wedding-present to his niece on her wedding-day.

"I could not let it go away out of the family," she said, with a pleasant smile. "It was my mother's before it was thine; and now I give it to thee. Thy uncle's gifts are in the store-room above. Neither thy father's writing-table and chair, nor thy own organ, would he suffer any one to outbid him for at the sale. He knew how thou wouldst value them; and now they are all thine."

"My dear kind uncle and aunt," was all Margaret could trust herself to utter. But they did not need thanks; Margaret's tearful eyes and grateful smiles were an ample return for their gifts.

Miss Waldron led Margaret away to her own old room, to rest herself after her long journey; and the following week was spent in making arrangements for her plans required,—visiting her old friends, and

mained to be done; and then, bidding her uncle and aunt a reluctant good-by, she left them for her yet<sup>o</sup>untried life at Deighton.

## CHAPTER VI.

IT was a long day's journey by railway, and an omnibus put Margaret down at her own door. Miss Weldon had earnestly pressed her to go to the Rectory for a week or two, even if she would not consent to reside there entirely, as she and her brother were anxious she should do; but this Margaret as resolutely declined. She would begin her life as she meant to continue it. She wished no one to know it was not such as she had been accustomed to. She desired above all things to avoid becoming a heroine.

The village consisted principally of one long straggling street, composed of a number of detached cottages, varying in tidiness and respectability. Here and there a shop broke the uniformity of the line, and the carpenter's and blacksmith's workshops projected out into the road. The roofs of two or three farm-houses were seen above the low chimneys of the cottages; and close to the church and the school-house, which almost joined the churchyard, and at the extremity of the village, rose the picturesque, though neglected-looking Rectory.

Margaret's heart beat quicker as the driver of the omnibus lifted down her boxes, and carried them through the wicket-gate and up to the door of her new home. A respectable though poor woman was in the pleasant, low-roofed, airy sitting-room, into which the door opened, engaged in blowing away, with an immense pair of bellows, at the bright wood fire on the hearth.

"Lawk-a-daisy!" she exclaimed, starting up as Margaret lifted the latch, "why, if here aint the new governess come a'ready, I declare, and I didn't expect to see 'e for the next half-hour!" and seizing hold of the straps of the portmanteau, she helped vigorously to get it within the door of the bright cheerful-looking room.

She had spread on the deal table a clean white cloth, on which was placed a blue-and-white cup and saucer, a black china tea-pot, and a huge loaf of bread. It was, at all events, a more cheerful welcome than she had expected. Every thing looked scrupulously clean and neat, and a warm "homish" feeling took instant possession of the heart of the new tenant.

Margaret stood chatting for a few minutes with the old woman, and then walked into the opposite door, where, in the small comfortable room, which her attendant told her was her own dormitory, a neat white bed, a strip of carpet, a few painted chairs, and a chest of deal drawers and wash-stand, formed the chief articles of furniture.

While Margaret took off her bonnet and cloak, and refreshed herself with a good wash after her long dusty journey, the old woman was busy making her a cup of tea; and hungry and tired, Margaret thought she

had never tasted any bread so sweet as this from the large brown loaf, which, with an egg and a rasher of bacon, constituted her dinner and tea.

She was in the midst of her unpacking when a gentle tap at the door arrested her; and with the summons from the old woman, to "come in," a young girl, about twenty, with a pleasant rosy face and bright laughing eyes, stood within the threshold. She started a little at the tall figure in black which met her view. No one could look in Margaret's soft violet eyes and colourless cheeks,—the bands of her glossy brown hair drawn back from her broad, white, and rather low forehead, and twisted simply round her small classical head; her dress of black stuff, with no relief save the plain white collar and cuffs; and her small delicately-formed hands, which showed at a glance how little they had been used to work,—without being struck with the contrast she presented to the common class of schoolmistresses.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Atherton," she said, with a heightened colour, and pausing as if uncertain how to address the stranger; "but Miss Weldon is a great invalid, and cannot get out, as I believe you know; and she has deputed me to see that your rooms are comfortable, and that you have all you require after your journey. I hope you have found it as you like?"

"I am quite charmed with my new home; and to prove it, you see," Margaret replied, "I have not only taken possession, but have commenced unpacking my few valuables."

"Do let me help you; you do not look as if you were strong enough to move that trunk;" and she started forward to relieve Margaret, who was going to assist the old woman in carrying it into the inner room.

The young girl seemed irresistibly taken with the appearance of the new governess. "I ought to tell you, Miss Atherton, who I am," she said. "My father is one of the largest farmers in Deighton. He holds the Church Farm, as we call it; and I am his eldest daughter. My name is Annie Morley. My mother likes me to be useful, and I often go to the Rectory to execute little errands or messages for poor Miss Weldon, who is seldom off her sofa. She has sent me now to see to your comforts; for she is anxious you should have all you require. You do not look as if you had ever done any thing for yourself before," she added.

"Indeed I am not quite so useless as you think," Margaret said, with a smile; "and though the place and the people, and their ways, may be a little strange to me at first, I am already learning very fast, and do not doubt I shall get on very well."

"I am sure my mother would not like you should sleep here alone, if she only saw you, Miss Atherton. The last schoolmistress preferred it; so we did not like to engage any one until we had seen you."

"Perhaps this good woman will stay with me to-night; to-morrow I may be able to find some girl in the parish who can do all I shall require. Do you think you could find one for me, Miss Morley?"

— "I will try to find one in five minutes; but they are all so wild

and uncouth, I fear they would not help you. Will you let me assist you to unpack those books and put them on the shelves; and then, while you call with me on Miss Weldon, who cannot come to you, I will send round our little maid, with orders for her to stay and sleep at the school-house to-night. This will give you time to make your own arrangements to-morrow."

There was too much simple kindness in all this for Margaret to spoil it by disputing the point; and having arranged her few things in her drawers, and filled her book-shelves with the volumes she had brought with her, she put on her bonnet and shawl, and walked with her new friend to the Rectory.

She found Miss Weldon stretched on her sofa, looking as pale and attenuated as she had seen her in Cheltenham. Her brother, a middle-aged man, with gray hair, and deep lines across his broad open forehead, was putting on his hat in the hall, preparatory to making Margaret a call in her new home.

They both welcomed her most kindly, and entered so heartily into all her plans for the future, that Margaret already felt her heart lightened of half its load; and instead of feeling desolate and lonely, she seemed really to have fallen amongst kind friends, who would support and strengthen her in the work she had undertaken. So great a stimulus was this to her mind, that she herself soon learned to wonder at how much a resolute spirit and a hopeful disposition might achieve in the midst of those provoking little difficulties and annoyances which are often far more trying to bear than greater obstacles.

By the time the few treasures had reached her which her uncle had rescued from the Deanery sale, she had succeeded not only in obtaining a little servant-maid from among the village girls, but had also collected in the school-room a very respectable class of eager, earnest, little faces, who, though resolutely bent on rebelling against the authority of a governess, now vied anxiously with each other as to who should win the reward of a kind word, and a smile of approbation, from the beautiful lady in black, who not only taught them to read and write, but to work in her garden, make her clothes, wash and iron them, cook her small dinners, and then reward them by telling them some delightful story, or playing to them a hymn or a carol on her own organ.

Margaret soon learnt the value of every moment of the day. Her mornings were those of an infant schoolmistress, when the little "toddling wee things" came about her; some of them hardly able to do without a sister to nurse and care for them. This she felt was the hardest part of her day's work; but it came when she was fresh and bright, and better able to cope with bodily fatigue than she would have been at the end of the day, when her mental powers had been taxed and tried. It gave the elder children an opportunity of assisting their parents, either by their help at home or in the fields. In the afternoons the mothers had their little ones at home, and Margaret the boys and girls from



eight to twelve years old. It was not much she attempted to teach them, but that little was well and properly done. To read and write, and master the three first rules in arithmetic, with needlework, which included the cutting-out, making, and mending their own clothes, was the regular employment of the school; reserving to those who showed any desire for further improvement as much history and geography as should stimulate them to work for their own sakes, rather than from any exclusive wish to please her. But the favourite class,—that one which every well-disposed boy or girl longed for,—that one which Annie Morley and her sisters, and the other farmers' daughters, soon learnt to try and help her in,—was Margaret's evening class, which was open four nights in every week, for those boys and girls who, busy in their day's labours, could only attend when their other work was done. The reading, the ciphering, the history, the singing,—the long quiet chats upon any abstruse point,—the impromptu stories to illustrate some moral or home truth,—who but the very bad,—and, alas, in every village some such are to be found,—did not strive hard for the privilege of entering into that class!

Mr. Weldon maintained no garden in Deighton was half so gay as Margaret's. No one in the village could compete with her young gardeners for early vegetables, or full ripe fruit; and not an apple or a pear, or a tempting bunch of cherries, ever disappeared from her trees. They were "their own lady's trees," and an angel's presence would hardly have rendered them more sacred.

"I can't tell what you have done to us all, Miss Atherton," Annie Morley would say; "but you have won all our hearts. Even the very cottages look cleaner, and the mothers of the children are more civil and more obliging than they ever were before. My father, who always maintained that teaching poor children was only one way of making them saucy and good for nothing, has quite come round, and declares it will be a shame to the rate-payers if your salary is not raised at once."

Miss Weldon, too, had learnt to look out for the visits of her kind friend, who so constantly found some little advice to ask, or pleasant victory to relate; and Mr. Weldon would take his seat on one of the benches of the school-room, and listen to Margaret lecturing her eager little audience, and watch the expression of genuine love which gleamed out of the little upturned faces, and wonder what secret influence it was working such marvels in the long-neglected parish, which, even to his untiring energies, had hitherto presented such disheartening obstacles.

However sanguine Margaret's natural temperament might have been, she was not elated now. She could not mark as others did the progress she was making, or the daily improving aspect of the younger population of Deighton. Still she had set herself the task; and if not very hopeful, neither was she very readily turned from her purpose when she had once decided in her own mind that that purpose was a good one. What she most longed for was the companionship of her young sisters, from whom

she had never before been separated. Often when her shutters were closed, and her little servant asleep in bed, she would draw her chair to the fire, and sit thinking of those dearest to her, from whom she had separated herself; going over in her mind the scenes of her past life, and the limited prospects the future held out to her view. Sometimes Mr. Weldon would sit chatting with her until long after the summer sun had set, and the moon had risen on the clear evening sky. She always had some fresh scheme to discuss, a hope of remedying some evil or encouraging some good, which made him come and lay his plans before Margaret, of whose judgment he had the highest opinion. His sister's invalid health precluded her entering fully into all his schemes; while Margaret's more intimate acquaintance with the people, and sound practical sense, exactly fitted her to enter into and understand all the difficulties which opposed themselves to the rector's anxious endeavours to repair the evil of many years' neglect. Besides this, he and Margaret were organising a village choir, and he often came to listen to the young voices practising their hymns and chants to the pealing strains of that organ which, in her isolated home, had now become the only recreation in which she freely indulged.

"If I did not fancy you had more colour on your cheeks, Miss Ather-ton, than when you first came to us, I should fear my curacy was too hard work for you." Mr. Weldon liked always to call Margaret his curate. "I do not believe any schoolmistress, at twice your stipend, would work half as hard as you do."

"Perhaps she would not take the same interest in her work. You forget there is a little pride mixed up with my efforts. I have struck out my own path, and it would be a terrible mortification to feel I had overrated my own powers. Time has slipped away faster than I ever knew it go before, which, I suppose, I must attribute to my busy life. I already begin to look on Deignton as my home."

"Wait until the harvest comes, and you close up your shutters and go off for your six weeks' grace. I fear, when you get among old faces and fond hearts, Deignton will stand a poor chance of being thought your home."

"We will not anticipate, Mr. Weldon; it is a bad plan. I always find I can do my work best when I have faith enough to leave the future entirely in God's hands."

"While you can do that you are safe; but I fear there are not many of us who attain it. The world sticks too tightly to us."

Mr. Weldon walked to the window, and looked out on the broad landscape. Presently he turned round to Margaret. "Do you know," he said, "I have been thinking that if we could take one of the bigger girls in the parish entirely away from her home, and teach her to be your assistant, it would very much relieve you from your duties. Neither my sister nor myself like to see you slaving away as you do from morning till night, without time for rest or recreation."

"I think myself, Mr. Weldon, it would be as well to bear in mind that my stay at Deighton is necessarily very uncertain; and I have long thought Rachel Gray, who already assists me so well, would, with care and teaching, make a very good schoolmistress; she is so steady and persevering, and so fond of children, besides being my very best scholar. Perhaps you would consult her mother about it when you see her next."

"There will be no difficulty in that quarter now, Miss Atherton; all the horror of a schoolmistress died away with your presence. To be any thing belonging to you seems just now the great prize for which all Deighton is striving. We shall some of us get at last to envying your popularity."

Margaret laughed. "Mine is a very innocent one, Mr. Weldon, and need not cause you much uneasiness. My schemes, perhaps, are more to be dreaded by you; for I warned you the other day I was very full of them. If I venture to broach one or two of them now, you must promise to nip them in the bud if they seem to your judgment too absurd to be retained."

"I will undertake to do that, depend upon it. Now let us have scheme the first."

"Well, then, I have been thinking that if I had two or three of the biggest girls entirely with me, I could better fit them for service than I can do in their mothers' homes. I do not want many, and only such as are really anxious to get on."

"And how do you propose accommodating them in your present establishment?" And Mr. Weldon's eye ran round the limits of Margaret's own room. "You will be driven to the necessity of turning the school-room into a man-of-war, and slinging up hammocks for your crew."

"Do you not think the shed adjoining the school-room might be converted into two or three decent little dormitories? I don't care how small they are; and then, by making the washhouse into a kitchen, I think I should have full scope for my energies."

"Well done, Miss Atherton! I declare you quite outstrip me in scheming. But come, let us hear the whole of it:—how do you propose employing them?"

"That may prove a difficulty; but I think, if you can trust me, I can accomplish it. They must assist me in the school and in my own domestic requirements, of course. I may also call in your aid, and Miss Weldon's."

"Miss Weldon's! Poor soul, I only wish she could aid you, Miss Atherton."

"She will not object to an occasional waiting-maid; nor Hester to a little assistance in the kitchen, I think."

"No; we will gladly do our best in that way; and so would the Morleys and the Gilberts. Yes; Hester could teach the girls to make butter and bread. She offered to do so once before, I believe; but the girls laughed, and the mothers tossed their heads, and intimated they

could do that as well or better themselves; and Hester's philanthropy vanished almost as soon as it saw the light. Do you think yours is stout enough to stand the rubs it is sure to encounter?" he asked, with a sly look at Margaret.

"I must take care and not needlessly expose it," Margaret said, in her bright way. "I have been obliged to consult you about all these matters one by one, but my alterations can be made with no other pretext than my convenience. It will add to my importance to have a larger house and establishment; and as my servants—"

"You will have all Deighton besieging your door for situations. I am sure I for one wish you well of your schemes."

"There is one thing we have not taken into account yet, Mr. Weldon. All this will be at the cost of some money. I have no right to come on you entirely for means to carry out my schemes, and I know but little of the sources from whence the school-fund is already raised. If I have the help of so many domestics, I must add my quota to the general stock. I think I can safely promise to find half the funds necessary to the support of three girls for one year. Do you not think the farmers would help us? Once fairly afloat, I think we should be almost a self-supporting body. Our requirements would not be great."

"My dear Miss Atherton," Mr. Weldon said earnestly, "it will surely be enough for you to give us your time and talents, as you are now doing. God forbid I should either suffer you to do what of right belongs to us, or that I should allow the offer you make of your help and assistance to be lost for lack of funds to make the experiment, at all events. God has given me the means; I ought only to feel thankful He has, through you, put it in my power to use them in His service."

The next morning Margaret was surprised to see workmen dismantling her little shed; and before a month had passed away, half a dozen comfortable little dormitories had been added to the school-house. To furnish them as economically as possible was now Margaret's aim. Paper and whitewash were cheap enough, and there were plenty of willing little hands to assist her in putting it up. Mrs. Morley and Miss Weldon each contributed some old pieces of furniture which had found refuge in lumber-rooms and store-closets. The village carpenter and a little paint made it all available to Margaret's ingenious contrivances; and a tidy respectable woman, who had once worked as an upholstress, and was now a widow and lame, gladly took up her abode with Miss Atherton, to superintend the busy little fingers engaged in making up the dimity furniture and picking over the hair and flock for beds. Even the mothers grew interested in the busy scene, and many a curious face peered in at the open windows, watching the clusters of merry little people round Margaret, and wondering what possible use Miss Atherton could make of so large a house. Miss Weldon and the Morleys kept their own council, and Margaret was to divulge her schemes as it best suited her purpose to do so.

## CHAPTER VII.

FROM all this excitement,—for where head and hands are perpetually at work, it is excitement,—Margaret gladly turned of an evening,—the only time she could really call her own,—to the letters she regularly received from Grace or Ethelind. Poor Grace, in her new responsibilities, was always needing some advice or encouragement.

“You do not know how envious we all are of your Deignton people,” Grace wrote; “and a hundred times a day I have to recall the way you used to persuade mamma into doing just what you knew was best; especially when she begins on that never-ending topic—your preferring Deignton to ourselves. I really think mamma likes Cheltenham. She has already been visited by two or three old Indian friends she had lost sight of for years; and though she seldom ventures out, and fancies herself a great invalid, I think she is now quite as well as she ever was before the shock of dear papa’s death.

“I wish Ethie looked better. She is grown very thin and pale; and I do believe has almost given up the delusion,—for such it surely must be,—that the gay cavallero who so won her heart at the Repworth ball ever thought seriously about her. I wish she could think of it all with more spirit. I often try to persuade her he never could have meant any thing beyond his own amusement; but what I should scorn to acknowledge, even to myself, poor little Ethie cannot hide from any of us, she is still so childlike and simple in all her thoughts and feelings. I am growing very spiteful towards the Repworths for taking so little care of our sister; but you would scold me, Maggie, for my confession, and bid me reform myself before offering an opinion on such clever people as Sir John and his stately dame.

“If Sir Philip did really intend to be serious, as Ethie persists in believing he did, I will wager my Sunday bonnet it has been the cautious Lady Repworth who has dissuaded him. There is all the difference in the world between the daughter of the Dean of Wylminstre and the penniless Ethie Atherton, with only her pretty face to recommend her.

“I wish I had your resolution, and could defy the world and its galling bitterness. When I think of it all, the fire of my wrath scorches up the good precepts your example instilled into my proud spirit. Don’t scold me for my confession, Margaret; I must pour out my troubles to some one; and who in the world but yourself would ever listen to them?”

And Margaret did not scold. She only encouraged Grace to write oftener, and persevere in all her good resolves. She knew that the discipline she felt so burdensome was the best for her proud indolent nature; besides, it would, she hoped, draw nearer together the love of parent and children, who, while each depended on Margaret, had almost forgotten their relative duties to each other.

Few days passed without a letter or note from some of the Cheltenham party. Ethelind's were of a very sad and sober cast. She believed she never should get over the shock of her father's death. Margaret smiled at the self-delusion of the fair young thing, who tried so earnestly to deceive herself. How completely had the absorbing dream of her "first love" changed the current of her thoughts and feelings! The world about her had grown suddenly old, and instead of the bright joyous child, shedding her sunny influence on all around her, she was striving hard to blind her mother and sisters,—even her own self,—to the cause of her tearful eyes, pale cheeks, and listless aching heart.

Margaret was seated one evening by her fireside; it had been a busy day with them all. Her girls and Mrs. James, who now formed one of her household, had gone to bed. Margaret drew out of her pocket two letters, which the postman had left two or three hours before, and which she had thrust away out of sight until she had leisure for their quiet perusal. Her cup of coffee,—the only indulgence she allowed herself,—stood by her side. She took up her brother's letter first, and broke the seal.

"You will be glad to hear, Margaret, that at last I have got a curacy. It is a place called 'Leigh-Moss,' in a beautiful part of Yorkshire. The rector is in ill health, and ordered abroad for two or three years,—it may be longer. He gives me a liberal stipend, as times go, and his own house, comfortably furnished. We agreed well in our views on most matters; and, altogether, I ought to consider myself a lucky fellow. The question now is about the home I can offer my mother and sisters. I have always looked forward to your sharing my curacy with me, let it be where it might; but I conclude any arguments I could offer would be unavailing while Deighton holds so high a place in your esteem. I really fear, Maggie, you must be working there like a galley-slave. Mr. Weldon ought to double your salary at the least, and be very grateful for what you are doing for him into the bargain. He never could have guessed what a treasure he had found, when he agreed with you for his schoolmistress. If he were not on the shady side of fifty, I should have some doubts about the propriety of your undertakings; and as soon as I can be spared a day or two from my own work, I mean to run down and reconnoitre your new home. In the mean time, what am I to do about Mrs. Atherton and my sisters? If they will accept the accommodation I can give them, I shall rejoice to have Grace and Ethel to assist me in my parish work. But whether my mother will approve of the quiet country life I shall lead, I cannot tell; and you must impress it on her, Margaret, if she accepts my offer, that such it will necessarily be."

Margaret turned to the other letter, it was from Grace; and the first lines riveted her attention.

"O, Margaret," Grace wrote, "why are you not here? Do you know, Ethie's 'cavallero' is no myth, after all. He has actually turned up at last, and Ethie's smiles have returned; the cloud has dispersed, and

her looks, barring her still pale cheeks, are as radiant and beautiful as our old Ethie's used to be. As to mamma, she is half beside herself with joy and wonderment, and feels quite sure the world never saw so handsome-looking a couple before. But I must tell you how it all came about. Ethel and I had been executing some commissions for mamma, and were returning up the promenade, when a tall handsome man suddenly met us, with dark hair and moustache, clear gray eyes, and a pale complexion. He was striking in his appearance, and so good-looking, he instantly caught my eye; and at the same moment I saw Ethie's colour fly into her face, and then as suddenly leave it deadly pale; and she trembled so, I had to draw her arm into mine to support her. I knew in a moment it could be no other than Sir Philip Leigh. He recognised Ethel instantly, and held out his hand and took hers in both his own. But he introduced himself to me, to cover her confusion; for I do not think she could have spoken had she tried. He looked at her very keenly; indeed, his glance penetrated every where. His manners are certainly very fascinating, when he chooses; but he can also be very cold and reserved when it best suits his purpose. Well, he walked back with us; and how it came about I can hardly tell, but he called on mamma, contrived to see Ethel alone, explained—I suppose to her entire satisfaction—the reason for his being here, and why he had not come before; obtained mamma's, by no means reluctant, consent, and the promise from her, that in a fortnight from that day,—think, dear Margaret, how short a time it seems!—the wedding is to take place. Ethelind is such a child, and she is so completely in a delightful dream, that I believe she would consent to any thing Sir Philip proposed. But, Margaret dear, can mamma be right to give her up so soon? The reasons Sir Philip gives are these: their minds are made up, therefore time can make no difference to them; and he has an insuperable objection to having his affairs canvassed, as they are sure to be, he says, if it is known he is likely to be married. He acknowledged it was soon after dear papa's death; but when both mamma and I urged their waiting until we had left off our deepest mourning, he said he must go abroad; urgent business called him to Paris, and he could not consent to leave Ethel behind. They should go on to Germany and Italy, and probably not return to England for many months. Then mamma took fright at the short time for preparation, but this he maintained was not needful. As to trousseau, and all that sort of thing, he said it was quite useless. Ethelind's dress must be entirely Parisian taste. He would get all that for her himself. He was too fastidious to intrust his wife's toilet to any but the first artistes. He should make large settlements on her; and her allowance for such matters as were deemed by ladies indispensable would be too liberal to require any additions from mamma. Sir Philip goes to town at once, to get the marriage-settlements drawn up, and all legal matters duly arranged; and then he comes down to us, and they are to be married as soon as possible. Mamma is in the third

heaven. Ethie is in a perfect dream of bliss; I do not believe a single cloud obscures her sun. And I!—I can hardly tell you where I am, except in a very uncomfortable state of hope and fear;—charmed with the man, yet angry to a degree at the cool way in which he quietly plans every thing, and then puts it all in such a way to mamma that he is quite sure of her and Ethelind's acquiescence; mortified at the manner in which he quietly ignores us all, while at the same time he gives us no fair pretext for complaint. I wish Ralph had been here; but we have heard nothing of him for a long time, nor do we know whether he is still at Cambridge. Cannot you come to us, Margaret? And yet what can you do, even then? You can hardly imagine the change which has come over our little sister; she is as bright and blooming as ever. I do believe Sir Philip is very proud of her. I am sure I sincerely trust he will be gentle and kind to her when he has her entirely in his power; she has never been used to any thing but the fondest love. If mamma only fancied I was doubting him, what a scolding would fall to the lot of your loving and bewildered sister,

(GRACE ATHERTON.)

The letter fell into Margaret's lap; a stupor of astonishment seized her. She rubbed her eyes, got up out of her chair, and then sat down again. It seemed to her as if some troubled dream was upon her, which she could not shake off. Her next impulse was to start off by the early train for Cheltenham; but second thoughts suggested the uselessness of such a journey. It seemed clear from Grace's letter that every thing was arranged. Mrs. Atherton would only see the connection in its brightest lights. Ethelind's heart was in it, perhaps her peace of mind, her very life itself. Sir Philip must be sincere, or why should he voluntarily have followed them to Cheltenham. In a worldly point of view, the connection was no doubt a very good one for her sister. Sir Philip knew they were poor; and if his love had survived that piece of intelligence, Margaret felt that neither her mother nor Ethel would thank her for suggesting other difficulties. If in the arrangements she had not implicit faith in her mother's judgment, Ethelind was entirely under her mother's control; and Margaret felt neither she nor Ralph had any legitimate grounds for interference.

Before the morning Margaret had worked herself into a fever of doubt and perplexity. She wrote a long letter to Grace, and one also to Ethelind;—comforting and assuring the first, and congratulating the latter, and giving her the same gentle and loving advice she would have done had they been together. Margaret's whole mind seemed swallowed up in home-thoughts.

"I really am ashamed of myself," she said to Miss Weldon, to whom she had imparted as many of her doubts and perplexities as she felt she had a right to do to those unconnected with her family, "I find myself in the midst of my mother and sisters, planning and contriving, and looking on for them; and then I am suddenly aroused by seeing a whole class of puzzled little faces staring eagerly at me, and wondering what



can be the matter with Miss Atherton, who has let them say their lesson wrong from beginning to end, and never once found it out."

"I wish, my dear, you would go off at once to your sisters; I know we can manage very well for a week or two, and it seems so natural and proper you should do so," Miss Weldon replied. "Depend on it, my brother will contrive it all very nicely."

"Don't tempt me, Miss Weldon," Margaret exclaimed, with a smile on her lips and tears in her eyes. "My right place is here, I can do no good there; the whole thing is settled: and I dare say I ought to rejoice that my sister is making so apparently good a match. It would have been a satisfaction, I own, to have learnt something of the character and principles of my future brother-in-law. As it is, I shall see Sir Philip when they return from abroad, and I shall do mamma and Grace more good by and by, when the excitement is over, and they have nothing to think of but Ethie's loss."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

COLD and discouraging as was Mrs. Leigh's advice to her son, and unfeeling and selfish as he was often tempted, in the heat of his own passion, to think the unsparing raillery of his sisters, Philip Leigh felt he must wait patiently till such time as etiquette would allow his again seeing Ethelind, and learning from her own lips the fate which awaited him.

If he did sometimes try to shake off the remembrance of the soft eyes which had so bewitched him, or give ear for a moment to the perpetually-urged arguments of his family against unequal marriages, his conscience stung him with the conviction that he would be sacrificing every spark of that honour which the Leighs always vaunted as immaculate.

A man seldom lives till thirty without, if he has hitherto escaped the influence of the softer passion, becoming entirely absorbed in it, when once it takes possession of his heart; and it is then as earnest and intense as his nature is powerful and strong. Having allowed some months to pass after the death of the Dean of Wylninestre, Sir Philip started for Cheltenham, where he learnt Mrs. Atherton and her daughter were residing.

The day of his arrival he was fortunate in meeting Grace and Ethelind, and the successful result of that encounter Grace has already communicated to Margaret. In less than a fortnight Sir Philip had not only gone to London to inform his mother and sisters, but also to have all necessary documents drawn up and signed, which should secure handsome settlements and an ample dowry on his wife, in case of his death. Orders were sent down to Redenham for the alterations to be instantly commenced, which he should require to be completed before his return from the Continent; and then he returned to Cheltenham, bent on taking away Ethelind at once from her mother's care.

Grace hardly knew whether to be pleased or angry at the quiet decisive way in which Sir Philip contrived to do every thing as he pleased; and it annoyed her beyond measure when she saw her mother so readily yielding up every thing to his wishes.

Ethelind herself was too much a child, and too little accustomed to think or act for herself, to have much voice in any of the arrangements; and while Philip felt conscious that Grace had penetration enough to read his secret intention of removing Ethelind entirely from her own family, it only rendered him more anxious to effect his object before Ethel herself should become aware of it through her sister, and either fetter him with promises he would feel bound in honour to fulfil, or, worse still perhaps, break off the match entirely.

"Philip tells me I must have a maid," Ethelind said, in a tone of greater distress than Grace had heard from her since her engagement. "What shall I ever do with a fine dressed-out lady's lady, obsequiously ordering me to do whatever it pleases her to bid me do? It terrifies me only to think of it."

"Of course you will have a maid, child; no one in your position in life is without her own servant," Mrs. Atherton said.

"But, mamma, I don't want a servant now; I have always done quite well for myself hitherto; and while we are abroad Philip says we shall keep quite to ourselves, and go out nowhere; and by the time we return, and I have got a little used to my dignities, and better able to sustain them, it will surely be time enough for me to have such a disagreeable appendage."

"What nonsense you talk, child! It would not be at all proper that Lady Leigh should travel without a female attendant. I have been talking it over with Susannah, and I think our old housemaid, Ann, would be able to fill the place. We could soon write to Wylminstre, and tell her to come to us."

Grace could not help laughing at the idea of old Ann undertaking the charge of Ethel and all her finery; putting up with all the miseries of a foreign tour; or domesticating herself happily in a household of servants, such as, no doubt, Sir Philip's would be: it sounded almost too ludicrous for her mother to have even suggested it. "Dear mamma," she said, "you don't suppose Sir Philip will suffer us to engage a servant for his wife?"

"But I am not his wife yet, Gracie," Ethel broke in, drawing up her head proudly, and trying to look dignified.

"No, not yet, darling; but you are Sir Philip Leigh's betrothed; and even that is sufficient to give him a tolerably fair amount of authority, considering our short acquaintance."

"Oh, Gracie, you mean about my dress; you don't know how very particular Philip is; and he is sure the people here are not so good as those employed by his mother and sisters; and as he wished it so much, what could I do? though I am sure I would much rather have ordered my own wedding-dress."

"And when a bridegroom takes it on himself to order the wedding-dress, it is but right he should engage the maid to put it on. Don't be angry with me, Ethie; he and I have already discussed the matter pretty warmly. His mother or sisters know of some paragon of a waiting-woman, and she will come from town with the finery the day before the wedding."

"And I shall die of fright!" Ethelind exclaimed, in a tone so pitiful, that Grace could only kiss her soft flushed cheek, and assure her she had no cause to fear any lady's-maid in the world. "Keep a brave heart, Ethie," she added, "and you will hold your own yet, my little sister."

Sir Philip was pacing up and down the hall, impatiently waiting for Ethelind, who had gone up to put on her bonnet and mantle for a walk.

"There, run down now," Grace said, arranging her sister's things, as she hastily put them on; "I can hear the footsteps of your impatient lover. He might be a little less monopolising," she said, as Ethel disappeared; "especially when he remembers how soon he will take her entirely away from us."

"You are very severe on Philip, Grace," Mrs. Atherton said; "I often wonder how Ethel bears so well all the rude things you say of him. I wish you would try and show him more respect. You seem entirely to forget what a very capital match it is for Ethelind."

"I should be very sorry to hurt Ethelind's feelings," Grace replied; "but as to Sir Philip, depend upon it, it matters little what I, or any of our family, think about him."

"My dear Grace, I don't understand what you mean."

"I mean, mamma, that Sir Philip Leigh has seen our Ethie and fallen as much in love with her as such people ever do. I believe he would, if he could, have shaken it all off; but finding that impossible, he is doing the only thing that remained to be done. He has secured her; and the moment he gets her absolutely into his own keeping, he will ignore us altogether."

"I am sure I don't see why he should. Both your father's family and mine were very respectable; and as the daughter of the Dean of Wylminstre—"

"Had the Dean of Wylminstre been alive," Grace broke in, "it would not be as it is. Now we are only the poor orphans of a poor clergyman. Respectable enough in a way, but by no means a fit match for the proud blood of the Leighs. I wish Ralph or Margaret had been here; they might have done what I cannot;" and Grace tried in vain to keep back the bitter tears which were blinding her eyes.

"You are a very strange girl, Grace," her mother replied, in a vexed nervous tone. "I don't see what Ralph or Margaret could have done more than I already have. Ethelind likes Philip very much, and I am sure his love for her no one can deny. Just see all he has done for her; such settlements as he has made! so regardless as he is of expense! Then, too, he does not care about her being penniless. I am sure it is a

far better match than I ever expected her to make; and, it seems to me, we cannot be too grateful to him for giving her such brilliant prospects."

Grace knew her mother's weakness too well to attempt reasoning the point with her; she only turned away, and tried to stifle the burning pain at her heart, by busying herself in the many little preparations which even the quietest wedding makes needful. It would be but cruelty, she felt, to try to undeceive her sister, who, young and trustful as a child, could see nothing in all the arrangements Philip made but the lavish abundance of a loving heart. How often had they both longed for riches! Ethelind would possess them now, and Grace had already learnt to wonder if they would bring with them all the happiness their young imaginations had pictured.

Beautiful as Ethel Atherton really was, she never had looked more so than on her bridal morning. Even the grim Mrs. Frippery condescended to acknowledge to Susannah, "She certainly was the loveliest young lady she ever did set eyes on"—not even excepting Sir Philip's own sisters, who, from her account, were quite paragons of female beauty.

Poor Grace, as she quietly stood by, envied the cross old woman every pin she put into Ethel's dress. Could she have had her own way, no hand but her own should have touched a fold of her darling's dress on her bridal day. Ethel's eyes looked more deeply violet than ever, amid the snowy folds of her soft white silk and rich point-lace, as it floated round her slight graceful figure. Mrs. Frippery turned up her nose at the little lace bonnet. "What bride, she would like to know, of any pretensions at all, such as became the choice of Sir Philip Leigh, would dream of appearing at the 'halter' in any thing less becoming than a veil and wreath?" But when the despised little bonnet was put on, and its gracefully drooping feather and its light wreath of orange blossom, mingling with the golden hue of her bright glossy curls, and forming a soft halo round her sweet young face; and when Sir Philip himself was said to have declared, that what every body did, from the tradesman's bride upwards, was no rule for what his wife chose to do—even the sour visage relaxed, and she declared, much to Susannah's triumph, "She would never have believed that a bonnet could have been so very becoming."

Colonel Foley and the lawyer had come down the night before; the former to be with his friend and give away the bride. Grace longed for Margaret as she stood by the altar at St. Mary's, by the side of Ethelind; it seemed so strange that she alone of all her family should be there. She watched the flushed anxious face of Sir Philip, and the calm motionless features of the young creature beside him. Ethel's responses were audibly made without a quiver of the soft full notes. Grace gazed on her sister in mute astonishment. She could neither comprehend nor do justice, if she had done so, in her own nervous excitement, to the entire trust Ethelind reposed in the heart of him to whom she was yielding up

her young life's love and obedience. She had from the moment he had asked her for her love, and told her how great his own was for her, given herself to him with the confidence a young child reposes in the fullness and truth of its father's affection.

The ceremony was soon over, and the two carriages returned with the small wedding-party to Mrs. Atherton's.

A breakfast was waiting for them, which Mrs. Atherton and Susannah, too nervous and fidgety to sit still, had been superintending in their absence. A merry peal from St. Mary's bells greeted the mother's quick ears before the carriages appeared; and a feeling of mingled joy and pride fluttered at her heart as she pressed her child warmly in her arms. Grace nervously poured out a cup of coffee, and insisted on Ethel's taking it; and then, scarcely waiting for her to refuse the offer of more, hurried her up into her own room, under pretext of changing her dress before the return of the carriage which was to take them away from her home.

Frippery was too full of the finery, which had to be so hastily disposed of in the large imperial, to interrupt the sisters in their last fond embrace; but a cloud gathered on Sir Philip's brow when his quick eye caught traces of emotion in Ethel's bright eyes and heightened colour, as they came down the stairs with their arms tightly linked round each other.

"You need not envy us this one half-hour, Sir Philip," Grace said, in a subdued voice, as she overheard him give an impatient order to Colonel Foley about sending round to hasten the carriage. The colour mounted into his face, and his eye glittered. "This agitation is not good for her or for you," he said quickly. "You will thank me for not prolonging the parting, when it is fairly over." Grace did not reply; she only turned away her head with one of her contemptuous smiles, which convinced her brother-in-law, on whom no look or gesture of hers was wasted, that, with all his caution, she was no stranger to his intentions. Indeed, he was scarcely sure that she did not doubt the truth and honesty of his very love itself. The thought stung him to the quick, and for some minutes he stood at the window biting his lips till he almost made them bleed. Presently he heard his name called; he turned round; Grace was standing beside him. "Sir Philip," she said, in a calm low voice, as if she did not wish any one else to hear, and yet she spoke so distinctly he did not lose a syllable, "you must be very kind to and careful of our darling Ethie. Remember she is very young, indeed still quite a child; and she has never known any thing but petting and spoiling from us all. She has unbounded faith in your love, and she goes us trustfully into your care as if she had known you all her life. You will think I have no right to say all this to you; but you must remember our father has left us, and Ralph is not here to speak to you, and I could not let her go without telling you what I feel *ought* to be spoken by some of us."

“Grace,” he said, “I see by your manner you distrust my love for your sister; God knows how you wrong me! He knows too how entirely my heart is hers.”

“Real pure love is not monopolising,” Grace replied. “You need not grudge us a small share in what, until she knew you, was all our own. In making Ethie your wife, you have placed her, I know, in a sphere far above our present one. We have all some sacrifices to pay to ambition. Ethel is too young to have rightly calculated the price of hers. Soften it to her as much as you can, when she makes the discovery of what it costs her. You have feared that I should forestall you in the information. You might have trusted me better. There is time enough yet for her to learn the truth; and I for one would gladly spare her the pang its knowledge will inflict, even up to the last moment that it becomes inevitable.”

• Sir Philip looked at the pale earnest face beside him; and had he followed the first impulse of the moment, he would have renounced all the schemes which had cost him so much pain and caution to execute, taking Grace as a witness against the influence his mother and sisters still exercised over him: but the struggle was momentary; pride, his besetting sin, triumphed. He would pledge himself to nothing; there was plenty of time yet to form plans for his future conduct. He took her hand in his. “Miss Atherton,” he said, “I should be sorry you should misunderstand me; my conduct may not always be clearer to your comprehension than it has been now; but rest assured,—and I here give you my honour as a man and a gentleman,—that however arbitrary and strange it may appear to you, nothing but the fondest love and affection shall influence me in regard to Ethel’s welfare. Do you trust me?”

“I will try to do so,” was Grace’s short reply; and the next minute she was standing by Ethelind’s side, waiting the announcement of the carriage, which, under Sir Philip’s servants’ care and Frippery’s superintendence, was being packed for their journey.

Colonel Foley returned to town by the next train. Mrs. Atherton, divided between her tears and her smiles, betook herself to her own room, to talk over with Susannah the events of the last fortnight; and Grace, in a state of mind she would have been puzzled to have explained, after assuming her mourning dress, which for the hour had been laid aside, shut herself into her own room, to pour out her doubts and perplexities into the never-failing ear of her dear Margaret.

## Robert Herrick, Poet and Divine.

IF ever two books were composed for the express use of idle men, whose life is leisure, and whose sole business it seems is to eat, drink, puff the weed, and bask at full length on sunny lawns, those books undoubtedly are, *The Complete Angler* of that highly respectable old gossip Izaak Walton, and the *Hesperides* of that Bacchus of versifying clergymen Robert Herrick. Wide apart as are the subjects treated of by each severally, and different as are the modes of treatment between these two books, there is a moral sympathy and a general unity of characteristics. Both are possessed of the same quaint amenity, the same straightforward egotism; both carry us far back into the heart of a little English Arcadia, where sheep-tending Strephon sits idly by the banks of a murmuring stream, whistling dulcet ditties on his cracked pipe, and ogling Pastorella as she combs out her hair in "infinitesimal golden Cupids." Both believe in every thing save scepticism: the one believes in eels thirty feet long, the other in Oberon and his fairy court of Nymphidia. Both are innocent, credulous, golden boons, breathing of a sweeter Venusia than Lydia's lover ever dreamed of. Their pages are full of a happy careless element, where flowers are blooming, birds singing, oaten pipes playing, shepherds twiddling their thumbs, Puck and Robin Goodfellow gamboling, and jovial old gentlemen fraternising or trout-fishing, for ever and ever. Behind the literary curtain of each whistles an enthusiastic moral idler, whose cares sit lightly on strong shoulders, who chants of his own felicity as he jogs along the sunny side of life's highway, but who is not without a soul to apprehend the beautiful God-made things beneath, around, and above him. They are books for the easy-chair at home, demanding no great mental exertion; but such books are good and valuable in their place, and in our occasional idle reading of idle books we often learn lessons which they forgot to teach us at College. They have no practical value. No angler dreams for a moment of lashing the Trent or Ribble with honest old Izaak as his mentor; but those who can't fish love to finger the well-known pages of *The Complete Angler*, when things look well with them, and their hearts are open to the charms of a luxuriant ease. I defy any educated man to open the book randomly, and read a dozen of its pages, without feeling larger-hearted and (not in the stubborn dogged sense) more healthily English. It was never written to teach us any thing important about trouts and graylings; it was written to reveal to us the hearty old Englishman who wrote it, clad in all his quaint proportions, and solving the problem of life by the very earnestness with which he lived and breathed. In a similar manner, the *Hesperides* can never put wiser thoughts into our heads, or season our talk with the salt of an acuter logic, as books of less genius may; yet, visiting us in our leisure moments, it can lap us in the happiest of dreams, make our hearts

beat cheerily, and render us at peace with all the world. Would we quit Fleet Street to while away an hour in Fairyland, among Titania and her maids of honour?—we have only to take up the *Hesperides*. It is merely a piece of sweet and careless dissipation—the poetical epitome of a fanciful brain and a tender happy heart. Its author squandered all his born genius in flower-painting, music-making, and sporting in the shade with Amaryllis; he is now, what Lycidas is, formidable in the sense of mysterious distance. But his book exists, full of the author and his peccadilloes; a book to be cherished in the long vacation; a pretty souvenir of a jovial verse-writer who lived and made innocent love in a cassock, who tiddled “Simon the King’s” canary with Ben the laureate and Selden the antiquary, and who lived a hot-headed poet’s life, not the life of a philosopher in the quiet woodland ways. It teems with that luscious physical life which abounded in the man who wrote it; it is full of his idle fancies, his naughty sayings, and his wooings of woman in the abstract. A more exceptionable book than its companion in prose, its shortcomings spring, like the other’s racy morality, from a nature which means happiness and candour. The charms, or characteristics, of the *Hesperides* are its hazy self-dignity and uncompromising honesty; whether these qualities are exhibited in singing pure ballads in praise of the country life, or in prying into dangerous mysteries, with a twinkling eye and gestures not strictly orthodox. Herrick could not cloak his conviviality (I use that word in its widest sense) under Puritanical jargon. His whole nature was as open and unadorned as some specimens of early Italian art. Sympathies so exuberant as his were sure to break out somehow or other; and perhaps it is as well that they broke out healthily in his verses, in a genuine love of song-singing, and a little harmless admiration for the sex.

The *Hesperides* is, perhaps, the most musical collection of occasional verses in the language. Some of the best of these verses, though not by any means all the best, have been often quoted; but there are others which have never, to my knowledge, been quoted at all. From these last, if led into quotation, I shall make my extracts. Nor shall I have to search long for fine music and pretty thoughts, where both are so numerous. The gossamer-like Ariels of thought and sound, controlled and regulated by principles of most magical harmony, issue from the quaint old book in clouds, singing and dancing, smiling and shining, perpetuating the memory of Herrick, the kindly clerical Prospero who created them. Glad verses, sad verses, mad verses, and (in a strait-laced moral sense) bad verses, fill these pages, melting and sighing and dying in a thousand flats and sharps of melody. Here I have a book of all moods and measures, an *al fresco*, or Twelfth-Night mummery, a rainbow blended of a thousand different colours; a thing both of sable and of tinsel, of beautiful shreds and patches. It is redolent of ambrosia, nectar, and all the tipples of the gods. An idle, dreamy, thoughtless treasure of a book: Aphrodite without her veil, Thalia without her mask, Diana cutting capers as mysterious as the necromancy of Cornelius Agrippa! In short, it is an after-



dinner book, just as old Izaak's *Complete Angler* and Cotton's *Montaigne* are after-dinner books; it is to be opened at random, at any place, and dreamed over. Jump on the back of this wild Pegasus, let the reins loose, and it will carry you to a realm as sweet as that of the dead Adonais; but attempt to curb its wild course by drawing the reins too tightly, and, depend upon it, it will throw you. It is a Pegasus untamed, but under its swift hoofs springs up unadulterated Hippocrene. The cool flow of the syllables, the jingle and glitter of the fancies, the little hidden love-sentiments bubbling cheerily at the ends of the stanzas, make Herrick's Hippocrene very refreshing to the parched literary Arab, the overworn philosopher, and the lover, if not to the ambitious and metaphysical modern Alastor.

In the appreciative spirit of a child I have taken up the *Hesperides*, wishing to point out its merits, such as they are. Much has been written about Herrick; little about his poems, which have been lost sight of in the tempting idiosyncrasies of the poet. I wish to do justice to this little cabinet of sweet fancies and crusted gems of diction; I want to talk about it in its own kindly spirit. I would like the reader of this paper to finish it with a warm pleasant feeling, such as he or she would experience in the perusal of the book under consideration.

Many familiar faces—smiling up, as it were, through green leaves, daffodils, and daisies—peep out on me as I dip into the book, now before me for the hundredth time at least. Like most enthusiastic lovers of the poetic, I have my pets and favourites; I like them, and permit them to ensconce themselves in snug little corners of my memory. One of these is the well-known "Night-piece," addressed to Mistress Julia, his inspiration—a poem which every modern cavalier ought to have by heart. Another, also pretty generally known, is the sweet little song about "Daffodils." The following lines, seldom, if ever, quoted, also hit my fancy:

"DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A sweet disorder in the dresse  
Kindles in cloathes a wantonnesse;  
A lawn about the shoulders thrown  
Into a fine distraction;  
An erring lace, which here and there  
Enthralls a crimson stomacher;  
A cuffe neglectfull, and thereby  
Ribbons to flow confusedly;  
A winning waves, deserving note,  
In the tempestuous petticoat;  
A careless shoe-string, in whose tye  
I see a wilde civility;  
Doe more bewitch me, than when art  
Is too precise in every part."

The above is a fair specimen of Herrick's usual manner. It is short, pithy, and unique, characterised, like most of his verses, by quaintness of subject as well as of treatment. Tested by a severe critical standard, it seems nearly worthless; yet it cannot fail to please with its peculiarity. Few of the poems in the *Hesperides* are of much length, and the short-

est are much the best. Some of the prettiest do not occupy more than half a dozen lines; but they prove the force of the hackneyed aphorism about brevity. Here is an idea which has been worse expressed by subsequent minstrels:

“By Love’s religion, I must here confesse it,  
The most I love, when I the least expresse it.  
Small griefs find tongues; full casques are ever found  
To give, if any, yet but little sound.  
Deep waters noyseless are; and this we know,  
The chiding streams betray small depth below.  
So when Love speecchlesse is, she doth expresse  
A depth in love, and that depth bottomlesse.  
Now since my love is tongue-lesse, know me such,  
Who speak but little, ’cause I love so much.”

These lines are addressed to Mistress Julia. Who could have inspired them but a Julia or a Sacharissa? Who could have composed them but a poet and a lover, unpretending though they are? Truly, Herrick drew his inspiration direct from Venus, pool-pooling spare-made Melpomene and the stiff Court Muses. Whenever he sings Julia’s praises, we who listen recognise a genuine singer. No matter how slender the theme, let it but be connected with his lady, and the poet’s fine frenzy is sure to issue forth in thoughts that breathe and words that burn,—that burn even too brightly now and then. Julia, in his eyes, is something to be worshipped and adored; she is akin to cherubim; her form makes music of the poet’s breath, like an Æolian harp set in the summer wind. She is the much-belauded heroine of the *IIesperides*. She is to Herrick what the Church was to Solomon—the maker of a sweet minstrel.

“Goddess, I do love a girl  
Ruby-lipped and tooth’d with pearl,”

he cries, with eyes that twinkle merrily underneath his grey hairs. Her breath is likened to “all the spices of the East,” to the balm, the myrrh, and the nard; her skin is like a “lawnie firmament;” her cheek like “cream and claret commingled,” or “roses blowing.” He sings with tender rapture of her voice, “melting melodious words to lutes of amber.” But Julia, although his favourite, was not his only lady-love. If we are to believe his own assertion, he was favourably disposed towards the whole sex—at any rate, by no means prejudiced in favour of one individual. He has scores of un pitying yet flawless “mistresses,” real and ideal, whom he has transmitted to posterity under such euphonious names as Silvia, Corinna, Electra, Perinna, Perilla, and Dianeme. As a rule, he sings their praises sweetly and modestly. His sentimental morality was by no means of the dull heavy kind; on the contrary, it was brisk and easy, like the religious morality of Herbert and Wither. It was when making merry at the feet of Venus that he felt most at home—when he had nothing to do but fashion fanciful nose-gays, and throw them, with a laugh, into the lap of his lady. His songs suggest the picture of a respectable British Bacchus, stout and middle-aged, lipping soft lyrics to the blushing Ariadne at his side; while in the background

of flowers and green leaves we catch a glimpse of Oberon and Titania, walking through a stately minuet on a close-shaven lawn, to the frolicking admiration of assembled fairy-land.

Not an unpleasant picture by any means, when Bacchus, not Silenus, is in the foreground, and when Ariadne is modestly clothed, sans powder, sans periwig. Herrick had one laudable virtue,—he extenuated nothing. When he sinned, he told his readers both of the sin and the repentance that followed. There was vigour in all this, just as there was vigour in his evident consciousness that by setting down his merits and demerits in white and black, he was securing for himself a distinct literary personality. I contrast this sort of honesty with Dr. Young's false morality and Alexander Pope's spiteful namby-pambyism; and the result is favourable to men like Herrick. The result is the same when I contrast it with Dr. Swift's so-called candour; for while the candour of Swift was that of a bully conscious of power, that of Herrick was the candour of an honest kindly heart. We are taught by Scripture that he who confesses his sins shall be forgiven; but the confession, to be valid, must be made in the right spirit. The poems addressed to Ben Jonson—the "Farewell to Sack," and the "Welcome" to the same beverage—prove that Herrick's morals were not always in the most perfect order. He was not always sober, either physically or morally; on the contrary, he once or twice took too much wine. Yet I cannot help thinking that his chance glasses in the "Tun" and the "Mermaid" improved both his heart and his verses, lending the latter much of that warmth and delicacy of colouring which renders them enchanting. I am not seeking to commend Herrick's shortcomings. On the contrary, I differ from some gentlemen who have written about the life of this poet, and I see little to admire in his follies as a man. But it has been too often inferred that Herrick was a *roué* and a drunkard; a wire-drawn inference, which cannot at least be supported by the fact that he made one in the genial "Noctes" over which the author of the "Sad Shepherd" presided. The individuals who met at the London taverns raved a good deal about the vine in their verses, but they were neither rakes nor sots. There were sad exceptions, doubtless; but the society was no more a society of tipplers than any modern club of parliamentary reporters, whose members meet to puzzle each other and slaughter Mr. Disraeli. Herrick and the rest believed with old Walton that "good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue;" and, seated at the burly laureate's side, they were pretty sure to enjoy both. Neither must it be inferred that, because the *Hesperides* contains one or two immoral sentiments, the author was necessarily an immoral man. If we take the time when it was composed into consideration, there is nothing so very shocking in the book after all. Two hundred and odd years ago men used plainer speech than that in vogue at the present day; and the reader who, on tracing our English Hippocrene back to its source, shudders and breaks into anathemas because he finds the stream brackish here and there, will

never do the purer parts justice. I do not commend or admire the indiscreet language of early poets, nor do I think that the free expressions used in those days in social intercourse are expressions to be commended. There are things which, while essentially moral in themselves, become very immoral as interpreted by human speech. But in order to do thorough justice to a man and his works, we must see them in all their lights and shades, moral and immoral, spiritual and human; and for this reason I simply mention that there are passages in the *Hesperides* which might do some harm to weak-minded, but not to sensible, people. That Herrick lived the life of a tolerably virtuous man, we may rest certain, if we are inclined to accept his own statement as conveyed in the two last lines of this book. Thus:

"To this book's end this last line he'd have placed,  
Jocund his Muse was, but his life was chaste."

That he repented a little of the naughty things, the "unbaptised rhymes, writ in my wild unhallowed times," is proved by the poem which stands second in his *Noble Numbers, or Pious Pieces*, to wit, "His Prayer for Absolution:"

"Forgive me, God, and blot each line  
Out of my book that is not thine.  
But if, 'mongst all, thou findest here one  
Worthy thy benediction;  
'That one of all the rest shall be  
The glory of my work and me."

His repentance, if not of the most ascetic description, was neither painless nor insincere.

Herrick's best things are his poems in praise of the country life, and his worst things are his epigrams. Whenever he sings naturally, as in the former, he sings well and sweetly; whenever he sings unnaturally, as in the latter, he sings falsely and harshly. His gladsome mercurial temper had a great deal to do with the composition of his best lyrics; for the parson of Dean Prior was no philosopher, and his lightest, airiest verses are his best. What Marmontel calls "amiable ingenuity, undisguised openness," was a part of his mental as well as of his moral life; shackled by conventionalism of any sort, he lost all that happy *naïveté* which is the principal, perhaps the only, charm of his written works. His was a happy careless nature, throwing off verses out of the fullness of a joyous heart, rioting in a pleasant sunny element. Out of his own merry and magical circle he is stiff, stupid, and sophisticated. There was no ill-nature in him; his epigrams had no sting. The same impulse which made him err a little induced him to confess his errors honestly. Without these errors, and the few poems in which he alludes to them, neither his works nor himself can be properly understood. The epigrams I allude to are interspersed with the other poems, and are after the manner of Ben Jonson. The book would have been cleaner and better without them.

One or two of his fairy poems appear to me the very perfection of musical excellence. He is coarse enough here and there, without a

doubt, and now and then his elfin court entertains indiscreet notions of social propriety. But his fairies can be very engaging, very natural little people, when their creator chooses to be strict with them on the point of moral decorum; in other words, when they avoid all imitation of the fairies at St. James's, and remain the genuine little pixies of music, mischief, and moonlight. Oberon has his temple, whither he retires for devotional purposes, cleansing himself with the holy water contained in a nutshell, and bowing to the altar "in a cloud of frankincense." He has also his feasts, when mushroom tables groan with steaming dainties, when dew-wine is sweetened in goblets of "violets blew," and when the gnat, the cricket, and the grasshopper are court musicians.

The "pretty, flowery, and pastoral gale of fancy," which Phillips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, gives Herrick credit for, was never better employed than when bruited abroad the pleasures of a country life. The honest fellows at Dean Prior (the Devonshire parish of which he was vicar) loved their old ceremonies and customs, and kept them up right heartily; and no doubt the poet entered fully into the spirit of the local enthusiasm. He would range the woods on May morning with the maidens; sit at wakes with the old women; drink the Whitsun ale, and drain the wassail bowl on Twelfth-Nights, with the men. Of all these pleasures he sang often and enthusiastically. His book is full of pictures taken from that little Devonshire vicarage. His is not merely the old inane story of "a shepherd piping on a hill, sad with his own sweet thoughts," and enjoying an uninterrupted prospect of black sheep and white, all washed very clean indeed, and each adorned with a pink ribbon by the white hands of Myra or Amaryllis. Herrick knew that such shepherds were created to bring both themselves and their sheep to grief. His are no second-hand pictures, taken in London, from His Majesty's Bed-chamber. He had seen Strephon munching huge wedges of bread on a country stile, or moaning with a broken head after the feast of cudgels; he had seen Corydon talking low language and drinking beer at the village alehouse. He had seen Myrtis with a dirty face and a vulgar gait; he had seen Mrs. Myrtillo slapping the little Myrtillos in most unpoetical fashion. He knew that these shepherds and shepherdesses preferred dead mutton to living sheep; yet he preferred these vulgar realities to the refined idealities of the fine gentlemen in the metropolis. He found beauty in their old customs, however riotously conducted, however plain and homely. He tells us of the Maypole, the Morris-dance, the shearing feast, and the chase; singing cheerily of the "nut-browne mirth and russet wit" of such and sundry pastoral mummeries. He pictures to us, with sweet music, the merry-makings at the Wake, with its creams and custards, its pageantries of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, its cudgel-plays, its rustic quarrels "drown'd in ale or drenched in beere." He sings of St. Distaff's Day, when the flax and tow of girls who "go a spinning" is set on fire, when plackets are scorched, and when the maidens souse the men with pails of new-drawn water. He celebrates

the coming-in of the Hock-Cart, crowned with ears of corn, surrounded by men and women with garlands on their heads, and drawn by horses "clad in linen white as lilies." He describes both the pastoral May-day, when boys and girls pluck the white-thorn boughs, when "green gowns are given," when troths are plighted; and the Christmas festivities, when the log blazes on the hearth, when "psalteries" are played, when strong beer is quaffed and mince-pies eaten. When he discourses of such homely ceremonies, in his own soft inimitable way, I know no writer of lyrics who equals him in loveliness of music, sweetness of fancy, and luscious warmth of colouring.

The greater part of the *Hesperides* was written in Devonshire, when the poet was vicar of the little parish of Dean Prior. He was preferred to the living by Charles I., in the year 1629, having been recommended by the Bishop of Exeter, to whom he more than once makes affectionate allusion. Herrick, then in his thirty-eighth year, had already tasted the sweets of literary society, and he did not fall in love with this same dull little Dean Prior as readily as might be anticipated. Like Crabbe in Suffolk, and Sydney Smith on Salisbury Plain many years afterwards, he grumbled and fretted in his solitude, describing his parishioners as a "rocky generation," "rude almost as rudest savages," and "churlish as the seas." Probably these words were written when the pulpit was new to him, when the cassock on his shoulders felt uncomfortable, when the boisterous young squires in the pews below him were taking his mental and moral measure. He might have found some of the country louts suspicious and surly; for a country congregation is not always bonnet-in-hand to the new pastor; he might have been received coldly enough at first by the "wealthy nobodies." By and by, no doubt, when the awkward feeling wore off on both sides, priest and congregation fraternised. The verses addressed to Larr prove that he felt the parting, when John Lyn the Puritan was sent to take his place, and he was turned out of house and home to live on his fifths in London. At any rate, his best verses were written in that little west-country vicarage:

"More discontents I never had,  
Since I was born, than here; '  
Where I have been, and still am sad,  
In this dull Devonshire.  
Yet, justly too, I must confesse,  
I ne'r invented such  
Ennobled numbers for the presse,  
Than where I loath'd so much."

It seems reasonable to suppose that this bilious feeling wore off, and was absent when he wrote his sweet lyrics about rural felicity. Another fact may account for his reconciliation to the solitary vicarage. Hard by Dean Prior lived a certain Sir Edward Giles, M.P. for Totness, an old English gentleman, who "gave to Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's, and to the country the things which were the country's." With this old knight, who was both a jolly and a liberal knight, and who kept open

house to his acquaintances, Herrick appears to have been on the best of terms. His friendship, I believe, was convivial enough to remind the poet of the days when he gaped at "Jonson's learned sock" in the London taverns.

In reading his poems one obtains many a stray peep at the domestic life of the poet; plain allusions are thrown out, which, when patched together, may form a decently consistent picture. Although a universal lover, he never married. His little household consisted of Mistress Prudence Baldwin his housekeeper, himself, Trasy his pet spaniel, Phill his tame sparrow, a few chickens, a goose, a cat, and a pet lamb. Tradition adds to these a clever but reprobate pig, who was given to draining the dregs of the ale-jug. Poor old Mistress Prew, once pretty Miss Prudence, was Robert Herrick's good angel; and many are the affectionate allusions he makes to her. Through want and sickness, through sorrow and heartache, she stood by the helpless old bachelor, taking good care of his morals, and rendering his rural home cheery and comfortable :

"These summer birds did with their master stay  
The times of warmth, but then they fled away,  
Leaving their poet, being now grown old,  
Exposed to all the coming winter's cold.  
But thou, kind Prew, didst with my fates abide  
As well the winter's as the summer's tide.  
For which thy love, live with thy master here,  
Not one, but all the seasons of the year."

Herrick is fully as sincere in other matters. He is very poor, he admits the fact; but he has his cates and beer, he thanks Heaven, and his life is easy. He is not good-looking; he is mope-eyed and ungainly. He has lost a finger. He thinks London a very nice place for a man to be jolly in. He hates Oliver Cromwell. Sooner than take the Covenant against his convictions, he will be thrust out of his living. He is of opinion that a king can do no wrong; that Charles I. was a martyr, and Charles II. is the very incarnation of virtue.

Herrick was beloved by the simple men and women to whom he preached Christ, and scraps of his hymns and songs still linger on the tongues of their children's children. He was a good, albeit not a sour-visaged, pastor, and they liked him infinitely better than his Puritan substitute. He played in the great drama of life on the little flower-strewn stage of Dean Prior; or say, rather, he played in a sweet vaudeville of life: a pretty little piece of artistic coquetry, with a love-song in every scene, a jingling of glasses and a singing of convivial songs in one or two, and a chorus of uncovered villagers singing to tender music at the falling of the curtain. "Robert Herrick, Vicar," says the register, "was buried on the 15th day of October 1674." The poet's living descendant, William Herrick, Esq., of Leicestershire, has erected a fine monument over his grave; but his verses supply a prettier and chaster monument than any made by hands. They are neither ambitious nor

are made to be enjoyed

## Italia Rediviva.

THE fervour of a new and mighty gladness  
 Has pass'd into the world, and cannot die;  
 The eyes of Faith, no longer dimm'd with sadness,  
 See promise of new dawn within the sky.  
 For Youth and Freedom, Love and Poesy,  
 Clasp'd hands, and tears of rapture dew'd the cheek;  
 And Hope leapt up and cried exultingly  
 When from the clangour of War's sulphurous reek  
 The Austrian vulture flew with shatter'd plume and beak.

And she, the glorious child of Europe's morn,  
 The eldest born of Rome,—she heard the sound;  
 She drank the thund'rous boom of cannon born  
 There, where she lay in darkness underground;  
 She knew the hour—as with impulsive bound  
 She leapt upon the dungeon-floor—the roof  
 Was riven asunder, and the walls around  
 Fell, and her chains, as though at Heav'n's reproof,  
 Flew from her limbs like threads of some enchanted woof.

She cried; and all the radiant forms of Truth  
 Came from afar to see the glorious thrall  
 Clad in the splendour of her deathless Youth,  
 Unstained by bondage and the things which crawl  
 In slimy stealth upon the dungeon-wall.  
 Each Emanation of the Eternal Flame,  
 The Poet-dreams, the fair creations all,  
 Glories, and wing'd ministers of Fame,  
 Wining the infinite air, around Italia came.

Foremost of all the immortal company,  
 The sweet Castalian pow'rs were rang'd around;  
 From whom all Science, Art, and Poesy  
 Clothe the dim thoughts of men; Urania wound  
 Her arm around her form, the while she crown'd



With a star-woven anadem her brow,  
 And cried, "O joy ! dear Child, that we have found  
 Thy hero soul, thy woman's love; for now  
 Europe has need to feel thy pulse's ancient glow.

" Yes ! Europe needs the grand and simple heart  
 Which thou didst nourish in thy sons of yore;  
 For in the rush of traffic and the mart  
 The bloom and grace of Life die more and more.  
 And Unbelief, with wither'd lips and frore,  
 E'en on Spring's blossoms breathes her scorching rime;  
 Ah, me ! Italia, voiceless anguish tore  
 Thy heart when thou, misled by Faith sublime,  
 Laid down thy spear and shield amid an age of crime."

Then spake Italia: " In my youth's dim dawn  
 Vast were my dreams; when the Barbarian wars  
 Had ceas'd, and Hun and Vandal had withdrawn,  
 Darkling, I lov'd, beneath the moon and stars,  
 To wander round Rome's ruins. While the scars  
 And rifts of Havoc caught the splintering blaze  
 Of silver light, I track'd the victor cars,  
 Where they had worn the long triumphal way,  
 'Mid the red mammoth-bones of Rome's imperial Day.

" Oft in night's stillness, by the palaces,  
 I heard the owls hoot in the Cæsars' hall,  
 And from the Capitol and cypress-trees  
 On Nero's golden house, in echoing call,  
 The birds of desolation whoop'd o'er all;  
 I felt no sadness, for I knew the dust  
 Pregnant with life to lift away the pall  
 Which then enswathed the world. The martyr'd just  
 Had planted in my soul such deep immortal trust.

" And Rome had left a heritage to me,  
 A word which made my bosom sink and swell,  
 A name—a dream—immense 'Humanity;'  
 And when I heard it, it became a spell  
 To draw me like a child. And this knew well  
 Those who fierce looks upon my Beauty cast;  
 But much my people lov'd in thought to dwell  
 Upon the name of Cæsar, and the vast  
 Mysterious awe which loom'd from out the sceptred Past.

" Thus, when an Otho rode in feudal state  
 Down from the Alps, and grasp'd the iron crown,  
 All cried, 'Lo, Casar ! victor over fate  
 And Death's pale kingdoms;' and they knelt adown  
 And did him homage, as from town to town  
 He swept triumphant: but I knew the cheat,  
 'The vulture-heart beneath the ermin'd gown,  
 And at Legnano such heroic heat  
 I roused that from my soil the Suabian made retreat.

" Still was the Future veiled before mine eyes,  
 When came a priest, wan, hollow-check'd, austere,  
 Bearing the cross; he spake in saintly wise,  
 ' O fairest of the fair, Italia ! hear:  
 I offer not to thee what men hold dear,  
 Conquest or power, or treasurable worth;  
 But this I ask, to aid me to uprear  
 'The world-redeeming Cross, that, through new-birth,  
 All nations may be ruled by Christ's Law upon earth.'

" As the grand prospect open'd from the dark,  
 I grew more than mine own Columbus pale,  
 When first he saw from out his weary bark  
 The land of promise. Ah, for bliss or bale,  
 I grasp'd the mission. And by hill and dale  
 With shield and spear I fought. The Tuscan maid,  
 Matilda,\* arm'd with Amazonian mail,  
 Flash'd by my side her keen and spotless blade,  
 Till on the pontiff's brow the triple crown was laid.

" But ah ! I learnt, in far too late an hour,  
 That Piety will never creep or climb,  
 To seize with savage hand the keys of pow'r ;  
 Heaven's altar-stairs grew stepping-stones to crime.  
 It seem'd the Neros of Rome's basest time  
 Had burst the gates of Death, with hope elate  
 To make Christ's name abhorr'd in every clime,  
 'To use His Cross in mockery and hate,  
 And bring the heathen gods back to their ancient state.

\* Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, who fitly represents the genius of Italy at the time of her existence. The names mentioned are not necessarily in chronological order.

" Pontiffs of Rome, old childless men and lone,  
 Who with the pastoral ring from age to age  
 Did claim the mission of the Holy One !  
 Have ye not left upon Time's foulest page  
 A warning to the statesman and the sage ?  
 Ye would be more than God, and, unrepressed,  
 Wield Heaven's own thunders with a zealot's rage.  
 What were ye ? Godless Leos at the best,  
 Else Anuraths of Rome, worse Sultans of the West.

" O Dante, O Petrarca, ye felt well  
 My agonising heart, when from the lyre  
 Ye shook your grand notes with a master-spell,  
 Arrows of song all barb'd and wing'd with fire  
 Of Love's own deathless thirst and heavenly ire;  
 And show'd the wantons with the cheeks of flame,  
 Gorging from Christ's own vine impure desire,  
 Making the sanctuary a den of shame,  
 Of which the hideous reek unto th' Eternal came.

" Then Ariosto from a foul dark age  
 Fled on his griffin-steed: through forests drear  
 Seeking Angelica with Roland's rage,  
 The lost world-beauty. Cities shook with fear,  
 Yet still my artists wrought with noble cheer  
 New worlds for man. The poet-hands work'd fast,  
 Peopling the human soul's void atmosphere;  
 The present spirit colour'd all the past,  
 And thus each changing mood was from the pencil cast.

" For Leonardo's virgins gaily smiled  
 At maceration, with lips archly curl'd,  
 And Raphael's beam'd immaculately mild;  
 But Angelo his wrathful Judgment hurl'd,  
 In execration of a rebel-world;  
 Till sweet Correggio on Parma's shrine  
 Drew the Madonna, borne on wings unfurl'd  
 Of angels: in her ecstasy divine  
 She stretch'd her arms; that form I saw; I wept;—'twas mine.

" O Tasso, noble soul ! who to the bad  
 Sang thy pure strains of Love and Chivalry,  
 Why did the spawn of Evil style thee mad,  
 But that thou didst believe in Christ and me,

' Or vivi si, ch' a Dio ne venga il lezzo.' *Petrarch.*

Amid an age of Hell's own tyranny?  
 Let thy tormenters pass; their heirs have quaff'd  
 The death-cup which they mixed with fiendish glee  
 For others: wither'd is the priestly craft,  
 E'en as the Borgias died by their own poison-draught.

“ Since the vain laurel-crown was laid, as though  
 To mock Torquato, on his death-cold brows,  
 In Sant' Onofrio's cell, the poet's glow  
 Froze in the veins. But Music then arose  
 To melodise unutterable woes:  
 ‘ *O miserere,*’ Palestrina sighs,  
 The Sistine darkens to each mournful close;  
*O Mater dolorosa,* veil thine eyes  
 While Pergolesi hymns my ghastly sacrifice.

“ O my tone-poets! ye who did create  
 New robes of glory for this age's soul,  
 Yet for my darkness, cold and desolate,  
 Ye lost not hope. Now let your *Glorias* roll,  
*Salve Regina* sound from pole to pole!  
 For I have burst the bonds of crime and night;  
 Once more I see before me the great goal  
 Of human destiny. O life! O light!  
 Nor prince nor slave shall more take in my wounds delight:—

“ My wounds! let pass—curse not, but look aside  
 From the brute brows who wrought my misery,  
 The unctuous sycophants who fed their pride  
 On my distress, and mock'd me, and pass'd by.  
 Ah! like my Galileo, through the sky  
 New galaxies of glory did I draw.  
 Armida-realms more bright I did descry  
 Than Amerigo or Columbus saw,  
 And on my heart, like theirs, Hate preyed with harpy-claw.

“ Immur'd in darkness, fetter'd by the spite  
 Of priest and prince, I fail'd to count the year,  
 Till, from the apathy of dateless night,  
 Prophetic rapture loos'd the disus'd tear:  
 My name was borne unto my ravish'd ear,  
 And I had visions of a golden morn;  
 The young, the brave, the beautiful, the dear,  
 Invok'd Italia, dar'd the world's fixed scorn,  
 And of their martyr-blood this Liberty is born.

“O martyrs pale! I will your hopes fulfil;  
And though long centuries have fled by,  
Savonarola! Campanella! still  
Your mystic dreams of Christ's pure monarchy  
Shall have my violets. In glad augury,  
O White Cross of Savoy! I hail thy fold;  
Thou wave-born Cythrea, cease to sigh;  
Ere thy lagoons blush red with summer-gold,  
The lion of St. Mark shall from thy masts be roll'd.

“Make ready the blood-ransom in your veins,  
My children. Ye must pay the whole price down;  
Enough of *thy* blood on our Lombard plains,  
O France! chivalric sister. In each town,  
From Ætna to the Alps, let war-drums drown  
All softer music till the land is free;  
Then will I seek my unfulfilled renown,  
And so my spirit-realms once more shall be  
The palace, home, and hope of all Humanity.”

WILLIAM STIGANT.

By the time these pages expand their contents beneath the eager paper-knives of our enlightened readers, thousands of little pairs of bright eyes will have grown brighter, and thousands of little pairs of tender hands will have clapped rapturously to greet that marvellous *partie carrée*, Clown, Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Columbine, as they emerge at the bidding of the retributive fairy from their chrysalis state in the "introduction," to lead henceforward bright and airy lives, released from the cares and conventionalities of this work-a-day world, which nevertheless they condescend to mix with quite familiarly. What a strange, admirable, absurd, inscrutable thing is our English Christmas Pantomime! What an intensely national affair it has grown to be! how we all have loved it in our day, and cherish it still for the sake of the mirth and delight it imparts to our little ones, and the soothing sadness with which it inspires us as it calls up our days of innocent revel! Yet strong as are its roots in the hearts and habits of Englishmen, essentially peculiar as the precise form of entertainment called a Pantomime is to ourselves, it is neither of very ancient origin, nor are its materials indigenous, though we have made them up our own way,—and a very curious way it is, when we come to consider it. The writer of the present lines is not given to antiquarian studies, and has not thought it any part of his duty, ere treating of pantomime, to hunt out the traces of the first landing of the illustrious Italians, who have since made themselves so thoroughly at home here, and so cunningly wound themselves about our affections, that it is hard to think them other than aboriginal Britons racy of the soil.

There must, however, no doubt, have been a time when the characters of the ancient Italian comedies, from which our friends Clown, Harlequin, and Pantaloon are undoubted though degenerate descendants, were introduced to the English public by native Italians, who had to trust to gestures entirely to convey their comic intentions; and by tradition these personages on our stage have continued mute, or nearly so: for Clown without his occasional interjections and stereotyped songs of "Hot Codlings" and "Tippetywitchet" would not be recognisable; and if Pantaloon did not give vent to his fears with an occasional "Somebody coming," or to his amorous inclinations by the challenge "My Dear," his identity would be imperilled. But was ever consanguinity so belied as that between Italy—or, indeed, any thing foreign—and our English pantomime! As strange would it sound to say that plum-pudding was invented by the Gauls. To further illustrate how wonderfully remote our Christmas drolls are from their historical original, it is stated by critics and learned antiquarians that the characters of the Italian comedy were

first invented to satirise the inhabitants of various towns or provinces, and thus that these comic types were not based on personal and moral characteristics, but on national peculiarities. Thus Pantaloon is a Venetian, the Doctor is a Bolognese, Scapin Neapolitan, and Arlequin, or Harlequin, is from Bergamo. Punch too, who, before he set up a theatre of his own, as great actors and public favourites to this day are fond of doing, belonged to the troop of the ordinary comedians of Italy, is said to have originated in a caricature of the peasants of Acerra, an ancient city in the Terra di Lavoro. How such extremely restricted conceptions must have tended to entirely transform themselves when transplanted, will be evident if we bring it home to ourselves by such a parallel as that a stage Yorkshireman, Irishman, or Cockney should emigrate to the boards of the Italian theatre. How long would it be ere Tyke, or Teague, or Lubin Log, would convert themselves into gesticulating macaroni-eating *buffoni* of the true Italian type? In fact, there is clear evidence that in Italy itself they soon enlarged themselves from their local and limited intentions to become individualities with universally intelligible characteristics. Harlequin, whatever he in the origin may have been, soon became a personage whose entertaining peculiarities could be relished by those who had never heard of Bergamo, or seen a Bergamese citizen, in their lives. The harlequin of the Italian comedies of the last century, of the French stage at the same period, and of the English stage in the days of Rich and Woodward, although in the last instance he was restricted to dumb-show, was in some sort a citizen of the world, whose humours and characteristic marks appealed to the universal sympathies and common sense of ridicule of mankind. Addison, who saw him on his native soil in his Italian travels, says, "Harlequin's part is made up of blunders and absurdities; he is to mistake one name for another, to forget his errands, to stumble over queens, and to run his head against every post that comes in his way. This is all attended with something so comical in the voice and gestures, that a man who is sensible of the folly of the part can hardly forbear to be pleased with it." How admirable, by the way, is the grave majestic dignity of this description! Who out of the age of ruffles and periwigs would have spoken of a funny fellow with such a grand, half-courtier-like, half-philosophical calmness? Addison is evidently apologising to himself for having allowed his gravity to be discomposed by the tricks of poor Arlequino. Marmontel, describing the same character as he saw it on the French stage, is more elaborate and subtle in his portraiture. "His character," he says, "is a mixture of ignorance, simplicity, wit, stupidity, and grace; he is a kind of half-made-up man (*un homme ébauché*), a great child with gleams of reason and intelligence, and all whose mistakes and blunders have something arch about them. The true mode of representing him is to give him suppleness, agility, the playfulness of a kitten, with a certain coarseness of exterior, which renders his actions more absurd; his part is that of a patient faithful valet, greedy, always in love, always in trouble, either on

his master's or his own account, afflicted and consoled as easily as a child, and whose grief is as amusing as his joy."

From all accounts, there is no doubt that the Harlequin of our stage and theatrical booths in the days of Garrick, and for his impersonation of whom Rich became so famous, was a faithful impression of this curious type. In one respect Rich did not strictly follow the prescription we have given for playing Harlequin. His grief was not always laughable, and it is said of him that, "in one or two of his pantomimes, his taking leave of Columbine was at once graceful and affecting." Was ever ancestor so dishonoured in his descendants as is the eccentric but amiable sentimentalist here denoted in the gentleman with the particoloured and bespangled tights who bears his name in the present age, and who betrays no more feeling for the nominal object of his affections, nor, indeed, any more human emotion whatever, than the wooden baton passed through his girdle? In France, the character of Harlequin, which was there not condemned to the silent system, rose to a high degree of importance. Besides exciting mirth by the general absurdity of his behaviour, he was made the mouth-piece of biting sarcasms on the age and the prevailing follies of society, and in many instances his was the principal character in the piece he played in. One of the best French harlequins was Carlin, as he was called theatrically, although his real name was Carlo Bertinanzi, he being an Italian by birth. Fleury, the actor, in his amusing Memoirs, devotes a chapter to a delineation of his qualities as an actor, as well as his character in private, where he seems to have carried many of the eccentric attributes of the part he assumed in public. His chief merits were an extraordinary accent of candour and simplicity in his dialogue, and the marvellous nature of his pantomimic gestures. To the authors who wrote for him he was a perfect godsend, for such were his powers of humorous expression, that he invested all he said with a prestige of comicality that would make the most commonplace speech seem the acme of witticism. Harlequin was expected to amuse his audience by introducing a great deal of that practical fun which is now the principal ingredient of pantomime; and when Carlin slipped as he came on the stage, or in a night-scene stumbled over a post or ran up against a wall, it was done with such a natural air, that his audience could scarcely refrain from crying out to him to "take care." He possessed also the gift of improvisation, and would seize upon any unexpected incident during the performance to graft upon it all sorts of supernumerary drolleries. Frequently, when children were brought to the theatre to see him, they would be so impressed with the perfect good faith and reality of the droll good-tempered fellow before them, that they would address him from the boxes; and he, using the very wide privilege of his part, would enter into a colloquy with the little people, and with the greatest art would work in these digressions into the substance of his part, so as entirely to delude country-folks into the belief that the whole performance was designed, and on subsequent nights they would raise a cry for the scene of "harlequin and the children." The black mask, the



gift of the Italian race, allied to a strong sense of popular English humour. The happy combination of the fine perception and impulsive dexterity due to his southern blood, with the breadth and high colouring which suits John Bull's blunter sense of the ridiculous, has vanished with him. No clown since has approached the tradition left us of the excellence of the great original; and, indeed, it has always seemed to me, since the intoxication of childish joy caused by a pantomime subsided sufficiently to allow me to be critical, that there was an ideal in the very character of Clown which no performer I ever saw attained, though they gave occasional glimpses of it. One clown is a clever acrobat, another an agile dancer and amusing mimic of choregraphic graces, a third has the true twang and grimace for "Hot Codlings" and "Tippetywicket;" but none impress you with the idea of a decided grotesque individuality, whose knavish tricks, comical perplexities, and reckless adventures, we follow with a true dramatic interest; and such Grimaldi's Clown appears to have been. A description I have before me of this actor's peculiarities shows that he must have exactly taken up the notion of the old Harlequin, and reshaped it for his own use. "The hopelessness of one who knows not what to do next," this writer says, "he hits off to a nicety; he always appeared to us to represent a grown child waking to perception, and wondering at every object he beholds." This is very like the account already given of the Harlequin of the French stage, and explains why our Harlequin has sunk to such insignificance; although it is abundantly evident he was formerly the central and important figure of our pantomimes, as his name invariably figures in the title, which is always Harlequin this, or Harlequin that. The pantomime in which Grimaldi took his final leave of the stage, in 1828, was called "Harlequin Hoax;" yet certainly the chequered lover of Columbine could not have been the hero of that performance. In these days, alas, though Clown is nominally the chief object of interest, we have no pantomimist who has been able to render him sufficiently so in reality to bind together the chaotic jumble of what are technically called the "comic scenes," in opposition to the "introduction," which is nevertheless now, with its big masks and burlesque characters, by far the more prominent part of the entertainment. The absence of a real hero from our present pantomimes, caused by the deficiency of true genius and genuine gesticular humour in the mimics of our stage, has forced up gorgeous scenery into the chief attraction of Christmas mummeries. But however lovely and graceful are the conceptions of Messrs. Beverley, Telbin, Callcott, as to the abodes of fairies, and whatever sums a manager may be inclined to expend to present us with seraphic groups of floating fairies, shimmering with tinsel in an empyrean of liquid light, all this is but a poor compensation for the mirth,—the downright, hearty, side-shaking mirth,—which the exquisite foolery of such a great master-mummer as Grimaldi afforded a legitimate excuse for indulging in. We want a fool, a motley fool,—one who, like him Jaques met "i' the forest," will make our "lungs to crow like chanti-

cleer." and at whom we shall laugh "sans intermission an hour by the dial"—"a noble fool, a worthy fool!" Sensible of this vast hiatus in the attraction of a Christmas pantomime, a manager of recognised shrewdness devised the notable expedient of remedying the defect by giving the public two clowns, two harlequins, two pantaloons, &c., &c., for one of each; thinking apparently that, by doubling the dose of dullness, he was presenting them with double their money's worth. It was a *naïveté* worthy of the elder Harlequin himself.

But is this a tone to be writing of pantomime in? Is it with this whining about degenerate days, and these sour grimaces at the probable fare in store for us, that we should anticipate the glorious advent of Clown, Pantaloon, and Co.? What hypocrisy is this! I admit I never saw Grimaldi, that I have taken his supposed excellence clean upon faith; what right have I, therefore, to complain, and make odious comparisons, and throw a wet blanket on those who are inclined to enjoy themselves with the sport of our Deulins and Leclercqs and Bolenos—poor Flexmore, alas, has danced the inevitable dance of death—and Paynes? Pray is not Mr. W. H. Payne as great a pantomimist as ever lived? Have you seen him, as the Earl of Mercia, receive the petition of his overtaxed vassals in *Lady Goliva*, and after superciliously glancing at it through an enormous eye-glass, contemptuously wipe his feet on it? Have you seen him retire to rest in the Great Bed of Ware, or rise in the morning and go through the ordinary operations of the toilet? You say you have, and the force of pantomimic humour can go no further; but still he is not a Clown, and a good Clown makes a good pantomime. Sophistry! The fact is, my dear fellow, you are no longer a boy. That bloom of real enjoyment for practical fun and downright mad frolic, of wild delight at tumbling and wry faces,—that bloom is brushed away from your heart for ever. You had no business to take up this subject, and give us your dry retrospects of what you never saw,—disquisitions about the real character of Harlequin, and that sort of thing,—when your heart should have been bounding and your brain swimming with bright images of delight at the very thought that, in a few short weeks, would come the Christmas Holidays; and the day after eating a roaring Christmas dinner, you would go and see that glimpse of Elysian felicity, a grand comic Christmas Pantomime! The writer admits that nothing worth reading about pantomimes can be written but by a boy—an innocent guileless boy, such as is taken out of the streets by the Egyptian magician to see wondrous visions in a drop of ink; and the writer, moreover, sincerely wishes he himself were the boy to do it.

## A Financial Difficulty.

READERS who, old or young, have never wanted a sovereign, are requested to skip the following veracious story, which would probably be unintelligible to them. I confess, for my part, that I have often wanted one;—more than that, I have wanted two or three; indeed, a bushelful of gold pieces would scarcely have sufficed to relieve me from the persecutions of my creditors when the important incident occurred which I am about to relate. I say a bushelful, without knowing how many sovereigns a bushel would contain; but the expression appears appropriate, because the exact amount of my debts was also unknown to me.

I was living in Paris, Rue St. Jacques, near the Sorbonne, which I did not frequent. The rent of my apartment, unlike the apartment itself, was not high, but such as it was, I owed it. I had no money, and only one friend, who was not rich, or I should have borrowed from him. He, in fact, belonged to the ancient race of Gallic Bohemians, first mentioned by Tacitus in the *Germania*,\* and whose habits have been minutely described by Henry Mürger, in the *Vie de Bohême*. But the friend must be poor indeed who cannot even give advice; and I must confess that Athanase Risbec had always an abundance of counsel at my service, though he was at the same time considerate enough not to force it upon me.

One day, when a meeting of creditors had just taken place on my staircase—where, to my great annoyance, my bootmaker arrived at the same time as my tailor—I resolved to consult Risbec on the state of my affairs. I was unable to lay before him a full account of my liabilities, nor would there have been any advantage in doing so; but I had already received bills, accompanied by peremptory demands for prompt payment, to the amount of two thousand francs. The sum would not look very important in the budget of a capitalist, but it was nearly eighty pounds more than I could pay, and eighty pounds more than I had at that time any notion of paying. My balance in hand was twenty francs, which Risbec said was a good deal; and, as he always maintained that the only time for deliberating on important affairs was towards the conclusion of a feast, it was arranged that we should, in the first place and without delay, spend ten francs on a banquet, which was served to us at a neighbouring *restaurant* in that style of magnificence for which the Quartier Latin is notorious. I fancy I see the *carte à payer* now. Two soups, two entrées, two fishes, two roasts, two salads, two desserts, two bottles of Vieux Mûçon (at 1f. 25c.), and a bottle of Pomard (at 3 fr.). It was cheap, but perhaps it was not good. All I know is, that we enjoyed it very much,

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\* "Boii, Gallica gens. . . manet adhuc *Boiemi* nomen, significatque," &c.

and that for two hours we forgot we had creditors. It was happiness at the rate of two francs and a half an hour, and I should not mind purchasing some more of the same article on the same terms. After dinner, being firm of purpose, I did not order coffee; but returned, with my ten francs and my friend Risbec, to the Rue St. Jacques, where, as we smoked our pipes, it occurred to us for the first time that we had not yet said a word about the subject which had been the pretext for the dinner. This, said Risbec, was a proof that the entertainment had been a great success.

It may have appeared to some of my readers that, with only twenty francs in the world, and an extensive assortment of creditors, it was imprudent, not to say immoral, to "throw away" ten francs on a dinner, when such excellent bread may be purchased in Paris at four sous a pound. They should have heard Risbec on that point. Twenty francs would not pay my expenses to London, where, moreover, enemies still more dangerous than those who surrounded me in Paris—armed at all points with summonses, writs, and judgments—awaited me. I might defy my creditors, and live for twenty days on a franc a day, which Risbec assured me he had often done himself, and I believed him; but my position was too critical to be allowed to continue for three weeks. If I was to be saved, ten days and less would suffice for my salvation; and in the mean while I might as well do something with my superfluous ten francs. My friend asked me ironically if I proposed to give them on account to Dussautoy, who had honoured me with his confidence,\* and it was evident that I could not insult the furnisher of His Majesty the Emperor of the French by any such offer.

Well, on our return to the Rue St. Jacques, Risbec, after hearing all I had to say about my chances of getting money from England, proposed for my adoption the following plan: I was to write six letters to six relations or friends—Risbec preferred the latter—representing the true condition of my affairs, and requesting from each a loan sufficient to enable me to settle a few debts which it was impossible to leave unpaid, and to proceed to London. My counsellor calculated that of the six letters, one or two would not be received; that one or two more might be received and not answered; and that out of about three replies, one would contain good advice, another expressions of regret at the writer's inability to accommodate me, and that I should be fortunate if in the third I found an order for the sum I so urgently required. It was an undignified proceeding, Risbec admitted, but he added that it was slightly redeemed by the scientific character of the calculations on which it was based. Whether I agreed with him entirely or in part is not to the point; I adopted his "combination," as he called it, because I saw no other issue from my difficult position; and the next morning, before breakfast, despatched six letters to England, at an outlay of two francs forty centimes

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\* And who has since been paid.

for postage. I had now seven francs sixty centimes left. Sixty centimes never did any good to any one (said Risbec); so we smoked the twelve sous in cigars as we came back from the post-office; and, trusting in Providence and the Doctrine of Chances, I prepared to live for a week on seven francs.

Those ladies and gentlemen who may have done me the honour to follow me thus far in my narrative are perhaps wondering what business I, an Englishman, had in Paris without resources. I reply that I might have gone to Paris to study art in the *atelier* of some painter for whose works I had a particular admiration, and have exhausted the slender sum I had saved for that purpose. Or I might have been a student of medicine, numbers of whom come to Paris every year from all parts of the world, with the view of "walking" the French hospitals, and of whom one or two must, now and then, find it difficult to return home,—some for want of means, others because the place pleases them very much,—which latter supposition, if they are very young men, involves want of means at a later period. Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the American poet, went to Paris to study medicine; and in his charming volume of poems I find two which remind me very forcibly how some of my countrymen, and more of his own (whose scientific visits to the French metropolis are usually for a longer period), occupy themselves when they are thought by their parents and guardians to be assiduous in their attendance at the "Charité" or the Hôtel Dieu. One of these is a comic poem on the subject of the stethoscope; the other a very serious one inspired by the recollection of a young lady, from whom the author parted at the foot of the Rue de Seine, and who appears to have made a much deeper impression upon him than any thing he had seen at the hospitals.

However, it matters very little how I came to find myself in Paris with only seven francs in my pocket, and the chances I have mentioned of obtaining a fresh supply of money. And as this is not the important part of my story, I will tell the reader at once that I *did* get it, but I spent five bad days waiting for it, and then did not receive half enough.

The great question was, how to pass these five days, or rather seven, which it may be remembered was the precise interval for which I had in my prudence provided. I was in favour of going out early in the morning, and coming home late at night; and for two days I visited the galleries of the Luxembourg and Louvre in the morning, and spent the evening at the library of St. Geneviève, in the Place du Panthéon, the only one in Europe, I believe, that is open at night. And therefore blessed is the name of St. Geneviève to the studious who read for ever, and to those who must needs work all day, and have only the evenings for study; and, above all, to those whose barren homes have neither fire nor candle, and who have to thank the gentle saint for light and warmth, as well as for a certain amount of unavoidable learning—taken in quite as an accessory. Beneath St. Geneviève's hospitable roof I

I have seen mechanics studying geometry in their after-hours. I have seen poor old women teaching their little children or grandchildren to read by St. Geneviève gas, out of St. Geneviève spelling-books, in the midst of professors, students, and literary men of all kinds, from authors of celebrity down to journalists without journals. And I have also noticed, especially in the winter, a number of young men, not remarkable for their corpulence nor for the elegance of their attire, who seemed to be pursuing no special course of study, but who evidently appreciated the library as a room, and gave up their books with a sigh, and went slowly into the outer air when the first stroke of ten told that the hour of closing had arrived. Risbec used to call the Hall of St. Geneviève "*le salon de ceux qui n'en ont pas*," and a magnificent one it is, with a palatial staircase, and a vestibule adorned, or rather enriched, made glorious, I should say, by a reproduction of the divine master's "School of Athens."

However, I found that no time was too early or too late for duns who knew their business: and on the third day Risbec advised me seriously to stop at home for the rest of the week, and amuse myself with the peculiarities of my creditors. It requires much moral courage and a long acquaintance with debt to do that sort of thing well; and I confess I could not get rid of the reflection that I had had the men's goods, and really owed them their money. I stopped at home, but I did not find my creditors' peculiarities in the least amusing.

Of course, in this record of temporary poverty (I am rolling in wealth now), I tell the reader as much as I choose, and no more. With all that is said and written about "realism," no one has ever dared to paint extreme poverty in her not merely sad but utterly wretched and disgusting colours. It is almost worse than death, because no man dares to laugh at death (knowing that he also must die, whereas he may think it certain he will never be poor); but until a ragged dinnerless fellow is at his last gasp, he is to the majority of mankind a ridiculous object, especially if he makes great efforts to conceal his poverty. The hero of a novel, to whatever straits he may be reduced in other respects, generally contrives to present a good outward appearance; but if the written lives of some real heroes, poets, painters, and others, be true, these men must occasionally have been in a worse plight even than that very poor hero in M. Ponsard's *L'Honneur et l'Argent*, who exclaims, "*J'ai des gants blancs, et je n'ai pas dîné*." This gentleman, by the way, might have sold his gloves after the ball, and bought food with the money. But what would have been his position if, having dined, he had found himself at a ball without white gloves? "*J'ai dîné, mais je n'ai pas de gants blancs*," sounds to me much more tragic. A story is told of a rich poet who had some jelly one night at a "reception" of M. Lafitte's (where he doubtless wore white gloves) when he had not dined, and was very in want of a slice of mutton. Frequently it happened to this young man not to have so much even as a spoonful of jelly in the twenty-four

hours; and as hungry men get no credit from tailors, what must his costume at times have been? I have read veracious biographies and still more veracious novels, in which the life of the unfortunate hero was related in the greatest detail, and have found him in the former without a habitation, and in the latter have heard him say that he had had nothing to eat all day but a penny roll; but in most works of fiction the hero through all his troubles seems to enjoy the confidence of a good tailor, and, however great his general distress may be, the laundress always sends him home his shirts. Nevertheless, if I had been the laundress of the gentleman who could not afford to dine and wear white kid gloves the same day, he should *not* have had his shirts,—that is to say, not until he had settled the account which I am sure he owed. And would any realistic writer venture to show a hero in such a plight as my friend of the white kids would have been in then? I fancy I see him with his coat buttoned up to his chin, and with his celebrated gloves (now no longer white) walking down the *boulevard*, and scowling at the gluttons inside Bignon's and the Maison Dorée, or looking wistfully into the shop of a *charcutier*! If a novelist wants to exhibit a hero in difficulties, let him take his Alfred into Regent Street (which he has to cross in order to sell his pictures, or his poem, or, better still, to meet his Emily in the Park), and make him, as he by chance casts his eyes towards the ground, perceive a crack of white across one of the knees of his pantaloons, or a gash in the side of his boot. This would be "realism," for such things have really happened; but I don't think Alfred would go down with the public any longer as a hero, particularly if the truthful author informed us that the street-boys called him (as they certainly would) "a swell out of luck."

*Nil habet infelix*, &c., was said long ago, and heroes must not be made ridiculous. At all events, as I am the hero of my own story, I am not going to make myself more ridiculous than I can help, and therefore shall not tell the reader to what humiliations I had to submit during my three days' eternal dunning in the Rue St. Jacques. I will mention however, an interview I had with an Auvergnat, whom I can scarcely dignify with the title of coal-merchant, but from whom I had purchased coals.

When this person made his appearance on the morning of the third day of my purgatory at home, the repeated demands of five or six creditors, and the insolence of one or two, had annoyed me to such pitch that I was resolved, especially as the hour of my deliverance or my final discomfiture was at hand, to dismiss the next dun who showed his face without the least ceremony. The staircase was steep, but I determined he should descend it very rapidly—on foot if he preferred it if not, with his feet in the air. At ten o'clock I heard a clamping of human hoofs on the stairs, and immediately afterwards an ominous but familiar "tapping at my chamber-door."

"Be off! What the deuce do you come bothering me for? There

he staircase!" I was about to exclaim, when, on opening the door, I saw the stupid, good-natured face of the Auvergnat who had never had occasion to ask me for money before, and who certainly did not deserve the treatment I had prepared for him. I said to him abruptly enough, "You must go away; you are the tenth person who has been here plaguing me for money during the last three or four days, and I haven't a sou for one of you."

"Not a sou, sir! That is very serious," answered the man.

"As soon as I have money I shall pay you," I continued, and was about to shut the door.

"Stop! pardon me," said the dun of Auvergne. "Monsieur has not a sou, and he is bothered to pay money? Who is it that has bothered you, sir?"

"Who!" I exclaimed; "simply the baker, the grocer, the wine-merchant over the way, the bootmaker at the bottom of the street—"

"Excuse me," said the Auvergnat, interrupting me before I had half finished my list; "do you mean to say that those people come here to *ennuyer* you about their bills when you tell them you have no money?"

"Yes, indeed," I answered.

"What assurance!" he continued. "The wine-merchant, above all! Why, he told me himself you were the only customer he had who bought wine at two francs a bottle . . . . *Le gueux!*" he was pleased to add.

This was the first of my creditors whose peculiarities had at all amused me.

"I know what I should do," recommenced my friend, as I now began to consider him, "if I were a gentleman, and a parcel of people came pestering me for money when I had none to give them."

"What?" I inquired.

"*Je leur ficherais des coups de pied quelque part!*"

Having expressed himself as above, the Auvergnat took his leave, but not until he had apologised for troubling me, and had assured me that he knew I should send to him as soon as I had any money to spare. The man had all that *naïveté* and simplicity for which the Auvergnats—~~that~~ at all events, those one meets in Paris—are remarkable; but if he had been the cunningest tradesman that ever cheated, he could not have taken more certain measures for obtaining the speedy payment of his debt—which proves, for the millionth time, that extremes meet.

The Auvergnat had just gone when I again heard the sound of ascending footsteps on the staircase. I was determined to stand no nonsense. I looked over the balustrade, and, O joy! there was the shiny hat of the postman! It was not a letter merely, but a registered one, that he was bringing up-stairs; for ordinary epistles were always left with the *concierge*. I signed the postman's book, tore open the envelope, and found inside an order for 250 francs. It was something.



and yet nothing; sufficient to enable me to fly, but not nearly enough to enable me to beat an honourable retreat. The letter was from my father. He told me to start as soon as possible for London, where he expected me to arrive the morning after the receipt of his letter, and to leave London by the afternoon train for —— in Norfolk, where he was waiting to see me. He added that I must lose no time, as after my journey to ——, I should have to return at once to London, for the great case of —— (my own name) *v.* Turpingham, on which thousands depended, and which was to be tried in less than a week from the date of his letter. He should have written to me before (he concluded), but did not know where to find me; and it was quite true that I had not communicated my address to my family for some time past.

My father had sent me enough money for my travelling expenses from Paris to —— in Norfolk, and three pounds over; so I was able to take seventy-five francs at once to the *charbonnier*, to whom I owed a little more than seventy. His family seemed very poor; and when I told him that good actions were always rewarded (which is more or less true), and that the minute after he had assured me he would never trouble me for my account the postman had brought me money from England, the poor fellow's eyes filled with tears. I gave the few francs which I received as change to his children, and asked him if he would like me to send him any thing from England. He replied that he had long wished for an English razor, which astonished me, as he apparently never shaved. Perhaps, however, it was the want of an English razor that caused him to abstain from that painful operation. I promised, at all events, to send him one.

When I returned home to pack up a few necessaries for the journey, I found my bootmaker and a *huissier* waiting for me. The latter arrested me for a hundred francs at the suit of the former. I had no choice but to pay the money or go to prison; and after settling the claim I found myself with five francs less than the sum demanded by the Northern Company of France for booking passengers by their mail-train from Paris to London. Here the kindly Risbec came to my assistance. I knew he had not received any money recently; but when I told him what had happened, he looked supremely disgusted, went out, and returned with twenty francs, which he insisted on lending me. He would not tell me where he obtained them; but I hope for his sake that he was not invited that night to a ball at the Tuileries, for he had no jewellery and not much wearing apparel of any value; and I am afraid he had found it necessary, for my sake, to make the perilous ascent of the Mont-de-Piété. I had now fifteen francs over and above my fare to London. Risbec dined with me that afternoon, and the next morning I reached London-Bridge Station, whence I drove to the residence of an ancient landlady of mine in Craven Street.

“So you have come back to us at last, Mr. Smith” (as I will call myself), she said. “We thought we should never see you again. Go out, Jane, and see that Mr. Smith's trunks are brought in all right, and take

them up to the first-floor. I suppose you would like to have your old rooms, sir?

"Yes, Mrs. Rentleigh," I replied, "if they are disengaged; but I have no trunks, only this one carpet-bag. I have come to take your rooms for a day," I added, as we went up-stairs, "and to borrow some money from you to go down to Norfolk."

"Certainly," she replied; "whatever you want."

"Thank you," I answered, with my usual urbanity. "I am going out presently for a few minutes, and I will speak to you when I come in."

"We have been expecting you all the morning, sir," said Mrs. Rentleigh the moment afterwards.

"Expecting me?" I exclaimed. "Why I only knew yesterday that I was coming to London. What could make you expect me?"

"There was a man from Ritson and Sheddle's here to-day, sir," she explained, "wanted to see you particularly."

"Confound it!" I answered. "I hope you told him I was abroad, Mrs. Rentleigh."

"I did indeed, sir; but the man said he would call again."

"Well, if he does, I hope you will send him about his business. I didn't come to London for this sort of thing." This was all I could say, and it was enough; for Mrs. Rentleigh knew as well as I did that Ritson and Sheddle held a bill of mine for seventy-five pounds. But how could they have known that I was on my way to London? Could my arrival on English soil—that soil which the slave has only to touch in order to be at once free—have been telegraphed by some wretched accomplice at Dover to the lawyers, who for two years had been longing to throw me into prison? No; the thing was inexplicable. All that was certain was, that my position in London was quite as desperate as it had been in Paris; and that if by ill-luck I got arrested, my father would pretend that I had disgraced him, and would probably cut me for ever. However, all I had to do was to evade the vigilance of Ritson and Sheddle for a few hours, and start by the five o'clock train for Norfolk, where, in my character of prodigal son, I was sure to have a fatted calf of some kind offered to me.

I waited until nearly three o'clock, and, having heard nothing of Ritson and Sheddle, or of the bill for seventy-five pounds, went out to pay a hasty visit to a friend in the Temple; when, lo, there stood the clerk of the hateful firm, writ in hand, at the corner of the street! A lawyer's clerk can do a good deal, but he can't jump over a brewer's dray; and fortunately that impediment barred my enemy's passage from the west to the east side of Craven Street. He actually had the coolness to nod to me as he held out his confounded document, on which I could almost read from the other side of the way, "Victoria by the grace of God," &c.

There was a four-wheeled cab close to me, in the Strand; I hailed it, jumped into it, and told the cabman to drive me as fast as possible

towards the City. In a quarter of a minute the representative of Ritson and Sheddle was after me, in a Hansom. I stopped my cab at the first cabstand, threw the driver my last shilling, and myself sprang into a Hansom. At that moment the clerk passed me at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Fortunately, my horse's head was turned the opposite way. I told the cabman to make for Waterloo Bridge (having read in old magazines that it was a good thing in such predicaments to get out of Middlesex) and passed the toll-gate about thirty yards a-head of young Ritson and Sheddle. Arrived safely on the other side, I found myself still pursued. I concluded that the clerk must have a double-barrelled writ, for bringing me down either in Middlesex or in Surrey, and that my only chance of safety now lay in the swiftness of the horse before me.

"London Bridge, and then to the Commercial Road," I shouted out to the cabman, "and like lightning!"

I saw that he understood the whole business, by the way he made the horse gallop along the road that leads to the Surrey Theatre. But I will give no more of the details of this ignominious chase, further than to say that we passed over London Bridge without finding the usual labyrinth of carts and carriages, in which I had hoped we should get entangled; and finally, that, just after the second milestone down the Commercial Road, my horse stumbled and fell. At that moment four o'clock struck, and I felt that I was ruined; for now, even if I could prevail upon the man not to arrest me, which was utterly improbable, I should not have time to go back to Craven Street for money, and return to the Eastern Counties Railway Station in time for the five o'clock train; and to miss meeting my father that evening would be to offend him mortally, to say nothing of disarranging all his plans, an effect my absence would certainly have.

I was in despair; but I walked with an appearance of coolness towards the clerk, who had also got out of his cab, and said to him,

"You have beaten me; now show me the writ. The writ, mind! The writ itself. A copy will not do."

"Writ, sir? It's a subpoena," he replied; and he handed me a paper, giving me at the same a guinea.

It was indeed a subpoena, requiring me to appear and give evidence in the case of — *v. Turpingham*. And it was this I had been avoiding. Without a farthing in my pocket, I had been endeavouring to escape from a guinea!

"Such," I said to myself, "is fortune! Follow it, and it flies from you; run away from it, and it pursues you!"

"The plaintiff informed us, sir, that you would be in London for the trial," said the clerk; "and as we knew where you generally stayed, we thought it would be more regular to serve you in the usual way. I am afraid I gave you a great deal of trouble."

I was glad to find the young man so civil, because it looked well for

the issue of the suit; and I was delighted to get the guinea, for other wise I should have had no money either for the cab or for my railway fare.

How well I remember taking my ticket! It was the afternoon of some great race-day, and the office was crowded with sporting men and others returning to the country. I was obliged to travel third class; and just after I had paid my fare, a lively gentleman by my side called out to the clerk,

“Third class to Cambridge! How much?”

“Five shillings,” said the clerk.

“Five shillings! It must be very nasty. Will you be kind enough to write ‘Rat-tail’ on the ticket?”

“Did ‘Rat-tail’ win the race, sir?” asked the clerk.

“No, indeed,” answered the unfortunate gentleman condemned to third-rate travelling. “If he had, I should have taken two first-class carriages for myself and friends.”

The speculator, who had laid out all his money on “Rat-tail,” was my fellow-passenger as far as Cambridge, and, though by his own account quite penniless, he was very cheerful and even facetious over his poverty; and had plenty of excellent cigars, which I helped him to smoke.

I will not introduce the reader to my father, whom I met punctually at the time fixed by himself; nor will I say more about the lawsuit than that we won it, and that soon after my arrival in London I found myself the possessor of a good many thousand pounds.

Of course I wrote to Risbee, and lent him a little money, which I hope, but do not expect, he will turn to some useful purpose,—such as paying his fees at the *École de Droit*, when he has passed his examination, and buying a library of law-books. To the faithful *charbonnier* I sent a pipe and tobacco-pouch, a case of razors, and a large clasp-knife of superfine manufacture, with which I know he will not kill his creditors, and which will be useful to him for cutting his bread and cheese, his garlic, and his fire-wood. All I am afraid of is, that, encouraged by my gratitude, the poor fellow will accord credit on sentimental grounds rather too freely, and that some swindler will rob him. However, he has moved from the *Rue St. Jacques*, and I shall not give either his name or his address.

Honest old *charbonnier*! The only creditor I ever loved! If ever I am ruined and driven myself into the coal-trade, for thy sake I will give trust to some customer with worse prospects even than mine were on that memorable third day of purgatory in the *Rue St. Jacques*.

S. E.

## Light.

WHAT is light? Light may be defined as that ethereal imponderable medium, emanation, or effect, by means of which objects are rendered evident to our sense of vision. St. John, in his first epistle, says, "God is light." God said, "Let there be light; and there was light." It is nowhere stated in Scripture that God created light. Light, not being a material substance, cannot be regarded as an objective creation: it is the effect of some unknown cause, and not the cause itself.

"In the beginning God *created* the heavens and the earth; and the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." Now science proves to us that light may exist and yet be darkness. Two strong lights may be made to interfere with and neutralise or destroy each other, as will be shown in the sequel. Modern geology has proved, beyond the possibility of doubt, that plants and animals existed ages before the creation of man, and when the earth was not in a fit state for his reception. When God saw that, by his previous creations, the earth was *prepared* for the reception of man, by the deposition of the remains of countless myriads of these creatures, then man was created; and Scripture, the revealed word of God, begins with the history of man.

It appears probable that long prior to the six days' labour all animals and vegetables, with the exception, perhaps, of those in the deep waters, had ceased to exist; during that period those convulsions and upheavings took place by which the granite and other strata necessary for the use of man were brought to the surface, and thus was the "dry land" still further *prepared*. After these convulsions had ceased, the vapours and exhalations, mingling with the smoke from the craters of volcanoes, arose to such an extent, that "darkness was upon the face of the deep," and continued until the first Mosaic day, when "the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," thus clearing away the impenetrable mist. Then God said, "Let there be light; and there was light."

Light, or the cause of light, might have been in existence "in the beginning," when God created the heavens and the earth; but He had not yet called it into action, until He said, "Let there be light." When I light a candle or ask for one, I do not *create* light; I only avail myself of what already exists, and simply requires my will to bring it into action. It has often been remarked that light is mentioned in Scripture on the *first day* (or period of time), and the "lights" in the firmament, which we call the sun and the moon, on the *fourth day*; therefore it would appear that light was, or existed, before the sun, which we consider the source of light; but this arises from our preconceived ideas on the subject, and ignorance of the phenomena of light. It was on the fourth day that God said, "Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven, to divide the

day from the night; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night. He made the stars also." But it is not said that He created them on the fourth day. *In the beginning* He created the heavens and the earth, which included the sun and moon and other heavenly bodies; but on the *fourth* day He commanded them *to rule* the day and the night, and to be "for signs and for seasons, and for days and for years."

The Bible was never intended to teach us physical science, as we are expressly told in Ecclesiastes, chap. i. 13: "And I gave my heart to seek and search out, by wisdom, concerning *all things that are done under heaven: this sore travail hath God given to the sons of men to be exercised therewith.*" If God had revealed to us all the wonders of the creation, there would have been nothing left for man to do or to discover. Methuselah could not have read, during his whole life, one-thousandth part of the volumes that must have been written. Again: Scripture speaks in language which was intelligible to men at the period when it was written, and in accordance with their ideas. God taught us all that was necessary for our salvation and for the moral government of the world. He willed that knowledge should be progressive, and that the gradual unfolding of his marvellous works should maintain a perpetual stimulus to our exertions. Had scientific language been employed in Scripture, it would have been perfectly unintelligible: men were not prepared to receive it then, any more than some men are even at the present day; and with all our science, we still employ figures of speech that would have served equally well in the time of Adam. We say, "the sun rises and the sun sets," because such expressions are concise, universally understood, and apparently in accordance with the evidence of our senses; but we know that the sun neither rises nor sets. Are not these expressions analogous to that used in Scripture, where we are told that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still (Joshua x. 12)?

With regard to the relative position of the planets in our solar system, the sun does, and always did, stand still; but if such an effect had taken place, the earth must have ceased to revolve on its axis, and also ceased to revolve round the sun; every thing on the earth's surface must have been projected into space by centrifugal force, and total destruction of the earth ensued. It is the opinion of eminent theologians that this is an interpolation of some transcriber, and never written by Moses: indeed, it is stated, "This is written in the book of Jasher." Has any one ever seen the book of Jasher? Who was Jasher? Nowhere else mentioned in Scripture, and perfectly apocryphal.

Light, life, and death must have been in the world myriads of ages before the creation of man. The numerous pre-Adamite animals that have been discovered had eyes which would have been perfectly useless without light; and these animals lived and died. Vast rocks, and hundreds of miles of mountains, are composed almost wholly of the shells or coatings of extinct animals that once had life. These facts are supposed by some persons to be at variance with Scripture, and that such investi-

gations lead to infidelity; but the contrary is the case when the subject is carefully and impartially studied. Scripture relates to man, and not to animals. Much error and misconception arise from inattention to this circumstance, as well as from the confusion of our ideas with regard to the difference between the true meaning of the words "creating," "making," and "commanding." The Psalmist says (Psalm xcvi.): "The sea is His and He made it, and His hands *prepared* the dry land." This expression deserves particular attention, for it was the extinct races of animals which actually served to *prepare* the earth for the reception of man, and for those animals that were created for his use, and which could not have existed "in the beginning," when "the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." Neither could those *extinct* species of animals have existed while the earth was in that state, which further proves the infinity of ages that must have preceded the creation of man. But the more we investigate, the more we become lost in astonishment at the wonderful works of the Almighty: the finite cannot comprehend the infinite; we see effects, but we are unable to arrive at causes.

Light is one of the wonderful effects of some unknown cause; and instead of being a simple or elementary existence, is a very compound one, capable of separation and analysis. The affinity between light and life is great, and the offices it performs in the economy of nature render the study of it highly interesting and instructive. The Newtonian, or corpuscular, theory of light imagines that it is caused by inconceivably minute particles of matter emanating from the luminous body in straight lines, and moving with a velocity which Newton calculated (from repeated observations on the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites and the aberrations of the fixed stars) at about 192,500 miles in one second, or in round numbers, twelve millions of miles in a minute. He objected to the theory of undulations, because light would not pass through bent tubes; and his opinion (called the corpuscular theory) was universally adopted, until modern science, within the last fifty years, has accepted the undulatory theory, which not only explains all the facts and phenomena of light at present known, but is more in accordance with the laws of sound and with the theory of waves; therefore more universal as a law of nature. For it is well known that a certain number of vibrations, or pulsations, of the air is necessary to produce each articulate note of music; and in the same manner a certain number of undulations is required to produce each colour: and what is very remarkable, Newton assigned to each colour the actual size of its corpuscles by calculation; a number which exactly corresponds with the length of half a wave, according to the modern theory of undulations.

A theory is only good and tenable so long as it will explain all the known facts; and the Newtonian theory will not explain all the phenomena of light in the present state of science. Newton's objection to the

— that light is propagated by undulations in planes at right angles

to each other has been proved to be incorrect; he was not aware of the curious property of the polarisation of light, as accidentally discovered by M. Malus in 1808, which can only be explained by the undulatory theory. Newton calculated the size of his imaginary corpuscles; now, in the undulatory theory, the length of each wave necessary to produce its respective colour is based upon his calculations, which have a real existence, by whatever name they may be called: for example, the largest waves are those which produce red light, being two hundred and sixty-six ten-millionths of an inch; the smallest are those producing violet light, which are one hundred and sixty-seven ten-millionths; and, as before stated, these numbers are in each case exactly double those assigned by Newton as the size of his corpuscles.

Returning to the first cause, may not these vibrations have been communicated to matter as the principle of light, and the sun be a secondary power to regulate and keep these undulations perpetually in motion, and thus to *rule the day*, as the moon *rules the night*, by reflecting the light of the sun towards the earth?

In light we have a most remarkable illustration of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, which is an article of faith with many, of doubt with some, and of disbelief with others; but if we can prove by ocular demonstration that there exists in nature a trinity in unity and an unity in trinity quite as marvellous, it ought to confirm the faithful, convince the doubtful, and overthrow the sophistry of the unbeliever. An investigation into the laws and properties of light will enable us to do so. Light is easily separated into its component colours, by transmitting it through a glass prism, where it is resolved into red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, which constitute when combined white or ordinary light. This band of colours is called the prismatic spectrum. Now it will be perceived that red, yellow, and blue are its primary or essential colours, the others being merely produced by the admixture or overlapping of two adjoining primary colours: thus, orange is found between the red and yellow, green between the yellow and blue; so that, in fact, we have only the three primary colours to deal with, each of which has its peculiar properties and attributes distinct from the others: thus, the red is the calorific or heating principle; the yellow is the luminous or light-giving principle; while it is in the blue ray that the power of actinism, or chemical action, is found.

Now it is this trinity of red, yellow, and blue which constitutes, when combined, the unity of ordinary or white light. When separated, this unity of light is divided into the trinity of colours. Although one and the same, neither can exist without the other: *the three are one, the one is three*. Thus we have a unity in trinity, and a trinity in unity, exemplified in light itself; and "GOD IS LIGHT." Plants will live and grow luxuriantly under the influence of the red and yellow rays; but, however promising the appearance, the blossom dies, and no fruit can be produced without the enlivening power of the blue rays. When this invisible action is



wanting, the trinity in unity is incomplete; life is unproductive until the three, united in one, bring all things to perfection. Thus each member of the trinity in unity of light has its especial duty to perform, and is in constant operation, visibly or invisibly, although only one power. Even far beyond the visible violet ray of the prismatic spectrum the spirit of actinism prevails; its chemical influence can be proved to extend beyond the limits of our vision. Thus there is in light an invisible agency always in action; and the more the subject is investigated, the more striking is the illustration between the Holy Spirit of God made manifest, and the wonderful properties of light which have been gradually unfolded by the researches of man.

My object has been rather to illustrate this analogy than to attempt a treatise on light; but the subject would be left very imperfect if I did not endeavour to explain some of the properties of light, which have only been briefly alluded to in the foregoing observations. This attempt, without the aid of diagrams or experiments, will probably be a failure; but, in order to render it more familiar, and as it were to take my readers into participation with myself, I must request them to consider the following observations as a conversational lecture, in which I am performing the experiments I describe. First premising that those who desire to understand the subject more fully should avail themselves of a small work, illustrated by numerous diagrams, "On the Polarisation of Light," by Charles Woodward, Esq., F.R.S., in which the subject is concisely and clearly explained, and, in fact, rendered perfectly intelligible to any ordinary capacity.

In the first place, then, I must adopt the theory that light is propagated by a series of undulations moving in planes at right angles to each other. If two waves of water meet, or overtake each other, so that the swell or highest part of the one corresponds with the highest part of the other, the effect will be to double the height of the waves thus united; but, on the contrary, should they meet at an interval of half a wave, the swell of one will fill up the hollow of the other, and the result will be level or still water. So, if two waves of ordinary light meet and correspond in their undulations, light of double the intensity is produced; but if they meet at half intervals, the one wave destroys or neutralises the other, and darkness is the result. Sound follows the same laws. Two loud musical notes in unison can be arranged so as to produce either increase of tone or perfect silence at pleasure.

I must also avoid the language of the corpuscular theory when speaking of the velocity with which light is propagated, and not suppose that each particle travels from the sun to the earth at the rate of twelve millions of miles in a minute. I must merely suppose the particles of ether to be excited into waves of vibration by the illuminating body. It is well known that the flash of lightning precedes the noise of its reverberations in the clouds (called thunder), and that by counting the number of seconds that elapse between the flash and the report the distance of the storm can be calculated. In the same manner also, when a gun is fired

at sea, the difference of time between the flash and the report enables us to calculate the distance of the ship from the observer. The flash is instantaneous, but the report is much slower, as sound travels only at the rate of about 1125 feet in a second. Motion may be propagated, and matter affected to a great distance, without the transmission of matter itself. Imagine a straight tube filled with peas, reaching from London to York, in a horizontal position. If I force an additional pea in at one end of the tube, a pea will drop out at the other end almost simultaneously. Now if the means by which this was effected were as imperceptible as the propagation of light, or of electricity transmitted through good conductors, we should be astonished at the rapidity of the transit, and imagine that the identical pea put into the tube in London had arrived at York in an incredibly short space of time; but knowing the conditions of the proposition, we perceive that motion may be propagated throughout a very long line, almost instantaneously, without moving each particle of matter far from its original position, or communicating to those particles much momentum. This illustration conveys some idea of the instantaneous propagation of motion from one station to another by the electric telegraph.

It will now be necessary to understand the meaning of refraction and reflection, and then proceed to the analysis of light. Refraction means the breaking or bending back of a ray of light. When a ray of light passes in an oblique direction from one transparent medium to another of different density, the direction of the ray is changed, both on entering and leaving; but if it fall perpendicularly upon the medium, then it will pass through without being bent from its original direction. This arises from the known law of refraction, that a ray of light passing obliquely from a *rare* to a *dense* medium is refracted towards the perpendicular, and *vice versa*. A straight stick plunged into water appears to be bent at the surface, and no objects seen under water are where they appear to be, which is well known practically to all who attempt to spear fish. If they aim at the spot where the fish seems to be, they fail to strike it, as it is in reality nearer to themselves; and the deeper the water, the greater will be the difference between the real and apparent position of the fish. Every body differs in the amount of its refraction; thus glass, water, spirit, acids—each has its peculiar and constant angle of refraction, to which a certain number is assigned, called *the index of refraction*. The ray of light which is bent at entering is again bent at leaving, so as to continue its course parallel to its original direction.

When a ray of light falls upon a polished metallic surface or a looking-glass, it is *reflected*, or driven back. If it fall perpendicularly to the surface, it will be reflected in the same direction; but if it fall obliquely, it will pass off in an opposite direction, making the angles on each side of the perpendicular equal. The ray which strikes first upon the surface is called the *incident* ray, and that thrown off is called the *reflected* ray; and, as before stated, the angle of incidence is always equal to the angle of re-

flection. If two persons stand close together in front of a looking-glass, they see themselves and each other, because the reflection of their images returns in a straight line perpendicular to the surface; but if each retire sideways, parallel to the looking-glass, until they cease to see themselves, then each will see the other only. A will see B, and B will see A, because the image of B is thrown off in the direction of A, and the reverse. A marble shot from the hand against the wainscoting of a room, or a billiard-ball struck against the cushion of the table, follows exactly the same laws.

I will now proceed to experiment, without apparatus and without diagrams, and suppose that I am addressing a small audience. Let us imagine ourselves in a small dark room having only one window, closed by a shutter in which there is a small hole, so as to admit a ray of light only. A ray of light is the smallest amount that can be admitted through a minute aperture, and the room is darkened in order that every part of this single ray may be seen clearly. We can thus deal with light as a chemist deals with a rock or a mineral which he wishes to analyse; the whole would be unmanageable, he therefore only takes a small portion of it. This ray of light will pass on until it falls upon a screen, or sheet of white paper, where it will form a bright white spot, the size of a shilling, or according to the size of the hole (say one-tenth of an inch), and the distance of the screen from it. If a triangular prism of glass be now interposed near to the hole, so that the ray of light may fall upon and pass through the prism before it arrives at the screen, there will be, in place of the white spot, an oblong image crossed with the most brilliant colours that cannot be equalled by art; these are the pure colours of which light is composed, and this oblong image is called the prismatic or solar spectrum. By this simple process we see that white light is composed of seven colours, three of which are primary, the red, yellow, and blue; the others are secondary or complementary colours, being formed by admixture of the three. Now if the length of the prismatic spectrum be divided into any number of equal parts, it will be found that each colour will occupy a certain and definite number, always constant when the prism is formed of the same materials, but differing when the materials differ.

Having thus effected the analysis of white or ordinary light, if it can be recomposed out of its own elements (by synthesis), we arrive at the unavoidable conclusion in our own minds, that light is not a simple or elementary substance, but a compound one. Thus when a chemist can decompose or analyse a body, such as water, for example, and convert it into two volumes of hydrogen and one volume of oxygen gases, and can, by exploding them, again produce the same amount of pure water (an experiment constantly performed), we can no longer doubt that water is a compound of these two gases, united in the proportion of two to one in bulk. We can recompose light out of its elements in the same manner; for if the coloured spectrum of the first prism be received on another similar prism behind the first, in the opposite direction, the image formed by

the two prisms will be a round spot of white light, exactly as if no prisms at all had been interposed; the proof is therefore complete. Let us examine the prismatic spectrum more closely. It will be seen that the lower portion is a brilliant red, which shades off by imperceptible gradations into orange, the orange into yellow, the yellow into green, the green into blue, the blue into a fine indigo, and the indigo into violet; though it is very difficult to define the precise boundaries of each colour, as they shade off so gradually into each other, besides varying according to the refractive powers of the glass or material of which the prism is composed. Nevertheless Newton, dividing the whole spectrum into 360 parts, found by very careful examination that the red occupied 45, the orange 27, the yellow 40, the green 60, the blue 60, the indigo 48, and the violet 80 parts. If a hole be made in the screen opposite to the centre of each colour, and each be received on a separate prism, no further decomposition will take place; the red remains red, and so on with all the others.

An illustration of the compound nature of light may be given by dividing the circumference of a wheel into the proportions stated, and painting the appropriate colours on each division. On whirling round the wheel with great velocity, the colours will be so mixed on the retina of the eye as to appear of a grayish white. We may also mix seven different-coloured powders in the proper proportion, and the result will be the same; but the impossibility of obtaining colours sufficiently pure and bright prevents the production of a pure white in either case.

Having thus briefly and, I fear, imperfectly explained the properties of light with reference to colour, another very important and curious property remains to be described, namely, what is called the Polarisation of Light, to which I have before alluded,—a name which unfortunately has no reference either to cause or effect; but having been adopted, it is safer to retain it, being once understood, than to invent any other. About fifty years ago M. Malus discovered, that, when light falls upon a surface of glass at an angle of  $56^{\circ} 45'$ , or between  $56^{\circ}$  and  $57^{\circ}$ , one half of it is refracted and passes through, the other half is reflected or driven off; thus dividing a ray or beam of light into two equal parts, exactly alike in their properties, but of half the intensity, and each capable of being examined separately. He found that they possessed similar properties, but at right angles to each other; hence there was supposed to be some analogy to the different poles of a magnet, and the ray thus divided was said to be "polarised." If a ray of light be designated by a cross, to represent the two planes at right angles to each other, the perpendicular line being called A B, and the horizontal line ( ' D), then the line A B may be supposed to pass through the glass at the polarising angle, and the horizontal line ( ' D) to be reflected from it, thus splitting or separating the ray of light into two parts.

Numerous bodies are known that possess the property of polarising light, such as the tourmaline, Iceland spar or calcite, selenite, sapphire, emerald, mica, and many chemical compounds. In fact, all transparent

bodies of unequal density, or in a state of tension, polarise, because they refract doubly. The tourmaline, when cut into thin plates parallel to the axis of crystallisation and polished, is a most useful and perfect polariser. Iceland spar, which is a natural crystallised carbonate of lime, shows double refraction in a very striking manner; for if a crystal about an inch thick be laid on a line or dot, two lines or dots will be distinctly seen; and if the crystal be turned round, the one image will appear to revolve round the other. Selenite, which is a transparent crystal of sulphate of lime, is generally used, cut into very thin plates, to exhibit the phenomena of colour by interference of the waves.

Bodies when thin do not separate the rays wide enough apart to exhibit each ray separately; for, although they divide them, they are superposed the one on the other, in which case colour is produced. If, however, we step into the dark closet again, and place a crystal of Iceland spar in place of the prism, so that the ray of light may fall upon it, we shall see two spots of white light instead of one; the ray will be polarised by double refraction. When the ray falls upon the surface of the crystal it is bifurcated, or split into two parts; the one ray, which is shorter and more direct, is called the ordinary ray, the other, which is rather longer, is called the extraordinary ray. The thicker the crystal the more it separates the two spots asunder, which is evident from the opening of the angular points of refraction commencing at that surface of the crystal on which the light first impinges. Now it is the difference in the relative lengths of these two rays which causes such an interference as to decompose the light and produce colour, as before observed with respect to white or ordinary light, when the waves, or undulations, meet at half or whole intervals; the same effect takes place with coloured light.

When the number of undulations requisite to produce red light meet with the waves at equal intervals, then the intensity of the red light is doubled; but if they meet at half intervals, then the one neutralises the other, and in place of red the complementary colours, blue and yellow, will be seen, or a mixture of the two—namely, green. For if at the same time the waves of blue and yellow coincide, then green will be exhibited; if, on the contrary, the blue and yellow rays meet at half intervals of waves, they destroy each other, and red is seen, being complementary, or what is wanting to complete white light.

These phenomena can be readily shown by means of the polariscope applied to the microscope, or by a separate instrument invented by Mr. Charles Woodward, which exhibits and explains all the phenomena of polarisation, on a large scale, in the most beautiful manner; but without the aid of such instruments, perhaps enough has been written to render the subject intelligible, or at all events to induce many persons to investigate it for themselves. In fact, I may conclude by observing that light, heat, electricity, magnetism, chemical action, and motion, are each and all productive of the other. The action of light alone will produce all those enumerated, and many more, no doubt, unknown to us;

for nature is never idle for one moment: every thing is action, even to the inmost particles of matter. Every change of temperature produces motion. We cannot touch a bar of iron without elongating it to an extent that can be rendered evident by machines constructed for the purpose. Our razor becomes sharper by dipping it in hot water, because the edge is elongated and rendered thinner in proportion as the length is so much greater than the thickness. Nature has discovered perpetual motion, though man searches for it in vain. Again: we are unable to destroy or annihilate matter, do what we will with it. We may burn, crush, and scatter to the winds of heaven all material substances; but we only change the form, and diminish nothing. We can at most resolve them into one or other of about sixty elementary bodies, of which *every thing created is composed*; and even the number of these bodies may possibly be reduced.

H. W.

### To Thaliarch.

(Hor lib 1. cam x)

HARK! 'tis the moan of bending woods.  
See! how Soracté crown'd with snow  
Is white and glist'ning, and the floods  
In icy fitters cease to flow.

Pile high the fagots on the hearth;  
Drive all these chilling frosts afar;  
Pour forth the wine that bringeth mirth—  
'Tis four years old—from Sabine jar.

Leave to the Gods the rest;—the roar  
Of winds, that with the seething main  
Are fiercely battling, soon is o'er;  
See ash and cypress calm again.

Heed not to-morrow's doom, O boy;  
Sufficient to have gained to-day;  
Sport with thy love,—she is not coy,—  
And wreath the dance in festive play.

Now hie thee to the Plain of Mars,  
Ere age's frost destroys youth's flower.  
Soft whispers fall beneath the stars:  
Be punctual at the trysting hour.

If in the corner where she's hidden  
The girl's sweet laugh ring out, pursue;  
Snatch ring and bracelet, though forbidden:  
She'll struggle and will yield it too.

W. S. A.

## Annus Mirabilis,

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY.

*Annus Mirabilis!* It may be asked whether every year that passes over our heads, and leaves some of us alive, be not a Year of Wonders? How easy to magnify the petty, to exalt the mean and base, to be astonished and lift our hands at that which every day of small things brings forth! Take Robinson Crusoe in his island, and he will make notches in his post to commemorate as wonders the killing of an extra goat, the jabbering of a parrot, the finding of a foot-print in the sand. Take a prisoner in his cell, and the month will seem wonderful to him in which he finds a pin in his pannikin of gruel, or a bird's feather blown from between the bars of his cell, or the surly keeper tells him with an unwonted grin that his time is nearly out. We live among wonders, and reck not of the marvels we have seen until they are past, and the contemplation of fresh wonders engrosses our thoughts. The days follow, seemingly alike, hour for hour, minute for minute, in their dull round of duties, common hopes and fears, common necessities; yet we need no proverb to tell us that they do *not* resemble each other, and that no instant of Time is the exact counterpart of its predecessor and its successor, but varies from them as infinitely as each sparkle in an icicle and each phase of form and colour in a cloud.

So vain, so weak, so gross, and prone to earth we mortals are, that grandeur and glory may have escaped us and have been passed by with indifference, while our eyes, riveted clod-wards, have been mistaking the glitter of a glowworm for eternal radiance, and the evanescent hues of a chameleon for the golden splendours of the firmament. We may have mingled in some wretched squabble in a church at Wapping, while the great battle of Truth against Error was being waged without. We may have weaved a laurel crown, and embroidered a robe of state, for some dolt or some quack, while the champion of all good and beautiful human things was begging his bread or pining in neglect. We do not, cannot, will not know, in our ignorant perversity, when great things are really being accomplished on earth; and how many thousand men, common men, there must have been who went to bed that night in old Jerusalem when the Deed had been done on Calvary, and cared little for what had become of the good thief or the bad thief, or who was *HE* doomed by Pontius Pilate to hang between them!

To the ordinary, we take it, this year EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY—ere this sheet is published dead and gone—must seem a year of wonders. For the face of the earth has been changed, and its governors have been cast out, and new rulers appointed in their place. The captives have

been set free, and the most hopeless nation in Europe gladdened with freedom, complete and triumphant. The old Mystery of Iniquity has been shaken to its very base; and the giant of John Bunyan's allegory sits among powdery bones and dried-up blood-stains in his cave, impotent and forlorn, gnawing his fingers and grinning malisons, that fall down again on his bald discrowned head like flakes of soot from a foul chimney. That other Mystery, the silken barbarism of the "Middle Kingdom," with its rotten civilisation, as old, perhaps, as the Flood, has been solved and sifted, ripped up and torn to brocaded tatters. In this same year, which we must perforce call wonderful, the eldest son of the Queen of England has stood bareheaded before the tomb of the Man who tore the fairest jewel in the British crown from his great-grandfather. While these things have been wrought in the domain of History, we have to mark in our own more intimate social annals a strange parliamentary session of abortive schemes, lame compromises, "constitutional" motions advanced on the most miserable party grounds, and talking, endless talking. While, thank God, men seem to have set themselves heart and soul to the good work of teaching the ignorant, of feeding and housing the destitute, of affording succour to the remorseful Magdalen and the penitent thief, and specially, and most nobly, of catching up from the kennels and the night-cellars the naked wolfish little wretches whom we call "street boys," and training them to be honest and industrious, to fear God and honour the Queen, in reformatories and industrial schools;—while the Church has gone forth, earnest and prayerful and untiring: not to be vanquished by the apathy of the indolent or the sneers of the sceptic, but still preaching and teaching and praying and working, showering tracts by millions into lanes and hovels, sending her missionaries to the uttermost ends of the earth, delivering the message of God's love and mercy,—and delivering it without lawn sleeves,—in stable-yards, on the stages of theatres, on the platforms of concert-rooms, in the parlours of low taverns;—while every week-day and Sabbath of the year have been full of memories that our sepulchres are not all whitened, and that we do not all pass by on the other side while our brother lies bleeding in the ditch,—the awful reminder to vain-glory and self-complacency has come over and over again to us, bidding us mark that, with all our tracts and missions, our baths and washhouses, our schools and midnight meetings, we are yet steeped to the lips in sin, and need yet a giant's strength, a more than giant's courage, before we can finally beat down Satan under our feet. Murder, the foulest, the most unnatural, has been rife in the land. The poisoner has been fiendishly busy and has escaped detection. A new Herod has stalked forth and smeared the blood of little children on the door-posts. Drunkenness, profligacy, robbery, fraud, in the highest and the lowest classes of society, have been frightfully prevalent.

Let us take this year 1860, and see what has come of it,—what we have to be joyful for, and what to regret, as to the past; what to amend, and what to be hopeful for, as to the future. Stand forth January. The year opened in doubt and misgiving. An uneasy anticipation, less than a



positive dread, of an invasion on the part of France was generally diffused. The public misgivings were increased by the resignation of one of the Emperor Napoleon's wisest counsellors, Count Walewski. Pacific negotiations of a commercial nature between the two countries were interrupted by this secession from the Imperial cabinet; but on the 12th of January Lord Cowley, our Ambassador in Paris, arrived in London, to endeavour to knit up the ravelled sleeve of diplomacy. In Africa, the Moors and Spaniards were fiercely fighting. There was an action near Tetuan, on the 10th, in which the Moors were totally routed. These saturnine barbarians carried on hostilities in their own apathetic, fatalist, Oriental fashion, straggling about wrapped up in uncouth blankets, on lean long-maned horses, firing random shots from bell-mouthed carbines, usually contriving to leave a little cholera behind them with their captured tents and pack-saddles; and, we dare say, warring in precisely the same manner as their ancestors warred with our Charles the Second's Colonel Kirke, before Tangier. In Italy the Pope was wavering between flight and ferocity; but on the 17th the doctrine of *non possumus* reached its culmination. His Holiness declined to grant any reforms, and he refused to cede the province he had chiefly misgoverned—the Romagna. On the 24th inst. the Queen of England opened Parliament, and the largest hopes were entertained of the measures of the coming session. We were to have a commercial treaty with France eminently favourable to English manufacturers (especially in iron and cotton), and permitting, on the other hand, the importation at reduced rates of French wines and silks to this country. We were to have definitively the long-promised Reform Bill, deficient, it is true, in the “fancy franchises” which the Conservatives had so ingeniously devised in the bill planned during their tenure of office, but prolific in promises of increased political power to the working classes. We were to have a thorough assimilation and codification of the laws of bankruptcy and insolvency. Intemperance and the trade in poisonous spirits were to be discouraged by a Refreshment-Houses and Wine-Licenses Bill; and what had been termed a “tax upon knowledge” was to be abrogated by the remission of a vexatious duty on paper, bringing in to the Government much annoyance and obloquy, and about a million of money every year.

February opened with grumblings at Naples, so long oppressed by a semi-cretin, semi-Feejee islander, called Francis II.; student-riots at Rome; the resignation of General Filanghieri; and a sudden refusal on the part of Austria to consent to the arrangement for the settlement of the Italian question proposed by the cabinets of England and France. Austria had not forgotten the humiliation of Magenta and Solferino, or the halcyon days when her white-coated officers sate in the *sediti chiusi* of the Scala, and girls who were rash enough to sing patriotic ballads in *cafés* were dragged to the police-office, to be fastened to benches and whipped with rods, tenpence “Austrian currency” being solemnly awarded to the executioner for each female patient. Our Parliament had

met, and thenceforth talked incessantly. The Chancellor of the Exchequer unfolded his very remarkable budget on the 10th, and was inordinately praised by the Liberals, just as he was inordinately censured by the Conservatives. The licensed victuallers of the kingdom, especially in the metropolis and the larger towns, were enraged at Mr. Gladstone's threatened interference with their profits, by the creation of decent places of accommodation where light clarets and wholesome refreshments could be consumed by ladies and children, without the tyranny and the degradation of the tap-room and the tavern-bar. On the other hand, the advocates of the Wine-Licenses Bill (which has now become a law of the land) were much too sanguine in their hopes of the benefits that might accrue from it. An immediate millennium of temperance was not reasonably to be expected; and it remains yet to be seen whether the stomach of a northern people will prefer sour wine to wholesome beer. Four hundred years ago Lord Chief Justice Fortescue, drawing a contrast between the state of the French and English peasantry, complimented the latter on the fact that they never drank water save in Lent, and for pious mortification; and in 1817 William Cobbett, a very genuine Englishman, lamented the passing away of the days when every labouring man brewed a barrel of ale for his wife's lying-in, and another to be drunk at the christening of the child, instead of being brought down, as in 1817, to "the cat-lap of the tea-kettle."

On the 11th of February the *Moniteur* published the text of the Anglo-French treaty. The *Times* took exception to it on principle, denouncing treaties of commerce as antiquated and useless modes of negotiation. On the 25th there was a hideous explosion at the Burradon colliery, attended by great loss of life. As a domestic event, let us also signalise the attempt made by some well-meaning members of the "serious world" to better the condition of fallen women. A midnight meeting was convened at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on the 9th, to which the poor creatures who prowl or flaunt about the Haymarket and its purlieus were invited by circulars, distributed in their usual haunts. They were hospitably regaled on a hot meal, to which many of them had probably been long strangers, and subsequently they were kindly and piously exhorted by Mr. Baptist Noel and other gentlemen. This, and the meetings which afterwards took place, effected, we are glad to believe, an appreciable amount of good. Many of the young women so gathered together left the hall at once for places of reformation; and it is to be hoped that their majority did *not* relapse into the sad calling from which they were rescued. The midnight meetings were exposed to a vast amount of derision; but the intentions of their promoters were most excellent and benevolent; and if only one woman in a hundred was saved, it might be conceded that at least as great a meed of praise is due to him who reclaims a fellow-creature from a path which must surely end in irremediable despair, as to him who makes a blade of wheat to grow where it never grew before.

On the third day of March the Emperor of Austria, who for years

had been unable to please either himself or his subjects, decreed the re-organisation of his Reichsrath, or Council of the Empire :—a measure of concession which conferred about as much pleasure on those concerned as might have been experienced had our James I. proposed to add fifty members, with increased powers, to the Star-Chamber. On the 7th the Queen performed a most gracious act of condescension, by receiving the officers of the recently-formed and daily-increasing Volunteer corps at a solemn levée at St. James's Palace. The day and night were one jubilee. In the evening more than 4000 visitors attended a Volunteer ball at a magnificent structure of glass and iron erected by Mr. Gye in Covent-Garden Market, and called the Floral Hall. There was also a banquet, held under the presidency of the Duke of Cambridge, in St. James's Hall. It would have been well if some of the gaily-dressed Volunteer officers who partook of the good cheer on this occasion, had thought a little about the rouged and flounced ghosts who, over tea-pots and toast-racks, had haunted that hall at midnight a month before.

On the 9th the ship *Hungarian*, outward bound from Liverpool, was totally wrecked, and all on board were lost. On the same day the act of annexation between Central Italy and Sardinia was consummated. On the 12th the Paper-Duty Abolition Bill was read a second time in the House of Commons. The cheap press were naturally jubilant at the approaching removal of a tax which had so long hampered its operations; but the *Times* (likewise naturally), alarmed at a probable and most dangerous encroachment on its monopoly, began to look askance at the bill, and to malign its authors and advocates. Its surplus spleen the leading journal reserved for the Treaty of Commerce; and the best was done to convince the public that we had made a blind bargain with France, and that the balance of commercial advantage was on the side of our neighbours. On the 15th the Swiss confederation protested against the annexation of Savoy; and our Sir Robert Peel, who had recently distinguished himself in Parliament by a funny, foolish speech against the Volunteer movement,—a speech he was soon afterwards glad to retract,—backed the Swiss up in their protest. The Emperor of the French accordingly annexed Savoy. It was difficult to determine of what use this corner of Italy could be to him, who could have the whole any day; but it was suggested that his police-officers wished to annoy with passport regulations the English tourists who visited Nice during the winter-time. On the 16th the Hungarian students made a "demonstration" at Pesth, taking as usual nothing by their motion, but giving the police an opportunity to arrest large numbers of their body. On the 22d the Sardinian troops evacuated the territory of Savoy. In our Parliament we did little beyond passing a bill, on the 31st of the month, adjusting some stamp duties and imposing others.

On the 2d of April, the ship *Yrca*, bound to Bombay from Liverpool, was burnt at sea, and 15,000*l.* worth of property was lost. Fierce gales raged at this time in the Channel, and wrecks were plentiful all round the coast. On the 4th of this month—let the day be well marked—an

insurrection broke out in the beautiful island of Sicily, among the people so long bombarded and bastinadoed by the cretin-Feejee Francis and his father, the deceased wretch Ferdinand de Bourbon. The revolt at first assumed only the shape of guerrilla skirmishes waged by peasants and young men from the towns, who in their mountain fastnesses contrived to harass the troops of the abominable Bourbon government. On the 5th our young sailor, Prince Alfred, was confirmed. On the 10th there were some very savage riots between the soldiers and the police at Greenwich—riots which unfortunately have since been too often renewed. The Queen reviewed her troops at Aldershott on the 11th. Parliament, which had prorogued for the Easter holidays, met again on the 16th. On the 28th the gentlemen of the "Commercial Sales Rooms" presented a purse containing one hundred sovereigns to one Sayers, a prize-fighter, who a few days before had been engaged in a brutal pugilistic encounter with an American, named Heenan. We note the fact of the presentation, which was followed by other substantial expressions of admiration for Sayers, in Parliament, on the Stock Exchange, in Manchester, in Liverpool, and other places; but we disdain to narrate the phases of the controversy awakened by an affair which its most enthusiastic advocates are now fain to acknowledge to have been a disgrace to our national manners. On the 29th the Sailors' Home at Liverpool, an admirable institution, which in its time has done a world of good to sailors, English and foreign, was burned to the ground; and on the 30th came the debate in the House of Commons on the Representation of the People Bill—the long-promised measure of Reform, to which we have already adverted. The bill had a crowd of opponents; amendments darkened the air; but those who appeared its worst friends, and to be most ashamed of its clumsy and paltry character, were the Ministers who had laid it on the table of the House. The bill was finally strangled in mid-session, to nobody's sorrow, seemingly.

Two pretenders to the Spanish crown—the Conde de Montemolin and his brother, Bourbons both, and sons of the defunct author of the Durando decree, Don Carlos—had been captured in Spain, where they had landed, in a mad attempt at rebellion, leading only to the ignominious execution of some of their adherents, and their own incarceration. On the 1st of May news arrived that these representatives of legitimacy (being fast laid by the heels) were prepared to recognise the sovereignty of Queen Isabella. They recanted their pretensions, and were released; and so soon as they got safe and sound into Germany, they recanted their recantation in a very off-hand and Bourbon-like manner. On the 2d, the mountain insurrection in Sicily still smouldering, there were some disturbances at Messina, and numbers of persons were arrested. On the 3d the Pope (who had been cursing and excommunicating the world in general, and the King of Sardinia in particular, for some time past, but with very little effect) appealed to the Catholic world for subscriptions to a new Roman loan of 50,000,000 francs.

On the sixth of May eighteen hundred and sixty, a gray-headed elderly man, given to wearing a red flannel shirt, girt about with a belt and a sabre, and a slouched hat,—a man who had done immense service to the cause of the Roman Republic in 1848-9; who had fought years before, like a hero, in South America; who had seen his young wife perish amidst the unutterable hardships of a retreat before the Austrians, when the Roman cause was lost; who had been captain of a merchant-vessel, and, if rumour speaks true, keeper of a little store in Cincinnati, and of a cigar-shop near Leicester Square, London—a man who will be famous and beloved to all time, as one of the best, the bravest, the honestest, the simplest, and the noblest of beings ever created by Heaven to vindicate the nobility of humanity;—a man called Giuseppe or JOSEPH GARIBALDI, a general in the Sardinian army, and a little while before a deputy in the Sardinian parliament for the place where he was born, Nice,—hearing “that his brethren in Sicily were fighting,” left a little farm which he possessed on a rocky islet named Caprera, and with 1800 men, 24 cannon, and two steamers, embarked between Genoa and Spezzia, determined to accomplish the task of liberating the Sicilians from the Bourbon rule.

On the 10th the Paper Duty Repeal Bill, which in due course had passed the House of Commons, was read for the first time in the Lords; but the Conservative leader, the Earl of Derby, finding that, with Chinese wars, immense army and navy estimates, disturbed state of Europe, and so forth, the Government were not justified in the abandonment of an article of revenue bringing in more than a million a year, announced his intention of vigorously opposing it in its future stages; and as Lord Derby was known to carry a great many parliamentary proxies in his pocket, and openly boasted of the majority he could command, dismay was spread in the Liberal camp, and the *Times* began once more to breathe freely for its monopoly. We may as well tell the remainder of the paper duty transaction at once. On the 19th a great deputation waited on Lord Derby, entreating him not to interfere with the question; but it was found impossible to argue with the master of so many proxies. On the 21st a great debate on the bill took place in the House of Lords, and its second reading was lost by a majority of 89. Members of the ultra-Liberal party immediately questioned the right of the Peers to meddle with a “money bill,” talked of “protests” and “impeachments,” denounced the proceedings of the Upper House as unconstitutional, and organised a “Grand Remonstrance” in the shape of a public meeting, presided over by Mr. Serjeant Parry, at St. Martin’s Hall. The *Times*, exulting at the lucky respite for its monopoly, advised the House of Commons to “soap their noses” under the snub administered to them by the Lords. Lord Palmerston moved for a committee to search for precedents of such snubs. Mr. Gladstone showed once or twice symptoms of resentment at the defeat he had undergone; and ultimately some resolutions were proposed by the Premier vaguely asserting that what the Lords had done

ought not to be done again, or, if done, ought not to be submitted to, which resolutions, after a furious amendment or two, were carried by a respectable majority. At which the *Times* crowed louder than ever, and incited a person named Wrigley to write some odd letters setting forth that an English excise on home-made paper, and a custom-house duty on foreign paper coming into England, were two of the best things in the world—except rags, about which both Mr. Wrigley and the *Times* ranted till the whole public were tired of the matter. Those who would have been benefited by the repeal of the tax quietly made up their minds to bide their time, and wait till the sense of justice of the Legislature should remove a cruel and mischievous burden.

Let us return to Giuseppe Garibaldi. On the 9th of May news arrived of his descent in Sicily. On the 16th there was a fight at Lippo between his raw bands, strengthened by a few of his glorious *Cucciatori de' Alpi*, and the Bourbon troops. The latter were signally defeated. On the 22d he defeated them again. On the 25th the Garibaldini occupied the heights above Palermo. On the 27th, driving the Bourbons before him, he entered Palermo; but the unfortunate city was immediately bombarded, and in the most ruthless manner, by the Bourbon fleet. On the 9th of the ensuing month, the bombardment of the capital having ceased, owing to the energetic representations of the English and French naval commanders on the station, the Neapolitan troops in the citadel and the royal palace of Palermo capitulated, and Garibaldi was, leaving Messina on one side, to all intents and purpose, master of Sicily.

At the commencement of June the sympathy for the Pope existing among certain classes of the Irish Roman Catholics, took a curiously practical turn in the enrolment of some 350 young men at Cork and elsewhere,—the nucleus of a “Brigade of St. Patrick,” who were to fight in defence of the temporalities of the Papacy against the Roman Catholic but anti-papal Sardinians. This movement was not without a certain degree of chivalry; the more so when we consider that the cause for which the young and adventurous Irishmen—peasants, ex-police-constables, clerks, shop-assistants, and the like—banded themselves together was all but hopeless, and that its object was directly contrary to the expressed feeling of the major portion of civilised Europe. These new *crociati*—their chief leader a Mr. O'Reilly—were sent, under the guidance of clerical agents, in batches to Civita Vecclia, and were embodied among a motley crew of mercenaries,—Germans, Swiss, disguised Austrians, and Belgians,—the scum, in truth, of the Sparafueites and Spadassins of the Continent, raised for the Pontifical service, and commanded by M. de Lamoricière, an ex-officer of the French army, who long since had manifested considerable military talents in Algeria, had been mixed up in the revolutionary politics of 1848-9, had once suggested the expediency of throwing Louis Napoleon (when President) out of window, had been one of the prisoners of Mazas, and the proscribed of the *comp-d'état*. Actuated, it is conjectured, either by restlessness at long inactivity, or by an

honest, if mistaken, feeling of religious devotion to the head of his Church, he had placed his sword and his military capacity at the disposal of perhaps the most worthless and incorrigible government that ever disgraced Christendom. General de Lamoricière forthwith took the Irish Brigade in hand. The young recruits, it was found, required strict discipline; the Papal treasury was at a pitifully low ebb; and the Brigade soon found themselves in the position of those British legionaries who went to Spain to fight for Queen Christina a quarter of a century since. To use the words of Theodore Hook, "They fought, and were flogged, and were not paid."

On the 16th an interview took place at Baden between the French Emperor and the Grand Duke of that important territory; attempts were made to call the meeting a "congress," and several High Dutch *Roitelets* and princelings were present. The hotel-keepers and the farmers of the gaming-tables did very well during the week; the clever and humorous preacher Mr. Spurgeon, who happened to look in at Baden-Baden during a continental trip, gleaned materials for a stinging homily out of the royalties and the *rouge-et-noir*; but politically the "Congress of Baden" was a failure, and socially, not half so amusing as the chapter under that heading in Mr. Thackeray's novel of *The Newcomes*. The month of June was marked by some important domestic events. The largest, most magnificent, and most unfortunate ship in the world, the *Great Eastern*, which should properly be called the *Great Saturn*, inasmuch as she has since her launch been continually devouring her own children,—be they stokers, shareholders, or shipwrights,—after eating her head off for many months in the Southampton Water, departed on her first trip across the Atlantic. News was received on the 22d of "Peace with China," which intelligence soon turned out to be fallacious. A very large party of Frenchmen, members of a vocal society called the *Orphéon*, visited London, sang at the Crystal Palace, were very shabbily housed and fed by those whose business it was to provide accommodation for them; but were partially compensated for the courtesy they had exhibited by a cold dinner at the Crystal Palace, gotten up by the active Sir Joseph Paxton; on which occasion many complimentary toasts were given and responded to, and the discovery was made that there were about three gentlemen of eminence in London who could speak French with decent fluency. On the 23rd of June her Majesty the Queen, who is ever doing kind and sensible things, held a Grand Review of the British Volunteers, over 20,000 strong, in Hyde Park. The King of the Belgians, the Moorish Ambassador, and a crowd of distinguished foreigners, were present; and it is to be hoped that every one on the ground, foreigners especially, profited by the significant lesson given by the marching past of the Volunteers.

There were open-air meetings during the first of July, to investigate the unusually high price of provisions, more especially of butcher's meat. On the 3rd the *Great Eastern*, which had arrived after a safe but not very speedy passage (her keel being foul from long anchorage) at New York, was opened for public inspection. On the 7th a new Arctic expe-

dition started from Boston, to certify the existence of an open Polar sea ; and on the 9th his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, with the good wishes of millions bidding him Godspeed here, and the good wishes of millions more bidding him welcome in America, left England in the *Hero*, a 91-gun ship, for a tour in British North America and the United States. The Prince's trip has become a matter of history, owing mainly to the admirable narrative of his progress, written under all kinds of difficulties, by Mr. Nicholas Woods, the special correspondent of the *Times* newspaper. As every one of our readers must be familiar with all the episodes of his journey,—the balls at Toronto and Quebec, the Orange disturbance at Kingston, the visits to Washington, Mount Vernon, and Niagara, the genial ovation of which his Royal Highness was the object in the great cities of the Union,—we have no need to enter into any further details, save to remark that he returned home in November ; and that the results of his tour are in the highest degree creditable to the loyalty of the British North-Americans, and the hospitality and kindly feeling of the citizens of the Great Republic of the West.

On the 15th of June things looked badly in Naples, and the Bourbon soldiery made a wanton attack on the people. On the 18th the gallant yet discreet Lord Clyde, formerly Sir Colin Campbell, returned from India ; but the public were far too busy to give him the enthusiastic reception he merited. On the 20th Joseph Garibaldi attacked the town of Melazzo with the bayonet, causing the Bourbonists to retreat to the citadel ; and on the following day the island of Sicily was wholly evacuated by the troops of the King of Naples.

Some hideous massacres having taken place in Syria ; the Druses, or half-Mahometans, half-Pagans, having made a raid on the Maronites, or half-Christians, and cut their throats and stolen their property ; the Maronites having retaliated so far as in them lay ; the Turkish troops and rulers having manifested an active leaning towards the Druses by keeping the ground for them, so to speak, while they murdered the Maronites ; and the Greek, Latin, and Lutheran Christians in Syria being placed in great peril by these proceedings,—an intervention of the Western Powers was forced on the supine and reluctant Ottoman Porte. In England we contented ourselves with raising a monster subscription for the relief of those Syrians who had only escaped butchery to find themselves in destitution, and by sending some men-of-war to Beyrout, to look out for the safety of any "Roman citizen" or British subject who might get into trouble ; but the French, after their manner, despatched a large expeditionary force to Syria, with the view of chastising the murderers, pacifying the country, and doing, in addition, whatsoever might redound to the military glory of France.

On the 25th July, the Rev. Bryan King resigned *pro tem.* his ministrations at the church of St. George's-in-the-East, Ratcliff Highway, London, with a view to restoring peace between the English Druses and Maronites, who for very many months had been turning the house of God into a den of thieves. Mr. King, as it would appear, a most estimable but very



wrong-headed clergyman, had been addicted to certain ceremonial observances in the decoration of his church and the performance of the service of the Church of England, the authorisation of which by the Rubric was questionable. To counteract the influence of a Puseyite incumbent, all the ruffians and tatterdermalions of the maritime purlieus of London made a common rendezvous, Sunday after Sunday, at the church of St. George's; hooted the officiating minister, hissed and pelted the choristers, and when they got them outside, mobbed them; coughed, groaned, and sang ribald songs during divine service; slammed pew-doors, threw prayer-books and hassocks about; and made more than one attempt to storm the altar. Not to be behindhand in folly and irreverence, Mr. King's friends had bouts at fisticuffs with the opposing party; shut their coat-tails in vestry doors; prosecuted them before the worthy magistrates at the Thames Police-court, as if those intelligent gentlemen had not quite enough to do with settling disputes about seamen's wages and putting down waterside crimps; and attempted to revive for the coercion of their foes an obsolete and obnoxious statute of that peculiarly abominable woman, Bloody Queen Mary. As both the Government and the Bishop of London seemed powerless to interfere to stay these disgraceful transactions, it seemed probable that final recourse must be had to the Riot Act, and a battalion of Grenadiers from the Tower; but happily a compromise was effected, and on the 25th of July, as we have stated, the Rev. Bryan King temporarily withdrew from the parish, leaving the cure of its souls to the care of a clergyman who undertook not to wound the sensitive congregation by undue manifestations of altar-cloths, lighted candles, artificial flowers, and the Gregorian chant. Thus a great public scandal was abated, if not wholly removed.

There were more massacres in Asia Minor on the 26th, Turkish soldiers aiding and abetting the murderers. On the 29th Garibaldi, having refused to conclude an armistice with the Neapolitans, advised by King Victor Emmanuel, entered Messina, the second capital of Sicily.

On the 2d of August the House of Commons agreed to resolutions for spending several millions of public money on the fortifications and defensive works of Great Britain. On the 5th the King and Queen of Norway,—having previously received the crown of Sweden at Stockholm,—were crowned with much quaint pomp and ceremony at Drontheim. On the 7th the Queen reviewed the Scottish Volunteers at Edinburgh. On the 14th, affairs in Naples looking uglier than ever, that capital was declared by the Bourbonists in a state of siege. On the 11th 1500 Garibaldian volunteers had landed in the Neapolitan territory. A few days afterwards Garibaldi sent over an English agent, Captain Styles, to London, to enrol English volunteers. On the 23rd the Garibaldian army on the mainland was increased by the landing of 8000 more volunteers. The progress of the Hero was made with astounding success, and numbers of the Bourbon troops sent against him joined the ranks of his army.

But the wonders press upon us too thickly and too fast for us to epitomise them day by day. The events of the first six months of 1860 seem to belong already to history. The sense of the vast deeds which have been since done, and amidst the echo of which we are living and breathing, now drives them into indistinct remoteness. From the 8th of September, when Giuseppe Garibaldi, attended only by his staff, entered Naples,—not as a conqueror, not as an avenger, but as an adored and almost deified Liberator,—what things have not happened to swell the imperial theme? The wretched King Francisco fled to Gaëta. In this his last stronghold, he is even now invested. Thousands of his troops broke away, and fled across the Roman frontier into the miserably circumscribed territory of the Pope. Since we last mentioned the Pontiff his patrimony had absomed away from him like grease before the fire. His Irish Brigade had been quietly captured at Spoleto, contemptuously bandied about by their captors the Sardinians, and at last sent back to their native country, where they were hailed as heroes, and, to a certain extent, martyrs. It is indubitable that they would have fought well, and that they did fight most gallantly whenever they had the opportunity; but they were, from first to last, most miserably mismanaged. As for holding Spoleto against the teeming masses of Sardinia, the inhabitants of our own Jacob's Island might as well attempt to defend that dingy fortalice of dirt and squalor against a park of Armstrong guns and a brigade of artillerymen from Woolwich. Much nonsense and braggadocio were given vent to by the promoters and friends of the Irish Brigade; and, on the other hand, they were exposed to much unmerited misrepresentation and detraction. History will appreciate. History will winnow the few words of truth that lurk amidst the curses of the Pope, and the few brave and chivalrous elements mingled with the Donnybrook effervescence of the Irish Brigade.

Garibaldi was Dictator of the Two Sicilies in September. He was master of the entire fleet, treasure, and public stores of King Francisco. With extraordinary celerity he set about divesting himself of the functions which had fallen into his hands. How he accomplished this act of self-denial all men know. It is too recent and patent a fact to need dilating upon in this place. Victor Emmanuel, the *Ré galantuomo*, has added the Two Sicilies to his kingdom of Italy, and Garibaldi is a self-made hermit at Caprera. He asked for nothing, would accept nothing, and, as it was universally felt that no reward could suffice for his great desert, nothing was given to him. But Venetia yet remains to be liberated, and Caprera must yield up its hero again.

We pass by with a bare mention the two great political events which in Europe and Asia will make the month of December, in which we write this, memorable. The Emperor of the French, sudden in his *coups* of policy as in warfare, has revised the stern and iron constitution of his empire. He has promised his deputies freedom of speech and the ungarbled publication of their debates, and his Minister of the Interior has hinted at some tiny concessions of outspoken discussion, to be extended, if they

behave themselves with perfect propriety, to the conductors of the press.

The war in China has brought us sorrowful triumphs. The humiliation of the Pei-ho has been avenged. The almost fabulous city of Peking has been captured and sacked; but where are Anderson and De Norman? where are Brabazon and Bowlby? and what revenge, even to the razing of the bloody city, and the sowing of its site with salt, can be too fierce for that foul treachery.

One more event of political moment claims a word. Again, it is too recent to need extended comment, and the events to which it may give birth are the heritage of the New Year. When the Prince of Wales passed through the United States, that vast country was in the throes of a presidential election. All species of "platforms," "tickets," and "planks" of politics were matters of the hottest discussion. The claims of the rival candidates were being fiercely disputed. A few days after the departure of the Prince the election took place, and resulted in the triumphant return of Mr. Abraham Lincoln,—“Uncle Abe,” as his admirers affectionately term him,—the Republican and Anti-slavery candidate. Furious at this defeat, the slavholding South, notably South Carolina, threatens a secession, which, if carried out, must cause the disruption of the Union, and the diminution of her power and influence by one-half. And there the matter rests for 1861 to settle.

*Annus mirabilis! Annus mirabilis!* Have we not had enough, and to spare, of wonders. But there yet remains things of potent meaning to be spoken of. Three subjects yet remain for us to touch upon,—Crime, the Weather, and Death.

The calendar of our social sins is as black as Erebus. On the 11th of February a half-demented Indian serjeant-major shot an officer who had betrayed his wife. On the 28th of March Serafin Magnano, a Spaniard, was found guilty of the murder of Anastasia Trowbridge, and sentence of death was recorded against him. On the 7th of April a wretched man named Castle was executed at Bedford for the murder of his wife. He confessed his guilt. On the 18th a young woman named Sarah Pratt was murdered by Francis Price at Birmingham. On the 19th one Corby, charged with the murder of Miss Pulley at Stamford, committed suicide in gaol. On the 26th Mr. George Pullinger, the long-respected and trusted head-cashier of the Union Bank of London, was apprehended on accusations of fraud amounting to 263,000*l.* He made such miserable reparation as was in his power by a full confession, and, being tried and convicted, was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. On the 9th of May Eugenia Plummer, a child of eleven years of age, and the daughter of a wealthy country gentleman, was tried at the Central Criminal Court for perjury. On her evidence, given in the most deliberate and unblushing manner, had previously been found guilty of a shocking charge a clergyman named Hatch, the husband of her schoolmistress. It was afterwards proved that the girl, one of those juvenile phenomena of depravity, whom every medical man has met with, had told (in conjunction with her sister, too young to

be arraigned) a series of impudent lies. Her conviction was equivalent to the acquittal of Mr. Hatch, who was forthwith released from durance. It was difficult to know what to do with a criminal of such tender years as Eugenia Plummer. Perhaps it would have been better for her to have had a sound whipping at the hands of the prison matron, and to have been locked up on bread and water for a month. As it was, she was sentenced to a nominal imprisonment of six weeks, and soon after received the Royal pardon, on condition that she should be placed under efficient reformatory tuition for a lengthened period, and away from the control of her parents. On the 19th, there was an inquest at Sandown Fort, Isle of Wight, on a horrible case of murder of a wife and six children by a mad serjeant named Whitworth. He committed suicide. On the 27th of June a coroner's jury at Liverpool returned a verdict of wilful murder against Thomas Winslow for the poisoning, by antimony, of Mrs. Ann James, the keeper of a cook-shop, which he managed for her. He was afterwards tried, but evidence fell dead, and he was acquitted. The murder yet remains a mystery. On the same day a French tailor named Antonio Dherand cut his wife's head off, under the most revolting circumstances, in the upper room of a house occupied by an Italian confectioner in Oxford Street, London. The assassin committed suicide in Hyde Park before the body of his victim was discovered. There was an inquest, and three days afterwards the public had forgotten all about the dismal tragedy. On the 28th a Hindoo, chafing under some fancied wrongs which he had suffered at the hands of the East India Company, made a desperate attempt to commit suicide in the House of Lords, while the Lord Chancellor was hearing appeals.

*On the twenty-ninth of June Francis Saville Kent, an innocent little boy four years of age, was found suffocated, and his throat cut from ear to ear, in one of the outbuildings adjoining his father's house at Road, near Frome, in Somersetshire. The murderer, notwithstanding almost unprecedented minuteness of investigation, has not yet been traced. The child's nurse and one of his sisters were arrested on suspicion; but there was nothing against them, and they were discharged. God will surely discover and avenge the death of this babe.*

On the 23d of July a brutal fellow named Hopley, a schoolmaster at Eastbourne in Sussex, who had written several canting pamphlets about the application of the Law of Kindness to the education of youth, was tried at Lewes for beating a pupil named Reginald Cancellor to death. The boy was a dullard, and could not say his multiplication-table; and so the apostle of the law of kindness thrashed this poor dunce during *one livelong summer-night*, with a stick and a skipping-rope, until he was a mass of wheals and bruises. Some time between the night and the morning the boy died. The schoolmaster, on conviction, was sentenced to four years' penal servitude; and, notwithstanding the general horror and execration which his crime excited, he found some people who sympathised with him, on the ground that he had only exercised necessary severity. If our

readers will turn to the mention we made of the trial of Eugenia Plummer, they will find that we did not consider that a little wholesome chastisement would have been out of place in the treatment of that young culprit. We may be accused of inconsistency when we denounce the brutality of the wretch Hopley, and we dare say there are many conscientious persons who would think it most inhuman to subject this despicable little liar and perjurer Plummer to moderate corporeal correction, while they would applaud Hopley for beating a boy to death because he could not say his multiplication-table. A grievous bane of English education it is, that we pity, pet, and pamper criminal children, and that we treat the merely stupid ones as criminals.

On the 13th of August Prince Danilo of Montenegro was killed by an assassin at Cattaro. On the 16th was tried in London William Godfrey Youngman, who, half from the phase of dementia known to old French physicians as *Mirage de Sang*, and half from a sordid desire to obtain possession of a Life Assurance for one hundred pounds, had murdered, at his dwelling in Walworth, his mother, his two little brothers, and the sweetheart to whom he was about to be married. The monster was in due time hanged in front of Horsemonger-Lane Gaol; but the excitement of a more mysterious crime soon banished his evil history from men's minds. On the 17th of August a miserly old woman, possessed of great wealth in house property, the rents of which she herself collected, was found brutally murdered in the house, where, in solitude and voluntary penury, she had been grovelling on for years, in Stepney. Some moneys and valuables of hers were found hidden among the coals in the cellar. A cheque which she was known to have received in payment of rent was missing. For many days the researches of the detective police were unavailing. Suddenly a certain James Mullins, a plasterer, who had been a policeman, a spy, a railway *employé*, and a convict for felony, denounced to the police a shoemaker named Emm as having a guilty complicity in the murder. According to Mullins, Emm had secreted a parcel, conjectured to contain property of Mrs. Emsley's, in a ruined shed at the end of the brickfield where he dwelt, at Bethnal Green. Mullins led the police to this shed, and there, behind a slab, they found a parcel containing the cheque, a metal spoon, some telescopic lenses, and other small matters belonging to the murdered woman. Now Mullins entirely broke down in fixing the secretion of this parcel upon Emm; but he could not in any way disprove the weighty accusation that he had put it there himself; that he was cognisant of its contents; that he had taken the cheque from Mrs. Emsley's house; and that, if not the actual assassin of the old miser, he was an accessory to the deed. The chain of circumstantial evidence against him was, from first to last, but flimsy and *ad captandum*. The very judge who tried him hinted that doubts existed in his mind which he, the prisoner, could alone clear up. He was hanged because he would not clear up those doubts. He was hanged on *legal* evidence not quite sufficient to hang a dog; but when James Mullins swung in front of the Debtor's

Door, nine-tenths of the public felt comfortably persuaded that he richly deserved his fate, as being guilty of a double deed of blood and treachery worthy of Judas Iscariot.

Agrarian murders, murderous poaching affrays, Irish ribbon murders, —we have no space for these. They have been sadly numerous, but are eclipsed by the deliberate assassinations. Infanticide, too, has been frequent; but the case of a miserable young creature named Ann Padfield, who in an agony of remorse and destitution made away with the offspring of her shame, excited more commiseration than resentment. She was doomed to death, but within this present month of December has been respited from the gallows.

The Weather! Will not 1860 be a year of wonder to tens of thousands, and will not old men talk of it to their grandchildren as the strangest for weather, years and years hence, that was ever known? What fierce gales, what pitiless storms, what drenching floods of rain! The summer brought us a deluge; but if it rained in summer, spring and autumn and winter have no cause to complain; and we almost say that it has rained without the intermission of a fortnight from January to December. The summer in America was tropically hot; here we shivered in June, and wrapped ourself in warm garments throughout July. And yet, with all the astounding inclemency of the weather, seemingly fatal to every operation of husbandry, the harvest has not failed. Cereals are abundant, and the most we can do is to shake our heads at the potatoes, and declare that the fruits of 1860 were watery and flavourless.

As to Death the Reaper? His scythe has been swift and unceasing in its ravages during the last eleven months, and, alas, how many of our friends are dead! On the 9th of January was buried, in Westminster Abbey, Thomas Babington, Baron Macaulay, the historian of England. The tide of Death set in above his new-made grave with a terrific speed. Captain Harrison, of the *Great Eastern*, a bold, brave man, who had faced tempests innumerable and was "drowned in a puddle" at Southampton, was buried at Liverpool on the 27th. Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the New Houses of Parliament; Sir William Ross, the graceful miniature-painter; Washington Irving, the delightful essayist; G. P. R. James, the novelist; poor Albert Smith, the gentlest, worthiest, kindest of men; Robert Brough, the dramatist and poet, brilliant and witty, and brave and unfortunate; the Abbé Huc, the Chinese traveller; Mrs. Jameson, the admirable art-critic; lively, good-natured Jullien, musical composer, and promenade-concert conductor, whose end was very mournful; Sir Henry Ward, Lord St. Vincent; the brave old sailor Charles Napier; the braver, better, patriot, and seaman, Thomas Cochrane, Lord Dundonald, cruelly wronged while yet the century was young, but fully avenged by Time and the renown of his good deeds; Marshal Reille, the old soldier of the Empire; Alexandra Feodorovna, the meek, charitable, long-suffering spouse of the imperious Nicholas of Russia; James Wilson of the *Economist*, sometime Member of Parliament for Westbury, and

Minister of Finance in the Council of India, a shrewd, persevering, upright man, who from a low estate had raised himself, like James Craggs, to high political station; the learned, abstruse, amiable Baron Bunsen, for many years Prussian Ambassador at this Court; Sir Thomas Brisbane, one of the officers in the Duke of York's ill-fated campaign in '93; old Jerome Bonaparte, the *petit polisson* of Napoleon I., ex-admiral, ex-king of a play-acting kingdom of Westphalia, ex-soldier of Waterloo, exile, Governor of the Invalides, husband of the American Miss Pater-son, whom he repudiated by order of his unscrupulous brother, and, by another consort, father of that Prince Napoleon who has been called "Plon-Plon," and "Bacco in Toscana," and is said not to be averse from being one day king of a Cockaignian realm of Etruria. From the first flush of remembrance we have quoted a few names among the many that since the year began have been blotted from the list of life. How many more are gone, of the famous, the wise, and good! Almost every one this year seems to have losses more frequent than common to deplore. In almost every home, in every circle of dear friends, Death seems to have come with firm footstep, and said, "I have waited long, but in 1860 I claim mine own." And though the statistically-minded may seek consolation in the Registrar-General's returns, and point out to us that the births of the year exceed the deaths, we shall not easily be persuaded but that Death this year has been unusually active, and that his harvest, among those whose names sound familiarly in the public ear, has been tremendous. Will vain complainings or bitter out-complainings avail aught? We know that it is the same Death—the death that you and I, the king and the beggar, may suffer to-morrow; the old, old enemy that is coeval with Sin, but which, victor as he is, and with us omnipotent, will in the End be vanquished, and have his sting taken from him. And there may be some of us, and some to whom we speak and who will read this page, who have lost parents and beloved children, and the old and tried friends of youth, within this sad year. But have not others suffered, and as keenly, in other years that we wot not of? and may not the ragged family of some poor Chinese boatman, the callow brats of some dwarfish Hottentot, be as passionately bewailing the loss of the father and bread-winner, who caught the fish and threw the spear so well, as we who are mourning the passing away of the nearest and the dearest; or as the mighty Czar of all the Russias sternly sorrowing over his mother's tomb in the gloomy fortress of Peter and Paul? O men and women, it is the same Death—the death that noble Raleigh as nobly apostrophised; the Death that is just and mighty and eloquent, that draws together all the far-fetched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covers it over with these two narrow words—*Hic Jacet*. It is the same Death; and thank God for Life, and the promise of Eternity!

## The Houseless Poor.

THIS last night of November seems determined to show us that, whatever its successor may have in store, it will find it a hard task to produce more inclement miserable weather. The rain has been coming down all day, and now, at seven o'clock in the evening, it is pouring one continuous, drenching, never-ceasing torrent. It is a good night to "see life"—not in the old Corinthian Tom and Jerry, lamp-breaking, Charley-boxing, Finish-frequenting sense of the word, but in a wider scope, and with a higher aim;—it is a good night to see those myriads who look upon the streets as their home; who cling to doorways, trying to invest them with a sense of comfort; who are said, with a ghastly facetiousness, to know where the softest kerbstone is to be found, and which is the snuggest arch on the Bridge of Sighs. Come, then, with me, brother of mine; leave the warm dining-room, where the children are standing round the dessert, mindful of "goodies" to be transplanted from the teeming plates to their watering mouths, and are gladdening the heart of Paterfamilias with their apt rehearsal of lessons conned during the day;—quit the snug study, where the new publications lying on the desk diffuse a pleasant odour, where the paper-knife lies so invitingly to your hand, the footstool to your feet, the easy-chair to your back, and where the shaded lamplight gleams off the lettered bindings of stout old friends, your consolers in many times of trouble, your never-varying always-present sustainers, when human acquaintances have "passed by on the other side;"—scorn for a time the poetical advice as to stirring the fire and wheeling the sofa round;—lie not to the crowded theatre, leaving others to be bored with elbow-points through both their sides, to outscold the ranting actor on the stage;—eschew the friendly game of pool; shun the club smoking-room, its scandal and its punch;—and, donning your water-proof and gutta-percha soles, taking your stoutest umbrella in your hand, come with me into the streets, and see how the stony-hearted step-mother treats those confided to her care.

Drury Lane looks much as usual; it must be a stiff rain or a bright sunshine indeed that would alter the aspect of that thoroughfare. Throughout the wide range of London streets there is none like this. Far away in distant Whitechapel, in the purlieus of the Mint, in vagabond alleys and blackguard courts debouching on the New Cut,—want, filth, misery, and degradation are all to be found; but in these places there are some signs of animation and bustle: boys and men hustle each other on the pavement, and push on their thieves' errand as though they had something to accomplish; women beat their children, scold their husbands, and wrangle with each other with energy and spirit. But in Drury Lane there reigns a dead sullen silence,—a flat, empty, vapid languor,—an absence of any thing like business,—which seems to arise not so much from abject poverty as



from cowed blackguardism and lawlessness kept in check. As you see the men huddling together at the entrance to the courts, and the women crooning drearily together over their short pipes; as you mark the blackened eyes and bruised faces, the shifting restless glance, the broad bull neck, and the "aggerawator" curl,—you think involuntarily of the neighbouring police-station, and you feel that here your search for the out-cast of London will be in vain. So long as crime has a spell and vice an attraction, so long as recklessness and bravado are exhibited in any of these men, they will haunt the thieves' kitchen and the gin-shop bar; but we shall never see them in a Refuge. It is not until the last ray of hope is gone, until he is half famished with hunger, half dead with cold, half crazed with want,—it is not until the iron of the streets has entered into his very soul, that he knocks at the door of the Refuge, and asks for food, for warmth, for life, and finds them all.

Passing through Holborn, where damp umbrella-bearing clerks are hieing homeward, weary and dispirited with the day's work, where the gas, reflected on the shining pavement, gives a strange, weird, unreal aspect to the streets, where the deafening roar of the vehicles and the never-ceasing surge of population distract the sense, and give one some faint notion of a countryman's bewilderment on his first visit to London;—crossing the hill in the midst of a *charivari*, caused by rival omnibus touters and charioteers, doubtful as to the powers of their wretched steeds in making the ascent, past the end of Field Lane, where a forlorn fringe of wretchedness, dirt, and squalor is gathered in uninterested contemplation of the busy scene before it,—we strike across the corner of Victoria Street, and ploughing our way over the muddy road, knock primitively with our clenched hand at the door of the Night Refuge for the Homeless. The door is opened immediately, and, on inquiry for the Superintendent, we are referred up-stairs. Ascending, we find ourselves in a very large square room, with a vaulted roof supported by iron girders, like a railway-station; the whitewashed walls are hung with printed Scripture texts, and pictures of birds and beasts, with the names printed below, evidently illustrations to lessons on natural history. The sides of the room are furnished with tables, arranged separately, on the plan of the boxes in coffee-houses; and in the centre little squares are made with forms and benches. Round the tables (one side of the room being devoted to men, the other to women) are seated those whom we came to see, the Destitute Poor of London. Here is the agricultural tramp, the thick red country loam yet hanging on his stained gaiters and well-worn boots, seated next to the thin, attenuated, threadbare London clerk, who has seen better days, but has now, with scarecrow limbs and haggard face, come to ask for a covering and a crust for the love of Heaven. Here is the stout country girl who, beguiled by newspaper advertisement, and on the chance of bettering herself, has left the farm-house far away, and come up to seek employment in London; but finding the place filled, and being without home or resources, has been directed by the

friendly policeman to this abode, where the frail sister—the battered bruised outcast of the London streets, the standing gibe of the ribald and the ruffian, the flower plucked in blooming innocence and flung away as soon as faded—has already found a refuge. Here are boys, of the smallest size indeed, but with, oh, such old men's faces!—wizen, stunted, shrewd-looking little beings,—the Arabs of the streets, the poor Jacks and crossing-sweepers, the head-over-heels tumblers, the orange-sellers, the scum and froth and selvage of the road—huddling together for warmth, blinking in the unwonted gaslight, and glaring—half timidly, half ferociously—at all passing around them. Here are the mothers of the boys and girls (who are invited on certain evenings, and for whose improvement special classes are held), some not yet past middle age, some decrepit and worn out, but all showing the traces of that hard battle of life in which they have been engaged in grizzled hair and deep-lined faces, and a certain desponding spiritless aspect. Oh, my brother, God-gifted and happy, on whose easy couch the crumpled rose-leaf is a source of annoyance, and to whom the most trivial error in domestic detail is a wrong and a curse, take one half-hour among these people, and return a wiser and a better man. Not with any notion of “cant,” not with any dream of pandering to the vices of those whom we are pleased to call the “lower classes,” is this urged upon you. As much, God knows, and more than they can bear is theirs of sin and folly and ingratitude; but when one minute's reflection shows us the mere accident of birth, and how that ours might have been the rags, the squalor, the hunger, and the ignorance, and theirs the warmth, the broadcloth, the cheerful home, and the well-stored mind, we should be more readily inclined, not merely to pardon their short-comings, but to think more gratefully of those blessings vouchsafed to us.

Our first glance round the room taken, we are joined by the Honorary Secretary, a gentleman in business, whose every leisure moment is devoted to this place, and by him we are informed that this one night in the week is set apart for Scriptural instruction, now about to commence. As the clock strikes seven, the Honorary Superintendent takes his place at an elevated desk, and by clapping his hands demands silence and attention. He then reads a portion of Scripture, after which a hymn is sung and a prayer read; and then several ladies and gentlemen, voluntary teachers, who devote their evenings to the instruction of these poor people, distribute themselves throughout the room, each taking a table or a class, and in earnest simple style set forth the marvels of the Bible and explain the fundamental truths of the Christian religion. It is astonishing to see the rapt and earnest attention with which the instruction is received. Surveying the majority of the inmates, and thinking over their past lives, one might imagine that though open sneering would have doubtless been avoided for the sake of the supper that was to come, yet we might have thought that lessons of life would have fallen upon at most patient ears.

uring the reading of the Bible and the prayers, many of the men and

boys, worn out with their day's fruitless toiling, were heavy and nodding with sleep; but a round of the classes showed us on all sides deep earnest attention, and frequently sharp and apt appreciation of the instruction conveyed. This further proves—what to us is now a certainty—that the Refuge fulfils its proper purpose; that it is only made use of by those who see in it the last chance of escape from death by cold or starvation; and that those eminent philanthropists, who tell us of the jolly beggars and the cadgers' feasts, of the "alderman in chains," the mendicants with greasy bank-notes hidden beneath their rags, will not find in Field Lane, any, however remotely, resembling those scamps whom they so graphically depict. To interpose a shield between direst poverty and dreadful death is the first object of these homes; to minister to the pinched stomach and the aching back. This done, the mind comes in for its share of the cure; and as each recipient of bounty is granted a ticket, giving him permission to use the Refuge for seven days (which ticket is renewed on proper supervision), there is every hope that, within that time, the hardest man, prepared as he has been for the proper reception of instruction by sorrow and suffering, may be bettered and improved. That such is the effect on the boys is daily shown. On the evening when we were present a splendid specimen of a boy, ruddy-faced, dressed in the uniform of the Royal Navy, stout, healthy, and shining with cleanliness and good-humour, came in to take his share of the instruction. The Secretary called him up, and he told us that he had been educated at the Refuge, thence sent into the Shoeblack Brigade, thence into the navy, and that now, while on a few days' leave, he had come to spend the evening with his old tutors and companions.

After an hour and a half's instruction, another prayer was said, a portion of a hymn sung, and the inmates were dismissed to supper and bed. Supper and bed! Good words! pleasant sounds! Now you have it; now do my practical friends see why the prayers have been suffered and the instruction put up with? Supper and bed for idle vagrants, and we are paying eighteen pence in the pound for poor's rates in St. Boniface's parish! Let us see the luxury enjoyed by these nothing-doing Sybarites. Accompanied by the Secretary and the Superintendent, we descend into the dormitory, and find some hundred and fifty wooden troughs, each capable of containing one person, and each provided with a stout cotton rug to act as a covering. There is nothing to lie upon but the bare boards. "They twirl the rug round them," says the secretary; "and coiling themselves up like dogs, lie with their heads against the board on one side, their feet against the other. They say that the boards, after a short time, communicate animal heat, and they are very snug and comfortable." Not quite so comfortable as the feather-bed and four-poster of the practical ratepayer; and the supper—a half-quartern loaf and a mug of water—scarcely equal to the "little bit of something hot" which steams on his table at half-past ten, to say nothing of the "nightcap" taken just before going to bed.

The names, age, and parish of each of the occupants of the Refuge are entered in a book of the master, who also makes a memorandum of the place where they last slept. Men from all parts of England, of all ages and professions, are to be found among them. We talked with a half-pay captain, of excellent manners and address, but rusted over with misery and broken down by hunger. Next to him lay a man of between sixty and seventy, who had been all his life a farm labourer; but overwork was scarce, "and but few masters cared for an old hand while so many young ones were about. Yes, he'd had a wife and a family; but they was all gone, and he was left alone. He didn't know what he was going to do, not he; they was all gone, and he was left alone." This old man, so thoroughly blank and reckless in his misery, so totally helpless, hopeless, and deserted, was perhaps the most touching of all the touching sights we saw that night. Just as we left, the door opened, and a bright-looking lad, genteelly dressed, but drenched to the skin with rain, came in, and asked for shelter. He was a tailor's son from Dunstable; had seen an advertisement offering employment for a clerk; had come up to London, found the place filled; had no money to take him back, and now was literally destitute, with no place to get a meal or to lay his head. The Refuge was full; but the Secretary found a receptacle for him, and undertook the next morning to communicate with his friends, and let them know his plight. Indeed, without this Secretary, Mr. TAWELL, and his friend the Superintendent, Mr. MOUNSTEPHEN,—it would be an act of injustice not to publish the names of such excellent men,—the Refuge would not be half so valuable as it is. Each makes it his business, not merely to see that the arrangements of the institution are properly carried out (and to do this alone occupies every morning and evening of their lives), but to become, as far as possible, thoroughly acquainted with the personal history of all the inmates. By their gratuitous aid children are restored to parents from whom they have been long estranged; girls whose one slip from the right path has never, through shame and humiliation, been recovered, are brought back; the honest worker against whom Fortune seems to have made a black mark, who has struggled manfully for a livelihood, and who, when just as he thinks he has gained a footing on the ladder, fails for want of some trifling help, is assisted; and all willing to gain their bread are placed into situations. Penny Banks; Night-Schools for children; Industrial Classes, in which the boys are taught to mend their own clothes and shoes; home visits to the sick poor; Bible-classes; connection with the City Mission,—all have been established by these enterprising men, and all are working with distinguished success. Our business, however, is accomplished. It was to see but the Destitute Poor of London in the home provided for them by thoughtful charity. We have seen how admirable and how efficacious are its arrangements; and we may conclude by strongly recommending it to the benevolence of all who would have their charity usefully and practically applied.

## London Poems.

### II. THE DEAD.

O City, that liest at rest  
 In the robe the snow-fairies have given,  
 With the graves of the dead on thy breast,  
 And the stars, like their Souls, up in heaven !  
 Sleep !—like the slumber called Death,  
 Not a sound, not a breath,  
 While I sing of the Dead in your keeping ;  
 Let me feel in your stillness to-night  
 The mute unapproachable might  
 Of the sleep they are sleeping !

O City, so husht, as in fear !  
 Asleep, with thy lives without number !  
 Each life little knoweth how near  
 To the secret of Death is its slumber ;  
 And each Soul proves the labour of life  
 Is divine in its strife,  
 Its patience, its pain, and its duty,  
 By clothing the Day dead and dumb  
 With the glory which ne'er seems to come,  
 The hopeful To-Morrow, called Beauty.

The Dead ! They are still as thy Heart,  
 This midnight of cold winter-weather,  
 Yet what are the Dead but a part  
 Of the goal not yet won altogether ?  
 Each life thou hast lost, thou the whole,  
 Is a step to that goal,—  
 Something won, something beautiful spoken ;  
 Each life had its labour to give  
 To the cause of the millions who live,  
 And thou keepest the dust as a token.

With the shades of the Dead as they flee  
 Your laws (which are Memory) lengthen—  
 E'en the suicide proveth in thee  
 A weakness his weakness will strengthen.  
 The Temple of Truth, born of breath,  
 Darkens on us from Death,  
 And our sleep is its sweeter reflection ;  
 For nothing is lost, great or small,  
 Without something well-gained to us all,  
 And our Dead are our steps to perfection.

The multitudes passing away  
 Toil up to the goal happy-hearted,  
 And the Day yet unborn is a Day  
 More fair than the Day just departed ;  
 We strain and we toil and we climb  
 Up the mountain of Time,  
 With Love the dark moments beguiling ;  
 From the womb to the tomb let us go,  
 For high on the mountain, we know,  
 Stands Labour transfigured and smiling.

The Dead ! They have laboured to show  
 Earth and Heaven a closer communion ;  
 We are nearer the Dead than we know,  
 And our sleep is the sign of the union ;  
 And we daily grow nearer our Dead  
 Who have laboured and fled,  
 The types of a duty completed !  
 Let us on—we shall join them at length,  
 Let us labour, for unto our strength  
 The labour before us is meted.

We labour together—'t is best ;  
 We slumber with Hope for a neighbour,  
 And slowly departing to rest  
 Find the infinite end of our labour ;  
 We toil in an infinite crowd,  
 And our toil is a cloud  
 The end of our pilgrimage screening—  
 But God, if His worshippers weep,  
 In the link of His death and their sleep  
 Hides hints of a beautiful meaning.

Sleep, City, and symbol the time  
 When our sleep bursts to lovely awaking,  
 When Death shows the Temple sublime  
 Our toil is unconsciously making !  
 Each is weak, each is small, each is vain,  
 In his pride and his pain,  
 But he leans on the rest if he falter ;  
 And if taken together we show  
 The work that must brighten and grow,  
 When the Dead are the stones of God's Altar !

## A Visit to the Iron-clad Ship.

THE birth-place of the *Warrior* is in the same land, or amphibious region, where the *Great Eastern* was reared in its mighty hulk. It is a strange country, where mud and water seem to be of much more value and importance than solid land; and the houses are all not only mere brick cabins, but they are dwarfed by the tall masts of ships that tower above every thing, and in the most impossible-looking situations. Here and there you see a ship, perfect as a model,—perhaps a Yankee barque,—with her slender sticks tapering high into the air and all her rigging as fine and neat as spider's work, mounted up far above the houses. She is in a dry-dock, to be made all tight and smooth for her next run across the Atlantic. Whichever way you look the eye falls upon forests of masts, with here and there a tall chimney sending out a curling line of dark smoke or white clouds of steam; and if you stop to listen when you land from the Blackwall railway, you hear on every side the sharp quick hammering of the riveters, the heavy thump of steam-hammers, with a general hum of hoarse voices, that tell at once of a very different occupation from those of the busy crowds who throng the Strand and Fleet Street. The people, too, are all of another kind; those that are not unmistakable sailors have the peculiar cut of men who deal with iron and steam and machinery. Their dress, from head to foot, is made for service; close fitting head-gear, short handy jackets, and no unnecessary outriggings,—nothing to hinder their passing between awful fly-wheels, the slightest brush from which would be certain death,—and generally of material that both repels the sparks from heated masses of metal and protects the wearer from the tremendous heat. There is something singularly attractive and interesting in these sons of Vulcan. They follow a perilous trade, and their familiarity with the great powers generally confers a kind of nobleness and independence of spirit, which, beyond their constant superiority of intelligence in their class, gives them the manner of an aristocracy of their own. It is impossible not to feel a great admiration for the engineer who drives an express train, with the lives of hundreds depending on his keen eye, his clear head, and steady arm; or for the sailor, cool, strong, and dauntless against the raging gale and merciless ocean. In these extreme emergencies we feel the value of such men. And these are the men who make and work our *Warriors* and *Black Princes*.

But we must hasten past the docks behind the railway-station,—where a magnificent old Indiaman lay alongside, sending his great bowsprit right over the roadway, and a tight little Dover mail-boat, looking wonderfully yacht-like, and fragile as a nautilus, yet a gallant and daring little vessel in any weather,—till we arrive at the office of the Thames Iron

ship-building Company. Here, while waiting in the ante-room, we had the opportunity of examining one of the armour-plates which had been fired at by 68-pounder round shot. It was a piece about two feet square, which had been struck by several shot, and broken completely into fragments; though none of the shot had actually pierced it, yet some had very nearly done so, and it was clear that had a second shot ever struck in the dent made, it must have gone quite through the plate. This, indeed, has occurred in practice at the targets.

Our party was now standing on the bank of what may be called Lea Creek, waiting to be ferried across in the workmen's boat. The *Warrior* was before us, lying in a side cut on the opposite bank, and her huge hull of iron, all painted red and covered with scaffoldings, rose up as high as a five or six storied house. Landed on the mud-banks, we passed through the timber-yard, where the men were squaring up the large ribs, or rather pectoral muscles, of teak, each nine inches thick, which are placed in two ranges, one across the other, to support the armour-plates; thus making eighteen inches of the strongest timber outside the iron skin of the ship. This wood cushioning, it is thought by some, will act as the man-at-arms' suit of buff did in deadening the blow upon the skin; but, on the other hand, it has been suggested that, according to the experiments made on wooden targets, a yielding material like wood has been the cause of more injury being effected by shot than if the armour-plates had been bolted on in immediate contact with the iron supports which would represent the ribs of a ship. Approaching the side of the ship, workmen are seen clinging on to her in almost every spot; some are carpenters at the ports, finishing the wood-work and fitting the ribs, but most are iron-workers; and the din of hammers is so loud that we are obliged to shout as if in a gale of wind. We creep along under the scaffoldings, over the mud every now and then, scared by a shout of "Below there!" when down comes a heavy rivet or bit of plate; so that it is not without certain casualties that this sort of work can be looked at even. But the men go on quite unconcerned, many of them seated all day on a wet plank close to the mud, pulling at the handle of a drill with the same kind of action that a rower uses: in this way the iron is pierced ~~for~~ the bolts when in its proper position. The immense stern-post is fastened on to the keel-plate by long arms of iron, extending about twelve feet on each side the keel, and then drilled and bolted on. But she has no regular keel as ordinary ships have; the ribs are fastened to a keel-plate which is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick; and to compensate for the want of a keel, and counteract rolling when afloat, long projecting flanges, called bilge-pieces, about a foot deep, are fixed along the bottom midway between her water-line and keel-piece. This is according to the design of the ship by the Surveyor of the Navy; and it should be understood that the *Warrior* is ~~entirely~~ built upon plans and drawings and calculations furnished by the ~~author~~ <sup>author</sup>; although I believe, on very many points, it has been found ~~to~~ <sup>ry</sup> to correct these, and we must not be too hard upon Sir Baldwin



Walker in his first experiment. Whether it was wise to follow the model of a floating battery in setting out the lines of a ship intended to be a fast frigate, capable of taking the sea in all weather, is a question. In my opinion, the bilge-pieces can never give that steadiness in a sea-way and handiness in steering that a keel does; they appear to have been an after-thought, as the best thing that could be done when it was too late to build the ship with a keel. This little mistake is much to be regretted, however, and not the less so as we know that the Emperor Napoleon's naval architect, M. Dupuy de Lôme, has adapted armour-plates to wooden ships which have a regular keel; and of these *La Gloire* is reported to possess very good qualities both in speed and sea-worthiness. This, however, as will presently be shown, there are some reasons for questioning.

But now let us stand under the stern of the ship, just where, when she's afloat and moving through the waves, her huge tail-fin will work like the flukes of a great whale, and force-on the vast leviathan of 9000 tons. Looking upwards at this stupendous piece of forge-work the stern-post, which goes right away to the upper deck, more than forty feet high, one is struck with the same kind of wonder as in viewing any of the grand effects of natural forces,—the upheaving of a mountain of slate or the twisting off of the largest forest-oaks as if they were green withies. How the hand of man could have been brought to bear upon such an enormous mass of the toughest iron! Steam and machinery have done it of course; but how to get these obedient forces to shape and model that enormous ring of metal near two feet thick, and to weld it on with the immense iron post that has its strong roots in the keel, and its branches above in the framing of the ship! Yet there it is, as neatly formed as the most delicate frame for a pair of spectacles. It took thirteen months of ceaseless forging to get this gigantic limb of the *Warrior* into shape. Night and day it was kept glowing in the furnace, and anxiously watched as it was lifted out slowly by steam-power and brought under the Nasmyth hammer, again to be returned to the fire, and so on until the Vulcanides completed their triumph. Some idea of the powerful mechanical appliances employed may be got when we learn that the weight of this piece of wrought iron is forty-three tons; and the success of the work is a capital instance of bold English enterprise, for it is the largest forging ever made. The stem is an almost equally fine piece of forge-work; it is more than twenty tons weight, and well shaped for cutting through the water. The forging of the enormous screw-shaft, which will have to work through the ring in the stern-post is another undertaking of scarcely less difficulty; though, as to this, at these works they seem to think no more of these huge screw-shafts than a poor turner does of his broom-handles; they lie about waiting to be shaved by the planing-machine, under the care of one man, who whistles and sings at his easy task, not at all like one who is wielding the power of some hundreds of horses.

It should be borne in mind that these iron stern-posts are a most important feature in the new men-of-war. The strain upon the wooden stern-

posts in some of our fastest and finest ships, like the *Orlando frigate*, for example, is so enormous, especially whenever the speed is forced at all, that the whole fabric of the ship trembles and shakes to such a degree, that the vessel would soon be rendered unfit for service; even the topmost spars feel the shake in these vessels of very great steam-power. \* Therefore, in modern naval warfare, as great steam-power—*grande vitesse*, as our neighbours have it—will be indispensable, we must have iron stern-posts, and no doubt also iron ships. Nothing else will stand the tremendous strain of the screw; and if ships-of-war are to be made shot-proof, the whole skeleton of the ship must be of iron as well as the muscles and skin. The Emperor Napoleon, it will be found, has a little over-reached himself, and perhaps hurried his able architect M. de Lôme, in converting his ten good wooden ships into cuirassed frigates à *grande vitesse*. Shot-proof they may be, but they can never stand the shake of the screw and remain weather-proof for any thing like the time that iron ships can. In my view of the matter, we shall see these *frigates blindées*, about which so much fuss has been made, laid up at Toulon and Cherbourg like our Gog and Magog at Guildhall, while M. de Lôme tries his hand at an iron ship on an improved model, after our *Warrior*. It is known, indeed, that extensive preparations have been started for constructing iron ships like the *Warrior*, so that our French friends are now the copyists.

Before going on board the ship, it should be noticed that her sides are as upright as the side of a house, and the line of port-holes not unlike eighteen square windows, about ten feet from the water-level. Thus she will, if she ever meets an antagonist, make a splendid target; every shot will be received in the best possible manner for penetration, and there will be no glancing off. This point in her form has been much and very justly objected to, partly because the sides are unnecessarily exposed, but chiefly because the great weight of the armour-plates, being thus carried at a disadvantage, will sway the ship from side to side in any thing like rough weather, and thus render her, not only very difficult to manage, but, in case of coming to blows, very inefficient in gunnery. Captain Ford, the superintending naval architect at this yard, has constructed a model for an iron ship in which the sides slope inwards from the water line, and thus the weight of the armour is brought to a nicer balance upon the centre of gravity of the ship. This appears to be a most important consideration in the building of these iron ships carrying armour on their sides. The Admiralty, with worthy Sir John Pakington at their head, went to work a little too much in hand-over-head style; there would have been nothing *infra dig.* in asking the advice of professed iron ship-builders before the *Warrior* was commenced; indeed, if two years ago they had only done so; the Russian Emperor has, given a *carte-blanche* to two or three of our great iron ship-builders, we should by this time have floated two iron frigates that could fight in any weather.

You may step through a port without much stooping, and so on to the main-deck. If a battle were raging, the scene could hardly be one of

more strife and noise; heavy blows resound on every side, and it requires rather a sharp look-out to avoid getting hit as you pass by some stalwart hammerer fighting with all his might against an obstinate bolt. Hoarse and angry shouts from the men are answered by shrill cries from the boys, who, armed with long pincers, rush madly past you with red-hot bolts, and take flying leaps over dark bottomless-looking abysses, like so many young imps. You look down these deep chasms, and the ship appears to be on fire in fifty places, and this gives the whole scene a strange character of wild and imposing fierceness and power; one feels that nothing but the terrible exigencies of war could call up such tremendous efforts, half demoniac in their energy.

Every thing on the fighting-deck of the *Warrior* is iron except a thin layer of wood laid over the iron, which forms the flooring; overhead are the great girders, made of Butterby's beam-iron, which span across the ship, and at the sides are the strong ribs. The space between decks is high enough to allow the tallest man to walk with his hat on without lowering his head, and a marine of the standard height might shoulder arms with fixed bayonets. This deck is completely shut off from the bows and stern of the ship by immensely strong iron bulkheads, and the parts beyond these are filled up with compartments formed like the tubular bridges. The object of these is to meet any injuries that may be done to this part of the ship, which is not invulnerable, the armour-plates being placed only as far as the fighting-deck extends. One naturally asks what is to become of the *Warrior* if the enemy should be so malicious as to give what, in pugilistic science, is called a foul hit—a blow below the belt. Achilles was conquered at last by a sly blow at his heel; if our *Warrior* were to be well peppered with round shot and shell in the tender parts,—if the vulnerable part of the stern were to be made the point for breaching,—the question is, whether the heavy stern-post would not tear itself away, and thus effectually cripple the ship. The reason given by the naval architects for not continuing the armour-plates all over the ship is, that if that were done, she would not sail; she would be like a horse weighted with his load on his head and his tail, and so, instead of mounting over the waves, she would probably prefer to duck under them. The defect is again an awkward one, and it will have to be mastered if iron ships-of-war are to form the navy. The protected part of the *Warrior*, then, is very little more than half the exposed surface of the sides, the total length being 420 feet; 214 feet of this space in length, and twenty-seven in depth, extending five feet below the water, represents the armour-covered part. The upper deck, which is fifty-eight feet broad, and substantially formed of iron plate three-eighths of an inch thick, covered with planking, is not consequently shot-proof.

The making of the armour-plates is quite as wonderful, simple as they look, as the framing of the ship. Iron of the best kind, it has now been decided, answers better than any kind of steel. It has often been

old how the French metal-workers had discovered some alloy of steel and another metal, the name of which was a great secret; this is now known to be all fudge, and the French armour-plates are simply made of the best iron procurable in France, and that very possibly is sent from our Staffordshire or Scotch furnaces. Cast iron would be of no avail against hot; therefore the metal is of the fibrous kind, obtained by drawing and rolling it out, by which means the crystallisation occurring during cooling is altered, and the metal gets the same strong properties which wire possesses. Enormous strength is obtained by rolling these into fagots of iron, as they may be called; and the best gun-barrels are made by coiling a long fagot upon a rod, and then welding the coils together: hence the name "twist," applied to the finest barrels and swords, such as those which come from Damascus and India.

Let us now enter the infernal regions, and see Vulcan forging the armour of Neptune. The first thing that attracts the eye is a huge wheel flying swiftly round half underground; it seemed to have no particular purpose as it went on and on, and one stood gazing in that state of fascination that any thing moving rapidly produces, wondering whether poor Ixion would turn up presently, and muttering the words of his fate—"se sequiturque fugitque"—to the tune of a mysterious kind of suppressed roaring, which seemed to come from below and made the ground vibrate continually. While lost in wonder as to what this wheel could be for, a deep loud voice behind shouts, in an uncommonly significant manner, "Look out there!" and our party is charged and scattered in no time by a handful of demonic-looking men, dragging a truck with a mass of red-hot iron hissing and glowing like a meteor. We were all standing upon one of the lines of rails along which this sort of volcanic transport service goes on night and day to the different furnaces, which are ranged about on every side. Nothing is more remarkable in going over great works of this kind than the way one mechanical power is brought to help another, until the accumulated result becomes developed in the completed design of some gigantic work, with which, in a direct manner, the hand of man has comparatively little to do, and which, indeed, it looks impossible it ever could have. Steam and the railway are doing wonderful things here with perfect ease and certainty, while in the days of the Pyramids it took thousands of slaves to put every single stone in its place. Three or four men stand at the furnaces (or ovens, as they look like); the chief-baker, a lusty fellow, opens the door and faces the fierce fire, armed with a large pair of tongs, with which he seizes and grapples with a lump of metal, turning it to see if it's well done on every side; his gang sway the chains of the strong crane overhead and get a firm grip on the mass, then to be swung on to the solid anvil, and kneaded into proper consistency, or perhaps shaped into some required by the steam-hammer, which titanic implement, again, is as manageable as a child's toy. To a commoner the scene is rather alarming at , when half a dozen of these Vulcanic batteries open fire, sending

their mimic shells and rockets about entirely regardless of broadcloth, and with no respect whatever for persons; the heat, too, is most scorching, and one is obliged to rush past the glaring mouths of the furnaces with shaded eyes, for none but the attendant salamanders could bear it.

The smaller lumps of metal that we saw being kneaded under the Nasmyth are thrown on the ground, and lie there in heaps like huge raisins from the vineyard of Brobdignag, and with just such a beautiful bloom upon them: the workmen seem to have caught this idea, too, for in this state the iron is always spoken of by them as "bloom." These pieces are next beaten together into lengths, and these again into still larger pieces, until at last the whole enormous plate of armour is got together—15 feet long, 3 feet wide, and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick. In this condition you may see long ranks, packed on their edges like cards, waiting to be taken into the planing room.

Planing and sawing of wood by steam-power, as it goes on at Chatham dockyard, for instance, gives one some idea of the facility with which these processes now supply the place of many hands. The largest baulks of the hardest oak are ripped up without the least difficulty, so regularly and easily as scarcely to occupy the attention of the workman who tends the machine. In many of the great iron-works of the North iron is treated in the same way, and you may see large pieces cut up into slices for cog-wheels just with the same ease as a cook cuts up her carrots for a haricot. But the planing of such enormous masses as the screw-shafts of the largest ships, which require to be as true and smooth as watch-work, and these armour-plates, is a matter for which only a few factories possess the appliances. The machine which we are now supposed to be watching operates on two of the great armour-plates at once. They are placed edgewise upon a sliding bed, and being firmly fixed in front of the chisel, which is fixed in the frame of the machine, the steam-power is turned on, and the two plates begin to move slowly but irresistibly against the cutter; the workman merely stands by, seeing that a little soap-and-water trickles upon the metal to keep it cool, otherwise the tremendous friction would heat and soften his chisel, and render the process ineffective. The tough metal curls up before the tool in thick shavings, which come off as if the mass were nothing but a square of soap; but if you try to bend these shavings, you find it beyond the strength of your little hands. Sometimes the shaving is as thin as writing-paper and bright as silver, curling up like a lady's ringlet in the most fantastic shapes. This shows the excellence of the iron; bad metal would break off, and look dull in colour. Besides planing the edges flat, a deep groove is cut into them, to receive a corresponding slip of metal called a tongue. This is a recent improvement upon the armour-plating, and it is found to give a very important increase of strength, as well as preventing the cockling up of the ends or sides of plates when struck by heavy shot. It was found, in practice at the target, that if a plate was struck at one end, the opposite end was acted upon by a leverage of the plate itself,

and was thus displaced. This system has not been followed in fitting the armour-plates on the *Gloire* and *Normandie* French frigates; and the requisite machinery for doing it is as yet a little beyond the skill of our rivals in iron ship-building. According to the account given by Mr. Hussey Vivian, the armour-plates of the *Gloire* are very much smaller than any used for the *Warrior*, and they vary in size from 4 feet long by 1 foot wide, mere strips, to 5 feet by 2 feet 9 in., and larger. But this may be no more correct than his statement—which, by the way, is most of it hearsay—that the plates were of very superior iron, and six inches thick; a statement contradicted as soon as it appeared by Mr. Scott Russell, the builder of the *Great Eastern*, and an intimate friend of the Emperor's naval architect, M. de Lôme, who tells us they are the same thickness as ours, which we have just described, and simply of the best iron made in France, which is a very different thing. No doubt one of the reasons for using small plates was the difficulty in bending them to fit the different segments of the curved side of the ship; and this will occupy the skill of our iron-workers when the large slabs have to be fitted to the sides of the *Warrior*, a process which, taken in connection with the grooving and tonguing of one plate with another, will be a matter of considerable difficulty. This is reserved until after the ship has been launched.

When first the *Warrior* was contemplated, it was decided that she should have a sharp and strong iron prow, so as to be able to act as a steam "ram"—*belier à vapeur*, as the French translate it. This merciless expedient, however, has been abandoned, and the stem and cut-water of the *Warrior*, though strong and sharp, is not made for playing the old game of joust. Close by the *Warrior's* territory, however, a "ram" is being built, on the Isle of Dogs, like the *Warrior*, but smaller and much shorter, with the big head and beak, named already the *Resistance*.

Great speed, next to impenetrable armour, is the point in which we may expect to see astonishing results with iron ships. The *Gloire* can do thirteen knots; and, being a wooden ship, her lines have been easily modelled upon those which give such excellent qualities to the *Napoléon* and the *Algésiras* of the French navy. It is very questionable whether the *Warrior*, without any keel and with her long bilge-pieces, can be worked through the water at this speed, even with her two engines of 1250 horse-power, which is 250 more than the *Gloire*. The weight of the *Warrior*, rigged and fully equipped for service, with 1000 tons of coal, is nicely calculated at 8800 tons, drawing twenty-four feet aft; the *Gloire's* displacement is stated to be between 5000 and 6000 tons. The displacement of the *Marlborough*, 131, is 5400 tons, and her engines 30 horse-power; the *Duke of Wellington*, the *Howe*, the *Victoria*, the *Prince of Wales*, are all ships of this size, with engines of from 800 to 300 horse-power.

The *Warrior* is to be rigged as an eighty-gun ship; while the *Gloire*

is what is called a fore-and-aft-rigged vessel, with short masts, gaffs, and booms, with the means of setting a square sail, if required. Very great advantage in lightness is thus obtained, by dispensing with many heavy masts and spars, which tend much to oppose the passage of the ship through the air as well as the water. This is one of the points of importance which have been overlooked in designing the *Warrior*; but possibly it is not too late to change her rig into the lighter form. It is indispensable that a steam-ship should be able to sail, as we have just seen in the passage of the *Ariadne* and *Hero* across the Atlantic; for if we suppose the *Warrior* caught in a fog, her week's coal consumed, and waited upon by an enemy having a reserve of coal,\* she must inevitably be taken at a disadvantage, unless she could manœuvre to some extent under canvas. And this is another reason why greater attention should be paid to constructing iron armour-ships, not merely as impregnable batteries, but as thoroughly good sea-boats; and there appears to be no obstacle whatever to prevent their being made as fine models as the fastest frigates in the service. There are at least half a dozen yards that could turn out iron ships of this kind.

The reader has probably by this time learnt enough of the iron-ship question to agree in the decision which has been reported as that come to by the Board of Admiralty, viz. that the *Warrior*, and, of course, her sister-ship the *Black Prince*, are not all that could be wished, though they may turn out better sea-boats than is generally anticipated. In returning home, however, from our visit to the *Warrior*, it is natural that we should be chatting about the prospects for future iron men-o'-war. Jack makes a struggle, no doubt, at Whitehall, when asked to give up his trim-built frigate, with which all the glories of the service, all the traditional feats of arms that form the splendid yarns of fore-castle and gun-room, are associated. The age of chivalry for the navy is fled, indeed, when young England's sea-captains talk loudly of going to sea with a ship-load of Martello towers,—when the first question a man will be asked on his appointment to a ship will be, How many cupolas does she carry? The end of it all will be, that the guns will be worked by machinery from below, the whole crew being safe out of harm's way, full fathom five under water; and the gallant captain will be taking his sights of the enemy, either snugly ensconced in his bomb-proof cupola, or perhaps even lying on his air-cushion below, peering through a reflecting telescope, and whispering bland suggestions to his officers through a well-laid series of speaking tubes. As to manœuvring, chasing, getting the

\* Coaling is another great difficulty in steam-warfare. In the French navy compressed artificial fuel has been introduced, with what particular advantages we are not informed; but it would seem that, both as regards stowage and the production of greater heat, some form of fuel might be discovered which would enable a steam-ship to extend her week's limit of steam-power. From 100 to 150 tons per day is an enormous consumption; and yet we cannot suppose the steam navy is behind our railways in taking every advantage obtainable by superheated steam and the smoke-burning apparatus.

weather-gauge, carrying on, going aloft reefing top-gallant sails, and a hundred other things that form the charm of a seaman's life,—all these will be confined to that delectable service, the suppression of the slave-trade. To say that any one who ever felt the glorious excitement of being on board a well-handled ship in a stiff breeze, even without the additional seasoning of a shot now and then flying through the rigging, can regard these "vast improvements" without a regret, would be saying very little for his sympathies with a splendid service, a noble life, and as fine a set of fellows as ever breathed. It is indeed a pity that the representative British Tar is a race doomed to become extinct; but that this will come to pass in proportion as ships of war are turned into floating fortresses, and the charm of danger banished, we must expect. Alas, that civilisation demands the sacrifice of our ancient pet!

It is sincerely to be hoped, whatever may be the discoveries of scientific naval architecture in iron, and of gunnery, that our men-o'-war will still be constructed to look as much as possible like ships. It is not to be supposed for a moment that our high-spirited youth of the aristocracy, and our race of seamen born on the shores of the island home, take to the sea for the sake of the fighting; that they would practise a profession of butchery and destruction from behind iron walls, living every day in a casemated black-hole, and taking so much a day of fresh air on the roof. Those who know any thing of sailors must see the charm of the life which animates them; and it is only surprising that any who confess their sympathy for the profession should be advocating the construction of engines (they cannot be called ships) devoted to all the grossness and barbarity of war, while they are deprived of every thing attractive to the sailor.

Let the new iron frigates be as invulnerable as iron and mechanical skill can make them, and let us, by all means, have a fleet of them ready without delay to match any that can be brought into the sea from other shores. But let them be ships that officers and men can take a pride in, as they ever have; let them still look smart, sail well, and steam well; as to the fighting, that's safe enough to be well done in any case.

R.



## Travels in the County of Middlesex,

WITH SHORT NOTICES OF THE ADJOINING PROVINCES.

### II.

FROM THE "KING'S ARMS," KENSINGTON, TO KEW BRIDGE.

THIS was a day of evil omens. It began as badly as a novel in penny numbers. I cut myself in shaving, and went forth into the open air with a slice in my cheek as though I was Walter Scott's *Le Balafré*. Then I proceeded to have my hair cut; and the hairdresser, a timid youth, who complained that "parties did scold him so, which, cut it long or cut it short, you can never please them," would not take off a sufficient quantity of my flowing locks. Among the little miseries of human life, there is none so galling and so sure to make you lose your temper as having your hair cut clumsily. How you rage and fume over the short ends and the long ends, and the parting which is not so symmetrical as that which was before! The timid hairdresser, goaded perhaps by stern commercial edicts promulgated by his principal, strove to sell me pom-mades and hair-washes with strange names,—graftings of spurious Greek and Latin. I would have none of them, and trying to be savagely sarcastic, asked him, "had he not better cut my hair with a knife and fork?" It is so easy to bully a barber; but how if, in a fit of resentment, he were to turn round upon you and snip off one of the lobes of your ears with his sharp scissors? All you ladies and gentlemen who are given to the use of harsh language towards those who arrange your tresses, remember the story of the Russian princess, who, at the toilet-table, called her lady's-maid by naughty names. How did that vindictive chambermaid retaliate? She was brushing her Highness's "back hair" at the time. She seized the said back hair with vigorous twisting grasp in one hand; with the other, armed with vengeful hair-brush (Atkinson's best, with, probably, the Princess's arms engraven on the ivory back), she did so belabour the cheeks of her foe, that her Highness howled again. And this I read in a book published by Mr. Murray, and am not in the least responsible for the truth of the story.

I say the day was one of evil omen. The haruspices were unpropitious; for my egg at breakfast was of ancient date and musty flavour. I went out to travel in Middlesex in a huff. Ere I had advanced twenty paces I passed an Enemy sitting comfortably, the rogue! on the knife-board of an omnibus. Ah, brother Enemy, had I the stuffing of that cushioned knife-board, assuredly I would warm it and thee with the sprightly nettle and the lively thorn. On my word! I declare that my travels had not extended three-quarters of a mile ere I had met five people with black eyes—artificially produced, I mean, and not black with reference to the natural hue of the orbs. Where and how do people get "

these black eyes? To be sure, it was the second day of the week; and many domestic accounts are settled between Saturday night and Monday morning. Some of the black eyes were recent, others were dying dolphinhued. They did not all belong to the middle classes; one was in quite a respectable walk in life, to judge from the apparel of its possessor; one was carried by a widow in full weeds: now whoever could give a widow a black-eye? and another, woe is me! was carried by a little child not five years old. Whence came these black-eyes? and to think on the strange excuses people give for having them,—falling up-stairs and down-stairs, running against lump-posts, doors, edges of tables, concussion by soda-water corks, cricket-balls, hats knocked off! and never the cruel, cowardly blow. I knew a person once who accounted for a couple of black-eyes—"a mouser" I believe the duality is termed—by saying that it was "the weather."

On this evil-omened day I met all the fearfullest beggars in London. The hobbling female mass of rags, who walks with two sticks and is bent double. The truncated cripple, who by means of thongs like flat-irons wiggles himself along the pavement in a trencher resembling a wooden slop-basin. The blind man who is said to have fallen into a lime-pit, and so burnt his eyes out; the albino children; the liver-coloured lascar in dirty white calico, with his lugubrious tom-tom; the sickly dwarf who plays the accordion; the ragged soldier with his knees showing through his trousers. All these sailed upon the street, and mopped and mowed for alms. I have a strange fancy that the beadle at the Burlington Arcade does not like me; that some day I shall have to carry a bundle, and that he will refuse to allow me to pass through the aristocratic avenue. I am certain that he frowned at me this morning of evil augury. Perhaps I frowned at him. It is very frequently because you dislike people that you imagine they dislike you. I grew more nervously and gloomily despondent as, preparatory to another day's travel westward, I journeyed eastward. What, I thought, if the sentry at the War-Office, rendered desperate by perpetual walking to and fro, were to go mad and shoot me? I became certain that the one-armed pensioner at the Junior United Service Club would ask for references and a cash-deposit before he consented to carry a parcel for me. I was equally certain that a Hansom cabman pursued me from Cock-pur Street to Morley's Hotel, with the full determination of running over me. His horse was tall and vicious, and glared at me, and high behind him loomed the driver—a fiery-faced driver with a red head, a low-crowned hat, and a squint, who glared too. Of course, when I came to set my watch by the electric-telegraph clock at Hungerford my horologe had stopped, and I had left the key at home. A corn I had not felt for ten years began to shoot frightfully about this time. A dog ran between my legs. What would a consequence, I asked myself, if I were to tear my hair, beat my t, and yell out in the open Strand that I was profoundly miserable? I was but nervous. So I went into a chemist's shop and had some

chloric ether, and felt better; although it would have capped the omens of the morning had the chemist's assistant made a mistake and given me Scheele's preparation instead.

I need scarcely say that when I reached the chambers where I brood over the interest of *Temple Bar*, I found only intensely disagreeable letters awaiting me. The gas had called also, and the coals; and I had scarcely sat down ere a modest rat-tat announced the neatly-clad middle-aged lady, who only wants five shillings to make up a sufficient sum to purchase an annuity for her grandmother, robbed of her all by a fraudulent trustee. I thought, when the middle-aged lady had departed, what a much easier life it would be to turn begging-letter writer than to write in books and magazines and newspapers. One soon gets accustomed to refusal—in begging; and ah, how sweet must be the crown received from the easy dupe who asks no questions! Thus musing, I turned to my letters. Need I remark that there was the usual abusive one; likewise the four sheets full of confidential advice—a monthly summary of the debates in the Common Council would make the fortune of *Temple Bar*, writes one adviser; the usual anonymous stab in a feigned hand imitating print, and this time warning me that attempts were being made to injure me in Yorkshire. Yorkshire! why I was never there but once, and spent then the happiest time I ever knew. I bade the letters go hang, and turned to a Scotch newspaper, neatly tied up with green cord, which a kind friend had sent me, carefully marking in red ink a column of coarse and rabid abuse of *Temple Bar* and its conductor. Bless my kind friend! and who shall say that Charity is dead! The Scotch newspaper put me in a good temper at once; and I thanked goodness, I hope not pharisaically, that I wished no man in the world so ill as to do him this turn. What manner of North Briton could this be, I pondered, who for a penny wage—a cruise of oatmeal and a pinch of sulphur perchance—could sit down and write foul lies and calumny about a man who never did him any harm, and whom most probably he never saw. 'Tis an old Scotch proverb, I believe, that you had best hit a man with a frying-pan; for, if you don't hurt him, you can at least blacken him. I admired my friend in the north, brandishing his frying-pan, while I laughed and yet grew testy at being begrimed. But go thy ways, *Scotsman*. I wish thee a pair of trousers, and no worse.

And so, quite merrily, I locked my outer portals, and came, *remis atque velis*—by a cab and a river steamer—to the King's Arms, Kensington. It was metamorphosed, and I scarcely knew it. A rare old house in days gone by, and full of famous historic memories, the which I beg you take notice, once for all, I do *not* intend to descant upon. I leave the Kensington of history and antiquarianism to its proper recorders. There is positively nothing to add, as to the picturesque, to Leigh Hunt's *Old Court Suburb*; and it would be impertinent for me to antiquarianise in emulation, as it would be meanly dishonest to use his pleasant facts and traditions as bases for my attempt.

Thus I will have positively nothing to do with William III. and the "little gentleman in black velvet," as the mole-hill over which his horse stumbled, to the breaking of his, the king's, collar-bone, was affectionately named and toasted by the Jacobites. I leave Queen Anne and the Georges in their coaches-and-eight, à *qui de droit*; and as for the Kensington of fiction, what can compare with the descriptions in *Esmond*? Travelling in Middlesex, I looked at Kensington simply with my dull, literal, and it may be vacant eyes. Is it my fault that they cannot soar empyreanwards, and gaze, like the eagle's, at the sun? It is my province, and ever will be, simply to describe common things, and, in describing them, to strive and give utterance to the thoughts their remembrance awakens. So I confess that I did not "loungè" through Kensington, but plodded. I did cast a wistful glance at the Palace Gardens ere I started from the King's Arms. I should have liked to wander down the grand old avenues of trees, and look upon the ugly red-brick palace, and think upon the time when the kind old Duke of Sussex, with his black silk skull-cap, sat in his cosy library at Kensington; the palace where a timid little girl, they called the Princess Victoria, lived there with her mama,—lived there until she became Queen; and when her first burst of grief at the death of her "uncle-king" had subsided, asked—commanded rather—that the attendants should bring her "a cup of green tea and the *Times* newspaper," two things whose enjoyment, as hurtful to her nerves and the integrity of her political sentiments, had hitherto been rigorously denied her by her pastors and masters.

Not even Kensington Palace and Gardens were for me this morning, and I proceeded up the High Street. I suddenly paused, puzzled. I had no guide-book with me, and have no accurate bearings in topography. Whereabouts was that huge red-brick mansion called Kensington House? It was but a moment since that I passed it, and shuddered. It is a madhouse, I believe. There is a grim notice on one of the door-jambs, "Visitors, ring and enter," with reference, I presume, to the trim gravel walk leading up to the handsome doorway. Yes; but how many visitors inside may ring and not go out? I only mentioned the madhouse, which is an ugly topic, and one on which I do not care to dwell, for the reason that this solid, red-brick, stone-dressed structure is, to my mind, dimly but still inextricably connected with a house with which I became acquainted in my earliest childhood—a house as large, as red, and as solid, and situated, I think, in Kensington, but where I have no exact notion. How many years ago was it? I do not know. I think the cholera was decimating London. That must have been in 1832. Yet I have an indistinct idea that George IV. had just been buried. That must have been in 1830. Yet his majesty, the finest gentleman in Europe, couldn't have been buried in a yellow hackney-coach—the object most connected in my mind with his obsequies. Of one thing I am certain: that about that time I saw my first ghost, or rather ghosts, for there were two of them. I slept alone in an upper chamber of a house in a great London

street. My mother was a singer, and frequently visited the mansions of the nobility and gentry to amuse them with her vocal talents. She used to come up radiant in evening dress, and kiss me when I was in bed; and then my nurse, who ought to have talked, or sung, or story-told me to sleep, invariably went down-stairs to pursue her courtship with a splendid warrior, all scarlet and gold, who, I firmly believe to this day, was the black man in the Coldstream Guards who played the cymbals. Not being sung or spoken to, I cried myself to sleep instead, habitually. I would wake up and tremble at the great shadows cast by the gas-lamps in the street on the ceiling of my room, and between the tears and the shadows I saw the ghosts I speak of. Two Brothers, and drowned. That is all I know about them. Two brothers, who did not stand at my bed's-foot, as ghosts should do, but walked across the counterpane and my beating heart, and let every hair of my flesh know that they were brothers, and had been drowned. Then the ghosts, the gas-lamps, and my nurse with her red-and-gold black man, all faded into a great red-brick house at Kensington; and I was taken to see Mrs. Doll Thomas. The oddest thing was, that Mrs. Doll Thomas was herself very nearly black; and I remember that my nurse, who was notoriously *amourachée* of a nigger, used to speak of her with contempt as a "mulatto woman." The house at Kensington was not Mrs. Doll Thomas's. She only lived there; and I think the mansion itself was, at that time, not a madhouse, but a ladies' school. Mrs. Doll Thomas boarded and lodged there. I remember a vast pair of globes, a tremendous backboard of green baize with gilt nails, on which a young West-Indian lady, Miss Vandersomething, who was given to the heinous sin of stooping, lay stretched whenever I went to see Mrs. Doll Thomas. Is she dead now? Is she a matronly brunette with a tribe of children? and am I betraying confidence when I state that there was an accusation current against her among the young ladies at the red-brick house, that she, being a great heiress, used to pay the little girls twopence per quarter of an hour to get under the table, while the lessons were being studied in the evening, and scratch her chilblains for her. Lazy Miss Vandersomething! Mrs. Doll Thomas was quite as lazy; she was a fat, old woman, quite yellow, and covered, so far as I can remember her, with gold and jewels. I am sorry to say that Mrs. Doll Thomas swore, and usually addressed her sable handmaiden as "yeu tam nigger you." I regret to record such an expression on the part of a lady, and a wealthy lady, too; but Mrs. Doll Thomas did say "tam" very often. She had plenty of "niggers," female, about her; and these damsels, with coloured pocket-handkerchiefs tied round their black heads, used to sit shivering on the stairs of the red-brick house, and cry to be sent back to their own country. And yet those were days when the horrors of African slavery were most vehemently talked of. It was Mrs. Doll Thomas's custom to stuff me with tamarinds, preserved ginger, yams, and guava jelly. I think on my third or fourth birthday she made me a present of a parcel of Guianian peggalls,

calabashes, clubs, tomahawks stained with human gore, poisoned arrows, and similar agreeable toys; but as I was deemed too young to play with them, they were sent, so far as my memory will serve, to the British Museum. Was it to myself, or to my brother, or to my mother, that Mrs. Doll Thomas was to leave all her vast wealth? I know she never left me a penny; and I think that I remember hearing of her going back to Demerara in a fit of pique, liberating her slaves by way of punishment, and bequeathing all her money to some twenty-five uncles and aunts I have the honour to possess in British Guiana. But while she was at Kensington I was free of the great red-brick house. I remember the lady-superintendent, an awful functionary, called simply a "schoolmistress" in those rude days. I remember the French dancing-master,—a marquis, they said,—and a little bald-headed gentleman in a blue coat and brass buttons, who taught writing, arithmetic, geography, and the use of the globes. I remember taking tea with the young ladies; and I don't think I am in error when I say that the pupils were so numerous as to necessitate the handing about of the bread-and-butter in a middling-sized clothes-basket. When was it, between these tea-parties, that somebody said that Mr. Parkes was lying dead up-stairs, and that it was "a happy release"? Who was Mr. Parkes? He was paralysed too, they whispered, and had been so for years. Was he any relation of the lady-superintendent? It matters little. Kensington, red-brick house,—school then, madhouse now, as it may have been, or may be, and for all I can with certainty tell, it might have stood in quite another quarter of Kensington,—Mrs. Doll Thomas, Mr. Parkes, and Miss Vandersomething stretched on the back-board, all faded away into blackest night, and I was Blind.

As I slowly rummaged the chambers of my brain to collect these waifs and strays of a child's memory, I found that I had walked right out of Kensington town, and was close to the golden gates of Holland House. I shook my head, and passed on. I had nothing to say to or of it. "What!" the incredulous reader will exclaim, "nothing about Joseph Addison stealing away, henpecked by the Countess of Warwick, to the tavern, and taking his bottle there in comfort and peace, in the society of old friends or chance acquaintances; for both are welcome to a henpecked man? Nothing about his summoning the young Earl of Warwick to his death-bedside, and bidding him see how a Christian could die? Nothing of Charles Fox, and the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, and Lord Holland's raising a bust to Napoleon, then at St. Helena, in his park,—or was it elsewhere?—tell me, Peter Cunningham, learned and amiable and humorous, and, come what may, best of good fellows,—with this inscription, "The godlike Odysseus is not dead: he is detained in a strange country by barbarous men,"—or words to that effect? Nothing, upon my word. It has all been done, and done too well for me to do again. The only acquaintance I have with this place is gleaned from having once attended a Scottish *fête* in Holland Park, where some sham Highlanders—I thought them sham—tossed the caber, and threw

the hammer, and put the stone; and sergeants of the Life Guards effected the "severisation of the leg of mutton," and performed the "Salâdin feat," to the wonder and applause of a mob of fashionables and Cockneys. So, having nothing to say, I passed the golden gates with their armorial bearings, and regretted that I did not know where Little Holland House was. A marshal of France once ordered his troops to fire a royal salute as they passed the famous vineyard called the Clos Vougeot, in honour of the grand wine produced there. It would surely be no impertinence, if in passing Little Holland House,—if I only knew where it was,—I were to take off my hat to Alfred Tennyson.

I want to know the meaning of that hideous Irish colony, an avenue to which spumes forth upon the High Street of Kensington, through which I have just passed. Who is responsible,—landlords, police, parish authorities,—for the existence of this intolerable eyesore, this unnatural transplantation of Church Lane, St. Giles's, to the "Old Court Suburb"? Why do these horrible Irish children paddle about with bare feet? There is no use in saying that they have not got shoes and stockings. Their parents have money enough to purchase them. The Irish are almost always in work. They earn decent wages. They could wear shoes and stockings, if they liked. There are English people ten times more pauperised than they who go shod. I know the English poor, and have lived among them, and been of them; and I know to what intolerable straits, to what unspeakable depths of destitution they must be reduced, before they will cast a shoe into the kennel. So long as sole and upper-leather will hold, or can be tied together, they will abide by the shoe; but the Irish begin barefoot and end barefoot. Naked feet mean savagery, mean disdain of common decency, mean drunkenness and faction-fights, and pouring kettles full of hot water over Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, who has just smoothed Mr. O'Leary's head with the smooth end of a poker, for cutting open Miss Macshane's head with a tailor's goose. There will be no hope for the Irish until the people wear shoes and stockings. The government of George II. put down Highland Jacobitism by prohibiting, under penalties, the wearing of the kilt, and enforcing the use of galligaskins. I am sure that something might be done if an Act were passed making it penal for Irish people to go barefoot. "Ah, the wretch!" I hear Celtic critics exclaim, "where are the poor oppressed creatures to get shoes and stockings from?" All I know is, that the poorest Irish can save money enough to emigrate to the United States, and that a portion of their earnings would be much better laid out in purchasing coverings for their feet.

What is the meaning of this railway-station, converted into a coal-station, at Kensington, and which once belonged to the "Thames-Junction Railway"? Great Westerns, Northern, South-Easterns, Chathams, and Dovers, I have heard of; but where begins, and where finishes this phantom line? I stood before it wondering. The station is just at the boundary of the parishes of Hammersmith and Kensington. It is said to pass

through Lord Holland's lands, to divide Counter's Creek, to cross the Hammersmith Road, to pass the west end of Kensington Crescent, and to terminate in the basin of the Kensington Canal. But I can see nothing but a coal-factor's counting-house. I peep by one side and discern a nursery-ground; on the other, and my eyes light on bricks and scaffold-poles, and houses that are a-building. Somewhere down there, to the rear, may be the railway which was to regenerate London.

Yes, to regenerate it. I have before me maps and newspaper puffs and glowing prospectuses of one-and-twenty years ago. There was to be a commodious passenger-station where I am now standing, for the benefit of the inhabitants of Kensington, Hammersmith, and Chelsea, who were to be taken per line of old Paddington canal on to the Great Western railway, and so to Bath, Birmingham, Bristol—"any where, any where, out of the world." It was the "declared intention" of the promoters of this defunct scheme to extend the railway from the now coal-factor's counting-house to Knightsbridge Green;—that old little triangle of blackened herbage just by Sloane Street, encircled by railings much wrenched by boys and felonious metallurgists, decorated moreover with a watchbox covered with cabalistic inscriptions, and sometimes, if I mistake not, with a fire-escape, and which is said by some to have been in ancient times the real village-green, where ducks quacked and geese hissed, and the village lads and lasses—so merrily, ah—sounded their tabors, and joined in rustic dances,—for Knightsbridge was actually a village once, and consumptive citizens used to journey thither for their health,—and by others to have been a plague-pit, where were buried many hundred victims of the great pestilence of 1665. Not a good look out this, in moist and muggy weather, for the dwellers in Sloane Street. What more the Thames-Junction Railway was to do is inscribed in the glowing prospectuses, quite yellow and tattered now, and legendary in their statement as Mr. Oxenford's account of the Kalewala. It was to extend by a bridge southward across the Thames, and join the Southampton Railway in Battersea fields. It was to be further extended to Croydon, and "unite with the Brighton and Dover lines," except where there is a difference in the width of the rails, and then it will only be necessary to step from one carriage to another." In this easy and cavalier fashion does the prospectus-concocter dispose of the question which was so soon to lead to that mighty battle of the gauges, and that "stepping from one carriage to another" which used to take place when the gauge changed at Gloucester, and which was about the nearest approach to a railway pandemonium broke loose, and the confusion of tongues at the building of Babel, that ever human imagination could conceive. I presume that the Thames-Junction Railway is no more. What has become of its directors and its shareholders, its stokers, and its pokers? I think that in the early days of *Punch* the wags of that facetious publication, and some of whom dwelt about Hammersmith and Shepherd's Bush, used to make the "Kensington Railway" a standing butt for cheerful sarcasm. I re-



member a description of one human passenger who entered the station, before it was a coal-office, and insisted on being carried to Paddington, Wormholt Scrubbs, Birmingham, Bristol, or elsewhere. The excitement caused by his demand is described as astounding. Sundry hens and chickens were driven out of an engine and tender where they had been roosting; a scuttleful of coals was borrowed from the nearest tavern to feed the furnace-fire withal. Water was laid on lustily from a neighbouring pump; the engine-driver was dragged from a barber's-shop, where he had assumed the tonsorial profession; a stoker was found sitting by a tap-room fire; an old man from the workhouse was impressed as guard. The station clerk—there had always been a clerk—did not know exactly how much to charge the passenger, but asked eleven-and-fourpence. At last every thing was ready and the train started; but what became of it or of the passenger no human tongue could ever tell. Peace to the manes of a dead speculation. Farewell, O Thames-Junction Railway, I said, turning towards Hammersmith.

Hammersmith is in the manor of Fulham, and was or is a fief of Archibald Campbell London. Would you like to know that it was granted to Bishop Erkenwald and his successors, about the year 691, by Tyrtillus, a bishop, with the consent of Sigehard, king of the East Saxons, and Coenred, king of the Mercians?—“*Huic latifundia in loco qui dicitur Fulanham,*” &c. &c.; and that it has been held ever since by the proud prelates of the metropolitan see. Is it expedient for you to know that in Domesday survey the bishop had in his manor of Fulham forty hides, thirteen “villeins” of one “virgate,” and thirty-four villeins of half a virgate each; meadow pasture, water privilege, “pannage” for one thousand hogs, and seventeen pence? The annual value of the whole manor was forty pounds. I wonder what the right reverend income amounts to now? Will it avail me aught if I tell you that Roger de Hovenden more than implies that Hammersmith was once an island; that, A.D. 879, the “Pugans,” coming from Cirencester, wintered at the “Isle of Hame:” “*Novus Paganorum exercitus in Angliam venit mansit in Fullanham juxta fluvium Tamesie*”? No; you do not appreciate this information. Let me quit the dark ages, and come to times more modern. In 1642, at the beginning of the civil wars, King Charles's army having marched upon Brentford, the stout Earl of Essex and the Parliamentarians marched on Hammersmith and Turnham Green; 24,000 stout and gallant men were there collected. Essex rode from regiment to regiment to encourage them, and the soldiers threw up their caps, and cried “Hey for Old Robin!” The wives of the City Train-bands came out in great numbers, and sent many cart-loads of wine, provisions, and other good things, with which they refreshed and made merry, until they heard that King Charles and his entire force had retreated. Then, with much outcry and jubilation, they marched back to Ludgate and Chepe again.

In 1647, Cromwell having his head-quarters at Putney, the diurnals speak of there being “agitators at Hammersmith.” On the 15th of

August, in the same year, Great Oliver left his lodgings at Isleworth, and took up his abode at Hammersmith. Fairfax, too, had his headquarters at the house of the famous Sir Nicholas Crispe. There is a misty story told of his sojourn here in the "Perfect occurrences" of 1647, setting forth how "A cooke is in custody of the marshall, known to be a shifter, and one that lives by shirking; he had, about a fortnight since, used the Lady Crispe's name to his Excellency, to invite him to dinner at Hammersmith with the lady, and used Sir Nicholas his name to his lady for the house. It is said the engagement was by some of France, yet such audacious fellows deserve to be made examples; he pretended to show his skill with small costs; a poor excuse for so great a contempt. This youth is one of Melancholicus', the mad priest's disciples." I confess that I can't exactly discover the gist of the offence for which the "shifter who lived by shirking," and disciple of "Melancholicus the mad priest," got into trouble for, and for which, poor devil, he was doubtless soundly swung by the provost-marshal.

The gentlemen officers of the Parliamentary army who were quartered at Lord Mulgrave's seat, Butterwick House, amused themselves by destroying his lordship's furniture and crockery, and afterwards by smashing the painted windows and defacing the ornaments in Hammersmith church. During the Protectorate, and towards its close, the notorious Miles Syndercomb, the Fieschi of 1657, took, in conjunction with one Toope, a house at Hammersmith for the purpose of shooting from its windows at the Protector as he journeyed to Hampton Court in his coach. For the remainder of the events of historical moment connected with Hammersmith, I must refer you to the learned Lysons, and the erudite but not accurate Faulkener. A gloss on the history of the parish, and a very significant one too, will be found in the annals of the bell-ringing achievements of the "youths" attached to the church. In the parish-books are entries of payments to "ringers" on Gunpowder-Treason day, 1656; on "Queen Elizabeth's day" in 1681; on a "Thanksgiving day for the routing of the rebels in the west" (1685); on "James the Second's birthday," 1685; on "Queen Mary's birthday"—Mary of Modena or Mary the heretic burner? (1687); "when the King dined at Hammersmith" (1687); "when the Prince of Orange came to London" (1688); "when the Princess Ann was brought to bed" (1689); "when Prince Eugene beat the French" (1702); "for the taking of Vigo" (1705); "for the towns surrendering in Flanders" (1706). And thus we go on through the reigns of the Georges, ringing for births, and accessions, and coronations, till we come to a merry peal for the Jubilee, the 50th of George III, a grand triple bob-major for Waterloo, and a joyous carillon for Caroline Queen of England, the unhappy heroine of Brandenburgh House, Hammersmith. Thus it will be seen that, with one notable exception, the church-bells of Hammersmith were of the opinion of the Vicar of Bray, and lustily changed forth their allegiance to the dynasty that was uppermost—to the Stuarts while they could hold the throne, to the illustrious House of Hanover while they

could keep possession. But in 1821 a chivalrous kind of devotion and sympathy towards a woman whom it was thought had been foully wronged, made them cast by their "cat-in-pan" loyalty, and they rang out lustily for the repudiated queen's victory and the wicked king's defeat.

Poor Queen Caroline—poor stout foreign lady in the hat and fentlers ! Her name is too intimately connected with the parish of Hammersmith for me to dismiss her in a paragraph about change-ringers. Brandenburg House is now as completely departed as Gore House. It was levelled to the ground more than twenty years ago. It stood on Hammersmith Creek, close to the waterside, adjoining the estate called the "Chancellors," so named from being situate in the copse of the Canons of St. Paul's. The site was, in Charles the First's time, occupied by a magnificent mansion, erected by Sir Nicholas Crispe, the great merchant-prince, benefactor of Hammersmith, and English worthy generally. Long after the Restoration, in 1683, he sold his villa to Prince Rupert, who gave it to Maggie Hughes, a beautiful actress, and the favourite of "Rupert of the Rhine." She sold it to Timothy Lannoy, a scarlet dyer, and George Treadway. The house passed by marriage into the possession of the ducal family of Athol; and in 1740 they disposed of it to the well-known corpulent cynic Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, who gave Sir Nicholas's old place the name of "La Trappe," and made it the abode of a Sybarite, and the seat of a sumptuous gallery of pictures. He left La Trappe by will to Mr. Thomas Wyndham; and in 1792 it became the property of Christian Frederick Margrave of Brandenburg, Anspach, and Bayreuth. His wife was an English lady, the widow of Lord Craven, and the sister of the Earl of Berkley. The Margrave died in 1806; but the Margravine of Anspach long kept a gorgeous although somewhat eccentric state at Brandenburg House. You may see the plan of the mansion as altered by Bubb Doddington in the *Vitruvius Britannicus*. As I have said, the collection of pictures was sumptuous; and the Margravine's palace was full of Gainsboroughs, Murillos, Rubenses, Reynoldses, Coypels, painted ceilings, Sèvres vases, and marble busts. The Margravine had a private theatre here, too, and plays, written and acted by dandies and ladies of fashion, were frequently performed. Does Mr. Hailes Lacy, or any other theatrical bibliopole, know any thing about such dramatic works as *The Tamer Tamed*, *The Return of Ellis*, *The Gauntlet*, *The Princess of Georgia*, and *The Smyrna Twins*, pieces said to be written by the illustrious *Impresaria*, assisted by the Honourable Keppell Craven? After twenty years' residence the Margravine of Anspach went to live at Naples: she had previously parted piecemeal with most of the costly gewgaws which adorned her mansion, and at last the whole fabric was sold by auction. She must have been a grandiose woman. She kept thirty servants in livery, besides grooms, and a stud of sixty horses, in which she took much delight. At the rehearsals of her private theatricals, she condescended to permit the attendance of her tradesmen and their families; and on the days of performance Jam-

mersmith Broadway used to be blocked up with fashionable equipages, while the theatre itself was crowded with nobles, courtiers, and high-born dames.

In 1820 Caroline of England came to live at Brandenburgh House. She too, if scandal was to be trusted, had been fond of private theatricals, and at a certain Villa d'Este had acted in a ballet-pantomime, in which she was Columbine and "Baron" Bergami Harlequin. At Brandenburgh House she received legions of congratulatory, sympathetic, and condolatory addresses. When the Bill of Pains and Penalties was abandoned, the Hammersmith tradesmen who served her illuminated their houses for three days running, and the populace shouted and made bonfires in front of Brandenburgh House. After her acquittal, the poor woman publicly returned thanks in Hammersmith Church, took the communion, had psalms sung to her by the charity-children, and gave ten pounds to the local charities. More deputations came to Brandenburgh House to congratulate her on her triumph. It was a far finer sight than any of the Margravine's plays. The glass-blowers came, likewise the brassfounders, attended by knights in brass and steel armour. The Odd Fellows—the Freemasons, being traditionally loyal, prudently stayed away—came and flaunted their banners and devices in the eyes of the stout foreign lady, who bowed all day from a balcony until the hat-and-feathers shook again. Watermen and lightermen and bargees, butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers, all marched to Hammersmith, and paid homage to the cast-off wife of George IV. In the midst of these carillons, rejoicings, and festivities, aldermanic caresses, deputations from the ladies of England, and the charity-school girls of England, Queen Caroline sickened and died. Standing but ten days since at Hammersmith Broadway, I asked myself with amazement whether I could be living in the selfsame century that had seen the shabby, shameful, almost sanguinary, funeral of Caroline of Brunswick. 'Tis scarcely forty years since. There are plenty of elderly people alive—there must be old tradesmen in Hammersmith—who saw the funeral pass, and who chat about it now over their comfortable tumbler in tavern-parlours. But to us, fortunate enough to live under the sceptre of the best and kindest and most virtuous of Queens—of a lady beloved with an ardent and honest affection throughout the length and breadth of the land—of a wife who is a pattern to all wives, and a mother who is a pattern to all mothers; whose name has only to be heard to be blessed; whose portraits French peasants nail up in their cabins, crying, "*Tenez; voilà la bonne Reine Victoria,*" and German toymen in the Black Forest carve, and Russian *moujiks* set beside the sacred images in their poor huts,—to us, I say, whose loyalty is so strong that we can treat sedition with contempt and laugh at hole-and-corner treason, the horrible and unnatural state of things in 1821 seems monstrous, and all but incredible. That Caroline of Brunswick was no better than she should be, few sane men can doubt nowadays. That George IV. was a gross, sensual, selfish man seems

equally acknowledged; but to the admirers of Queen Caroline he must have been forty years since the most hideous pagod of cruelty, vice, and depravity, that ever lived.

Was there ever such a scandalous scene witnessed as that funeral which started from Brandenburgh House, Hammersmith, at seven in the morning, on the 14th of August 1821? It was a pouring wet day. The imposing cavalcade of sable-clad horsemen who preceded and followed the hearse were drenched to the skin. The procession was an incongruous medley of clarity-girls and Latymer-boys, strewing flowers in the mud; of aldermen and barristers, of private carriages and hired mourning coaches, of Common Councilmen and Life Guards; wound up by a hearse covered with tattered velvet drapery, to which foil-paper escutcheons had been rudely tacked on, and preceded by Sir George Naylor, Garter-King-at-Arms, with a cotton-velvet cushion, on which was placed a trumpery sham crown made of pasteboard, Dutch metal, and glass beads, and worth probably about eighteenpence. How this sweep's May-day *cortège* dipped in black ink floundered through the mud and slush, through Hammersmith to Kensington, Knightsbridge, and the Park, with a block-up of wagons, a tearing-up of the road, and a fight between the mob and the soldiers at every turnpike, and at last at every street-corner; how pistol-shots were fired and sabre-cuts given, and people killed in the Park; how the executors squabbled with Garter over the dead queen's coffin; how the undertakers tried to take the procession up the Edgware Road, and the populace insisted upon its being carried through the City; and how at last, late in the afternoon, all draggle-tailed, torn, bruised, and bleeding, this lamentable funeral got at last into Fleet Street, passed through the City, and staggered out by Shoreditch to Harwich, where the coffin was bumped into a barge, hoisted on board a man-of-war, and taken to Stade, and at last to Brunswick, where, by the side of him who fell at Jena, and him who died at Quatrebras, the ashes of the wretched princess were at last permitted to rest;—all these matters you may find set down with a grim and painful minuteness in the newspapers and pamphlets of the day. It is good to recall them, if only for a moment and in their broad outlines; for the remembrance of these bygone scandals should surely increase our gratitude for the better government we now enjoy.

Ah! but I could tell you a great many more things about Hammersmith; but they would be gathered more from books than from my second day's pedestrianism in Middlesex, which had for purpose only the pursuit of the straight omnibus-road from the King's Arms, Kensington, to Kew Bridge. A few additional items of Hammersmith lore I may, however, set down ere we leave the Broadway for good, and I take you between market-gardens, cottages, and trim villas, on one side; cottages, trim villas, and multitudinous ladies' schools on the other; the crimson Kew and Brentford omnibuses running between to Turnham Green.

Item, then. In those same parish accounts from which I took the notes of payments made to "youths" who rang the bells, you may find

such entries as, (1657) "Given to a man that was lately undone at Worcester, 1s." Who undid him, Charles or Oliver, and what manner of undoing could it have been to be done up again for twelvecence? (1657) "To Edward Smith, having a wife and six children, and the times hard with him, 1s." Oh! but the times are hard with us likewise; but would the churchwardens give us a shilling on application? (1658) "To the searchers that came from London to search Mr. Martyn's house, 7s. 6d." (1658) "For the poor wench that dyed in the cage, 1s. 6d." Of what avail was this eighteenpenny dole, if the poor wench was dead? (1667) "To the woman at the Spittle House, 1s." (1672) "Paid at the Pre-ambulation dinner, 5l. 7s." What! five pounds seven shillings, and only eighteenpence to the poor wench that died in the cage! Ah, greasy parish rogues! Oh, fleshpots of Hammersmith! (1676) "For a woman that lay-in in the cage, 1l. 2s."—a generous gift enough. (1686) "Paid a messenger for bringing two service books, one for the king's martyrdom, and another for a day of rejoicing for King James his coming to the crown, 8d." Official fees could not have been very onerous in those days, and "eightpence" would scarcely have paid for shoe-leather between London and Hammersmith. Then again, "Paid to the Conestabel for the named souldiers and mariners, 3l.;" and, in 1702, "Paid for seven jallanes and one quarte of wyne for the Church, and for wattredy, 5l. 16s." Surely, to judge from his orthography, the churchwarden's name, from 1700 to 1702, must have been Malmesbury.

Item, of the celebrities who have lived and died in Hammersmith. I might fill a score of pages with the bare enumeration of them; but I will content myself with noting down a few. In Great Church Lane resided the celebrated painter and engraver Gianbattisto Cipriani, one of the earliest Royal Academicians, and the friend of the more celebrated Bartolozzi, who wrote a Latin epitaph for his tomb in the King's Road Cemetery, Chelsea. At Albany House, close to Cipriani's, lived Sir John Philippart, a voluminous writer on military tactics, and compiler of military calendars and memoirs of renowned commanders. In College Place the Lucys of Charlecote—Shakspeare's Lucys—had of old time a mansion. In Queen Street, leading to the river, lived, early in the present century, an old lady named Aberdeen, a lineal descendant of the ancient family of the Cæsars. Don't smile at this claim of long descent. There was actually a Sir Julius Cæsar who was Master of the Rolls in the reign of Elizabeth; and a descendant of his, also Sir Julius Cæsar, and a captain of the Guards in George the Second's reign, had Peg Woffington for a favourite. In 1822 died at a cottage, formerly the west boundary of the parish of Hammersmith, Anne Maria, Countess of Dundonald, the mother of the heroic Thomas Cochrane, lately gone to his reward. Her husband, the brave admiral's father, ruined himself by "scientific pursuits," lived for some time in almost penury at a humble cottage at Brook Green, and died in great obscurity at Paris in 1832, at eighty-two years of age. The Cochranes decidedly owed little enough

to Fortune's favours. In the church is the family vault of Sir Elijah Impey, the Indian judge who tried Nuncomar when Warren Hastings governed India. Old Philip de Louthembourg, Royal Academician, and scene-painter to Drury-Lane Theatre, died at his house on Hammersmith Terrace in 1812, and was buried in Chiswick churchyard, the resting-place of William Hogarth. Mrs. Billington, the *cantatrice*, lived long at a villa opposite Brandenburgh House. She was succeeded in its tenancy by Sir James Sibbald, a contemporary of Clive, Hastings, and Impey. The next tenant was Admiral Ross Donnelly; then Captain Marryatt, the nautical novelist; then a Mr. Copeland, who let it to a person who said that he was the Earl of Annandale, but could not get any body else to agree to the proposition.

Much might be said concerning the tavern-signs of Hammersmith,—the old "Goat," which has long since disappeared; the "Jolly Gardeners," the "Maltman and Shovel," and innumerable Dukes of Marlborough, Admiral Keppels, Marquis of Granbys, Earl Howes, and Earl Nelsons. But I had left Hammersmith far behind by this time, and had reached another sign, to me more familiar, the "Packhorse" at Turnham Green. There I baited, being wearied with much house-gazing; and so skirting a long line of shops and cottages,—some substantial and ancient-looking, many new and flimsy in appearance, and some simply squalid and poverty-stricken, but ladies' and gentlemen's schools preponderating over every other structural element,—I entered at a little swing gate, and trudged along a miry path thickly strewn with last autumn's rotting leaves. Tall trees quite shut out the view of the high road beyond. They were old trees, and their branches interlaced overhead. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and almost dark.

There was a clearing after a while. The pale gray sky gave a sickly appearance to a house I wanted to see. There was the square brick mansion, with the stables and outhouses, and the stucco bas-relief above the entablature; the well-remembered brass-plate on the iron railings of the gate; the green blinds to the study-windows; the lace curtains to the drawing-room casements; the tall flight of steps leading to the well-polished door, with another brass-plate upon it, but smaller and less pretentious. I knew the house in a moment. I had never forgotten it—never could forget it. There it was immovable, and scarcely altered—and I how changed! There was my old school.

Don't be alarmed. I mean no mischief. I am not about to act the Ape, and imitate those charming lectures, *De Juventute*, we have all read and re-read with delight. It cannot matter any thing to you to know how many times I was thrashed, how many times tipped by my uncle James; what lessons I learned; what tarts and ginger-beer I devoured; how many orchards I robbed; how many times Higgs *major* whopped Priggs *minor*. To the numerous vices of current literature which critics are so fond of pointing out, should be added, I think, that provoking spirit of imitative "Tom Brownism" which sets every man of middle age prating

about his schools and schoolmasters, his games, his studies, and his punishments, the tart-women he cozened, the ushers he hated. If pages since I dwelt upon certain infantile reminiscences of mine, it was because I wished to add my feeble mite to the elucidation of a process to me one of the most wonderful in human nature,—the gradual growth of reason and memory in a child's mind. But about my school-days I will not bore you. I only halted, so far as your interests are concerned, before my old school for the reason that the stand-point in question fixed a term to my travel in Middlesex appointed for that day. 'Tis just a mile from my old school at Turnham Green to Kew Bridge. It is, moreover, a measured mile. A fact I know well and to my sorrow; and I have often walked to Kew Bridge and back, as a punishment, while my school-fellows had their dinner.

I walked the measured mile, not as a punishment, but for pleasure. After you have passed that spiky slaty-looking church on Turnham Green itself and the geese on the surrounding common, there is positively nothing of interest to describe until you reach Kew Bridge. There is a dead wall on one side inscribed with legends in letters of whitewash relative to cheap clothes and food for cattle, and several villas to let. On the other side are many fields of cabbages, an odd public-house or so, some scrubby hedges, looking very dismal in December, and nothing more. Arrived at Kew Bridge, I cast longing eyes, first towards a well-remembered hotel at the bridge-foot, where succulent stewed eels and excellent port may be procured; next, in the direction of Brentford. "Why not make Brentford ere night?" I asked. But my day's journey was over, and my work done. I did not return to Babylon the Great by the way I had come; but casting myself into a railway-carriage at the Kew-Bridge station, was conveyed across the river Thames, and by Putney, Wandsworth, and Vauxhall, arrived at the South-Western terminus in the Waterloo Road, Surrey, just as the lumps were lighted. An old gentleman, who was my sole companion on the rail, was reading the first Number of *Temple Bar*. He frowned once or twice when he had about reached the middle, at which I winced; but I blessed him nevertheless. He shut up the magazine at last, either because he had had enough of it, or because it was twilight and he could not see. I sincerely hope that the good old traveller (whom I firmly believe to be one of the anonymous senders of donations to the police-court poor-boxes) will read Number Two of *T. B.*, and like it better than the first, and that he will accept the expression of my distinguished consideration, in any case.



## What our Coals cost Us.

“Wives and mithers, maist despairing,  
Ca’ them lives of meu.”

**GREAT** interest was excited last session of Parliament, during the discussion on the French treaty, by an inquiry as to how long our coals are likely to last; and without venturing to assert that a satisfactory conclusion was arrived at, there was still abundant evidence shown of the existence of very large stores of this valuable mineral, and of a supply for a long while, even at the present enormous rate of consumption. But another question remained behind that which was then discussed; and though at the moment no event occurred directing public attention to it, there are seldom many months without this question also coming before us. What do these valuable minerals, these sources of our national wealth, these elements of power, these very foundations of all that is profitable in our manufactures, of all that lends strength to our arm or swiftness to our modes of intercommunication, and brings wealth to our coffers—what do they cost us? Are they obtained, like other things that we make large use of, at a fixed money price? or do they involve any extraordinary needless expenditure of human life? Whilst we economise carefully our money in the management of collieries, in order that coals may be sold at the lowest possible price consistent with fair profit, do we think of taking reasonable precautions that those who are occupied in producing this raw material of England’s greatness are well cared for and protected against the consequences of their own weakness and ignorance, as well as properly paid for the services they render?

Leaving the question of money payment to be decided between masters and men, it clearly falls within the province of society generally, acting by its Legislature, to consider the remaining question; and when, from time to time, the newspapers inform us of some colliery accident more fatal and terrible than usual, by which a large number of lives have been sacrificed, we know by experience that an inquest will be held; that the Home Secretary will send down some one to attend the official inquiry on the part of Government; that a report will be made; and finally, that, no practical conclusion or suggestion being arrived at, the whole affair will in a short time be forgotten.

It is now just a month since some hundred and thirty, or thereabouts, of human lives were sacrificed by what is described as “a colliery explosion,” occurring in the Black Vein mine, about a mile from the town of Risca, in Monmouthshire. Without interfering with the avocation of newspaper reporters, or attempting to draw up a heart-stirring account of this particular accident or others resembling it, of which, indeed, there are too many, it may be interesting to consider generally, with reference to such accidents, the methods of getting coal usually adopted, and the cause of

coal-mine explosions; and also to draw attention to the fact that such sad events are almost entirely confined to English, or rather British, collieries.

Coal—the general name for all kinds of mineral fuel—is one of many substances occurring in beds which alternate with each other in the earth, and which, to a greater or less depth, make up the earth's crust in certain localities. Thus we may have in one place several hundred beds, whose total thickness is a thousand feet, and of these there may be sixty bands or beds of sandstone, thirty of clay, and the remaining ten of coal. The arrangement of the beds, whether in this or any other proportion, is approximately the same throughout the same district, and the beds of coal are generally separated from each other by similar beds of sandstone and clay. The thickness of any one bed of coal will also remain pretty constant over the district, or at least so much so, that each can be identified by a name. Since, however, the beds are rarely horizontal, the actual depth of any one bed from the surface will not be every where the same, though, when once the general plan of the district is known and laid down on a map, its depth at a certain spot may be calculated. Thus it is that in a coal-district pits may easily be sunk to known beds of coal, although the coal itself nowhere appears at the surface, or appears only at rare intervals.

Since the coal is thus completely out of sight, and can only be reached through a great depth of foreign and useless rock, all important works for the extraction of coal take place underground. The surface of many a large and valuable coal-field has been cultivated and occupied for centuries, without the occupiers having the most distant notion of the wealth that lay beneath their feet; and there are districts that could easily be pointed out on many a geological map beneath which the coal will some day be worked, though the cost of mining would now be too considerable to make it profitable. Such parts of the country are not always dull gloomy-looking localities, obscured by dark clouds of fog and smoke, traversed by roads whose mud is like ink, and by people rivalling in blackness the coals that every where cover the ground; they include many of the most picturesque of our rural districts, and among these may be mentioned the Potteries of North Staffordshire, the neighbourhood of Dudley, not far from Birmingham, and those romantic and lovely valleys of Monmouthshire through which flows the little river Ebbw, and which are the scene of the accident which has so lately excited the interest and compassion of every one.

The coal so eagerly sought for, although now a mineral, belonged at one time to the vegetable kingdom. It is the rich inheritance of a former world of forests, the trees and their leaves first buried for ages beneath a vast body of mud and sand and water, and afterwards changed by chemical action, whilst prevented from ordinary decay by some local and exceptional causes.

The important change that has turned trees into coal, while it has given its special value to the latter as an economical fuel, has at the same introduced the cause of those fearful accidents from explosion that we are now

lamenting. All recent vegetable matter contains a large quantity of water, besides a certain quantity of earthly substances, such as form the ashes left after burning wood. In burning wood a certain and not small proportion of the heat of the fuel is consumed in removing by evaporation the water contained in it, and for this reason wood is always an expensive and unmanageable fuel, while green wood is hardly usable, unless, indeed, the juices of the tree contain some substance, such as turpentine, which is itself highly inflammable. Coal, on the other hand, contains no water; but, in its stead, certain gases are pent up within its substance while in the earth which are partly allowed to escape when the coal is first exposed to the air. When exposed to heat, these gases are given off very readily, and being exceedingly inflammable, they produce the bright and cheerful blaze which adds so much to the charm of an English open fire. They are, in fact, the same as those used for lighting our streets and houses. They are very much lighter than common air, exceedingly inflammable, and when mixed with a certain proportion of common air, they become more explosive than gunpowder, requiring only a spark of flame to cause them to burst into destructive action. Different and less dangerous gases escape from burning wood, while coke and stone-coal, or anthracite, are altogether without inflammable gas. These latter substances are, however, very difficult to ignite, and require a strong draught to keep in a burning state, besides being much less convenient as fuel for many purposes than common coal.

We see, then, that useful coal exists in beds at great depths beneath the earth's surface, and that, if reached and laid open, it gives off gases which, though very useful when under control, are exceedingly dangerous, and even fatal, when set loose and exposed to flame or great heat. Nothing but a constant and strong current of fresh air can remove the danger thus incurred; and as the quantity of gas given off from the coal underground varies extremely, the quantity of air sufficient for absolute safety must vary in the same proportion,—every gallon of inflammable gas requiring to be diluted with at least fourteen gallons of common air before it can safely be exposed to flame.

Let us next consider the proceedings adopted in first opening a coal-mine on an estate, and the method of extracting the coal when reached by one or more pits from the surface. We shall thus be able to understand the difficulties that surround every attempt made to combine profitable working with safety; and it will easily be seen that this is the real point for consideration, since, if coal is to be worked at all, it must be with a view to gain.

To sink a shaft or pit from which coal is afterwards to be extracted involves a considerable outlay. The mere cost of sinking is not trifling; but the chances of meeting with water in quantity sufficient to interfere with the prosecution of the work are so great, that special provision has to be made, and engines provided to overcome this difficulty.

Some parts of almost every pit are carried through loose sand and soft mud, which at once falls in if not supported, and completely stops

the work; other parts are obliged to be pierced through solid tough rock, every foot of which has to be removed by blasting, and occasionally large springs of water are tapped. Where the depth is great, the expense of carrying on the work is far greater in proportion than at moderate depths; and so serious does this preliminary charge sometimes weigh upon a colliery, that as much as a hundred thousand pounds has been expended before the coal was reached. The shaft, if single, must be so large that the sinkers can descend and mount with safety, and the earth and rock, and, in case of need, water be lifted to the surface.

It is not, however, till the coal is reached that the difficulties and dangers really begin. The coal, not lying horizontally, the galleries or tunnels must be driven, and the works carried on almost entirely in the direction in which the bed rises, for otherwise the water would accumulate where the works are carried on, and prevent their continuance.

The moment, however, that a part of the coal is removed, the great pressure from above squeezes out from each side a portion of the gas contained, and tends to fill the gallery with an explosive mixture. To prevent this, ventilation is necessary, and, to produce it, one part of the shaft, or one pit, has to be turned into a chimney, by lighting a fire at the bottom, that the partial vacuum thus formed may draw air down the other part of the shaft, or another pit, and produce a circulation. When one tunnel has been driven in this way, another must be commenced, and some systematic plan must be laid out, because, if too much coal were taken away from any one spot, the earth above being unsupported would fall in. The principle adopted is to remove the coal by tunnels driven at right angles to each other, leaving square portions of the coal to act as pillars, and support the roof. The size of the pillars must have relation to the strength or hardness of the coal, the compactness of the rock which acts as ceiling, and the depth beneath the surface, which, of course, regulates the pressure. When it is considered that, for every hundred yards of depth, an isolated column or pillar of coal six yards square has to bear a direct pressure from above of nearly seven thousand tons, and has besides to carry its proportion of what has been removed on all sides of it, it will not excite astonishment that the gas in the coal escapes and passes into the surrounding air. It generally, indeed, happens that the coal in these pillars is itself crushed, and is less hard than that which has been first removed; and no one who has been underground in a coal-mine can have escaped hearing a peculiar singing or hissing sound which marks and accompanies the issue of this gas.

The simplest conception of a coal-mine at work is that of a number of perfectly dark passages, not very wide, and not very straight, crossing each other at various angles, more or less approaching right angles, but forming altogether a labyrinth through which it would be difficult to find one's way, even if walls, roof, and floor were not every where coated with the same monotonous black dirt. Every living thing, whether man or beast, is of the same colour, every wagon, utensil, and tool similarly

enveloped. At frequent intervals are walls obstructing the way, or doors opening silently and mysteriously on the approach of a train of small carts loaded with coal, which pass along with a dull stifled sound on their way to the pit-bottom. Sometimes horses draw several of these together, but in the narrower passages men or boys push along loaded trucks; and the flickering flame of a very small candle, or the still more feeble glimmer of a dirty lamp, communicates all the light required for those thus occupied. Advancing through the works, we come occasionally to a *cul-de-sac*, where a man and boy are seen hewing away the coal within a foot of the floor or boring in the wall of coal preparatory to a blast. In a large mine hours may be thus occupied in traversing the works from one point to another, and many miles of such passages will be gone through without any change being observed that is perceptible to the un-instructed eye. Many of the galleries are very low, the height varying with the thickness of the bed of coal; and, though the wider and principal ways are high enough to walk along without stooping, this is rarely the case with those near the work which is actually in progress. No unnecessary height is ever allowed from manifest motives of economy; and it is clear that if the roof fall, which is often the case, the only result is to raise by so much the floor, which thus becomes uneven, and often difficult to traverse. Where the pillars of coal originally left have already been partially removed and are in course of removal, the roof falls down altogether, producing a scene of confusion resembling more that of the ruins of a house after a destructive fire than any other scene to be met with above ground.

In a space of many acres of coal thus partially and irregularly laid open, an underground population of some two hundred persons was distributed, each occupied by his own work, on the morning of Saturday the 1st December last. They had been at work about four hours, when suddenly a report was heard at the mouth of the pit. Such a report can admit but of one explanation. The inflammable gas constantly issuing from the coal had been poured forth somewhat faster than usual, had mixed as usual with the current of atmospheric air constantly made to pass through the workings for the purposes of ventilation, and had succeeded, by no means for the first time, in forming with it an explosive compound.

How far this explosive compound extended before it met with an open light, whose light was first reached, with what force the explosion took place, who was killed by the scorching flame—these are points that no inquest and no inquiry will ever determine; but one thing is certain, that the very moment the open light was reached the life of every man then in the workings was sacrificed who was not between the place of the accident and the pit-mouth, and so situated that the fresh air coming into the mine had to pass him before reaching the seat of explosion. The only exceptions to this general rule would be the few who happened to be near other pits by which they could escape.

But if only a few escaped, it is probable that a far smaller number

were really killed by the explosion. The horrors of this awful scene, by which a hundred and thirty of our fellow-creatures, in the vigour of life, were all within a very few minutes hurried into eternity, are greatly enhanced when we know the progress of the events. At the instant of explosion a large quantity of atmospheric air, mixed probably with about one-eighth part of the light gas called fire-damp, had fallen in with a spark of light, which produced immediate decomposition. The elementary gases entered into new combinations, part of the carbon of the fire-damp combining with part of the oxygen of the air, and forming choke-damp, while another part of the oxygen combined with the hydrogen of the fire-damp to form vapour of water. All the gases that remained after the explosion were nitrogen and carbonic acid, or choke-damp; and as neither of these can support life, and this body of poisonous gases would be carried along by the incoming air intended for ventilation, the very methods originally adopted to render the mine healthy and ensure a rapid supply of fresh air, are now only available for evil, and convey the poison to the doomed victims. This poison—the choke-damp—is so peculiar and so rapid in its action, that there is no escape from it. It brings on a peculiar and convulsive action at the back of the throat. The human instinct refuses to accept the poison, but the effort is too great, and the very attempt to keep it from the vital organs is too often the immediate cause of death. Some, probably, would try to evade their fate by burying their mouths in the earth and holding in the breath; but it is of no use; their first breath after this vain attempt is the last they ever take, and soon not one living being remains to tell the tale and explain the history.

Conceive, then, the feelings of these unhappy victims, who, buried beneath some hundred feet of solid earth, hear the fatal explosion, which, to them, is the knell summoning them to almost instant execution. They many of them know the meaning of that sound that interrupts for the first and last time in their experience the heavy and oppressive silence of the living tomb in which they are sepulchred. They hear the sound, and who can tell the agony of those few moments that elapse while the air is first rushing in from all sides to fill up the vacuum caused by the explosion, and then while the resulting choking air is pressed onward! At first it advances slowly, but, by degrees, more rapidly, as the incoming current of air recovers its former course; but, instead of bringing life and safety, it now presses before it the column of mephitic vapour, which destroys all that it approaches. They know that there is no escape. Some receive death calmly, some struggle with more or less vehemence; but all succumb. There is no help—no hope for them in this world.

Can it be that there is nothing to be done to prevent these dread catastrophes? Let us consider the means at present thought sufficient, and let us endeavour to point out where and why these means fail.

Ventilation, or the forcing through the workings of the mine a constant current of fresh air, estimated to be sufficient to prevent the formation of an explosive mixture, is one of the chief means resorted to. No

accident happens without the attention of the jury at the inquest being directed to this matter. On the one hand, the owners of the mine and the manager point out the efforts they have made in this direction, and the number of thousands of cubic feet of fresh air poured into the mine per minute; while, on the other hand, the men who have worked in the mine speak of its dangerous state and of the imperfect air in certain parts of the workings. Now it is certain, in the first place, that the mere forcing of any quantity of fresh air down one shaft and up another is of no value unless, while in the mine, this air is made to pass by all the places where danger exists and where workings are carried on. It is the state of the worst part of the mine that alone can give an idea of the safety or danger of the whole of the underground works; for if there is one weak place, the lives of all are endangered.

But, in the next place, it may happen, and most unquestionably has happened, that the very fact of a rapid current of air coursing through all the workings is, in one sense, the cause of the accident. If there is one thing more certain than another, with regard to the issue of gas from recently-worked coal, it is the extreme variability of the rate of escape of the gas and the occasional issue of enormous quantities from small and unexpected fissures. From one such crack, laid open accidentally and almost unknowingly during the workings, as much gas will pour forth in a few minutes as, when mixed with the requisite proportion of atmospheric air, would produce an explosion of the worst kind. The more rapid and complete the ventilation, the more quickly will the mixture attain the explosive point; and if open lights are at hand, the more decisive and sharp will be the explosion.

The mere abundance of air in the mine, however desirable and useful in ordinary times for the comfort and well-being of those employed, and however sufficient for their safety, judging only from the ordinary escape of gas from the coal, is, then, no security against those occasional outbursts of gas which are usually the precursors of an accident. We must look to some other and more efficient means, if we would avoid danger and secure human life underground when coal is being got.

The safety-lamp, properly locked and in a state not to be tampered with by the miner, is beyond doubt a means of defence almost sufficient of itself to prevent explosion; and to it must be attributed the immunity enjoyed by the Continental coal-mines. Various practical difficulties have hitherto interfered with its adoption in England, and it may be that these will continue to interfere. It is worth while to state these, that their value may be appreciated.

First, then, the safety-lamp\* is rather costly, and it gives a light not

\* The safety-lamp is easily explained. It is a small oil-lamp, trimmed from below, and covered entirely with a high shade made of fine wire-gauze. This gauze is fine enough to prevent an explosion that takes place within the lamp from reaching outside it, and thus it may be used with safety in any atmosphere however dangerous.

altogether convenient for the miner. It is also apt, if not frequently cleaned and carefully handled, to become covered, and the meshes obscured by a mixture of oil and coal-dust; and this not only dulls the light, but in certain cases may actually take fire and burn outside the lamp, and of course produce an accident. When not kept locked, no police arrangements yet introduced have been sufficient to prevent the miner from opening the lamp to trim the wick more conveniently, or to light his pipe; and even when he cannot open the lamp, he will suck the flame through the meshes, thereby of course removing all safety, and completely stultifying the provision made for his security and that of his companions. No words can describe the extent of foolhardiness which uneducated men, working in constant danger of their lives, are capable of; and this very fertile source of accident is one that we fear will never be eradicated from the workers in British mines.

There is a prevalent idea that the common Davy lamp used in the north of England is not altogether safe; and numerous modifications of it have been introduced, some giving more light, some involving extra contrivances for safety, but all both more costly and more cumbrous. We believe that the original Davy, carefully used, is perfectly secure in the most explosive atmosphere; and the writer of this article has more than once risked his own life with the most perfect confidence in atmospheres of the highest degree of explosiveness, defended only by this instrument.

In Belgium most of the dangerous mines are worked exclusively with the safety-lamp, no open light being allowed. In a mine where inflammable gas, or fire-damp, is at any time given off, there should not be a naked light allowed on any consideration whatever; and there can be little doubt that if this rule were rigorously enforced, there would be fewer accidents than now disgrace our country.

The great cost of sinking pits in some of our coal districts has induced a habit of contracting the ventilation of a mine to one course inwards and one outwards; and the natural result of this is to prevent the escape of all those who happen to be working in a mine at the time of an accident whose work does not happen to be situated between the pit bottom, down which air comes, and the place of the accident. In other words, those to windward of the place of accident may escape, but all those to leeward must suffer. There is no remedy for this but the multiplication of pits, and the breaking up the ventilation into a number of detached and independent parts, each one of which is complete in itself, and has a safe and separate access to the surface by its own pit. To some extent this is provided for in the north of England, by the separation of the whole coal area belonging to a single property into portions or segments of convenient size, called panels, entirely detached one from another by a thick rib or wall of coal, except by one communication. Great management is needed to secure a safe escape and a complete cutting-off of all access when necessary in these panels; nor are they always sufficient to prevent mischief. More pits, expensive as they often are, seem required in all large



and fiery mines; and until these are provided, and the miners have become familiar with their use, there can be no hope of reducing the terrible list of accidents from explosion in coal-mines.

Human life is too sacred a thing to be sacrificed carelessly; and there cannot be a doubt that our national impatience of legislative control has, in the matter of coal-mines, as in railway management and shipping, induced a neglect of reasonable precaution in the highest degree injurious in its results. There is, perhaps, in none of the interests here alluded to a single proprietor who, if personally appealed to, would not express and really feel anxiety for the safety of all dependent upon him; but there are many precautions in the highest degree reasonable and desirable which cannot be undertaken by one proprietor alone without pecuniary loss, and which cannot be enforced because of the *vis inertiae* which a number of proprietors collectively exert. The compulsory use of the safety-lamp in all mines in any degree fiery, and the multiplication of pits where extensive works are carried on underground in coal districts, are among these precautions. By the first, as we have already said, a large proportion of accidents from explosion would be prevented; and by the next, these accidents, when they do unfortunately occur, would not be attended by so serious a loss of life.

As it is, we certainly obtain our coals by methods involving a very large and increasing sum of human misery. It is true that the collier can earn high wages; that he lives on the best of beef and wheaten bread, and largely quaffs his beer and ale; that his cottage is often furnished in a manner that would astonish the agricultural labourer of equal or superior intelligence; and that he takes for himself numerous holidays, and enjoys them after his fashion thoroughly.

But it is rather the exception than the rule to find that he is benefited by all these advantages, or that his wife and children are improved in proportion to his means. Few colliers are educated even so far as to read, fewer still can write; the boys enter early into active life, being taken down very young into the mine to open and shut doors that regulate the ventilation, to drive the horses that carry the loaded and empty trucks, or to push along the trucks where horses cannot go; and as the work is exhausting and tedious, though not very hard, they are little inclined for school, even when they have an opportunity to learn. They grow up wild and rough, and gradually forget even the little they may have been taught when young. No doubt there are exceptions, and in some mines in the great coal-districts of the north of England there is a more intelligent class growing up; but on the whole we fear that there is little advance. It cannot excite astonishment that a class so backward in intellectual cultivation should be unable to exercise common sense in the handling of those instruments of safety put into their hands, or that, brought up from childhood to underground work in dangerous places, they should cease to fear the risk so continually before them.

But as we watch over children and follow their steps lest they should

unwittingly injure either themselves or us in their ignorant fearlessness, so are we bound to take reasonable precautions, and insist on such precautions being carried out, in favour of these classes of our fellow-subjects. We owe them much; for without their aid our stores of coal, on which we pride ourselves, and which supply us with so many necessaries and luxuries, would remain buried uselessly in the earth. Coal-mining is not work to be done by every labourer; it requires a lifelong education, and a class adapted to it to carry it on with advantage, and few are aware of the ingenuity exercised in overcoming natural obstacles by some of these rough and uneducated sons of the soil. Their occupation is far from healthy, and they are, as a class, short-lived. They pass half their lives underground, in an atmosphere always close, warm, and impure, loaded with coal-dust, and occasionally mixed with a considerable percentage of inflammable air. The roof of the mine in which they work is not unfrequently dropping water upon them, and heavy stones fall down and crush them.

Is it not too much that, in addition to these causes of discomfort, which perhaps cannot be avoided, the light given them to work with should be such that it occasionally causes an explosion which another kind of light would have prevented; and that, when from any cause an explosion has taken place at a distance from them, they should be caught as in a trap, and be unable to escape for want of sufficient communication with the outer world?

It seems to us that, whenever a great loss of human life might have been prevented by any reasonable precaution or system of precautions, and especially when such destruction is constantly recurring, as we know by sad experience to be the case with colliery accidents, a duty is incumbent on society; and all who are able to offer suggestions are bound to raise their voices, and use their utmost exertions to attract attention to what they believe to be required. Our coal must be obtained. We cannot do without it; and all necessary risks and losses must be incurred in getting it. But surely, for the very reason that it is so valuable, and that our need for it is so great, we are bound to see that no other risks and losses are incurred by the working collier than those which cannot be avoided; and that, if we must pay for our coals with shortened life and occasional accidents to individuals, we ought the more to exert ourselves to avoid the wholesale slaughter that occurs from time to time, and which we believe to involve a mere waste of precious material instead of a necessary price for the article required.

## Christmas.

### I.

WHIRLS the wild wind through the leafless forest,  
 Where we wandered 'mid the summer-time,  
 Where the unseen fairies gaily morriced,  
     In the sultry prime:  
         Ah, those days are past,  
         And the bitter blast  
 From the skeleton branches shakes the rime.

### II.

Amy, darling, how we loved to linger  
 In those silent woodlands, long ago,  
 Ere old Winter's weird and wizard finger  
     Beckoned to the snow:—  
         Ere the merry brook  
         In our favourite nook  
 Felt ice-fetters curb its murmuring flow!

### III.

Yet we love thee, old and hoary Winter,  
 Though no blossom lives in all the dells,  
 For the joy around the Yule-log's splinter,  
     For the Christmas bells,  
         When from spire and tower  
         At the matin hour  
 Of immortal Peace their chorus tells.

## The Seven Sons of Mammon.

A STORY.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

### CHAPTER I.

WHAT CAME OUT OF A COURT IN THE CITY.

"GOLD is a chimera," I heard a man sing in the opera of "Robert le Diable." *L'or est une chimère.* Gold a chimera! Is it? Ask Sir Jasper Goldthorpe.

He was the richest man on 'Change. The richest man in the Bank Parlour. The richest man in the East India Directory. The richest man at innumerable Boards, whose members sat and coined money out of green baize. He was the richest man in that Square full of palaces, near to where stood an ugly monument that poor rogues used to be suspended from, hard by the Edgeware Road. He was the richest man in the county where he had his estate and his "place," and of which he was High Sheriff. When he went down for a week to Brighton, his riches awed the wealthiest stockbrokers and the grandest members of the fast-decreasing class of nabobs. And Rothschild? and Baring? and the Amsterdam Hopes? and the Hamburg Heynes? Pshaw! Sir Jasper Goldthorpe was deemed to be richer than all these, for he was alone on his throne of gold. He had no partners. Mammon would not even let one of his sons come into the firm. No shares were to be purchased in the house of Goldthorpe and Co. The Co. was a myth. Sir Jasper was the Co.—himself and company. He had no fears that the Antwerp house would warn him against undue speculations; that the Leghorn branch would remonstrate if he drew too largely on them, or the Frankfort firm give cause for remonstrance by drawing too heavily on him. He stood alone. His agents and correspondents were his obedient and trembling slaves, and he the most generous but the most exacting of taskmasters. There was no trifling with Sir Jasper Goldthorpe. How could one jest with a man who had so much money? He had had rivals. Now and then some gorged Hebrew capitalist of Paris or Madrid would strive to shoulder his way past him with bank-notes and bonds; but Sir Jasper Goldthorpe, with icy English politeness, would drop a couple of heavy golden ingots on the capitalist's toes, and force him to retreat, howling and discomfited. Once or twice some lucky speculator in Australian wool, some enriched digger, some auriferous bubble-monger of railway-shares and mining-schemes, would make a dead set at Sir Jasper's supremacy,—would strive to outvie him by taking a bigger house, giving grander parties, purchasing more acres of park-land, subscribing to more charities and packs of hounds. Then Sir Jasper would smile his frigid

smile, step down to a little shooting-box, if it were in autumn, or to the sea-side if in spring; pop away at the pheasants, or stroll about in a jacket and a slouched hat, as though he were some miserable wretch of eight hundred pounds a year; and then, coming quietly back to town, would manage somehow to crush his rivals. He always crushed them. The Australian wool-speculator would spend some thousands in a contested election—lose it; or gaining it, be unseated for bribery, and be forced to retrench. The digger's agents would fail, or he drink himself into a cerebral congestion. The bubble-monger would burst and turn out a common cheat. Alone, triumphant, and immovable, without a wrinkle in his brow or a crease in his waistcoat, would stand Sir Jasper Goldthorpe. At last people gave up contending with him, and were content to agree that he was a wonderful man.

His beginnings had been small enough. It was rumoured that his father was but a small tradesman in a country-town. There were found even those bold enough to whisper, "Bankrupt in 'twenty-five; didn't pay twopence in the pound,"—alluding to the paternal Goldthorpe. Sir Jasper always spoke of his sire as "my excellent and worthy father;" and you may be sure that no word of detraction against his progenitor was ever audible in his presence, or within a good distance thereof. He had himself first made an appearance in public with a company which certainly did not succeed after he left it, but which realised tremendous profits while he was on the direction. He had gone largely into government contracts, and had been the special object of several commissions of inquiry; but it always turned out that it was somebody else, and not he, who was to be blamed for shoes that wouldn't go on, and muskets that wouldn't go off; and commissioners, witnesses, and accountants were all loud in their praises of Mr. Goldthorpe's—he was Mr. Goldthorpe then—public spirit, and unimpeachable integrity. He had always been a prosperous man, with that wondrous Midas faculty for turning every thing which he touched into gold; but the termination of a particularly searching committee, which had been moved for in a series of vehement speeches by two Radical members, and had very nearly been the means of ejecting the Government of the day from office, seemed the turning-point in his greater fortune. How the man's riches swelled and swelled after his contract rum had been denounced as a fiery poison, and his contract rice sneered at as the sweepings of the dock-warehouses! He thenceforward devoted himself to politics: one of the Radical members was regularly coughed down for several sessions, and the other, at the next general election, lost his seat, and, more than suspected of debt, was compelled to fly to Brussels in Brabant. Mr. Hemp of the Sheriff's Court makes proclamation of outlawry against him with admirable regularity. After this, naturally Mr. Goldthorpe gave up contracts altogether. It was about this time that he made such immense sums in the shipping line of business. He had a fleet which sailed to the East Indies, and a fleet which sailed to the West; and his Australian bullion dealings and speculations in wool, copper,

and tallow were prodigious. With great meekness and condescension he consented to serve the office of Sheriff. He might have been Alderman and Lord Mayor, of course, had he so chosen; but these latter dignities he declined. He got into Parliament; his constituents, touched with gratitude and reverence, it is to be supposed, for the immense wealth he possessed, insisting on paying his election expenses to the uttermost farthing. When he was supposed to be worth about a million of money, a committee of merchants and bankers met at the London Tavern, and boldly put down their hundreds and their fifties for a testimonial, which,—a *chef-d'œuvre* of Hunt and Roskell, and forming a pleasing pyramidal composition in burnished and frosted gold, including dolphins, the Three Graces, emblematic figures of Peace and Commerce, a nautilus-shell, an Egyptian pyramid, and an Arab steed,—the malicious described it as three race-cups hammered into one—was presented to him at a grand banquet held at the “Albion,” Aldersgate Street. He was master of the Mystery of Battleaxe-makers, and gracefully presided over the patronage in the gift of that wealthy company, in the shape of fat livings in the Church, and presentations to the Company’s schools. He was great at Goldsmiths’ Hall; for if he didn’t make actual plate and jewellery, he made the raw material, gold, by heaps:—which is far better. Soon after he entered Parliament he was made a Baronet;—’twas the least tribute that could be paid to his transcendent merits and riches. He was received with immense respect in the House of Commons, and his opinions on financial questions, although he scarcely ever spoke, were looked upon as incontrovertible. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was generally thought to be sure of another six months’ tenure of office if he could only be seen walking with Sir Jasper Goldthorpe on the river-terrace. He was usually lucky enough to get excused from committees; it was known how rich a man he was, and how much he had to do. Had he not been so useful to the Government, there is little doubt that, ere this history opens, he would have been made a Peer.

The year 1847, and the succeeding year of revolution and political turmoils, shook, as you will remember, the commerce of the Continent to its very centre, and some shocks of the universal earthquake were felt even in the sound and stable city of London. Many brave and ancient firms utterly vanished. It was then, so the gossips said, that Sir Jasper Goldthorpe made his famous *coup* of purchasing, at about a third of their value, the diamonds and other regalia of the distressed and fugitive sovereigns of Europe. When confidence was restored, and the reign of legitimacy recommenced, diamonds were at a premium again, and Sir Jasper Goldthorpe realised. He had done with all his mercantile speculations now,—had no longer large ventures on the sea, or trains of obsequious shipping, and colonial brokers at his heels. He dealt in Money, and money alone. He turned money over, and in the summersault it made itself into more money. He crumpled a piece of paper and it distilled drops of gold into his coffers. The more bankrupt was a European state, or a South-American

republic, the richer became Sir Jasper Goldthorpe. He purchased railways, but he did not carry them out. He farmed mines and revenues, but he neither worked nor collected them. They remained with him but a few days; but every thing of which he took hold was a golden orange, and he managed to squeeze it so long as he held it.

In the year 1850 Sir Jasper Goldthorpe was just fifty years of age. As Christmas came round, he was good enough to remember, on returning thanks for the proposal of his health at a grand feast at Battleaxe-makers' Hall, that he was born on the twenty-seventh of December Anno Domini eighteen hundred. He said "Anno Domini;" for though his words were few, they were always sonorous, and had a rich metallic sound. His admirers declared that they were worth their weight in gold. The cheers at the announcement of the date of his nativity were deafening. About Christmas time 1850, then, Sir Jasper Goldthorpe, Bart., M.P., F.R.S. (he had contributed a wonderful paper on the Greek drachma to the transactions of the Royal Society), and dignified moreover with many more initials than I care to enumerate, was a hale fresh-coloured gentleman, slightly corpulent, and with a very slight stoop in his shoulders, but looking on the whole a model of health and strength. He was not in the least bald,—so rich a man could not afford to lose even a hair,—and his locks, thin as they were, were not even gray, but of a dull flaxen colour. "Tow head" Sir Jasper had been opprobriously nicknamed by political opponents at election time. He was quite cleanly shaven and very fresh-coloured. His eyes were blue-gray, and mirrors of placidity—that is, when you could get him to look at you; for Sir Jasper was short-sighted. He read with a double eye-glass, and when he was not reading usually bent his eyes downwards. He was a tall man, and wore a white hat in winter. His hands were very fat, smooth, and dimpled, his fingers very short and thick at the tips. Much handling of money had blunted them, perhaps. A black frock-coat, gray trousers, the invariable buff waistcoat already mentioned, the double eye-glass, a plain black neck-tie, a very high shirt-collar, of the old tape-tied kind, not buttoned; no rings or trinkets of any kind. Imagine the form I have described so attired, and you will have a definite notion of Sir Jasper Goldthorpe. He came down to the Office every morning with unvarying punctuality (save during the vacations he methodically allowed himself) at ten o'clock. He always came down in his carriage—a double-bodied, high-lung, two-hundred-guinea-pair-of-horses one. He would as soon have thought of riding in a brougham at the east end as of paying nineteen shillings in the pound. At his villas and palaces he had plenty of broughams, and phaetons, and curricles, and things; and in the country he did not disdain to ride on a shaggy little pony, or to drive a tiny wicker-work carriage, like a clothes-basket upon wheels; but between Temple Bar and Eastcheap the carriage was part of his state and the handmaiden to his riches. But though he would not ride eastward in a brougham, it was touching to mark the humility with which this very rich man would hire a common, lowly,

four-wheeled cab for conveyance to public meetings or railway-stations. Those who knew how rich he was said he looked ten times richer, meekly sitting on the shabby cushions of the four-wheeler, with his bundle of papers—contracts for the new loan perhaps—or his little locked travelling bag beside him. He was fond, too, of walking; and, with his umbrella in one hand and his buckskin gloves (which he never wore) in the other, might often be seen peacefully strolling towards the Royal Exchange, the Bank, or the India House, quite unmoved, apparently, by the rush and turmoil of the Poultry, Cornhill, or Leadenhall Street. He was never in a hurry; you might see him serenely gazing in at the windows of the bullion-dealers and jewellers, or blandly contemplating the fire-proof safes and cash-boxes at Chubb's, as though time was no object to him; although you knew that hundreds of people were at that moment anxiously waiting to see him, and hungering for one of his golden smiles. What need had he to be in a hurry? He knew that he, being so rich, would be waited for; and yet Sir Jasper Goldthorpe was proverbial for punctuality, and in most cases, where any matters of business were concerned, managed to be a little beforehand with those he had transactions with.

Who knows Beryl Court? It lies between Temple Bar and Eastcheap, as aforesaid. Need I be more explicit? Well, it is not a hundred yards from St. Mary Axe. I daren't say more, for fear of compromising people. The street from which Beryl Court leads is very narrow, and very poor, and very dirty; and although it is the very centre of a hive of wealth and industry, of lordly counting-houses, board-rooms, and wholesale groceries, is given up to the meanest description of commerce. Petty little huckster and chandler's shops nestle under the wing of the merchant princes' iron safes, crammed with gold and notes. One side of the street may, however, for all its dirt and squalor, be secretly wealthy; for it is almost exclusively occupied by the unwindowed shops of Jew-dealers in oranges, grapes, and almonds, which spread a very pleasant odour into Beryl Court. It would be pleasanter perhaps were it not mingled with the smell of fried fish and strongly-pickled vegetables, retailed in the few little stalls forming the exception to the rule of fruit-selling. The Caucasian proprietors of these establishments are dirty and wretched-looking from Sunday to Friday night; but on Saturdays they are splendid in brave garments and rich gems. They had the most intense respect for Sir Jasper Goldthorpe and Sir Jasper Goldthorpe's carriage; and their little black-eyed chaffering children sometimes penetrated into Beryl Court, and peered admiringly at the Palace of Gold erected there.

For it was a palace; a marble-fronted house, with wings forming three parts of a square; the fourth a dingy brick wall, with a porter's lodge in one corner. The court itself beautifully flagged with gray and white stone in chequers; and in the centre a pretty fountain, where a little boy with nothing on him spouted water from a conch-shell all day



long. The stream seemed to be murmuring odes in praise of riches. The windows were all plate-glass, the wire-gauze blinds had golden beadings; over the door was sculptured the Goldthorpe family cognizance,—three martlets on a field or; the bloody hand of its proper blazon; motto, *Et sudore, aurum*, the whole emblazoned on a richly-framed marble escutcheon. On the well-polished mahogany door glittered the brass-plate of the firm “Goldthorpe and Co.”—a plate burnished much brighter than gold. The architecture of Beryl Court, exteriorly, was entirely Italian Renaissance, and had been commanded by Sir Jasper,—in a letter of four lines to his architect,—just after he achieved his baronetcy. But his decorative fancy was an odd one; for inside the house was at least a hundred and fifty years old. Some South-Sea director had lived here in the reign of George IV.; and there was a vast staircase painted with the story of the golden fleece, and a pagan apotheosis sprawled on the ceiling of almost every room. The staircase, up which you might have driven a coach-and-four, was of polished oak, with richly curved balustrades, and its stairs were laid with an oil-cloth painted in imitation of tiger’s skin. All the rooms were pannelled, with enriched marble mantelpieces and curiously inlaid floors; but all this work was of the old time of the South-Sea director. No gas was permitted in Beryl Court. The numerous staff of clerks worked in winter time by the light of dumpy wax candles. The balance of the petty cash account exceeded the salary of a county court judge. The heads of departments had Turkey carpets laid in their rooms, rosewood escritaires to write upon, morocco-covered easy-chairs to sit upon. Silent and civil messengers glided in and out on their behests. Lunch was brought to them when they asked. Were those repasts charged in the petty cash, I wonder? Broughams came for many of the superior clerks when office-hours were over. Perhaps it was for that reason that Sir Jasper Goldthorpe repudiated, while in the City, the vehicles just spoken of. Every body employed by the firm, from the heads of departments to the youngest office-boy, was paid so highly that embezzlement was unheard of. A young man’s fortune was thought to be made if he could only be got into Goldthorpe’s house, although there was not the remotest chance of his ever obtaining a partnership therein; and parents and guardians used to intrigue for years to get junior clerkships for their sons and wards, just as they would intrigue for Indian cadetships or commissions in the Guards.

What did all these chiefs of departments, clerks, messengers, and office-boys do from nine in the morning until five at night? None but those employed by the firm could tell. They wrote, wrote, and wrote; took letters off files and put them on others; consulted huge vellum-covered volumes, and made entries in other tomes similarly bound, perpetually; but what they did was a mystery. There was no faint odour about, of samples of rice, indigo, coffee, sugar, opium, as in merchants’ and brokers’ offices. No sea-captains showed their bronzed faces in the counting-house. No actual cash was ever seen; but nobody had the

least doubt that the one great subject of work at Goldthorpe's was Money. All day long a stream of junior clerks, with pocket-books secured by leather-covered chains wound round their waists, would drop Bills for Acceptance into the great letter-box by the brass-plate in Beryl Court; and all day long a counter-stream of Goldthorpean messengers would issue from Beryl Court, and from their leather chain-secured pocket-books drop Bills for Acceptance in other letter-boxes all over the City.

Sir Jasper's room was the plainest in the entire establishment. It was papered a sober drab, and matted; but it was a very Ear of Dionysius for gutta-percha tubing and ivory mouth-pieces. Nearly one side of the room was taken up by a huge iron safe, which, with its many locks and knobs and handles, looked like a monument to Mammon.

Add to Beryl Court the palace in Onyx Square, with its picture-gallery, its grand ball-room, and its belvedere, towering above the neighbouring mansions, sumptuous and superb. Add to these the princely domain of Goldthorpe in Surrey, with its deer-park and its home-park, its Vitruvian paluzzo, its conservatories, graperies, pineries, kennels, model-dairies, lawns, terraces, mazes, grottoes and temples:—its stables and coachhouses, its pavilions and lodges. Add to these a fine house at Kemp Town, Brighton, and the little shooting-box I have already glanced at. Surely it needs no more to convince you that Sir Jasper Goldthorpe was a power in the state and a Prince in the land.

So gold is a chimera, is it? Ah, my romantic friends, you little know what a reality gold is. See what it had given this fortunate man. Power and influence, respect, adulation, worship almost. Houses and parks and palaces, carriages and horses and hounds; a red hand in his escutcheon, a handle to his name, a seat in the Parliament of the country, a peerage in prospect;—and Gold, nothing but gold, had done it all.

## CHAPTER II.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH OF DECEMBER.

“AND if ever,” exclaimed Lady Goldthorpe, puffing with over-exertion, —“if ever I try to get a Christmas-tree into a Clarence again, I'm a Dutchman,—that's to say, a Dutchwoman,—that's all.”

Lady Goldthorpe was stout in figure and mature in years, and might be excused for puffing. Moreover, although it was a very cold winter's-day, Lady Goldthorpe had on a very thick dress of black velvet, beneath which was revealed an underskirt of quilted silk; and a long seal-skin mantle trailed from her broad shoulders, and a crimson silk scarf was tied round her comfortable chin, and purple plush gloves defended her hands, and goloshes covered her feet, and a bonnet of velvet and lace sat closely to her round jovial-looking face; and there were plenty of rugs and shawls and mufflers about her in the carriage where she sat, and a muff of rich fur bolstered her up on one side, and a very fat shaggy

Skye terrier on the other. The very gold chain she wore round her neck was heavy enough to make her warm; and as Lady Goldthorpe's clarence—she had taken out the clarence that day—was cosily lined and padded and cushioned, and had elastic stuffed cushions and a fleecy rug at the bottom, it would not, I think, have been a thing to be wondered at if Lady Goldthorpe had puffed even without excessive exertion.

But there was that Christmas-tree into the bargain. Now you may get almost any thing—some people say every thing—into a carpet-bag; but I much doubt whether, under any circumstances, a Christmas-tree can be comfortably stowed away in the carriage called a clarence. It isn't within the laws of nature or the fitness of things. A flower-pot is had enough; a vivarium can with difficulty be conveyed in a hackney-coach; but a Christmas-tree, never! Not that this adjunct, which we have borrowed from the German Vaterland to make our Christmas festivals merrier, was of the largest size. 'Twas but a poor little sapling evergreen, a supplementary tree, designed to act as satellite to the monarchs of the forest in Lady Goldthorpe's saloons. Her ladyship always had half a dozen trees at Christmas. But one had caught fire from the premature illumination by infantine hands of the waxen tapers among its branches the night before, and had not only been consumed to its roots, but had very near burned the belvedere palace in Onyx Square along with it. The twenty-seventh of December was the day on which it was Lady Goldthorpe's immemorial custom to have all her trees in full bloom. It was essential to repair at once the loss of the burnt-up *arbusto*; and so Lady Goldthorpe had ordered the clarence, and driven down to Fortnum and Mason's to buy an additional tree, ready-hung with toys, and fit to be lighted up instanter.

The tree was duly purchas-ed—that was a very easy matter; but the difficulty was to get it into the carriage, for Lady Goldthorpe was an impulsive lady and a determined one; and when she could have her own way,—which she generally had—liked to have it. She had said she would carry home the tree with her, and, notwithstanding the apparently insurmountable impediments to the accomplishment of her design, she insisted upon its being carried out. First her embroidered, buttoned, and striped foot-page tried, but he lamentably failed in the attempt; and, under the humiliating threat of having his ears boxed—a menace rendered still more galling by its being proffered in the presence of a momentarily increasing circle of street-boys, who looked at the whole affair with the liveliest interest—he retired to the coach-box and snivelled: whereupon he was called by the coachman, in a wheezy undertone, a “young warmint.” The domestic who drove Lady Goldthorpe's clarence was so fat, so warmly clad and wrapped up, and had so broad and jovial a countenance, that he might have passed for a poor relation of her ladyship's, whom the inexorable logic of necessity compelled to hold the reins, but who, off the box, was a Goldthorpe and a brother.

One of Messrs. Fortnum and Mason's young gentlemen—I dare not

term them young men—having likewise done his best, and been stigmatised as an idiot for his pains, at which he blushed, smiled, and rubbed his hands,—as was seemly in the presence of a lady-customer who ran such heavy bills, and, what is more, paid them with unvarying regularity,—Lady Goldthorpe took the refractory tree (which wasn't more than a foot and a half high) in hand herself. But the tree was as obstinate as her ladyship. It wouldn't stand up, or lie down, or lean against the side of the carriage. It would protrude its branches either from one window or the other. Once it fell a-top of the fat terrier, irritating with its twigs that animal's nose, and causing him to yelp piteously; and at last Lady Goldthorpe's unsuccessful struggles with the mutinous fragment of vegetation gave rise to the exclamation recorded at the commencement of this chapter.

"Drat the tree!" the lady cried out in increasing exasperation. "There's two drums off, and a banjo, and a flying Cupid, and a sugar-stuff parrot. *Now* will you, then, obstinate."

She gave a vigorous pull and a wrench at the recalcitrant tree. The last appeal seemed to have touched its obdurate heart, and by dint of more coaxing and a little propping up with the muff and a couple of shawls, it gradually consented to assume an erect and stationary position.

"Home!" cried Lady Goldthorpe to the page, who jumped down as Messrs. Fortnum and Mason's young gentleman telegraphed to him that peace was restored. The little street-boys gave a cheer,—why they scarcely knew, only, as a reflective young butcher observed, "the old un," meaning her ladyship, looked "such a jolly party;" the young gentleman who had been called an idiot retired into the emporium of Christmas and colonial luxuries to which he was attached, and indulged in comments with his comrades on Lady Goldthorpe's hasty temper, and on the munificent Christmas-boxes she always distributed; and away drove the clarence, with its two showy horses, in the direction of Park Lane, the toy-laden branches of the Christmas-tree bobbing round Lady Goldthorpe's jovial face, until she looked like a fat Fair Rosamond in an ambulatory bower.

"Thank goodness for all things," said the wife of the Prince of Beryl Court. There couldn't be two Lady Goldthorpes, you know,—the scheme of the universe couldn't stand it. "Thank goodness," her ladyship repeated, when she had recovered her breath and her usual equanimity of temper, "one of my troubles is over. Not that I've any thanks to give you, Magdalen Hill," she continued, "sitting quiet and cool there like a stuck pig, and me breaking my heart over the thing, and the mother of Seven Children, all boys too."

Yes; Lady Goldthorpe had the number of children she alluded to: and there were Seven Sons to the Mammon of Beryl Court.

"I can't see, mamma," answered a calm quiet voice on the other side of her ladyship, "that seven children have any thing to do with your trouble. Was the Christmas-tree an eighth one?"

"Then why didn't you help me, Miss Icicle?"

"I knew I couldn't be of any use. You know how weak and awkward I am. And besides, I thought that you would desist, and allow the people at the shop to do that which they should have done in the first instance:—send the thing home."

"Ah, I dare say," grumbled, but not ill-humouredly, the mother of seven children. "It's always the same:—weak and awkward. You're not weak and awkward when you're playing the harp or the pianoforte like an angel, or painting saints with gold cheese-plates round their heads, and their toes turned in:—poor deluded creatures. You're not weak and awkward when you're writing letters five pages long, let alone crossing, to somebody in India, are you?"

A faint blush rose on the pale face, and a fainter smile played on the firm lips of Lady Goldthorpe's companion.

What companion? Muffs don't blush, at least not inanimate ones; and Skye terriers, although they sometimes grin and snarl, seldom smile. Who was Lady Goldthorpe's companion, occupying, indeed, the remaining back seat of the carriage, the dog sitting in conscious majesty between.

Why, Magdalen Hill, to be sure. And who was Magdalen Hill? A very few words will suffice to introduce her to you. She was very tall and very slender, and had an odd prejudice against wearing crinoline, which, if you will carry your remembrance back, began to show itself in England as a French importation about ten years ago.\* She had very large gray eyes, veiled with very long lashes, and which had a fixed and stern and not very pleasant expression. Her lips were, as I have hinted, firmly cut,—“chiselled” is I believe the proper term,—and when she opened them very bitter words issued occasionally from between them and her white teeth. Her feet—what do I know about a lady's feet? and what grovelling dullards are those, who, looking on Woman, cast down their eyes to the earth she walks upon, instead of looking upward to the Heaven in her face! Well, her feet. They were hidden, as a lady's feet should almost ever be; and she never danced, and he who describes her never met her on a wet day. She had very long white hands, and I can assure you that her fingers were not tapering; for albeit their hue was exquisite, long practice on the pianoforte, on which she was an accomplished performer, had given somewhat of a muscular character to her digits, and to the nerves and muscles that belonged to them. Her hair—yes, her hair, how well that is remembered!—was raven black, was glossy, worn in two plain *bandeaux*. I spoke of her pale face. It was pale almost to the pallor of Death. You know the pallor I mean—the first camellia-like waxiness of the mortal that has put on immortality, not the dreadful hues of after days.

\* Lest the author should be accused of an anachronism, he begs to refer his readers to a comic publication called the *Man in the Moon*, which may be consulted in the reading-room of the British Museum, and in volume ii. (under the date of 1847) of which work he will find this paragraph: “All the cab-horses in Paris are said to have lost their tails in consequence of the demand for crinoline.”

Such was Magdalen Hill. She dressed habitually in that which Chief-Justice Hale advised his children to dress in, "sad colour"—grays and fawns, and lilacs and blacks, relieved by lighter rays. She wore high-necked dresses, always; and for all ornament carried a plain cross of dead gold at her throat. And she seemed one of those women who look neither happy nor unhappy, de-pairing nor resigned, quick nor slow, clever nor stupid; but who are ready and able for any thing—to run away with you, or to go into a convent and wear spiked girdles, and scourge themselves thrice a day; to be the idol of a Parisian *salon*, or to teach a Sunday-school full of clodhopping children; to say spontaneously, "I love you," or to a fervent protestation of love to answer, "Sir, I don't understand you;" to go to the end of the world for an idea, or to go home to their mothers, to bear blows, ill-usage, coarse language,—any thing but infidelity; or to take offence at the omission of a finger-napkin at dinner, and serve you with a citation in the Divorce Court for cruelty because you have taken them to the Opera in a cab instead of a brougham. Who has not known these fathomless inscrutable women; looked upon those eyes, whose glance would either beam out a message of happiness to you, or turning towards the executioner send you to the block, and yet do neither; but behave always in conformity with *les parfaites convenances!* Such was Magdalen Hill, with her eyes, and her lips, and her long demure but cruel hands, and her set phrases, and her sarcastic parentheses, and the great mystery of Heart and Soul within her, which would have baffled you, La Bruyère, in all your skill in character, and you, John Wilkes, with all your boast of subduing the untractable fair. And of such there are thousands, who are born to be riddles and paradoxes, and the despair of passionate men.

Magdalen Hill was an orphan. Her father had been a colonial judge, and had died of the yellow fever just at the time when he had laid by enough money to give a dowry to his little daughter, then at boarding-school, a mere child, in England. Magdalen was not a favourite at school. She never played, never got into disgrace, never did any thing that her governesses had to forgive her for, and love her more for the atonement of her fault. She was always calm, equable,—not silent, but incomprehensible.

"Upon my word," said, in despair, Miss Mirabelle, the duenna of Selina House, Brixton, "if Miss Hill had not had sixty thousand pounds to her fortune, I do believe that the best thing that could have happened to her would have been to be an articulated pupil, and turn out a 'trotting governess;' " by which appellation was meant, I believe, those unhappy females who, collected and resigned, go out daily in rain, or sleet, or snow, to give lessons in middle-class families, and are spoken of by the servant who opens the door as "that young pusson who comes at twelve, and will *not* wipe her feet." Poor wearied creature, with an English lady's soul within you, how much mud have you carried away from rich men's houses, when you should have shaken off the dust of your feet on the scraper!

But Magdalen Hill had sixty thousand pounds to her fortune. She was a rich little girl and a rich young woman. Sir Jasper Goldthorpe had been her guardian. Her holidays had been spent in his family. After she came of age,—for she was now twenty-two,—his house became her home. And, as we have seen, she called good old Lady Goldthorpe her “mamma.”

I come back to the blush and the smile,—both faint,—awakened by the good-natured taunt that she was neither weak nor awkward when she wrote those voluminous epistles to “somebody in India.”

“You know that he is coming home, mamma,” she said, laying her hand on her companion’s arm, and in a voice that would have been soft and kindly, had there not been, as in an old harp-sichord, a string broken somewhere.

“Yes, my darling Maggie, my own good girl,” the wife of the British baronet responded, “I know it well. He has promised, he has tried; he will, I’m sure, if human will can prevail. He knows that the twenty-seventh of December is his father’s birthday. He knows that he is my own dear son, which I bore him in travail and in sorrow twenty-seven years ago, when we were poor, Magdalen Hill—when we were poor, when my Goldy wasn’t the great man he is now; when Goldy walked ten miles over the snow to fetch a doctor, and he said that I bore up more bravely than mortal woman ever did, and—Heaven bless him for it—left half a sovereign on the mantlepice of his own gentleman’s money, and hid the guinea fee my husband had scraped together sixpence by sixpence at the very back of the Bible on the chest of drawers. I know that my son will come home from the far East Indies. I know he will. He has timed his time; and if wind and weather don’t stop him, he’ll be here to-night. He was born in ’23. He got his cadetship in ’40, and Goldy thought it a good catch; although I’m sure, situated as he now is, he’d make my youngest boy Emperor of Rooshia. My son Hugh will be back to-night, and you know what he’s coming for. He’s a captain in the army. He’s coming back, not alone to see his father and mother and brothers, but he’s coming home to marry you, Magdalen Hill, which he fell in love with you five years back, when he was home on leave; and I know, for all your face that frightens me, that you love him, and that he loves you; and though I am but a poor woman which was ill brought up, and wasn’t always so, I love my son and daughter which is to be, and I’ve had seven children, all boys.”

It was a very indecorous thing to do at Grosvenor Gate, Park Lane; but it is none the less true that Lady Goldthorpe, the mother of seven children, all boys, and the wife of the richest man in the City of London, did, *hic et nunc*, and within the very shadow of Grosvenor Gate, and in her own Clarence, throw her arms about the neck of her companion, and vehemently kiss her. Who let her kiss, and returned the embrace.

“I’m sure,” the good lady remarked, affectionately smoothing the dark hands of Magdalen Hill, which had become slightly disarranged, “that

we've all got our troubles, even to the richest of us. It was years, my dear, before I could receive company without trembling all over, or give an evening party without wishing that I might sink through the drawing-room carpet. When I married my Goldy, I hadn't an *h* in my alphabet,"—in making this confession Lady Goldthorpe very nearly succeeded in putting an *h* to the alphabet she mentioned,—“and now every thing's prospered with us. I'm sure that the very potato-peelings seem to turn to gold in Goldy's hands; and you're going to marry Hugh, and I'm the happy mother of seven children.”

Yes; the Goldthorpe quiver was furnished with that number of arrows. Let us mark off, one by one, the Seven Sons of Mammon.

First came Hugh Jasper Goldthorpe. His first name came from a god-father, Mr. Hugh Desborough, who during Sir Jasper's early career had been intimately connected with him in friendship and in business. Hugh was twenty-seven years of age. He was but a captain in a regiment of native infantry in the service of the East-India Company; but he had held important staff appointments, had been resident and political agent at the court of more than one native prince, and had obtained great renown during the last campaign against the Sikhs as the commander of that famous corps of indigenous troopers, the Daglishwallah Irregular Cavalry.

Second came Ernest, born in the year 'twenty-five, and consequently just that number of years old at the commencement of this history. Ernest had early manifested a serious and studious disposition; had passed with great distinction through Rugby school; gained high honours at Cambridge; took holy orders in his twenty-second year; and had been recently inducted into the rectory of Swordsley, worth a good nine hundred per annum, one of the comfortable benefices in the gift of the Battleaxe-makers' Company.

The third son, William, who was now twenty-three, had chosen, like his eldest brother, the army for his profession; but the times being very different with his papa to those in which he had been glad to obtain a humble cadetship for his firstborn, a commission in a crack cavalry regiment had been purchased for him, and he was now a lieutenant in the 19th Hussars.

The fourth Son of Mammon, Henry, was at sea. He had entered a line-of-battle ship as naval cadet, and having served his time as midshipman, and passed his examination with much *éclat*, was now a mate, awaiting his lieutenant's commission on board the *Magnanimous*, ninety-one gun ship, at Malta.

William, the fifth son, aged nineteen, was an undergraduate at Oxford, and was destined for the bar; his mother having the firmest persuasion that Sir Jasper Goldthorpe had only to say the word to have her William made Lord-Chancellor the moment after he had donned his wig and gown.

Charles, the sixth son, was scarcely eighteen, but he was already installed in a clerkship in the Foreign Office; and Sir Jasper's great friend,



the Earl of Mount Olympus, had promised Charles the very first foreign attachéship—at a nice court where there was plenty of good society and the climate was healthy—that should become available.

Alfred, the seventh son, and who at Christmas 1850 was nearly eleven years of age, was a boy at school at Eton, where he had much more pocket-money and had very nearly as much respect paid to him as though he had been a little Duke. Having a taste for history and a turn for recitation, his career was destined to be “politics,” by which Lady Goldthorpe understood that her youngest son was to be made Prime Minister of England so soon as he arrived at years of discretion.

At the grand Christmas party given in Onyx Square on the twenty-seventh of December, in honour of the double event,—the joyful season and the birthday of Sir Jasper Goldthorpe,—five of the seven Sons of Mammon were present. The Reverend Ernest Goldthorpe, who was pale and demure, and wore a high black silk waistcoat that met his bow-less white neckcloth, came and talked church decoration and illuminated literature with Magdalen Hill. Lieutenant William, of the 19th Hussars, danced and flirted and supped copiously, and was admired—chiefly for his moustaches and his impertinence—by all the young ladies present, and was positively idolised by the said young ladies’ mammas. William, the fifth arrow in the auriferous quiver, was there from Oxford. Charles, the sixth, the most languid of bureaucratic dandies, was there from the Foreign Office. Alfred, the seventh, was there from Eton; and although he declined dancing, on the ground that it was “so precious slow,” made ample amends for his inactivity by energetic attacks on the sweet things and the champagne at supper-time.

It was a juvenile party as well as an evening one. Good-natured Lady Goldthorpe loved to have other people’s children besides her own around her at Christmas time. A bright band of children overran the gorgeous saloons, and mingled with the throng of grown-up fashionables and celebrities, who were but too glad to pay their court at Onyx House and to its potent master. Many pages would be needed to describe that distinguished company, or even to enumerate their names and dignities. There were peers and peeresses, numerous foreigners of rank and celebrity, immensely rich bald-headed old gentlemen, belonging mostly to Banks and Boards, from the City; marriageable young ladies, marriage-making old ladies, and unmarried middle-aged ladies. There were members of parliament, barristers, doctors, wealthy solicitors, proctors from Doctors’ Commons, wild slips of college-lads, friends of Willy Goldthorpe, Eton boys, young ladies from boarding-school, and a sprinkling even of artists and literary men; for Sir Jasper Goldthorpe liked to be well with all classes, and by his bounty golden rays were cast into the humblest homes. Amidst this varied, glittering, rejoicing throng, the Great Millionaire glided about bland, serene, and silent. Nobody found fault with him for his taciturnity. It was sufficient to look upon him, to talk about his wealth in whispers, on staircases, in conservatories, by mantle-

pieces, and in retired corners. The talking department of the firm of Goldthorpe and Co. fell entirely to the share of her ladyship, whose conversation was not very profound, nor, to tell truth, very grammatical, but who gossiped and laughed, and pressed people to dance and eat and drink, until every body was delighted with her. If she had been as mum as her husband, or, talking, had given utterance to the baldest nonsense, the admiration expressed for her would yet have been universal. Was she not the wife of the master of Beryl Court?

So all these fine folks enjoyed themselves in junketing and feasting till the night was very old, and the small hours began to chime from the buhl clocks. But a certain gloom and anxiety had stolen in among the gaiety and rioting, and sat on the countenances of three persons—Sir Jasper Goldthorpe, his wife, and Magdalen Hill. No Hugh Goldthorpe had made his appearance. Midnight came, and no Hugh. The time when his arrival might have been expected was long past. Had he missed a train from Marseilles? Had he been detained in Paris? Had he fallen ill on the road? His brothers did not know that his coming was so imminently looked for. It was to be a surprise to all—to his relatives as to his friends.

One, two o'clock in the morning, and no Hugh Goldthorpe. The gay company broke up and went home to talk of the delightful evening they had spent, the boundless riches of Sir Jasper, the charming eccentricity—had she been poor, they would have called it vulgarity—of Lady Goldthorpe. The Sons of Mammon bade their parents good night, and retired to their rooms—all save the subaltern of hussars, whose cabriolet was waiting for him, and who drove down gaily to his club to spend the evening. Three persons were left in the stately crimson drawing-room in Onyx Square: Sir Jasper, evidently perturbed; Lady Goldthorpe, who made no secret of her approaching intention of seeking consolation in a flood of tears; and Magdalen Hill, with her pale face.

### CHAPTER III.

#### RETURN OF THE FIRST-BORN.

CAPTAIN HUGH GOLDTHORPE, M.N.I., ex-commander of the Daglishwallah Irregulars, ex-Resident at the Court of Duffa Khan Sahib, Rajah of Jowlapore, is sick of Indian service. Barely five years have elapsed since he was last in England on sick leave; but he has sought and obtained fresh *congé*. He contemplates a much longer stay in Europe; and, indeed, it is exceedingly problematical whether he will ever return to either of the three Presidencies. He has shaken the branches of the *Pagoda* tree quite long enough, and longs to enjoy his *siesta* at the foot thereof. Six feet two in his stockings stands Hugh Goldthorpe, strongest and coolest *sabreur* of his corps, skilful in diplomacy, wise in *darkness*. He is of the stuff of which great soldiers and statesmen are made, but his father is too rich, and his allowances have been too handsome, for

him to continue seeking fresh advancement in either career. He has had enough of glory, both in soldiering and negotiation, and is only desirous of rest, and the enjoyment of the wealth that is to be, or is already his, and the wife long since promised to him. His desires are modest, you see. The affianced one—the Beloved One—is a stately lady, and a haughty withal; but she has told him that she loves him with her whole heart and soul, and that is enough for Captain Hugh. So the hero of many intricate negotiations with crafty Asiatics, and of fifty hand-to-hand combats with fierce Sikhs and Afghans, tranquilly puffs his cheroot in the expectation of a speedy return to England, home, and beauty. He has engaged a saloon berth in the Peninsula and Oriental Company's ship *Isis*, and, by the last days of December, he gaily augurs he will be in London. He feels happier than many passengers on board, albeit they may be nearly as rich as he, can feel; for he has been fortunate enough to bring his liver away with him. He is broad of chest and sturdy of limb, with handsome straight-cut features, a mobile yet determined mouth, shaded with a thick Saxon moustache, and a long silken beard curling down nearly to his waist. He will have that latter appendage trimmed within moderate limits when he reaches the shores of Albion. He is very brave, and strong, and resolute; but he is none the less joyous and amiable in private life. A lion in the field, a fox in the council, he is a very lamb in the compound; and scores of blushing virgins of all ages—from innocent, trusting seventeen to perspicacious thirty-five—who had been imported to India by *rusée* female relatives, with a view of putting a stop to their dreary state of celibacy, have ogled Captain Hugh, and sung songs at him, and embroidered pretty trifles for him, and laid siege to his heart in a hundred different ways, every one of which, for all his lamb-like demeanour, have proved totally unavailing. Perhaps there was no citadel to besiege, nothing but embankments and outworks; the heart itself was in England, in Onyx Square, with Magdalen Hill. He has been away five years; but as he paces the deck of the *Isis* he can scarcely persuade himself that so long a period has passed away. He leans against the bulwarks of the vessel ploughing her way through the long rolling waves of the Red Sea. He puffs at that cheroot again, and gazes upward at the fleecy clouds passing gingerly—as though they feared to take too great a liberty with the Queen of Night—across the face of the shining moon. He thinks on his boyhood, on the happy day when he received his direct appointment in the Honourable Company's service, on his transition period of "griffdom," of his efflorescence as a full-blown subaltern. The dead dull heat of the climate falls harmlessly on him now; for he has sweltered year after year in the tightest of uniforms, and the heaviest of accoutrements, and again in all the charming *abandon*, full of wild sartorial reveries, and of his irregular costume, beneath the hottest-blazing sunshine. The mere heavy sultry languor of the Red Sea feels comparatively cool to him; but he recollects his sensations when, as a boy, he first reached that "other side" which, to Anglo-

Indians means all the country that lies eastward beyond the Egyptian desert, and firmly believed that his young life would be fairly scorched out of him before he reached his destination. Freshly came back to him the old doubts and fears, and surmises of what his career in India would end in; whether he would be slain in battle, or rise in civil employments, or in any case vindicate the old *sobriquet* of "Cockey Goldthorpe" bestowed upon him at school. How well he remembered his first sword, new and slender and shining! now he has half a dozen blades with him, all notched and red-rusted from deadly frays. He is coming Home. That one thought has absorbed, for weeks, all the thoughts of his waking hours, and even of his dreams.

Home! He has reached Aden on his way; he has gone down into Egypt, and come to Cairo. At Shepherd's Hotel, where the Overland caravan rests for a night, he declines joining the dinner-party, and devotes his brief period of repose to eagerly devouring the contents of the English newspapers brought by the outward-bound party of young cadets and yellow civilians who have just arrived. As the mail nears England Hugh's impatience and home-sickness increase. The three days between Alexandria and Malta are spent almost in a fever. At the Valetta post-office he gets a packet of letters from Home,—letters which breathe love and tender interest in every line,—letters that tell him of the glorious reception that awaits him when he reaches his father's house. He sees no reason why he should not arrive in England on the long-looked-for day,—his father's birthday.

He leaves Malta for Marseilles. The confinement of the vessel becomes almost intolerable to him. He indulges in wild speculations of days when monster viaducts shall cross the Mediterranean, and express-trains run without stopping from Marseilles to Malta. He sits in the bows of the *Messageries Imperiales* steamer all day long; and when a sudden squall comes on in the Gulf of Lyons, and delays the way of the ship by some three or four hours, Captain Hugh becomes almost frantic with impatience. Why can't squalls be put down by Act of Parliament?

Marseilles has been made, at last. Captain Hugh, during the last portion of the trip, has had his wits sufficiently about him to make friends with the mail-agent, who, he knows, will go straight through to London at express speed, and whom he has persuaded to accept him as a companion.

Up the steep hilly streets of Marseilles dashes the post-wagon. Cutting in between long trabrils drawn by long-horned oxen, and driven by Spanish-clad, swarthy, sleepy varlets, dashing and rattling, but never too rapidly for Captain Hugh. Then he comes on to the French railway, and finds himself in mid-winter, and discovers that the pelisse he has been careful enough to bring with him, lined throughout with fur, is none too warm. Away over the flat dusky plains of the Midi flies the express-train with its one carriage attached, shrieking and sputtering and roaring, but not too fast for Captain Hugh. He cannot sleep. Wakeful and lynx-eyed, he remains up and anxious; while his companions, the English and French

post-couriers, are slumbering in their respective corners. There is no time for set breakfasts or set dinners. Long dusky loaves, with slices of Lyons sausage and fragrant-smelling Briard cheese are thrust into the carriage at certain stations, and then and there devoured by the three travellers. The repast is washed down by great gulps of Médoc imbibed in the most primitive fashion from the bottle's mouth.

Paris at last, and in time to catch the 7-30 p.m. express from Paris. In the rapidest of cabs, Captain Hugh scurries from the terminus of the Lyons railway to that of the Chemin de Fer du Nord. He makes such haste that he is there a twenty-five minutes before the departure of the Calais train. He has parted company by this time with his friends the mail-agents, English and French; and they are quite busy enough over the stowage of their innumerable boxes to dispense with his society. Captain Hugh is admitted by special favour on to the platform, instead of having to wait in the *Salle d'attente*. That is the last favour the English courier shows him. Captain Hugh secures a place for himself in a particularly comfortable-looking carriage, and places on the corner seat his pelisse lined throughout with fur, and his Russia-leather-covered despatch-box. He strolls into the refreshment-room, and has even five minutes for the discussion of his beloved cheroot.

About seven o'clock there has drawn up at the entrance to the terminus a pretty little one-horse brougham, with a coachman in a livery that has something of an English fashion. A lacquey who sits beside him dismounts, and assists a lady, who is the sole occupant of the carriage, to alight. A porter comes up, and, touching his cap, asks politely whether Madame is going by the *train express*. No: Madame has not any such intention. She is merely here to see a friend off. She bids the coachman go away, and away he drives. Then, followed by a little Blenheim spaniel, Madame walks into the great entrance vestibule of the station, where porters are rushing about with trucks full of luggage, and people are crowding to the ticket-office, and vendors of cheap periodicals are offering their wares for sale, and idlers are wandering about and staring, and police-agents are watching.

Madame is very short and slight in stature, and is richly clad in very wide-spreading skirts. The hems of her garments are marvels of fine linen and needlework. She is exquisitely *gantée*. She has sparkling bracelets on her arms. Her bonnet is a paragon. She wears her veil down; but it is transparent enough for you to see, beneath, that her face is very pretty, that she has a very fine colour in her cheeks, that her teeth are very white, that her mouth is very smiling, and that she has very fair flowing ringlets.

She looks about her, and stamps her little foot as though in impatience. Anon she espies a diminutive and shabbily-attired man, with curly gray hair, and a peaked nose somewhat purple in hue. In face and gesture he is not unlike a ferret. She beckons to him imperiously; and the little man comes smirking and bowing up to her, rubbing his hands.

"Is he here, Sims?" madame asks in the English language.

"He is, and, O be joyful," answers the little shabby man, with a grin that makes his face look more and more like a ferret, "our agents have not deceived us. The telegraphic message from Marseilles was perfectly correct. He came with the courier in charge of the mails, and I have just seen him in the refreshment-room. This has been a day of great grace."

"Do your errand," madame says, tossing her ringlets, and turning to caress her Blenheim spaniel.

The little shabby man hurries away, and at the door of the *Salle d'attente* he meets a stalwart young Englishman with a fair moustache and a silky beard.

"Captain Hugh Goldthorpe?" the little man says, tentatively rubbing his hands and grinning again.

"That's my name," answers the individual so addressed; "and what might you want with me?"

"There's a lady close by who would just have one moment's conversation with you."

Hugh's thoughts revert to his mother and Magdalen Hill. Could they have come to Paris to meet him?

"A lady! where is she?" he cries out eagerly.

"Yonder," answers the messenger, and points to where the lady who has despatched him stands, her back turned, and caressing her little spaniel.

The loving eyes of Hugh could see at a glance that this was neither Lady Goldthorpe nor Magdalen Hill. Whom could it be? He knew scarcely any one in Paris, and certainly he had no female acquaintances in that capital. He laughed, and looked at his watch.

"It's twenty-two minutes past seven," he says; "I've not much time to talk to a lady. Does she know me, and how long will she keep me?"

"She knows you perfectly well, and she won't detain you an instant," the shabby messenger replies.

With another laugh, thinking there must be some mistake, gallant Captain Hugh advances to the lady, takes off his hat, and, with a low bow, asks in French of what service he can be to her.

"The lady speaks English," remarks the shabby little man, with the most peculiar grin he has yet given.

The lady turns round, raises her veil, and looks Captain Hugh Goldthorpe full in the face. He starts back with something very like a cry of horror.

"Merciful Heavens!" he exclaims, "it is Mrs. Armytage!"

But time and the express-train will wait for no man. The bell rings. The cry of "*Prenez vos places—en voiture*" is heard. The passengers rush through the opened doors of the *Salle d'attente* on to the platform. A stalwart young man, with a thick beard and moustache, hurriedly opens the door of a carriage, sees a furred pelisse and a Russia leather

despatch-box lying on one seat, and jumps in. Doors are slammed, a shrill whistle is audible, and the Calais express starts.

On that selfsame evening of the twenty-seventh of December, shortly before midnight, an appalling accident happened to the express train from Paris. Close to a station called Armentières, between Arras and Hazebrouck, the engine ran off the rails and into a luggage-train going up the line. Both trains came into dire collision. The damage was tremendous, the carnage awful. Seven persons were killed and nearly thirty frightfully injured.

When assistance had been procured, the labourers and police who had hastened to the scene of the catastrophe proceeded to extricate the dead and dying from the shattered ruins of the passenger-train. One carriage was found positively crushed to pieces, and a full hour elapsed before it could be ascertained whether any traveller lay buried beneath its fragments. At last the task was accomplished, and a doleful spectacle presented itself. One corpse was found; but it was so awfully disfigured, so crushed and pounded and mashed and battered and gashed, as to have scarcely any human semblance left. Of the countenance, indeed, there remained positively nothing that could lead to the discovery of its identity.

“*Rien dans les poches;*” nothing in the pockets save French and English money, and this watch marked “Dent, London, 55,304,” the chief of the station remarks, with a melancholy shake of the head, after such dreadful superficial examination as was possible had taken place of the dead thing’s garments. “Stay, what is this beside the *cadavre*?”

The assistants turned their lanterns to the spot pointed out by the inspector. Close to the side of the corpse, drenched with blood, but quite intact, they found a despatch-box covered with Russia leather, and a pelisse lined throughout with rich sable fur. The leathern case was locked; but in the side-pocket of the pelisse was a morocco pocket-book, which being examined was found to contain a packet of letters, with the Malta post-mark, addressed to Captain Hugh Goldthorpe, H.E.I.C.S.; and a passport five years old, and covered with visas, in which the principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of her Britannic Majesty requested all authorities, civil and military, to allow free passage, and afford assistance in case of need, to Captain Hugh Goldthorpe, captain in the service of the Honourable East India Company, travelling abroad.

“*Il n’y a plus de doute,*” said the inspector, with a melancholy shrug of the shoulders. “That mass of bloody clay must be the captain. *L’aubre enfant!* And he has a mother perhaps, *là-bas*, in England.”

# TEMPLE BAR.

FEBRUARY 1861.

## The Seven Sons of Mammon.

A STORY.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

### CHAPTER IV.

LA DAME AU PREMIER.

THE Rue Grande-des-Petites-Maisons runs at right angles from the Boulevard Pompadour to the Place Dubarry. Are any further particulars needed to tell you that the thoroughfare just named is in the very centre of fashionable Paris? But you may be exigent. Therefore, let it be also hinted that branching from the Rue Grande-des-Petites-Maisons runs that well-known arcade full of old curiosity dealers, jewellers, and print-sellers, the Passage Agnes-Sorel. You are scarcely a stone's-throw, either, from the Rue Diane-de-Poictiers, which has for termination the Cité La Vallière; and, parallel to the Rue Grande, stretches the great, teeming Faubourg Ste. Frédegonde, the chosen mart of silk-mercers and antique furniture sellers. This being all duly mapped down, you are now recommended to take your Galignani's Guide, and find out the Rue Grande-des-Petites-Maisons if you can.

It is a street of the very newest, and belonging wholly to new France. The old site, once occupied by those quiet, sombre, narrow thoroughfares, the Rue-des-Bons-Epiciers, the Rue Cherche-cinq-francs, and the Carrefour-des-vieilles-parapluies, had been cleared shortly after the revolution of '48, to form the approaches to a certain Golden House of Nero, which had been centuries a-building. The Rue Grande appertains, stucco and soul, to the fresh dynasty. No grim hotels, *entre cour et jardin*, as in the Faubourg St. Germain, tenanted by fossil legitimists, whose hearts are in the highlands of Frohsdorff, and who call the proprietor therefore Henri Cinq, are to be found in the Rue Grande. It is disfigured by no shabby *maisons meublées*, or tenth-rate hotels, smelling all



day long of cabbage-soup. It is debased by no mean *crémeries*, green-grocers, or *gargotte* restaurants. No; the street is long and wide, and clean and comely, gaslit, well paved, full of new, handsome, dazzling white houses, with green *jalousies*, with plate-glass windows, with veined and varnished doors, or else with entrance-gates in elaborate iron flagree. Its railings are of gilt bronze, and its door-steps of granite. The houses all seem to be striving to effect a compromise between solid English comfort and flimsy French luxury, but they are altogether as unlike the old mansions of Bourbon or Orleanist Paris as a snug little *remise* rolling swiftly up the Avenue Marigny is unlike the lumbering old *coucoux* that used to creep to Versailles and St. Cloud. For a new Paris has sprung up over the water; a Lutetia that has knockers to its doors; partakes of lunch—sometimes, it must be admitted, spelt “launch;” rides in pill-box broughams and Hansom cabs; stares, eye-glass on cheek, out of the casements of clubs, instead of sipping *orgeat* at a marble table outside a café-door; and has recently Gallicised “blackballer;” as a verb signifying “to exclude;” bets at the Tattersall’s; reads its *Bell’s Life* and its *City* article, rigs its market and posts its ponies in the purlieus of the Bourse. Paris *est mort*—the old, the witty, the polite; *vive* Paris the new, the impudent, the brazenfaced, the speculative! But vice and frivolity are undying, and Paris is still as vicious and as frivolous as ever.

In 1850 the Rue Grande-des-Petites-Maisons had not attained the imperial splendour it now enjoys. Cæsar was not yet emperor. He scarcely was dictator, and every day of his tenure of power he was badgered, well nigh to the death, by politicians of every degree. In 1850 the Rue Grande smelt of scarcely dried cement and fresh paint. It had not received the *cachet* of imperialism. At the present time, on reference to the *Almanach des vingt-cinq milles Adresses*, I find that it is tenanted by one Grand Referendary, two auditors of the Cour des Comptes, one Austrian Archduchess, one Moldo-Wallachian Kaimakan, and at least a dozen female celebrities of the Parisian minor theatres, whose individual salaries average about thirty shillings a week, and who certainly do not spend less than a hundred thousand francs per annum, each and every one of them. Unless I am very much mistaken, too, the Rue Grande-des-Petites-Maisons contains the charming little Pompeian house of the Princes Rostolka, with “*Salve*” on the pavement of the *atrium*, and “*Cave canem*” on the wall, and “*Hic letantur Lares*” over the porch; and all the rest of it. Likewise the sumptuous hotel of M. Israel Portesac des Trois Chapeaux, millionaire of Marseilles, formerly of the Temple, dealer in ancient garments, and genealogically of Judea. Finally, I think I discover in the Rue Grande the gorgeous bachelor quarters of M. Roguet de la Poguerie, member of the Council of State, journalist of Napoleonic tendencies, formerly deputy for the department of the Haute-Dou, and member of the *Académie des jeux floraux* of Rascaille-sur-le-Nève. Ten years since the Rue Grande did not boast such illustrious occupants. Plain Israel Portesac bought and sold old cocked hats, and was not above dealing, occasion-

ally, in the furry robes of departed rabbits; and simple Jeannot Roguet was a doctor's boy in his native town of Rascaille, vigorously pounding medicaments in a mortar. Still in 1850 the new street was very fashionable, and very wealthy, and very gay. How could it be otherwise when its dainty tenements were already the residence of two Russian princesses, one English nobleman (Lord Barrymore of Wharton, who had not been to England since the revolution of '30, bought more pictures in a month than Mr. Farrer could sell in a year, and whose morals were not quite secure from the tittle-tattle of the English community in the neighbouring Faubourg St. Honoré); of the mysterious and fabulously wealthy Grand Duke of Grimgribberstadt; of Mesdemoiselles Henriette Coquillard, Nini Cassemajou, Euphrosine Turlupin, Aspasia Catin, Herminie Languedouce, Jenny Fagotin, and other dramatic heroines; and, to sum up, of LA DAME AU PREMIER?

*La Dame au Premier*, or, to come down to plain Saxon, the Lady on the First Floor, lived at Number One, Rue Grande-des-Petites-Maisons, and in a house seemingly large enough to lodge a regiment of dragoons; but having neither husband nor children she contented herself with the first floor, and was but a lodger, condescending to permit a banker to occupy the *rez-de-chaussée*, an *agent de change* to live on the second floor, a *premier sujet* of the opera to be installed on the third, and any body who liked, and could afford to pay an enormous rent for somewhat straitened accommodation, to shelter themselves in the fourth or attic story. The name of the lady on the first floor was Mrs. Armytage.

She was a rich English widow, whose husband had died in the Indies. That the *concierge* knew well. The great Indies, he called our Oriental Empire. To that functionary she was the most adorable of her sex. A superb woman, he declared, pursing in his lips. A queen-like creature. An angel. She showered five-franc pieces on him. That woman should have the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, the *prix Monthyon*, opined the *concierge*. She did not give any thing to the poor: they are always in the way, *ces gens*, those poor (muttered the *concierge*), but she was liberal, nay, munificent to him, to the postman, to her servants, to her tradespeople. She received the very best society—the very best of the semi-imperial court of the Elysée Bourbon, the plutocracy of the Chaussée d'Antin, the most distinguished illustrations of the world of the Bourse, the Palais, the *coulisses*, the republic of letters, and the Jockey Club. The Faubourg St. Germain stood aloof from her; for had not madame proclaimed her enthusiastic adhesion to Bonapartism? Was not her bed-chamber hung with green velvet, powdered with Napoleonic bees? Did she not wear an eagle in diamonds in her blonde tresses? The Faubourg St. Germain, in its dynastic sense, stayed away from the Rue Grande, and the fascinating first-floor lodger thereof, and was not missed; but many a son and heir of the Faubourg, many a haughty young vicomte, with more quarterings in his scutcheon than thousands of francs in his purse; many a wrinkled old chevalier or parchment-faced *Vidame*, with the cross of

St. Louis at his button-hole, and the memory of the dear wicked old times when Charles the Tenth was only the Comte d'Artois, in his heart stole away from the crumbling quarter of Divine Right to bask in the smiles of madame on the first floor. Her salons were crowded to the vestibule every evening. The ladies and gentlemen of the English community before named came from the Faubourg St. Honoré to eat, and drink, and sing, and dance, and play. The gentlemen were in raptures with the rich Indian widow. The ladies were all but unanimous in abusing her. She was a little too charming to be admired by her own sex. On her part the lady on the first floor frankly accepted all invitations from foreigners of distinction, and contributed to the *délices* of many French, German, and Russian salons; but she resolutely declined visiting, under any circumstances, her own countrymen and countrywomen. "Let them come to *me*," she said, tossing her pretty head; "I don't want to go to them." The English community had no excuse for cutting Mrs. Armytage, or for sending her to Coventry; for we English carry a Coventry about with us wherever we go—whether it be to the North Pole or the Andaman Islands. There was no mystery about her. Her conduct as a wife had been irreproachable. Scores of yellow-visaged Anglo-Indians resident in the French capital had known her husband, Major Armytage of the Queen's army, who died of a fever at Goggerdebad in 1843. People knew that she had a pension; people surmised from her manner of living that the major had died rich. She had resided alternately in Paris, London, and Brighton, during the seven years of her widowhood, keeping open house every where, receiving the cream of society, but never returning visits. Why should the English ladies of the Faubourg and the Cité Beaujou be continually girding at her, and yet be glad to rustle their flounces in the grand suite of apartments where Mrs. Armytage reigned supreme?

The first floor in which she lived might have belonged to a palace of the *Arabian Nights*. Major Armytage must have shaken the Indian pagoda-tree to some purpose, if all the fine things belonging to his widow had come out of her jointure and the pensionary liberality of the Honourable East India Company. She lived *en princesse*. The suite of rooms on the first floor of the Rue Grande comprised a vestibule (coloured marble, fresco copy of Cephalus and Aurora, statuary, alabaster vases, &c.), a dining-room (inlaid *parquet*, pictures of game by Mytens, boar-hunt by Snyders, fruit after Rubens, insects by Abraham Mignon, silver Venetian frames, Japanese bird-screen, &c.); a grand *salon* for receptions (needlework, tapestried furniture, ebony, mother-of-pearl, *consoles*, *guéridons*, *cabarets* full of porcelain, ceiling painted by Diaz, carpet of velvet pile *d'Aubusson*, pianoforte by Pleyel, harp by Erard, &c. &c.); a little drawing-room (pink silk and malachite, Turkish scenes by Décamps, aquarelles by Eugène Lamy, *statuettes* by Pradier, &c.); a delicious boudoir (white and gold, select library in alternate vellum and crimson morocco bindings, stained-glass windows, porcelain door-panels,

aquarium, miniature conservatory, aviary, *prie-dieu* in carved oak, every conceivable variety of arm-chair, ottoman divan, sofa, tabouret, *dormeuse*, *causcuse*, and *boudeuse*, and the entire apartment not much bigger than a butler's pantry, &c. &c. &c.). Finally, there was my lady's own chamber, the *chambre-à-coucher*,—remember that we are in Paris, and that there is consequently no impropriety in alluding to a lady's sleeping apartment,—with the famous green velvet hangings, powdered with golden bees, and a bed in carved rosewood and gold standing in an alcove; quilt of eider-down enclosed in apple-green brocade; gauze curtains; a plenitude of mirrors; floor of polished oak, inlaid, with rugs of lion and tiger skins; Beauty's altar in the shape of a toilet-table; infinite trifles from Froment Meurice and Tahans'; tiny arsenal of pistols, damascened sabres, poignards, and fowling-pieces,—an odd fancy for a lady's chamber, but they were perhaps trophies belonging to the defunct major,—and massive Elizabethan wardrobe. The bed-chamber was, according to Continental custom, thrown open on reception nights, and, lighted up by scores of wax tapers, produced sensations of delight in the spectator which frequently approached frenzy.

It is time to send the upholsterer away, and bid the broker's man close his inkhorn and pocket his inventory. Mrs. Armytage is on her way home even as I write, and it might be dangerous to be detected in enacting the part of Paul Pry in her apartments. There is just time to let you know that the *valetaille*, the inferiors of Mrs. Armytage's household, had their quarters, as becomed their degree, on the same vast first floor of No. 1 Rue Grande-des-Petites-Maisons. Where the kitchen was situated remained a mystery; but there must have been one on the premises, else how could M. Estragon (formerly of the Chimborazan embassy), the accomplished *chef* of the lady on the first floor, have concocted those delicate little dinners, those exquisite little suppers, for which he and Mrs. Armytage were alike renowned, and which had extorted the admiration of the most exacting *gourmets* of Paris—epicures before whose searching gaze the butler of the Trois Frères faltered, and the waiters of the Café de Paris trembled. Mrs. Armytage's wines had a special celebrity of their own. She had a dry champagne which made fools witty and ugly women look handsome. She had a sparkling Burgundy which seemed to sing songs of its own accord as it danced in the glass. She had a Romanée Conti, after drinking which authors rushed home and wrote thrilling romances, and M. Israel des Trois Chapeaux added hundreds of thousands of francs to his fortune by bold speculations on the *hausse*.

For servants there were M. Estragon, erst of the Chimborazan embassy, cook and *maitre d'hôtel* as aforesaid—of foolish fat scullions I say nothing; Mademoiselle Reine, lady's maid, tall, supple, and discreet; Monsieur Bénéot, *valet de chambre*, butler and factotum, grave, solemn, silent, clean shaven, clad in raven black, and on gala occasions appearing in black shorts and silk stockings. When the Grand Duke of Grimgrib-

berstadt came—he was expected on the very night of which I am speaking—M. Bénéît appeared with a slender silver chain round his neck, ruffles, and a slim mourning sword by his side. The ladies of the English community sneered at what they stigmatised as ridiculous ostentation. Mrs. Armytage laughed—she was always laughing—and declared that Bénéît had served crowned heads in his time, and that if she did not allow him to wear his sword and chain on state occasions he would give her warning. She did not even resent the satirical inquiry of the young Marquis Boissec de Puitssec, as to whether her *valet de chambre* was in the employ of the Pompes Funèbres,—and indeed his ceremonial costume did not ill resemble that of the head undertaker at a French funeral. This was the same M. de Boissec de Puitssec who was shortly afterwards slain in a duel in the Bois de Vincennes by M. Hector de Viellesouche, formerly of the Gardes du Corps, on a quarrel arising from a bet as to the number of Mrs. Armytage's flaxen ringlets. Boissec said there were fifteen on one side and fourteen on the other; Viellesouche betted that the numbers were equal. They could not agree about payment; so they quarreled and fought, and he died, and she—the lady on the first floor—laughed louder than ever.

I have omitted to mention one domestic of Mrs. Armytage's following; yet Hercule Moustachu deserves a word. He was the lady's *chasseur*, and wore a green pelisse elaborately embroidered, a gigantic cocked hat and plumes, Hessian boots, and an ivory-handled *couteau de chasse* in his belt. Again the English community of the faubourg had something to sneer at. "What does she want with that ruffianly creature, six feet high, with whiskers like blacking-brushes, and his absurd masquerade dress?" they kindly asked. Mrs. Armytage shrugged her pretty shoulders and laughed. Moustachu was her *chasseur*, she simply remarked, and wore the ordinary uniform of his station. Go to the hotel of the Chimborazan ambassador, of the Baratarian minister, or of the Ashantee envoy even, and you would find *chasseurs* similarly accoutred. He *was* a droll creature certainly, she admitted, with his cocked hat and his big whiskers; and she laughed till her ringlets shook like the leaves in a summer's breeze. She was but a mite of a woman, and Moustachu was her protection. He sat on the box of her brougham beside the coachman; and when she walked abroad on the boulevard, or in the Bois de Boulogne, he followed her, bearing a great golden-tipped staff of office, colossal, imposing, and severe. In the winter he wore a pelisse of bearskin, which made him look, to say the least, tremendous and appalling. Great men—the very greatest—have their foibles, and Moustachu's weakness was *absinthe*. When excited by that stimulant, he was at first ferocious and the terror of peaceful wineshop-keepers, but would ultimately subside into the tears of happy infancy. The malicious whispered that Moustachu had once been a giant at the fairs; and sarcastic M. de Boissec (only a week before the duel) declared that he recognised the *chasseur* as a former assistant to a travelling quack doctor, and that

he had seen him in a scarlet toga and a Roman helmet grinding the organ in the dickey of a phaeton, while Dulcamara, his master, vaunted his pills and potions to the simpletons around.

"What a droll idea!" cried Mrs. Armytage, laughing, when some kind friend—I think it was an English lady of the community—repeated M. de Boisseac's words to her.

The English community—the female part of it, at least—had once endeavoured to put down Mrs. Armytage. There was positively nothing against her,—not a speck on the ermine of her fair fame,—not a flaw in her diadem of good repute,—not the tiniest peg whereon to hang scandal; but they tried to put her down notwithstanding. "That serpent must be crushed," said Lady Eaglesborough emphatically; and when Lady Eaglesborough said a thing, important results generally followed. She was the leader of the serious (Anglican) world of Paris, was very nearly as tall as Moustachu, had four daughters almost as tall as herself, whom, rumour said, she caned, and was altogether a woman not to be trifled with. Mrs. Cowpon, the banker's wife (Cowpon, Pécule, Filicoteaux, et C<sup>ie</sup>., Rue St. Lazare), entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with Lady Eagleborough. Mrs. St. Leger Levius, about whom scandal had more than once, and with some appearance of reality, been whispered, petitioned to be allowed to join the league. The Honourable Mrs. Dipton whose husband led her such a sad life, the two Miss M'Caws whose father made that unfortunate mistake about the trust-money, gathered round Lady Eaglesborough. The serpent *must* be crushed, they all agreed. The terms "basilisk," "cockatrice," "crocodile," and "siren," were freely applied to Mrs. Armytage. She was to be cut, repudiated, ostracised, black-balled, sent to that terrible Coventry more dreaded than Norfolk Island ever was. The news of the conspiracy soon reached the widow of the Rue Grande-des-Petites-Maisons, and she laughed for at least twelve consecutive minutes. "They crush me!" she repeated, almost with a shriek of merriment. "The insensates! You may tell them," she continued, turning to Mr. Simperleigh, of the British embassy, who was her informant as to the hostile intentions of the faubourg, "that if I hear any more of this nonsense, Lord Barrymore shall produce all Mrs. St. Leger Levius's letters to him, written while her husband was in Jamaica. The plain reasons why Frank Dipton shot himself shall be put down in writing by my man Sims. I've got the newspaper report of the bankruptcy of that wicked old Dr. M'Caw, who was a schoolmaster at Greenock, and starved his pupils, the wretch, besides spending his ward's trust-money. Young Mistigri, the artist of the Rue de Bohême, sketches capitally in pen and ink, and he shall draw me *such* a caricature of Lady Eaglesborough caning her grenadier daughters; and as for Mrs. Cowpon, all Paris shall know how she pretended to go to Aix-la-Chapelle for her health, went on to Baden-Baden instead, lost five thousand francs at roulette,—on a Sunday night, Mr. Simperleigh,—and, not daring to face her red-headed husband, had to borrow money of Captain Lovelace to

pay her hotel-bill and come home. They crush me, indeed! Unless ample apologies are made to me, I'll tear off all their false fronts and have half their young men in Clichy in a fortnight."

Mrs. Armytage did not insist upon the apology; but the conspiracy melted at once into thin air. Lady Eaglesborough called on her to beg a subscription for the Destitute Couriers and Footmen-out-of-place Relief Fund, and publicly declared that she, Mrs. Armytage, was a person of superior attainments and great energy of character. Mrs. St. Leger Levius went to spend six months at Bagnères de Bigorres; and when next old Lord Barrymore of Wharton dined *en petit comité* with the lady of the first floor, they both laughed till the *vermeil* and porcelain on the damask clinked again. His Lordship liked to dine in the Rue Grande-des-Petites-Maisons. He was to have dined there on the 27th of December 1850, but, having a prior engagement with the Grand Duke of Grimgribberstadt, sent an apology, and promised to look in during the evening. For Lord Barrymore of Wharton belonged to the old school, and liked to dine as well as sup.

The half-past seven *train express* had started a good hour ere Mrs. Armytage left the vicinity of the Northern Railway terminus. "My man Sims"—the diminutive personage of ferret-like appearance—had quitted her, and Mrs. Armytage was alone. She had not even Moustachu the *chasseur* to protect her; but she was a woman of great mental resources, and feared nothing. She hailed a little *voiture bourgeoise* and bade the driver proceed to the Boulevard Pompadour; and just as the multitude of clocks scattered all over her apartments were tinkling out the hour of nine, Mrs. Armytage was in her *cabinet de toilette*, arraying herself for a festal evening. It was a *fête* every night with Mrs. Armytage. Her sands of life were diamond dust, and Time gave her his arm with dainty politeness, and conducted her along a path all strewn with flowers. How old was she? You might have asked yourself the question a hundred times looking at her as she sat on one of the luxurious couches in her boudoir waiting for her guests, and have reaped only bewilderment and perplexity from your inquiries. As a rule, you are aware, it is difficult to tell the ages of blondes. Their complexion keeps; wrinkles and crows' feet are slow to appear, and their furrows cast no deep shadows; their hair rarely becomes gray. Fair women of fifty may often pass for their own daughters, unless indeed they become fat, when the secret is at once disclosed. Fat is fatal to either sex, and under any circumstances. Mrs. Armytage had no tendency to *embonpoint*. She was the rather *svelte*, slim, tiny, slender. You saw none of her bones, but you did not see too much of her flesh. Her shoulders were much whiter than the whitest opera-cloak she could wear. Her eyes were very large and very blue, and they laughed at you to the full as much as her mouth did. As to the laugh itself, it was almost incessant, but it was neither a simper nor a snigger. You know the blondes who laugh in that manner, and who are, for the most part, utter and hopeless simpletons. Mrs. Armytage's laugh

was by no means a hollow one—nothing like that dreadful cavernous “he-hee” of the actress on the stage—the laugh which is twin-sister to the stereotyped grin of the ballet-dancer. It was not a jocund laugh; it was not a “bitter” laugh (*risus sardonicus*); and the merriment in which this lady indulged was by no means contagious. Very few people felt inclined to laugh with, or at, or after the laughing lady of the Rue Grandes-Petites-Maisons. “She is a mermaid whose mother was a laughing hyæna,” said Lord Barrymore of Wharton of the lady with whom he was so fond of dining.

All this brings us no nearer the solution of the problem as to Mrs. Armytage’s age. She was not the kind of person to let you into the secret herself. There were ladies and gentlemen in plenty who came to her saloons, and who had known her, some for ten and some for fifteen years; but they were no closer to certainty than her most recent acquaintances. She had always looked young. She always had that fresh bloom on her cheeks, the bloom which didn’t look like rouge, and which I don’t believe *was* rouge. There were no *fossettes* in her neck, no creases beneath her eyes, not a touch of the Enemy’s finger round the muscles of her mouth. There she sat on the couch in the boudoir, radiant in sea-green silk and pink bows and point-lace, and blazing with diamonds and rubies, and shaking her blonde ringlets as she played with and laughed at her little Blenheim spaniel.

She had dined alone, and in this same boudoir. M. Estragon had taken the same pains with her solitary repast as though it had been a banquet for fifteen. Moustachu the *chasseur* brought the dishes to the door, but he was not suffered to pass the magic portal. M. Benoît, in full dress, himself served the lady on the first floor. She tasted a little *purée*, a morsel of *turbot à la crème*, a tiny corner of a *vol-au-vent*, a delicate slice of *chevreuil en poivrade*; but she ate up the whole of a fat little bird in a very nimble and cutlike manner, and crunched its succulent bones with great apparent gusto. Wines were presented to her in due course, the still and sparkling, the vintages of Bordeaux and of the Côte d’Or. She barely put her lips to the glittering crystal, but she drank a little glass of Curacoa after her thimbleful of black coffee served up in a tiny cup of eggshell porcelain—real Sèvres, you may rest assured.

So she sat and played with the lap-dog, laughing at his gambols, and, anon, took down a daintily-bound novel—it was one of the admired works of M. Pigault-le-Brun, I am afraid, although on the back the volume was lettered *Œuvres de Racine*. She sat and laughed, and read and waited, but not long. Ere ten o’clock the *salons* were full of company. It was the most refined of Liberty Halls, and the guests wandered about pretty much as they pleased; only they were expected to take their departure at midnight. Special invitations were issued to the favoured few who partook of Mrs. Armytage’s famous suppers.

I look back ten years, and stroll in spirit through the dazzling chambers. I see the groups at the card-tables, piles of napoleons by



them, silently but eagerly playing *écarté* or *baccara*. *Lansquenot* was never heard of in this particular house of the Rue Grande. Respectable English fogies played whist sometimes for five-franc points. The starched married ladies of the English community generally kept together, and whispered disparagement of the hostess. "That horrid gambling" they were chiefly severe against. Young English lads were warned by prudent mammas against *baccara*, and, stealing into the contiguous saloon, began immediately to play at the pleasing game denounced; young English ladies were warned, by the same anxious parents, not to enter into flirtations with "those dangerous Frenchmen;" but the peril of the Gallic element was overrated, so far at least as the daughters of Albion were concerned. Plenty of French dandies came from the Jockey Club, the Faubourg St. Germain, and the Café de Paris; but, as the knowledge of the English language possessed by the majority of their number was infinitesimal, their active flirtation with *les blanches mees* did not extend beyond ogling the fair ones, and twirling their mouschettes at them in a fascinating and engaging manner.

I look back ten years, and see the boudoir whose threshold only the *élite* of the company dared, by a tacit kind of understanding, to cross. It is there the lady on the first floor by preference remains. She glides in and about all her rooms and all her company, and performs all the duties of hospitality with irreproachable ease and grace; but her home is in the boudoir, and there chiefly she sits enthroned. On one day you may see the rigid form and coalblack beard of the Grand Duke of Grimgribberstadt. He was reigning Grand Duke once; but political complications, culminating, to tell truth, in the summary burning of his palace about his ears, caused his separation from an ungrateful people, and the enforced abdication of a remarkably prickly crown. His Effulgency—such is his Teutonic title—is very wealthy and very peculiar. It is said that his cheeks are painted, and that his beard is dyed. It is reported that he keeps the whole of his fortune in ready money between the mattress and the palliase of his bed; and that around his couch is a terrible assortment of spring-guns, and twenty-bladed poniards that dart forth at the slightest touch like the instruments of a cupper. It is rumoured also that he will trust no servant of his to prepare his meals—having a dread of poison—and that his daily repasts are sent to him hot and hot each day from a different *restaurant*. Certain it is that the Grand Duke of Grimgribberstadt is a mysterious-looking personage, and that his eye is an evil one. He has a cluster of diamond rings on every finger. The buttons of his waistcoat are brilliants of the purest water. His studs in rose diamonds are prodigious. He is the only man in Europe who possessed an orange-tawny diamond, with, wonder of wonders, the Grand Ducal arms of Grimgribberstadt engraved thereupon. He sits rigid and superb, and blazing. His conversation is limited to one topic, the Italian Opera, and, it must be further admitted, to one opera, *The Barber of Seville*. "*Est-ce qu'on se fatigue jamais du Barbier?*"—"Do we ever

grow tired of the Barber?"—asks his Effulgency, and poses you. Then he is silent for half an hour. "*Mais l'air de la Calomnie!*" he interposes clinchingly, when something is said about evil speaking. Another half-hour of silence elapses. Suddenly he rises, murmurs "*Buona sera,*" recalling the famous concerted piece in his beloved opera, and, dislocating for one instant one of his cervical vertebræ, by which it is understood that his Effulgency bows, he sails away, and is conducted by M. Bénéoit, hearing waxen tapers, to his carriage—that heavy vehicle with the panels and shutters said to be of iron and shot-proof, and of which the two coal-black horses with the silvered harness have been pawing the flags impatiently these two hours.

About eleven, a little brougham drives up to the door of Number One. A tall footman jumps off the box, darts upstairs, pulls the crimson silk cord at Mrs. Armytage's door, says to the *chasseur*, "*Madame la Baronne,*" darts downstairs again, flings open the brougham-door, cries "*On attend Madame*" to the inmate, and hustles or carries, or pushes,—he seems to do it so rapidly,—rather than conducts, a little ball of rich sable fur, surmounted by a little sky-blue hood, up to the apartments of *La Dame au Premier*. Mademoiselle Reine is in waiting, and unwinds the little cocoon of sable and sky-blue. With lightning rapidity you see Mrs. Armytage in her boudoir, curtsying to a dumpy little woman in black velvet and amethysts, with a towering plume on her little head. She looks like Humpty Dumpty who has fallen off the wall and has been half submerged in an ink-bottle. The company crowd about the silken hangings of the boudoir portal, and listen with rapt attention while, in a deep contralto voice, the little dumpy woman declaims something; it may be the grand tirade from *Mary Stuart*, the *Helas!* scene in *Les Horaces*, the "*Es ist nicht lange*" speech from *William Tell*, the *Tombeliers* of Victor Hugo, or the "*Pour nous conserver purs*" passage from Lamartine's *Jocelyn*. She declaims, perorates; there is a burst of applause; Mrs. Armytage curtsys again; fifty people say what they do not in the least mean; the dumpy little woman hurries away again, is robed by Mademoiselle Reine, caught up again by her footman, popped into her carriage, and rattled away to the far end of the Rue de Lille, where she will favour the guests of La Princesse de Clunon-Croisy with a similar burst of elocution. Mrs. Armytage's guests burst out laughing, and whisper, "*La Baronne* is madder than ever." This is the Baronne de Biffinbach. Her spouse, M. de Biffinbach, formerly Hof Kammerer to the Landgrave of Sachsenpflügen-Hamstein, is an entomologist, and passes the best part of his existence in the society of spiders, alive and dead. The Baronne has a rage for elocution. She will probably declaim at five or six houses this evening. Last year her *lune* was for fresco-painting, and she insisted on being suspended in a basket to the ceiling of her dining-room while she executed Cupids and Muses thereupon. Some wet plaster got into the Baroness's eye one day, and she abandoned Art for Eloquence. She has had manias for animal mag-

netism, for ascetic devotion, for *lansquenet*, for St. Simonianism, and for tricks of legerdemain; but she has always been a very charitable, kind-hearted woman, and every body likes her.

That grand old man, so grave, so dignified, so venerable in his flowing white locks, with such an exquisite hand, such a symmetrical foot—*le beau vicillard*—is M. Laplace de Fontenelle the Academician? Not in the least. Yonder mean-looking little old man, dabbling his forehead with a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief, is the illustrious writer and *savant* you mean. Well, it must be my Lord Barrymore. You are wrong again. His Lordship is the jovial, red-faced gentleman with the white teeth and the black whiskers who is bending over Mrs. Armytage, and slyly chuckling over some story she is telling him. The grand and dignified patriarch is no less than old Mon-sieur Fourbel—Papa Fourbel—Nimi Fourbel, the wags of the small satirical journals call him. He has been a chemist and druggist, and has made a fortune out of lollipop to cure catarrh. He has been a stockbroker, and made another fortune out of the *hausse* and the *baisse*. He has been manager of the Opera, and made fortune number three out of the throat of Duprez and the ankles of innumerable *cornphées*. He has been proprietor of the Republico-Monarchico-Orleanico-Bonapartist journal the *Girouette*. He started the Carpentras and Brives-la-Gaillarde Railway, and realised early. He sold, at premium, all his shares in the Docks Elagabale, the *Société anonyme des Marchands de Marrons chauds*, the *Compagnie d'Assurances contre la Migraine*, and other notable speculations. Had he resided in England, Sir Jasper Goldthorpe would have been proud of his acquaintance. This lucky old man might have rivalled the great Hebrew M. Portesac des Trois Chapeaux in wealth, but for his insatiable devotion to eating and drinking. The magnificence of his dinners is only equalled by that of his breakfasts. In oysters alone he spends a princely revenue. He is the one *gourmet* who has ortolans on his table all the year round. "To others the fame of Cæsus, of Ouvrard, or Paris-Duvernay," he says, proudly: "I am the emulator of Lucullus; I am the successor of Cambercérés. I would settle fifty thousand francs a year on the widow of the man who would consent to be thrown into a fish-pond to feed my carp; and were Vattel alive he should be cook to Casserole Fourbel."

Back ten years, back till I can see the journalists, the dandies, the political adventurers, the foreign counts, the financiers, the stock-jobbers, the painters and poets of a perturbed period of transition and suspense. Things had not fallen into their places in 1850, and every one wondered at the position in which he found himself. Back! I hear a voice, sonorous, solemn, touching, wild almost in its searching tones, through the doorway of the chamber where the grand piano is. Ah! I know who this is. The Princess Okolska is singing. "Princess, you must sing," Mrs. Armytage has said laughing; "Society entreats this favour from you." The Princess rises and goes to the piano. She is a gaunt, bony woman, in an ill-fitting dress of tartan poplin, and a head-dress made of gold coins of Oriental

look. She has big black eyes, and blue-black hair. Her husband, it is whispered, helped to strangle a certain emperor, and she herself is said to be the daughter of a Circassian slave. She sings some strange ballad in an unknown tongue. The song, at first monotonous and faint, rises first to plaintive dolence, then to a passionate wail, then to a sort of cry of rage and despair. "That woman has been devoured by passions," says a journalist to a painter. At the end of the song, the Princess Okolska faints away. She always faints on these occasions. She is restored to consciousness, and caressed and complimented, and has a glass of hot sugar and orange-flower water brought her, in which, I am afraid, there is something stronger than either of the ingredients above named.

This was the twenty-seventh of December 1850. Seldom had so brilliant a gathering been seen in the Rue Grande-des-Petites-Maisons. There were richer guests, perhaps, at that very moment at a certain family party in Onyx Square, Tyburnia, London—a party where a father and a mother, and a tall girl with a pale face, were waiting; but for rank, and talent, and wit, Mrs. Armytage's visitors had undoubtedly the superiority. And while the lights shone brightly, and the music streamed in either brave house on either side of the Channel, the Calais express was ploughing through the night towards the shores of the cold and complaining sea.

The majority of the company left, as was the custom, at midnight. After that came supper, of the richest and rarest, to the chosen ones who remained. Songs were sung, arrowy jests flew about, political intrigues were dissected, wicked anecdotes were told. There was deep drinking; there was deep play; and Mrs. Armytage laughed continually. •

At last she was alone. The bedchamber was being prepared for her. Mademoiselle Reine awaited her coming. She stood with her white shoulders and her sea-green robe, and daintily toasting one little foot at the embers that glowed on the polished hearth. Tiny tongues of flame came out of the logs, as if to lick her garment's hem in homage. The mirror on the velvet-hung mantel reflected something else beside lustres and Sèvres vases and Buhl clock. It reflected a woman's face and yellow ringlets and dancing gems. Something else, too. A face haggard and pallid, eyes vengeful and terrible.

She struck her little hand on the mantel with violence enough to wound it. She looked angrily at her bruised wrist, and twisted it in her other hand. She laughed no more.

"I would kill myself, if I dared," she muttered. "I am as beautiful now as I was four years since; and he has spurned me, spurned me again as he did before. I am richer than ever. There is not a penny belonging to his wretched father but I could call it mine; and he has spurned me. . . But I will crush him; yes, Hugh Goldthorpe," she continued,—and seeming to address a locket which she took from her bosom,—“I will crush you, body and soul, and the woman who is waiting for you yonder shall see you no more.”

She made as though to kiss something inside the locket, which she held

open before her. But she closed the bauble with a sudden click, and thrust it into her white breast; and then Mrs. Armytage went to bed.

She was breakfasting at noon the next day—breakfasting in her little purple Morocco slippers and her morning wrapper of China silk, when M. Bénéit announced M. Sims.

M. Sims was as diminutive and as ferret-looking, but he looked more excited than usual.

“Have you heard the news?”

“What news?” the lady asked disdainfully. “That you smell of tobacco, as you do always, and do now? That is no news to me.”

“You are cross this morning, ma’am,” Mr. Sims remarked, shrugging his shoulders. “I have something here that will put you in a better temper.”

With trembling hands he unfolded a copy of that morning’s *Girouette*, and read out:—

“Telegraphic despatch from Armentieres. *Epouvantable Sinistre* on the Northern Railway. Calais express came into collision with up luggage-train. Thirty-seven persons killed and wounded. Among the sufferers has been recognised by his papers the body of M. le Capitaine Hugh Goldthorpe, officer in the military service of the Honourable Company of the Oriental Indies, and son of Sir Goldthorpe, Baronet, and member of the Chamber of Lords of Great Britain. Further details will be given in our edition of the evening.”

Mr. Sims had probably never in his life executed a translation from the French with such rapidity. Nor, I should think, was the recital of an appalling occurrence often received in so strange a manner as it was by Mrs. Armytage. It is a fact that she burst out laughing, and laughed so long and so loudly that the Blenheim spaniel, thinking that he too would be of the party, began to bark in doggish merriment.

“Was there any thing ever so fortunate?” said the lady, at last panting for breath.

“It is a joyful thing,” responded Mr. Sims, rubbing his peaked nose.

“There, Sims!” cried Mrs. Armytage, catching up her spaniel and bestowing a kiss upon his snub nose. “You must go to the Prefecture and get my passport *viséd*. I start for England to-night. I hope the train won’t have another accident, and kill poor little me. Ha! ha! ha!”

## CHAPTER V.

ON A FIELD, OR; A CROSS, SABLE.

THE blackest winter baked the earth to stone; and in the fields thin spikes of grass just managed to pierce the hoar crust, naked and rigid. It was a black frost. The roads, the kennels, the pavements, the bare trees were dark and glossy. The roofs only were white with frozen snow, and had been so for weeks.

Strong-handed Labour, frozen out of bread-earning, stalked starving

through the town; wretched women whined and cowered, but hungry men wandered scowling and with folded arms about the shells of houses they should have been building. It was winter every where, and Misery came abroad, forlorn and piteous. Thousands were enjoying themselves on the glassy surface of the park-waters, skating, and sliding, and shouting, and tumbling over one another for joy; but thousands more looked on from the banks, silent, savage, and famished. Vast blocks of ice floated down the river, and, collecting in creeks, ground up against each other with sharp noises. News came from the country of trains snowed-up, of whole flocks of sheep lost in drifts, of villages in the Yorkshire wolds cut off from all communication with towns and markets; of gullies between them choked with snow, cattle frost-bitten, villagers half-starving. The Old Year laid himself down to die in an adamantine coffin, and the New Year was swaddled in icy bands. There was much feasting and merry-making in rich men's houses; yule-logs were burned, Christmas-trees shaken; dancing and singing were heard. The cold was not severely felt in warmly-lined carriages; and in thick-carpeted drawing-rooms and bed-chambers thickly-curtained, the price of fuel was not of much account. But in the narrow courts and dens, and over the London border, and on the skirts of docks and factory yards, in the avenues of police-courts, before the relieving officer's strong door, and by the Union Workhouse's pitiless walls, Starvation and Destitution cowered in their rags, and moaned their lack of common food, and warmth, and shelter, and made the evil season more hideous to the view.

If you take a million-rich man, and put him, naked and without victuals or a roof to cover him, on a rock, and expose him to the nipping frost and the January blast, it will not be long ere he begins to shiver, and anon to howl in agony and despair; and at last he will crouch prone to his jagged bed and die. But in the very centre of London, with his palaces and his vassals around him, it is difficult for the rich man to feel the cold. On that bare rock his millions in gold or crisp paper would not warm him, unless haply he had needles and thread to sew the money-bags together for raiment. When he is in London, however, the money will buy furred robes and Wallsend coals, and sand-bags to exclude the wind, and well-closed chariots to ride in, and Welsh wigs to draw over his head, plush gloves to cover his hands, and hot-water bottles to put to his feet. Railway rugs, scalding soups and drinks, shawls and comforters, are all ready for him, and purchaseable. The theatres, the churches, the counting-houses, the board-rooms, the marts and exchanges which he frequents, have all their warming apparatus, and become snug and cosy. No; I cannot see how it is possible for the English Dives to shiver were even Siberia brought to London, and the North Pole set up in the Strand in lieu of the Maypole which once adorned that thoroughfare. The milliners that serve Dives' wives and daughters may sell as many fans for Christmas balls as for Midsummer picnics; and after Dives' New-year's feasts the ice-creams and the ice-puddings are positively refreshing after the spiced viands and generous wines.

Sir Jasper Goldthorpe was the richest of rich men. The quilt of his bed might have been stuffed with bank-notes instead of eider-down. He could have afforded, had he needed caloric, to have burned one of his own palaces down, and warmed his hands at the conflagration. From his warm bedroom, breakfast-room, and study, his warm carriage took him, swathed in warm wrappers, to the warm sanctum of his warm counting-house. His head clerks wore respirators, and had mulligatawney soup for lunch. The *Times'* City article was carefully warmed for him ere he perused it. His messengers comforted themselves with alamo-de-beef and hot sausages and fried potatoes before roaring fires, and, when they were despatched on errands, slipped into heated taverns in little City lanes, where they hastily swallowed mugs full of steaming egg-hot and cordialised porter. The only cold that could seemingly touch so rich a man as Sir Jasper Goldthorpe was a cold in the head; and what possets, white wine, wheys, gruels, foot-baths, doctors' prescriptions, and hot flannels, were there not in readiness to drive catarrh away from him! Lived there in the whole realm of England one man or boy mad or desperate enough to cast a snowball at the millionaire of Beryl Court? I think not. He was above the cold. It was street-people only who were cold, just as the little princess asked the painter who came to take her portrait whether it was not true that "only street-people died." So Sir Jasper Goldthorpe, his sons and their thralls and churls, their tributaries and feudatories, let the street-people shiver as beseeemed their degree, flinging them cheques and sovereigns sometime in their haughty unbending way, and went on, warm and glowing, from a prosperous old year to a prosperous new one, when suddenly a Hand of Ice, that thrilled them all to the very bones and marrow, was laid just above the heart of Mammon, and of his wife, and of his children.

It was the Hand of Death, and it touched each with a cold pang and went onwards, to touch some transiently, but to grasp others without release. Whoever felt its lightest pressure was chilled and benumbed. The icy hand came to Beryl Court and to Onyx Square, and all the gold of Mammondism could not, for that season, bring cheerful warmth again.

The news had come. A brief telegraphic message like a thunderbolt first fell. Then followed the lightning flashes of more messages; then the driving tempest of full details,—and the happiness of a household was scathed and blasted. No doubt, no hope could glimmer in the blight night of their woe. The crushed, mangled, unrecognisable corpse had been gathered up at Armentières: the fragments of clothes, mingled with its remnants, were such as a man of Hugh's degree would have worn. There was the conclusive evidence of the furred coat, the writing-case, the pocket-book, and the pas-port. Hugh Jasper Goldthorpe was surely dead. According to the law of France, the remains should have been interred within four-and-twenty hours following the decease; but telegraphic messages stopped the internment. The dust of so rich a man's son was not to be lightly disposed of. The prefect of the department was written to; the English ambassador in Paris condescended to wait upon

Minister of the Interior and tell him of what golden parentage the young man came; and orders were issued to permit the transmission of his body to England.

The Reverend Ernest Goldthorpe remained in Onyx Square to comfort his bereaved parents. Lieutenant William Goldthorpe and his brother Edward, the Oxford undergraduate, had to undertake a sad pilgrimage to Calais. They were preceded two days beforehand by Mr. Screwm, foreman to that eminent firm Messrs. Ravenbury Brothers of St. James's Street. All the melancholy arrangements necessary were confided to this well-known and, indeed, historical house. They had buried the Princess Charlotte; and old Mr. Simon Ravenbury, who used facetiously to say that the elm wasn't grown nor the lead dug from the mine that would be needed for his shell and coffin, had married the grand-daughter of the undertaker to whose care had been intrusted the disposal of the decoloured remains of the last nobleman executed for high treason in England—Lord Lovat.

The ill-omened messengers did their work, and met the two brothers at Calais. A party of French actors and actresses were coming over in the mail-steamer, but, though the night was wild and stormy, they huddled themselves on deck, and dared not enter the cabin, knowing what lay in the hold beneath. A hearse, all plumed and garnished, with a mourning coach-and-four, waited on the Admiralty Quay at Dover. The family lawyer, Mr. Drossleigh, head of a confidential department in Beryl Court, and Mr. Plumer Ravenbury himself, junior in the historical firm of St. James's Street, were also in attendance. Mr. Ravenbury's own black brougham, with the showy long-tailed black horse—its dam a Flanders mare that had assisted at the obsequies of William the Fourth—followed the coach that contained the brothers, the lawyer, and the confidential Mr. Drossleigh. A slight sojourn took place for refreshment at the "Lord Warden;" and it must be mentioned, as a stroke of genius on the part of Mr. Ravenbury, that the chambermaids who conducted the brothers to their apartments had black bows in their caps, and that the waiters who served breakfast were the most mournful looking of their class, and had strips of black crape on their arms. This last, indeed, may not be so very surprising; for from the waiter to the mute there is but half a step, and *vice versa*.

Mr. Ravenbury, so far as was consistent with his professional woe, thoroughly enjoyed himself. It was his and his firm's pride and pleasure to furnish rich men's funerals in the first style of Black Art. He was a little, bustling, bald-headed man, whose voice scarcely ever rose above a whisper, and every one of whose plaited shirt-fronts was worth three guineas. The black brougham and black horse were merely his professionally private equipage; and when a very rich "party" was to be conveyed to town, he took the sable vehicle and its grim steed down by rail. In Hyde Park, away from business, Mr. Ravenbury, covered with gold chains, with a white hat and a black band,—it is said that he continually wore mourning



for a defunct earl, regarding whose funeral he had given too lax reins to his imagination, and whose executors had refused to pay the bill,—drove a dashing mail phaeton, with two grays, full of fire and action. He gave joyous dinner-parties and balls at St. John's Wood, and at Gunnersbury. His wife was a handsome lady, with a mezzo-soprano voice and a mania for Verdi. Her musical *matinées* were delicious; and the same embroideress who arabesqued the hems of her underskirts pinked the shrouds and ruffled the winding-sheets for Ravenbury Brothers. Plumer Ravenbury betted; but he had a keen eye for safe joint-stock speculations. Sir Jasper Goldthorpe did not disdain to bow to the undertaker when he met him at boards and public dinners. "Why should not an eminent upholsterer, who performs the last sad offices for the very highest nobility, go into Parliament?" asked Ravenbury's friends after dinner at St. John's Wood. His sparkling hock was superlative! "Why, indeed?" mused Mrs. Plumer Ravenbury, as her jeweled fingers paused on the keyboard of her Broadwood's grand. "I wish he would, and cut the bone-grubbing business," savagely cried Tressel Ravenbury, gentleman cadet at Woolwich; when his comrades taunted him on the paternal vocation, and nicknamed him "hatchment." "Stuff and nonsense!" wheezed old Mr. Simon Ravenbury; "let him stick to the shop." Plumer's only son was destined for the Artillery. His papa would have preferred the Church—with an eye to a cemetery chaplaincy, the ill-natured surmised; and he had always had a great penchant for classical studies, being supposed to know all the Latin mottoes on his hatchments by heart; but Mrs. Plumer Ravenbury declared there was quite enough black already in the family, and Tressel was sent to Woolwich.

A dense crowd, whispering comments on the fabulous wealth of the Goldthorpe family, followed the mournful train from the hotel to the railway-station. A special train had been secured, and Death and Sorrow sped through the icebound Kentish country to London Bridge. The same lugubrious ceremonial took place at the metropolitan terminus. Wagons and cabmen stared in crowded Cannon Street, and Fleet Street, and Oxford Street, as the embryo funeral swept along. In the western part of Oxford Street, and the Edgware Road, where some of Sir Jasper's tenants dwelt, the shutters of the shops were closed. There was a great silent throng in Onyx Square as the dead man was brought home to his father's house.

Sir Jasper Goldthorpe had seen no one but his wife, his body-servant Argent, and the confidential Mr. Drossleigh, since the news came. He alternated between his bedroom and his study, and his children;—nay, Magdalen Hill, even, did not dare approach him. Argent described him to his familiars, the lady's maid, the housekeeper, and the butler, as being less overwhelmed by grief than furious at his loss. The unhappy man's ravings and complaints had been fearful. He, usually so silent, had poured forth, hour after hour, torrents of passionate ejaculations. He disputed the justice of the decree that had taken his son from him. He

menaced and defied the ravisher Death. His first-born could not, should not die, he wildly repeated. It was a shame. It ought not to happen. He was the richest man in the City of London. Then he relapsed into a silence that seemed to approach stupefaction. Let us draw a veil over this dismal spectacle. Who meets Death or bears its visitations in the same manner? Piety and Faith oft await its coming, shrinking and terrified; while sceptic cynicism turns its face to the wall, smiling. Nothing is there so unjust as to judge of man's or woman's reality by the way they die, or undergo the bereavements in which Death is for ever dealing. Judge not from the dried-up eye; from the commonplace remark at the very grave's brink; from the solicitude for petty things while yet It is in the house. Judge not from the floods of tears, from the agonising wailings, from the days and nights passed crouching on carpets, or on stairs; from the hands that are wrung, the eyes that stream, the hair that is disheveled. From earliest time men have set up a conventional standard of sorrow to be observed at the death of their fellows. But it so rarely is the nature of humanity to act exactly up to the standard: there is so much grief that cannot be seen, and so much that is simulated and over-acted, that it is rather a commendable convenience than a hypocritical formula to have professional howlers and mourners—hirelings who will tear their hair, and blacken their faces, and rend their garments; or their modern substitutes, who will carry staves in their hands and trays of feathers on their heads for a given sum. Let them do their office for the sake of the World and its usages, and we shall have time to grieve, each in our own fashion.

And as each of these children of Mammon so grieved, at their great and appalling loss, I leave the father and the mother: their woe is not for contemplation. If a man were as rich in children as Numenius, he is not to be comforted for the loss of his first child, any more than a woman can ever be comforted for the destruction of her first love. But those to whom Hugh had been brother felt the loss in more mingled kind. The Reverend Ernest Goldthorpe was now the Heir. His profession forbade that he should ever become occupant of the throne of Mammon in Beryl Court; yet still he might expect to enter one day into the possession of a title and almost boundless wealth. Would he rest content with a country rectory? Would his golden thousands prove stepping-stones to a bishopric? The second son of Sir Jasper Goldthorpe became at once a mark for eager eyes. He was but twenty-five years of age. He was unmarried. The nine hundred a year he had from his living could matter but little to him now. What a prospect lay before him! Did he love his dead brother? Did he regret his loss? The Reverend Ernest made no sign. He was a pale, bloodless man, and ordinarily reserved. Solemn and severe, he took up his quarters in his father's house, and obeyed the behests which, almost hourly, were transmitted to him either in Sir Jasper's handwriting, or by word of mouth of the confidential Mr. Drossleigh. There was an immensity of work to do.

Drossleigh took care of the City business, and, had he even not attended to affairs in Beryl Court, there is no doubt that Sir Jasper's money-bags would have turned themselves over of their own accord, and multiplied themselves spontaneously. There were perpetual interviews with Mr. Plumer Ravenbury and his prime minister, Mr. Screwm. There was even servants' and family mourning to be ordered; for the superior womankind of Onyx Square were quite beyond direction and advice. Mrs. Cashman, the housekeeper, had *carte blanche*, or rather *carte noire*, for the habiliments of woe. A select committee of Lady Goldthorpe's female friends kindly assisted her; and Cashman, installed in one of the Goldthorpe carriages, was continually driving backwards and forwards between Onyx Square and Mr. Jay's in Regent Street. That urbane and distinguished purveyor of ladies' mourning took her at once to the Unmitigated Woe Department. Whole bales of the paraphernalia of grief were despatched to Onyx Square. Mr. Jay's young ladies plied their busy needles: tried on bonnets, and mantles, and skirts. All the lower rooms of Mammon's house were littered with funereal trappings, and the maid-servants dreamt of crape and bombazine.

There were hundreds of letters to be written to the vast circle of Goldthorpe's friends and clients, bidding them to the funeral, or merely apprising them of the loss. There were the long and pompous advertisements to be drawn up for the *Times* and *Morning Post*. There was a sad letter to be sent to Malta, that the young sailor on board the *Magnanimous* should know that Mammon had one son the less.

It was premature as yet to speak of the tomb or the inscription. "I suppose Ernest Goldthorpe will write that himself. His Latin was never very good," opined many a clerical and scholastic admirer of the Goldthorpeian grandeur. "He fought bravely enough at the Sutlej. They can't do less than give him a statue down at Goldthorpe, or at least a couple of busts for town and country," reasoned Tom Praxlights the sculptor, fondly regarding his unsold Bacchante and his unsuccessful design for a monument to Lord Hill, in his not too frequented studio in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

"And then there'll be the monument in the cemetery, Praxlights, my chick," would hint friendly George Gafferer, Praxlights' boon companion, Boswell, and critic, who had looked in to inform him that there was a neat little paragraph about his last bust (Pessawee Ramjetjee Bobbajee Lal, the rich Parsee of Bombay) in that morning's *Comet*, smoke a quiet pipe, drink a bottle of pale ale, and give him another sitting for his own (complimentary) bust.

"There'll be no stonecutters' work where a Goldthorpe's concerned, my chick," George would continue. The worthy soul was thus naively affectionate with every body, and would have called the judge who sentenced him to death "my chick." "No broken columns or quenched torches there, you may depend. Why, they'll have a mausoleum, Praxlights, with slabs of Carrara, and verde antique and scagliola columns,

with gilt capitals and a bronze railing, and a weeping Victory at top. Write in at once, my dearest chick."

Praxlights didn't write, but he left his card with kind inquiries, that afternoon, in Onyx Square; and meeting the Lieutenant of Hussars moodily walking through Bayswater, grasped his hand with a depth of sympathy that would have drawn tears from one of Praxlights' own marble blocks. The sculptor had had the honour of dining more than once at Sir Jasper's, and he never dined with a rich man without at once laying the foundation of a plot for hewing his bust while alive, or his statue when dead.

Lieutenant William was constrained to walk moodily about Bayswater, for he could not sit all day in the darkened house, or in the frigid Jermyn Street Hotel where he slept. He scarcely knew his dead brother; but he was very sorry—the sorrier because his kind father and mother were in such dire grief. He was a good-natured young man, who could not think much. The most he could say about the dreadful catastrophe at Armentières was that it was "a shocking thing," and that "poor Hugh was gone, you know." He did not know how to employ his time. He wrote to his colonel and to one or two friends about the "shocking thing," and the gallant officers of the Nineteenth repeated at mess that it *was* shocking, and that "poor Hugh Goldthorpe had gone to the bad." But they talked much more about his father's money, and indulged in many surmises as to whether the parson would come in for the bulk, or whether Willy Goldthorpe would sell out and turn money-grubber in the City.

The subaltern would have liked to look in at his club in St. James's Square, but he knew that etiquette forbade him to go there. He dared scarcely enter the shop of his cigar-dealer in ordinary. The Reverend Ernest was too busy to talk with him. Miss Hill did not leave her room. He had an odd disdain for his three younger brothers, to whom he could not talk, and who could not talk to him. It was inconvenient to walk about Bayswater all day long; but at last he hit upon a happy expedient and compromise, and retaining a private room at his hotel, did there entertain a select circle of tall, stupid, good-natured fellows, mostly with tawny moustaches, and belonging to the profession of arms, who drank soda-water dashed with cognac, smoked very large and powerful cigars, made occasional bets on current events, and bade him "cheer up, old fellow." Lieutenant William got on very well with these friends until the funeral. It was just the kind of consolation he needed. He was not hard-hearted—only somewhat obtuse, and nearly a stranger to the kinsman he had lost. Who shall say that he was not as sorry as he might reasonably be expected to be?

The undergraduate and the clerk in the Foreign Office had been mere boys when Hugh had paid his visit to England. They were bewildered and shocked by the awful intelligence of his death, but they could scarcely bewail it. They talked incessantly about it to each other, canvassed

every item of the tragedy as lads will do; but how were they to weep, and what were they to weep about?

As for Alfred Goldthorpe, he was a child. The best thing that could be done for him was done; and the Honourable Mrs. Conybeare, who had a whole tribe of boys home for the holidays, took temporary charge of him. The little fellow did not understand much about the bereavement his family had suffered. He had never seen Hugh. He was chiefly sorry when the lady's maid told him that Miss Magdalen, of whom he was dotingly fond, was ill with grief. But the laughter of his playmates—their toys, and games, and sponge-cakes, and oranges, soon controlled him; nor could Alfred resist an odd feeling of gratification at the thought of the fine clothes for which the tailor had measured him, and which he was to wear; or banish from his young mind the knowledge that the sad misfortune that had happened in his family would invest him with a strange importance and interest when he went back to school.

Should these brothers of the dead have shown their sorrow otherwise?—and in what manner?

#### CHAPTER VI.

IN the early days of January the solemn funeral of Hugh Jasper Goldthorpe took place. The locality chosen was the cemetery at Kensal Green. The Goldthorpe family had been too recently inscribed in the *Libro d'Oro* of provincial aristocracy (Burke's *Landed Gentry*) to claim sepulture in some ivy-grown country church, the pavement of whose chancel was sown thick with monumental brasses and cross-legged figures, couchant, of mediæval Goldthorpes, dead and gone. Hugh could not be laid with his ancestors; and Sir Jasper had ever calmly repudiated the convenient insinuations of heraldic parasites, that it might be possible to find a Goldthorpe well known as a Saxon franklin whose fathers had been here long before the Conqueror's coming, and the registration of whose land and swine had been unaccountably omitted from Domesday-book. The potentate of Beryl Court prided himself on being the Rodolph of Hapsburg—read "Lucksburg"—of his race. There had been some talk of a mausoleum in the park at Goldthorpe; but this idea was abandoned at the earnest instance of the mother of the deceased. Where her son's ashes were laid, she was determined, she said, to lie some day; and it should be, she insisted, in a Christian graveyard, not among the deer in a park. There were those among the Goldthorpe following who expressed themselves of opinion that Westminster Abbey was the most appropriate place for interment. Why had not Captain Hugh been killed at the Sutlej?—his representatives might have demanded a niche for him then, as of right. Sir Jasper knew the Dean. What were Deans good for but to be civil and do what they were asked? In the end, Kensal Green was fixed upon, and the freehold of a huge family grave purchased there. Praxlights the sculp-

tor knew its superficial area to an inch two days before the funeral. So did Fiddyas of Eccleston Street, Pimlico; so did Roubiliac Tompkins of the Euston Road. Now was the time. Tompkins fondly pictured to himself the means of getting rid of that long-completed group, "Pity weeping over Valour," which, in despair at seeing marble lie idle, he had begun to think of exhibiting at Canterbury Hall, or selling to the proprietor of a tea-garden.

The day of the funeral was kept as a kind of mournful *fête* in Onyx Square. The little Miss Sardonixes (Dr. Sardonix, physician to the Court), next door to the house of Mammon, were excused that morning from attendance at the Hyde Park College for Young Ladies. They stood at the dining-room windows instead, and glued their young noses to the panes thereof, until the last of the brave funeral had disappeared from the Square. Pappadaggi, the music-master, was bidden to forego his bi-weekly lesson at Number Twelve. The Miss Bosuns (Admiral Bosun) were eagerly scanning the funeral from their drawing-room casements. Mrs. Twizzle from Maida Hill, Miss Ashtaroth, the old maid from the Harrow Road, who regularly attended the marriages at St. George's, Hanover Square, and (by special favour of a subsidised pew-opener) was permitted to weep plenteously in the organ-loft, with Captain Hawksley, R.N., and one or two evening-party young men, looked in before noon. There was a nice hot lunch at two. The Bosuns didn't know the Goldthorpes. The dead man was no kinsman of theirs. What harm was there in their having a little singing, and spending a most delightful afternoon? Old Chewke, the plethorically wealthy retired timber-merchant, formerly of Riga, went purposely two hours later to the Union Club that morning. He had declined an invitation to the funeral. He was a selfish old man, who ate hot veal cutlets in bed, and was afraid of the weather; but he watched the start of the procession narrowly, and to Chipp, his body servant, imparted his opinion that it was deuced well done, and a credit to Goldthorpe. Chewke knew Plumer Ravenbury quite well, and nodded familiarly to that monarch of funeral-furnishing as he saw him hand the chief mourner into his coach; then, remembering the solecism in etiquette he had committed, he retreated to his study, and took Chipp severely to task for daring to peep at the *cortège* through the half-opened door. "Think of my health, sir," thundered the retired timber-merchant. Mr. Chewke did not like draughts in his house—always excepting hot ones (with spices and sugar) before going to bed.

Truly, it was the grandest funeral that had ever been seen in Onyx Square. There were no cheap local papers in those days (capital institutions are those cheap local papers), else some *Bayswater Chronicle* or *Paddington Gazette* would have described the order of the procession: the hearse and plumes, with the cypher of the deceased embroidered on the horses' trappings; the long train of mourning coaches; the longer file of private carriages—from those of dukes and marquises downwards, all with shutters closely drawn up, all with coachmen and footmen with

long hatbands;—the policemen who cleared the way and closed the procession; the crowds that lined the streets through which it passed. The chief daily newspapers did indeed each devote a paragraph to the description of the melancholy spectacle.

Throughout, it was the strangest mixture of the things of this world and those that belong no more to the world at all. You could *not* keep wealth and pride and feasting away from the black, dreary drama of death. Those who were being arrayed for mourners could not help fingering their scarves and hatbands, and wondering at the thickness and richness of the silk. There was cake and wine every where; and people could not help taking port and sherry with one another. The maid-servants could not help looking prettier than usual in their new black and glossy-ribboned caps. There was a buzzing of murmuring conversation most mundane while the last dread preparations were going on above—and till murmuring was hushed by the creaking of the stairs and the coming down of the bearers. Dr. Sardonix was one of the family physicians. His little daughters wagged their heads affectionately, and pointed their innocent fingers, until reproved by Zenobia, their mamma, when they saw the Doctor emerge, pilloried in the highest of white cravats, from Mammon's portals, and bow gravely to the undertaker's aide-de-camp, who assisted him into the mourning-coach. Dr. Sardonix knew the man perfectly well; and, in good sooth, Beaver, the functionary in question, had often officiated as toastmaster at the anniversary festivals of the hospital of which the Doctor was chief physician. In the dining-room, pending departure, Dr. Sardonix was, as usual, gravely eloquent. He was shorn of one customary subject of conversation, for he could not dilate on the curative treatment to which he had subjected the deceased:—"but Nature was too strong for us—too strong, my dear sir," would the Doctor wind up. But he was a ready man, and atoned for the loss of his topic by pleasing anecdotes of railway accidents. Here Bolsover, M.P.—who always went in for his borough as a red-hot Liberal at every general election, spoke and voted as a determined Tory till the last month of the session, then turned Liberal again, and was triumphantly re-elected after the dissolution—cut in with quotations of celebrated epitaphs, and "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," "*Martini Luigi implora pace,*" and similar mortuary inscriptions that have become historical, were handed about with the cake and wine.

It was the same in the carriages during the dreary ride up the Harrow Road. The lawyers talked of abstruse conveyances, and notable wills, and picturesque Chancery suits, in which all the costs were costs in the cause, and none of the suitors got any thing:—"Not a rap, sir," whispers Mr. Probate of Bedford Row, suiting the action to the word on his silver snuff-box, and treating himself to a pinch of Macabaw. The legislators talked politics. The clubmen talked club scandal and girded at the committee; the clergymen talked schools, missionary societies, Ecclesiastical Commission, and the *Times* newspaper;—I don't know how it is, but the

clerical body seem better read in the contents of the leading journal than the members of any other class in the community;—and the merchants and money-dealers, of whom there were very many in the funeral following, talked stocks and shipping, bullion, bills, and bankruptcy, and Mammoniana generally. The most direct reference to Sir Jasper Goldthorpe was made by Mr. Deedes (Deedes, Ferret, and Wax), the great bank solicitors, who opined that, after all, Sir Jasper would be better for his calamity, for that “they could hardly keep him out of his peerage now.”

At every funeral there is a mourner—in mien, the gravest among the whole company—who makes jokes. I suppose he cannot help being jocose. His notorious propensity does not prevent his being bidden to funerals. The strangest thing about him is that he is only facetious at funerals, and that at ordinary dinner-parties he is the dullest dog present. There was such a joker present at the solemnity now recorded. His name was Grygger. He primed himself well with old Madeira before starting. He was funny (behind the largest white pocket-handkerchief) all the way from Onyx Square till the tombstone-cutters’ yards that herald the vicinity of the cemetery began to loom in sight; and he never forgot to precede each joke with a chuckle, and end it with a sigh. He was universally popular, although all his hearers were strongly of opinion that he ought to be thrown out of the coach-window.

And so, with faces that belie their thoughts, these children of mortality follow the poor crushed mortal who has put on immortality. There is a larger crowd at the cemetery gates. The spectators are packed closely in the street of tombs, up which the black train passes. The chapel is densely filled; the last orisons are said; the grave has been reached; the handful of earth thrown in; the cords are dragged rattling up: the company throng round the frost-covered planks that edge the graves, and peep over each other’s shoulders to read the inscription on the gilded coffin-plate:

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HUGH JASPER GOLDTHORPE,  
 Captain, H.E.I.C.S.  
 &c. &c. &c. •  
 Died, Twenty-seventh December,  
 .1850,  
 aged Twenty-seven Years.  
 “Resurgam.”

“What does the last word mean?” timidly asks of Doctor Sardonix a little milliner’s girl in a skimping plaid shawl, who has come to the funeral as to a show, and has edged herself in among the mourners.

Doctor Sardonix looks condescendingly over his pillory of starched muslin at the inquisitive *modiste*.

“‘*Resurgam*,’ my young friend,” he responds in a dulcet undertone, “is a Latin word, and signifies ‘*I shall rise again*.’”



"Thank you, sir," says the little milliner with a curtsey, and runs off to tell Amy, her friend, who is staring at the tomb of the late Mr. Ducrow, of the grand crimson velvet coffin she has seen, with its gilt handles and cherubim heads, and golden plate, and how kindly the nice old gentleman in the white neckcloth answered her.

"*Resurgam.*" One need not look into a grave to read that motto. You may see it painted on the hatchments in every undertaker's shop-window.

It was all over. The sexton who locked the chapel-door just paused as he noticed a fresh line of furrows on the great wooden turntable bier, covered with thousands of diuts, in the centre of the edifice. "What a heavy coffin, to be sure!" he said meditatively. "Might have held three. Ravenbury Brothers have made a good thing of it this time." And so locked all up, and went to smoke his pipe at the little beershop hard by. The undertaker's men crammed the rich pall into the hearse, and hauled the plumes off their several pegs as though they were extinguishing so many corpse-candles. Then they rattled off to town, their legs swinging over the sides of the vehicle, and their jolly noses brightening up with the bracing motion and the thoughts of the bowls of punch they would partake of that night. For Ravenbury Brothers gave an annual supper to those who did "black work" for them, and this festival happened to be concurrent with the grand funeral at Kensal Green Cemetery.

The carriages, of which the shutters had been so closely drawn up, and whose attendants had assumed such mournful adjuncts to their garb, did good service that evening in the conveyance of their distinguished proprietors to balls, and suppers, and pantomimes. Every body went about his several business, and was business-like or convivial, sleepy or snappish, preoccupied or simply indifferent, as circumstances or inclination led him. Only Grygger the joker had the blues, slipped off to his lonely chambers in Duke Street, Adelphi, sipped mutton-broth for his dinner, and passed the evening in the perusal of Sir Thomas Browne's "Urn Burial."

Mr. Plumer Ravenbury had not conducted the funeral on foot. Members of the firm never did. It was Mr. Screw who, ebony baton in hand, marshaled the procession, and walked valorously through the frozen mud to Kensal Green. He would not have derogated from his position by accepting a "lift" on the road for worlds. Inferior undertakers might do it; but, as Mr. Screw observed to his immediate subordinate, Beaver (by night a checktaker at the Olympic Theatre, Wych Street, Strand,—and much success to you, Messrs. Robson and Emden), "his Ravenbury Brothers' 'ed man can't afford shoe-leather, and charge chilblains to the 'ouse, the dickens is in it. I'll have the next warm, my dear." The colloquy took place at the Mute's Head, Church Passage, Jermyn Street, the favourite house of call for gentlemen who did black work. Mr. Plumer Ravenbury followed the *cortège* at a decorous distance in his black brougham; but he was on the ground and at the grave, and adjusted the chief mourner's cloak, and placed his

Prayer-book for him. He had a civil word to say, too, for the cemetery chaplain, a pallid young man with a fishy eye, one of a race of hapless curates who had desperately clutched at the large salary attached to a charnel-house chaplaincy. Do these chaplains ever go raving mad from incessantly repeating the same solemn ritual, I wonder? We who listen to the noble Burial-service of the Church of England, and dwell upon its beautiful language, its austere eloquence, sit with charmed ears and reverent awe to hear the priest; but how is it with the unhappy ecclesiastic who has to read the service perhaps fifty times a day?

Sir Jasper Goldthorpe went straight from the cemetery to the South-Western Railway Station. Argent, his body servant, waited for him with one of his own close carriages at the gate. The Baronet had borne up wonderfully. Natural emotion, and of the bitterest, he had shown in the chapel, and at the grave of him who had been his hope, his pride, and his joy; but he was soon himself again; and save that there were deep-sunk cavities beneath his eyes, and that his hands and knees trembled (perchance with the cold), you would scarcely have thought that he had suffered this dreadful blow. He bowed to the company on leaving the grave, said a kind word to Mr. Ravenbury, who was thrilled to the soul with gratitude thereby, pressed the hand of each of his children present, and, leaning on his son's arm, proceeded to his carriage. Plumer Ravenbury scarcely thought it in accordance with strict etiquette that the chief mourner's departure should take place in this abrupt manner; but he consoled himself with the thought that grief so intense and wealth so prodigious must be humoured, and, when the carriage had driven away, conducted Ernest Goldthorpe and his four brothers to the mourning coach (for even little Alfred had been brought thither), with a dignity worthy of a *chambellan* of Louis Quatorze.

Sir Jasper Goldthorpe found a companion within his carriage. Magdalen Hill was there. The blinds were down. The girl flung herself into his arms. They sobbed in concert, till the vehicle stopped at the entrance to the Terminus an hour afterwards; scarcely a word had been exchanged; and both were the better for their undisturbed grief.

Every body in office at the Railway Station knew whom they were, and turned their heads away as they alighted, that they might not be seen to notice the swollen eyes of Sir Jasper and his companion. Argent had secured a carriage. Officials conducted them to it with silent respect, and policemen stood on the platform near, quietly warning off inquisitive travellers with a whisper that Sir Jasper Goldthorpe was there.

An hour's journey brought them to Goldthorpe Station, formerly Pogthorpe Road, but which had been rechristened in honour of the contiguity of Goldthorpe Manor, Sir Jasper's marvel of a place hard by. The mansion was a good two miles' distance from the station. Another carriage was in waiting; the servants in deep mourning. The lodge-keeper at Goldthorpe who flung open the gilded gates was in profound black. The little charity-children who passed them on the road had

crape on their arms. Tears trickled down the cheeks of the ancient butler and housekeeper, who received them in the grand entrance-hall; and Plutus, the big mastiff, whined as he crept towards his master and licked his hand.

There was a bright and cheerful fire burning in the dining-room: and when Sir Jasper and Magdalen had removed their travelling wrappers, the ancient butler, who had been nervously twitching his fingers and scraping his feet, as though he had some message to deliver about whose reception he was not quite certain, said, bowing deferentially:

"If you please, Sir Jasper, I was to give you this card, and the lady has been waiting more than an hour to see you."

The card was slim and limp, and glazed and scented. There was a crest engraven on it, and a name; and beneath, these words in pencil:

"I must see you, instantly, and alone. I learnt that you were coming here, this morning. You cannot refuse me. I saw the last of Hugh."

Sir Jasper Goldthorpe hastily glanced at Magdalen, murmured "Some City business," crumpled the card in his hand, and hurried to the door. He darted across the hall into his study, where, sitting before a fire as bright and as cheerful as that which he had left, was a lady in very deep but very rich black, with a very elaborate black bonnet, and pretty little black kid-gloved hands. Her drapery beneath her sombre dress was wonderfully embroidered, and she had just lifted it to toast one of her little feet, daintily arrayed in a shining little black *bottine*, at the fire.

"Alone?" said the lady in black, inquiringly, when the Baronet entered.

"We are alone."

"Be kind enough to lock that door. Doubly. There's no bolt? Well, never mind. Thank you."

The lady rose, and put out one little gloved hand to Sir Jasper Goldthorpe, smiling, showing her dazzling white teeth, and shaking her sunny ringlets—of which she had a profusion—as she did so. The Baronet took her hand, shuddering, but let it fall again as though he had come in contact with some noxious reptile.

"And so you have buried your son?" she continued, quite jauntily. "Poor fellow! He was with me only five minutes before the train for Calais started."

Sir Jasper Goldthorpe groaned, and hid his face in his hands.

"Only five minutes," the lady in black repeated.

There was no response.

"You see I wear mourning for him. It was due to his memory. It is fit that I should go into the very deepest black for Hugh. I killed him."

The Baronet turned his eyes, wild in amazement, towards the speaker.

"Yes!" the lady in black airily repeated. "I killed him. I'm not a cattle-train, though; I had nothing to do with that horrid accident."

"Do you wish to drive me mad?" moaned the father.

"Not at all. Only to make you remember old times and old promises."

Look here, Sir Jasper Goldthorpe," the lady went on, and seating herself coquettishly on one arm of the chair in which her companion crouched rather than sat, "you once threatened to have me transported."

"Woman, there were circumstances—"

"There were Devils, and there is one," interrupted the lady in black, with pretty testiness, and swinging one of the dainty *bottines* to and fro. "You threatened to transport me—poor little me! And to think that I should have killed your son, the heir to your riches and your baronetcy! Sir Jasper Goldthorpe, I killed him with THESE."

As she spoke she produced a charming little *bijou* of a pocket-book in morocco and gold. She took out an oblong packet of papers, the top-most one seemingly covered with faded writing, and crossed at right angles by more manuscript.

"*Regardez donc,*" she said; "how pleasant the old writing looks. 'Accepted payable at'—wherever is the place?"

A minute afterwards she had unlocked the door, and stood in the hall, calling for "somebody, please!"

"Ah! there is Miss Hill," cried Mrs. Armytage, cheerfully, as Magdalen's blanched face showed at the dining-room door. "Quite *éplorée* she looks. Oh! here is a servant. If you please," she continued, addressing the butler, "you had better bring some water, or some brandy, or some smelling salts, or something. I don't think Sir Jasper is very well."

## Under the Porch.

SHE sits in the sunshine under the porch,  
 Under the porch when the sun is low;  
 And over her forehead and over her hair  
 The clematis-shadows come and go

Tracery meet for a face like hers !  
 For faces like hers you may often see  
 In the rich arabesques of a bridal book,  
 Looking out through a golden filagree.

And have you not noticed the tints that move,  
 Move and burn on the white stone-floor,  
 When the sunset comes in a ruby blaze  
 Through the oriel over the old church-door ?

Just so sweet is her silent face—  
 Silent ever and pale as snow—  
 When thoughts enrich it, and blushes glide  
 Over her cheek, when the sun is low.

She sits with her knitting spread over her knee,  
 Over her kirtle and over her barn;  
 And thinks, perhaps, as her fingers fly,  
 Of a lazy white hand and a pearly arm.

For hers are ruddy, and not so soft—  
 Nothing so soft as a wife's would be  
 Who fondled her rings and who folded her palms,  
 And never did aught for herself or me.

Ah, she may long for a lady's hand—  
 A hand that freezes you whilst it yields;  
 But I knew better the day we met  
 In the lane that leads to the harvest-fields.

What was it I whisper'd her under the thorn,  
 Under the black-thorn beside the well ?  
 None may know ; but the breeze that heard,  
 And the throstles that sang to us,—they can tell !

And what was it she said with her eyes that day—  
 Two blue eyes, and a brow above  
 All curtain'd in from the peering light  
 Till nothing beheld them but I—and Love ?

So at last through the shadows we turn'd away,  
 Turn'd and linger'd across the farm;  
 And it was not a stool nor a milking-pail  
 Whereon she rested her rosy arm.

Slowly I felt for her hand, and found  
 All her bonny brown hand in mine,  
 Thrilling it through, as a cold white vase  
 Flushes and warms with its core of wine.

I said, "Beloved, if this was all—  
 All that frighten'd you then from me;  
 'Twas, oh, how silly! to think and say  
 Working and loving could never agree !

"Has not your spirit its own sweet calm,  
 Calm and pure as a lady knows ?  
 Are you not fill'd with a woman's heart,  
 Blithe in summer and braced in snows ?

"Love not your eyes to gaze and dream,  
 Gaze and glisten at even and morn ;  
 Watching, all over the fragrant earth,  
 New surprises of beauty born ?

"Ah, what maundering words are those !  
 Words you know not, but things you feel ;  
 And all you know not, and all you know,  
 Rings down in my heart to a marriage-peal.

"So leave your silly brown hand in mine,  
 Mine, that gather'd it—you know where ;  
 Mine, that set it to seek and find  
 Nobler food than a farmer's fare.

"And partlet is gone to her roost, so come—  
 Come from the breath of the sleeping kine,  
 From spotless ingle and shining floor,  
 And chambers smelling of eglantine ;

"Come down, with music between your lips—  
 Pastoral music, soft and slow ;  
 And then, beloved, sit down by me  
 Under the porch, while the moon is low."

## Michel de Montaigne.

By JOHN OXENFORD.

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“THE judgment is a tool fitted for all matters, and meddles with every thing; on this account, in these my Essays, I take every opportunity to exercise it. If there is a subject which I do not understand, I make a trial nevertheless, sounding it at a distance, and then, if I find it beyond my depth, I keep on the brink. This very knowledge that we can go no further is one effect of the judgment, nay, one of those in which it places its chief glory. Sometimes, when a subject is vain and frivolous, I see if matter may be found to give it body, to keep up and support it. Sometimes I employ it on a noble and knotty subject, to which it can add nothing of its own, the road being so trodden that it must of necessity walk in the track of another. In this case it has to choose the road which seems the best, and of a thousand paths declare that this or that one is rightly selected. I take at hap-hazard the first theme that presents itself—one is as good as another for me; I never intend to go through with any, for I do not see the whole of any thing, neither do those who promise to show it to us. Of the hundred members and faces which every thing has, I take up one, sometimes confining myself to the surface, sometimes going a little deeper, sometimes pinching to the bone. I then make an incision, not as wide, but as deep, as I can; and generally like to regard things by some unusual light. If I knew myself less, and was deceived as to my own inability, I might venture to examine something to the bottom. Selecting a word here and a word there, samples taken from the piece, and cast about without design and without promise, I am not responsible for them, nor bound to keep to them, but am at liberty to ramble as I please, and to abandon myself to doubt and incertitude, and to my predominant ignorance.”\*

The peculiar method, or rather want of method, observed by Montaigne in his immortal Essays could not be more happily described than in his own words cited above. No one likes to talk of himself more than Montaigne; and here, which is not always the case, he talks to good purpose.

Did any one ever take up the Essays of this frank old thinker, and read them straight through from the beginning to the end? If so, he was guilty of a most respectable mistake,—laudably stimulated to obtain a perfect knowledge of an author in his way unrivalled, grievously misled as to the right method of enjoying his lucubrations. There are certain friends who call upon you now and then, and enliven you with

\* Literally, “my mistress-form, which is ignorance.” *Maitresse-forme* seems to be an expression peculiar to Montaigne.—J. O.

small talk which is sufficiently seasoned with shrewdness to render it instructive; but you must not invite such pleasant fellows on the mere strength of their agreeable qualities to stay with you a month.

Montaigne, through a large portion of his *Essays*, is the illustrious small-talker of things both great and small; and his chief companions were those writers of antiquity from whom the greatest amount of gossip could be obtained. Plutarch and Seneca were his favourites, the former supplying him with all sorts of pleasant stories, the latter invigorating him with a very intelligible course of ethics. Herodotus, too, furnished him with many a curious tale; and when he would think a little more profoundly than usual about human nature and its motives, Lucretius was at hand to give him wise suggestions. Valerius Maximus, a famous anecdote-monger in his day, though now almost forgotten, was another favourite; as for Horace, he has been Mr. Worldly-Wiseman's chief counsellor for all ages; and of course Montaigne could not miss his pleasant teachings.

What a grand show of erudition may be made by any pretender who has in his library the English edition of Montaigne's *Essays*, which is enriched with a copious index, and in which all the quotations are furnished with suitable references; for Montaigne himself was not so kind as to indulge his readers with mention of chapter and verse! What an apt illustration for any subject in the world may be found in those three books of straggling thought and miscellaneous learning! and how imposing will it look couched in the language of authors now scarcely read! Does the novelist wish his romance to have a scholarly aspect, and awe the reader with a little scrap of Latin placed at the head of each chapter,—Montaigne is his man. For Greek he must go somewhere else; but if he will be content with Latin, the wise old man of Perigord will amply serve his turn, and supply him matter a thousand times more readily and pleasantly than the *Corpus Poetarum Latinorum*. The smatterers of Europe may righteously erect a monument to Montaigne, himself the prince of smatterers; but a smatterer on such a magnificent scale, that he has left wherewithal to nourish his successors to the end of time.

Would you supply your memory with a choice collection of stories, that may be dextrously interwoven into your after-dinner converse,—Montaigne is still the man; and as he tells all his tales with a purpose, you may take from him a hint as to the best means of introducing them. For instance, here is a good batch of pleasantries, *à-propos* of the subject of hanging, which would follow admirably in the train of a public execution.

“A man who was led to the gibbet observed that they must avoid passing through a certain street, as there was danger that a merchant who lived there would collar him on account of an old debt. Another said to the executioner he must not touch his neck for fear of making him burst with laughter,—he was so ticklish. Every one has heard the tale of the Picard, to whom, while he was standing on the ladder, a damsel of ill repute was



presented, and who, learning that if he would marry her his life would be spared (as our law permits sometimes), looked at her for a while, and perceiving that she halted, cried out, 'Tie up; tie up: she limps.' And they tell also of a condemned criminal in Denmark who, standing on the scaffold to be beheaded, was offered a wife on a similar condition, but refused, because the girl had hollow cheeks and too pointed a nose. A valet at Toulouse being accused of heresy, gave no other reason for his creed than a reference to that of his master, a young student in the same prison; and would rather die than allow himself to be persuaded that his master could think wrong."

All these anecdotes appear in an essay written ostensibly to show that "the taste for good and evil depends in a great measure upon our opinion of them." There were two sides to every thing in the opinion of the unscrupulous sceptic, and even hanging might not be so bad as it appeared at the first glance.

On accidents of war these tales are not so bad :

"Captain Rense, while he besieged the city of Verona, having carried a mine under a great part of the wall, the wall was violently lifted from the ground, but dropped down again entire, so exactly upon its foundation that the besieged lost nothing by the operation. In the expedition which the Emperor Charles V. made against the French in Provence, the Marquis de Guast, having gone to reconnoitre the city of Arles, and having ventured beyond the shelter of a windmill, under cover of which he had advanced, was perceived by the Seigneur de Bonneval and the Seneschal d'Aginois, who were walking on the Théâtre aux Arenes. These, having shown him to the Sieur de Villiers, a commissary of the artillery, he levelled a culverin so dextrously that if the aforesaid marquis, on seeing the match lighted, had not popped on one side, he would certainly have received a ball in his body. In like manner, some years before, Lorenzo de' Medici, Duke of Urbino, father to the French queen-dowager, while he was besieging Mondolfo, an Italian fort, in those parts called the Vienriat, saw the match put to a piece that was pointed at him, and most opportunely ducked down; for if he had not, the ball, which only grazed the top of his head, would doubtless have hit him in the breast."

The two last tales are told in an essay on "Constancy" (*La Constance*), which Montaigne says does not imply that we should not screen ourselves from mischiefs that threaten; nay, all honourable means of preserving ourselves from harm are not only permitted but commendable. The peculiar danger arising from artillery then comes under consideration; and Montaigne remarks that it is shameful to quit a post to avoid a cannon-ball, which by reason of its velocity seems to render escape hopeless. This point is no sooner established than the particular exception as to cannon-balls is weakened by the stories told above; when it suddenly strikes Montaigne that the lively marquis and duke were saved rather by accident than by a deliberate act of the judgment. "What judgment," he says, "can you form of a high or low aim in such a sudden emergency? It is much more easy to believe that fortune favoured their fear, and that a similar movement on another occasion would be as likely to put one in danger as to make one escape it."

That sceptical turn of mind which prevented Montaigne from arriving at any settled conclusion, and to which he apparently owed all the joy of his existence, is nowhere more strikingly displayed than in the essay on Drunkenness (*De l'Yvrognerie*). He starts with the assertion that it seems to him a gross and brutal vice. Other vices may have something generous about them, but this is thoroughly earthy and corporeal. Other vices affect the understanding, but this upsets it altogether; and the worst state of man is that in which he loses the knowledge and government of himself. All which sound morality is sharpened by a quotation from Lucretius, in which the bodily effects of drunkenness are forcibly described. The fact that the immoderate use of strong drink weakens our power of keeping secrets is also set down to the discredit of inebriety; and Josephus is brought into court to tell us that he once wormed a secret from an ambassador by making him drunk. So far we have matter that Mr. Gough might easily expand into a lecture, when our moralist suddenly pulls up with a "but however" (*toutes fois*), and begins to think he is going too far. Suppose a leaky ambassador *did* betray his secrets to Josephus; still, on the other hand, Augustus and Tiberius Caesar never suffered from the trust they respectively placed in Lucius Pivo and Cossus, though both these miracles of fidelity were so much given to wine, that it was often necessary to carry them drunk out of the Senate. Cimber, another toper, mixed up with the assassination of Julius Caesar, is also quoted to show how strong drink and trustworthiness are compatible with each other; and we are reminded that the Germans, who were the notorious drunkards of Montaigne's time, remembered their post, their watchword, and their rank, when they were literally soaked. Two stories, which need not be repeated here, and which show the extraordinary humiliations that may be consequent upon an inopportune use of the bottle, seem to hint that we shall again find ourselves in the old track, and we are once more sniffing teetotalism, when our return to temperance and sobriety is checked by the capricious memory of our instructor, who has bethought himself that the ancient writers have not declaimed much against inebriety. Cato the Censor, with all his austerity, was reproached as a hearty drinker (*reproché de bien boire*); while Cyrus the Younger actually made a merit of the fact that he could drink more than his brother Artaxerxes. One Sylvius, a physician, of Paris, told Montaigne himself that it was good to stimulate the stomach by excessive potations once a month. Led on by such respectable precept and example, the candid sage now finds himself comfortably posted on the side of inebriety, and begins to teach us how a man may become a good toper (*bon beuveur*) in the strictest sense of the word. He must avoid being too nice in his choice of wines; his taste must be free,—in other words, his object should be not to tickle his palate, but to get drunk as cheaply as possible. Those boozing Germans, who a little while ago were tolerated, are now examples to follow, inasmuch as they drink almost all wines with equal pleasure; whereas the French, who drink at

two meals only, and then with moderation, too much restrict the fumes of Bacchus; and here we go into an exhortation in favour of tipping:

“The ancients passed whole nights in this exercise, and often the days following; and therefore their meals were more abundant and substantial. I have seen a great lord in my time, a personage of high employment, and distinguished by great successes, who without difficulty, and in the course of his ordinary meals, would drink almost five bottles, and when he went away would appear but too sober and cunning, to our disadvantage. The pleasures which we fix upon for the course of our life ought to occupy a larger portion of it. Like ship-boys and working-men, we should never refuse an opportunity of drinking, but always have the desire in our minds. It seems to me that in my time we have more and more restricted the habit of drinking; and that the breakfasts, repasts, and collations that I saw in our houses when a child were more frequent and common than they are now. Is it that we have made a step towards improvement? Of a truth, no.”

Then comes the portrait of a fine old Gascon gentleman—English by birth, they say—of the sixteenth century, in the shape of Montaigne’s father, whom our essayist constantly eulogises as the kindest of parents, though occasionally dropping a hint that he was not the wisest of mankind. The deportment of Montaigne senior was marked by an engaging gravity, humble and very modest. He was particularly careful about his clothes and his personal appearance generally, whether he was on foot or on horseback. His faith in keeping his word was prodigious (*monstrueuse foi*), while his religion and conscience inclined rather to superstition than to the other extreme. For a short man, he was full of vigour, straight and well proportioned, of a pleasing face, inclining to a brown complexion, and an adept in all martial exercises. His son looked and wondered when he saw certain canes filled with lead, and was informed that his sturdy little parent had used them to fit his arms for pitching the bar or fencing. Shoes with leaden soles, as a preparation for running and leaping, were also among the family curiosities. Nay, before the very eyes of his son, he would, like another Nestor, scoff at the degeneracy of a younger generation, and, at the age of sixty, throw himself in his furred gown upon his saddle, and turn himself round a table resting on his thumb.

Other virtues of this worthy man are set forth to show that the milk-sops of Montaigne’s day were not half such good fellows as the hard drinkers of an earlier period. After which our essayist returns to his bottle, and then lets us into the secret, that the opposition to drinking with which he commenced his discourse was caused rather by a natural distaste than by any conviction of his reason. Nay, he half laments that the weakness of his stomach in this respect deprives him of the last pleasure of old age; observing that though Plato forbids children to drink wine before the age of eighteen, and men to be inebriated before forty, he allows those who have passed that limit to “mingle the influence of Bacchus somewhat liberally with their repasts.” The whole winds up

with a train of general reflections to the effect that we are governed much more by our own inclinations than by the precepts of our reason.

All the *pro* and *con* of the matter—the arguments in favour of sobriety, and the instances in favour of drunkenness—have come to nothing; and we at last find ourselves enriched with the profound truth, rather implied than expressed, that he who likes wine will drink it, while he who dislikes it will leave it alone. Scores of Montaigne's essays are written precisely on the same principle—the principle of leaving the reader quite as unsettled at the end as at the beginning of his intellectual journey; while in some of them the writer rambles so widely from the proposed theme of discourse, that there is the least possible connection between the essay and its title. To heavy-witted students, who like to be saved the trouble of thinking by the dogmatism of their teacher,—people who want to “make up their mind” and “have an opinion,”—the rambling and the inconclusiveness of Montaigne must be necessarily unsatisfactory. To such as these we would recommend a total abstinence from the varied dainties offered by pleasant old Michel. His peculiarities are not to be excused, but to be accepted as recommendations. The great charm of Montaigne is his perfect freedom; and this consists in wandering wherever his thoughts may lead him, without binding himself to follow any certain goal. One anecdote awakens a reflection; the reflection leads to another anecdote; and, as contraries are suggestive of each other, a third anecdote, pointing a moral adverse to its predecessors, comes in, as a matter of course, to be, like them, invalidated. Those who think on such a varied subject as human nature, and argue from particular instances, will necessarily, if they observe with acuteness and reason with impartiality, find themselves on that boundary-line between “yes” and “no” which to many persons is so disagreeable, to Montaigne so delightful. If you would have a discourse based, like Montaigne's Essays, on a system of induction from particulars loosely collected, but completely opposite in their fixity of purpose, take the earlier portions of Cicero's “Cato Major.” The venerable censor, into whose mouth Cicero puts the arguments in favour of old age, prefaces his office of advocate by citing the examples of Fabius Maximus, Appius Claudius, Ennius, and many other persons who distinguished themselves in advanced years. As the whole object of the dialogue is to make out a case in favour of senility, Cato's auditors, Scipio and Lælius, are perfectly docile, and listen with submissive faith to the instructions of their aged preceptor. Now had Montaigne written the treatise, these young men would have been talkative and pugnacious, confronting Cato's list of wise graybeards with a catalogue of old fools. Cicero, barrister-like, wanted to carry a point; Montaigne, a free and independent thinker, wishes to show that no point can be carried.

Those who regard Montaigne as wholly superficial do him an injustice. Ordinarily, indeed, he confines his doubts to the details of actual life, and the most sublime subjects can become in his hands the occasion of the

merest gossip. But he is capable of rising to the level of a speculative sceptic, and his *Apologie de Raimond Sebond*, which is long enough to fill a respectable-sized volume, might have been written by a Pyrronist of antiquity. Here he grows profound on the impotence of human reason, now questioning the superiority of man to the brutes, now anticipating Immanuel Kant in his restriction of human knowledge from all inquiry into preternatural regions. This is an essay in which the deepest thinker may find an infinity of suggestive material; here he may pause amid his sportive recreation with *pros* and *cons*, and begin sincerely to study.

If a condition of doubt were generally a source of enjoyment, Montaigne would be a less singular phenomenon in the history of modern literature. A thorough doubter is seldom a popular character; he is necessarily incapable of appealing with sincere energy to the prejudices of the many, who will ascribe his tardiness in arriving at a definite point rather to some moral imbecility than to an excess of shrewdness. Most men think themselves fitted to pronounce on any proposition whatever that is not couched in the symbols of algebra, or some equally technical form of communication with which they happen to be unacquainted. We have even idioms that seem invented for the purpose of facilitating the expression of unthinking dogmatism. This proposition is false "upon the face of it;" "it stands to reason" that another is true. How many believe that Bishop Berkeley is utterly smashed by a couple of lines in Lord Byron's *Don Juan*! what tales of unweighed commonplaces pass for utterances of oracular wisdom! Writer hereof once heard a shrewd gentleman, who had bestowed no particular attention on philosophy, declare that the laws of euphony were necessarily more predominant in a primitive language than in one belonging to an advanced civilisation—that this proposition was true *on the face of it*. The doctrine conveyed probably *is* true; but were not dogmatism too common to occasion surprise, what could be said of the mind of a man who regarded an assertion requiring such a huge accumulation of knowledge for its support as an incontrovertible axiom? With a schoolboy of the present day who scribbles Greek iamblies, it "stands to reason" that an anapest, save in the case of proper names, must be excluded from the third foot; but he who has read Porson's preface to the *Hecuba* of Euripides well knows with how large an expenditure of thought the canon of the Senarius which enjoins the exclusion was established by the acutest scholar this country ever produced.

The pert dogmatist, who is ready with his dictum on every proposition connected with religion, ethics, and politics, may advantageously be sent to school with the unscrupulous Pyrronist of Perigord, who will tell him that it is by no means certain whether he is morally right or wrong in getting drunk, or that there is any very serious disadvantage in being hanged. He may possibly be disciplined into the opposite extreme, and take as much pleasure in an intellectual chase as Democritus, of whom

Montaigne tells a capital story, on the authority of Plutarch, which is not marred by the circumstance that cucumbers ought to be mentioned instead of figs.

“Democritus having eaten at his table some figs which tasted of honey, at once began to consider in his mind what was the cause of this unusual sweetness, and to enlighten himself on the subject was about to rise from the table to see the place where the figs had been gathered. The maid-servant hearing the reason of this movement, said, laughing, that he need not trouble himself about the matter, as she had merely put the fruit in a vessel which contained some honey. He was angry with her for depriving him of the opportunity of investigation, and thus robbing his curiosity of a fitting material. ‘Go,’ said he, ‘you have displeased me. However, I will continue investigating the cause as if it were natural;’ and he would fain have found out some true cause for an effect that was false and imaginary.”

The sceptical temperament of Montaigne had the effect of preserving him as a steady member of the Roman Catholic Church in an age when France was shaken to the centre by the troubles consequent on the Reformation. Not that he apparently entertained any particular regard for Catholic doctrines; but, like his contemporary Francis Bacon, he loved to keep the exercise of free thought apart from the subject of religion. Bacon raised the wall about religion in the interest of science. If philosophers would not meddle with sacred things, priests, he hoped, would not persecute philosophy. Montaigne, who had no such grand expectations with respect to science, and even regarded investigations into the wonders of nature as at once idle and presumptuous, was actuated by a more genuine spirit of conservatism. Knowing by experience how every proposition is capable of being shaken by free inquiry, he evidently resolved that his own temperament should not interfere with his duties as a peaceable citizen. Hence his inquiries are kept aloof from the Church and the State; and though theoretically he admires republics, he is the consistent enemy of those who would interfere with old institutions. Of what, at the present day, would be called “vital religion,” beyond an abstract veneration for some Great First Cause, there was probably not a trace in his composition; and we can perfectly understand the disfavour with which he was regarded by an ultra-pietist like Pascal, who was too much akin to him in spirit to remain unaffected by his writings—too much opposed to him in sentiment not to be annoyed at the intellectual relationship. As far as the reasoning goes, the *Apologie de Raimond Sébond* might have been written by Pascal himself. All human wisdom is but vanity; hence the necessity of implicit faith,—so thought Raimond,—so thought Montaigne,—so thought Pascal, who, by the way, was the freest inquirer of the three. But how different is the tone of the conservative Catholic from that of the enthusiastic Jansenist!

However, as Montaigne, whose mind to him a kingdom was,—a kingdom, too, of which he took a perpetual survey,—never lost sight of himself in the course of his investigations, but commonly reposed, after a long ramble, on some peculiarity, laudable or otherwise, of his own, we have a

right to infer that the personal inconvenience which he suffered in consequence of the disturbed state of his country had something to do with his dislike of innovation. "The life of Montaigne," says M. Villemain, "offers few events; it was not agitated, but was the tranquil development of a noble and upright character." However, the few events of his life, such as they were, appeared as the unpleasant results of the civil war; for his house was pillaged by the Leaguers, and he himself was persecuted by the opposite party. Nothing is more unpleasant than to find oneself involved in a riot without feeling a particle of zeal for the question at issue; and to honest Montaigne, who loved to potter over his old authors, and to amuse himself with his own meditations, a religious outbreak must have been an egregious nuisance. Besides, he was too comfortably placed to feel a necessity for change. Born to a good estate in Perigord, in 1533, and carefully brought up by a most indulgent father, who on principle abhorred severity towards children, the honours of the world dropped pleasantly upon him. When he went on the "grand tour," he was received every where with distinction; at Rome, which he saw in 1581, he had the honour to be made a Roman citizen; and in the following year, when he had returned home, he was made Mayor of Bordeaux, and so creditably performed the duties of that office, that the inhabitants of the city sent him to the court, where Charles IX., unsolicited, decorated him with the order of St. Michael. Very unpleasant was it for this comfortable man, when, retiring from active life, he had settled down in his chateau at Perigord, for the purpose of indulging in a philosophical leisure, to find, as he says, that the enemy was on his door at one side, and the freebooters at the other; so that he was exposed to all kinds of injury at once. Without such troubles, the life of a French country gentleman in the days of Montaigne would have been delightful. "Our laws," he says, "are easy enough; and the weight of sovereignty touches a French gentleman scarcely twice in his life. A real and effectual subjection only concerns those among us who voluntarily seek it, and who, by such service, aim at wealth and honour. He who is content to squat in his own chimney-corner, and can manage his house without quarrels or lawsuits, is as free as the Duke of Venice." The civil wars, followed by the plague, drove him from his snug retreat to Paris; but he afterwards returned home, and died in 1592, with all the calmness of a genuine philosopher. Six kings had sat on the throne of France in the course of his not very long life; and when we remark that these were Francis I., Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., Henry III., and Henry IV., it seems an odd caprice of destiny to place the quietest of the human species in the stormiest of times.

If the external vicissitudes of Montaigne were but scanty, and slightly influenced the direction of his thoughts, the revelations he makes of his own mental peculiarities are sufficient to constitute a large autobiography. But these revelations can scarcely command our implicit credence; every now and then Montaigne talks like a man who, by underrating himself,

fishes for contradictory compliments; and, indeed, it may generally be doubted whether all of us are not indifferent judges of our own characters, as well as of our own countenances. How shall we believe in the sincerity of Montaigne's contempt for pedantry, when he cannot write a page without introducing a Latin quotation? There must be more or less of perverse self-depreciation when he dilates on the badness of his memory, while he shows that he has a wide range of literature, and an inexhaustible heap of anecdotes, collected by hearsay, so completely at his command, that he can draw from them an apt and natural illustration of every odd thought that comes into his head. Sometimes he would have us deem him very pious, and he quotes the Scriptures and the Fathers with much appearance of unction; but at the bottom of his heart, apart from his sense of duty to the established religion of France, he is a thorough heathen, relying on his favourite pagan teachers—above all, on Lucretius, with a trust equal to that of Burns's cottar in the "old ha' Bille." In vain would he play the freethinker with the sages of antiquity, ridicule the speculations of old philosophers, and win the credit of a little eccentricity by running down the venerated Cicero. The Latins, in their original tongue, which his father made him speak as a vernacular in childhood, and Plutarch, read through the translation of Amyot, then a shining light that had just burst upon French literature, were to him sources of wisdom; and while he indulged in his crotchets about particular men, the belief that antiquity, as a whole, could ever be equalled by the men of a modern age never entered his mind. That faith in the classics which, on the revival of letters, became a religion with cultivated men, still finds its expression in the writings of Montaigne, and renders him the antipode of the innovating Bacon, who confidently looked forward to a world which should cast into the shade the wisdom of the ancients.

A scholar of the present day is a very different being from the worshippers of antiquity, who were the citizens of the republic of letters which flourished so proudly about the time of the Reformation. He criticises texts; he imitates a classical style; he enlarges his archæological knowledge; he endeavours to obtain accurate information about that old world which played so great a part in the history of civilisation; he profoundly investigates the niceties of language; he seasons a public speech with a Latin quotation. But he would no more dream of consulting Cicero or Plutarch as guides who should help him through practical life, than a Sanscrit student would think of obtaining similar assistance from the Vedas. Plato and Aristotle apparently stand as exceptions to the general rule, through their manifest influence on the modern philosophy of Germany; while the logical treatises of the latter have a scientific value corresponding to that of Euclid's *Elements*; but really there is little resemblance between the free use which the Germans make of old-world speculations, and that faith which could induce the thinkers of the middle ages to glory in designating themselves Platonists



or Peripatetics. As for the merely ethical teachers, who are not recommended by the classicality of their language, and were held in such esteem by popular philosophers like Montaigne, they have utterly passed from the sphere of the world's observation. Who, save some eccentric student, ever dreams nowadays of turning over the moral essays of Seneca?

Conservative as he was, and Catholic as he was, Montaigne flung about many a thought that was caught up with avidity in a destructive and freethinking age, that little regarded the limits which the old philosopher had prescribed to his intellectual ramblings. The sceptical element of Montaigne influenced the bold innovators of the eighteenth century—Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot; his moderation stands in an anomalous position with respect to his general train of thought. Herein the fate of Montaigne may be compared to that of Bacon. Both thought to surround religion with a solid wall, round which speculation might disport itself without damage on either side, and died in their beds satisfied that they had done no mischief. But Bacon begat Hobbes, and Hobbes begat Locke (also individually pious), and Locke begat those English Deists who made a transient noise among the wits of London, and those French Titans, whose assaults on the Christian Olympus were felt all over the civilised world, and among whom Montaigne was a classic. Long before the age of infidelity, the destructive tendency of Montaigne was detected by a much greater man, the acute and systematic Blaise Pascal, whose opinion is conveyed in a dialogue with M. de Saci (*Sur Epictète et Montaigne*), published among his smaller works.

Among the crotchets of Montaigne that were repeated with much effect in the eighteenth century, may be mentioned his belief in a persuasive utilitarian system of education, to which he devotes one of his most consecutive essays (*De l'Institution des Enfants*), and which is broadly expanded in the *Emile* of J. J. Rousseau; and that disposition to admire the savage heathens of the New World which, in the age of Voltaire, was equally prevalent with scoffers and sentimentalists. However, there is this difference between Montaigne and the more modern worshippers of barbarism, that the latter clothed their wild Indian with all sorts of imaginary virtues, while the former looked boldly at his failings, and discoursed of his cannibalism, in which, however, he saw no great harm.

In the above Paper there is not an opinion I have expressed on the subject of Montaigne that could not plausibly be refuted by quotations from his writings. With the least possible expenditure of ingenuity, I could, from his own words, make him the most devoted of Christians, and expatiate on his total freedom from the influence of the ancients. Montaigne saw many sides to every subject, but few subjects have so many sides as Montaigne himself.

## The Countess Melusine.

### CHAPTER I.

THE world was dull and life was very dreary to young Anthony Carthew; and all sorts of strange unanswered questions gathered heavily upon his heart, like the sad dreams which oppress the mournful. For what was he living?—to what aim, end, purpose, or intention? For pleasure?—pleasure in the dulllest of societies, and the most uninteresting of countries? For ambition?—what ambition was there for a daily tutor in Stoneleigh, whose best pupil was the exciseman's eldest boy, and whose noblest energies were fulfilled when he had ground his "hic, hæc, hoc" into the unwilling brains of half a dozen farmers' sons? For a pleasant home-life of love and sweet affection?—but his possessions in that way were not rich enough for the needs of the poorest heart. With a half-sister, much older than himself, who usurped the domination without granting the tenderness of a mother, and who thought that the fit guidance of youth meant the suppression of its instincts, and the annihilation of all its joys,—with only such a companion as this, there could not be much love shut up for him within those four walls called by courtesy his home. So that, turn which way he would, his whole life seemed barren and his very existence a mistake.

Anthony was not unreasonable in his discontent; for in truth never was there a more comfortless life than that which Rachel Carthew provided for her young brother in that miserable house of theirs. Old maidenism was stamped on every square inch of the naked cleanliness and exasperating order which she had a grim delight in gathering round her; and even mild, well-conducted, sober-tempered men were tempted to commit unusual domestic crimes for the sake of breaking out the hard lines of its hideous regularity. Anthony's home was all gloom and narrowness, both moral and actual; and it was in such a melancholy dungeon as this that Rachel thought to forge the links and grappling-irons which were to save her youthful brother from external evil, and anchor him to the safety lying in the calm of home affections. Can you wonder, then, that Anthony was weary of a life which gave him only such a stagnant pool as this for the bay which held his choicest pearls?

Fifty at the youngest, stiff-backed, lean, bony, and inexpressibly sour-tempered, Rachel Carthew was a living protest against every grace of womanhood, and every suave delight of life. No one had been ever known to love her,—not even when she was young, and what people, who measure beauty by length of inches and weight of bone, call a "fine woman;" and now, of course, such a feeling was out of the question—she was as far removed from love in any of its forms as if she had been one of the Gorgon sisterhood unearthed. But the hardest have a soft

place somewhere; and even Rachel had her preferences. So she opened her heart to a certain little Nelly Blair, the daughter of the Stoneleigh attorney, and admitted her into the *huis clos* which so few had found means to penetrate.

Nelly Blair was a pretty little creature of the apple-cheek order, with large light-blue eyes, well shaped but inexpressive; a fair, round, fat face; a short, blunt, positive nose; red lips, neither full nor wide; a figure made up of a succession of circles; and with a temper as even as a bowl of fresh milk. Such as she was, she was Rachel Carthew's chosen friend; and Rachel had her designs on the friend's future fortunes. Now Anthony well knew what those designs were, and gave way to them, according to the habitual indolence of his character, according to the deference he always paid his sister, and according to the pliancy of the discontented and unhappy. The suit went by Rachel's ruling; and in due time Anthony, cheated by the crying need of sympathy into the belief that he loved Nelly Blair, who, by the way, was the only girl of his own age and condition with whom he was acquainted, made his proposal in proper form, and in proper form was accepted. For though he was only the village teacher of humanities, he was not poor, and though Nelly was the attorney's daughter, she had no portion. So that they were equal in rank and condition, and neither could despise the belongings of the other.

And now Anthony thought he should be happy; surely yes—was he not loved, and did he not love? But, to his shame as well as to his sorrow, the dead-weight was not lifted from his heart, nor the shadow on his life lightened. He was not happier than he was before, and often a great deal more bored, because less alone. For the rest, Rachel was grimly satisfied, and Nelly temperately content; smiling when her handsome lover met her, and smiling just as placidly when he left her; smiling if she said, "What a long time since I have seen you!" and smiling in precisely the same curves and depth of dimples if she said instead, "What! here again so soon!" In short, Nelly was always the same. She lived in her small world of crotchet-work and household duties, of jams and pickles and bead-purses and cunning economies, with a calmness and equanimity that likened her to a monotonous plain without thorns, weeds, or flowers; or to a waveless lake beneath a colourless gray sky, tossed by no passion and beautified by no reflection. Doubtless she was very good; but she was horribly uninteresting.

Anthony was angry with himself that he was not more contented; for was he not truly, really, devotedly in love? Rachel said he was, and Rachel knew every thing; and Nelly was satisfied,—and would she be that if he failed even in the smallest particular? It was said young girls were exacting, and she was doubtless like the rest.

More weary and melancholy than ever, one day Anthony plunged into the only square yard of copse to be seen for miles round Stoneleigh. It was the Wood of the neighbourhood, and might have been an acre cut

out of the Black Forest for the magnificent ideas of gloom and grandeur associated with it by the Stoneleigh people; and naturally it was a favourite place with Anthony, with his romantic tendencies and insatiable love of nature. Lost in his own vague dreamings, his head buried in his hands over which his picturesque black hair hung thick and wavy, Anthony's senses were closed against the outside world, when suddenly a voice, most rarely sweet and musical, asking, with the daintiest dash of foreign accent, "What was the name of this wood, and in which direction was Stoneleigh?" woke him to the knowledge that a lady was standing before him. Confused and startled, he sprang to his feet, and his eyes met two large hazel orbs fixed with a strange perplexing expression on his face:

"This is Beech Copse, madam; and Stoneleigh lies to the north," stammered Anthony.

"Thank you; you are kind," said the lady, still keeping her perplexingly beautiful eyes fixed steadily upon him. "And you, monsieur,—forgive me the liberty,—but do you, too, live at Stoneleigh?"

"Yes," said Anthony, blushing.

"I am glad of that," she answered, with a low sweet laugh; "for I am your neighbour now, and shall hope to see you sometimes at Oakfell Hall."

"Oakfell Hall!" echoed Anthony, in a tone of surprise. "In its ruined state, how can you be there, madam? It is years since it was inhabited, and is little better than a ruin."

"I am usually very rapid in my movements," said the lady, with a singular smile. "I took the place only a few days ago, certainly; but if you will do me the pleasure of paying me a visit, you will, I think, agree that I have not lost my time. Will you come?"

Anthony stammered something, he scarce knew what; but it was sufficiently unintelligible to pass for an assent; and the lady accepted it as such.

"Adieu, then, monsieur!" she said. "Remember, I count on seeing you at the Hall, and soon—the sooner the more charming." She waved her hand, then passed with a pretty, light, and balancing step round the clump of gorse that grew beside them. Anthony saw her light-blue summer robe flutter through the golden lacings of the blossoms, and it seemed as if heaven itself had fluttered away in its folds.

With a magnificent burst of stoicism he left the copse and came out upon the open common; and there, walking in the direction of Stoneleigh, he saw the flutter of a light-blue robe and a graceful head turned back towards the road; one small fair hand holding the chestnut curls from off the face. Was the air so marvellously clear to-day that every line and hue and movement of that figure should be preternaturally distinct, or was it, in very truth, a chapter of glamour? and was Anthony under the spell of an unblessed fay? A couple of centuries ago he would have thought himself possessed, and have straightway gone to a priest to be exorcised. Now, with the light of science slanting in his eyes, he spoke reasonably to himself of nerves and liver, of the virtue that

lay in calomel and black-draught, and of the foolish excitability of those who dwell much alone in country places. But he was bewitched nevertheless.

## CHAPTER II.

"Who has taken the old Hall, Rachel—Oakfell Hall?" cried Anthony, in a rushing headlong kind of manner. He was out of breath and heated, having run all the way home in the hope of overtaking that gracious form gliding so swiftly before him; and he had been disappointed.

"How did you know it was taken at all?" said Rachel stiffly. She was displeas'd at his abrupt entrance and more abrupt manner.

"Never mind that, but tell me the name of the person," said Anthony, still more impatiently.

"When you address me with becoming respect, I may reply to you; not before," was Rachel's angry answer.

"Pshaw! I meant nothing disrespectful, sister. I only want to know the lady's name."

"How do you know it is a lady?" asked Rachel again, with a quick suspicion in her glance. "You are very odd to-day, Anthony."

"Why, sister?" he answered, forcing a laugh, and putting on a caressing manner that was as false and strained as the rest. "What is there odd in asking the name of a new tenant of the old Hall? I heard it was let, and I simply wished to know to whom, as any one else would wish to know. It was a piece of ordinary gossip, surely not surprising."

"Well, there, that's enough about it, boy. I don't know her name, and I don't want to know it. She has no name at all, I dare say. Very likely she is an adventures, and thinks it best to leave her old address behind her." And Rachel smiled grimly, for her gruff wit pleased her.

"Rachel, you are absurd," cried Anthony angrily, "and uncharitable beyond bounds. It is really too bad—a stranger whom you have never even seen—to at once conclude evil; it is too revolting—too unwomanly!" Anthony was in much agitation when he spoke, and kept his face turned away.

Rachel opened her eyes. In all the years of her young brother's life, during which he had submitted to her uncomfortable authority like the most dutiful son, he had never spoken to her so disrespectfully as now. She turned upon him savagely, and while rolling out her deep-mouthed peroration, the door-bell rang, and Nelly Blair entered.

Vapid and unmeaning, with those abrupt decided manners which have not an element of grace in them, and dressed in the singularly unbecoming fashion delighted in by staid young ladies in the country, to whom beauty of toilette is a sin, and who cannot, for the life of them, divorce elegance and frivolity, fashion and worthlessness, Nelly offered such a painful contrast to the beautiful stranger he had just met, that Anthony

felt like one, blind or crazed, whose senses were that moment restored. Had he ever really loved Nelly, thought her lovely, or found her loveable? Was that the portion which life had meted out to him? and was he to accept it with thankfulness? Surely it was all a dream, a hideous dream, from which his guardian angel had awakened him before too late, by the golden gorse in the beech-wood copse. Nelly was not sensitive, and her heart gave her no revelations. She shook her lover's hand just as usual; looked into his pale face with her usual smile; caught the earnest piercing eyes upon her own just as placidly as ever; then turned to Rachel amiably, and brushed her cork-crew curls by way of kiss.

"Well, the Hall is taken at last," said Nelly, sitting down in a fat little bundle, and unfastening her bonnet. "Queer, tumble-down, old place! I am sure I wonder at any one living there; don't you, Rachel?"

"Who has taken it?" asked Anthony, quickly.

"Oh, a foreign woman; the Countess Mélusine, or some such name. Who she is I don't know, you know; but father drew the agreement, and she signed herself the Countess Mélusine—such a heathenish name too! Oh, Rachel, ain't it a good thing?—father has agreed with Joe Styles to draw his coals, and Joe will do it for a shilling a week less than what we paid old Ned. I am so glad! And, Rachel, how did your potted beef turn out? Mine was all spoilt. I put in too much pepper, and father coughed himself nearly into a fit. Pity, wasn't it, such good stuff to be wasted?"

"For how long is the agreement made, Nelly?" asked Anthony, kicking up a square of druggot, much to Rachel's displeasure.

"With Joe Styles?"

"No, no, Nelly! Can you never rise out of the kitchen?" said Anthony, scornfully. "I mean the lady's,—the Countess Mélusine's,—for the Hall."

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure, Anthony. But how she runs in your head! What is it to us how long she stays? She will very likely be too proud to notice us."

"Anthony, I cannot understand you," said Rachel, very sternly. She had kept her eyes fixed on her brother for some time; and Rachel, though narrow, was sharp.

"Perhaps not, sister. Did you ever do so?" With which the young man flung himself out of the room, swinging the door after him in no very gentle fashion.

"Anthony's queer to-day," said Nelly equably, as she threaded her needle. "What is the matter, Rachel?"

"I cannot tell you," said Rachel, straightening the disordered square with angry hands. "The letting of the Hall seems to have upset him somehow. I think that foreign woman has bewitched him."

"Dear me!" said Nelly, laughing. "Well, that is odd now! Why, I have never thought of her twice. Men are queer folk, Rachel; not half so rational as women, after all."

"Some are not, certainly," said Rachel; meaning Anthony as the apex of the world's pyramid of fools.

After what was to Anthony a constrained and most wretched evening, but which seemed to Nelly just the same as all other evenings, and to Rachel neither more nor less filled with foolishness and the waywardness of life, the lawyer's daughter, to her lover's profound relief, prepared to go home. Never had he felt her presence so oppressive, nor her society so uninteresting; never had Rachel appeared harsher, less womanly, less admirable; never had he felt himself less suited to his companions, more lonely in heart, or more desirous of escape. He could think of nothing but that beautiful stranger who spoke to him so kindly in the wood, whose smile had made his life a glory, and whose friendship seemed as if it would be no unworthy foretaste of heaven. He could render no account to himself for the persistency of his thoughts. Youths of his age and temperament are rarely introspective, and for the most part content themselves with feeling, without caring to examine; and Anthony gave himself up to the tide without seeking to fathom its depth or discern its outlet. Time enough for that, perhaps, when the wreck came.

The weary night passed, and the dull morning broadened into day. But the hours seemed to Anthony to lag as they had never lagged before,—as if they were all halt and lame, staggering one step where formerly they ran two,—until he stood at the lodge-gate of the Hall. Had a magician passed through that ruined place? or how was it that the waste and desolation which had grown round the Hall in its seven years' desertion had been removed with such marvellous speed? The tangled shrubbery was thinned and trimmed; the broad walks, which had grown green with moss and weeds, were newly gravelled, hard-rolled, smooth, and firm; the lawn was closely mown, and from rank coarse grass spangled with ox-eyes and the bitter hawkweed, had turned to moss close-grown and fragrant; the flower-beds had been cleared of their waste of nettles and groundsel, and now were gay with the choicest flowers; while the house itself was changed in all but the mere outside lines,—trellis-work, paint and gilding, marble and paper and cement transforming its whole appearance, and creating a palace from a ruin. But the marvel of it all was the exceeding celerity with which the transformation had been accomplished, and the unostentatious manner in which it had been done.

Anthony was bewildered; and while looking about him, almost superstitiously, "I have been expeditious, monsieur, have I not?" said that sweetest voice the world had ever heard; and the Countess stood noiselessly beside him.

In her fresh morning dress, with the soft wind blowing her chestnut curls loosely over her face and giving a warmer tinge to her fair cheek, with her strange eyes, so full of hidden meanings, looking at him more kindly than woman's eyes had ever looked before, her smiling mouth and graceful figure, she seemed more than mortal to the young country

tutor, accustomed only to the dull dowdiness of Nelly Blair and the rest of the "second set" in Stoneleigh. He scarcely knew what he answered. He blushed, hesitated, stammered, much as a young Greek shepherd might have done if a nymph or a goddess had suddenly revealed herself. And something never felt before rose up within him; the inner depth was for the first time struck, the living spring for the first time opened. The acquaintance was not twenty-four hours old, but already it had stolen from Anthony the sacred treasure of his life.

How the time passed he never knew. He thought he had been about an hour, perhaps a couple of hours, at the Hall, when the sunset fell and the moon came out. He had spent, then, the whole afternoon and part of the evening in the gardens with the lady, and had taken his delight in such deep draughts that he had scarce been able to understand its flavour. But if Anthony had been unconscious of all save feeling, the Countess had done her appointed work with vigour and understanding; and long before parting-time had come had learnt the names, biographies, and rent-rolls of every family in the neighbourhood, their weak points and their strong ones, where they were most vulnerable and where they were intact. Anthony was too much absorbed to notice the greedy interest which she lent to this description; too much fascinated by her grace and kindness to ask himself why she cared to know all these minutiae of people she had never seen, or of what possible interest it could be to her that young Mr. Briggs had two thousand a year, and old Mr. Smith four; that the Hopgoods were the principal friends of the neighbourhood; that the Joneses—retired Liverpool merchants—were said to play at ruinous stakes sometimes; while Captain MacArthur was a professed gambler, and lived by the Baden tables.

If Anthony had looked at his companion as he detailed this last bit of local gossip, he would have seen that she changed colour and slightly frowned, while something that might have been a naughty expletive, from the sound, rippled musically over her lips. But he paid no attention to this, nor to the inexplicable half-muttered exclamation, "Ready made to my hand!" said in the sweetest and gentlest of voices, with the brightest of glances flung far over the landscape.

The Countess laughed. "I could tell you more than this, Monsieur Antoine," she said pleasantly. "My friend M. le Baron von Guldenstern has told me a pretty little nest of secrets—perhaps more than you know of here in your virtuous little valley."

And then Anthony was gracefully dismissed, the dinner-bell having rung; and midway in the broad walk a fair soft hand joined itself in with his, and the loveliest of hazel eyes looked with swimming gentleness upon him, as two small dewy lips parted, and a voice as sweet as a young bird's expressed pretty thankfulness for the honour of this long visit, and many gracious hopes that it would be soon repeated, and that they, the speakers, joined now hand in hand, would become firm friends and great allies. Whereat the delicate palm gave an almost im-



perceptible pressure against his, and the dewy lips smiled a tenderer smile.

"For he is really very handsome, and his innocence is quite delicious," she said, speaking to her maid, to whom she related the substance of this long day's talk.

"Well, and after?" said that individual, in French, seating herself familiarly by the Countess on the sofa.

"Well!" answered the lady, yawning. "It is a good field, my dear, and a safe venture. And now to dinner; for, oh, I am so hungry!"

### CHAPTER III.

THE Countess Melusine became the rage at Stoneleigh. Letters of most flattering introduction from the Baron Guldenstern, a Hanoverian nobleman of unquestionable standing, to the Hopgoods who were the leading people of the place, gave the pass-key into every house beside. For the Baron was a great friend of the Hopgoods, and one whose notice somewhat honoured them; so that any recommendation of his was sure of eager acknowledgment. But among all her adherents none worshiped her with so much singleness of heart—the infatuation of none struck so deep, or soared so high—as the young teacher's. To him she was a revelation, a being from another world; it was adoration rather than love that he felt for her; and he could have died for her simple wilful pleasure with as much rapture as other men would have lived for their own. And she—perhaps she pitied him; perhaps his innocence and ingenuousness touched her; perhaps even another feeling came in;—be that as it may, she spared him.

The great events of the present year at Stoneleigh were the balls and parties given by the Countess at Oakfell Hall. The wealthy Joneses and the superior Hopgoods both asserted they had never seen any thing equal to them in their way; and if aught had been wanting to confirm their admiration of their new neighbour, it would have been the faultlessness of her entertainments. They were subjects of conversation and imitation years after, when the whole thing had exploded and gone to the winds. To be sure the play was very deep, and the fair Countess was no coward in her laughing bets; to be sure, too, no one ever seemed to win, and the beautiful hostess herself always protested, most strenuously of all, how she had been victimised, complaining, in her fascinating accent, of the cruelty of her guests, and their inhospitality to a stranger and a foreigner.

"It was very odd," Mr. Jones used to say, when counting up the stakes, "very odd indeed who had got them all!" And Mr. Jones, as a retired Liverpool merchant, was pretty well up to gambling in all its aspects.

Very odd, too, was it how often the best cards turned up at the right moment in the hand of the Countess; and how that pretty graceful way of shuffling of hers seemed to bring her good luck: "As, indeed, it

should, as a reward of its gracefulness," said Mr. Briggs gallantly, though somewhat ruefully as well, as he disbursed his golden losses.

The only person who at all held off from joining in this universal choir of homage was Captain MacArthur. Between him and the lady existed a something—no one exactly knew what—but a certain mute distrust on his part, and a scarcely-veiled defiance on hers. He went less to Oakfell Hall than any one in the neighbourhood, and often he used to say, "I cannot think where I have seen the Countess before, but her face seems so very familiar to me." Once he made the same remark to her; but she answered him so haughtily, so much as if the assertion were an offence, that Captain MacArthur thought it needful to apologise, and assure her he was mistaken. Still, there was nothing like open hostility between them; and the frequenter of the Baden tables simply forbore to adulate her like the rest; he never spoke with positive disfavour.

The most curious thing in her social tactics, however, was how she contrived to be secretly on better terms with half her society than came out in public bearing. Almost all the gentlemen in turn were admitted to private consultations in that delicious little boudoir hung with blue and silver, that "gave off" from the drawing-room, as she phrased it; but specially and most frequently might young Mr. Briggs and old Mr. Smith have been seen there by those of the curious who had cared to penetrate the secrets of the Hall. But no one knew of their long, earnest, gracious colloquies in the little boudoir of blue and silver; no one knew that even Mr. Hopgood spent many a half-morning closeted there, with the Countess in the freshest and most becoming of morning toilettes, and with the daintiest and most delicate of "slight refreshments" on the table beside them; no one knew that Mr. Jones, more than once, told the partner of his bosom a whole chapter of fibs to conceal the fact that he had passed hours at the Hall under a spell of blue and silver, and old Rhenish wine in cut crystal goblets, and floating muslin, and chestnut-coloured curls, which for ever culminated in a tangible result it was better not to detail at length;—no one knew all this, or what those *tête-à-têtes* meant, or whether it was ambition or intrigue, love, money, or politics, that animated the Countess Melusine, and made her life the busy web of secrets it was. The most carefully-guarded secret of all was the ultimate purpose of this blue-and-silver boudoir off the drawing-room.

More noticeable than her secret intimacies with the moneyed men of the district, because more open, was her daring patronage of young Anthony Carthew. She invited him to her revels, where the Hopgoods in their silks and flounces and severe local aristocracy, and the Joneses in their flighty haughtiness, were assembled as by right; and she bore down the opposition which would have swamped a less popular innovator. And her *protégé* did not disgrace her. With the tact of an inborn gentleman, he carried himself with quietness and dignity, not making himself conspicuous in any way, and even seizing something of the tone about him. And though it was all new to him, no one who saw him in those brilliant rooms,

modest, frank, and beautiful as became his youth, would have supposed that he was making his novitiate, and that all, even to the proper mode of address, was a new study to him. In one thing he was markedly distinct from the rest; he never played. The Countess forbade him the card-room, and he was too happy to obey any of her desires to infringe. He was the only one in the place who knew of those secret colloquies in the boudoir, and he used at times to be vaguely fearful, mutely uneasy, as a faithful hound might have been; jealous of his mistress, but jealous for love not self-seeking. But the Countess never neglected him. On the contrary, she petted him openly in her *réunions*, as she called them, made much of him, and kept him always about her, praising his manners, his face, his talents, to every one around, and raising him, by the might of her popularity, to such an unheard-of equality as to win recognition even from the Hopgoods themselves. Six months before he would as soon have expected a bow or a "hand-shake" from the Head of the Empire himself. But the day-time gave Anthony his dearest pleasures, more so than even those brilliant vivid evenings. He was rarely twenty-four hours away from the Hall, excepting when the boudoir was tenanted by a rival. Whole days would pass like minutes, while he wandered in the garden by the side of the Countess, whose varied knowledge and sparkling wit enthralled him quite as much as her beauty or her gracious kindness.

In the mean time what did Nelly Blair, and what the austere Rachel? They held themselves aloof from the popular current, and predicted all sorts of shameful couplings to the popular blindness. Nelly at last began to see that Anthony's life was centred in the Hall, and that he had become indifferent to her even to neglect. Rachel had long seen as much; and she fumed and raged, and even wept for spite, as unheeded as if she had been but the boisterous wind or the angry rain lashing the distant fells.

Nelly took it much more quietly. She would listen placidly to Rachel's fierce wrath, and, when she had ended, would give a light sigh, and say, "Oh, he'll come round, Rachel! He is very young, you know; and I always thought him rather foolish; but he'll come round in time. Let's wait and see, and not trouble ourselves too much about him, Rachel."

#### CHAPTER IV.

ONE day Anthony was at the Hall as usual, in the blue-and-silver boudoir. The Countess had never looked more beautiful than she did to-day, and never been more charming; her manners had a warmer shade than usual, and were more familiarly caressing; and, for the first time, she spoke of her private affairs. Hitherto she had only alluded incidentally to herself, as the daughter of a prince with a barrow-load of consonants, and a name unpronounceable by any but a compatriot; or as the widow of The Count. She never gave *his* name, though the German Baron had written it in his letter of introduction, but so ill, that whether it were Russian or

Roumaic no one on this side Babel could tell. For the rest, she was the Countess Mélusine. From speaking of her parentage and condition, touching feelingly on the various troubles she had undergone, and letting her sweet eyes, beaded with heavy tears, rest lovingly on Anthony's eager face as she spoke of death and disappointment, and the fresh heart's early sorrows, she glided by easy transition into the more worldly matters of money and expense. Lightly and without complaint, laughing in her natural bird-like manner, she confessed to a tiresome momentary embarrassment, and to her need for a paltry three hundred pounds—just for a few days; certainly not longer than a week; merely to pay an insolent tradesman who would not wait her convenience. And then she appealed to her *cher* Monsieur Antoine to tell her,—she so ignorant of English business,—how she could raise that three hundred pounds; for see! touching her bracelets and pointing to her furniture—what grand security she had to offer; and jewels and plate, she had often heard men say, were only consolidated bank-notes. And again she laughed; but her cheeks were paler than before, and her dark-brown eyes were troubled.

Anthony's whole fortune was just one compact three hundred pounds,—his, though his sister dealt with it as her own, even sometimes, when irreflectively irate, threatening to leave it away to strangers. Simple boy! he had told this to the Countess the very first visit he had paid her; but he had forgotten now; and her request came as an unhopèd-for opportunity to be of service. Eager, proud, glad, he spoke to her of this sum, which to him seemed, as indeed it was, a fortune. "And would she not honour him by taking it? She might repay it at her leisure, for he could scarcely hope that she would honour him so far as to accept his little offering as a gift. Yet he would be so glad, so proud, to offer it. Would she not, then, render his whole life blessed with the remembrance that once he had been enabled to spare her half an hour's embarrassment? Would she not prove the sincerity of her friendship for him, and test the loyalty of his devotion, by suffering him to aid her? Oh, would she not grant him this, when, if need be, he would aid her with his life?"

Powerfully moved, but respectful as ever, he took her pliant hand and pressed it between his own, all his honest love in his eyes and quivering like sunlight over his face. The lady's eyes flashed with a painful half-frightened glance; she looked fearfully at the door, then bent forward with a caressing movement, as if to thank him. And then a longing loving look veiled that painful glance; her cheek flushed, her lip quivered, and tears gathered up into her eyes; she laid her hand on the boy's forehead, and, with a voice full of genuine tenderness, said sadly, "No, no, my poor child, not you!"

"*Maudite bête!*" growled Justine, the maid, watching the scene through the keyhole. "She shall pay for this!"

That touch sealed Anthony's fate. He flung himself at her feet; he did not know what he said, scarcely what he felt; he only knew that the barrier was broken down, and that the love which had hidden deep in his

heart, scarcely daring to confess itself in the silence of his own thoughts, now leapt forth into the life of words.

The Countess Mélusine was used to hear men talk of love, but this was something different to her uses. She listened gently, tenderly, and tears more than once fell from her eyes. Then stooping forward, so that her scented hair fell lightly over the young face upturned to hers, she put her arms with a gesture of almost maternal tenderness round his neck, and kissing his forehead, said softly, "My child, my poor boy, you know not what you ask!—you know not whom you love! I had a little dream of escape, Antoine," she whispered; "but that—"

"*Madame est servie,*" said Justine, entering abruptly.

That night a ruffianly-looking man drove up to the Hall-door.

"The game is up, my lady!" he said insolently, sweeping up some of the more portable valuables. "They will be here to-morrow morning. Come, you have no time to wait. Get together all of your best; the rest must go. *Sapristi!* what is she at now?" he cried, as the Countess stood pale and as if stunned. "Come, come, madame, none of those airs, if you please! Bustle about, and help Justine there; and if I find that you have not played your part well, you know what you have to expect. How now! Justine! Justine! quick! the fool has fainted!"

Before the morning the Hall was deserted; noiselessly, and without disturbing the English servants, the three accomplices withdrew; and by the time the noonday sun brightened over Stoneleigh, a couple of detectives held Oakfell, and every soul in the place knew the story.

"Tricked, by Jove!" cried old Mr. Smith; "and my three thousand."—

"And mine!" swore young Mr. Briggs, with a large percentage of expletives.

The Hopgoods said very little. It never came out publicly whether they and the Joneses had been swindled or no, or, if they had, to what extent. Only Mrs. Hopgood complained to her daughters, some months after, that their dear papa had grown very close lately, very, and that she was afraid he had met with heavy losses unknown to her; and Mr. Jones rode over to the County Bank the morning after the explosion, and spoke privately to the manager. The Hopgoods wrote to Baron Guldenstern to learn more of his fascinating friend and *protégée*; but, as soon as the post could bring it, they got an answer, saying, that he knew nothing whatever of any Countess Mélusine, wife or widow, and certainly gave no letter of introduction to such a person for his good friends the Hopgoods, or any one else; but, he added, about four years ago he, as well as all Baden, had been victimised by a certain beautiful Madame la Baronne Mélusine and her sister Justine, who acted as her maid, both of whom belonged to one of the cleverest and best-organised bands of swindlers in France or Germany. And perhaps his good friend the Hopgoods had been visited by these worthy people, who unfortunately

had got into his confidence and purse; when, if so, adieu to all hope of reclamation of Britannic gold!

That letter was the Hopgoods' writ of exculpation. By it they obtained public forgiveness for their tremendous mistake in having stood sponsors for an impostor to the choice society of Stoneleigh, and public sympathy for their supposed victimisation completed their whitewashing.

"Then she did cheat at cards, after all!" cried Mr. Jones. "I had my suspicions all along; but who would have listened to them? Indeed, how could I have tested them? She was deep and beautiful enough to have cheated the — ahem! She was, though, the little baggage!" with indignant reminiscences of the blue-and-silver boudoir, and of the heaps of lies piled up on his innocent wife's brain.

"And that's why she always fought so shy of me," laughed Captain MacArthur. "I saw her once or twice, under the title of Madame la Baronne, at Baden. She was just beginning her career when I was leaving. Lord, lord, what fools we have all been!"

That evening a more painful rumour ran through Stoneleigh. It was said that young Anthony Cathew had destroyed himself: some said poisoned, others that he had hung himself, and others detailed a circumstantial account of how he had blown out his brains. But all agreed that he was lying dead in the boudoir at Oakfell Hall. And, too surely, there he lay, pale, beautiful, and lifeless, on the very spot where only yesterday he had passed through the courts of paradise. A letter in Italian, praying for forgiveness and ending with "*Io t' amo*," a lock of shining chestnut hair, and a faded bouquet, were in his hand; and on the sofa, beside the torn envelope of a packet, lay a valuable diamond ring. The Countess, before they left the house, found means to make up this packet, which she threw, unobserved, into the little garden before Anthony's house as they passed it in the gray dawning. The ring was the most valuable piece of property she had, and its loss entailed on her both insult and ill-treatment.

An inquest was held, but neither poison nor mark of violence was discovered; a ruptured vessel in the heart sufficiently accounted for the death. Perhaps it was as well. The sun had set for the poor boy for ever: what joy would he have had through a long unending night?

As the funeral passed the house of Lawyer Blair, Nelly, in her new mourning, looking up from making apple-jelly, wiped her eyes and said, sobbing, "Poor Anthony! poor fellow! he was very handsome and clever, and all that; but see how foolish! Poor Anthony! I am sure I loved him as much as I could; he need not have gone after a foreign swindler like that! Oh, Sarah, Sarah!" in a tone of anguish, "what are you doing? Don't you know apple-jelly burns if you don't keep on stirring it, and you with the spoon out, gaping like that! Come, give it to me, do, and go and set the tea."

## On the Causes of Railway Accidents.

It is a trite but still a very true remark, that the danger to human life resulting from railway travelling is less than that which arises from any other mode of locomotion. Yet, true as it is that in railway journeys security is the rule and danger the exception, the records of the various accidents which have happened from time to time, and the examination of the causes which have led to their occurrence, are quite sufficient to show that as yet the railway traffic of this country is not conducted with the highest attainable degree of safety, and that the causes of accident within human control have not been reduced to the minimum which the public have a right to demand at the hands of railway managers. A recent and very dreadful accident on the London and North-Western Railway may fairly be adduced in support of this statement; and advantage may be taken of the present time, which has been so prolific in similar disasters, to call attention to the more usual causes of railway accidents, and to point out some of the modes which have been adopted, and some of the expedients which have been suggested, in order to guard against their occurrence.

But, first of all, it must be borne in mind that, except when loss of life results from a railway accident, in which case a coroner's inquest is held, there is no provision for inquiry into its causes. In fact, when the opening of a railway has been sanctioned by the officers appointed to examine whether the requirements of the Board of Trade have been carried out in its construction, the railway passes entirely under the control of its directors and their representatives; and when an accident occurs, whether attended or not with the loss of human life, it is within the power of the railway authorities to decline an investigation before the officers of the Board of Trade, and it is only due to their courtesy that such refusals are rare, if not unknown. Practically, the only direct check against the occurrence of railway accidents is the claim for compensation which those injured, or the representatives of those killed, may prosecute under Lord Campbell's Act against the railway authorities; and although the practice of juries has been to assess large, if not excessive, damages in all cases of judicial investigation, experience shows that the dread of considerable monetary loss is by no means sufficient to induce railway managers to remove causes of danger which may have been proved to exist by the circumstances attending a particular accident. Of late years railway directors have shown a general readiness to consider recommendations emanating from the inspectors of the Board of Trade; but there is still an utter absence of personal responsibility as regards the leading officials of railway companies, even in despite of the suggestions of the Select Committee of 1853, that those in

whom the management of railways is vested should not be allowed to go scathless, whatever be their quota of blame in respect of any railway calamity.

Theoretically, we may classify all railway accidents under two heads, to which I may assign the names 'preventible' and 'non-preventible.' By the latter term I mean such as arise from causes quite beyond human control, and which are to all intents and purposes purely accidental.\* Of this class, an instance, or rather perhaps a near approximation to an instance, is presented in the lamentable accident which happened to a fast train at Tottenham, on the Eastern Counties Railway, some twelve months ago. On this occasion the tyre of one of the engine-wheels broke, the engine and several of the carriages were almost immediately forced off the rails, and the list of sufferers amounted to a total of sixteen persons killed or injured. From the conflicting evidence given on the consequent coroner's inquiry, and from the report presented to the Board of Trade by Captain Tyler, R.E., a railway inspector of great experience, I believe the fair inferences to be, that due and proper attention had been bestowed upon the rolling stock engaged in this unfortunate journey, and that the breaking of the tyre arose from a defect in the metal of which it was composed, beyond the possibility of discovery except by actual fracture. The state of the permanent way at and near the scene of the accident did not, as Captain Tyler affirms, in any way contribute by defect to the production of the accident; and the main censure to which he asserts that the railway company were liable is, that they were unable to state from whom the tyre was purchased, or by whom it had been welded. "If," says Captain Tyler, "the company had been able to show in this instance that they had used every proper precaution to obtain a good tyre with a sound weld, then they would in my opinion go far to relieve themselves from responsibility in regard to the accident." Now, as it appears that the engine which failed had been put into a state of thorough repair only five months before the accident, at which time the wheels had been "turned up" without exhibiting any external evidence of defect; and further, as the engine had run more than 10,000 miles after having been repaired without showing any signs of weakness, although subjected to frequent examination during its use,—it seems to me that the railway company and the engine-driver were both justified in trusting to its strength. It was not shown, certainly, that the tyre was of the best possible construction, or that break-power was supplied to the injured train sufficient for the emergency which arose; but still the general circumstances of the case are such as warrant the use of this particular accident as an approximate example of a non-preventible calamity. It is, however, with practically preventible accidents that I

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\* This paper was written prior to the occurrence of several accidents which have been mainly caused by the action of frost upon rolling stock and permanent way. If I could have referred to such accidents, I should have regarded them as exceptional, and classed them under the head of non-preventible.



have to do in this paper; and little more need be said in reference to the former class.

The first and most important condition, in order that railway travelling may be rendered as approximately safe as possible, is that the nearest possible approach to perfection should be attained and preserved in the permanent way. This is essentially necessary since the speed of trains became increased, and since the development of commercial traffic has led to the employment of heavier locomotives, and the more frequent passage of trains over our various lines of railway. It is a condition difficult of attainment, not only from the necessity of adapting the form and weight of the rails to the very complex and varying services which they may be called on to perform, but also because, from the very nature of the case, a railway cannot be constructed with equally good curves and gradients throughout its entire length. Therefore, even supposing the mere joints and rails to be equally trustworthy at every place, the roadway may, and necessarily does, admit of various degrees of excellence according to the physical character of the country through which it passes. Hence it arises that a velocity of travelling which would be perfectly safe over one portion of a line may be very dangerous over another. But it may generally be assumed that time-tables are arranged with due reference to the demands of public safety; and it may be taken for granted that, except when engine-drivers disobey orders, or attempt to make up for lost time at unsuitable and unsafe places, the permanent way is every where sufficient for local maxima of speeds, and perfect within those maxima for all practical purposes. Very few railway accidents arise nowadays from defects in the roadway. Some years ago, Captain Huish, a railway manager of long experience, stated his belief that "fewer accidents to life and property arise from the road than from any other cause; and were casualties confined to those attributable to the way, the annals of railway accidents would be scanty in the extreme." But the freedom from accidents of this class should be taken rather as evidence of the safe support afforded to locomotives and carriages in rapid motion by two parallel lines of iron, than as proof that the best possible form and weight of rails for the services required have been ascertained, or that the best possible modes of supporting them and of rendering them continuous have been arrived at. And without referring here to the increased dangers of collision introduced by carrying on passenger and commercial traffic over the same roadway, it may, I think, be stated that the requirements of the two services are different, and might be advantageously met, whenever practicable, by the establishment of separate roadways for the conveyance of goods and passengers.\*

Assuming, however, that, with the incessant care and vigilance bestowed upon the roadway, and with the generally-adopted expedient of

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\* This suggestion was made some fifteen years ago by Mr. W. Bridges Adams, but I have not been able to refer to the essay by that gentleman in which it was first thrown out.

“fishing” the rails, the permanent way is practically perfect within maxima of speed-limits proper to each portion of our railway system, and varying from place to place, it must next be remembered that railway traffic cannot be carried on without an immense number of subsidiary sidings. At every one of such sidings “points and crossings” are required for the transference of carriages from one line of rails to another, many of the points being self-acting, and many under the charge of railway servants. All such breaks in the continuity of a line necessarily add to the danger of travelling upon it; and it is matter of surprise that so few accidents occur in the vicinity of railway stations, where so many additional inducing causes are introduced. The number of necessary crossings is of course largely increased in consequence of the passenger and goods traffic being carried on over the same general lines of rails; and thus we have an argument in favour of establishing separate roadways for the two classes of work, so that breaches of continuity may be reduced in number as far as practicable. Farther, as signals are required in the vicinity of all crossings, the manager of a railway is obliged by each breach of continuity in the main line to place the safety of all passing trains under the charge of an official, from whose forgetfulness or neglect fatal consequences may at any moment ensue. This is a defect of which it seems impossible to get rid. Nor can the danger be met by the employment of self-acting switches, for these require constant care and vigilance in order that they may be retained in good order; and experience shows that it is very difficult to have them properly attended to.

Admitting, then, that we have to deal with a system of permanent way, which, from its very nature and complexity, cannot be rendered quite free from defect, we may proceed to consider the leading causes of accident in our railway service. With the locomotive itself there is but little ground for apprehension, but generally when locomotive boilers do burst, it is found that prior to rupture the metal on which reliance was placed had become largely corroded.

It rarely happens that an accident and its results can be traced to a single cause; and it will be more convenient, therefore, to avoid discussion of particular calamities, and to arrange under general heads the causes of accidents as exhibited in detail in the tables annually published under the authority of the Board of Trade. These may be divided as follows:

I. Causes attributable to the works and material for working the lines.

II. Causes attributable to the system of working.

There is, of course, considerable difficulty in referring separately to these two general classes. As to the first, it includes all defects in permanent way, locomotives, signals, break-power, and the like; whilst the second comprises all causes of danger arising from negligence of officials, disobedience of orders, deficient rules, mistakes in working signals, carelessness at crossing-points, and so on. And it is evident that, as regards some of such bars against perfect security, those which ought to be con-

sidered under the first class may coexist with others coming properly under the second. Thus, from one point of view, deficiency of break-power is a defect in material; from another it is a defect of management; and so of the use of a self-acting point in a position more suitable for a servant's attendance, and *vice versa*. So, again, an engine may run off the line in consequence of defects in the permanent way, or from the want of flanges to its driving-wheels, or because its centre of gravity is placed in an improper position for the work intended to be performed by it; and, on the other hand, it may leave the rails from carelessness on the part of its driver in permitting it to run at too high speed round a sharp curve or down a steep gradient. In fact, the causes of railway accidents are so various and so complex, that in trying to describe the more prominent ones, a confusion of topics is almost unavoidable.

Many of the recorded accidents have arisen in consequence of defects in the signals employed. It would be exceedingly desirable, and is certainly not impracticable, that a uniform signal system should be introduced. For of late years it has become very general to seek what are called "running powers" over one or more lines, in the bills for the construction of new railways, which are discussed before committees of the Houses of Parliament; and wherever such "running powers" are granted, it would seem to follow that the same signals should be adopted wherever the same drivers may be called on to take their trains. Again, it has been usual on many lines to allow the drivers of engines to neglect, to some extent, the indications of signals; and punishment has only been consequent on such disobedience of orders when accidents of greater or less seriousness have been its result. As regards the signals employed, it would be very desirable to have a simple and uniform code of laws drawn up, from the provisions of which no departure should under any circumstances be allowed. From the course which legislation on railway questions has all along taken in this country, it would be almost impossible to force uniformity by legislative enactment; but as the various companies have agreed amongst themselves to a uniform standard of height of buffers employed for passenger carriages, so that traffic may be readily and safely interchanged, it is not impossible that they may come to some uniform system in regard to other portions of railway management.

No cause of accident has been so frequently pointed out by the inspecting officers of the Board of Trade as deficiency of break-power, especially in the case of fast trains. Scarcely a collision occurs in the complex causes of which deficient breaks do not enter as an important element; and whenever an accident befalls a heavily-laden excursion-train, it is usually found, on investigation, that insufficiency of break-power goes far to account for what may be a simple accident, but is far more frequently a frightful calamity. And in the rarer cases of trains running off the rails, or engines suddenly giving way, the same want generally adds largely to the inherent danger of the simple misfortune. The want

of uniformity in working, to which I have already referred, and the necessity of using carriages belonging to different companies,—a necessity which frequently arises at junctions and on long journeys,—both stand in the way of the employment of continuous breaks, such as have been invented by Newall and Fay; but it would be at least possible to adapt to every engine an extra break-apparatus, to be used only in case of emergency, and to be under the control of the engine-driver, as being the person likely to see danger first. Such apparatus has been employed by the locomotive superintendent of the London and North-Western Railway on some of the engines of which he has charge, and at a cost which places it within the means of much less wealthy and much less powerful railway corporations.

Of the railway inspectors connected with the Board of Trade, none has devoted greater attention to the question of breaks than Colonel Yolland, and no one has more frequently pointed out the necessity of improvement in this particular, especially as an additional safeguard against collisions between goods and passenger trains. A few years ago he made some experiments on several patented methods for placing increased break-power under the control of railway guards, in the course of which he was led to observe a fact of very considerable importance. He was experimenting with a long and heavy train on some of the steep gradients of the East Lancashire Railway; and, whilst so engaged, he directed his engine-driver to signal by whistling when he wished the guard at the end of the train to apply his break. Once during his experiments he found that the guard did not apply his break when the signal was given, though the whistle was sounded for half a minute. There was no wind blowing at the time, and the day was favourable for experiments; yet the guard, at a distance of only twelve carriages from the engine, did not hear the signal to apply his break. Nor, as Colonel Yolland afterwards found, was this an altogether unusual occurrence, Mr. Fay having previously observed instances of similar inability to hear the whistle under equally favourable conditions. From this fact, Colonel Yolland was led to infer the great desirability of rendering the driver independent, at least partially, of assistance from the guard; and, in a report addressed by him to Captain Galton, he urges very strongly that break-apparatus should be to some extent self-acting and capable of immediate application, either by the guard or the driver, as circumstances may require. The necessity of instantaneous break-application may be seen at once, from the consideration that a train moving at the rate of 50 miles an hour passes over 24 yards in each second; and any loss of time arising from the guard not hearing the driver's whistle of course adds to the danger of an impending collision by waste, so to speak, of the safe space within which the advancing train should be brought to rest. Again, if a train be supplied with improved breaks, which are not self-acting to any extent, the engine-driver must trust to the guard's hearing his signal; and he will regulate his speed according to his confidence in the efficiency of the whole break-power attached to the train. Thus a new and totally

different element of danger will be introduced ; and additional break-power might add to rather than diminish the chance of accidents.

In several ways, therefore, the introduction of new break-systems presents difficulties and matters for consideration. If passenger carriages were built on any uniform system, or to any uniform plan, continuous breaks might readily be introduced every where, instead of being employed as now only to increase the safety of district traffic. Possibly the necessary uniformity may be eventually obtained by agreement between the various railway companies ; but whether or not, the experience of our railway inspectors points to the necessity of increased break-power being ready at all times to meet unexpected emergencies ; and although legislation for probabilities and possibilities which may never arise is not a favourite employment with Englishmen, there are cases, and railway travelling is one of them, in which issues of life and death warrant and demand preparation against the remotest contingency.

There is much difference of opinion amongst those most competent to speak on the subject as to whether the speed of railway travelling should be limited by legislative enactment. For example, it is contended, on the one hand, that what, speaking generally, is a safe speed nowadays—that is to say, an ordinary maximum under favourable circumstances of about fifty miles an hour—would have been highly dangerous a few years ago ; that hence the non-existence of restrictive enactments in regard to speed has been followed by improvements in rolling stock and permanent way, which have rendered it as safe to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour now as it formerly was to travel at the rate of thirty ; that there is no reason for believing that the limit of improvement has been attained, and therefore no ground for supposing that we have already reached the safe speed-maximum ; and that, for these and other reasons, legislative restrictions are undesirable and unnecessary, inasmuch as they tend, or may tend, to prevent the utmost practicable development and improvement of the railway system. On the other hand, it is urged that we have already attained a velocity for travelling sufficient for all practical requirements ; that from the non-existence of restrictive laws railway companies may arrange their time-bills so that punctuality can only be observed by advantage being taken of falling gradients, in order to make up for time consumed on less favourable portions of the way ; and that engine-drivers, from a desire to observe punctuality in their times of arrival, may drive too rapidly for safety over sharp curves and dangerous places of the roadway. So far as I can judge from the conflicting evidence which I have read on this subject, I am inclined to believe that legislation on the matter of speed, and, in fact, on the details of railway management generally, had better be avoided, especially if greater responsibility were attached to leading officials in all cases of accident. Railway directors and managers may naturally be expected to consider the requirements of the public ; and the approximate uniformity observable in the velocity of express trains, to whatever company they belong, is fair evidence that

the railway interest is acquainted with the requirements of business men, and ready to meet them on tolerably uniform terms. The danger to be apprehended from over-speeds only requires that the maximum for safety should be ascertained from time to time, and that engine-drivers exceeding that maximum should be severely punished. Direct legislation in regard to railways is almost impossible now, because of the character of independent commercial speculations with which they have been so long invested in this country. But even if this were not the case, I should regret to see any restrictive enactment introduced in respect to the speed of travelling; for not only might it lead to a cessation of improvement in locomotives and railway material generally, but it might even induce less care and vigilance in the preservation and repair of existing roadways, and so increase the dangers of railway travelling. Further, the speed of a train must be determined by other considerations besides the paramount one of public safety, and the maximum which safety may sanction at any time may be purchased at an expense for wear and tear of machinery sufficient to prevent a wise railway executive from establishing it in their traffic arrangements. Hence, as the question may be viewed in a commercial aspect, and would probably be always considered in that light by those who have to deal with it, I believe it would require stronger reasons than have yet been shown to warrant its settlement by a final and uncontrollable authority.

By the public it is generally believed that punctuality is one great element of safety in railway travelling; and, on the whole, the expressed opinions of competent authorities are in favour of this view. True, railway managers have stated before committees of the House of Commons that they have never known an accident caused solely by want of punctuality; and it has even been asserted that, on a thoroughly well-managed railway, an exceptional train ought to be quite as safe as one regularly timed in the railway-bills. But this last statement was made with the proviso, that the men employed should be perfectly trustworthy, and that the signals should be in perfect order every where along the line. Now as there is no absolute certainty of either condition being found permanently on any railway, it may be questioned whether such an expression of confidence in the perfection of the railway system is not somewhat unwise. It is very certain that during the Great Exhibition year a very large number of excursion-trains were conducted over the London and North-Western system with perfect safety, and without the slightest interference with the regular business of the line; and it is equally certain that many of these excursion-trains were exceptional, and not governed at all by theoretical time-bills.

If it be assumed—and, on the whole, evidence is in favour of the assumption—that want of punctuality is often one element of the many that may constitute the cause of an accident, it would seem desirable that some means should be devised for compelling railway managers to keep to the times advertised in their regular bills. In this,

as in all details of railway management, direct legislation would hardly answer. But it might be well that any passenger feeling himself aggrieved by the occurrence of delay, should have some cheap and ready method of obtaining compensation from the company giving him cause of complaint. Indirect restriction of some such kind, and, added to that, increase of responsibility as regards the leading members of railway executives, might fairly be expected to produce greater regularity in train service. As already observed, railway companies are commercial corporations; and if monetary penalties for breaches of their engagements could be readily enforced, they are the most natural, and probably would be the most effective, means of inducing provision against occurrences requiring their infliction. And if the principle be introduced generally, that there shall be a minimum of space between every train and its successor on the same line of rails,—a principle already established and carried out on many lines by help of the electric telegraph, and found most conducive to public safety,—the cumulative penalties that might arise in a single day out of one instance of want of punctuality, would be large enough in amount to induce the managers of the line to take every precaution against the risk of incurring them.

Speed, as an element of danger, has been already mentioned; only, however, with reference to the question of the safety of travelling at high velocities on permanent way of average excellence. But independent of the abstract requirements that the mere act of moving very rapidly shall not be dangerous, there are necessary conditions for high velocities which cannot at all times be secured in our railway service. Wherever fast and slow passenger and heavy merchandise trains are obliged to be in simultaneous motion over various portions of the same line, it is evident that very high speeds, coupled with defective break-power, may be most important indirect causes of collision; and it is probable that collisions will often take place under such circumstances, unless the signal-regulations be very perfect, and the officials employed very reliable and very obedient to the regulations of the company. As railway service is carried out in this country, it is impossible to render the various species of trains independent of each other in time. Thus it is out of the question to lay down the rule that passengers shall be carried along any railway only by day, or between the hours A in the morning and B at night; and that goods traffic shall cease while passenger-trains are occupying the line. If the establishment of separate lines of rails for the two general descriptions of service required were likely to prove commercially successful, it is tolerably certain that collisions would be thereby largely reduced in number. The conveyance of goods has become so important a branch of railway work, especially over the railway arteries of the kingdom, that the principle of separation, already partially introduced, may very probably be carried out to a large extent by the more powerful railway corporations. Meantime, however, there is no reason why greater safety should not be attained in the work-

ing of our railways as they are. On portions of the London and North-Western Railway, on parts of the Great Northern, and elsewhere, a system of telegraphic signal-service has been established, which largely diminishes the chance of collision, by rendering it practicable to preserve a minimum distance between each train, of whatever class, and its immediate successor. Where the system in question has been introduced, signal-boxes have been established at distances of three miles or thereabouts from each other; in some cases at the regular traffic, in others at special stations. The wires by which these stations are connected are used solely for transmitting messages connected with train progress and management. When a train passes one of them, it is the duty of the man in charge to telegraph to the adjacent stations on either side of him, and thus these special officials are supplied with the information most necessary to the safe progress of the succeeding train or trains. With a system of this kind properly carried out, and with strict orders enforced that two trains shall never be in motion on the same section of the railway at the same time, collision would be rendered almost impossible; and, in fact, without some such plan, it would be very difficult to carry on the traffic of a great railway with any approach to safety. As Captain Huish has observed, the assistance of the telegraph came in just as the demands on the railway system were beginning to outgrow its existing machinery for security, and extended its capacity in a remarkable degree,—to what extent may be inferred from the example already given of the exceptional excursion traffic carried on on the London and North-Western Railway during the Great Exhibition year. And though there is an element of danger introduced by the employment of so many additional servants, and by the requirement of incessant vigilance on the part of each, it has been found that the system I have briefly described has been attended with the best possible results. Its value in case of fogs and atmospheric irregularities can hardly be estimated; and even should electric disturbances render it useless, as may happen, the traffic of a busy railway would be none the less safely carried on because of the services of so many extra hands being available to carry out other precautions, under the guidance of leading railway officials.

Occasionally a carriage has taken fire, or a wheel or an axle has given way, or a coupling-chain has broken, without attracting the notice of either the guard or the driver. Hence it has been suggested that some means should be provided for enabling passengers to communicate with the guards during the progress of the train, so that ignorance of such sudden and exceptional dangers might be rendered impossible. It is very difficult to conceive its occurrence; so difficult, indeed, that to legislate for its prevention would seem like making provision against a very distant contingency. Men of experience have always set their face against the establishment of means of communication between passengers and guards, on the belief that timid people would endeavour to have trains stopped on the most groundless pretences, and that guards, declining to accede to



their requests, might be placed in very unpleasant positions. These are hardly sufficient reasons for refusing to introduce an improvement which might be valuable in cases of emergency. As regards the establishment of a means of communication between the driver and the guard at the rear of the train, there can be but little doubt as to the insufficiency of the present signalling-by-whistle system; and any certain method for rendering the necessity of stopping a train known to each of the persons intrusted with breaks for the purpose, would no doubt add to the safety of the public. Effective plans to secure this end have been already devised; but owing to the want of uniformity in carriages, and to the dread of inconvenience being caused by delays at various stations to adjust the necessary apparatus, and especially at junctions where transferences of traffic take place, they have only been adopted in local and district railway service. Possibly some scheme, simple and expeditious enough for general use, may yet be devised. But, meantime, the railway system may be worked with general security, even in the absence of such means of communication; and its absence from the railway trains of Great Britain may be regarded as a minor, though by no means unimportant, defect of our system.

It is hardly necessary to allude to the various minor and exceptional causes of accident, such as the placing of wilful obstructions on railways, wilful interference with signals, straying of animals on badly-fenced lines, distortion of gauge by slipping of embankments, and the like. Accidents may be occasionally traced to all such causes; and with regard to the first, it may be observed that wilful attempts to cause accident are much more frequent than they ought to be and are commonly supposed to be. But, being exceptional, such causes must be dealt with as they occur; they do not appreciably affect the security of the general system. Again, accidents occasionally arise in consequence of disobedience of orders, or rather because rules are sometimes framed without sufficient care being taken to render them precise and definite; or because codes are sometimes drawn up of which some of the provisions clash with others. Sometimes, too, railway servants are overworked, either from their own choice, or from a desire on the part of the directors to carry out parsimonious economy. Again, the servants of a railway are appointed by the directors, not by the leading officials, under whose orders they are placed, and who cannot, therefore, be sure of having subordinate positions filled by really effective men. Thus causes of danger may be introduced for the existence of which those most concerned in railway working are not responsible. It is evident that the management of a railway is a complex and very difficult undertaking; and with reference to such points of it as have been indicated, it is for those practically interested to make the best regulations in their power; to see that disobedience of orders shall always be visited with severe punishment; and, generally, that the safety of the railway system shall be as much subject to rule, and as far independent of the judgment of inferior officials, as may be possible.

The security of the railway system is wonderful when we consider the speed at which locomotives travel, and the numerous chances of accident to which every train is exposed. But the proportion of safety already attained can be exceeded, provided railway servants all over the country can be rendered more trustworthy and more vigilant even than they are at present. It was held by Mr. Cardwell's committee in 1853, and it was the expressed and deliberate opinion of the late Joseph Locke, when examined before the subsequent Railway Committee of 1858,—that the maximum of railway safety would never be attained until the general manager, the locomotive superintendent, and the resident engineer, of each line were registered, and held personally responsible for every accident occurring under their management. So long, said Mr. Locke, as railway servants are appointed by directors, not by responsible managers, so long will it be impossible to arrive at the true causes of any accident. But if the leading officials be made responsible for every death and every injury that may happen, whether from their own negligence or errors in judgment, or from negligence or disobedience of their orders by the servants subject to their authority, and if, as a matter of course, officials so placed be empowered to select their own servants and assistants, they will have a direct personal interest in securing the utmost regularity and safety of which the railway system will admit; and when accidents happen, they will trace out, or the public will be able to ascertain, their true causes, so that due punishment may be meted out to the persons really in fault. Probably this is the most practical suggestion that can be offered with a view to increase the safety of railway travelling.

It may also be urged that, on the occurrence of an accident, the inspectors of the Board of Trade should inquire into its causes, and draw up a report, which should be immediately published, not deferred, as at present, till ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. As already stated, the claim to inquire into accidents is a usurpation by the Board of Trade. Perhaps it would be well if it were legalised by positive enactment. Few companies will hazard the rejection of a valuable suggestion if offered by a competent authority; but no company should be compelled to adopt the suggestions of an inspecting officer; and no laws should be enacted to control the details of railway management, such, for example, as the speed at which trains should be run, or the question of establishing means of direct communication between guards and drivers. There may have been a time when the government of the country could have interfered in such matters; but it is perhaps as well for the safety, and probably better for the convenience, of the public that the opportunity was neglected and that the transport of passengers was abandoned to competition and private management.

## London Poems.

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### III. OUTCASTS.

THEY haunt the streets of the town by night,  
 But are banished from day for ever ;  
 They come and go like the shadows cast  
 By clouds on a flowing river ;  
 The ghosts of a sweetness long since lost,  
 Unpitied and dead to pity,  
 They wander, lonely and tempest-tost,  
 Where blackness clotheth the city ;  
 They live their lives, forgotten and dead,  
 Forgiveness and unforgiven,—  
 For the angel of childhood seems to smile  
 Them back from the portals of heaven.  
 While far away, among English dales,  
 In beautiful country places,  
 Old couples whisper in bed o' nights  
 And talk of the absent faces !

The old, old tale with the doleful end !—  
 A heart either wicked or broken,  
 A vacant place by the ingleside,  
 A name that is never spoken.  
 The end?—It is yonder beneath the gas,  
 The sin, the paint, and the patches ;  
 Or in yonder house, where a woman dies  
 To a chorus of drunken catches.  
 The end?—a shriek from the moonlit bridge,  
 A plunge to the death beneath,  
 And a bubble of light round a fluttering dress  
 Where the waters circle and seethe.

What curse lies yonder without the town,  
 Where the blue fresh rivers run,  
 There, in the pastoral homes whose hearths  
 Are smiled upon by the sun ?  
 What taint is alive in that free clear air  
 Which comes not hither to woo us,  
 That it sends these pitiful shadows forth  
 To mock us and to undo us ?  
 What blight is upon it, that it gives  
 These wandering daughters to us ?

God made the country and man the town,  
 So runneth the trite old saying ;  
 Yet half this wormwood has grown as flowers  
 Where country breezes are playing,  
 In little hamlets and tiny towns  
 Where children wander a-maying.  
 Fresh from the fields and the streams they come,  
 And the simple household duty,  
 To mock the march of the busy time  
 With error, new-born of beauty.

O City, the voice of the mountain breeze,  
 Where every leaflet rejoices,  
 The echo that rings in the hill and glen,  
 Is echoed in these sad voices ;  
 And, 'mid the light of the midnight lamps  
 I see in some azure eye  
 Just such a beauty as brooklets catch  
 When full of the sun and sky ;  
 And looking thro' tears at the pale sad face  
 Of some sorrowful fair new-comer,  
 I trace a glory like that which clothes  
 The village church in the summer.  
 Sinners ! they wander in wind and rain,  
 Haply remembering often  
 Old rough home phrases that time has power  
 To sweeten with tears and to soften—  
 Remembering how, when strong in toil,  
 Their hands were hardened and brown,  
 The mother went to church in her rags,  
 And purchased the girl a gown.

Ah, me ! the wedded deny themselves  
 To buy the baby a toy,  
 They work with a will upon scanty fare  
 While they educate the boy ;  
 But the boy as he grows to his proper height  
 Looks higher than mother or sire—  
 Too tall to sit in the cosy place  
 Kept for him beside the fire ;  
 Or, falling perchance into evil ways,  
 Grows bitter and harsh and cold ;  
 Or blocks their path to his cottage-door  
 With a slattern or a scold.

They load the girl with their homely gifts,  
 They rear her in wifely arts ;  
 They dream of the girl in her bridal-dress,  
 While she sins and breaks their hearts.  
 Ah, me ! to see the faces that haunt  
 The streets with their ghastly mirth,  
 To watch the vacant delight and see  
 The woman so gross with earth ;  
 To find the sinner sweetening sin,  
 Mad with a vile unrest—  
 And then to think of the mother's hope  
 As she smiles on the babe at her breast !

O City, rich in money and men,  
 And richer in work divine !  
 Whose is the sorrow and whose the sin ?  
 And how much of the sin is thine ?  
 Enough to know that the sin was born  
 Of a bitter delight or sorrow ;  
 That the sorrow and sin can be cleansed away  
 Neither to-day nor to-morrow.  
 Enough to know that the broken heart  
 Needs the beauty of Christ to mend it ;  
 That, ere we labour to kill the sin,  
 We must labour to comprehend it.

We men are narrow and harsh and vain,  
 We are petty amid our scorn !  
 But oh, to gaze on the crowded street  
 Where the sinners wander forlorn,  
 And then to kiss our daughters and wives  
 And our little babes new-born !  
 To see the sin and the sorrow flaunt  
 When the beautiful day is done,  
 And then to think of the homeless heart  
 Which mourns for the absent one,—  
 Of the free blue air and the country dales,  
 Where the bright fresh rivers run,—  
 Of the girl who sings in her mother's house,  
 And the children that laugh in the sun !

**Baalbek.***(Continued from No. I)*

HAVING studied the substructure of Baalbek, its long corridors, and mysterious chambers, let us emerge, and proceed to contemplate the wonders of ancient Heliopolis.

Whatever may have been the original purpose of the openings of the substructure towards the west, their main entrances have always been from the east. It is from the east that the structures of Baalbek require to be entered, exactly as in a Christian cathedral the first view of the interior ought to be caught from the great doors at its western extremity. Retracing our steps along the vaulted corridors (which, I may in passing remark, were used as stables by Ibrahim Pasha, when in possession of this country; and it is greatly to be regretted that he was driven out of it, for he was the only man that ruled Syria for many a long year, the only one who knew how to make himself dreaded and his government respected), returning eastward, and passing out of the vaults, we proceed at once to the spot where the great entrance originally existed.

By referring to the plan (vide No. I. of TEMPLE BAR, p. 131) letter A, and carrying the eye from end to end (A to J), it is to be understood that the traveller, on entering these mighty ruins (in all about 1000 feet long), looks uninterruptedly from the grand entrance to the extremity of the Great Temple.

This stupendous range of building consists (as will be seen) of four main features: the Portico; the Hexagonal Hall; the Quadrangle; the Temple.

Originally (where the pillars are denoted on the plan) a flight of steps 150 feet wide ascended from the natural level of the plain to the floor of the Portico, a height of about thirty feet. At present this stair has entirely ceased to exist. A ragged wall shows its position; and the materials removed were probably used to build up the spaces intervening between the pillars, so as to complete the fortifications. In this condition the Portico still continues; and as if to make the travestie more complete, its extremities are raised to look like stunted towers with battlements, by which means the effect of the architecture is dreadfully marred.

We are standing in front of the Portico, and looking up at the pedestals of the twelve pillars, which are now part of the wall, some ten yards from the ground. We are struck with the remains of inscriptions upon two of them. Curiosity is more deeply excited when we study them, and find, in their decay, we still can trace the outline of lettering familiar from our school-boy years. They are Roman inscriptions, and though time is making them very dim, we can decipher their forms. Here is a fac-simile of one line of the lettering:

ANTONINIPITEIAYCIIIIIIIAVQVATRWDNCASTRSENATPAIR.

The inscriptions, as given by Wood and Dawkins, run thus :

1. Magnis Diis Heliopolitanis pro salute Antonini Pii Felicis Augusti et Juliæ Augustæ matris domini nostri castrorum Senatus patriæ . . . . Columnarum dum erant in muro inluminata sua pecunia ex voto libenti animo solvit.

2. Magnis Diis Heliopolitanis . . . . oriis domini nostri Antonini Pii Felicis Augusti et Juliæ Augustæ matris domini nostri castrorum . . . . ntonianæ capita columnarum dum erant in muro inluminata sua pecunia.

M. de Sauley gives the following version: After the word "patriæ" he provides "capita;" and instead of "dum erant in muro," "duo Aera auro."

It would seem that some civic dignitary of Baalbek, who did not object to inscribe the marble with his name, decorated the capitals of these portico-pillars with gold; and having, as he tells us, paid the bill very cheerfully, made this act of vanity a votive offering to the great gods of Heliopolis for the health of the emperor and his mother. This is the meaning of the inscriptions. A stranger naturally seeks in such memorials to catch some trace of the history of these temples, but such is not here provided.

It does not admit of any doubt as to who the Emperor alluded to was; and we are able to fix the date very closely.

These names, "Pius," "Felix," "Augustus," were assumed by various Emperors, and therefore we must not for a moment be misled by the words "Antoninus Pius." The mother's name, "Julia Augusta," unravels all mystery. She was the second wife of the Emperor Severus, who died at York, and who was succeeded by his son, commonly known to us all by the nickname of Caracalla. He was called Antoninus Pius Felix. His mother, Julia, was a native of this part of the country, daughter of the priest of the Temple of the Sun at Emesa, on the banks of the Orontes (the modern Hums), not many miles distant, to the north, from Baalbek. The inscription gives her titles, which are found on her coins, and which belong to this one Empress alone. I mean the dignified appellations, "Mater castrorum et senatus." This fact fixes beyond a doubt the identity of the mother here spoken of, and therefore of the son, Antoninus, whose name is coupled with hers. So much for the persons and the period. Now let us try to fix the date. Severus died at York, A.D. 211. Caracalla and his brother Geta conjointly succeeded. Had the inscription been erected during the life of Geta, his name also would have been included. In the year 212 Geta was murdered, even in his mother's arms, at the instigation of Caracalla. It is remarkable that an inscription still exists in which his name was originally carved; but subsequently, after his death, the chisel was used to erase it. It is evident, therefore, that the votive offering at Baalbek dates from some subsequent year. Now, in 215, Caracalla and his mother, Julia, made a journey through Syria and Egypt. Probably enough, the empress desired to visit Emesa; and as a matter of necessity, in the imperial progress to Alexandria, she and her son would

pass through Baalbek. I think, therefore, we can have little doubt that it was at this precise time, when the city would put on its gayest attire, that the purse-proud cit sought to curry favour by gilding the portico under which the Emperor would pass; and having done so, desired the world should know, not only that he *had* done it, but—good honest gentleman!—that he paid for it, “*sua pecunia*,” out of his own purse.

The inscriptions before us, therefore, are not coeval with, but belong to a date long subsequent to the building of the Temples of Baalbek.

I now pass from the world of fact to the region of speculation.

The Arab, as he points to the three giant blocks of stone, and to the minor, but nevertheless enormous, masses of the substructure, tells you that Solomon, aided by the genii, did the work. Some Europeans have clung to the notion that the Three Stones and the general outline of the substructure are Jewish. I have read somewhere the opinion of a traveller, that this masonry exhibits evidences of Jewish handicraft. The best that can be said of such hazardous opinions is, that they are pretty ideas and harmless. If we had evidence that the Jews had some peculiar method of dressing stone, and that such dressing is exhibited in the foundation masonry at Baalbek, there would be good ground for such an argument. But there is none. Whether Heliopolis is at all alluded to in Scripture I doubt; most certainly there is nothing to connect it with the name of Solomon. From the nature of its position, as one link in the chain of communication between Tyre and the interior, Damascus, Palmyra, Nineveh, &c., I think it highly probable that Baalbek was a flourishing town in the time of Solomon. Nature has made it by situation, and by its supply of water, by the rich plain at its feet, and by the inexhaustible quarries of stone from the overhanging hills of Anti-Lebanon, a heaven-created city on the west of that range, precisely as she has Damascus on the east.

In the utter absence of all written evidence, I can quite believe that a man like Solomon (who did more than any other Jewish monarch to develop the commercial resources of his country) could not overlook a position which nature pointed out as of necessity the site for the dwelling of a corn-growing people. I can believe that such the Romans found it. But in its architecture I could discover nothing that was not purely and palpably Roman.

About a mile above the town, on the hill-side, there are a series of rock-hewn tombs, and also ancient quarries. These belong to the Roman period of possession. The inscriptions, which are numerous, are either in Latin or in Greek. In one of these quarries there exists a fourth block of stone similar in size and form to the three in the foundation of the great temple.\*

\* The measurements of this stone, which the Arabs call Hadjr-el-Kiblah, are as follows:

Length . . . . .	68 ft. 4 in.
Width . . . . .	17 2
Height . . . . .	14 7

M. de Sauley calculates its weight, and says it contains about 500 cubic feet of



It remains to this hour part of the live rock, having been finished on all its sides, except the inferior, which has never been cut away. Now throughout these tombs and quarries every thing is of the Roman period, and this fourth stone has evidently been cut at the same time with the other three.

There seems, however, to be a lurking fancy in some persons' minds that the Roman had not such a pride in stupendous architecture as the Jew; and that while the Jew would have been likely to hew out of the rock such mighty masses as we find at Baalbek, the Roman would have been content with more ordinary dimensions.

This is absurd. For let us consider who it was that adorned this country with its mightiest and most superb structures. It was the Roman. It was Herod.

The pride of Judæa in the days of our Lord was the result of the royal splendour of Herod the Magnificent. The architectural magnificence of the Capitol, of Tiberias, of Cæsarea, and of Cæsarea Philippi, belonged to the family of the Herods. In fact, whatever was stupendous and imposing in building was Roman.

Between the vaulted corridor and gateway, beneath the Church of El Aksa at Jerusalem, which anciently opened into the "Gardens of Solomon," and ascended from the lower level to the platform of Herod's Temple, and the vaulted corridors of the substructure of Baalbek, there is not only similarity of design, but also similarity of construction. The vaulted passages of Baalbek lead, like that of Jerusalem, from the natural level to the artificial one of the sacred buildings. The same architectural idea pervades both, viz. the erection of a platform on which to raise the main structures, and the tunneling of this platform, so as to make roadways of approach from the exterior and natural to the interior and artificial level. Then, as to construction. The similarity enforces itself at once. The size, length, breadth, height of the stones of the one substructure, the dressing, and method of masonry, are exactly like those of the other, excepting that Jerusalem has no three great stones like Baalbek.

The corridor of Jerusalem exhibits pillars in its centre. They correspond in general size and character with the pillar which is found upon the ground in the north corridor of Baalbek. In short, without pursuing the idea farther,—if architectural features or style are to be considered conclusive as to fixing the dates of buildings,—it seems to me pretty certain that the same epoch in which the Temple of Herod was built also saw the rise of *the Roman structures at Baalbek*.

That Baalbek from its position has always been, as Lamartine said of Damascus, a predestinated city, I cannot doubt. That the Romans found

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stone, which being calcareous is very close in the grain, and heavy. Each cubic yard would weigh about 6000 pounds. The entire weight would be *three million* pounds. It would require an engine of 20,000 horse-power to set it in motion, or the united strength of 40,000 men to move it a single yard.

it a place of importance I think most probable, though it is not evident. That they occupied the site of former buildings, and that they converted to their own use, very probably, the materials which they found ready to their hand, I can easily understand. But I can go no further; and as there is nothing like a decided opinion, when you have long pondered over and weighed evidence on any given subject, so it is my decided opinion, that there is not one stone laid upon another in Baalbek which now is, but what has been so laid by Roman hands.

If, then, the Romans not only built the Temples (about which there can be no question), but also constructed the whole substructure, and put into their places the three great stones as we now find them, when was this done, and by whom? I have already said that the works must have occupied a great length of time, and undoubtedly belong to different periods.

We have traces of Heliopolis in the time of Cæsar. We know that Pompey passed through it on his way to Damascus (Josephus, Ant. Jud. xiv. 3-6). We also know that it became, at a later date, a Roman colony; and our museums possess a series of colonial medals coined at Heliopolis, from the reign of Nerva, A.D. 96, to that of Gallienus, A.D. 253-68.

These facts and dates will serve to support my position as regards the age of the substructure. It belongs very nearly, perhaps actually, to the age of the Gospel narrative. The colonial coins of Nerva were probably struck when it was rising into importance; and the fame of its great shrine, then being erected, was noised abroad throughout the empire. The dates of this period I should conjecture between B.C. 40 to A.D. 100.

To borrow an idea from our English cathedrals, as in them we find a certain unity, so we often meet with eccentricity. Lady chapels, chantries, Galilee chapels, and such-like, are often found added to the original ground-plan, differing in date and in style from the main structure. It is the same at Baalbek. You have the uniform ground-plan, and then you have after-thoughts, additions, and detail embellishments. It only needs to look at the plan to see that such has been the case. The smaller Temple has been an addition to the original design, which made the *Ἱερόλυτον* its crowning glory. In the progress of these works, therefore, it seems most probable that there has been some one of rank and wealth who has taken a peculiar interest in their splendour, and who, to connect himself with them, has made the addition of the smaller Temple his personal donation to the glory of Heliopolis.

Baalbek speaks to us of imperial power. We ask instantly what Emperor was it that made her so glorious, that lavished upon her the riches of a kingdom?

In my own mind I have long connected the splendour of Baalbek with the Antonines,—I mean Antoninus Pius and his colleague M. Aurelius Antoninus.

We have seen already that the Portico inscriptions point to a later age than that of Antoninus Pius (properly so called), *i. e.* they refer to the

reign of Caracalla. They allude merely to the gilding of certain pillars in honour of him and his mother. We are compelled, therefore, to seek higher up the stream of history for the emperors who built or finished the public works of Heliopolis.

I will in a few words state why my mind favours the Antonines, Pius and Marcus Aurelius.

1. John of Antioch (Malala), *Chronographia*, lib. xi. p. 280, Niebuhr, Bonn, 1831, writes :

Μετὰ δὲ τὴν βασιλείαν Ἀδριανοῦ ἐβασίλευσεν Ἰλιος Ἀντωνῖνος Πῖος εἰσεβῆς ἔτη κγ'. ἦν δὲ εὐηλιξ, εὐστολος, λευκός, πολλὸς καὶ τὴν κάραν καὶ τὸ γένειον, εὐρινος, πλάτοψις, οἰνοπαῖς τοὺς ὀφθαλμούς, πυρράκης, ὑπογελῶν αἰεὶ, μεγαλόψυχος πάνυ. ὅστις ἔκτισεν ἐν Ἰλιονπόλει τῆς φοινίκης τοῦ Λιβάνου ναὸν τῷ Διὶ μέγαν, ἕνα καὶ αὐτόν, ὄντα τῶν θεαμάτων. ἔκτισε δὲ καὶ ἐν Λαοδικείᾳ τῆς Συρίας τὸν φόρον, μέγα θέαμα, καὶ τὸ Ἀντωνιανὸν δημόσιον λουτρόν.\*

Here it is positively asserted that "Antoninus Pius built at Heliopolis, in Phœnicia of Lebanon, a great temple to the god (Jupiter), it being a miracle, and one of the wonders of the world. And he also built at Laodicea of Syria a forum, a great and wonderful piece of architecture, together with a public bath, named Antonianus."

It is very true Malala would be no convincing authority to rest upon, in the absence of other corroborative evidence; but I think his positive assertion is of great value when we find it indirectly supported by a number of facts all pointing in the same direction.

1. The above allusion to Syrian Laodicea is omitted by all writers who quote this passage from Malala. I consider it of the highest importance, because, while among the Baalbek colonial coins of the Emperors none unfortunately have as yet been found of Antoninus Pius, there are coins of this very Laodicea inscribed with his name. One portion of the above paragraph, therefore, is true. Antoninus Pius was the patron of Laodicea, and did erect the Forum, as John Malala asserts.

The situation of the city of Laodicea, in the same great plain as Baalbek, could not have been more than forty-five miles to the north of the latter.

2. The inscription found at the mouth of the Dog River (given in the first number of this Magazine, p. 124) commemorates public works executed in Syria during this reign by the coadjutor of Antoninus Pius, that is, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

\* As it is possible some of my readers may not be conversant with the Greek, I venture to subjoin a literal translation :

"After the reign of Adrian, Helius Antoninus Pius, a prince of conscientious character, succeeded to the throne, who reigned twenty-five years. He was of good stature, of graceful carriage and clear complexion, with gray hair and beard. He had a well-shaped nose, a massive face, sparkling eyes, a ruddy aspect, an agreeable and good-humoured expression, and was truly magnanimous. This prince built a great temple to Jupiter in Heliopolis of Phœnician Libanus, which was one of the grand spectacles (of the age). He built also the forum in Syrian Laodicea, a noble work, and also the public baths called the Baths of Antoninus."

Here, therefore, we have a group of facts. We have the assertion of Malala, that a certain Emperor adorned Baalbek with one of its temples, while at the same time he built a forum and public bath in a neighbouring town. We have the coins of this town, Laodicea, proving his connection with that place; and we have the inscription at the mouth of the Dog River, showing that during his reign great public works were being prosecuted in this neighbourhood by his coadjutor, giving evidence of the imperial presence. I think these facts give force and weight to the historian's assertion.

Then there are these two most important considerations—the state of the Empire, and the character of the Emperor.

As regards the Empire, we are all familiar with the words of Gibbon, speaking of the reign of the Antonines: "If a man were called to fix the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would without hesitation name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus. . . . Their (the Antonines) united reigns are possibly the only period of history in which the happiness of a great people was the sole object of government."

It seems at first sight strange that history should be almost silent regarding reigns so beneficent. The "rare advantage" (as Gibbon calls it) of silence rests upon the reign of the two glorious Antonines, because, as he justly and sarcastically adds, "history is little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind."

The reign of the "second Numa" is in every respect the reverse; and consequently the historian thought he had nothing to record. Had Grote or Mackintosh, Macaulay or Niebuhr, lived in that age, we should have possessed a history which might with justice have been dated to a certain reign. It was a reign in which every effort was made to promote the welfare of the people; and to adorn the empire with monuments which should display the blessings of peace, and the glory of a paternal government. Though history may be silent, its silence is the best eloquence to inform us who were the men most likely to decorate the distant cities of their empire with stately edifices, which should contribute to the comfort and the pride of citizenship.

Should we look to the days of Caracalla, Heliogabalus, or the like, for this? The tyrants of peoples are not the men who lavish treasure in promoting their happiness, comfort, and prosperity.

And so the state of the Empire prepares us for the character of the Emperor. With the characters of Pius and Marcus Antoninus before us; knowing how they devoted themselves to the peace and glory of the empire; how they adorned their cities with public works; how they opened up the interior of countries with roads; how they have left in this island an evidence of their engineering,—were I asked (without ever having heard of the statement of Malala) who were the men most likely to have carried forward, and added to the magnificent plans of Helio-

polis, I should fix upon the Antonines. Antoninus Pius is said to have been born near Nîmes. Tradition attaches his name to the superb Amphitheatre and the exquisite little temple called Maison Carrée, which are the boast of that city, and the pride of southern France. I believe it. Let any one study the basement passage of that theatre, and the lofty chambers adjoining the present entrance for the public, and let him compare them with the chambers of Baalbek. He will not be unwilling to believe that the same age saw both constructed; the same imperial hand devised the works; the same era of architectural taste presided over both erections.

To the general reader these facts may not prove very interesting; to the antiquarian and archæologist they cannot fail to do so. I could marshal a number of smaller facts to my aid, but the pages of a magazine are too valuable to allow me such a liberty. My belief is strong in the truth of what Malala says; not that I would dare to give his witness implicit credit without any other circumstantial evidence to support it; but when I find coins, architecture, monumental inscriptions, and the history of the period, all giving it strength and credit, I may venture to believe, what every one who reveres the memory of the Antonines would be glad and willing to credit; and what I may do, I do. Every thing seems to me to lend confirmation to the words of the historian: "Antoninus Pius erected at Heliopolis of Lebanon a great temple to Jupiter, one of the wonders of the world!"

Dismissing the consideration of its origin and ancient history, we will now proceed to walk through the ruins, and make our observations upon its different parts. But before doing so it is necessary that we should distinguish between the lesser and the greater Temple, unless we are satisfied to know them by those terms. We have had allusions made to the greater Temple under the title *Τριλιθον*, *i. e.* "the three-stoned;" obviously receiving this name from the three famous blocks of stone in its western foundation.

It seems to me most probable that the *Τριλιθον* was dedicated to Jupiter under the form of the Sun. Macrobius says that "in the city called Heliopolis the Assyrians" (meaning what we should call the "Syrians") "worship the Sun with great pomp under the name of *Heliopolitan Jove*, and that the statue of their god was brought from a city in Egypt also called Heliopolis." This temple seems also to have been a sort of Pantheon; the shrine of all the gods of Baalbek—"Magni Dii Heliopohitani."

We are told of Theodosius the Great that he destroyed heathen temples,—“ likewise the Temple of Balanios at Heliopolis, the great and renowned, the Trilithon, and converted it into a Christian church.”

This word "Balanios" is evidently a compound of Bual and "ἥλιος—the great Sun-god, Jupiter-Sol. Every thing seems to me to evidence the correctness of the above description, which is perfectly in accordance with Malala's assertion regarding the other and lesser temple, dedicated espe-

cially to Jupiter, as built by Antoninus Pius. The greater was consecrated to the worship of Jove as the Sun, the lesser to Jupiter personally.

This being understood, I shall throughout preserve the classical name, the Trilithon, to denote the Great Temple, and that of Antoninus I shall call the Temple of Jupiter.

It seems almost certain that the entire platform was commonly known to fame among the Romans as the *Τριλιθον*, and under this word not only temples, but the entire range of structure was nominated. Hence the apparent contradiction above, where Theodosius is first of all described as destroying the *Τριλιθον*, and then turning it into a Christian church. The fact no doubt is, that he dismantled the *Τριλιθον*, and that he converted the Temple of Jupiter into a church. The existing condition of the ruins gives credit to this report; for the greater Temple is a complete mass of shattered masonry, with the solitary exception of its six remaining pillars; whereas the lesser retains so much perfection, particularly in the interior, that on first beholding it, it would seem an easy task to restore it once again to the purposes of public worship. Moreover, we know as an historical fact that this temple *was converted into a Christian church*.

We now take our stand at the eastern Portico of Baalbek, and bid you enter, and walk through those lone halls, which to describe properly would require not only many a page to come, but the use of terms, familiar enough in the professional world, but unfamiliar to the general world—ay, an unknown tongue—just as much as the evidence of a set of doctors in the witness-box of Newgate. You cannot surely be so unobservant as not to appreciate the “*de profundis*” of ancient days through which I have conducted you. Bless the mark! the Critics will call us “*flippant*” unless we tell matters of fact in a thoroughly matter-of-fact manner. Our sacrifice and oblation to appease those gods, or furies as the case may be, is made. Let them eat their salt and be satisfied. There is no reason, reader, why you should be choked with the gifts offered on their altars, and therefore I do not intend to puzzle your unarchitectural brains with an elaborate essay stolen from Vitruvius.

The prevailing style of the buildings at Baalbek is Corinthian; but, as I before said, in comparing the Roman structures at Nîmes with these, there are numberless evidences of their being erected in a period of “*decadence*.” Baalbek will not answer to the strict laws of architecture.

Before we plunged into our historical disquisition, we were standing in front of the great eastern Portico, and looking up at the inscriptions to Caracalla upon the pedestals of the walled-up pillars. From this point we will now suppose that we set out. The basements of the pillars are 25 or 30 feet above our heads; but, as I before stated, a noble flight of steps anciently joined these basements (the level of the platform), and extending 50 feet beyond, descended to the natural level of the plain.

Here I must beg a reference to my plan (No. I. p. 131).

Restoring the staircase (150 feet wide), we stand at the foot, in front of the Portico (at A), and ascend between those pillars.

The first thought conveyed by the impressions of the eye is the majesty of these ruins. We look through the portals of the Hexagon, C and E, uninterruptedly from east to west, from end to end, a distance (with all the measurements included) of very nearly 1000 feet. We all know the feeling of rapture which moves us when we enter the western doors of Canterbury, or York, or Winchester, or even Westminster, so long as we can keep our eyes upward in the triforium or clerestory, and carry them along the roof eastward. I do not think there is anything in England grander than that centre aisle of Westminster Abbey nave; its lightness and loftiness so peculiarly distinguish it, and contrast it so favourably with many of the naves of our cathedral-churches. But, woe is me, when once the eye falls, when once it catches sight of those side-aisles—of those hideous things called “monuments”—monuments, indeed, of the greed of deans and chapters, who for filthy lucre have degraded that noble pile committed to their charge, by transforming it inch by inch into a stonemason’s yard—monuments of the “taste” of the beings that men called “sculptors”—monuments of the funereal folly of days that we will hope are gone for ever. No where do we feel more truly than in the nave of Westminster the application of the line,

“Nomina stultorum parietibus hærent”

The three largest churches in England are—St. Alban’s, 548 feet; Canterbury, 545; Winchester, 545. St. Paul’s Cathedral is 500 feet long. In entering the portico of Baalbek, you look down a vista of building *very nearly twice the length of St. Paul’s*, and considerably more than twice its breadth. This will best convey to the reader the magnitude of the structure. Another fact will help to the same end. The buildings of Baalbek cover six acres of ground.

The following are the general measurements, differing slightly from Wood and Dawkins, and also from Robinson, the two best authorities on the subject. I prefer to give my own measurements as I myself made them.

	Feet,
A. Portico . . . . . breadth	40
Length, 248 (B to B).	
D. Hexagon . . . . . length	193
Breadth, 255.	
F. Quadrangle . . . . . „	411
Breadth, 440.	
H <i>Ἐπιλιθον</i> . . . . . „	290
Breadth, 102.	
Flight of Steps to Portico . . . . .	50
Total, East to West . . . . .	984

It is through this long range of building that the eyes of worshippers of old must have looked when the whole Collegium Pontificorum swept in long and stately procession through their halls to offer sacrifices to the sun-god Jove.

As I stood in that Portico of the Temple, I tried to imagine M. Aurelius Antoninus himself, "Pontifex Maximus," with the whole College,—the vestal virgins and the curiones going before, heralding an imperial presence,—passing through those portals, and sweeping down the broad aisle, hemmed in with multitudes of people, until at length they reached the Portico of the *Tpalθon*, and stood before the Egyptian image that represented "the Eternal God of Fire."

**The Portico** is entered under the row of twelve pillars. You then stand in the long narrow chamber A, divided only from the tower-chambers, B B, by columns.

On entering the Portico, its extreme length (248 feet), contrasted with its narrowness (40 feet), is very striking, because, walled-up as it now is between the pillars, it gives the appearance of an ill-proportioned room. You have only, in imagination, to open out the twelve pillars, and this idea vanishes, giving place to the proper one, of a portico to the Hexagon, D. On entering the tower-chamber, B B, the decoration of broad bold cornices, pilasters with richly-cut capitals, and a series of niches—once, no doubt, filled with appropriate statues—give promise of the glories to come.

**The Hexagon.** Crossing the Portico, we pass through the Entrance Portal, C. Thus, it will be seen, is divided into three parts. There is a central doorway 17 feet wide, and two smaller ones at the sides 10 feet wide. A small intermediate chamber, looking like a side-chapel or recess, conducts us into the Hexagon. Its general appearance on first entering is that of a noble amphitheatre, and the eye turns to the second portal, at E, almost expecting to find traces of a stage.

Standing in the centre of this hall, we are attracted by the series of recesses and chambers which, by referring to the plan, it will be seen surround it. The learned name for these places is "exhedra." I can, by comparison, make you understand their appearance. They look like small side-chapels, such as we see in the naves of Roman Catholic cathedrals; but their best representation may be found in the Church of the Madelaine in Paris. The side-chapels and recesses for confessionals there answer exactly, in general appearance and character, to the "exhedra" of Baalbek, a great difference, of course, existing in size and depth. But, as we meet with another series of them in the Quadrangle, I shall pass over these, in order to describe them generally as they appear throughout the structure.

Proceeding to E, we come to what must have been a truly superb portal,—a fitting entrance to the majestic square into which it leads. This, like the former doorway at C, has three openings. As in the former, the two at the sides are only 10 feet wide, but the centre expands to the



prodigious breadth of 50 feet. Nothing now remains to mark its size and position but some rugged masses of stone a few feet high, serving only to ascertain the precise size, and to exhibit portions of the fluting on the jambs.

**The Quadrangle.** Crossing the threshold at E, we enter the Great Quadrangle F, 411 feet long and 440 broad, surrounded on three sides by exhedræ, the fourth being occupied by what was once the peristyle of the Great Temple, *Τρίλιθον*.

The vastness of the Quadrangle—in its ruins blending with the area covered by the *Τρίλιθον*, so that the two are now one open space—is so broad, so immense a waste of architecture, that it is necessary, like a modern Marius, to sit down and contemplate for a great length of time the various features of the ruin, before the different parts take their proper place in our thoughts.

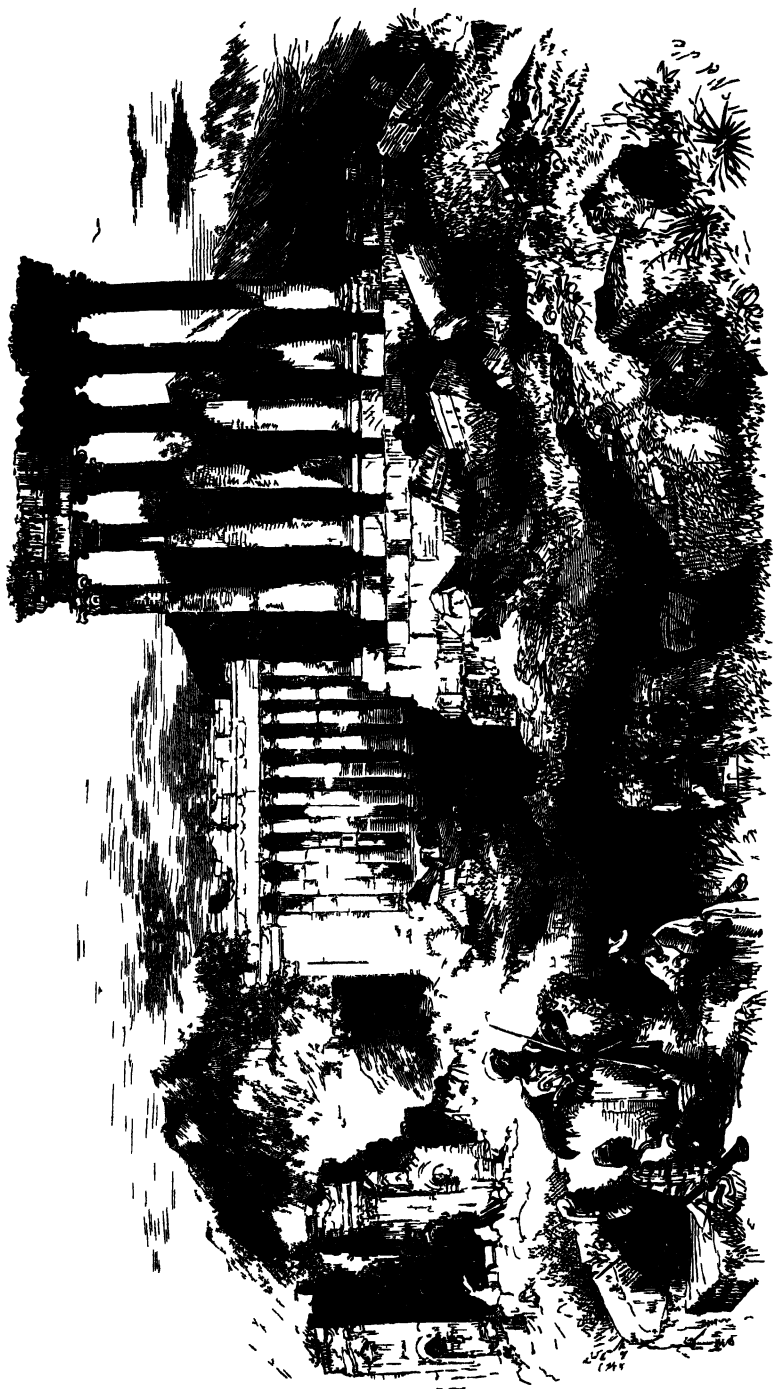
What strikes us as more singular is, to find, not only the remnants of columns, architraves, pedestals, and pillars, strewn on all sides about the exhedræ, but also masses of ruin in the centre of the Quadrangle, G.

These on examination prove to be the shattered remains of a stately flight of steps, commencing about half-way across the Quadrangle, which have risen with intermediate terraces from the level of this square to the peristyle of the *Τρίλιθον*, which has been considerably higher (about twenty feet, as well as I could judge), so making the floor of the Temple some fifty feet above the natural level of the plain. It was necessary, therefore, to reach it with a flight of steps; and advantage has been taken of this to construct a staircase that must, in its perfect condition, have presented a most imposing approach to the *Τρίλιθον*.

Amongst the mass of ruins and rubbish which now covers this centre of the Quadrangle, the ascending steps, at their different intervals, may be clearly traced; and on each side, at fixed distances, there are remains of double rows of pedestals, which have no doubt originally been surmounted by statues of the gods of Baalbek. The effect of such an approach to the Temple, surrounded by the elaborately-adorned Quadrangle, I must leave the reader to conjecture. We must conjure up the Acropolis in its greatest glory to conceive any thing to equal it.

I am afraid no description will convey an adequate idea of the elaborate decorations in the exhedræ round the Quadrangle. Right and left of the great Portal E, circular niches will be observed upon the plan. These seem to have held statues. Following the outline of the building, either north or south (for both sides of the Quadrangle were constructed and ornamented alike, with double stories of niches against the walls), we come next to a rectangular exhedra with four columns in front; then to three chambers, the centre occupying the angle of the building; then another exhedra, with four columns; then a semicircular one with two; then the centre, and largest, rectangular exhedra, with six; followed by another semicircular with two, and rectangular with four columns, as before. All these recesses are thirty feet deep. The semicircular have





niches with scallop-shaped heads in the lower story, very beautifully executed. Above all there has been a magnificent entablature covered with frieze. In the semicircular exhedræ fountains of water have refreshed and cooled the air. The columns in front of the various exhedræ have been Egyptian granite,—I may more properly say, are, for their broken shafts are scattered about on every side, measuring seven feet in circumference.

Viewed in its completeness, as Marcus Aurelius or Antoninus Pius, Caracalla or Julia, saw this place, it would present this appearance. Having passed through the lofty Portico and superb Hexagon, they would enter (under the Portal, fifty feet wide) this great Quadrangle, surrounded by forty-four polished pillars of Egyptian syenite granite. Above these pillars they would see an entablature, running round the entire square, adorned with a sculptured frieze (consisting chiefly of wreaths of flowers, divided by heads of animals), chiseled with as much finish and elaboration as any work of Grinling Gibbons. Beneath and within these pillars they would observe a series of twenty chambers, their walls adorned with pilasters, and between the pilasters, in double stories, niches filled with marble statues, and between the stories cornices of wreaths of fruit and flowers. In the semicircular exhedræ they would watch the niches pouring out the fresh clear waters of the Anti-Lebanon into marble tanks. Then in the centre of the square they would look up the long flights of steps, ascending by easy stages to the "stylobate," or elevated platform, of the *Τρίλιθον*. On either hand they would observe, on pedestals some twelve feet high, the double rows of the statues of the gods; and terminating this aisle of figures (more than 200 feet in length), they would behold the colonnade of the stupendous *Τρίλιθον*—the Temple of the Gods of Heliopolis—lifting its head high in mid-air, at the very least 150 feet above the surrounding plain.

It is but a faint, a poor idea this, my reader; but words may well fail to portray a scene which no artist's pencil ever has yet rendered—a scene which, even in its present shattered state, heaped with ruins, disfigured, and despoiled, baffles the effort of my humble pen to describe.

What may have been the purpose of that succession of exhedræ, or chambers, I dare not pause to discuss. Doubtless they were dedicated to the services of the Temple, and probably to the use of the priests. I leave that inquiry to the classical scholar.

**The Trilithon.** In the annexed sketch is portrayed all that now remains of this wonder of the world. A century ago nine pillars were standing; but earthquake has been the great enemy of Baalbek, and six alone remain. This Temple was 290 feet long, and 162 broad. There are no traces of any interior or body of the Temple—"cella," as it is professionally termed. I am led to the conclusion, from the entire absence of all traces of such interior, that none ever existed; not that it was left incomplete, as some persons have suggested. The cella, or body of the building, would certainly have been completed before the

peristyle, or range of pillars, constructed outside of it. Had it not been completed, the colonnades never would have been. But we have evidence that such has been the case, because the positions of all the pillars can be traced, and there are the remains of most of them broken off at irregular heights, while the ground is covered with the blocks of the columnar stones as they have been shaken down by earthquake or otherwise from their eminence. Ruined as they are, we can trace them; but we have no trace of any interior, or cella, which, had it ever been commenced, would have been a structure so enormous that its ruins would have created a mountain of *débris* within the space enclosed by the outer pillars. No such thing exists. It is my belief, therefore, that this temple never had any cella; but that the steps ascending from the Quadrangle have reached a broad esplanade, within which has been the peristyle of 54 pillars, 19 on the north and south, and 10 at each end, east and west, counting the corner pillars twice. The magnitude of the *Τριλιθον* can alone be calculated by the size of the six remaining pillars. These are respectively 55 ft. 4 in. high, and each shaft is 22 feet in circumference. The remnant of the entablature on the top is 14 feet high; the capitals, 7 ft. 2 in.; and the base and sub-plinth of the pillars are 7 ft 2 in. From summit to base is altogether 88 feet, and to the foundation 50 feet more. Making the small allowance of only 20 feet for the pitch of the vestibule above the entablature, we have a temple about 160 feet in height. The shafts of the pillars, which are of such enormous dimensions, are only divided into three blocks each; and they were coupled together by metal plugs, set into square mortices in the centre, a foot long and a foot broad. The strength of such fastening is exhibited in the fact that some of the pillars which have been thrown down, and smashed, have remained in firm adhesion at the joining. While I am dwelling upon the stupendous character of the masonry employed in the building of this temple, I would revert to the exterior walls of the sub-structure. As the reader is aware, the three great stones (respectively 64 feet, 63 feet 8 inches, and 63 feet long, by about 13 feet square) are in the western wall (J), about 20 feet from the ground.\* But on looking at the plan, it will be observed that the rows of pillars do not rest upon that wall, which also runs along the north side of the peristyle. The fact is, there is an intervening space of 29½ feet between the peristyle and the outer wall, which space probably may have been levelled originally on the top by a broad esplanade.

The reader, like the traveller, will ask, "What, then, is the use of that exterior and gigantic foundation, particularly as it is throughout built in the same fashion; for on the northern side there are eleven blocks of

\* Sir C Barry quotes with evident amusement a passage from Richardson, who, in speaking of these stones, says that a new surface has been cut upon ancient blocks. This is surmounting a difficulty by an assertion in support of which there is no evidence.

stone in line measuring 250 feet in length, the average size of each of which is 31 feet long and 13 feet deep?" I can only suggest that this exterior substructure was devised to strengthen the foundation proper of the Temple, and to resist the enormous pressure from above upon that foundation. I conceive it to have answered very much the same purpose as a "flying buttress" in Gothic architecture.

Built as the *Τριλιθον* is upon a vaulted substructure, its architects very probably thought it necessary to resist the superincumbent weight, which might make the walls of the vaults to bulge or give way. Their fear of such a catastrophe may also have induced them to forego the idea of any cella, which would have quadrupled the pressure, and decided them upon finishing the *Τριλιθον* as an hypæthral temple, consisting solely of its stupendous range of columns, surmounted by a superbly-adorned entablature. Travellers and architects have vainly puzzled themselves about this substructure, seeming unable to account for its meaning and purpose, so gigantic in its masonry and so distinct from the actual foundations of the *Τριλιθον* itself. Misled by this, they have fancied it must be more ancient in its date, and that perhaps the Roman temple was only founded and built *inside* these more ancient, and it may be Jewish, foundations.

I have here ventured (though no architect myself, but merely an intense admirer of ancient and mediæval buildings, having seen most of the famous temples and cathedrals known to fame, and studied them) to give an explanation of this apparent mystery, which recommended itself to my mind *on the spot, as day by day I minutely studied the whole structure of Baalbek*. I trust it will recommend itself likewise to the minds of some of my readers, particularly on account of the simplicity with which a great and magnified enigma is thereby solved.

A very large open space intervenes between the *Τριλιθον* and the Temple of Jupiter (Q, R, S S).

At the present time it is utterly impossible to pronounce any opinion as to what may have been the original purpose of this area. There is an extent of 130 feet between the walls of the two temples. This open space is at present literally piled with heaps of ruins. In the earthquakes, columns, capitals, friezes, entablatures, have been flung down from both the temples, and now, in their gigantic proportions, lay heaped about on every side for the wonder of the traveller.

We cross this open space; we climb over the shattered limbs of these mighty columns, and among remnants of the most ornate friezes, until we reach (K) the entrance to the smaller temple—the Temple of Jupiter.

**The Temple of Jupiter.** A glance at the plan will show that this temple was never part of the original design; one evidence of which is, that it is entirely distinct from the general platform of the other buildings, and on a much lower level. It is an after-thought and addition, and, as I have before ventured to suggest, is probably the temple which Malala says Antoninus Pius built (*i. e.* added to the original structures),

and which Theodosius at a later period turned into a Christian church, for we have record that it was so converted after the age of Constantine.

My sketch will greatly assist the reader in forming an idea of the present appearance of the *Τριλιθον*, and also of this elaborately beautiful temple of Antonine, which I am now describing. Its measurements are—

Exterior	{	Length	. . . . .	228 feet.
		Breadth	. . . . .	124 „
Interior	{	Length	. . . . .	160 „
(L. to M)		Breadth	. . . . .	85 „

The peristyle not only was, but is, most magnificent. There were originally 48 columns surrounding the cella; 15 in flank on the north and south, 8 at the west (counting again the corner pillars), and a double row of 8 at the east, in front, to form the vestibule of the Temple. At the present moment, there remain 23 of these stately Corinthian columns in their position, which can best be understood by glancing at the plan. That in the centre on the south has been shaken from the perpendicular by the same earthquake which threw down so many on the north and west; but, unlike them, it refused to be

“ Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen.

Fallen from its high estate.”

and at the present moment reclines its head against the wall of the cella, while the base rests upon its original pedestal.

The columns are each 45 feet high, and 18 feet 9 inches in circumference, some divided into two, and some three blocks. The entablature is 7 feet high, consisting of a double row of frieze. The total height of the Temple has been about 75 feet. In the roof, between the pillars and the exterior wall of the cella, are some of the greatest wonders of Baalbek. This roof, which is slightly concave, has been constructed by beams of stone being laid across, resting at the one end in a groove in the wall of the cella, and at the other in a similar one in the entablature. Looking up at this roof, we see what is perhaps the most elaborate remains of antique stone-carving in the world. It is from end to end divided into a series of hexagonal panels, each panel containing the head or bust of some god or emperor, or object of heathen mythology, executed with the most artistic finish. At the corners of these slabs are small rhomboids, containing small heads; and the whole are connected with a fretwork of fruit and flowers and garlands, extending from end to end of the Temple. It is very fatiguing to the head and eye to look up at these relics of the past; but to examine them properly would take hours. The only representation of this elaborate and exquisite series of sculptures is to be found in the drawings of Wood and Dawkins.

The architectural gem of Baalbek is the Portal L, leading from the vestibule into the cella. This is 21 feet 4 inches wide; but what may have been its original height can only be guessed from the ground being covered with heaps of fallen masonry. The sides of this doorway are each a single stone, covered with carvings.

The top of the doorway—the soffit—consisted of three stones, which were in a perfect condition until the year 1759, when, in the shock of the earthquake, that in the centre was loosened, and slipped downwards four feet, in which position, being jammed between the two side-stones, it is still held suspended, looking as if it would instantly fall. On the lower surface of this displaced stone is the figure of an eagle with outstretched wings, grasping in its claws a caduceus, and holding in its beak the ribbons of garlands, which have extended to the side-stones, and are there sustained by winged cupids. Because this eagle is crested, some writers have supposed it is not Roman. It happens to be the type of eagle also found in Palmyra, and therefore is the form of bird sculptured upon the buildings of cities in which the sun was especially worshipped. Mr. David Roberts, in sketching this doorway, has most truly said, it “is perhaps the most elaborate work, as well as the most exquisite in its detail, of any thing of its kind in the world.” The interior of the cella sustains the impression gathered from the exterior of this temple. The walls are occupied by a series of fluted Corinthian columns, with superbly-finished capitals; and between the columns are niches, in double stories, the lower (with circular heads) divided from the upper by an elaborately enriched cornice, breaking at the columns, and running like a string-course round the Temple. The upper story of niches, looking like blank-windows, have obtuse-angled heads deeply sunk, and massed with carving.

The great effect of this temple is produced by the rows of engaged columns alternating with the niches, supporting a deep entablature, projecting boldly from the wall, and enriched with an amount of ornamentation that, in its perfect state, must have been gorgeous. Viewing this superb interior through the Eagle Portal, and making it a frame to the picture, I do not know any thing in ancient or modern architecture that surpasses it. In its particular style, it has been just as much decorated as Henry VII.'s or King's College Chapel. The position of the secos or sanctuam—or, as we might call it, the chancel (for such it once was when this Temple was dedicated to Christian worship), can be distinctly traced, N.

The floor is raised about 8 feet from the common level of the Temple, for a distance of about 28 feet, at the west end. It has been divided from the rest of the cella by an arched screen, now destroyed; but the pediments remain, and the springing stones are still attached to the external walls.

It will be seen upon the plan that there were staircases within the wall on each side of the Eagle Portal, L. These ascended to the roof. Within the bases of the pillars dividing the secos from the cella, there still exist descending staircases, which have led to the vaulted substructure of this temple. On the wall of one of these is the following eccentric-looking Cufic inscription: \*

\* This inscription is to the honour of the *one God*—the Conquering God.



ح ا ب ج د ه و ز ح ا ب ج د ه و ز  
 ح ا ب ج د ه و ز ح ا ب ج د ه و ز  
 ح ا ب ج د ه و ز ح ا ب ج د ه و ز  
 ح ا ب ج د ه و ز ح ا ب ج د ه و ز  
 ح ا ب ج د ه و ز ح ا ب ج د ه و ز

My task is done. I have conducted you over the great platform, and dare not attempt to take you into the adjoining wretched village called Baalbek, in which there stands another temple, circular and small, but which has been originally a gem. Until a few years back the Greek bi-hop used it as a church. I dare not lead you up the hill side, where the ancient city nestled, surrounded by its walls nearly four miles in circumference; nor yet to the fountain to read its Greek inscription; nor yet to the ruins of the Doric column; nor to the quarries, tombs, and Roman gateway. These we pass over in silence. The work of their description (coupled with genuine antiquarian research) has to be undertaken. No one has yet attempted it; nor can it be accomplished until another Botta or Layard, with spade and pickaxe, resolutely goes to work.

Our tents were pitched beneath the southern wall of the Temple of Jupiter, where there is the shade of a few trees, and a cool refreshing stream flowing past, as it descends from the neighbouring hills to lose itself in the distance of the plain. It was here that my Beyrout stirrups (the pride and glory of our cavalcade, which shone in the sunlight like silver) vanished. The Arab horses always go to bed in full costume,—saddle, bridle, &c.,—tethered to a wooden pin by a heel-rope. Some Baalbek “cracksman” had espied my glittering caparison, and, very like a thief in the night, stole upon our unguarded moments, and robbed me of that precious portion of my equipage. The next morning, in calling upon the Governor of the town, I narrated my loss as we sat smoking our chibouk. He was full of indignation at “the rascally thief,” and cursed him as vehemently as the great Lord Cardinal did the little juckdaw. The same evening he came by invitation to dine with us in our tent. It was a state dinner-party, and taxed the talents of our Greek cook to the utmost. All the hen-roosts in Baalbek were

rified for the occasion; and I must say I never before beheld the farm-yard innocents served up in such a variety of fashion. The last effort was an *omelet sucré*, of which "Philippe" might have been proud. The Governor tasted every thing, and drank of every thing—lemon kali, *cau sucré*, brandy, &c.; but

"His manners had not the repose  
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere;"

and it seemed in his ideas the height of compliment to sip the various drinks, and then imitate a popular habit of the American people.

The evening was moonlight, and as the moon rose over the glorious ruins before us, he rose likewise, to take his leave, a valedictory compliment he had reserved to the last moment. While praying that Allah might be good to me, protect me from the Druses, and take me back in safety to that wonderful stream-country from whence I came to Baalbek (why, or what for, he could not possibly conceive), he begged to inform me that, as an act of retribution, as a small token of his affection, he had put a man in prison to show that my stirrups were to be avenged. "A man in prison!" I exclaimed; "what, have you found the thief?" "Oh, no," he said; "they perhaps never should do that. But this was a bad man—a very bad man; and as some one ought to be punished, he had been sent to prison to appease the wrath of the lord of the great stream-land."

God forbid! I said farewell, begging an immediate release.

And then, reader, in the calm quiet of that glorious moonlight, I wandered once again over those wondrous ruins, to bid them farewell for ever. There is a feeling of melancholy in looking the last look on such a place, sensible that one will never see it more. The rippling stream seemed to mock me as I passed over it:

"— Men may come, and men may go,  
But I flow on for ever."

And then, in the ghostly stillness of the night, I entered the vast *Τριλιθον*, taking up once more my favourite position, as in the sketch. The Temple of Jupiter, under the deceptive lighting of the moon, looked perfect. It seemed as if just finished by the architect, and to-morrow might be the day of its dedication. To-morrow Antoninus, Pontifex Maximus, might himself be coming to consecrate it to mighty Jove. The religion of the Roman has been celebrated there. Sacrifices to the gods of Baalbek were offered there for near four hundred years after the Christian era. Then another religion occupied its halls and shrines. The Christians possessed it. The Cross was erected where the beardless statue of Jupiter had stood. The Bishop of Heliopolis sat in the Council of Antioch. Three centuries heard the hymns of the Church chanted in its temples; and the lay processions of the priests swept through its Hexagon and Quadrangle.

Then war was in the land. The exterminating conquests of the Crescent, with a tide of blood, flowed from the ocean-board to the deserts

of Damascus, and quenched the lamps that had burned everlastingly before the altars of the City of the Sun.

Darkness covered it for three hundred years, and silence blotted out the name of Heliopolis from history.

When it once more emerges, its classic title has perished in the flood of devastation. Men called it Baalbek, and the Arabian historians and Benjamin of Tudela (A.D. 1163) noted it, and tell us of its "stones of enormous size," and how earthquakes have shaken the land of Syria, thrown down its structures, and crushed to death its people.

Saladin next occupied the stage of time. King Baldwin and Count Raymond carried fire and sword through the land, cried havoc and let slip the dogs of war under its battlements; for no longer a city of temples, no longer the home of a religion, it had been converted into a fortress; and the historian said, it "is a castle built with very large stones."<sup>r</sup>

And then another tragic actor fretted his little day before the world. He bade its citizens surrender; and Tamerlane, flushed with victory, marched onward to Damascus.

Another century and a half rolled over, and we hear no more of it, until the modern spirit of travel first exhibited itself, and the long catalogue of names commenced (with the Frenchman Belar, A.D. 1548; the English Maundrell, 1697) which links it at last with the people of our own times.

The heathen, the Christian, the Saracen, the Turk, all have been its lords and masters. What a train of ghostly forms my fancy pictured, with slow and stately march, going past me, sweeping over the floors and through the columned aisles, where once in life they trod!

Pompey; the veterans of Augustus' legions; the Emperors of Rome—the Antonines, the bloody Caracalla, the Christian Theodosius; the actor—the poor actor Gelasinus (earning the hard-bought food of the sock and buskin, and yet with the religion of Christ in his heart, going with him on to the stage, and hallowing his martyr-death); the impetuous Crusader; the King of Jerusalem; the conquering and courtly Saladin; the fiery Tamerlane,—all, all, seemed to pass before me, their wan hands pointing to the ruins they had left; and the moon shining through the broken niches, dismantled architraves, and pillars of the *Τρίλιθον*, left of all the sculptor's clothing, exposed them with funereal light before me in giant forms, the denuded corpses of imperial pride, the skeletons of earthly pageantry and power, mouldering away in the fallow of centuries.

\* "Balbeck is a good town, well enclosed with walls, and tolerably commercial. In the centre is a castle, built with very large stones. At present it contains a mosque, in which, it is said, there is a human skull with eyes so enormous that a man may pass his head through their openings." *Bertrandan de la Broëquière*, A.D. 1432.

## On Relatives and Connections.

IF there be one time above another when I am disposed to acknowledge the equality with which Fortune showers mingled blessings and curses on us mortal men, it is when I reflect on the various characters of those persons who stand related to me by consanguinity or family ties. Happy in my home, prosperous in my business, surrounded by growing shoots of fairest promise twining tenderly round the paternal trunk (now growing somewhat scathed and weather-beaten, and priding itself more on its parasitical ivy-tendrils than on its own vigour), reverencing in deepest affection, and with feelings which scarcely permit of thought, much less expression, the memory of those "without whose life I had not been," yet I freely own that there are times when I envy the Monster in *Frankenstein*, or the child deposited in the basket of the *Enfans Trouvés* in Paris, or the Disinherited Knight in *Iranhoe*, or any other person who is allowed to do as he pleases, to sink or swim, to be elevated or stumped under foot, to fight or die, without being surrounded by a posse of relations insisting upon shouting pæans over your victories, or wails and croakings after your defeats; grafting themselves on to you, incorporating themselves with you, and pruning, so far as you can see, part and parcel of your existence for the remainder of your life. I have been thus afflicted from my youth up. I never was "Master (Charles Blank," or "Mr. Blank's little boy." I was "our Charley." Two grandmothers, three uncles, five aunts, and cousins unlimited, took possession of me, wrested me from the authority of my natural guardians, recommended nurses for me, prescribed their own remedies for my infantile maladies, nearly broke my spine with chucking me in the air, nearly split my mouth with constant finger-insertion for gum-rubbing purposes, and nearly ate and drank my parents into the Insolvent Court with constant visits—solely on my account. When I went to a preparatory school, they followed me, and never a week passed without my being sent clean-collared and head-rasped into the best parlour, there to find a sombre aunt or a snug cousin regaling on the schoolmistress's cake and wine, and eager to lubricate me with affection. When I migrated to Sir Custance Mollifant's Foundation-school, they kept up the chase: some came and begged for half-holidays for me, and took me damp, dreary walks in cemeteries or along canal-banks, treating me to an apple, and then going straight off to dine with my parents on the strength of having seen me; while others, uncles who had slipped in the social scale, or cousins who had gone to the dogs in early youth and never returned, would even penetrate to the cricket-field, walk happily unconscious across the very range of the longstop, and get ho'd at and called all manner of opprobrious names, smiling pleasantly, and asking in mellifluous tones for "dear Charles Blank" all the time.

Says Mr. Longfellow—

“There is no flock, howe'er so well defended,  
But one dead lamb is there:”

to which I would add, as a corollary, there is no family, however respectable, but which has one black sheep. Mine, I am bound to say, has been eminently prolific in tainted mutton; and yet, when I mention the circumstance and talk it over among my friends, I find I am by no means singular. I have come unexpectedly into my friend Topsawyer's room-chambers in the Albany, all velvet-pile carpet, consol table, marqueterie work and beauties by Greuze, and found the owner in deep converse with a mouldy old man in a camlet cloak and worn fur collar and shabby boots—an old man who sat on the edge of his chair with his napless hat pressed between his quivering knees; who addressed me as “Sir,” and whom Topsawyer got rid of as quickly as possible, but not until I had fully made out that the stranger was Topsawyer's Uncle James. I have been to a consultation at Blatant's chambers in the Temple, where Blatant, Q.C., bigger, louder, and rosier than any other man at the Bar, laid down the law with tremendous force, and was ready to snap all our heads off with self-satisfied reasoning, until the clerk beckoned him into the outer office, where we had a vision of an old lady in a faded silk gown and poke bonnet, who clasped the horrified orator to her breast and called him “my dear boy;” who was speedily scuffled out, and of whom Blatant on his return (very much crestfallen and subdued) spoke as “a pestering client.” We knew well enough that it was his mother—widow of the worthy grocer who sleeps in Kidwelly Churchyard; but Blatant, the wit of the Court of Exchequer, the sought-after of Westminster Hall, had smuggled her away as a reminiscence of past disagreeable days, and looked upon her as a blot on his great name. I have known City magnates with mothers in City almshouses, Members of Parliament with brothers doing duty as railway guards, a fashionable physician with a nephew a night-cabman, and I was once acquainted with a very humorous circus-clown who was first cousin to a Cabinet Minister. I don't say that these family failures did not deserve their lot, and I impart no blame to their more fortunate relations. Some men have an alacrity in sinking, buoy them up as you may: thrōw out to them the life-apparatus of money, the drags of family connection; rush in through the ice of prejudice, grasp them and pull them to the surface at the risk of your own respectability;—in a moment they have slipped from your hand, and are settling steadily towards the bottom, where when they once arrive, they are infinitely happier among the weeds and slime than they would have been in the purer, fresher atmosphere above. This is but the old story of the impossibility of manufacturing the silken purse from the sow's ear, or of the futility of expecting any more melodious sound from a pig than a grunt; we all know it—we all are martyrs to it. Do you think Majesty enthroned is not acquainted with “shy” relatives—say chiefs of German principalities, for example—who put their Teutonic feet in it, and cause Britain's ruler to

quake for the consequence of their absurdities? Do you think that the Chief of the State has never his twinges, springing from the misdeeds, the boredom, the constant blister-annoyances of some scion of that ancient baronial fief of Palmerstown in Ireland? Has any man alive ever raised himself to power and position, has any man inherited power and position, without finding a hundred skids to the well-greased wheels of his chariot in the shape of urgent clamorous ne'er-do-weels claiming affinity and connection, presenting themselves at the most inopportune moment, and clamouring for those things for which exactly they were most unfitted? If I were to attempt to catalogue such annoyances, I might go on till Doomsday; so I will confine myself to my experiences among my own relatives and connections.

We will first take my cousin Augustus, whose parents, dying during his infancy, were kind enough to leave him to the care of two of his uncles, one being my father, the other a fashionable physician of Pavilionstown, a place then in the zenith of its glory. From the very first my cousin Augustus was a vagabond; there was no nonsense or deceit about him; he was Bohemian incarnate, and took every opportunity of showing it. I need scarcely say that he ran away from school. I need scarcely say that twice a month the butler of my uncle the fashionable physician had to appear in his master's *sanctum* with "Beg pardon, sir, but Master Augustus—he's here agin, sir, in the pantry; and he says he dussent go back, sir, or they'll whop him awful!" I need scarcely say that, notwithstanding an amount of pocket-money hitherto unknown in the school, he returned home at each vacation quivering under the secret stings of enormous "ticks." I need scarcely say that when the school rose in general rebellion and "barring out" against the masters, Augustus Caret was the fortunate individual who originated the lining of the French usher's boots with cobbler's wax, and the drenching of the writing-master with the washhand-basin balanced on the top of the open door. Further, I need scarcely say that, when the expulsions consequent on this freak of genius took place, Augustus Caret's honoured name headed the list.

Wrath were my father and my uncle the fashionable physician at this result of their endeavours to educate my cousin Augustus, and they determined at once to set him to gain his own living. We had West India connections, and one of these—Governor of the Island of Sangaree—required a secretary. Augustus was exactly fitted for the place; sound health, good constitution, too young to have learned irregular habits, good penman—in fact, the *ex-act* thing for him, as we all chorused at home. As it was thought by every one that no one would ever see him again, he was outfitted in princely style. Such piles of nankeen clothing; such rocking-chairs, and straw-hats, and lounging-jackets; such refrigerators, and water-coolers, and spirit-stands; such a select library; such Bibles and Church-services! Every one was pressed into the donation-service. Another cousin, a ribald medical student, gave

a choice assortment of clay pipes and a black domino; and I, then a little boy, went into the Lowther Arcade, and invested one-and-sixpence in the purchase of an accordion, which I presented to Cousin Augustus. He sailed; for weeks we heard nothing of him; no news of his arrival—nothing!—until one wintry night when our family was about retiring to rest, a very loud double knock at the street-door was abruptly followed by the entrance of my cousin Augustus. Strong, roseate, and healthy, having gained rather than lost flesh, and having immensely increased in his powers of imbibition, as he proved by his immediate attack on my father's peculiar brandy, Cousin Augustus sat before us! It was like a horrid nightmare, this resurrection, and we could not understand it. No yellow fever, no bitings in two by San Domingo Billy or any other shark. No, nothing! He didn't think the climate would agree with him, he said, and he had come back by the return mail; with nothing, as my grandmother observed, "but the clothes he stood upright in;" the rocking-chairs, and the chests of clothes, and the water-coolers, and refrigerators, even the fancy domino, had been sold to help pay his passage home. But from a very small carpet-bag, all his return luggage, he produced my accordion ("it had afforded him much amusement on the voyage," he was good enough to say); and from a brown-paper parcel he extracted the lower jaw of a shark, which, he remarked, with a pleasant and self-gratulatory smile, "would make an excellent set of chess-men."

The care of this amiable youth still devolving on my father and my uncle, these worthy men set their brains to work to consider what to do with him, and at length, at his own special request, apprenticed him to a large farmer in Sussex. He remained marvellously steady for three months, and during this interval he wrote to my father, requesting him to call upon Mr. John Murray of Albemarle Street, and arrange for the immediate production of a work on Subsoiling and Tile-Drainage. His next letter was to my uncle, requesting an immediate advance of fifty pounds for the purpose of discharging a debt of honour; his request was refused, and two mornings after, the physician's family, on coming down to breakfast, were gratified by the sight of my cousin Augustus in a state of rags, lying in front of their area railings between a highly-coloured and elaborately-executed chalk-drawing of a mackerel and an inscription of "I am starving," both worked out on the pavement. As his personal appearance was known to all the neighbours, and to nearly all the exceedingly genteel inhabitants of Pavilionstown, this state of things could not be endured. Augustus was brought in-doors, was supplied with money, and returned to the farmer's. Thence he ran away two days afterwards, and was not heard of for months; not heard of, indeed, until Sir Gypes Toloddlle, neighbour and brother-magistrate of my uncle, communicated to us that, being one day at the hotel at Lewes, he heard the beating of drums and the braying of trumpets, and, recollecting that Delfonso's Circus was about to make its triumphal entry into the town,

he went to the window to see it pass. The old gentleman narrated how he watched the men in armour and the heralds, the elephants, "huge earth-shaking beasts," stepping solemnly and slowly,—Peace attired in nothing but her olive-branch,—knights of the period,—and at length Neptune in his car, driving fourteen horses in hand. As the procession passed within a few feet of his nose, old Sir Gypes scanned them with an austere glance. Reminiscences of that good old Act of Parliament in which all such people are classed as "rogues and vagabonds" rose within his mind, and he was meditating how he could best indict them for a nuisance, when his attention was attracted by Neptune, who, managing his fourteen horses with an easy hand, looked up at the bay-window where the old gentleman was standing, winked placidly, and ejaculated "How do, Toloddle, old boy!" "I recognised the villain at once when he lifted his tow beard; he said 'Old boy,' and, Dr. Blank, it was your infernal nephew—it was, sir, by Heaven!"

Though both his guardians have long been dead, and the family is entirely broken up, Augustus yet lives. I know of his existence by various signs; by bills pushed under my street-door, in which I am informed that A. Caret is sole agent for Mr. Higgin's soluble cocoa; by advertisements in the theatrical newspapers, in which I see set forth that Mons. Caretti's performing dogs are the real wonders of the age; or, about Christmas-time, that Caretti! Caretti! Caretti! is still open to an engagement as stult-dancer. I know it by the frequent visits of seedy messengers, who bring dirty-folded notes imploring me, for the sake of "kith and kin" (a great phrase with Augustus), to send half-a-crown per bearer. I know it by—by the observations of my wife when these requests have been complied with.

My uncle Tony is of a different stamp; he prides himself on being "an honest man;" he is of the "regular John Bull order, and no mistake." He is rich, and rude, and arrogant. He mistakes bluntness for honesty, and vulgarity for sincerity. "Ask me to dine, Charley, my boy," he says, "and I'll come; but you know me! No sponging! I'll send a cod-fish and tell Ewart my man to bring a bottle of Madeira in the cab. I can't drink your wine—not yours in particular—no offence!—but any man's whose income is under a couple of thousand a year! You're poor; got a lot of children; stick to your beer, my boy, and don't attempt things above your *métier*." It is pleasant to have Uncle Tony at dinner; to hear him, in a loud voice, set a price upon the various dishes; to hear him "wonder how you do it." It is pleasant to see him patronise your children; to hear him tell them how they'll have to work for their living, and how life won't be all cakes and trifles: to hear him prophecy their career at school; impress upon them what black eyes they'll get from bigger boys, and send them to bed quivering under predominant impressions of impending birchings! Your wife likes Uncle Tony when he tells her how altered she is; how her good looks are going fast; and how, now her girls are growing up, she'd



better take to caps, and leave off all nonsensical notions of attempting to look well! Some day, forgetting the feelings of what Cousin Augustus would call "kith and kin," I shall fall upon Uncle Tony and drub him soundly: such is the price which honesty and John-Bullism occasionally pay for their free exercise!

I suppose that there are some relatives common to all society:—the young brother-in-law who is just beginning to "see life," and who gives your name as bail to the Inspector at Bow Street, causing your awakening from small-hours' slumbers; the aunt whose "poetry is really quite-melodious, reminding me (her sister) of dear L. E. L.," and who wants you to get her an engagement on the *Quarterly Review* or the *Leisure Hour*—which, is immaterial; the free-thinking connection by marriage who *will* drop in when the rector of the parish is dining with you, and show you how well he is acquainted with the philosophy of Hobbes and the parodies of Hone; and the clerical High-Church nephew who wears a stiff-starched dog-collar instead of a cravat,—who ices the soup with his looks, and plunges into religious polemics with three-fourths of the company. The money-borrower and the *pique-assiette*, or dinner-sponge, are decidedly universal.

## For Better, for Worse.

### CHAPTER VIII.

**ETHEL ATHERTON.**—Ethel Leigh now,—with a child's trust and confidence, threw herself on her husband's love without a single doubt shadowing the future she pictured stretching out before her. And Philip Leigh looked into the bright eyes of his young bride, and pressed her soft warm cheek to his, and felt for the first time for many weeks that a load was taken off his heart, and that he could breathe freer for the knowledge that she was now entirely his own.

The hurry of their journey to Folkestone, the novelty of the voyage, and their rapid transit to Paris, kept Ethel in a constant state of excitement. Every thing was new and bright; the air clearer, the sky bluer, the buildings whiter: and the first fortnight was passed in visiting every thing in Paris which Philip thought likely to amuse and interest his companion.

One morning he returned later than usual to his hotel. He had left Ethelind busily engaged in writing, while he had gone out to his banker's. "You must put on your bonnet," he said; "it is a lovely day, and I do not like you to spend it entirely within doors. I will wait here while you dress."

Ethel ran up-stairs; she had already learnt that patience was not one of her husband's cardinal virtues. Frippery was not there; and Ethel had to summon her several times before she made her appearance. Unwilling to keep Philip waiting, and having already more than once experienced the full force of her maid's determination to do as she pleased, Ethel commenced her own toilet; and when the operation was nearly completed, Frippery walked into the room.

"You are late in answering the bell," Ethel said, in her soft silvery tones. "I must thank you to be more punctual another day, as Sir Philip objects very much to be kept waiting."

The sour face grew sourer; and turning round on her heel, and busying herself with something she held in her hand ready for Ethelind to put on, she said, in a tone Lady Leigh had never heard used by the domestics in her father's house, "I should please to wish you to understand, my lady, that in all the families I have lived in,—and 'eaven be praised they are neither few nor wanting in the best quality,—I have always been accustomed, like my betters, to my full 'our undisturbed for my own luncheon. Your ladyship, maybe, ain't acquainted with the regulation us goes on in good families; and I was wrong perhaps in not having a full statement in writing from Sir Philip's mother as to the agreement as is generally considered binding in such particular cases, especially as I wasn't aware at the time but what Sir Philip was about

to marry into some noble family. However, my lady, I must beg nevertheless, for that matter, that for the future, in my case, my rules can't be broken through!"

Completely astounded at this tirade, and for the moment scarcely knowing whether to laugh or to cry at her state of thralldom to so insolent and overbearing a servant, Ethel did not reply; while the angry old woman tossed her head, and never offered to assist her either in buttoning the cuffs at her wrists, or pulling on her walking-boots. But when Frippery, taking advantage of her lady's sweet temper, and determined to get the upper-hand of one so young, and so evidently unacquainted with the management of servants, said, "It was quite unbecoming a lady, any ways, now to do any thing for herself, not to mention putting on her own boots, the like of which had never come within her experience!" the tears fairly started into Ethelind's eyes; and though she lingered about in the vain hope of clearing away their traces, her hot cheeks and red eyes instantly struck Philip, as she flew down-stairs, and he asked in a hurried voice what had alarmed her.

Poor Ethie, who could never disguise any thing, again burst into tears, and drawing her husband into the sitting-room, begged earnestly that, for the present at least, she might be relieved of her attendant; and then, between laughing and crying, explained to Philip the indignities she had been subjected to by the ill-tempered unprincipled woman his mother had provided for her.

A dark cloud gathered on his brow as he listened. "You don't know, Ethelind, what you are asking," he replied. "It is neither right nor proper you should be without a servant. What you did as Miss Atherton has nothing to do with the case now you are Lady Leigh. A lady's-maid is as indispensable for you as the clothes you wear. And you must show your servant that you have a will of your own. If you do not, your servants—every body, in fact—will take advantage of your sweet temper. It was very wrong of my mother," he added, pacing up and down the room, and looking sterner than Ethelind had ever seen him do before, "to have sent you such a woman. But I suppose she left it to Barbara or Di, instead of doing what I so particularly desired her to do herself. Well, never mind! I will pack her off out of the house, and she may go back to them. They are better able to keep a servant in her right place than you are: a few of Barbara's lessons will do the old woman no harm. In the mean time, we must see what can be done for you in Paris."

He sat down, and taking out a roll of napoleons from his desk, rang the bell for his servant.

"Here, Godfrey," he said, "pay Frippery a quarter's wages, and her fare to London. Get a passport for her, and yourself see her off by the train which starts to-night in time for the mail-packet from Calais; and tell her also, when next she wants a character, she had better not trust to the one she will get from me, if she is in earnest in getting a place."

Now, Ethelind," he said, as Godfrey closed the door, "run up-stairs and bathe your face, and then we will take our walk and forget your annoyance."

As Ethel came down she met her husband in the hall, from which Frippery, in a flood of tears, was making her exit. She only heard the whining voice of the old woman muttering something about "Poor young thing! she meant no offence; it was only to try and teach her the ways of the world." But she could not mistake the stern angry voice of Philip, as he bade her "never show herself again in his presence at her peril."

The following day a neat, civil, and rather pretty-looking French-woman took Frippery's place, recommended by the first milliner in Paris, to whom Philip had delegated, with an unlimited order, the fitting out of his wife's *troussant*.

They went on from place to place very quietly, visiting every thing worth the notice of travellers; often turning out of their way to embrace some beautiful point of view, less known than the common route (for Sir Philip Leigh had gone over every inch of the ground many times before), or lingering amid sights which were often rapidly passed over by the flocks of tourists who annually flood the Continent.

They carefully avoided mixing in society, either in the hotels or large towns through which they passed. A nervous dread still haunted Philip as to any comments passed on his young wife, until she had grown more into her right position, and was better able to take her place in society, as he intended her to do on their return to England. Apart from this feverish anxiety, he had never before so thoroughly enjoyed a tour abroad. Ethel's admiration was so fresh and genuine, her natural taste for the beautiful, both in art and nature, so good, and her enthusiasm so childlike, it had given quite a zest to his own interest, and awakened in him feelings which he had fancied had died out in his youth. It was only now and then, when they narrowly escaped falling in with some party of English sight-seers, or some taunting letter from Barbara, inquiring how the education of his pretty wife was proceeding, that his old doubts and fears harassed him. When they were on him, though quite unaware of their cause, Ethel instinctively shrank from him. The sudden dismissal of Frippery, though it had proved an inexpressible relief from the thralldom exercised by the old woman over her, had also given her her first insight into the darker shades of his character. She had watched the stern, cold, unyielding brow; she had heard the quick decided order given; she had seen how relentlessly he had carried it out,—and from that moment fear mingled with her love. It was as yet but a cloud, small, thin as a vapour, seen only at intervals, but still there, overshadowing the bright vision of that future which she had once thought could never have been dimmed. Shy and retiring, and free from every shade of conceit, and kept (as Margaret had ever kept her) away from every change of temper in those about her,—she could not comprehend the rapid changes which

came over her husband's brow, producing such a chilling effect on herself, checking the very pulses of her veins, and driving her blood back to her heart. It was not often any thing untoward occurred to Philip during their sojourn abroad, but it was often enough to convince the young wife she laboured under no delusion, and that Margaret was right when she assured her, "that in every state in life, be it what it may, each will have his or her especial trial to bear."

Ethel found little time for letter-writing while perpetually moving about from place to place. Philip never liked to see her with her writing-desk before her. He always proposed a walk, or sat and chatted by her side, or read aloud, whenever she hinted that they would be wondering at her long silence at home. At first the thought of the disappointment her short hurried notes, and those so far apart, would create in her mother and sisters' mind, made her quite unhappy; but as she could seldom or never tell them where to direct to her, and consequently heard only once or twice from Grace or Margaret, and as she had such good reasons to give for her own short letters, she began to look on it as one of the necessary evils of an itinerant life. She often pictured to herself the pleasure she should experience, when, on her return home, she would be able to describe to them more fully than she could do in her hurried letters the many beautiful scenes through which they had passed, and the wonders which had made the most vivid impression on her during her sojourn abroad. They spent several weeks in the south of Italy, and then took up their abode in Rome, when the season had passed, and there were fewer English tourists to disturb them in their quiet survey of every thing most worthy of inspection in that vast old city.

"Here is a commission from Barbara," Philip said, throwing down a letter he had been reading from England. She wants a set of cameos at L——'s. You must come with me, Ethie, and choose them. It will be a good opportunity for you to inspect his collection of mosaics and cameos, and choose one for yourself as well, if there is any thing there which takes your fancy."

Ethelind was quickly dressed; and as they wandered about, examining and admiring the beautiful specimens of art so temptingly displayed, a sudden thought struck Ethelind. Why should she not purchase some little memorial of her visit to Rome, and take them home to her mother and sisters? Hitherto she had spent nothing on herself. Philip's love had supplied her with every thing, and more than every thing, she required. Her own riches still remained untouched in the little casket in which Philip had placed it. What need could she have for money, with a husband who lavished on her every thing she could possibly require?—so freely, indeed, that Ethel had almost learnt to restrain the expression of her admiration, in the dread of finding the object of it in her own possession. Placing her purchases in her bosom, she joined Philip at the other end of the room. He had been so engrossed in some learned discussion, in Italian, on the different stages and improvements in the art,

from the earliest ages, that he had hardly missed Ethel from his side; but supposing she had simply grown weary of a subject, in a language she had not sufficiently mastered to be able readily to follow the liquid tones of the eloquent and enthusiastic Italian, he took up the set they had chosen for Barbara, and asking Ethel if she were ready, prepared to return home.

"I hope your sister will like your choice, Philip," Ethie said, as they sat over their dessert by the open window of their *pallazzo*. "Will you let me look at them again? They will show better here than they did in that close dark room, where there were so many beautiful things to divide your attention."

Philip unfastened the packet, and turning the key of the little casket, disclosed the splendid ornaments resting on their soft velvet beds.

"Barbara ought to be very proud of them," he said. "The fellow assured me they were the first of their kind in Europe; and only yesterday the Marchese de D—— declared she must have them. Of course that is the story they always tell you, when they are particularly anxious to find an English purchaser. But these certainly are very good; and if you would like to keep them for yourself, Ethel, I will go and secure the others for Barbara."

"Oh no, Philip, thank you; they would not suit my light hair half as well as they would do your sister's, which you say is as dark as your own."

"But was there nothing there, in the way of bracelet or brooch, you would have liked? Or perhaps," Philip continued, "one of those pretty little mosaic tables for your *boudoir* would please you better?"

"You were so engrossed in your conversation with Signor L——, you did not see me making my own purchases. You shall see them now," she said; "though, by the way, I ought to have done so before you brought out Barbara's."

Philip just took them up, and laid them down again by Ethelind's side. "They are very pretty and good of their kind," he said; "but I can hardly imagine of what use they will be to you. You could get as good ones as these at any jeweller's in London."

"I dare say I could," Ethel replied; "but then, you know, they would not have been chosen by myself in Rome; and my mother and sisters will value them more on that account even than for their beauty; and they really are *very* beautiful, though you won't acknowledge it."

"Oh, I see now what you mean; I did not understand at first that you intended them for presents. But, Ethie, could you not have chosen something better worth their acceptance? I do not like my wife to be niggardly in her gifts."

A bloom spread over Ethelind's cheeks. "I knew you would tell me so," she replied; "but I think I have made a very judicious choice. This pretty little mosaic will just suit mamma in her mourning, and Grace will be charmed with her Hebe. As to Margaret, she will admire my

pretty allegory, and keep it for my sake; but I very much doubt if she ever wears it. Margaret never wears ornaments."

"Quakers never do, I believe; and, if I remember rightly, Lady Repworth said something about your sister being half a Quaker."

"Lady Repworth had no business to say so, to you or to any one else," Ethel said quickly. "She knows quite well that Margaret is a far better Churchwoman than herself."

Philip put his arm round Ethelind's waist. "Why, I could have fancied it was your sister Grace who was speaking," he said, "and not my gentle little wife. And Lady Repworth is a friend of yours, Ethie!"

Ethelind smiled. "Thank you, Philip, for your hint; I do get warm when Lady Repworth says a word about Margaret. Why she should be so severe in her strictures on my sister,—or on any of us,—I do not know; but it is not the first time I have heard her attributing motives which she knew quite well were not the correct ones."

"She was a neighbour of your father's, I think she told me, if not a parishioner, was she not?"

"Yes, both; but it does not necessarily follow that we were friends. Pupa never disagreed with any one. I do not think he could have done it; and, as far as I remember, a fair share of civility was kept up between us; but no two people could have been more opposite in opinions or actions. Besides, when you hear people so unsparing in their strictures on every body else, you may feel quite sure your time will come as soon as you have turned your back."

"I must say, though, your sister's employments at Deighton are, to say the least of it, very singular," Philip said; "and people who do singular things must expect to be occasionally misrepresented. If there was any necessity for her teaching at all, surely some pleasanter and more profitable employment might be found than that of schoolmistress to a set of ragged village-children."

"That was what mamma said; but then, as Margaret urged, what employment can a woman undertake which is not open to some objections? At all events I will answer for it, if the children at Deighton were ever ragged and dirty, they are not so now Margaret has the care of them."

"You are a capital advocate for your sister, Ethie; but you have not yet made it clear to me that Lady Repworth had no foundation for her charge against her, that she was half a Quaker."

"We are none of us accountable for the accident of our birth, you know, Philip; and it so happened that Margaret's mother was born a 'Friend.' However, she became a Churchwoman before she ever saw my father. As to Margaret herself, you have but to know her to value her strong mind and right principles as much as every one else does. Whatever good qualities Grace or I possess, we owe them entirely to Margaret."

"But Lady Repworth, I am sure, said something about your sister having been brought up with Quakers. How could that be if she were not one of them?"

"She was thrown entirely on the care of her mother's relatives during the time my father was in India. She herself says it was her residence with them which first taught her to value, as she does, her Church privileges, when papa returned home, and she came back to him."

"Your brother and sister have still some Quaker connections, I think Lady Repworth told me?"

"Oh, yes; a funny old uncle and aunt who brought them up, and still take a great interest in all that concerns Margaret, whom, I believe, they look upon as their own child; but mamma never took to them, or they to her,—so we saw very little of them. Papa always thought very highly of them, I know; and they are very much respected at Wylminstre."

"Then you never lived with them?—they do not belong to you?"

Ethel laughed. "Make your mind quite easy on that score, Philip," she said; "except calling on them occasionally with Margaret, or meeting them in the street, I know nothing at all about them. All I do know is, that they are very charitable, good people, who spend the greater part of their time and money in doing good deeds which few know any thing at all about."

Philip was quiet for a few minutes, and then he said, rather suddenly, "Ethelind, you will move in a very different sphere from any you have yet occupied. You will be in quite a new world. You will have to give up many of your old friends and acquaintance, and form new ones. A great deal will be expected of Lady Leigh. I should not like my wife to disappoint people. I should not like them to say I had made a mistake."

"Oh, Philip, if you love me, do not hint at such a thing; do not say so, I pray you," Ethel exclaimed, in a startled, nervous voice, between a laugh and a cry. "You cannot think how very frightened I am growing at the thought of meeting your own family; and how I shall ever do as I ought in my own house, is becoming already quite a burden to me. I have felt many times lately what, perhaps, I ought to have taken more into account before," she added, meekly, "that, after all, who knows but you will be disappointed in the wife you have chosen; and if you should, oh, Philip, what on earth will become of your little wife?"

Philip put his arm round her waist, and drew her to his side; he was startled at her alarm, and half vexed with himself for having yet ventured to hint at the course he was intending to pursue. "You are a foolish little thing," he said, as he kissed away her fast-falling tears. "Do you think I would have ventured to make you my wife if I had doubted your fitness? You must learn to look bravely on to the duties which every wife has to learn, and which of necessity devolve on you; but depend on it, you will get on very well. As to my mother and sisters, when you once get accustomed to their reserved manner,—which



makes people who do not know them call them proud and cold, when it is manner only after all,—I have no doubt you will learn to like them quite as much as your own relations. Come, put away these presents of yours and mine. I will tell Valerie to bring down your bonnet and mantle, and we will take a moonlight stroll this warm evening in the gardens of the Pallazzo.”

#### CHAPTER IX.

THE Leighs' absence from England had now extended over many months. Letters and papers were daily admonishing Sir Philip that it was time for him to set his face homewards. Parliament had met, and his constituents might not long remain so satisfied that their interests should be entirely overlooked when many important bills were pending.

Hitherto he had said little to Ethelind of his own family. It was time now to give her some insight into the characters of her new connections. Ethelind had grown considerably in both height and beauty since her marriage, and, but for the anxiety at her heart at the thought of meeting her husband's family, had acquired much more self-reliance than when she quitted England. Philip, however little he would have acknowledged the feeling, was still nervously fidgety at the impression his young wife would make, not only on the fastidious tastes of his mother and sisters, but on the world also, whose opinions hitherto had exercised such a very arbitrary power over his mind.

They had landed at Folkestone that morning, and taken the train to town. Both travellers at first were silent and abstracted. At last Philip drew out his watch. "I wish my mother had been alone," he said; "the train will be late to-night, and we are sure to keep them waiting for dinner; and you will be hurried in your dressing. It was very foolish of me not to fix the day of our arrival; but I thought, with Anne Leigh in the house, there would be no dinner-parties."

"Are Barbara and Diana both at home with your mother now?" Ethel asked, rather nervously.

"Yes, both, I suppose. My mother does not mention them in her last letter. You will think Barbara very handsome: you will know her from Di by her being shorter and dark, with good, well-defined features, and bright dark hair and eyes. Diana is more reserved and shy—not so easily got on with at first, but possessed of very sterling qualities, and a great favourite with poor Anne Leigh, I know."

"How is it neither of your sisters is married? You say they are good looking, and I suppose they are well portioned."

"Di might have been long ago; but she contrives to avoid all chances of matrimony. She lost her heart some three or four years ago to a very clever nice fellow, a curate, living not far from Leigh Court; but the match was beneath her in every way. He was unobjectionable enough; but his origin was low, and his connections totally out of her own sphere in life. Neither my mother nor Barbara would listen to it;

and Diana herself, led very much by Barbara, arrived at last at the conclusion that the only plan was to throw the poor fellow overboard,—and to this day she has remained single. As to Barbara, nothing but a coronet will, I think, satisfy her ambition; and, as she rather enjoys the fun of flirting, she plays off endless tricks on any luckless fellow who chances to be caught by her handsome face or very independent manners.”

“You often speak of your cousin Anne. How long has she been such an invalid?” Ethelind asked, feeling all the time very nervous at meeting this cousin Anne, who, as far as she could gather from Philip’s allusions to her, exercised a considerable influence on the whole family.

“Ever since she was twenty,” Philip replied. “Poor Anne!” he added; “hers has been a very changed life from what it might have been. She and her brother Arthur were twins, and the only children of the uncle from whom the baronetcy and estates passed to me. I was almost brought up at Redenham, and was at school and college with Arthur, who was as handsome and open-hearted a fellow as one would meet with in a whole life. I was staying with them when the dreadful accident occurred which sent him to an early grave. The horses behind which he was driving his sister ran away, and upset the carriage against a high wall. Arthur was killed on the spot, and Anne so injured in the spine, she has never been any thing but a confirmed invalid since. It was the death-blow to my uncle, who scarcely lived a year afterwards.”

“And your cousin lost her home and every thing? How very sad!”

“She bore it very nobly. We comforted her as well as we could; and my mother would have had her and her mother live with us, but they would not consent to such an arrangement. You must like her, Ethel; I shall be sadly disappointed if you do not. She was my earliest and best friend, and I have the very highest opinion of her judgment.” Philip was silent for some minutes; and when he spoke again it was on some indifferent topic.

A blaze of light almost bewildered Ethelind, as she sprung out of the carriage and up the steps into the hall in Eaton Place. Andrew’s smiling face was her first greeting. The next moment she found herself in the stately embrace of a tall dignified lady, enveloped in black velvet and lace, who had descended to the first landing to receive her son and welcome her new daughter. Ethel hardly dared raise her eyes to those of her new mother, whose cordial smile and kind kiss were warm on her cheek.

Diana and Barbara were in the drawing-room, Mrs. Leigh said. They did not yet know of Philip’s arrival. She herself led Ethelind upstairs into her own room, assuring Philip “there were only a few of his old friends dining with them, and that there would be plenty of time for them to dress for dinner, if Lady Leigh did not take a long time in making her toilet.”

Ethel started and blushed; it sounded strange to be called Lady Leigh by Philip’s mother, of whose stately manners, and cold critical eye, she was already half disposed to be afraid.

There was, however, no time for fears; the dinner had already been delayed for them. Luckily, Valerie was both active and energetic; and it never took Ethel long to get through her dressing when once she set about it; and when Philip tapped at her door to see if she were ready to descend with him, he found his trembling wife standing before the cheval-glass, receiving the finishing touches from Valerie's light fingers. During the whole of their journey Ethel had never quite thrown aside her mourning; but, with a quick appreciation of what was due to her husband's feelings, she had put on this evening a white moire silk, made as a French woman only can make a dress,—its only ornament a white lace *berthé* nearly covering the bodice.

Valerie, whose especial pride it was to dress her young mistress's luxuriant hair in the simplest and most becoming taste, had just twisted up the thick wavy masses of coil and curl with a simple *bandeau* of pearls; and as she stood there drawing on her white gloves, and clasping above them the cameo and pearl bracelets she had hastily chosen from their total absence of colour, Philip was as much startled by her loveliness as when he first saw her at the Repworth ball.

"Oh, Philip! I am so frightened!" Ethelind said; and the tears were ready to brim over in her large eyes. "I did not think I should have found it half so bad, though I have dreaded it so from the first."

"Diana and Barbara ought to have met you with my mother, and so have had it all over at once. At all events, they could have come up here to you," he said, in a short, abrupt, dissatisfied tone. "But come," he added, "you look remarkably well; don't spoil it all by tears; we will go down at once and get it over."

He drew her arm into his, and in a minute she found herself in the centre of a large well-lighted room, receiving the cold formal kisses which her two sisters-in-law proffered,—and then the stately introduction of "Lady Leigh," by her mother-in-law, to the numerous guests who had been so long and anxiously waiting her arrival. The announcement of dinner followed directly.

"Philip, you will take your own place at the foot of the table, and Lady Leigh, as our greatest stranger, into dinner," his mother said; and Ethelind felt she could have blessed her for those few considerate words.

It is strange what small matters influence us sometimes. Those cold kisses from Philip's sisters had acted like ice on the burning forehead of the fever-stricken. It had nerved Ethelind instantly to self-possession; though beyond her husband and the gentleman on the other side of her, whose generous heart was touched with pity for the lovely young creature, thrown for the first time among a set of new connections, never much famed for their sympathy in the feelings of others, she scarcely entered into conversation with any one.

She did not care to eat; her appetite had fled before the excitement of this family introduction; but she sat with a heightened colour and bright

eyes, talking to her pleasant gray-haired companion, until recalled to herself by Philip's saying in an under-tone, "Ethel, my mother waits for you to make the move into the drawing-room."

She started, coloured, and hastily drew on her gloves. It had escaped her that she was some one of importance now.

Philip looked after her, as he stood with the open door in his hand to let the ladies pass. He did not know how she would get on when left entirely to the tender mercy of his sisters; but his confidence had considerably increased since they had sat down to dinner.

Ethelind moved on to the fire, for she felt chilly after her long journey, and the guests gathered about her to take a closer view of her beautiful face. Mrs. Leigh was kind and almost motherly, as she wheeled up a large easy chair, and begged her to take it with a stately grace, observing, "she was sure she must feel tired after her stormy passage and long railroad journey."

"You forget I am so used to travelling now," Ethelind said; "and Philip is very careful not to let me go too far at a time."

Barbara, who was busying herself at the table, came forward from where she had been standing. "I am very curious to see Philip in his new character," she said. "I hope he does not try to make you believe that his laws are those of the Medes and Persians." He always persisted so manfully in the theory of implicit obedience in a wife as her first and supreme duty, that I feel rather curious to see how he carries it out."

"Hitherto his laws have been very easy ones to obey," Ethelind replied, with a smile at Barbara's abrupt address.

"His sisters have seen him so long a bachelor, they had almost learnt to believe he would never be any thing else," Mrs. Leigh said. "You forget, Barbara, that a good son could scarcely make other than a good husband, and no wife who loves her husband but would readily yield to his wishes."

"You should have added, when they are not unreasonable," Barbara broke in.

"I am sure Philip's never could be," Mrs. Leigh said, in her own peculiarly stately way.

"Ah, Philip is your son, Mamma, *sans peur, sans reproche*, we all know. I don't think I possess the same faith in him, though, that you profess. By the by, Lady Leigh, you have had one sample already of the Leigh spirit when roused; how came you to submit so quietly to Frippery's sudden dismissal? Now, had I been in your place, I should have felt in duty bound to have exerted my own power, and so have convinced my liege lord at one stroke that I meant 'to be judge in my own little court.'"

"Not if you had felt as much relieved by her dismissal as I did," Ethel said timidly.

"Well, tastes differ, I know, in the matter of ladies'-maids, as in other things. We used to think her a capital servant, cross and ill-tempered as she could be, I freely acknowledge; but then, when one insisted on one's

independence, and treated her as she deserved, she soon grew as meek and tractable as a lamb."

"But she never gave me the opportunity," Ethelind replied. "She started with the idea that I was a child, and such she seemed determined to keep me. I was really afraid of her, and very thankful to Philip for ridding me of her."

"I own I felt doubtful about her myself," Mrs. Leigh said; "but Barbara was so sure she would manage so well for you, in your moving about,—that she so well understood how to pack, and to get on in foreign hotels, which nine out of ten English servants blunder over dreadfully,—that I gave way. Did you succeed readily in supplying her place?"

"Philip managed it all for me. I had no trouble,—and a very nice servant he met with, I assure you."

"Just fancy Philip hunting for a lady's-maid in Paris!" Barbara broke in. "What strange changes come over people when they are absorbed in *la grande passion*!"—and her sharp satirical laugh brought up a painful colour on Ethel's cheeks. It did not escape the quick eye of Mrs. Leigh, any more than the nervous hurried glances she kept bending on the door every time it opened, as if she longed for her husband's presence to reassure her, and keep Barbara at a distance.

All this time Diana was in the inner drawing-room, with a knot of people about her, talking very quietly, as if no new sister in whom she took the slightest interest was there. It was an inexpressible relief to Ethelind when some of the gentlemen, and Philip among the number, joined the ladies. He went quietly to where she was sitting, said a few reassuring words, and then, seeing her flushed face and nervous look, asked her to go with him to the other end of the room to look at a picture he would try and show her of Redenham. He had to hunt for it in a portfolio of engravings and water-colour sketches. Here they were joined by Mr. Malcome, the gentleman who had sat beside her at dinner, who, in his own pleasant way, soon drew off Ethel's attention into some pleasanter channel,—showed her some nicely done sketches of many of the scenes through which she had so lately lingered,—discoursed eloquently about Italian architecture, and pointed out its peculiar attributes in the pictures before them,—until Ethel forgot that Philip was no longer beside her, but standing by the fireplace in the inner room, talking very earnestly with his sister Diana. Now there was something in Diana Leigh's face which pleased Ethelind infinitely more than her handsome sister Barbara's; but Diana had made no single advance towards her brother's wife. She had almost turned away from her, and kept now among their other guests, as if to avoid a collision, though Ethelind felt rather than saw that her eyes were continually upon her. She would have given something to have been standing by Philip's side; but she felt she was unreasonable, and she strove very hard to overcome her timidity, and try to forget herself.

Presently she missed them both; they had quitted the room, and it was not until coffee had long disappeared she again recognised them,—first Diana and then Philip, talking very earnestly together, a little apart from every one else.

Two or three others had joined Mr. Malcome and herself; and Ethelind, who was really weary and tired with her day's excitement, and her long journey, sat back in her large easy chair, leaving the conversation to those who stood round the table. Presently she heard some one ask Barbara for a song. She watched her go towards her harp and commence tuning its strings. Philip came to Ethel. "You look perfectly worn out," he said in a low voice. "You are overdone, Ethie;—come with me;" and he opened a side-door near them, and led her out into the lobby. He took up a candle and lit it.

"Can you find your way, do you think, to your own room, or shall I ring for Valerie? I had intended proposing that you should have paid Anne a visit. She is very anxious to see you; but you look so tired and weary, you will be far better in bed."

"Is that where you went just now when I missed you?" she asked; "I wish you had taken me with you."

"I could not do that. I did not know whether Anne wished it," he replied, quickly. "You know I have not seen her since I even thought of a wife, and it might have startled her to have taken you to her unexpectedly. However, she seems very anxious to see you, and to-morrow early you must go to her."

"I will go now if you will only take me," Ethelind said; "I am not tired or sleepy, now I am out of that hot room, and I do not feel as if there were so many pairs of eyes upon me."

"You need not fear the eyes,—you did remarkably well; and if Diana had been here, she should have taken you up to Anne. Oh, there is Anne's maid coming along the corridor. She will take you. I must go back to my mother; I have hardly spoken to her yet;" and then, hastily placing her in the care of Mrs. Berry, a nice respectable-looking person, above the common class of servants, Philip hurried back to the drawing-room, leaving his wife to follow her conductor up-stairs.

"My mistress will be very pleased to see you, my lady," Mrs. Berry said, with a smile of evident pleasure, as she opened the door, and ushered her into Miss Leigh's room. Ethelind was a little startled at the figure she saw reclining at full length in the far end of the half-lighted room. A quilted satin coverlid and a large Indian shawl nearly enveloped her figure? while from a small white pillow frilled with lace gleamed out a pair of brilliant black eyes, real Leigh eyes, fringed by blacker eye-lashes and clearly-defined eye-brows. Her hollow sunken cheeks wore that sallow sickly hue, a sure sign of long-continued illness and suffering; her features were too prominent for beauty, but had her cheeks been fuller and rounder, the outline of her delicate and slightly aquiline nose would have been considered decidedly handsome. There was a look

of sorrow, or rather sadness, lingering about the mouth; but it was redeemed by the sweetness of the smile which now and then flitted across it, lighting up the bright eyes also, as they gleamed out like watchfires between the mass of wavy hair which, untinged by a single thread of silver, had fallen on each side of her face upon the white pillow on which she rested. Nothing could have formed a greater contrast than the two who met there for the first time. "Dear Lady Leigh! this is indeed kind," Anne exclaimed, as she took Ethel's hands in both her own, and, drawing down her face, imprinted a warm lingering kiss upon her brow.

"Philip told me you would like me to come," Ethel said, as if apologising for her sudden appearance.

"Philip knew how very anxious I have felt to know and welcome his wife. And so lovely as you are too!" she said, still holding her hands and gazing with riveted eyes upon the fair vision before her, as if she could not withdraw them from any thing so beautiful. "I am sure of one thing," she added, as Mrs. Berry placed a chair for Ethelind close beside her mistress's couch,—“you will be Philip's good angel.”

"Dear Miss Leigh, you are very kind!" Ethelind replied, and tears rose up into her eyes; "but you do not know what a terrible day this has been to me! I fear I am far too dependent on Philip ever to be of any use to him."

"Poor child! I can understand it all; but it will look brighter and pleasanter to-morrow when you know them, and are used to my aunt and cousins."

Ethel sighed. "Do you think I ever shall know them, Miss Leigh?" she asked, in a grave sad voice. "You cannot tell how immeasurably far apart I have felt to-night; so unlike what it would have been at home with my own mother and sisters!" Tears would come into her eyes, though she tried hastily to wipe them away. Abroad I did not want any one but Philip; but here I am so frightened at all I have to do, that I feel I shall need a friend to tell me when I do wrong."

"But Philip will do that. I think you need scarcely alarm yourself on that point."

"Philip will expect me to do what is right, but he will not direct me; and then I shall be stupid and nervous; and that I know will annoy him, and that will make me worse."

Miss Leigh smiled at the artless confession of the young wife. "We all have something to learn, and a great deal to do," she replied; "but I don't think with such a husband as Philip you need feel over-anxious. Do every thing which you feel he would wish you to do, and try, for his sake, to be brave,—it will very much lessen your difficulties. Above all, try and love Philip's mother and sisters; they have warm hearts, I assure you; but they have an easy independent manner, which sometimes disconcerts timid people. If they occasionally say sharp things, remember it is manner only, and you will soon learn not to regard it."

It was the first time Ethelind had felt the comfort of a female friend

since she had bidden Grace good-by on her wedding-day. She could hardly have believed that Anne Leigh had been quite unknown to her a short hour ago.

Long after Valerie's dismissal, Ethelind sat by her fire anxiously listening for Philip's step on the stairs. But except first the distant roll of carriages, and then the slamming of doors, as the guests departed, no sound indicated that the family were retiring to rest. At last, wearied in body and mind, Ethel crept into bed, and fell into a sound sleep.

It was long past midnight when Philip entered her room. The fire had burnt low in the grate, and the soft breathings of his sleeping wife, as he bent over her, were the only sounds of life. A conscious feeling of neglect arose in his heart as he saw the little bible and prayer-book which Ethel always used lying open on the table, and the silken slippers and dressing-gown beside them on the sofa, which told of the weary watching she had kept while he, charmed by the novelty of his mother's and sisters' society, had stopped on, chatting to them, forgetful of the young thing he had voluntarily brought into so uncongenial an atmosphere, pining so sadly for her own mother's love.

For a moment he felt half tempted to forego all his schemes, and himself take Ethelind the next day to see her mother and sisters. But Barbara's inquiry of "how he meant to dispose of his wife's mother?"—of whom she had gathered enough from Colonel Foley to enable her to torment her brother with all sorts of innuendoes and provoking allusions—crossed his mind, and in an instant dispelled the charm which his love for Ethelind was gaining over his prejudice.

"It shall be made up to her, poor little thing!" he mentally exclaimed as he bent down and kissed her brow. "It will be a hard trial for her at first, but her love for me will lighten the sacrifice; and she is so young, she will soon learn to feel that the separation, which she now believes temporary, is in reality final." Before the morning's sun awoke Ethelind, Philip had dressed and left the house, leaving only a brief message with Valerie that he hoped to join them all at breakfast.

This was the only solace Ethelind could obtain as she dressed and descended to the breakfast-room, with a sort of foreboding presage weighing heavily at her heart that the business of life had indeed commenced, and henceforth she and Philip would be little better than strangers to each other.

"So Philip is after his old tricks again?" Barbara said, as she held out her hand to welcome her sister-in-law. "We thought you would have schooled him into a pattern husband; but if he gives way to temptation the first time it comes in his way, I fear your labour must have been all in vain."

"I dare say Philip is gone to find his steward," Mrs. Leigh said; "I know he came to town yesterday to meet him. Philip will have plenty of business on his hands after his long absence. Come, my dear," she added, drawing a chair to her side for Ethelind; "we will not wait for him. Gentlemen always like to be able to do as they please."



Ethel sat down, but the good things which covered the table were alike uninviting. Her appetite had deserted her, and she kept nervously watching the door every time it opened, in the vain hope of seeing her husband enter. Diana, too, was late; but she came at last, and began wondering what had taken Philip away so early in the morning.

"Why, my dear Di, one would suppose Philip had never gone out before without leave!" her mother said, in a slightly irritated tone. "Surely it is nothing new for him to suit his own convenience. Lady Leigh will soon learn that gentlemen hate to be tied to time, or asked questions about their own affairs."

Diana made no reply to her mother; but turning to Ethel, she said, as she drew her chair to the table, "So you went into Anne's room last night, Lady Leigh?"

"Yes; Philip wished it, and I wanted very much to see her," Ethelind replied.

"Philip never said he had taken you when I asked him what had become of you," Mrs. Leigh said, turning round quickly on Ethel, with a look which almost took away the poor girl's breath. She felt the colour mount into her face.

"I fear I must have done wrong," she said; "but, as Philip wished it, I thought it must be right. I hope I have not made Miss Leigh worse by my intrusion. I really am very sorry—!"

"Don't alarm yourself, Lady Leigh," Barbara broke in with a laugh, as if rather enjoying poor Ethelind's look of distress.

"You did Anne no harm, for I saw her this morning myself. She is full of your ladyship's beauty, and the sensation she predicts you will create in society."

"I really am very sorry," Ethel again said, nervously, "at having gone to her with only Philip's leave; but I thought when he told me she wished it, it was right to do so. I will be more careful for the future."

"Oh, I dare say you have done no harm, my dear," Mrs. Leigh said, in a more soothing tone, as she saw how uncomfortable Ethelind looked; "but we are very careful not to excite Anne at all. She is a sad invalid, poor thing; and any thing connected with Philip makes us afraid for her. The thought of your arrival yesterday kept her entirely to her own room, and we naturally dreaded the effect of seeing you on her weak frame. However, Barbara says she is not the worse for it; so we will think it a difficulty well overcome."

And why should Anne Leigh so dread meeting Philip or herself, was a question Ethelind longed to ask; but something in her companion's manner chilled her, and she let the subject drop.

"What are we all going to do to-day?" Diana asked, as she laid down the newspaper she had been turning listlessly over. "Lady Leigh, what are your plans for the day?"

"Mine?" exclaimed Ethelind. "I am sure I do not know; if Philip

were here, he would tell me. For myself, I do not care where I go. London is quite new to me; it is my first visit to the great city."

"More of a Goth than I had given you credit for," Barbara said laughing; "I thought, in these days of steam and railroads, no one lived to be twenty without having seen London."

"But I am not twenty,—I am only just seventeen; so you will find me behind-hand in every thing," Ethelind replied, meekly.

"And Philip will get the credit of your education, I suppose. Well, it might suit some men, I dare say, to educate and bring a wife up to hand; but I should have doubted Philip's caring to undertake the task. But this, I imagine, is but another proof of the inconsistencies of men when they are under Cupid's influence."

"I wish very often I were older," Ethelind said; "I quite dread the idea of managing a house, or receiving visits, or going out. And if Philip is much engaged, and leaves any thing to me, and I should disappoint him, I don't know what I shall do."

"Why, I for one shan't envy you; that is all the comfort I can give you," Barbara said with a light ringing laugh, which shot through Ethelind's heart and made it quiver.

"Make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, and take you into her councils, you should have said, Barbara," Diana interrupted. Mrs. Leigh looked grave. "If you have a proper degree of confidence in yourself, my dear, and refer any serious difficulties to your husband, you will do very well after a time, I dare say; but pray do not adopt the childish notion of carrying every little grievance to your husband. At the same time," she added, drawing herself up with a stately look, "never forget that his dignity as well as happiness are in your keeping. We shall all look to you to uphold the bold step he has taken, in marrying such a young wife as yourself, by your showing the world that, after all, there was more wisdom in his choice than they imagined. Many girls of the best families would have been very proud to have been Philip's wife."

Barbara started up and ran to the window. "Look, Di!" she exclaimed; "there are those identical ponies, and that lovely little pony-carriage, we all admired so yesterday in the Park. It must be the turn-out Lord Mordaunt was so eloquent over the other night at the Opera. I declare they are the loveliest ponies I ever saw in my life," she added, as the whole party went to the windows to look at them.

"And that looks like Manton driving them," Diana said, raising her glass to get a better view of them. "What can he be doing with them, I wonder?"

"Manton driving Lady Gordon's ponies! Impossible, my dear!" Mrs. Leigh said, rising up slowly from her chair, and coming towards the window.

"It is Manton, mamma, I assure you, plainly enough; and oh, what would I not give to be able to drive those loves of ponies round the Park myself!"

“And if you are a good girl, I have no doubt Lady Leigh will often let you do so.” (It was Philip’s voice behind them. They had none of them heard his step until he was close beside them.) “I hope you like them, Ethie; they have cost me an uncommonly hard bargain, I can tell you. And now I want my breakfast, for I am growing very hungry.”

“Oh, Philip!” was all Ethelind ventured to utter; but a warm little hand found its way lovingly into his broad palm, and he knew perfectly the love and gratitude it expressed.

Ethel sat down by her husband to help him to all he wanted, and to listen to the story he had to tell of his hearing the gentlemen talking of them the night before; of the number of people who wanted them, and were only withheld from purchasing by the exorbitant price Lord Gordon asked for the turn-out, and his determination not to part with them separately; of Philip’s resolve to go, the first thing in the morning, and see them for himself, and secure them for Ethel, if they really were what every one described them.

The only one in the family in whom Ethelind felt the love and sympathy she longed for was Anne Leigh.

“I am to go to Hunt and Roskell’s with Philip to-morrow morning,” Ethelind said, as she sat by Anne’s side on a low ottoman by the fire; “I wish you could go with us. I know nothing at all about such things, and Philip says the family jewels will all require fresh setting. Are you as fond of such things, I wonder, as I am? I think precious stones so very beautiful. Not that I should care to wear them I think, but I should like to see their flashing beauty and contrast their different effects, and the taste displayed in their settings.”

Since the death of the last baronet, the unusually valuable plate and jewels of the family had been safely deposited in the strong-room of their banker in Lombard Street, and never seen daylight. It was needful now that it should be examined, and such alterations and additions made as would be considered requisite. No one, however, had ventured to mention to Anne Leigh that the jewel-case was now in Eaton Place. It was thought that any reference to Redenham must be painful to her, and gradually the place and all its associations had grown to be looked on in the Leigh family as a subject entirely “tabooed” in Anne’s presence. Of this Ethel was quite unaware; and as she sat on her low seat, with her head bent down over a volume of plates she was turning over on her lap, she did not observe the looks of consternation which passed between Philip’s sisters, nor the cloud which gathered for a moment on Philip’s brow, as he sat behind the folds of his newspaper at a table a little beyond them.

The faintest possible tinge of colour passed over the invalid’s face, and as quickly died away again, and then she said in her own sweet soft voice, “I wish indeed that I could; but, as that is impossible, I should like very much to see the old ebony casket which was the especial charm of my own childhood. Could it not be brought in here and examined

before it is sent to Hunt and Roskell's? I should like to look again at the jewels which I remember so well my dear mother wearing on state occasions, before their settings are altered. Philip, if they are in the house, will you gratify me by letting me see them?"

The newspaper was instantly dropped. Every pair of eyes anxiously turned on the speaker.

"Are you quite sure you wish it, Anne? You do not really mean it?" both Barbara and Diana exclaimed, in one voice.

But Anne paid no heed to either of them. "Philip knows quite well that I do," she said, in the same steady low tone; and without a word more of query her cousin rose up from his chair and went out of the room.

Almost before his sisters had recovered their surprise he returned, followed by Andrew, who stood the old black carved ebony casket, with its elaborate silver hinges and lock, on the drawing-room table, and, placing additional lights beside it, withdrew; while Ethelind, conscious of some family mystery which to her inexperienced mind seemed to pervade every topic of conversation on which she ventured, came eagerly to the table, to which she was followed by the not less eager though stately steps of her sisters-in-law. Anne's sofa was carefully pushed up to the table, and her face as thoughtfully thrown into shade by Ethelind's adjustment of a screen, under pretext of the dazzling light being quite too strong for an invalid's eyes.

Anne Leigh had been gazing for some time very intently on a large string of beautiful pearls. She held them up to the light, twisted them across Ethelind's white neck, and then quietly laid them down on their little tray. "These would suit you, Lady Leigh," she said: "I hope Philip will have them made up for you; they sadly need a fresh setting. I remember once wearing them myself. I felt very proud of them then; it was, I recollect, at my first public ball."

Ethelind did not venture to look up; no one answered for a minute, and then Lady Leigh, to break the awkward pause, took up a splendid set of opals intermixed with sapphires and rubies. "I think these would become me best," she said, playfully. "My light hair requires something brighter than pearls."

"Oh, not those, Lady Leigh, I entreat!" Anne exclaimed, nervously. "You know what opals are said to entail,—the 'pierre de malheur' of the Russians, bringing sorrow and misfortune on all who wear them."

Ethel laughed. "I am not superstitious," she said; "I do not think they can harm me; and do you know they have always been my favourite stone. If Philip is proof against your auguries, I am," she added, gaily.

"Ah, I see how it will be," Anne said, with a smile, as she pressed the little hand laid on hers. "If Philip's love leads you into tempting misfortune, he thinks it is strong enough to bring you safely out of it when it comes upon you."

It took the party some time to go through the contents of the casket;

and when it was all over, Anne looked so wearied that Ethelind entreated to be allowed to ring the bell for Mrs. Berry, and then, with the assistance of Diana and the servant, Anne retired to her own room for the night.

With Anne, Ethel's pleasures in Eaton Place seemed to vanish; and excusing herself on the plea of her late hours the night before, Ethelind went off to bed, leaving Philip, as usual, for his chat undisturbed by her presence, with his mother and sisters.

"You will come and see us at Redenham, I hope?" Ethelind said, the last evening of their stay in town, as she sat on her usual low seat beside Anne Leigh's couch. "I should so like to have you there; and I know quite well Philip would."

A sudden colour mounted up into Anne's face, and then left it paler than it usually was. Ethel felt instantly conscious she had made some unfortunate blunder. There was an awkward pause, and then Anne, who was the first to recover herself, said, in a low hurried voice, "It is very long now since I was at Redenham, and I used to think I could never venture there again. I will make no promises. I will not say I will never go and see you. Redenham is associated with my earliest and tenderest feelings. You must like it for my sake. You will soon learn to do so for its own."

"Oh, yes! I am sure I shall. I am so fond of the country; and I shall make Philip show me your rooms, and your garden," she added, in lower tone, trying to appear unconscious of Anne's embarrassment; "and I will have them kept up just as you used to do."

"You are far more hospitable to Anne than towards us, Lady Leigh," Barbara said, looking up from the book she was reading. "You have never once asked Di or myself to visit you, and we shall both be dying with curiosity to find out how you do the honours of your house."

"Because I never thought it needful to assure Philip's sisters they would be welcome wherever Philip might be."

"And you were not so sure of Anne's welcome from your liege lord," she added, with one of those light laughs which always sent the blood tingling (as it did now) through Ethelind's veins, and deepened the faint colour on Anne's pale cheeks.

"You have no right to infer any such thing," Ethel replied, in a tone very unlike her usual one, and which entirely forbade Barbara from pursuing her disagreeable topic.

Anne drew Ethelind's hot flushed cheek down and pressed it to hers, and laid her thin white hand upon her head, and played with her bright curls; and when Philip joined them, Ethelind's smiles had returned, and she was trying hard to like Philip's mother and sisters, for his sake, and wondering very much, in her own mind, why she found it so very difficult to do so.

## Ancient Classical Novelists.

### PART I.

WHEN Miss Catherine Morland, in *Northanger Abbey*, ingenuously confesses that she likes nothing in the world so well as novels, particularly if horrid, and has always felt a profound compassion for historians who only wrote books which, they must be aware, could be of no use but to torment children, she expressed what unconsciously passes through a good many minds while undergoing the process of intellectual improvement. With the fear of Lord Stanley before our eyes, or of some equally formidable person armed with statistics as to the number of times that *Macaulay* is taken out at the libraries of mechanics' institutes, we must not venture to appropriate Miss Morland's ideas to any grown-up people at the present day. But we may confidently appeal to the schoolboy who snatches a trembling joy from the *Fair Maid of Perth*, hid under the pedagogue-defying aegis of "all the works of Thucydides," whether he does not think that, in spite of the Funeral Oration, the festivals of Bacchus, the shows of gladiators, and the outdoor life, Athens and Rome must have been rather stupid places in the evening, and presenting attractions by no means to be compared with those of a library-chair before the long-room fire, with eight-and-forty volumes of the *Standard Novels* quite convenient to one's elbow? If it should occur to him to ask,—since he does not find the classics so very amusing himself,—whether they were found to be so by those among whom they were produced, and if not, whether there was any thing more lively for them to turn to, he will perhaps learn that they had the proceedings in the courts of justice, or the speeches in the Forum, to charm their ears, and at certain times plays, serious and comic, or shows, as the case might be. But unless his researches take him further into the "silver" age of classic lore than is usually the case, possibly he may not learn that a taste for fiction and the means of its gratification, far from being confined to modern times, have had their representatives in all ages which could boast of any thing like a widely-extended literature. Even if he had writhed under the schoolmaster whose propensity for conjugating *τύπτω* in the active voice Horace has commemorated by an *επι-* adhesive epithet, he need not have been destitute of similar consolations to those which cheered William Dobbin in Doctor Swishtail's playground with visions of Sinbad and Aladdin, and supported his soul under the insults of Cuff.

Greek and Roman novels have never, indeed, formed part of the scholastic curriculum, or we should not be writing about them here. Their style is generally inferior to that of the recognised "classics;" and the information they afford about domestic and social life is less trustworthy than that which we accidentally pick up from the poets and

satirists; for, being borrowed from a variety of sources, and laying their scenes in all sorts of places, that minute reflection of manners which belongs to good novels of contemporary life was not aimed at, and would perhaps have been as little appreciated. That they are not always adapted to be read *virginibus puerisque* is also true, but might not have been an insurmountable objection to them in the eyes of those grave men who introduced Juvenal, Martial, and Aristophanes to the minds of ingenuous youth. With regard to social life, we certainly get from them a variety of particulars, though whether all these belonged to one period must be frequently doubtful. The chief interest in reading them, apart from the amusement of their satiric touches or the excitement of their narrative, lies in the light they throw upon what people were thinking about at the time they were written, when war or politics were not occupying their attention. From them we gain some idea of what might have been the subjects of conversation at a middle-class table in the provinces in the early centuries of our era; and we find not a few resemblances to our own times, though, as we shall see, not always in particulars of which we have any reason to be proud. Detaining the reader for a short time while we say a word on the probable origin of these fictions, we will then proceed to lay some of them before him in a select, and, we hope, not unamusing form.

Of course, the chief romances which have come down to us,—and some of which answer as completely to the modern idea of a novel as any narrative of the late Mr. G. P. R. James,—did not spring up all at once. No form of literature ever does. Like poetry, history, and philosophy, Prose Fiction had its beginnings, though it cannot be said that we know much about them. But the forms of imaginative literature are as closely connected with each other—though often by as subtle links—as the forms of art; and we can trace their similarity, though we cannot always precisely determine the point at which one passes into the other. Between the Byzantine architecture of St. Mark's at Venice, with its thick supports, ponderous superstructure, and flat ornamentation, and the airy lightness of Strasburg or Evreux, there is a relationship, just as in the half-classical paintings coeval with the former structure we can recognise the precursors of the brilliant and grotesque illumination which enthusiastic recluses elaborated under the shadow of the latter. To recount the various additions and subtractions by which ancient epic poetry passed into modern romance, would be as tedious a process as to narrate the successive darnings by which Sir John Cutler's celebrated stockings were transmuted from silk into cotton. Yet undoubtedly the one was the forerunner of the other. In some young-lady-like novel of the present day,—we forget which,—the author, with an absurdity still not uncommon among novelists, even after the ridicule of Miss Austen, sneers at the rest of her craft, and promises to produce a much more *amusing tale than any thing they are likely to get from the circulating library. What she produces is the Odyssey.* The whole scene is a bit

of affectation as it occurs; but it is doubtless true that the *Adventures of Ulysses* do constitute a very good story, even when divested of their antique simplicity and poetry, and of the strokes of character which make them so dramatic. It is not difficult to understand how the popularity of Homer kept up the tone of mind which is disposed to welcome what we call a romance. Every body knows that some persons prefer novels of adventure, some novels of character. No doubt these two tastes existed eighteen hundred years ago in just as much contrast as they do at present. The latter class would have, at that epoch, plenty of sustenance. It had Greek poetry, especially plays, and it had Latin epic verse and satire. The former class is likely at all times to have been a less literary and cultivated one than the other; so, perhaps, when there was not literature enough for every body, it was the one which went without. But in the Augustan age it demanded, no doubt, "something amusing to read" from the *Sosii* of the day, just as it does now from Mr. Mudie; and the demand was met in one way or another.

We have very few remains of the books which were read by people who found Virgil "slow" and Horace "sadly satirical."

The writer whom, for want of a better, we must consider as the father of Western European fictionists, is a certain PARTHENIUS NICAENUS. He was Virgil's tutor in Greek, and indited various poems in that language, one of which, descriptive of the method of preparing a rustic salad, is supposed to have been imitated by his pupil in the piece called *Mortatum*.\* The work with which we are now particularly concerned is one called "Varieties in the Passion of Love," which he is said to have translated from the "Milesian Tales." It was dedicated to that Gallus to whom Virgil inscribes his tenth Eclogue, and whom Professor Becker has chosen for the hero of his story of "Latin Life." The "Milesian Tales" were as celebrated in their day as the *Decameron* has been since; but if Parthenius's thirty-six stories are literal reproductions of them, the former are no very great loss in a literary point of view. None of the narratives of Parthenius would be long enough to occupy more than about a page of this Magazine. So they have no room for dialogue or description. They are all devoted to the intrigues of the mythical gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines, whose amours are told in the most matter-of-fact style, like the "Accidents and Offences" column of a weekly newspaper. If some very unimaginative person were to take up the *Morte d'Arthur*, and all the other mediæval romances in which the Knights of the Round Table are introduced, and were to combine his information about Lancelot and Guinever, Tristan and Isralt, and the rest, in an epitomised form, he would produce something not unlike the work of Parthenius. And a very bald, dull affair that is. It is true that the learned Mr. Hirschig, the latest editor of the "Erotici Scriptores," calls it "a very pleasant little book" (*jucundissimus libellus*); but a

\* Translated by Cowper, under the title of "A Salad from Virgil."



German scholar's ideas of the pleasurable are naturally peculiar. In justice to the taste of the ancient world, we are obliged to suspect that the "Milesian Tales" had rather more life in them, even though it might not be of the most refined character; and that the "Varieties" is a species of collation or abridgment. In any case, we cannot suppose that Virgil could have very warmly patronised this publication of his tutor. The love described by Parthenius by no means corresponded to the virginal significance of his own name; nor would it have pleased the chaste Muse of his pupil, who lingers with fondness over the fidelity of Orpheus, and enlists the sympathy of generations of tender-hearted readers for the passion of Dido. But the book was popular enough to be read at Rome in the third century, and to continue in some degree of favour till the tenth (if the editors are right in ascribing to the latter the sole Ms. by which it has come down to us); and it is so far valuable as furnishing us with a test of literary taste for the times in which it was enjoyed.

All the writers of classical fiction have not reached us in an original form. Some are known only from the abridgment which Photius, the Patriarch of Constantinople, made of their contents in his work called the "Library," an analysis of the books he read while engaged in his embassy at some Eastern court.

The writer of fiction who, from the account of Photius, seems to have come next in order of time to Parthenius, is an obscure person called ANTONIUS DIOGENES, who addressed himself to a more innocent taste, but one not much superior, in a literary sense, to that of the readers who were pleased by Parthenius. Diogenes' book was called "An Account of the Incredible Things in Thule;" it seems to have been a mixture of materials suggested partly by Homer and his successors, partly by Herodotus, partly drawn from Oriental sources. The hero is Dinias, an Arcadian, who gets to Thule by going round the world in an easterly direction. The heroine is Dercyllis, a fair Tyrian, who must have been the Ida Pfeiffer of her epoch; for she had visited Rhodes, Spain, and Sicily, and had ventured "lone and undaunted" among the Celts. That highly-favoured nation the Cimmerians, who appear to have been the sextons of ancient mythology, and to have had from time immemorial the privilege of "showing the vaults" to strangers, indulged her with a "private view" of the infernal regions. In Spain she had found a race who united the advantages of the cat with the deficiencies of the owl, for they could see at night, but found the day too much for them. This looks like an attempt to compete with the Father of History in his own peculiar walk, but without his humour. Another of her experiences was due to a certain Paapis, a priest, who, in fact, had driven her from home, and who followed her to Thule, where he used to make her die every night and come to life in the morning, which looks like a clumsy reproduction of some Oriental story. She manages to dissolve his spells, and then goes home again. Her friend Dinias, however, proceeds to the north, where he finds the days six months, and sometimes a whole year

length; and (after travelling, we suppose, in his sleep) he wakes up a fine morning at Tyre, and stays there with Dercyllis and her friends: the rest of his life.

We have seen two of the great sources of fiction—Homer and the Eastern story-tellers—appearing in the writers we have mentioned. The taste for the marvellous, which eagerly received accounts of physical or supernatural wonders, would naturally be not less stimulated by the mysterious powers which were ascribed to persons like Pythagoras, of transmigration either into the forms of other animals, or of endowing one animal with many different souls. Matters of this kind formed the whole substance of the work of LUCIUS PATRENSIS, who is the next author of fiction whom Photius mentions. His book seems to have been filled with stories resembling those in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, not woven into any plot, and not laying any claim to probability. One does not exactly understand what attraction there could have been in such stories, for those of Ovid are only acceptable from the exquisite ingenuity of the writer and the grace of his versification, and would have been intolerably heavy if written in prose. The only thing which could carry off such a work would have been humour, and it does not appear that Lucius had any. Thus, we suspect, is the real explanation of the resemblance between his work and one which we shall notice presently.

LUCIAN, who comes next on our list, wrote a story called "Lucius, or the Ass," which bore a great resemblance to some parts of the author Lucius's writings, and which is also in a great measure identical with the "Golden Ass" of Apuleius. Which writer copied the other there is now no means of ascertaining. We imagine it probable that the work of Lucius of Patre was the earliest; that Lucian parodied it with a view of exhibiting his own humour, and turning the author into ridicule; and that the work of Apuleius is a sort of "rehabilitation" of the story, with a religious turn given to it, and with the introduction of a good deal of new and sometimes heterogeneous matter. A parody on a narrative of mythological wonders was just the task which would have especially recommended itself to the genius of Lucian, who flourished in an age in which both the literature and the popular belief of the day furnished plenty of material for satire. Born about 120 A.D., or probably at the end of Trajan's reign, his life continued through that of Hadrian, and perhaps of both the Antonines. Compared with the previous and subsequent times of the Roman empire, this was a bright period, and we look upon the emperors who belonged to it as the "good" emperors. The barbarians were well in hand, and the Belial and Moloch spirits of licentiousness and cruelty ceased for a time to divide the government of society. Still it was not an age in which there was very much to respect or venerate. Trajan had, with the best intention, absorbed all political action so exclusively in himself, that he had left the provincial authorities hardly any thing to do but to walk in his leading-strings. They were comfortable and protected, and had plenty of fine buildings to look at; but they could not even repair

them without asking leave at head-quarters. So they turned their minds to inquiring about the unseen world; and there was soon demand enough for this kind of information to cause the establishment of more than one new oracle, which, as a speculation, we believe answered fairly enough. That ingenious class of persons, to whom St. Januarius and the winking Madonnas have since been so much indebted, found orders flow in rapidly. The necromancer looked up his chafing-dish, his mirror, his skulls and bones, and other grim furniture; and the moon, who had not been sent for by any Canidia for a considerable period, found the uncanny old ladies in Thessaly casting sheeps' eyes at her, just like old times. Witchcraft in the days of Horace had much that was unpleasant about it. Cemeteries at night, abstraction of dead men's thumbs, the risk of very rude interruptions, and perhaps a hooting round the town in the morning with all the little Roman boys—no doubt just as impudent as they are now—at one's heels, must have been a drawback to the pursuit to a person of any delicacy of taste. In Hadrian's time they had changed all that. The East had been "opened up" to some purpose, and the raw material underwent its first processes at a distance. The Italian Narcissa, if she required a magic wash, would not think of stewing a child. That was done for her somewhere in Asia; and she had the result in a homœopathic form. Boxes of ointment adorned the mysterious shelves of her *cabinet de toilette*, which might contain nothing but innocent pomatum and cerussa, but as likely as not held an unguent capable of turning the user of it into a bird or a hippogriff. Ladies who possessed a proper sorcerer's chest "had been fishes, and might be crows" whenever they liked. People who did not believe in such things occasionally had conviction forced upon them in an ugly way. They saw ghosts; sometimes, indeed, so many, that, as with Coleridge, they lost their effect; or they would find themselves withering away, or afflicted with shooting pains, because some spiteful old person, miles off, was holding a little wax image before a fire, or was sticking pins into its most fleshy parts. All this was very sad. Nor was the case much mended, if any one who found the demons and their friends too much for him betook himself to high society. Unless he happened to be a literary man, and one rather of the Della-Cruscan type, he might find the atmosphere a little too rarefied for his brains and his temper.

Literature was encouraged, but not with discrimination. It was "bolted" in the sense in which food sometimes is, but not "bolted" in that in which wheat ought to be. The emperor affected Greek, and the court was as much pervaded by Greeks as Calcutta used to be by Scotchmen. The fluent sophist, whom Plato fancied he had "sat upon" for ever and a day, raised his sleek head, like the snake in Virgil at the return of spring, and shone lofty to the sun, and with a threefold power of jaw. Good appointments and salaried professorships were freely bestowed upon him and his friends. The sciolist had it all his own way, and the man of solid merit growled in a corner. In the disputes which naturally arose

in such a society the emperor did not disdain to take part. Great in war and administration, he had his weak side, which, like that of Frederick the Great, was literary and artistic vanity. The unfortunate Apollodorus "argued with the master of thirty legions," and suffered for it. He proved that a statue was much too big for a temple which Hadrian had built for it, and paid with his life for being too much in the right. The disputes of the philosophers afforded Hadrian a malicious satisfaction. Like the Marquis of Steyne in *Vanity Fair*, playing theological bottle-holder to both his own Protestant chaplain and his wife's director over his wine after dinner, the emperor was "a good scholar and amateur casuist," and liked to set Stoic against Epicurean, Platonist against Cynic, and hear them fight it out—not by any means in order to get at the truth of either set of opinions. Here was fine scope for satire, and there was one man at least who did not see why emperors should have the monopoly of it.

LUCIAN, who was born at Samosata, the capital of the Syrian Com-magene, began life as an apprentice to his uncle, a sculptor, and left that calling because he got a beating for breaking a marble tablet. The young scoffer gave out that his relative sent him away "because he was afraid of being surpassed in his profession;" and took to the study of literature, which resolve he describes in his "Dream" in an apologue imitated from Prodicus's "Choice of Hercules." We are not writing his biography, and we will therefore content ourselves with stating that, after spending his time as a travelling professor of rhetoric, and having made some money, he settled down at about the age of forty, and composed a great variety of works, principally satirical; and the materials for which would not be wanting to one who had seen many men and many cities, and had practised an art not usually supposed to be very conducive to simplicity of character. The two pieces in respect of which we associate him with the novelists are, the one already mentioned (*The Ass*) and the *True Histories*. Both are, apparently, intended to throw ridicule on somebody else's books. In the former he treats the author Lucius in the way that the writer of *Baron Munchausen's Travels* treated Baron Trenck and the Abyssinian Bruce, turning all their serious marvels into impossibilities, related with the gravest countenance, and with a thorough air of belief in his own veracity. The story of "Lucius" (the ass, not the author) is a warning of the perils that environ those who meddle with magical apparatus—in this case doubly unlawful, firstly, as being magic, secondly, as being some one else's property. Lucius, an inhabitant of Patre, goes to a town in Thessaly to receive some money due to him. A letter of introduction to one of the citizens insures him a hospitable reception, and his quarters are not rendered less attractive by the inclination which Pukestra, the well-favoured *soubrette*, shows for his company. Meeting a friend in the street, and mentioning where he is staying, he is unexpectedly warned that the wife of his host is a noted magician, and that he had better go away while he is safe. As, however, he has an intense curiosity on the subject of magic, he neglects the advice, and

induces Palæstra to give him an opportunity of seeing some of her mistress's unlawful proceedings: these consist in her applying an ointment to her person which turns her into an owl, and in that shape she flies out of window. As there are ways and means of resuming the pristine form, Lucius desires to try how it feels to be a bird, and Palæstra gets what she supposes the proper box, and rubs him all over. Instead of feathers, however, hair begins to sprout from his skin; he finds himself leaning forward, and resting with his hands on the ground; something dangles behind; his ears lengthen, so does his countenance, metaphorically and literally; and when he attempts to remonstrate, he expresses himself by a loud bray. Palæstra is shocked, but tells him he may become a man again by eating roses, which she will get the first thing in the morning. But before morning some robbers break into the house, strip it, and load the ass with the plunder. On the way he tries to obtain roses from a garden, but only gets beaten for doing mischief, and is ultimately conducted to the cave where the band stow away their possessions. In a day or two they bring back a quantity of booty and a young lady, who, when they depart, leaving only an old woman in charge, tries to escape on the ass's back, but is met by the robbers and recaptured. Very shortly, however, her deliverance is effected by a party of soldiers, and she shows her gratitude to the ass by giving him to a shepherd to be well cared for. But the shepherd's wife makes him do all the hard work, and the boy who drives him tortures him all manner of ways, once even trying to burn him by setting his load of straw on fire, on the failure of which trick he accuses the beast of being vicious. A neighbour recommends that his temper should be neutralised in the method usually adopted with beasts of burden, a project which Lucius, who as a man is no saint, hears with dreadful alarm. But the young lady, the owner of the property, happening to get drowned, the shepherd's family run away to a town of Macedonia, and sell the ass in the forum. He is bought by a priest of the Syrian goddess, and forced to carry the implements of her worship. Lucius witnesses the celebration of these mysteries, and as a gentleman thinking them low, attempts to swear, but, braying as usual, betrays the proceedings to the neighbourhood, who break in and throw the priest's into much embarrassment. They leave the place, and at their next halt, which is at a rich farmer's who patronises the goddess, he is exposed to a new peril. The cook (it seems they had "dog-cooks" in Macedonia), having just "stepped out" for a moment, finds on his return that some one has made off with the thigh of a wild ass which was hanging up in the larder. "Never mind," says his wife, "take *that* ass's thigh; he only belongs to those wretched priests. The rest of him you can throw away. Master won't know the difference; in fact, this beast is the fatter of the two." (One has heard of persons who could "talk a donkey's hind leg off," but this, probably, is the only instance of the phrase assuming a literal value.) Lucius, hearing the fate he is threatened with, breaks his halter and rushes into the room where the farmer is holding out supper to the

priests. Here he causes such a confusion that they think he is suddenly gone mad; but he is saved for that night. Next day his owners steal something from a temple, and are put to the rout altogether. Lucius is sold to a baker, where he gets frightfully beaten at the mill, and having become very thin, passes into the hands of a gardener. The gardener happening to quarrel with a soldier, whom he nearly kills, goes to the town on the ass, and, dreading pursuit, gets himself sent away in a chest; while the ass is taken by a friend and shut up in the upper story of the house. The soldier recovers, and a search takes place for his assailant, who, it is thought, even if he has hid himself, can hardly have hid his animal too. Hearing the noise in the street, Lucius puts his head out of window to satisfy his curiosity, and betrays the party. He thus gets another master, a kind of man-cook, who is in partnership with his brother, a confectioner. Left at home by them, Lucius, for the first time since his transformation having a chance of tasting any food but hay and the like, blesses his maw destined to this good hour; especially as an ass can consume a great deal more in bulk than a man. So he has "three of these, and two of those, and six of the other," as the little boy in *Punch* says; and makes furious havoc with the sweet things which have come down from dinner. But being in a s in some other respects besides his shape, he forgets that he ought to hide his vegetable provender. His owners, missing their cake, at first accuse each other, and then, observing that the hay remains unconsumed, while the ass gets sleeker every day, suspect the state of the case and watch him. It is such good fun that the master hears of it and comes down to peep too. Seeing the donkey help himself to a piece of pork, he laughs so loud that Lucius finds he is discovered. He is none the worse, for the master has him regularly to table for the amusement of his guests; where he takes his liquor like a man, and in other respects, except that he has to stand up, behaves with perfect propriety. Being found so amusing, he is taught to recline in the usual way at meals, asks for what he wants by looking towards it; and nods his head, or shakes it, to mark his opinion of the conversation. His performances in this line, and in some others (not suited for our pages), are so remarkable that his master sees that money is to be made out of him, and engages him for an exhibition in the theatre. *Coram populo* is not exactly Lucius's motto, but he is obliged to submit, and on the appointed day he is produced on the stage. Just as the performances are going to begin, however, he observes some roses in a basket which some person is carrying, and seizes the long-hoped-for opportunity. Making a sudden rush, he gets hold of some, eats them, and instantly resumes his human form. Some of the spectators think he ought to be instantly burnt for a wizard, others that (since he is on the platform) the best thing he can do is to address the public, and explain himself. He tells the Archon who he is, and finds he is a friend, and that his own brother happens to be in the town, and they determine to start for *Patræ* the next day. Before he goes, however, Lucius (whose sentiments on the subject of

etiquette are most proper) thinks he ought to pay his respects to a person who had shown much partiality for his society when he was an ass. But such is the inconstancy of fortune and friends, that though he was thought very well of as a beast, now he is a man he is considered to have very little in him; and so far from being agreeably received in the quarter where he had the best right to expect kindness, he is positively turned out of doors in the most ignominious fashion. So he goes home again a sadder and a wiser man, and with enlarged ideas of the capacity of human nature, but quite cured of his taste for magic.

This story has not furnished so many hints to modern writers as some other pieces of Lucian's; but it is perhaps the original of those "Adventures of a Guinea," and the like, which once found favour with many readers, and the point of which seems to lie in the variety of scenes to which one is introduced through a perfectly passive medium, and in the moral reflections one draws, or is supposed to draw, from the contrasts presented to view. There can be little doubt that the scene in the robbers' cave suggested (probably at second-hand) the similar portion of *Gil Blas*. With these exceptions, the story of *Lucius* has not found imitators in modern times; and, indeed, it is difficult to see how it could have been transferred from its original local colouring. In its own age, however, or very shortly after, it was, if our conjecture be correct, remodelled by Appuleius. This version is so completely identical with that of Lucian, so far as the former extends, that it would be useless to analyse it. The difference consists in Appuleius having given the whole story a much more serious, and indeed sometimes an edifying, turn. He has omitted the cynical incident with which Lucian's story concludes, and has substituted a description of his hero as he finds himself alone on the beach, restored, indeed, to his proper shape, but friendless and helpless, as if, according to the touching simile of Lucretius, he had been just born, and cast by the ocean of Eternity on the shore of life. The scene is beautifully painted, and the reflections of *Lucius* are natural and pleasing. As an artistic composition, the "Golden\* Ass" is inferior to Lucian's. The Latin style of Appuleius, too, is by no means so pure as the Greek of Lucian, who was a diligent student of Thucydides and the best Attic writers, and prided himself, not without reason, on the choice of his language. The Roman writer perhaps did the same; but if so, most undeservedly,—for his writing is lengthy, and full of the most elaborate conceits and affected phraseology, such as it is a pity that Persius was not alive to satirise.

In our next Part we propose to give some account of Lucian's *True Histories*, and of a few of his other more amusing pieces, especially those to which modern writers have been at all indebted.

#### MELEAGER.

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\* Only called "golden" from its supposed literary merit.

## Waiting.

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LONG lines of white divide my raven hair,  
 The first approach of gradual decay;  
 These glossy curls with which he loved to play  
 In that far time when I was young and fair.

And am I not still fair? They tell me so.  
 What though the colour from my cheek took flight  
 Upon that awful, well-remembered night,  
 When first I heard that he I loved lay low!

O God, the sense of wild bewilderment,  
 Of utter desolation every where!  
 'Twas morning ere my lips were fit for prayer,  
 Months ere I felt my sorrow Heaven-sent.

But peace has come. My heart is almost light,  
 And many think that time has cured the wound;  
 Like him, who with his eyes upon the ground  
 And halting accents, wooed me yest'night.

Oh, 'twas not thus that *thou* wert wont to woo,  
 With feeble platitudes and 'wildered sense;  
 But with a noble flood of eloquence,  
 And honest eyes that looked me through and through.

He thought I had forgot thee. O my love!  
 What knew he of the dew that drops unseen,  
 And keeps thy tender memory fresh and green,  
 Until that day when we shall meet above?

What knew he of the vows that make my life  
 A long sad secret, ne'er to be revealed—  
 A fast-closed casket with thy signet sealed—  
 A widowhood ere yet I am a wife?

Each day I live again our last adieu,  
 The long-drawn sighs, the kisses, and the tears,  
 The hopes,—the giant hopes,—the little fears,  
 Of that last evening underneath the yew.



Oh, when, at last, thou ask'dst beneath thy breath  
If I would wait a maiden for thy sake ;  
And, conscious of the answer I must make,  
Smiled, ere I whispered, " Ever, love, till death !"

Did I not sicken with a sudden fright,  
That it might be as even it has been ?  
Did I not clasp thy neck my arms between,  
Lest some rude power should wrest thee from my sight ?

So I have waited—and I still will wait  
(For Hope is infinite and Mercy wide)  
Till kindly Death restore to thee thy bride,  
And my lone heart no more be desolate.

And yet I would not wish my watch to end ;  
I have the cheerful faces of the poor,  
That seem to brighten as I pass their door ;  
I have thy brother's orphan-babe to tend.

Dear child ! last evening at the old, old place  
I saw him watch me as I stayed behind,  
And, as I kissed the letters in the rind,  
I felt a blush rise hot into my face.

He calls me mother, too ; and I have seen  
At times so strange a likeness, Love, to thee,  
That I have drawn him closer unto me,  
And wept to think of that which might have been.

Wait then, O heart ;—again the morning sun  
Slow through the vanquished mists his pathway wins ;  
Again, once more, my round of life begins.  
Thank God that I can say, " Thy will be done."

W. C. M.

## Travels in the County of Middlesex ;

WITH SHORT NOTICES OF THE ADJOINING PROVINCES

### III.

I COME TO THE CONFESSION, REGENT'S PARK, TO HAMPSHEAD HEATH.

THE strong Gvas, and the equally strong Cloanthus, and I, who am not strong, nor even like the "Little Billee" of the ballad "young and tender," nor any thing particular that I am aware of, save a Dweller on the 'Threshold and a Waiter on Providence, set out on Christmas Eve to travel to Hampstead Heath. We were determined to make a perfect holiday of that fatal Monday. Gvas, indeed, has on the average about three hundred and sixty-five holidays per annum. Those who wish him well maintain that he really means to build that long-talked-of viaduct in the Western Highlands some time on this side of Letter Lammus. Meanwhile Gvas talks cheerfully of the viaduct, doesn't build it, and grows stronger every day. Cloanthus is a working man. His exertions in the refreshment-room of his Department are, I am told, tremendous; and the only approximate comparison that I can institute between his arduous labours (from 10 to 4) in docketing official minutes with his initials, and those of a coal-heaver, is by reference to that prodigy of industry Philip the Second of Spain, fagging away in his cabinet at the Escorial, and annotating despatches with profound remarks about the park of "Huytal" and the fleas in Queen Elizabeth's window-panes. During this Christmas-week the Department—with pangs of agonising reluctance which I need not further allude to—had agreed to dispense with the invaluable services of Cloanthus; and as for Gvas, he put the viaduct by for the next convenient opportunity, and tumultuously agreed to make one in our outing. We were all three very happy—Gvas at having nothing to do, and being able to do it thoroughly, and Cloanthus because he had been to a ball at Lec'ham on the previous Saturday, and was going to a ball at Notting Hill on the ensuing Thursday, and had Christmas Day and Boxing Night to enjoy himself in, between, and wasn't wanted by the Department. I wonder what that lame, blue-nosed beggar in Great Portland Street thought of our jocund visages and loud laughter? What cankered thoughts in uncouth diction may have been chasing one another through that frost-punched brain! The mutterings of his shriveled lips may have shaped themselves into something like the valediction of Beranger's mendicant:

' Dans ce fossé cessons de vivre,  
 Je fuis v'ous, infime et v'as,  
 Les pas s'ont v'ous dit, 'Il est ivre.'  
 'Tant mieux! Ils ne me plaignent pas.  
 J'en vois qui d'tourment la tête,  
 D'autres me jettent quelques sous:  
 Courez vite, allez à la fête,  
 Vieux vagabonds! je puis mourir sans vous"

Nor did Gyas the strong or Cloanthus the powerful cast a malison on thee, poor blue-nosed beggar! There is no better preparation for an outing on a frosty day than to give a beggar sixpence. Never mind Sir Robert Carden's dictum about the evils of casual almsgiving. Give—to women preferably,—but give; never mind (in cold weather) if the beggar be an impostor. It is better that a rogue should have a pint of fettered porter and a meal of bread and cheese than that the pitiless weather should give him a tiger's stomach and a wolf's heart. He does not deserve relief? Well, who gets his deserts? When had you your last whipping, my lively companions? What if some stern Giver of Deserts should pop round the corner of Mortimer Street, strip off my warm great coat, and bisect my shoulders with his horrible *flagellum*? "This is not the time," said a good police magistrate the other day, adjudicating on a street-beggar, "to be hard with destitute people. I discharge the man; and, policeman, give him back the money found upon him." Sir Robert William Carden is in the commission of the peace, but *he* was not the magistrate whose decision I have just quoted.

I say that we were all three very happy. I am sure that I was so. I had got rid of my ordinary ailments, and had quite a new set of complaints that morning. There is nothing so delightful as change; so with a touch of neuralgia in my right arm, some shooting pains in the back of my head, and unmistakable symptoms of induration of the liver, I felt quite buoyant. "For Hampstead, ho!" I cried, slapping the strong Cloanthus on the back. I had read up Hampstead for two previous evenings. I had gotten hold of an old comedy called "Hampstead Heath," written A.D. 1706, by Mr. Tom Baker, author of "The Yeoman of Kent; or, Tunbridge Walks," "An Act at Oxford," "The Fine Lady's Airs," "The Humours of the Age," and numerous other pieces long since swept away by the Destroyer. I took not much by my motion, it must be confessed, in Mr. Tom Baker's comedy, for in the very first act I came upon this ominous passage: "Cou'd a man live without eating! but to take a studious walk to Hampstead and a hungry walk back agen, *one had better ha' carried the cookmaid's trunk for a joyful sixpence* than for present sustenance be forced to scribble 'The Diverting Post, a Dialogue between Charing Cross and Bow Steeple,' and *elegies upon people that are hanged!*" Ah! there's the rub; and there the shoe pinches. Better indeed the cookmaid's trunk, and its guerdon of a joyful sixpence, than all this brain-spinning. Was not Mr. Kingsley of the same opinion, when, in "Yeast," he made Lancelot Smith carry a burden for such a wage? How many years have I been scribbling "The Diverting Post," and concocting colloquies between Charing Cross and Bow Steeple, and writing elegies upon people that were hanged?—and what good has come of it, after all?

From being felicitous I became rueful; but being speedily cheered up by the sight of a milkman in moustaches, a policeman sliding, and a pretty girl in a purple Balmoral having her boots cleaned by one of the

Brigade, I banished the black care which had somehow perched himself behind our chariot, and in passably lively spirits arrived in Albany Street, Regent's Park. Gyas, Cloanthus, and myself had at first contemplated a dogcart for the day, and penetrating into regions far remoter than Hampstead. I need not say that *I* was not to drive. But the day was against us. There was a looking-glass frost afoot. Hampstead is precipitous. Horses had been falling down all the morning; so the dogcart melted away into the original limbo of its livery-stable.

The strong Cloanthus only had accompanied me to Albany Street. There we were to pick up Gyas, for the very sufficient reason that he lived there. This powerful man received us, with a touching absence of ostentation, at his own street-door. He suggested an ascent to the first floor, and refreshments in the shape of sherry, which we refused; for the day was growing ripe, and ere we set out for Hampstead I was determined to visit the Coliseum. So we cooled our heels,—such was our abstinence,—on the sanded door-step, until down came Gyas, great in a coat of many pockets, and looking strong enough to give Goliath of Gath fifty, and demolish Milo of Crotona with one hand tied behind him.

The Coliseum—the Royal Coliseum—in the Regent's Park is an institution for which I entertain the profoundest veneration and the liveliest affection. I respect the spirit of enterprise which prompted its erection at a time when nobody wanted it, and on a site where there was no likelihood of any body to speak of visiting it. It is well observed by Messer Rustighello, in "*Lucrece Borgia*," that a tower is exactly contrary to a well, and that he, Rustighello himself, was the precise antithesis to a virtuous person. He might have added that a dome is the most perfect contrast to the crater of a volcano; and as a burning mountain vomits forth floods of lava, so has its opposite, the dome of the Coliseum, been for years engulfing streams of molten gold. The money that has been spent on that huge place!—and oh, for the very few joyful sixpences that any speculator has ever got out of it!

When first I knew the Coliseum, it was one of the wonders of the British metropolis, and divided the public astonishment with that other highly remunerative undertaking the Thames Tunnel. The newspapers of the day went into ecstasies about Mr. Horner's Panorama of London; a remarkable work, certainly, when we consider that it was executed entirely from sketches made from the summit of St. Paul's by means of the *camera lucida*, and wholly without the adventitious aids which photography now places within the reach of every draughtsman. Then there were the old Ball and Cross of St. Paul's, the ascending room, and other marvels too numerous to mention. I used to read about the Coliseum in the *Olio*, and the *Parterre*, and the *Mirror*,—dear old twopenny publications long since defunct,—and think that, since Kubla Khan did in fabled Xanadu that "stately pleasure dome decree," there had never been such a palace of Perpetual Delights as the Royal Coliseum. The long-deferred hope of visiting it was at length gratified. It

was in that self-same and sweet summer-time that the good Queen Victoria came to the throne. A long time ago—and the Life-Guardsmen at Albany Street Barracks did not wear German-silver casques with horsehair plumes then, I warrant you. It was at night that I was first taken to the Coliseum. The famous Panorama was not visible; indeed, I think the place partook more of a dramatic, not to say tea-garden, character, than of an artistic one. There was a Hall of Mirrors, then thought a very astounding affair; but the glass-duties had not been repealed in 1837, and the contemptible little squares that lined the walls of the Hall would have lidden their diminished heads before the prodigious sheets of plate-glass that now glower at you from the frame-shop windows in Fleet Street. Glass-duties and window-tax! They are all gone. When we were boys, to break a pane of glass was a crime little short of high treason; a small pane in a shop-window cost eight-and-sixpence. The tax-collector used to levy his impost on the very fanlight over the door; economical people used to brick-up half their windows in order to be exempt from the abhorred impost. But these are minutiae and irrelevant. Why should I dwell on them? Why, indeed, save for a reason given long, long ago by a certain writer named Francis Bacon, Lord of Verulam and Viscount St. Alban's, who has laid it down that "out of monuments, names, words, proverbes, traditions, private records and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of books, and the like, we doe save and recover somewhat from the deluge of Time." This generation knows nothing of the window-tax, as the one that went before knew nought of the salt-tax, its predecessor of the "hat-stamp," its forerunner of the hearth-tax,—and so on, as far back as ever you like to go, even to the poll-tax, and the *gabella*.

The Hall of Mirrors was, I think, a place where people danced. There was the Swiss Cottage with its sham Alpine rocks and precipices, the hermitage, the live eagle, the real waterfall. There were stalactite caverns. There were garden-walks lit up in the Vauxhall fashion. There was a theatre, prettily decorated, where, on that self-same summer night, I saw Mr. Dibdin's musical farce of the "Waterman," and heard John Braham, as *Tom Tug*, sing "The Jolly Young Waterman," and "Then farewell, my trim-built wherry."

It is something to have seen Younge, Charles Kemble, the elder Kean, even in their sere-and-yellow-leaf days; but it is also something to have heard John Braham. The Coliseum belonged to him then; and many a time and oft did he invoke enthusiastic thunders by such songs as those I have named, and by "My Dog and my Gun," "The Storm," "Black-eyed Susan," "Hearts of Oak," and the immortal "Death of Nelson." These ditties are thought vulgar now. Miss Maud bids us "come into the garden;" and sentimental euphuism takes the place of the outspoken Saxon words that songs were wont to be set to. Perhaps "Come into the garden, Maud," even with im-

Mr. Tennyson's lyric is very beautiful, but it is

not singable, and as for the song-words that *are* singable, I think that in the whole range of nonsense, balderdash, and imbecility, there is nothing that for those qualities can exceed the words of a modern drawing-room ballad.

John Braham went from the Coliseum to the St. James's Theatre, which he had built hoping to attract all the aristocratic frequenters of the clubs thereto. He did not succeed. That is a matter of dramatic history. . But he was great at the pretty little theatre in King Street as *Tom Tug*, as *Artabanus* in "Artaxerxes" (in a flaming tunic of sham Diamonds), in the "Cabnet," the "Devil's Bridge" (his own opera), the "Postillion," the "Dame Blanche," and scores of other little operas of which one never hears a word now. And will a once good and kind master of mine in the craft of letters be angry with his old prentice and journeyman if in these desultory reminiscences I set down among the *fasti* of the St. James's Theatre a certain opera called the "Village Coquettes," to which he—a very young man, then, with long silky hair, and a cataract of white satin for a cravat, as you see him in Mr. Machse's picture—wrote the libretto, and in which John Braham enacted the part of a convivial but dissolute squire (in a scarlet velvet coat, and top-boots of shiny leather)? The "Village Coquettes"! I remember almost every line of the words and every bar of the music. John Parry, the vivacious, the genial, the evergreen prince of buffo-singers, was among the *dramatis personæ*. There was that charming song of "Autumn Leaves," which I sincerely wish somebody would revive now. John Braham had a wondrous song about "Snipe-shooting in the snow." Whither are fled the days of the "Village Coquettes"? The squire in the scarlet velvet coat is dead. There was a gentleman attached to the St. James's who united the functions of treasurer and writer of burlesques, and whose name was Gilbert Abbott à Beckett. He lived to be a writer of leaders in the *Times*, and one of the most upright magistrates that ever sat on the bench. He died very sadly and prematurely—too soon for friendship, but not too soon for fame. Laughing John Parry laughs yet, and carols gaily. The writer of the *libretto* is alive, and is famous to all the world. His name is CHARLES DICKENS; and did I need a further excuse for routing up these old memories, it would be in the fact that he who composed the music to the "Village Coquettes" also lives, a good, and honourable, and just man. He has unhappily fallen upon evil days, and in life's wane has to begin the world again: but the author of the words to his songs has no more forgotten the old days than I have; for at the head of the committee for raising the funds for a testimonial to John Hullah I find the name of Charles Dickens.

Could I keep thinking of these things as on Christmas Eve I paid my shilling to see the marvels of the Coliseum? Now and again I had visited it since the year of the Queen's accession. Once I had found it degraded to a mere sing-song saloon, and shuddered to hear a vulgar comic man sing "Biddy the Basket-woman" amid the fumes of tobacco

and the steam of reeking rum-and-water. Then, I think, the late Mr. William Bradwell took the Coliseum in hand and arranged that grand Glyphtotheca of sculpture. I have seen the Panoramas of London by Night, and Paris, and the Something-orama of the Earthquake at Lisbon; and I have attended more than one supper held to celebrate the inauguration of a fresh Coliseum management. But it will never more be to me the place I once knew. Gibbon, among the ruins of the great Roman Amphitheatre, could satiate his mind with august historic memories. He could think of Christian captives fighting with savage beasts; of the wretch Commodus battling with common prize-fighters; of the dead gladiators dragged away in nets through the trampled and bloody sand; of the wounded ones, all torn and begrimed, limping to the imperial tribune, bidding Cæsar hail, and giving him the greeting of the dying. To me, in the ruins of this Regent's Park Coliseum, the memories came back, too; but they were mean, and shabby, and paltry. The antique statues threw no shadow of the Roman greatness over me. They could not be more than plaster-casts from Leather Lane. What did I care for the grand concert, the scientific lectures, the drawing-room entertainments, which the bills told me took place daily and nightly, all under the auspices of the enterprising managing director, Dr. Bachhoffner. I hope he finds the speculation a paying one. I had no heart to plead privilege, and ask for the free-list. I paid my shilling, and wandered in and about. I peeped through the lenses of stereoscopes. The Panoramas were not visible, and the door of the ascending room was locked. The Swiss Cottage looked very dismal and deserted. There was nobody at the stall for the manufactures in spun-glass, and I might have swept that dazzling display into my pocket, or sat upon the glass peacock or the glass wig, without the authorities being any the wiser. There was a refreshment-room attached to the Swiss Cottage; but the counter was deserted, and there wasn't so much as a penny bun visible. Somewhat of an extra-Alpine appearance was imparted to the sham rocks and precipices by the fall of some real snow from the real sky above. But I saw in the cataract only a swollen waterpipe. What had become of the eagle—that moody, mouldy old bird, with his blunt beak, dull eye, and clipped wings? I went into the well-remembered theatre, which was crammed with Christmas visitors, but was soon terrified out of its precincts by the hideous appearance of the animalculæ in a drop of water magnified on an enormous calico disc to about five hundred thousand times their actual size. Gyas and Cloanthus enjoyed this spectacle keenly. I came back to the theatre in a quarter of an hour, and, to my great relief, found that the calico disc had disappeared; but an intolerable man, in evening costume and white kid gloves, was giving what he termed his "Drawing-room Entertainment," and was commencing his imitations of people who never could have existed any where out of Bedlam; whereupon, although much pressed to witness the unfolding of the "wonderful cabinet" which was to follow the "entertainment," I fled the theatre again, and wandered up and down among

the ghosts in the deserted halls of the Coliseum. They were not classical ghosts. No senators, consuls, tribunes, Roman knights, vestal virgins, or slaves, haunted me; but my mind's eye pursued the phantom of John Braham—short, sturdy, and dark-visaged; of scores of people who walked and talked, and made merry in this place in the year '37, and ere ever Queen Victoria had nursed a royal baby on her royal knee. It was very cold, and my marrow was chilled. I asked respectfully, at the refreshment-counter close to the entrance, whether there was any thing to be seen beyond the magnified monsters in the water-drop, the stereoscopic slides, the entertainer who imitated people that didn't exist, the wonderful cabinet which wasn't opened, and the real snow on the sham rocks—of which said snow I had seen quite enough without the walls of the establishment. I was informed, somewhat snappishly, that every information I required was supplied by the programme. I had not got one; so I bought a programme, but I found nothing in it but confusion, and barrenness, and despair. Nothing that I wanted to see was to be seen just then; and up-stairs in the theatre I could hear the roars of applause of the Christmas visitors at some peculiarly felicitous imitation of nobody given by the Drawing-room Entertainment. They were the same visitors who had cheered to the echo the magnified monsters in the drop of water. The next morning every newspaper had half a column eulogising the admirable entertainments provided for the holiday-makers at the Coliseum. "Take me away!" I cried at last to Gyas and Cloanthus, as they emerged from the theatre, shaking their strong sides with merriment at the entertainer; "take me away, and give me some lunch; for my head begins to wag and my wits to turn."

I was taken, in amicable custody, away from Albany Street, and by circuitous route between trim villas and *maisonnettes*, through whose case-ments I could descry boudoir interiors,—the which I fancy would have served Mr. Holman Hunt admirably as a background for his picture of "The Awakened Conscience;"—could those villas, I wonder, have furnished models of the yellow-haired lady in the 'broidered drapery who had been singing "Oft in the stilly night" with the gentleman with moustaches in that wonderful painting?—I was taken, I say, to one of the most remarkable hostelrys I ever saw in my life. It is situated in the immediate vicinity of the "York and Albany," well known to travellers per 'bus, and has for sign the "Edinburgh Castle." I may as well state that it is a place for vinous and alcoholic refreshment, ordinarily termed a public-house. We lunched there. I am certain that I never partook of a crust of bread and cheese and a glass of pale ale in such a state of petrified amazement as overtook me when I stood within the walls of the "Edinburgh Castle." The landlord's name ought to be Katterfelto, and he, continually with his hair on end, wondering at his own wonders. The tavern is a museum of curiosities. Mingled with the casks and spirit-taps, the beer-engines and placards relating to Allsopp's Pale Ale, Glenlivat Whisky, and Cream of the Valley, is a bewildering



assortment of warlike trophies, banners, sabres, helmets, shields, swords, carbines, spears, pistols, tomahawks, cuirasses, drums, trumpets, and bayonets, from Waterloo, from Inkermann, from China, from Caffaria, from the battle-field of Blenheim, or the trenches of Bergen-op-Zoom, for aught I know. Baskets of Abernethy biscuits are ranged against relics of the siege of Ticonderago; Watling's pork pies and Banbury cakes contend with dried lizards, shells, beads, savage-clubs, branches of coral, and sharks' jaws. There are stuffed birds and stuffed beasts; there are curious paintings and drawings; there are wonderful mummies of lambs with five legs, and Siamese twins of pigs and dogs born with their heads where their tails should be. Gyas and Cloanthus, who were quite familiar with the museum, asked what had become of the albatross. An albatross! Had the landlord the skeleton of an "ancient mariner" in stock? At last I was pulled away; half-stupefied with astonishment. I think my lunch cost me threepence-halfpenny; and I cannot reckon the value of my feelings of surprise at less than half-a-guinea. Some fine day I mean to go alone to the museum of the "Edinburgh Castle," order a glass of hot port-wine negus, and have a five-pound-note's worth of sight-seeing.

About twenty minutes had elapsed before my mind could assume its habitual tranquillity, and by that time I found myself close to the "Britannia" at Camden Town. A vagabond impulse seized me to rush to the Camden Town Railway Station and travel to Fenchurch Street by way of Bow and Stratford. This, however, I resisted in deference to my companions; for Gyas had made up his mind to dine at Jack Straw's Castle, which would be a novelty, he said, on Christmas Eve; whereas Cloanthus, whose temperament is slightly poetical, was equally determined to see the sun set on Hampstead Heath. So along the Hampstead Road we manfully tramped.

There was a bright, still, glassy coldness about, which made every thing look very pretty and sparkling, but caused your fingers to ache notwithstanding. One must suffer a little for beauty's sake; that is an apothegm that should be duly impressed on all little girls when they first have their ears pierced, as it is in the motto to David Wilkie's charming picture. The branches of the trees looked exquisite in their rimy network, and every bead in the cornices of the houses and shop-fronts had a setting of icy brilliants. The murk had fled from the distance; and as we rose to higher ground, and looked northwards, the furthest outlines were sharply defined, and the shadows were of that delicate, translucent blue threaded with pale gold where lights struck them which only Turner knew how to render in oil—which only Telbin and Beverly know how to render in distemper. I don't think, however, that the birds appreciated to any great extent the pictorial effects due to the temperature. I fancy that I saw on the coping of a certain stone wall a meeting of distressed sparrows,—an ancient bird of much-pecked brownness and long experience in metropolitan squares, being in the presidential *fauteuil* (the fragment of a bottle set in

rough cast), and who were apparently discussing the hardness of the times, and the alarming scarcity of worms. Why should not sparrows thus meet in convention? We know that dogs will gather in groups, and converse in the doggee language, and that cats will hold chromatic caucuses on the tiles. As for birds, don't the storks in Amsterdam assemble in solemn juntas on old Dutch gables in spring and autumn, and carry into effect the principles of a Tontine Benefit Society by ruthlessly pecking to death all sick and disabled members? An exceedingly distressed swallow came and chirped dis-consolately at my very toe. Had he been as eloquent as art thou, O perpetual deputy Cicero of the "Sheridans," and future ornament of the Senate and judicial bench,—to say nothing of the parliamentary bar,—he could not have said in a plainer manner, "frozen out." This sparrow should not be forgotten; for do we not know that he cannot fall without Account being taken of it above? This is the season to give your quartern loaves away to those whose bellies are empty; and, house-wives, you will lose neither time nor money if you sweep the bread crumbs together, and strew them on the window-sills for the benefit of the frozen-out sparrows.

There is always a gathering of omnibuses at the "Britannia;" and I could but applaud the wise economy of time displayed by a conductor, a merry-looking man with a roast-beef face, who, dismounting from his frigid perch, employed the couple of minutes he had to spare, not in the consumption of fiery stimulants at the neighbouring tavern, but in vigorously trundling a hoop, borrowed (or, at least, snatched) for the purpose from a little boy in a seal-skin cap and a red comforter, of which last the ends drooped like a prince's-feather tushum. By this time the strong Gyas had lit up a short pipe of Cimmerian blackness, and which had been in its time, I believe, to *Smpheropol in Thaurde*, and to Swan River in Austraha. Cloanthus, compeller of men, likewise produced an abbreviated calumet. Indeed, I think we all smoked; and it would be a mean suppression of the truth not to state that we all entered an establishment Hampsteadwards called the "Load of Hay,"—Gyas to procure a fresh light for his pipe; Cloanthus to see what o'clock it was; your humble servant to get change for sixpence; and one of us—there was no fourth to our party, so whom could *he* have been, I wonder!—to recruit exhausted nature by a draught of mingled malt, just caressingly dredged with ginger. For Gyas and Cloanthus were the most English of Englishmen, and entertained that wholesome reverence for beer—when its consumption is warranted by hearty exercise—which all sturdy Saxons should have. In the Golden Age all good people drank beer. Brandy and gin came in with the Age of Brass and viler metals. In Arcadia the shepherds malted the brave and bearded barley regularly once a fortnight. Chloe used to wear a hop-garland in her tresses, and refresh herself after the dance with sweet wort; and Strephon pledged her in a mug of nut-brown ale. There are well-meaning but mistaken persons who wish nowadays to rob not only the poor but the rich man of

his beer. I am content to remember that Mary Queen of Scots was solaced in her dreary captivity at Fotheringay by the brown beer of Burton-on-Trent;\* that holy Hugh Latimer drank a goblet of spiced ale with his supper the night before he was burned alive; that Sir Walter Raleigh took a cool tankard with his last pipe of tobacco on the very morning of his execution; and that one of the prettiest ladies with whom I have the honour of being acquainted, when, escorting her on an Opera Saturday to the Crystal Palace, and falteringly suggested chocolate, lemonade, and Vanille ices for her refreshment, sternly replied, "Nonsense, sir! Get me a pint bottle of stout immediately." If the ladies only knew how much better they would be for their beer, there would be fewer cases of consumption for quacks to demonstrate the curability of. I desire no better exemplars than these.

The road from Hampstead to town has already been described—seldom so minutely or so graphically as in Augustus Mayhew's *Paved with Gold*—here is your health, my Augustus; I drink it at the "Load of Hay," with compliments to all at Horton Kirby;—so that I have no need to dwell tediously on every block of buildings we pass. But twice only will it be necessary to cry a halt. The first must be at the Cottage at Haverstock Hill, much transformed and modernised, but still existent, and once the residence of Sir Richard Steele.

"I am in a solitude," writes the author of the *Christian Hero*, in 1712, "in a house between Hampstead and London, wherein Sir Charles Sedley died." Pope and Arbuthnot used to come on summer evenings to Steele's Patmos (for it is to be feared that the poor knight was then in hiding from the grim catchpoles of the law), and fetch him to attend the meetings of the Kit-cat Club, then held at the Upper Flask Tavern at Hampstead. Surely there is matter enough for meditation in the house once tenanted not only by the generous, faultless, but pure-minded, humorist Steele, but also by the mad wit Sedley, a man as clever, as brilliant, as worldly wise, as wedded to eternal folly, as any of the "gallant and gay" who gathered in "Cliveden's proud alcoves." It must have been a dismal end, very nearly as forlorn as that of Villiers at the Kirkby Moorside inn. No more flasks of champagne at the French ordinary. No more gathering round the basset-table in Whitehall Gallery. An end to "wanton Shrewsbury and love." An end to quibble, and repartee, and desperate intrigues, and wild frolics. Old and gray and *blasé*, and contemned by a generation whose morals were purer;—what a finale to a coranto-comedy! Yes; this is about the time, Mr. Critic, when the "Comic Muse" may well cry *vanitas vanitatum* (and no wonder), and sit with a wet towel round her head.

\* A wagon-load of beer on its way from Burton to Fotheringay was intercepted, and among the casks was found some correspondence throwing fatal light on Babington's conspiracy. Not the first time that beer has been the means of people losing their heads, the teetotalers might argue.—See old Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, *passim*.

Not one word can be said about Richard Steele after that which has been written about him in the "English Humorists." All his foibles and his good qualities have had their just censure, their just praise, their kindest toleration in those excellent lectures. To tell truth also, I am slightly anxious to get rid, not only of Steele's house, but of the contiguous Haverstock Hill. The ascent is steep, to begin with,—that the omnibus horses know full well; but, far beyond that, the name of Haverstock calls up ugly reminiscences of a dreadful murder done some years ago. The last time I went to Madame Tussaud's I saw Hocker's waxen effigy, in his own wretched clothes, in the Chamber of Horrors. I did not sleep comfortably that night. We will press onward, if you please.

Yet stay, O Gyas; and Cloanthus, adapt thy strong feet to the goose-step; for really it is impossible, however great our haste to get to Hampstead, to pass Belsize Park in this unceremonious manner. Belsize is another of the places of which, like Gore House, it may be written, *Fuit*. The stately mansion that once adorned the demesne is utterly gone. Park, wilderness, pleasure-gardens, are cut up, rooted up, plotted away; the landmarks will soon disappear in a group of trim villas. Only here and there a gaunt old tree remains to remind one of the once renowned spot. A quarter of a century hence, readers of *The Newcomes* will scarcely know whence Jack Belsize took his patronymic, or in what lies the delicate analogy of the Thackerayan nomenclature making Belsize the family name of Lord Highgate. What is the meaning of Belsize itself? In old deeds and books the place is called indifferently Belsis, Bellys, Bellsays. There was a Lord Bellasis in the Second Charles's time. The appellation is most probably of Norman origin; and, from its charming situation, the estate might well be called *Belle assise*, "beautifully seated." It all came out of a grant of fifty-seven acres of land given to Westminster Abbey, in 1317, by a stout Norman knight, Sir Roger le Brabazon, to found a chantry at the altar of St. John the Evangelist, where mass might be said for the souls of Edmund Earl of Lancaster, Blanch his wife, and him-elf the doughty Sir Roger le Brabazon. Who was he? Where was he buried?

"Where is the grave of Sir Arthur Orellan?  
Where may the grave of that good knight be?  
On the slope of a hill, by the side of Helvellyn,  
Under the shade of a young birch tree.  
The knight's sword is rust;  
His bones are dust,  
And his soul is with the saints, we trust."

Heaven assoilzie Sir Arthur Orellan and Sir Roger le Brabazon, and all good knights and charitable founders!

Sir Armigal Waad, one of the first Anglo-American navigators, Clerk of the Council to Henry VIII., and kinsman to Sir William Waad, some time Lieutenant of the Tower,—a very Holbeinish-looking old gentleman, by his portrait,—lived at Belsize House. So did Thomas the noted Lord Wotton. In Queen Anne's time it was still a stately mansion, fit residence

for wealthy nobles; but it had fallen into speculative hands. One Povey, "a schemer," took it, and made considerable profit from the zealous Protestantism which led him to refuse letting Belsize to the Duc d'Aumont, King Louis's Ambassador, on the ground that there was a chapel attached to the house which the Frenchman would doubtless convert to his abhorred Popish uses. The Protestant interest gathered strongly round Povey in consequence of this act of theological patriotism. The most remarkable tenant, however, of Belsize during the last century was Mr. Howell, surnamed "the Welsh Ambassador." He was a clever quack, who humbugged the British public to their hearts' content. He had an ordinary here,—dancing, drinking, gaming, chocolate-drinking, hunting and coursing in Belsize Park; grenadiers at the gate; a patrol of twelve men to convoy visitors "to London," and protect them against footpads and highwaymen;—all manner of pleasure, folly, wickedness, in short. There were horse-races for galloways at Belsize in 1729; as an additional zest to which amusement, the "Welsh Ambassador" advertised that he maintained "two cooks that dress every thing to perfection, and a good set of musick every day in the season." Little need be added to explain that Belsize was the immediate precursor and model of Ranelagh and Vauxhall. The Prince and Princess of Wales (George the Third's papa and mamma) came and danced there. At Belsize, and at the neighbouring Long Room at Hampstead Wells, you might, according to Mr. Tom Baker, meet with the very cream of the quality. There was Beau Frightful, "with a red face and a white periwig, like a choice China orange in white paper." There was Beau Spider, "who had always been so tall that he was thought too big to go to school, and so was bred up in ignorance." There was Captain Prettiman, "who was kicked out of the army," crying out to his chairmen, 'By Castor and Pollux, rascals, I'll cane you!' There was Lady Sternhold, "who heats the room like a stove, and is as stout and as solid as the Stadt House at Amsterdam." There was Lady Picquet, "who says grace to milk-coffee, goes to early service every day, and plays cards on Sunday." And there were all the rakes, and beaux, and frank-spoken ladies, who contributed to the "humours of the age," and were to be met with besides on the pantiles at Tunbridge Wells, in the steaming-room at the Bath, in the faro booth at Newmarket, at the Chocolate House in Spring Gardens, and at similar places of Quality resort. Royal and aristocratic patronage, however, could not save Belsize from being at last presented as a nuisance by the Middlesex Grand Jury. The stern Justices of Hicks's Hall issued precepts to headboroughs and constables to inquire into the management of the dissipated place. A stinging satire was put forth against its amusements and its visitors, "written by a serious person of quality;" and at length, in the year of rebellion 1745, Belsize, as a place of public recreation, was put down altogether. The last remnant of the riotous joviality which it seemed to inspire to all the neighbourhood round lingered, until very recently, in Chalk Farm Fair; but even that institution,

much prized by roughs and servant-maids, has gone the way of Belsize and Bartlemy, and similar festive bear-gardens.

Our progress up the avenue which leads to Hampstead Town and Hampstead Heath was enlivened by our meeting with a volunteer corps marching cheerily along in very open order, and, to tell truth, in very free-and-easy order likewise. Short pipes were the rule, and cigars the exception. The privates had sprigs of mistletoe stuck in their caps, and bunches of holly in the muzzles of their muskets. All were laughing or singing, or giving and taking lively *badinage* from the spectators in the easiest and most affable manner; and they had, on the whole, such a jolly, Christmasy appearance, that I had made up my mind to enrol myself in the East Middlesex Bombardiers ere that day were out. Our conversation became quite military. The strong Gyas related sundry moving episodes of his Crimean campaigns, and the strong Cloanthus entered into such minute details of martial organisation and economy, that we were staggered at his erudition, until we remembered that he himself was a full private in the South Middlesex, and that his Department had something to do with the management of the army.

Him still from Hamp	sted journeying to h
Amora oft for Ceph	alus mistook
What time he brush	her dew with hasty pace,
To meet the printer	dev'let face to face."

This was written long since of the well-known George Steevens, the Shaksperian editor and critic, who, during a period of eighteen months, had sufficient strength of will to leave his residence at Hampstead every morning with the patrol between four and five A.M., and walk to town and to his chambers in the Temple, there to "meet the printer's dev'let face to face," and correct his proofs. Now George Steevens walked *to* the printer's devil, whereas we were walking away from him; nor do I infer that if Amora had met us toiling up Haverstock Hill she would have mistaken any one of us for Cephalus. Also, I must grant that the inhabitants of Hampstead town did not seem at all impressed with the importance of our mission or the magnitude of our undertaking. Divers remarks, more satirical than respectful, were passed upon the long legs of Gyas, the somewhat aldermanic proportions of Cloanthus, and my own nose, whose hue was perhaps a little heightened by exposure to a highly rarefied atmosphere. I am sorry to say that, as we emerged on the glorious Heath itself, divers ill-conditioned boys who were sliding on the nearest pond raised a cry of "Tailors hout for a 'oliday,"—which, to say the least, discomposed us sorely. Tailors! Just Neme-is—tailors! To one ill-conditioned youth Neme-is came even swifter than I expected. That bad boy fell plump upon the ice and his *glutai mazini*, and I laughed to see the sport. It was wrong to do so, I know; but revenge is sweet, especially after you have been called a tailor.

All our trifling annoyances were at last fully compensated for by the wondrous sunset on the Heath. Brambles, and furze, and stone, and turf,

were alike clothed in snow, which, beneath the sun's rays, turned golden, and crimson, and cerulean, and orange, and purple, and even apple-green. We shaded our eyes from the sumptuous blaze. Above, the fleeting clouds formed themselves into that feathery fan which is known as "a man's tail," and in the midst of all the red sun sank down, down, down to his couch reverentially, but still with a proud grandeur, as though he said, "I must die to-day, but I shall live to-morrow, and for ever."

"Gyas, my strong friend, and Cloanthus, my athletic companion," I remarked, "I have read in books that of old time the students of the Apothecaries' Company used to come to Hampstead Heath every spring for the purpose of botanising. Here, and in the adjacent Caen Wood, these embryo licentiates sought for Doody's golden locks, white-flowered betony, great bird's-foot, golden rod with dented leaves, downy feather-grass, hound's-tongue, marsh trefoil, purple moneywort, little mouse-tail, red-rot, spleen wort, prickly polypody, broom-rape, crimson lathyrus, and other simples well known to Gerard and Culpepper, and innumerable old women. As we are neither apothecaries nor old ladies, and the time and temperature are not favourable to the culling of simples, I think—O my Gyas and Cloanthus the strong!—that we will proceed to Jack Straw's Castle, and see what they can offer us in the way of refreshment."

So, as the shadows of the evening came down upon the Heath, and a great blue cloud swooped over that London yonder, and wrapped it up as though in a blanket, we joyfully proceeded to Jack Straw's Castle, singing a little song—I think it was about a "dooda"—as we went.

# TEMPLE BAR.

MARCH 1861.

## *The Seven Sons of Mammon.*

A STORY.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

### CHAPTER VII.

MRS. ARMYTAGE IS AS MUCH AT HOME AS EVER.

MRS. ARMYTAGE did not care to stay for the succour she had requested to be afforded to Sir Jasper Goldthorpe. She had done all that in her opinion was due to the claims of humanity. Could she, a lady and a comparative stranger, assist with propriety in the resuscitation of a gentleman—such a very rich one, too—who had fallen down in a fit caused, no doubt, by excessive grief and by reaction of the nerves after the melancholy ordeal through which he had just passed? Sir Jasper was in his own house, and surrounded by his own attached domestics. The presence of Mrs. Armytage was clearly no longer needed; so she slipped through the throng of frightened servants, who were crying out that their master was dying; brushed past Magdalen Hill, who was hastening towards the study, and who regarded her with a look of haughty aversion mingled with amazement, and tripped down the great marble steps on to the terrace. Mrs. Armytage and Magdalen were old acquaintances. The house-dog Plutus sprang towards her with a growl; but she waved him off with her tiny kid-gloved hand. She was very fond of dogs, and called this one “poor fellow;” but as the animal stood regarding her with uncertain eyes, and uttered a low querulous baying, she sighed to herself, “Will nobody love me,—not even a dog?” The golden and purple peacocks, in their house by the frozen lake, craned forth their necks as Mrs. Armytage approached in her way down a lower terrace into the park that stretched for full a mile before Goldthorpe Manor. It was quite pretty to see her picking her way along the carriage-drive between the tall old trees. She saw the woodman with his billhook pruning the dead



branches. The man made a clumsy bow to her fair face and rich clothes. Her golden ringlets seemed to belong, somehow, to Mammon. She smiled graciously, and put a shilling into the man's leathern-covered paw—at least, it looked a paw, swathed in his huge verderer's glove. "A civil fellow," she thought. "What would he do to me if I were a ragged, barefooted girl caught stealing dead wood in Sir Jasper's park? There is a cage in the village, I suppose. Would they send poor little me to jail, or put me into the stocks?" And she broke into a bitter little fit of laughter, which rang very strangely through the frosty air of the evening. It was twilight when she reached the lodge-gates. The ancient keeper came out with a lantern to open the portals for her. The light shone upon her sombre dress, upon her white skirts and tinselled hair. It shone, too, upon the heavy gate-posts, upon the gilding and tracery, and the armorial bearings of the rich man displayed above the entrance to his demesne. "A pretty place," murmured Mrs. Armytage, giving the lodge-keeper another shilling. "And it might all belong to poor little me!"

"You've seen Sir Jasper, my lady, maybe?" Huggins the lodge-keeper inquired, in a respectfully sympathetic voice.

"I have just left the house," Mrs. Armytage replied.

"Do he bear up, my lady?" added Huggins, in a tone of affectionate solicitude.

"Wonderfully. He will soon get over it. A little this way with the lantern. Thank you. Good night." And the gates closed with a clang, and Mrs. Armytage was gone.

"A nice-spoken lady as ever was," remarked Mr. Huggins to his wife, as he dropped the shilling through the orifice in a missionary society's box. "She didn't come up, though, with Sir Jasper and Miss Magdalen, surely. Didst thou let the lady in, Moggy?"

"Not I," answered Mrs. Huggins, his wife, addressed as "Moggy." "A'nt I been down to Pogthorpe till a quarter of an hour ago?"

"Then 'twas you, Tib."

"I naver saw the lady," protested the young person hight Tib, who was a red-headed girl of fifteen, the lodge-keeper's granddaughter.

"That's strange," grumbled old Huggins, settling himself down in a rush-bottomed chair to enjoy his customary afternoon's cough, which as customarily followed the afternoon's pipe, from which he had been disturbed by Mrs. Armytage's summons to open the gate. "That's pertickler strange," he continued. "I thought I should ha' recklected all that gold-coloured hair if I'd seen it afore. My memory must be getting uncommon bad, surely." And here, the customary cough overtaking Mr. Huggins, he substituted a bark for a wheeze, and so went off to a growl and a rattle, until his tea was ready.

Meanwhile Mrs. Armytage walked through the black winter gloaming. She met a rural policeman, and wished him good night with much sweetness. She was troubled with no fears of poachers or rustic burglars; al-

though there were some very coarse, ruffianly-looking fellows lounging about the door of the Goldthorpe Arms, half way between Pogthorpe and the manor. She was a courageous little woman, and went straight on. There was no village at Goldthorpe Station, formerly Pogthorpe Road, only a few stucco villas run up by a speculative builder, who had gone mad immediately after mortgaging the carcasses of his houses to thrice their value, and who was now expiating his taste for architecture at Colney Hatch. Two or three forlorn little shops had been started by traders who hoped to get some custom from the occupants of the villas; but as half of these edifices were not finished, and the other half had hitherto found only insolvent and fraudulent tenants, and one also, as it was, had already the reputation of being haunted, from the fact of a retired pig-jobber of evil disposition having cloven his wife's skull with a chopper in the front parlour the preceding Christmas Eve, commercial activity was not very remarkable at Goldthorpe Station. In fact, but for its vicinage to the manor of Mammon, the Company might have shut it up altogether without much detriment to the traffic. There was an unhappy little beershop, "The Railway Arms;" but the toppers of the neighbourhood preferred either the "Goldthorpe Arms" or the "Jolly Beggars" at Pogthorpe village proper, which was distant a mile from Sir Jasper's. The great man had once thought of taking Pogthorpe Road in hand, and had he deigned to smile upon it, it would doubtless by this time be as prosperous as Wimbledon or Kingston; but one of the porters happened to offend him one morning, by omitting to hand him his *Times* before he entered the train, and thenceforth desolation gathered over the yet uncompleted station of Pogthorpe Road.

It looked gay and cheerful enough, however, to Mrs. Armytage, as she terminated her dark walk, and was accosted at the entrance to the station by the driver of the solitary fly with the knock-kneed horse attached to Pogthorpe Road, who, as she wished to proceed to town, wanted, of course, to drive her "any where, any where out of the world." There was light, there was warmth at the station—brilliant gas and a roaring fire in the waiting-room. The clerk was a species of Robinson Crusoe, in a sealskin-cap, residing in a small hutch surrounded by skirting boards, who, in the intervals of the arrival and departure of trains, amused himself by cutting out models of Hansom cabs in cardboard. There were two porters, moody and saturnine men, one of whom perpetually studied the time-bill, the proclamations against smoking, and the "awful examples" shown in placards announcing the recent conviction of Keziah Bopps of Portsea for travelling without a return ticket, and the fining of Wilhelmina Lightfoot of Basingstoke for leaving the train while in motion. As he studied, he whistled a lugubrious melody that began like "Old Dan Tucker," and ended like "The Dead March in Saul." The other porter used habitually to sit on his truck on the platform, inspecting the interior of his bell, as though to find out if it were possible to ring it without agitating the clapper; while

the odd boy who ran errands, attended to the newspaper department, and had to be carefully watched lest he should get at the electric telegraph, continually ascertained his own ponderosity by standing on the weighing machine, and, when he could do it without observation, pasted luggage-labels on the knees of his corduroys. It was a very dreary little station, but hundreds of times its solitude had been enlivened and its dreariness converted into splendour and gaiety by the guests who had come down to visit Goldthorpe Manor. The flyman had conveyed peers of the realm and foreign ambassadors, when they had missed the Goldthorpe carriages. The gorgeous vehicles last named—barouches, curricles, broughams, dog-carts, *chairs à banc*—had been gathered by droves at the station-door, and towering, powdered, purple-and-yellow footmen had condescended to quaff the mildest of mild ales at the little beershop. The dull platform had been swept by the robes of beautiful women; it had been trodden by statesmen, diplomatists, and millionaires; but where is the use of telling you of the had-beens?—it was silent and deserted now, and there was no one who sought warmth at the waiting-room fire save Mrs. Armytage.

She would have to wait a full hour, the odd boy told her, for the eight p.m. up-train. The moody porter paused in his study of the time-bill, hushed his whistling, and stared vacantly at the visitor. The Robinson Crusoe of a clerk, who had just made a slip with his penknife, and severed two of the spokes of a cab-wheel from the axle, opened the sliding panel of his hutch, and angrily bade the odd boy, for a "young limb," hold his noise. When Robinson Crusoe was not modeling Hapsom cabs, or performing his ticket-dispensing duties, he cultivated hollyhocks on the slope of the embankment. He used to envy his brother, who was an agent for coals about a hundred yards beyond the station. He envied the landlord of the beershop. He envied the guards, engine-drivers, and stokers, who were at least continually going up and down the line. Nature may have fitted him to be a poet, an artist, an orator; stern Fate condemned him to be a station-master. He used to say, like Mariana, that his life was dreary, and that he was a-weary, a-weary. Promotion came not, he said. He did not wish that he was dead, mainly, I think, because he was a full-blooded young fellow, only three-and-twenty years of age, and keenly interested in the eventualities of the next Newmarket meeting.

\* As there was an hour to wait, and no refreshment-room and no book-stall at the station, Mrs. Armytage found time hang rather heavy on her hands. She got over about five minutes of the sixty by her favourite employment of toasting her little *bottines* at the fire. Then she read all the advertisements, chromo-lithographed and otherwise, which hung framed and glazed on the walls, and wondered what manner of artists they could be who devoted themselves to the composition of cartoons representing gentlemen's hats, boneless corsets, taps for beer-barrels, iron bedsteads, and isometrical views of ginger-beer manufactories at Bermondsey. Then, what with her two miles' walk, the cold without,

the warm fire within, the deathlike stillness, relieved only by the ticking of the waiting-room clock, Mrs. Armytage grew drowsy. Her little head fell gently back, her hands sank down among her drapery, she released her hold of a tract which some pious well-wisher had left on the table, and she sank into a profound sleep.

The tract was solemn, and rather fierce in its solemnity. It was entitled, "Where are you going?" and on its title-page was a neat wood-cut of a young woman bearing a basket of flowers, rapidly descending a mountain-path, at whose base was couched a grisly wolf. Mrs. Armytage had glanced at the tract with considerable interest just before she went to sleep. She was a well-read little woman, and liked literature for its own sake. "Where are you going?" she repeated, with a tinkling laugh. "Ah, if one could but tell! *Sait on où l'on va?* Didn't Diderot ask the question? Does any one know whither they are going?" and so fell into a slumber.

I declare that she slept as peacefully and as prettily as a baby. Her little lips were just parted, and a brighter glow than ordinary from the fire would momentarily come and tip her teeth with pellicles of crimson. As she lay back in the chair, her head reclining, the deep shadows were on her forehead and above her cheeks. Her fair throat shone radiant above the lace of her collar; while, enshrined in the trappings of her bonnet, lay, all tumbled and flung back, those waves of golden ringlets. Had the moody porter, or he who pored into the bell, or the Robinson-Crusoe clerk, entered while she so slept, they would have been asses had they not kissed her, whatever might have been the penalty. There was no Aggravated Assaults Act in 1850. She looked so calm, so tranquil, so happy. No shadow of the clouds that sometimes pass over the sea of sleep disturbed her closed lids, with those long lashes trailing gently, like the fringe of some gorgeous drapery that veils a cabinet of gems. She smiled once or twice, meekly, gently, coaxingly enough to melt a man whose heart was triply plated; the beadwork of her mantle just glanced in the light as it rose and fell with the beating of her heart; and a soft sigh stole from those half-opened lips, as if to reproach the waiting-room clock for its remorseless ticking, and hush it while the fair creature slept.

And so she slept for twenty minutes about; when, with a quick, sharp, painful scream, she started up, erect, trembling, fluttering like a bird become suddenly aware of the ruthless hawk above him; first flushed, then pale, almost breathless.

"Hands off!" she cried; "you sha'n't touch me. I'll go quietly. It isn't—Miss Hill," she continued hurriedly,—“am I dreaming?"

Mrs. Armytage had not been dreaming. Hands had been laid upon her, but with no stern grasp. Only Magdalen Hill, draped from head to foot in her mourning raiment, and with the rime of the night-frost upon her, was there, and had awakened her.

The two women—the girl and the widow—had been acquainted for

years; had been at the same balls and feasts; but they had never been alone together until this moment. Mrs. Armytage was evidently flurried; but then you must recollect how suddenly she had been aroused from a comfortable sleep. In less than a minute she was herself again,—shook her ringlets, and arranged her dress. She stayed the laugh that was rising to her lips; but, as she eyed Magdalen keenly, she laughed internally, in what sleeve of her soul I am not psychological milliner enough to determine. “The little weasel was very nearly being caught asleep,” thought Mrs. Armytage.

The girl stood looking at her with sad eyes. Remorseful, wistful, well-nigh imploring—not haughty, not full of aversion now.

“Oh, Mrs. Armytage,” she said, in a low pleading tone, “what is this? What have you told Sir Jasper? He is dreadfully ill. I thought he would die. He had but just recovered consciousness when I started, hearing from the lodge-keeper that you had left, in the endeavour to find you. What terrible business could it have been to bring you to our house at such a time?”

“My dear Miss Hill,” asked the widow, “before I answer your question, allow me to ask you another. Is Sir Jasper in danger?”

“I scarcely know,” replied Magdalen, in a broken voice. “There was not time. I hurried after you. I rushed into a carriage. Fortunately the house-steward bled him, and Dr. Medley has been sent for.”

“I am very sorry, then,” interposed Mrs. Armytage; “but I don’t see that I have any thing more to do with the matter. Had the news I conveyed to Sir Jasper Goldthorpe brought about fatal or even dangerous consequences, no one would have regretted it more than I. As it is, he has just had a fit of syncope, and will get on nicely. As I am neither a village apothecary, nor a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, I can’t be of any use; and as I am going to London by the eight p.m. train, you will permit me to remain your most humble servant to command.”

So saying, and with a sarcastic laugh which seemed irrepressible, she dropped a very low curtsy, and would have passed out. But Magdalen Hill was determined. She put back Mrs. Armytage with a calm sternness before which the Lady on the first-floor, courageous as she was, could not avoid quailing, and in a tone of resolution, placing herself before the door, she said:

“Pardon me, madam, you cannot, you shall not, leave me thus. We have but to consult each our own instinct to know that we are no great friends. It is not through affection for you that I am here. I come through love for my dear dead Hugh; I come through love for my dearest friends and guardians. What has brought you to sow additional sorrow among us, wretched as we are? It is something that concerns poor Hugh’s memory, it is something that concerns Sir Jasper; and I ask because I feel that I have a right to know.”

“I will not answer one word,” quoth Mrs. Armytage, clenching her little hands.

"I entreat, I implore you, then," Magdalen went on, her sternness failing her, and her voice choked with sobs. "Oh, Mrs. Armytage, you cannot be so cruel! Is there any peril that can be averted from Sir Jasper? Is there any thing you know of Hugh's last moments that can inflict pain on his relatives, on me, on any one? Oh, speak, I adjure you!"

Mrs. Armytage took from her pocket a little jewelled *bonbonnière*, took out a chocolate *praline*, and began daintily nibbling it.

"The train-bell must ring presently," she remarked, "and you will be compelled to let me go. As it is, you have laid yourself open to an action for assault and false imprisonment. Imagine, 'Armytage v. Hill. Extraordinary case, cross-examination of witnesses.' Ha! ha!"

"If I interposed somewhat abruptly—" Magdalen broke in apologetically.

"There, there," continued the widow, "no harm is done; you want to be told something that I won't tell you. You thought to frighten me with your Tragedy-queen airs, and now you are fit to cry your eyes out. You are an overgrown school-girl, and I am a woman of the world—a clever woman, you understand. Go, and paint your missals, and leave serious things to men and women of business. What I know, I know, and it is a matter between Sir Jasper Goldthorpe and myself. Be a good girl, and get from before that door. Will you have a *praline*?"

She held out the box of sweetmeats to her rival with a merry, roguish twinkle in her eyes. She was quite at home again. The weasel was thoroughly awake. Poor Magdalen felt very much like a bird in the clutches of a fine silky-furred cat. She was powerless, and dropped her head, and almost involuntarily moved away from the door.

"That is better," laughed Mrs. Armytage. "There's nothing like common sense. Common sense has been worth six thousand a year to me, a poor little Indian widow, with a twopenny-halfpenny pension. It was sensible in you to stand away from the door as I bid you; because, if you had not, and for all that you are the grand young lady Miss Magdalen Hill, I would have torn your bonnet off your head, and your dress off your back."

What could Magdalen do? How could she cope with this affable tigress? She averted her gaze, and drew herself closely together, as the widow, in all the pride of her rustling skirts, swept onwards.

"A word ere we go," she said, in a hot whisper that almost blistered Magdalen's cheek. "Just now you said, and truly, that we needed but to consult our instincts to know that we were not friends. We are not. We are enemies. I am glad that Hugh was killed; and had he come home and made you his wife, you cat, I would have poisoned or shot you before ever you sat at his table, or lay in his bed. Good-by, and bless you!"

These were the last words of Mrs. Armytage, on that occasion at least, heard at Goldthorpe Station, erst Poghthorpe Road; and with this farewell and benediction she went out into the night, and on to the plat-

form. The moody porters, the clerk who made the models, the boy who weighed himself, all woke up to temporary life and activity as the bell rang out, and the train rattled and screeched into the station. The little platform shook; the people on it drew back, lest they should be sucked into destruction by the monster's breath, and smashed to paste among its whirling wheels. It came out of a deep cutting, and disappeared in a dark tunnel. Green and red lights fitfully shone as it dashed away. The red smoke made lurid the face of the engine-driver, as he stood with arms folded, thoughtful, at his post. From the carriage windows dozens of visages of men and women peered out on to the station; many of them seeing it for the first time, and being seen by those who peopled it for the last time in their lives. So away sped the up-express, carrying its load of loves and hatreds, and hopes and fears, and joys and sorrows; bearing mothers, perchance, as bereaved as she of the House of Mammon was; sons as fair and brave as he who had been slain at Armentières; girls as young and haughty and as loving as Magdalen; foreigners and British men, lisping children and doddering dotards, honest people and foul rogues, Cornelia going to her children and Laïs going to a masked ball, millionaires whose ships have come home and bankrupts flying from a fiat—hundreds of patches towards the make-up of that vast motley counterpane we call society; but not, in all its medley company, one woman, I will wager, prettier or wickeder than the Lady in black, who tripped with such grace into a first-class *coupé*, and displayed such dainty white drapery to the admiring eyes of the guard.

The train was gone. It had its goal, but whither went its occupants? "Where are you going?" asked the station-room tract. Whither are we all going, and where is the terminus where the last tickets shall be asked for in a trumpet tone?

The romancer's privilege can assign a destination to two persons who so parted on this January night. Foiled and repulsed, Magdalen Hill wept no more. The hot fire of the waiting-room, the hotter farewell whisper of the widow, had dried her tears for good. "She will tell me nothing," she murmured, "nothing, although I know that she is working fearful evil to me and mine. Heaven grant me strength and patience to watch and pray." The carriage was waiting for her, and, sad and sorrowful, but calm and resigned now, she was borne back to Goldthorpe Manor, where physicians and nurses were bending over an old man very different to the blandly strong man who lorded it in Beryl Court, and who lay now feebly moaning and half unconscious in his great bed of state. A messenger on horseback passed Magdalen or ever she had cleared the environs of the station. He had been bidden to telegraph to Dr. Sardonix, in London, desiring his immediate attendance. The Doctor was called away from the dinner-table of a rich East-Indian Director, who, having quarrelled with most of his friends and turned his children out of doors, had adopted a liver complaint as his son, and, indeed, his heir,—for he had made his will in favour of a Special Hospital,—and now got

on very well with curry, mulligatawny, and Doctor Sardonix in the evening, and tarraxicum blue-pill and Doctor Sardonix in the morning. The Doctor used to remonstrate with the Director; but how could you coerce a man who had sat under the pagoda-tree until a golden apple had dropped on his nose, and imbued him with directorial gravity; who had tossed up, heads or tails, with Sir Mungo Chutnee, in Leadenhall Street, as to whether the Rajah of Cadmore should be maintained in his sovereignty or deposed, whether the Begum of Boocherabad (vehemently suspected of having boiled her pet dwarf in Macassar oil, specially imported from Europe for the purpose, and buried a nautch girl under a marble pavement, alive) should be prosecuted or pensioned; and who gave away commissions in the Bengal cavalry as though they were soup-tickets? The claret bell had just rung when one of Sardonix's black-worsted footmen brought him the telegraphic message from his house. He rose in haste, had scarcely time to take his usual after-dinner dose of carbonate of soda in the hall, and was very nearly committing a robbery in a dwelling-house, by cramming one of the Director's damask napkins into his pocket. "I thought so," he said, in a soothing tone, apologising to his host. "Poor dear Sir Jasper! Nerves, my dear sir, nerves. We must be very cautious. We cannot take too much care of ourselves. Such a precious life must be guarded by the minutest precautions." It was Dr. Sardonix's practice, whenever he found it feasible, to pay double-barrelled compliments, or to hit two birds with one flattering bullet. The Director felt grateful for the allusion to his "precious life," and growled out an expression of admiration as the Doctor took his departure. "Sensible man that," he said, half inclined to put the Doctor in his will by the side of the Hospital for Dyspepsia, but for economy's sake resolving to get the Doctor appointed physician extraordinary to the special establishment in question. "Bobus," he continued, to the butler, "now he's gone I won't have claret, I'll have Port. The 'tawny' twenty-four, you know: Herring-pond's port,—the banker fellow who was hanged. Capital port he had."

Dr. Sardonix paid a whole academy of compliments before he reached Goldthorpe Manor. He asked the butler after his gout, and called that delighted servitor "my good friend." I believe that if the footman had consulted him as to the malady which prevented the calves of his legs from fattening, he would have given him the most friendly advice. He complimented the cabman on the swiftness of his pace, and even presented him with an extra sixpence. "We doctors are hard masters to horseflesh," he sympathetically remarked. The black-worsted footman who accompanied his master to the station had not failed to tell the driver how distinguished a practitioner he was carrying; and the charioteer, could he have mustered up courage, would have begged a prescription for the bronchial affection under which his horse was suffering. The South-Western Railway officials were deeply impressed with a sense of Doctor Sardonix's talents and affability before the special train



that he had ordered—no expense was spared when Mammon was sick—could be got ready. The keeper of the book-stall bowed to him, handed him the third edition of the *Express*, damp with the latest news, and respectfully informed him that the sale of his work, “The curative Properties of stuffed Sweetbread in its Action on the human Pancreas, by E. Mollyent Sardonix, M.D., F.R.S.,” was going on wonderfully. The guard would have allowed him to smoke like Etna had the Doctor felt so disposed, and numerous hats were lifted as his “special” quitted the terminus. Such homage is due to the princes of science. There are some modest and retiring princes who never get it, and don’t want it; but Dr. Sardonix had long since determined that the barque in which he navigated the sea of life should be a golden galley and a pleasure-berge. He greased the ways assiduously at launching, and, with a fair start, the craft went on swimmingly. He had no need to puff himself in print; his natural suavity was far more effective than leaded type. “One compliment is worth a hundred advertisements” was a favourite apophthegm with this astute physician. He has long since got his baronetage; and I have no doubt that the next generation will hear Sardonician orations delivered at the Royal College by physicians as polite as he was.

The special train that took the Doctor down to Goldthorpe passed the ordinary up-express, and the illustrious medical man was near enough at one moment to a certain first-class *coupé* to have shaken hands with its occupant, had he chosen to run the risk of fracturing his arm in so doing. Mrs. Armytage no more dreamed of the Doctor’s proximity, nor the Doctor of Mrs. Armytage’s, than you or I when we pass in the street our dearest unknown friend or our bitterest unknown enemy—the woman who would marry us to-morrow were we to ask her, or the man who would force a dose of strychnine down our throats for twopence. There are human parallel lines which are continued to infinity, and never meet. Mrs. Armytage arrived at Waterloo, quite unconscions as to whom her transient neighbour had been, and comforting herself with a bath-bun—of which she ate little more than the sugared top and the carraway-seeds—and a bottle of lemonade, entered a cab—I am ashamed to say that it was a Hansom—but she was of so frolicsome a disposition!—and was driven to the Victoria Hotel, Euston Square. Properly, her palfrey with embroidered housings, or her armored litter drawn by *des arrogantes mulas*, like Gil Blas’ uncle, the canon’s, with her squire and seneschal and page, should have been waiting for her; but I am writing in a prosaic time, and the characters in my drama must have recourse for their more or less momentous movements to such prosaic modes of conveyance as railways and steamboats, cabs and broughams.

She had brought her bower-maiden, Mademoiselle Reine, with her. That young lady detested England and the English; and when not required at her mistress’s toilet, sat immured in her bedroom, sipping sugar-and-water, and perusing the charming novels of M. Xavier de Montépin. She was an oral *cabinet de lecture*. The Blenheim spaniel

was on duty also, and yowled fractiously at the inferior quality of the London chickens, and the shameful adulteration of the London cream. Moustachu, the *chasseur*, was likewise in attendance, officiating, when Mrs. Armytage travelled, as courier; on which occasions he appeared elaborately got up in a braided pandour jacket lined with silver fox-skin, a gold-laced cap, and a tawny leathern pouch slung round him, containing an assortment of every European coinage. Moustachu had been fearfully seasick in crossing the Channel. He consoled himself with potent draughts of the brown beer of Albion when he landed; and his mistress very nearly caught him smoking a silver-mounted meerschaum at the corner of Seymour Street as her cab drove by.

Nor, finally, was "my man Sims" wanting to complete the train of the Princess who lived in that sumptuous first-floor in Paris yonder. It was, however, Mr. Sims's invariable practice to keep himself in the background. I question if he had even a passport of his own; or passed among Mrs. Armytage's "suite." While the accommodation afforded to Mademoiselle Reine and the Sieur Moustachu heavily contributed to the expansion of the widow's hotel-bill; the modest Sims took up his quarters at a neighbouring coffee-shop, where he dined off saltpetred bacon and boiled tea-leaves, read papers five days old, played draughts with a contemplative signalman from the station over the way, and was regarded by the landlord as a quiet party from the manufacturing districts, who was seeking for a situation as a clerk in a London house. If I had committed a murder and wished to avoid detection, I would hide in a coffee-shop close to a railway station. Pay as you go, and nobody will take any notice of you, save perhaps to remark to you how strange it is that the detectives haven't captured that sanguinary villain Slaughterford yet.

Mrs. Armytage was very well known and highly respected at the hotel. Faithful to her taste for a first-floor, she always had a suite of apartments one story high, and retained a brougham while staying in town. Her little malachite card-basket was on the drawing-table, and when she returned it was full of scented and heraldically emblazoned cards. The announcement, "At the Victoria Hotel, Euston Square:—Mrs. Armytage and suite," met her eyes among the "fashionable arrivals" in the *Post*. Sims had seen to that. Sims was in attendance, having been fetched by Moustachu from the coffee-shop. "*Quoi de nouveau?*" the lady carelessly asked of Mr. Sims in French, for a waiter was present solemnly lighting a galaxy of wax-candles. Darkness was the only thing that made Mrs. Armytage nervous.

"*Il fait gros temps dans la chieurme,*" enigmatically replied Mr. Sims. "*Madame attendra que ce butor soit parti.*"

The solemn lamp-lighter spoken of so uncomplimentarily as a "*butor*," a blockhead, having taken his departure, Mr. Sims, as was his wont when conferring alone with his patroness, lightly turned the key in the door:

"What is it?" Mrs. Armytage asked, speaking very rapidly, and a feverish flush rising to her cheeks.

"Bad as bad can be. The reddest of red lamps. Total, dangerous. Prospect, smash."

"Don't torture me. Go on."

"Saddington and Dedwards."

"Well!"

"Won't renew.—Whittle and Gumtickler."

"Well!"

"Have had the two five hundreds returned from New Orleans. Furious, but don't suspect any thing."

"Any thing else?" Mrs. Armytage's foot was drumming on the carpet, and her fingers were twitching at her dress.

"Something to tickle your fancy, as the valentines say. Ephraim Tigg of Stockwell."

"What of him?"

"Ephraim Tigg of Stockwell," slowly and quietly continued Mr. Sims:—he had been reading the names just quoted from a scrap of paper, taken from a greasy pocket-book, and now carefully closed it, strapped it up, and replaced it in his pocket—"Ephraim Tigg of Stockwell is a rasper."

"Go on, go on; I shall lose my wits."

"Ephraim Tigg *knows all about it, and won't wuit*. He found the counterfoil; you must have been silly to leave *that*."

A piercing scream was rising to the pretty woman's lips; but she checked herself, biting her lips till the blood came. Then she started up, shaking her yellow hair about her like a Fury, and wringing her hands.

"I am ruined, I am ruined!" she panted out. "Why did I ever go near that horrible old man? I have never lost sight of his white face and red eyelids. He has haunted me for days. The others are nothing. Fool that I was not to get the money from Goldthorpe before I struck him down: to-morrow may be too late. O Sims, Sims, help me; what am I to do?"

I know that what I am going to relate is exceedingly improbable; but it is true, nevertheless, that the brilliant widow of the Rue Grande-des-Petites-Maisons, with starting eyes, with swollen veins, with dishevelled hair, threw herself on her knees before the modest Mr. Sims, who lived at a coffee-shop, who had a face like a ferret, and whose nose was not only peaked but purple at the ends.\*

\* "It is scarcely possible to quit this horrid subject without observing that the facts which have now been demonstrated were in the highest degree improbable. Who could have believed that two wretches of the ages of fifteen and sixteen years could have continued . . . . . Let us not, then, too hastily conclude on other occasions that what does not appear probable is necessarily false, nor rashly reject every proposition for which we cannot fully account. Let our inquiry be cool, critical, and deliberate; but as evils multiply beyond probability, let our vigilance be not only constant but scrupulous, not resting on slight appearances, but passing on to facts."—EDMUND BURKE on a celebrated Criminal Case, A.D. 1767.

"Mercy, mercy!" she repeated, in scarce articulate accents. It was well that the door was fastened. The solemn torch-bearing waiter would have been scandalised; but an artist would have rejoiced in the disordered folds of her drapery, spread over the carpet; in her attitude of despairing supplication. She was not acting. Her laughing mask was thrown aside; real grief and terror raged beneath. She might, for her wild and scared looks, have been a Helen, remembering that the woes of Troy were due alone to her, that she was growing old, and that Paris had frowned upon her. She might have been a Brinvilliers, with all her wiles detected, and the *lieutenant criminel*, with his exempts, thundering at the door.

"Get up," was the unceremonious response made by Mr. Sims to the impassioned appeal made to him. "For laughing like a Cheshire cat, and going on your knees like Ada the outcast, I never did see your equal. What's the good of play-acting to me?"

"I'm not acting," groaned Mrs. Armytage. I have said as much for her already.

"Well, get up, at all events," Mr. Sims continued. "For such a plucky one as you generally are, you do break down shamefully sudden sometimes. You'll show the white feather at the C. C. C. some of these days, if you don't take care. Think of your dignity. There's nothing like dignity; and the shorter you are, the more dignified you ought to be. I'm too old for it, and always liked a quiet life; but you're just young enough to dignify yourself into a coronet."

Mrs. Armytage no longer knelt; she sat rather in the midst of the carpet, looking up with a strange expression of mingled fear and curiosity in Mr. Sims's face.

"Is there any hope?" she asked.

"To be sure there is," replied Sims. "Every thing's as right as can be."

She arose radiant, but trembling. She summoned up her laugh, but it died away in a fitful gasp, and she had to place her hand on her labouring heart.

"Why did you frighten me?" she said, in broken tones. "I have been in tortures, in agony."

"To let you know what an excellent friend you can always reckon upon in an emergency, and may reckon on if you only follow his advice. Ephraim Tigg and I have done business for years in all sorts of things, from lottery-tickets to the lead off roofs. He daren't squeak; but he *would* have squeaked but for me. You went to him without my sanction, and you see the scrape you have nearly got yourself into. The money was a mere fleabite, a miserable fifty. But your confounded imprudence has nearly knocked down your palace, just as if it had been made of cards. At your time of life, too, and after all the experience you have had, you really ought to know better, ma'am."

There was nothing openly disrespectful in Mr. Sims's tone, even when he had used his rudest words of expostulation. He spoke calmly and quietly,

as though he were despatching a matter of business, such as conferring about a schedule with an insolvent, and on which it was necessary to speak without disguise. And so soon as Mrs. Armytage had reached a sofa, and had sunk down upon its luxurious cushions, the normal state of things between mistress and man seemed of itself to return: Mr. Sims addressing her with his customary deference, and she treating him with her usual familiar disdain. The little Blenheim spaniel on the heartlurg, who had perhaps been dreaming of pullet prepared in the superior Parisian fashion, woke up when his mistress, on her knees, was adjuring Sims. He yelped peevishly; but no notice being taken of his complaints, turned himself round, like a sensible dog, and went to sleep again. This was by no means the first scene in which Mrs. Armytage had figured as an actress, and at which Mouche the Blenheim had assisted. Matters assuming a more cheerful aspect, he leapt up to his mistress's lap, and took her caresses with much complacency.

"And how," demanded Mrs. Armytage gaily, and toying with the dog,—“how did you manage it all, my good faithful Sims? Stay, you are sure there is no one at the door.”

“Unless walls have ears, and I don't believe they have,” was the answer, “we are unheard. There are some fools who, when they lock a door, put the key in their pocket. Always leave it inside. Nobody can look through the keyhole then.”

“You are wondrous wise, Sims, but tiresome. Proceed, my excellent agent.”

“I sha'n't take you long. Saddington and Dedwards must have the diamonds; you can't wear them. It's a bad moment for selling. We've glutted too many markets already, and another sale might bring on a stoppage of the firm of Armytage and Co. Besides, you have jewels enough already to cover the Queen of Sheba.”

“Let the diamonds go. I don't like to part with them: those nice glittering things are so compact, tell such few tales, and sew up so neatly in one's dress. For a rainy day, at the North Pole or at the Tropics, there's no umbrella so good as a diamond.”

“It's a pity you can't keep these; but the figure is heavy. Whittle and Gumtackler could have done nothing but sue. Had Somebody been alive at New Orleans, it might have been a different matter. Fortunately, a champagne supper and the yellow fever—only thirty-six hours—kept your secret for you.”

Mrs. Armytage just raised her eyes, and her hand rested for a moment immobile on the silken head of the dog.

“Dead?” she rather looked than spoke as she made the inquiry.

“Dead!” echoed Mr. Sims; “our dear brother departed, and so on. He left a good crop of debts behind him, and a large family.”

“Poor Bellasis!” mused the widow. “He was always too fond of champagne, and *would* take the miss at loo.” And went on playing with Mouche.

"Ephraim Tigg," went on Mr. Sims, "was the worst. As I told you, he is a rasper."

"What is a rasper?" asked the widow, elevating her eyebrows.

"You would be one if you had only a little more courage. He vowed vengeance, and was going to do all sorts of things. But for some little business transactions of old date between us, when my name was Des—" he checked himself—"when it wasn't Sims, Ephraim might have done all he threatened. But I paid him. I burnt the ugly bit of paper, and there's an end of that business. But he knows what he ought not to know, ma'am, and that's a red lamp as big as a pumpkin."

"Is he a man to kill, to gain over, or to tell lies to? and what should be done to prevent him annoying us?"

"He is a man," remarked Mr. Sims, with much calmness, "to die. He is a man to have another paralytic stroke. He's had one, and I think the next will be pretty nearly his good-by to stamped paper. He's got just about strength enough to creep into a witness-box, and that's all. He's got a hundred thousand pounds, lives in a kitchen, and feeds on the rats and blackbeetles that swarm in it, I think. I never did see such an old atomy. No; there's nothing to be feared from him, unless"—he paused in his speech, and spoke very slowly and deliberately—"unless you've been making him any more morning calls, ma'am."

"On my honour, no!" asseverated Mrs. Armytage, turning nervously among her cushions. "I never saw the old brute but once, and never wish to see him again."

"Then you can go to bed and sleep comfortably on your honour. Do you want me any more to-night? I think I shall go to the play."

"*You go to the play!*" repeated his patroness, in some astonishment. "Why, you don't go once in six months. What on earth has put that into your head?"

"Well, I like theatricals," Mr. Sims explained, slowly rubbing his hands together. "They're warm, and bright, and cheap; and you can let the people on the stage talk away without bothering yourself. Then you can look at the people in the boxes; and you're so close-seated in the pit, that you can't well help hearing all that your neighbours have got to say among themselves. Oh, I like the play! I used to be fond of going to chapel; but it's the audience there who are acting, and you can't tell what they are really up to."

"I think I know where you would like to be much better, Sims," his mistress observed, with good-humoured contempt. "What a pity there is no hazard left, no roulette, no rouge-et-noir!"

Mr. Sims shrugged his shoulders, and was silent; but a tiny red spot on either cheek showed that the widow's lance had hit home.

"Well, go to the play, most virtuous Sims," Mrs. Armytage resumed, with a slight yawn. "If you want any thing to drink, they will give it you down-stairs. Please come to me very early in the morning, and send Reine to me."

She waved her hand in gracious dismissal, and Mr. Sims, with a jerk that may have been meant for a bow, turned on his heel, unlocked the door, and departed. He walked gingerly along the richly carpeted corridor of the hotel, stopping ever and anon before some particular door, and studying the number with a look of owl-like wisdom. He also meditated for full three minutes before a vast pyramid of bedroom candles, and meeting a pretty chambermaid bade her good night in a fatherly manner. To the solemn waiter, whose life seemed to be passed in torch-bearing, and who was just lighting up a county magistrate in a private room, he imparted his lady's behests; and as the bells began to ring for somebody to tell somebody else that number eleven's maid was wanted, Mr. Sims stepped into Euston Square.

"A clever woman, but rash, and cannot resist her impulses," he soliloquised,—“her One impulse, at least. That is irresistible, and will be the ruin of her. Who can overcome one's little fancy? I can't. With proper management that woman ought to be a Russian archduchess, at least; but she'll end badly, I fear, all through impulse.”

He was decidedly the most retiring and least ostentatious of mankind, Mr. Sims. He walked all the way from Euston Square, through Covent Garden, to the Strand, and was positively not above supping off a dozen oysters at a stall beneath the pillars of Clement's Inn. Then, after a sober libation of stout, he resumed his walk westward.

“No hazard left!” he thought. “No hazard, eh? not a tiny nook and corner where a gentleman from the Continent can sport a fifty? Well, we'll have a try.”

Mr. Sims went to the play, but he passed both the Haymarket and Adelphi theatres without availing himself of the privileges of half-price. Where he went to, what play he saw, and in how many acts, and whom were the players, it is no business of mine to inquire.

The lady's-maid came, disrobed her mistress, and went back to long-protracted vigils of sugar-and-water and M. Xavier de Montépin. Mrs. Arnytage did not read; but it was late ere she sought her couch in the adjoining bedchamber. They brought her a little *carafon* of Maraschino, and she sipped a tiny glassful now and then. She had drawn an easy-chair to the fire, and wrapped in her China silk *peignoir* had got to her old trick of toasting her little feet at the fire. There were no *bottines* to toast now, and the little feet, covered with a film of open-worked silk, looked ravishing in the purple slippers.

“It is a hard life,” she said to herself. “A convict, or a minister of state, can't be much harder worked. It is all sowing and ploughing, and harrowing and weeding, and what will the harvest be? Do I shrink? do I falter? am I afraid? No; but the life is very wearisome. It makes my head ache. It makes my heart ache. I suppose I have a heart as well as other people. I know I feel it more than other people do, and that I shall die some day of palpitation, or aneurism, or something. Heigho! heigho!”

The little dog, snoozing on the hearthrug, lifted up his blinking eyes, as though in surprise at the unwonted sounds. Screams and laughter he was accustomed to—but sighs!

“Down, Mouche,” his mistress cried pettishly, as though offended that the animal had heard her. “What was it that the stupid tract said at the railway?” she went on cogitating. “‘Where are you going?’ Do the good people know where they are going? I should like to be good, but I can’t. I used to scream, ‘I will be good! I will be good!’ as a child, when they punished me; but I never could be good when the smart was over. I suppose it isn’t in me. There *must* be some pleasure, though, in being able to sleep without horrid dreams, in being able to walk without looking over one’s shoulder every five minutes. Good people pray. Where is the good of my praying? Will the words of a prayer help me? My thoughts used to wander away from the words of the service at church. What am I to do, where am I going, and where am I to go?”

She uttered these words against her wicked will, and aloud. The innermost voice had started up unbidden, and overwhelmed her with the imperious suddenness of its summons. It was not a still small voice—the creeping uneasiness of conscience:—that had been stifled long ago. No; this was a sharp, harsh cry. It seemed as though her name were pronounced close to her,—as if some one said, “Florence Armytage, Florence Armytage, where are you going?”

Among the trinkets and the gold-bedizened scent-bottles of her dressing-case in the next room, was a little crystal phial, carefully stoppered, and half-full of a dark liquid. She opened it, and, holding it from her, allowed its vapid odour to exhale.

“But a little courage, and it would all be over. Bah! ’tis an idiot’s resource to kill oneself. I may win the *grand coup*, and leave this life. But that isn’t it. I haven’t the courage.”

She never lied to herself; she was too clever.

“Why can’t I cry?” she exclaimed passionately, looking at herself as in the mirror at Paris. Why can’t I squeeze a few tears out? I never could. That white-faced puss at Goldthorpe can whine and sob. I can’t even weep when I think of Hugh. Am I to begin to learn whimpering now?”

She had yet some little business to go through ere she sought her bed. From a secret drawer in her jewel-case she took a common red penny memorandum-book, and opened it. The columns were full of figures in English and foreign moneys. These she dwelt long over. Then she turned to another page with writing on it.

“Amiens, St. Lazare, La Bourbe, Nice, Preston, Philadelphia, Kilmainham, Kirkdale, Lewes, Manheim, Milan: a pretty catalogue!” she said, with a bitter smile. “Ah, I have been a great traveller. Where is the journey to end?”

Once more, as though dreading to go to rest, she went from her sleeping to her sitting room, took writing materials, and, sitting down, penned



a long letter on foreign post-paper. She carefully folded it, gummed the envelope all round, sealed it, and addressed it thus :

" Dominique Cosson,  
Frère laïque,  
Aux Pères Maristes des Bonnes-Œuvres,  
Hoogendracht (près Louvain),  
Brabant,  
Belgique."

" Sims must post this the first thing in the morning," she said almost gaily, as she rose from her seat. And then for the second time I leave her to her bed, and to Sleep, which comes alike to the evil and the just, to the criminal in his cell and the anchorite on his pallet, and covers all over with the Death that is in the midst of Life.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### SHEPHERD AND SHEEP.

SIXTEEN months had passed, and crazy fools who had predicted the end of the world before the year was out—not forgetting to take houses at long leases meanwhile—found for the thousandth time that their reckoning was confusion, and that their prophecies were wind. The old world went on, and men-children were born to supply the loss of those who had been taken away ; and kings and cadgers alike gave up the ghost ; and Death as usual met the wedding guest on the threshold, and with unvarying politeness bade him pass in first, as there would be plenty of time for him.

It was the merry month of May of the year eighteen fifty-one, and London was in a frenzy about the Great Exhibition. The glass-house in Hyde Park has, directly, nothing to do with the conduct of this story ; and you will hear little about it from me. But the influence of the fever that raged in London was felt in the remotest portions of the English provinces. A gadding-about mania seized on all ranks and conditions of men. Women went up in droves to London professedly to see the Exhibition—actually to stare at the dresses and bonnets in the shop-windows. Ancient hedgers and ditchers, who had scarcely been familiar with the high-street of their market-town, were put into clean smockfrocks, and paraded by their pastors through the giant metropolis, and the wonderful structure in the park. The very paupers in rural workhouses were dressed in their best, taken to town, permitted to croon forth feeble notes of admiration in nave and transept, and regaled with unwonted meat and beer. Some such kindly feelings from the rich towards the poor are generally brought forth by great public festivals. He who has all is even anxious to let him who has nothing share—in the infinitesimal degrees. Exclusive possession palls. If Flag gets a couple of thousand pounds as prize-money, he flings fourteenth-class half-a-crown as *his* portion. A man who has a blue diamond, or a cabinet full of *Rafaelles*, is frequently most liberal in permitting the gratuitous inspection of his treasures.

It has been said that the Great Exhibition made itself felt all over the land. The press and the post-office between them distributed hundreds of thousands of journals teeming with woodcuts and glowing with descriptions of the rare contents of Paxton's Palace. Every rustic Paul who found himself in London wrote letters to his kinsfolk. The humours of the Great Exhibition and "Lunnon town" were put into the Lancashire dialect, and chanted by the descendants of those Troubadours, of whom Tim Bobbin was the Blondel. Somersetshire, Westmoreland, Yorkshire, Northumbria had ballads in their vernacular about the great carnival of industry in the capital—ballads which would have delighted Prince Lucien Solomon Bonaparte. This was the time when lads ran away from home to seek their fortune, and expecting to find London paved with gold, discovered that pockets might be so lined, but that the streets themselves were jagged and muddy; and so, Bow Bells seeming to chime out more to the effect that they were fools for their pains, than to bid them turn again and be Lords Mayor of London, betook themselves to their homes, and were feasted on the fatted calf, or the cold shoulder, as the case might be. It was in all respects—you, who remember it, will agree with me—an exceptional year. Gentlemen fell in love at first sight, not in three-volume novels, but in actual reality, with young ladies they met in railway carriages, or at Osler's Crystal Fountain, and married them out of hand. Freemasons from Mount Atlas fraternised with Freemasons from Primrose Hill, and the Polish Lodge entertained a Babel of foreign brethren. The oldest *habités* of the Park and the Opera were forced to confess that they saw daily and nightly in Rotten Row and the Halls amazons and amateurs with whose faces they were not familiar; and the learned in social statistics ascertained for a fact, that from May to September—such was the mollifying effect of the season—vast numbers of born and well-born Englishmen and Englishwomen made no scruple of conversing with persons to whom they had never been formally introduced.

But, as in the midst of a railway loopline, or between its parallels, or midway between its horns, you shall find some hamlet—some small country town, even, sometimes—which has no station, no omnibus nor fly communication, no gas, no police, and no roads much better than bridle-paths, and which is, to all intents and purposes of civilisation, five hundred years behind the age; so down in the county of Kent was there a village whose inhabitants did not trouble themselves in the slightest degree about the Great Exhibition—and many of them had but a very hazy and uncertain knowledge of what an exhibition was—at all.

This place was called Swordsley; and the rector of Swordsley was the Reverend Ernest Goldthorpe. The village was of some size, its population numbering nearly nine hundred. It was not a specially ignorant or uncouth village; it was simply indifferent to all that went on out of its precincts. If a Swordsley man had designed the House of Fame in Hyde Park, or the heir of the lord of the manor of Swordsley—who was a captain in the Guards—had been sent to the House of Correction

for assaulting a policeman in Rotten Row, the villagers might have taken some interest in the World's Fair. As it was, none of those in whom they interested themselves had any thing to do with it; so they left the Great Exhibition to its own devices.

To the inhabitants of this tranquil place, the world was bounded by the limits of Swordsley parish. The ancient cathedral-town of St. Becketbury was not very far distant,—scarce ten miles, in fact; but that was a matter concerning the rector and his curate, and not the laymen of Swordsley. There was a station at Daiseybridge, four miles distant, belonging to the South-Eastern Railway, and the aristocracy of Swordsley might avail themselves of it; but the Swordsleians were profoundly indifferent, and all but unconscious of the existence of such things as trains and locomotives. An early village bard had made a satirical song, in days gone by, against the railway movement generally, deriding it as a new-fangled invention, and lampooning it as a “Long-Tom's Coffin,”—hit which told immensely, more for the sound of the phrase than for its actual signification. When a Swordsley man was pressed to accede to a branch-line from Daiseybridge through Swordsley, and so on to the little seaport of Shrimpington-super-Mare, he ordinarily made answer, “We want none of your Long-Tom Coffins hereabouts,” and was supposed thereafter to have irretrievably demolished his adversary. A sharp lawyer from St. Becketbury once threatened the intractable villagers with an Act of Parliament which should compel them to have either a railway, or gas or water pipes, or some other filaments of the crinoline of civilisation; but Cluff the saddler, who was the village oracle and the “Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood” of Swordsley, cried, “Let un try it. I'll Parliament House un. I'll sow their Acts up like so much pig-shin.” And it was universally believed (in Swordsley) that any attempt on the part of the Legislature to coerce Swordsley into light, or cleanliness, or activity, would be met by the erection of barricades and the invocation of the Patron of battles.

There was a society, less convivial than conservative and inquisitorial, held at the “Old Dun Horse” tavern, called “The Leave-us-alone Club,” in Swordsley. It was particularly active in suppressing new-fangled inventions. It was stanchly Protectionist, had burnt Peel and Cobden in effigy, and debated the propriety of presenting a silver pitchfork to the once illustrious, but now forgotten, champion of dear corn—Chowler. The St. Becketbury lawyer, aided by one or two incendiaries among the neighbouring gentry,—for at Swordsley, and not for the first time since the Creation, it was the patricians who were strong liberals, and the yeomen and peasantry who were bigoted Tories,—had actually got a Bill, affecting Swordsley, sufficiently into work as to have complied with the standing orders of the House. There was an indignation meeting among the villagers, and a secret sederunt of the “Leave-us-alone Club,” who, from their own funds, despatched a deputation, consisting of Cluff the saddler, Muggeridge, mine host of the Old Dun

Horse, and Scrase the corn-chandler, to London, with strict injunctions to spare neither labour, expense, nor physical force—even to the “punching” of the St. Becketsbury lawyer’s head—to defeat the abhorred measure. The Bill came to nothing, which was a triumph for Swordsley; but the end of the deputation was curious. The delegates were absent a long time, and wrote more than once for remittances to the club. Muggeridge informed Mr. Pearkleborough the grocer (chairman *pro tem.* of the “Leave-us-alones”) that parliament business was terribly dry work. On his return he evinced a remarkable taciturnity, merely deigning to observe occasionally that the deputation had had “awful times of it;” and the face of Mrs. Muggeridge, his spouse, should properly have been as flat as the countenance of a Kalmuck, for, as she informed Miss Chuff, the saddler’s daughter, Muggeridge was in the practice, when spoken to, of biting her nose off from morning till night. There was a dreadful to-do about auditing the account, and the examiners objecting to an item of nine pounds for “sundries,” Mr. Muggeridge offered to fight the committee all round (four being a *quorum*); and as the host of the Old Dun Horse was a notoriously hard hitter, the auditors perpended and passed his account. Two members of the deputation remained for a considerable period unaccounted for, which necessitated the sending of fresh envoys to the capital in search of them. Chuff the saddler was discovered at an hotel in Old-Palace Yard, reduced by a reckless course of hot suppers and heavy lunches to a state of semi-idiocy. He was rapidly being converted to liberalism by an unscrupulous attorney’s clerk who used the coffee-room; but was rescued by his friends just in time to save his political principles and discharge his bill before it grew too heavy to be paid, anyhow.

The catastrophe which overtook the third delegate, Scrase the corn-chandler, was even more tragic. Scrase was a vain old fellow, of a bilio-sanguineous temperament, and was a continual butt for the shafts of Love. The wretched man had the folly to propose marriage to a lady who sang comic duets at an East-End coffee-room with a negro vocalist, who said that he came from Alabama, but who sprang in reality from Agar Town. Love, harmony, and Jamaica rum were his ruin. The great breach-of-promise case of De la Quaverdille (otherwise Siphkins) *versus* Scrase must be fresh in the recollection of my middle-aged readers. Heliogabalus Jones, Q.C., was for the plaintiff. Wumpkins, Q.C., made nothing of the defence. The judge—he was a joking judge, and his father had been a hanging judge—riddled Scrase with witticisms upon his love-letters. The jury gave swingeing damages. Scrase was hooted by the populace, and pursued to a cab by those infuriated females with umbrellas, who always seem ready to enact gratuitously the part of out-door Nemesises to the courts of justice. Scrase sold his business, paid the damages and costs, and retired in dudgeon to St. Becketsbury, where he set up as a stationer, dealt in cheap literature, and became the most rampant of radicals. His former

comrades sorrowed sternly over the defection of this Erastian. His name was erased from the club-book,—to add to his crimes, he had left three half-years' subscription unpaid,—and over his portrait (painted by Spillnegalp, author of the restorations in the sign of the "Old Dun Horse") was wafered a copy of *Bell's Weekly Messenger*. Unconsciously, the Leave-us-alones followed the example of the Venetian counsellors, who hung the black veil over the picture of Marino Faliero.

It was to wrestle with these somewhat obstinate and prejudiced, albeit very worthy people, that the Reverend Ernest Goldthorpe came to Swordsley. The living was a handsome one, certainly: that was something; but had Ernest not been an upright and conscientious man, anxious and determined to do his duty in his state of life, the first month of his residence in Swordsley would have disgusted him with his preferment, and he would have left the place to a curate, and only regarded it as a milch-cow. The Reverend Ernest Goldthorpe took a different view of his obligations. He would fertilise, he thought, this intellectual desert; he would clear away all this tangled jungle of bigotry and prejudice. So, axe in hand, he walked into the wilderness, and began to lay about him lustily. He was not unpopular at first. The former rector had been deaf, paralytic, and all but blind. There had been a curate who stammered, a curate who couldn't pronounce his H's,—the Swordsley men, although they had a pretty broad dialect of their own, were vastly critical as to cockneyisms,—and a curate with a red head—all abominations in the sight of Swordsley. Ernest made himself liked. He preached eloquently; he visited the sick sedulously; he kept port-wine in his cellar much more for the poor and ailing than for himself; and on Sundays, after morning service, he would give his arm to some fair parishioner, and, arrayed in his gown and bands, conduct her through the churchyard. The Swordsley people were pleased at this. "I like to see a parson in his cassock—it shows he knows his station," was the sage observation made by Mr. Pearkleborough the grocer. As for Ernest's liberality, the villagers did not care much about his open purse. They were very well to do. They had scarcely any paupers; and the infirm were mostly provided for by their relatives, or in the ancient almshouses of the Battle-axe Makers' Company. Many bed-ridden octogenarians turned up their noses at the rector's port-wine; and as for the flannel petticoats which his housekeeper made for them, they preferred their own hooded cloaks, dyed in grain. The neighbouring farmers, who had been totally ruined at intervals during the half-century, were generally very wealthy; and "purse-proud Swordsley" was a by-word to the country-side.

It was an evil hour for Ernest Goldthorpe, so far as his professional peace of mind was concerned, when he became by his brother's lamented death heir to the title and the vast treasures of Mammon. When the season of mourning was drawing to a close, the gentry of the vicinity made a point of offering him their more than tacit congratulations. A

rector already passing rich, and who in all human probability would be a baronet and a millionaire, was not a person to be slighted. The great country families called assiduously on the incumbent of Swordsley. He was unmarried, and the fact of how eligible a match he was did not escape the notice of numerous wary mammas. But in proportion as the consideration in which he was held among those of his own degree increased, so did it decline and diminish among his immediate parishioners. They began to sneer at his bounty as ostentation, to stigmatise his shy and reserved demeanour as pride. The surest way of making a shy man proud is to tell him of his haughtiness. By somewhat of the feeling, *ei vult decipi, decipiatur*, one feels inclined, in sheer retaliation, to become distant and austere. The gulf between the rector and his flock widened every day; and it wanted but one element of discord to make it impassable. The men and, worse than all, the women of Swordsley began to take exception to the Reverend Ernest Goldthorpe's doctrine. The unlucky young man had a taste for mediæval art, and he held notions somewhat advanced of the kind advocated in certain famous Tracts for certain troubled Times. If he was not a Puseyite, at least his congregation declared he was one; and he did a good deal towards encouraging the belief. At his own expense he had done much towards restoring the fine old early English church of St. Mary-la-Douce at Swordsley; but the clearing away of the hideous wainscoating flaming with the golden names of departed churchwardens, and the rubbing-off the smearing of whitewash which concealed some fine old fresco paintings,—both parts of the process by which the church had been "beautified" during the Georgian era,—involved him in unseemly broils with his own churchwarden, and caused him to be denounced by the "Leave-us-alone Club" as a pervert, an Escobar, an Ignatius Loyola, who was moved by the horrid intention of once more inflicting Popery, brass money, and wooden shoes on this free and Protestant land. Presuming to decorate the church with evergreens at Easter and Whitsuntide as well as at Christmas time, his harmless horticulture raised a shout about pagan idolatry and popish mummeries. He preached in a surplice, whereupon Pearkleborough the grocer positively wrote, and had printed at St. Becketsbury and circulated at his own expense, an eight-page pamphlet, headed "The Wolf in the Fold." It commenced with "Remember the Smithfield fires," and ended with the quotation from King John about Italian priests tithing and tolling in the English dominions. Ernest had spent much more in Swordsley than he had ever got out of it; but no account was taken of that. Finally, he put the climax to his offences in the eyes of his parishioners by presenting one of the Sunday-school children with a prize in the shape of a church-service, on which was embossed a cross in crimson morocco. It was about this time that the vestry wrote to the bishop about Ernest's proceedings—his "shameful goings on," as they were termed in Swordsley. They likewise memorialised the Battle-axe Maker's Company; and Chuff threatened the rector that "some of these fine mornings he would have him in the privy.

council." I have not dwelt on the commotion raised when Ernest took eight little boys from frightening birds and picking up stones in the fields, arrayed them in little white nightgowns worn over their clothes, taught them the Gregorian chant, and called them his choristers. Less need also is there to mention the rumour that he had set up the tribunal of Penitence in his back parlour, and that by dint of strong cordials and pecuniary gratifications, he had induced old Diddy Cubley, the habitually inebriated washerwoman of the village, to confess her manifold sins and do penance.

It may thus be imagined, when this state of things is borne in mind, that the inhabitants of Swordsley had quite enough to do in the month of May 1851 without troubling themselves about the Great Exhibition. The very few comments that were bestowed upon it generally concurred in the opinion that Exhibitions were a dangerous encouragement to foreigners, and a consequent upholding of papistry. The *odium theologicum* against Ernest alone was sufficient to engross all the evil passions of the little community; their better sympathies were, I trust, reserved for their relations and friends. What slight surplus of hatred there remained was liberally bestowed, in fee simple, upon Miss Magdalen Hill.

Who, desirous of being near her almost kinsman Ernest, had for the last six months resided at the old mansion-house, known as "The Casements," not half a mile from Swordsley on the St. Becketsbury Road. The Casements, which was said to have fifty-two windows, named each after a popish saint, which had been the hiding-place of one of the Gunpowder-Plot conspirators, which had stood a siege (for the king) during the civil wars, and was said to be triply haunted, through an agreeable series of assassinations which had occurred there.—this old Elizabethan brick-house, with stone gables and quaint terraces and complicated carvings, belonged to Lady Talmash. There was no mistake about Lady Talmash's theological views. She was of the very highest church, and very, very old, and very arbitrary, and very active, and one of Ernest Goldthorpe's most influential supporters. She had known Magdalen from a child, and regarded the young woman with a sincere affection. My lady was a widow, and wealthy. Before Magdalen had come to cheer her solitude, she had had no other companions save a High-Church parrot,—which had been taught to scream, "Canting Roundheads," and "wicked old Pope," with much distinctness of utterance and acrimony of tone,—a rigid old lady's-maid, and her own temper, which was of a somewhat hot and intolerant nature. Lady Talmash was only too glad to have Magdalen near her. The girl was rich in her own right, and knew that she could not be looked upon as a dependent. Above all, she was near her adopted brother's church and flock, and persuaded herself that she could find congenial and useful employment for herself within Ernest's sphere of action.

Magdalen was very pale and thin,—much thinner and paler since the awful day when the news came from Armentières,—and her eyes had a strange look; but to most men she seemed eminently beautiful; and,

although the other sex would rarely admit her good looks, they were generally unanimous in being jealous of her. What did she want, they asked, in Swordsley? She had lost one husband among the Sons of Mammon; was she seeking a new one in the heir to the title and the riches? If Ernest Goldthorpe wanted a wife, and if he disdained to seek a partner among the ancient county gentry of Kent, he could surely find one among his fine friends in London. Every body knew that Magdalen was sensible and good; but the knowledge of her many excellent qualities rather embittered the feeling against her than otherwise. Had she been perfect, she would not have escaped censure; but it was a point in favour of her detractors that she missed perfection by one fatal failing—the weak pinion in the wings of the fallen angels: Pride. Ernest was merely shy; Magdalen was really proud. The settled melancholy which had come upon her since the death of her affianced husband rendered her even more frigid and repellent. She had been sarcastic; she was so no more, but silent and preoccupied. The girls who came to The Casements when, as rarely happened, Lady Talmash gave a party, or who returned the old lady's visits, could find nothing to talk about with Magdalen Hill. They dared not prattle about fashions and flounces to her. It was known that she held balls, operas, and flirtations to be sinful. They could not talk to her about the Early Fathers, about the Council of Trent, or German art or Gothic architecture. Not that her hose was in the slightest degree tinged with blue. She knew much, theoretically and practically; but with men who could converse with her on letters or on art she disdained to interchange information or ideas. Even Ernest, who, enthusiast as he was on High-Church and mediæval revivalism, was not devoid of a certain amount of timidity, was half afraid of the beautiful sister-in-law that should have been. You see that one can be afraid of other things besides ghosts or dragons; and to the strongest mind it might be unpleasant to sit up all night in a sculpture gallery, with the moonbeams glancing on Pallas Athènè's marble figure. Magdalen seldom went to the rectory; but she ruled the rector's domain, both there and in the church. She gave audience at The Casements to stainers of glass windows, to carvers of rood-screens and bench-ends, to embroiderers of altar-cloths, to makers of brass sconces and emblazoned candles. To her was due the episcopal faculty which permitted the erection in the chancel of St. Mary-la-Douce of a magnificent memorial, in the form of a window, to Captain Hugh Jasper Goldthorpe, deceased. She controlled the discipline of the Reverend Ernest's own proprietary schools; punished or rewarded the children as she liked,—much to the discontent of the schoolmaster and mistress,—and deluged the school-library with little mediævalising tracts about Saxon saints and Cappadocian martyrs. In the Sunday-school the young ladies of the environs, and even the tradesmen's daughters of the village who were teachers there, made a bold stand against her sway. They rapped the knuckles of the girls she favoured, they presented surreptitious plum-cake to those who fell under her displeasure. Miss Cluff,



driven to desperation by her assumption, stoutly demanded one Sunday morning whether Miss Hill thought herself Empress of Rooshia? Magdalen vouchsafed no response; but Chuff, speedily collapsing in floods of tears, and adding irrelevant riders to her queries by demanding whether she was a door-mat for Miss Hill to wipe her feet upon; whether her connections were not to the full as respectable as Miss Hill's, although they were not money-grubbers that lived on the taxes got by grinding poor people's faces; with similar incongruities—she was easily vanquished by the stately silent lady, who withered people with one glance of her proud eye.

To the poor, Magdalen was a sedulous benefactor and an affectionate friend. But she could not get on even with them. The bed-ridden old women regarded her bounty with greater distaste than they did that of the rector. They would not look at her tracts; they did not care for her cold, measured accents when she read to them. They wanted something warm and comforting, they said, and they found only coldness and discomfort in Magdalen's ministrations. They hesitated to take the remedies she brought them. They regarded her with vague distrust. Even the curly-headed little children were afraid of the proud, severe lady in mourning who never smiled. She felt, though she was straining every nerve to do her duty as a Christian woman, that there was something that impeded her progress,—something that she could not remove or quell. Where was *she* going? Truly she was pursuing the narrow, thorny path that should probably lead to reward; but was her mode of travelling the right one? Should she have trampled on the brambles and the sharp pebbles instead of gently moving them aside? She asked herself the question sometimes,—asked if she could not conciliate instead of commanding, invite instead of repelling. Pride stepped in, and forbade further research; and in Pride and silence she wrapped herself up, and went on her lonely way. The women, as I have hinted, regarded her with a lively aversion; the gentlemen admired, but gradually avoided her. She was a little too freezing. Now and then William the dragoon, whose regiment was by this time in garrison at St. Becketsbury, came over to The Casements. He was highly popular, even with Lady Talmash, and he could make his brother laugh; but so soon as he was gone, the temporary gaieties of the Elizabethan mansion were discontinued, and Magdalen resumed her icy empire, not only there, but at the rectory and the church. "One doesn't like sitting next to a snowball, you know," the jolly young fox-hunting squire used to say: so Lady Talmash's severe although hospitable table became as deserted as she liked it to be,—not for economy's sake, but for pride. The two women, the old hermit and the young anchorite, used to sit opposite each other in state, eating scarcely any thing. The table was loaded with plate; wine sparkled in the decanters; yet the dinner was more barren than a Barnecide's feast. The butler and his subordinates went through all the forms of a ceremonial dinner; but they knew that it was given for Pride's sake; that Pride sat bodkin between the two ladies, and was the only guest that went away filled from that dreary board.

The Casements was, however, Magdalen's only home. The dragon was wild; the clergyman was celibate; none of the other Sons of Mammon were old enough to offer her a home. The position she held was anomalous. The link of the dead man was wanting to bind her to the family who should have been her brothers. She felt this, and mourned, and said nothing. Sir Jasper Goldthorpe had happily recovered the shock brought about by his great grief, and which had culminated in a series of fainting fits at Goldthorpe Manor on the evening of the funeral. But he was sadly shaken. His physicians had insisted that he should temporarily abstain from the cares of business. He went away to Nice, to Naples, to Malta, with Lady Goldthorpe; came back in the autumn of 1850; once more made his appearance among the clerks in Beryl Court; but suffered a relapse on the very anniversary of his son's death, and went abroad again. He was now in Belgium, whither he had come from Paris, and was staying at the residence of some great financial dignitary of the Low Countries. His affairs in Beryl Court had gone on prosperously during his absence, and he was richer than ever. But Sir Jasper was expected back: of course, being so rich a man, he had been made a commissioner of the Exhibition, foreman of a jury, and all sorts of things. From ill health he had been unable to attend the opening ceremonial, but he was now convalescent; and on his return Magdalen was to join him in Onyx Square: only for a few days, however, for the girl loathed London and the gilded palace there, and seemed to prefer her residence in the village where she was hated. Had she gone away from Swordsley for good, there would have been, probably with the exception of the rector and Lady Talmash, but one person who would have regretted her absence. That person was the Reverend Ruthyn Pendragon, B.A., the Reverend Ernest Goldthorpe's curate, and who, in his clumsy fashion, had fallen madly in love with Magdalen Hill.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A LAY BROTHER.

A LAY Brother came out of the convent on the hill, and so by the winding road into the valley where lay the village of Hoogendracht. It was an evening in May, and the far landscape was bathed in mellow hues. A fat and fair prospect was that Belgian champaign to look upon. Far as the eye could reach, to east and west the corn-fields ranged and waved, and the warm sun had just begun to sprinkle their green expanse with golden patches—pale gold as yet, and unalloyed by July fierceness. To the south the valley rose again into thick-wooded heights, where the birds held high harmony all day long, and partridges and pheasants might have thanked their stars that Flanders had a code of game-laws as well as England, and that their respite lasted until the latter days of August. Embowered in the woods shone out two or three

blocks of white masonry, pierced by many windows, on which the sun gleamed with an arrowy sharpness, and which, I grieve to say, for the sake of the picturesque, were also provided with tall chimneys, from whose tops blue smoke curled and diaped the woodland distance. These were cloth factories; for Hoogendracht was rich in manufactory of woollens. Right down in the midst of the valley was the straggling village of Hoogendracht proper, with its church of St. Josse-ten-Groode, its fountain, its antique stone cross, and quaint little Townhouse, now the quarters of the village-mayor. It was girt about by farm premises, rich in kine, in sheep, in pigs, in breweries, in wheelwrights' shops, and in beetroot-crushing mills. Half-way down the winding road which the Lay Brother traversed was the chateau of St. Hendrik, held for ages by the noble family of Vandercoockenlagen, now represented by Wilhem, twenty-second baron of that name; and to the north, on the summit of a high hill, the only object barren, savage, and gloomy to look upon in the whole cheerful picture, was the monastery of the Pères Maristes des bonnes-œuvres,—the Marist Fathers of Good-works,—a religious community of the very strictest discipline and rule of life, and who were generally considered to be a succursal offshoot of the stern ascetics of La Trappe.

When you had turned your back to the gray, timeworn abode of the monks, and looked around to the corn-fields swelling in lazy undulations; to the umbrageous thickets where the partridges and pheasants rejoiced and the cloth factories nestled; to the prosperous village in the middle of the vale, and on whose southern side the little river Dracht bubbled and struggled, all seemed happy, smiling peace. But for that bare hill not an inch of ground lay waste. What ponds or rivulets the vale had,—tiny tributaries to the Dracht,—were either the elected swimming-baths of ducks and geese, or turned the wheels of mills, or were rich in roach and dace and trout, sternly tabooed to piscatorial interlopers by threatening notices. The abundant manure-heaps in the farm-yards, the turkeys that gobbled over the scandal of the poultry-yard, the well-stored barns, the sturdy Flemish cocks that continually crowed forth their shrill pæans of defiance to all the Gallic cocks beyond Lille and Verviers, the pigs that grunted a Brabançonne in *bassetaille*, the sheep that fed, not forty, but four hundred like one, on the beetroot peelings, the fat lazy horses that had grown epicures in pasturage, and, tired of grazing, rubbed their noses against palings, or with dull thuds beat now one hoof, and now the other on the turf to while away the time, all these spoke of Peace. The cows were too proud to rise and stalk away as a stranger passed, but looked at him instead with their vast chests prone to the grass and their haunches bent, with a lazy, landed-proprietor kind of air, chewing the cud disdainfully as though they thought, "We are the cows that Cuyt and Karl du Jardin painted in the sheeny fields and the golden sunset, and that Verbeckhoeven paints so well now. We are historic cows. Reason not about us. Regard our horns, our mild eyes, our well-set bones, our heaving flanks. Regard, and pass."

The chateau of St. Hendrik had been recently redecorated, for the Baron Vandercookenhagen XXII. was rich and a nobleman of taste. But the old forms and the old carvings had been well imitated, and the mansion-house had a respectably mediæval look. It had need to have been renovated. We are in 1851. Five-and-thirty years before, the chateau of St. Hendrik had been turned inside out. The walls had been riddled by bullets, the roof blown off by grenades, the rich furniture smashed, the windows torn from their frames. Of the orchard, only a few blackened stumps of apple-trees remained. The bearded barley that was threshing in the barn was trampled into a gory mud, and among the parterres of the flower-garden men had hacked and hewed each other until the life-blood floated the tall lilies, and made the red roses pale beside it. Here the warriors of Napoleon the Great had left their sign and cast their crimson shadow. Here, as there, as far beyond, and to every point of the compass, there had been slaughter and rapine, and burning of houses and outraging of women, not alone in the year of the Waterloo campaign, but for many, many ages—almost since Christianity began. For Gaul is divided into parts three, and this was Belgic Gaul, “the cockpit of Europe;” and men had so cut each other’s throats here and hereabouts for the last sixteen hundred years, that Prælium would have been a far more appropriate name for the village in the vale than Hoogendracht. Scarcely a farmer was there in the place but whose fore-elders had been burnt out, or slain, or pillaged by the Romans or Frenchmen, Imperialists or Republicans: Spaniards, Englishmen, Haliens, Walloons, Croats, and Pandours had come to this out-of-the-way place to fight. The husbandman could scarcely trace a furrow without turning up a splinter of bone; and in the church a stately monument to Don Esteban de Lara y Lara, killed in a skirmish at Hoogendracht A.D. 1580, was neighboured by a humble mural tablet, setting forth in leag English characters that Captain Basil Horton, who fell by a hand-grenade in defending Hoogendracht against the French king’s troops A.D. 1707, had been buried (he belonging to the ancient faith) in the adjoining graveyard, and that this memorial had been erected by the High and Mighty Prince John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, to whom the deceased was aide-de-camp.

Flanders, however, has always been remarkable for a sound flesh and a healthy skin, and the wounds inflicted upon her speedily heal. So soon as the blood has ceased to flow and the anguish is over, the patient begins to smile again; and in a year’s time or so, scarcely a cicatrice remains to tell of the hideous gash. The husbandmen of Hoogendracht, when they had escaped the conscription, troubled themselves very little with the thought that their fathers had been forced into the ranks to lose their lives in quarrels that did not concern them. Peterkin’s beet-root crop was abundant. What mattered it to Peterkin if his great uncle’s acres had been grubbed up, his homestead ruined, and half-a-dozen ruffian soldiers of the Danube or the Douro quartered on him? Jan walked firmly and trippingly. His ancestor’s wooden leg did not lie heavy on his

soul. He hummed the Brabançonne at his work, and thought King Leopold the very best sovereign in Christendom, St. Gudule, St. Hendrik, and St. Josse-ten-Groode the very pinks and pearls of sanctity, and Genéviève de Brabant the cynosure of noble damsels. He ate his rye-bread, drank his sour beer, clumped about in his sabots, said his prayers, burnt his tallow-candles to the Virgin, and sold his bees-wax to the dealers at Louvain, kept his kermesses, hoarded his money in earthen pots and worsted stockings, and paid his taxes without grumbling. What more could he do to repeat in his Flemish tongue the spirit, if not the words, of the Latin inscription on the old house in Brussels, "From plague, famine, and war, good Lord, deliver us!"

So peace reigned in Hoogendracht, and the corn and flowers grew above the mouldering bones, the shattered blades, the rusty cannon-balls, and the dented head-pieces; and every man lived under the shield of the law, and in the quiet possession of his own flocks and herds, till it should please some conqueror to come and root up Hoogendracht again, and strip every peasant as bare as a forked radish. Meanwhile the place smiled and gladdened every man's eyes to behold it. It might have gladdened those of the Lay Brother; but as he walked he kept them bent resolutely to the ground. He was a tall and stalwart brother, with a Saxon face, and closely shaven. He had not assumed the tonsure, but his hair—what little, at least, could be seen under his coarse woollen cap—was rigidly cropped to his head. For all raiment he had a long, loose, amply-sleeved, and hooded frock, of some rough woollen stuff, reaching from his neck to his heels, and girt about his waist by a cord, from which hung neither cross nor rosary. Those simple ornaments of monachism were reserved for the fathers of the convent. His unstockinged feet were thrust into wooden shoes, lay being stuffed into the interstices between his flesh and the rough wood. And so, in mean and sordid garb that had a mixture of the monk and of the farm-labourer in it, the Lay Brother stalked silent, and with his eyes cast down.

His life was a hard one. He was but *servus servorum*, the slave of the slaves of self-mortification. The intervals between his rude labours, or his menial services, might be filled up in pious meditation; but he was not yet admitted even to the novitiate. He might remain for life a lay brother; and his companions in solitude were stolid and ignorant—Flemish boors, in fact, of a serious turn of mind, who were content to hew wood and draw water for the good fathers, without a chance, or indeed a hope, of ever putting on the cowl. The Lay Brother, however, was on a partial equality, so far as his material life was concerned, with the monks. He was allowed to share their toil and their privations. He rose with them in the middle of the night and at dawn to attend mass, and to hear gloomy chants. He stood with them in the refectory, listened during meal-time to the same austere homilies against the lusts of the flesh, read by the Father Prælector, partook standing of the same Spartan diet of lentil-soup, brown bread, black radish, cheese, and cold water. He, as a lay brother,

was allowed to eat meat at Easter ; but his comrades, the boors, did not eat it, and he abstained. He worked and vegetated. Were he to die here, he would again be put on an equality with the brethren, and be thrust into a hole in his rope-girt gaberdine, unshrouded and uncoffined, with a plain wooden cross above his grave. For this consummation the Lay Brother devoutly prayed. For him, peace was not in the cheerful vale of Hoogendracht, but in the field behind the convent, on the plateau, which served as a cemetery.

There were forty Fathers of Good-works at the convent. They had been dispossessed at the Revolution, and persecuted with unrelenting severity by the elder Napoleon. Their passive, uncomplaining forbearance, under unmerited oppression, irritated the Emperor and King much more than overt resistance would have done. "*Sapristi!*" cried his Majesty one day, I will turn every one of these forty shavelings into grenadiers of the Guard. His Imperial Majesty did a great many more quiet little things in the way of despotism—things much more cruel and arbitrary than shooting Palm the bookseller, or sending the brave guerillas of Major Schill, as though they were felons, to the galleys—than even his bitterest enemies in England are aware of. It was thought an act of clemency on his part when he permitted the intractable, albeit inoffensive, Marist Fathers to emigrate to America. After Waterloo a poor and scattered remnant, most of them feeble and ancient men, but who had preserved the traditions of their discipline intact, came back to Belgium. They were soon driven out again by the Dutch dynasty, to whom the Low Countries had been apportioned ; but after 1831 the conciliatory government of Leopold permitted them to return, and to enjoy their humble own again.

They wore long-cowled frocks, of form like unto that of the lay brothers, but of coarse white flannel. Their feet were bare and sandaled, their heads, but for the ring of hair at the base of the skull, shaven. They ate little ; they worked long hours in the rudest employments of field industry. They taught a school of vagrant children sanctioned by the State, and were the physicians and the relieving officers to the poor. Their farm-lands brought them in rich annual profits, but not one brother had a sou of his own, or even a purse to put it in. The consolation of literary study was even denied them ; and in their wretched cells, on their hard pallets, they were expected to meditate on death, and not to read. They observed the rule of silence with a severity even more frightful than ever reigned in a modern penitentiary ; and the deadliest sin against conventual discipline, was the utterance of a word not warranted by the actual requirements of labour. No ghastly reminders of "Brother, we must die" were interchanged between them. They plied their spades and broke their clods in mute companionship. The Guest-master only, or *Père Hospitalier*, the Reverend Superior of the convent, who wore a golden chain above his flannel robe, but lived as poorly and worked as hard as his brethren :—these and the lay brethren who fetched and carried from the village were permitted to speak on matters of necessity. So, without books to

read, without human converse to hear or smiles to cheer them, without shirts, without shoes, without pocket-handkerchiefs, or sheets, or pillows, —with no money to spend, no meat to eat, no kindly words to soothe their last moments, lived the Marist Fathers of Good-works—sternly and gloomily, and confident that the road they were treading was the sure one, and torturing themselves in hopes of a blessed immortality. The publications of the Tract Society never reached their grim abode. They would have spurned such heretical pamphlets; and yet I think more than one of these devoted friars might have asked himself with advantage the question, “Where are you going?”

Among these forty men who herded in one common living sepulchre, there were the usual number of Fathers Hulbert, Austin, Jerome, Francis, Joseph, Stephen, Philip, Luke, and so forth. They assumed their new baptism in taking the cowl; but they did not all belong to one nation, and in the great outside world they had gone by very many different names. Thus, Father Hulbert may have been a once famous tenor-singer at the Grand Opera in Paris, to whom Emperors had sent diamond snuff-boxes, and who had lain in the alcoves of princesses of the blood royal. Father Austin had been a chamberlain at the court of Leopold; Stephen a wealthy iron-master at Liege; Jerome an officer in the Royal Guard; Joseph a brilliant poet and wit; Francis a fashionable *roué*; Luke a —; but there is no need to pursue the catalogue further. The world was quite shut out in the convent of Hoogendracht, and all the pomp, pride, and ambition of man disappeared beneath the flannel frock and the hempen girdle.

As the Lay Brother neared the chateau of St. Hendrik, he found a handsome barouche and pair standing at the gates. M. le Baron Vandercoockenhagen XXII. had visitors staying at the chateau, and he was about to take an airing with two guests, one of whom had been an invalid. The horses champed, the postillion, in the lightest of jackets and the brightest of top-boots, clacked his whip. Two spruce outriders reined their horses in a little in advance. M. le Baron Vandercoockenhagen XXII. was a burly Belgian magnifico, with quite a conservatory of coloured ribbons at his button-hole. He came forth from the chateau with a lady and gentleman, whom, with the utmost politeness, he assisted into the barouche. The lady was stout, and had been comely and cheerful, but she looked pale and careworn. The gentleman was tall and broadly built. His hair was light: his age might have been a little over fifty; but he stooped and shook painfully, and could only walk with the assistance of a stick. At length the three were comfortably seated in the barouche; the Baron waved his hand, the postillion gave another clack to his whip, and the rapid wheels rolled down the winding road.

The Lay Brother had stood apart, by a wayside cross. When the party had left, he made to resume his way; but the gate-porter, a fat Fleming, in a gorgeous livery of green and gold, recognised, stopped him, and bade him good even.

The Lay Brother turned his feet towards Hoogendracht, bowed his head, and would have passed on; but the gate-porter was not so to be put off.

"Have you heard the news, Brother Dominique?"

"We hear no news. I have heard nothing."

"Our guests leave us to-morrow. They are called to England. And you, whither may you be bound?"

"To the post-office, for the Reverend Superior's letters."

"Ah, the barouche will be there long before you. M. le Baron does not feed his horses with broken bottles; and when they go, it is with a will. Do you know whom our guests are, Brother Dominique?"

"I am not permitted to ask. No."

"Well, they are English; no conceited, beggarly upstarts of Frenchmen. Oh, no! The invalid gentleman you saw is a great English milord,—Sir Jasper Goldthorpe by name, a member of the British parliament, and richer, they say, than Rothschild."

"Ah!"

"And the *belle dame*, whom should she be but Miladi Goldthorpe, his wife."

"Good evening," said the Lay Brother, turning his eyes to the ground and walking on.

"*Sont-ils rustres, ces frères laïques!*" muttered the porter, as he closed the gate. "That Brother Dominique is as surly as a bear. I wonder to what nation that lay brother belongs. He can speak no Flemish, and his French is decidedly not of Paris. Perhaps he is a Walloon."

When the Lay Brother arrived at the post-office in the main street of Hoogendracht, the official handed him a packet of letters for the Reverend Superior. He bowed his head, and was going away, when the postmaster called him back.

"Stay," he said; "there is a letter for you, Brother Dominique, with the English postmark, and in a very pretty female hand. *Vous êtes en bonne fortune, mon frère.*"

"It is from my sister," observed Brother Dominique coldly; but as he extended his hand for the letter his fingers trembled, and he clutched rather than took it.

"I don't believe in lay brothers' lay sisters," was the sage remark of the postmaster, as he proceeded to stamp the contents of the outgoing letter-bag.

The Lay Brother pursued his road back towards the convent on the hill until he had passed the chateau of St. Hendrik by full a hundred yards. Then he drew the letter in the woman's hand from the bosom of his gaberdine, broke the seal, and eagerly tore open the envelope. His pale face was flushed, and his whole frame shook.

"At last," groaned the Lay Brother, and in the English tongue. "At last. A letter in January, and a letter in May, and sixteen months have passed in this prison, and yet no hope."



## Paracelsus.

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THERE is one reason why we may wish spiritualism to be true, and that is, that we might thereby claim acquaintance with the dead. For a man shall not have lived long before he shall have passed the grand meridian, and may number more acquaintance with the dead than the living. If he be a reading man, there will be many with whom he would like to converse: he might wish to hob-a-nob with Robert Herrick; to drink deeply-intellectual draughts, of course, with Ben Jonson; to have really "a nicht wi' Burns." There be surely more of the dead than of the living whom I, for one, should care to know; for, in spite of the gruff Doctor's assertion, that a reasonable man of the world would rather dine with a great lord than with the greatest genius, I would rather have a quiet chop with Shakspeare than with twenty lords, and would delight to take my bread and cresses with Plato, St. John, and Bunyan. Such "an hour with the mystics," Spenser and Heine dropping in for a pipe, with Goethe in the company, too, would outbid even a lord-mayor's supper, followed by a night-mare into the bargain. But of all men, and since they live in their own works, and we can enjoy them *en famille* without the intervention of the new light, those with whom one would choose chiefly to gossip would be Sir Thomas Browne, Peter Bayle, Montaigne, Hazlitt, and Coleridge, forming a select circle of "Friends in Council."

An evening, these being with us, might well be given to Duns Scotus, Nostradamus, Michael Scott, and Paracelsus. The latter is a rare fellow, of whom, as we cannot all pass evenings with him, I will tell what little I know, he having been an old admiration of mine, one of whom I eagerly read any scrap I could get hold of. But, after all, his is a face behind a veil, seen but faintly, "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," and never to be fully portrayed, or to be hawked about in one-and-sixpenny slides for the world's stereoscopes. But others have loved him as well as I. A poet whom the world rates not yet as he will be rated hath written of him, painted him in the ideal, a knowledge-seeker, "one who desired to know," and did not care in what way he attained his end; one who would, if in the garden of Paradise, have plucked not one apple only, but a whole branch of the tree of knowledge, and would have also greedily eaten the fruit thereof.

"That profound Philosopher and Pbisytion Aureol' Phillipus Theophrastus Paracelsus Bombast of Hohenheim, who was poysned y<sup>e</sup> 47<sup>th</sup> yeare of his age,"—we quote from the imprint of his lively Portraiture prefixed to a little Dryasdustian brown book in the writer's collection,—was born of a noble father, noble *extra thorum*, Wilhelm Bombast von Hohenheim, about the year 1493. He added sometimes to his long

name that of Eremus, and some dozen of other sounding titles, finishing all up with the words *utriusque Medicinæ Doctor*. Paracelsus was educated as a physician; what that education was it is not easy now to say. He had to grope his way amongst uncertainties, to swallow what we now know to be the veriest nonsense of old wives' tales,—to plunge into the mysteries of the cabala, to walk in darkness, to depend upon monkish tradition, and to mutter charms. Mystery and mysticism were his daily food in those dark ages; but he went forward boldly, and as boldly affirms that he had penetrated all secrets, had gone through the whole curriculum of philosophy, and had arrived at the knowledge of the secret things of life and the hidden virtues of nature. It is only by placing ourselves in his situation, before the birth of inductive philosophy, that we can arrive at any kind of stock-taking of our own knowledge. Little enough, in good faith, do we ourselves know; weak, blind, and foolish is humanity now; but *then*, then, when all the vulgar errors Sir Thomas Browne has so well discoursed of were each texts and theorems,—then the darkness of ignorance must have been dense indeed!

Far afield went our "physition" to arrive even at the dawn: he travelled for ten years, between 1513 and 1523-4, visiting every celebrated college in Europe, and, like Plato and Pythagorus, wending eastward and looking to Egypt for his lore. He penetrated into Arabia, and conversed with sages and magicians; he tells us, in his own rich and gorgeous style, that he "turned over the leaves of Europe, Asia, and Africa, and in so doing suffered much hardship; he fell into captivity, and bore arms as a soldier." More particularly did he traverse Spain, Germany, Italy, Denmark, Hungary, Muscovy, and then Asia. He spent some time in Persia, was taken prisoner by the Tartars, and carried before the Cham, by whom he was sent on a mission to Constantinople. He studied the works of Raymond Lullius, of Villanova, and other adepts. Great was he upon transmutation of metals, had found the *aurum potable*, and talked with Jews, quacks, wizards and witches, boatmen, bathmen, and beggars. He boasts, as well he might, that he learnt more from strollers and gipsies than from the learned doctors of the schools. He gave and took; and, in return for knowledge thus acquired, cured hopeless maladies and desperate diseases—gout, dropsy, leprosy, and fevers of all kinds. He was received every where as the learned doctor; and, vagabond and true Bohemian as he was, had acquired a fame which far outran him and reached his native country before he did. But he was still poor, until a lucky chance led him to Basil, where Jacob Froben, a learned printer, lay suffering from an acute pain in his right foot, which no present leech could cure. This torture Froben had endured so long that he could neither eat nor sleep. Paracelsus was called, attended to and bathed the patient's foot, and then exhibited his grand specific, which, as we may gather, was laudanum; three little black balls—*tres pillulas nigras*—did Froben swallow with, to him, immense service. He slept, his faith in physic was restored, and in a short time he was a sound

man. He died, however, some months after of apoplexy. "He could not be persuaded to follow the advice of his judicious physician. The man, in fact, was old and apoplectic, and he died, careless of consequences." So says Erasmus, who believed in very little; but, to the glory of Paracelsus, believed in him, and in his *magistrale arcanum*, his grand specific.

The cure of this apoplectic printer raised Paracelsus to a pinnacle of glory. He was elected to the chair of medicine of Basil, and then gave vent to some of that grandiloquent spirit which seems to have inflated the old alchemists, as it did that magnificent creation of Ben Jonson Sir Epicure Mammon. To the strange weird teaching of Paracelsus—to that apotheosis of mundane knowledge and intellect, when the lay mind of the age, for a moment freed from the priests, seemed about to arise in its strength, and snatch new triumphs from the sky,—to this teaching flocked the youth of Germany, of France, and Italy. The minstrel and the poet, the free lance and *jongleur*, the sucking physician and the lawyer, the unfrocked monk and the layman, in quest of more than the priestly schools could teach them,—were alike ready to listen, to admire, to applaud. There is in the museum at Antwerp a strange painting of the period of which we are writing, representing the procession to the crucifixion of our Lord. There, too, all the trades of the world are seen—types of all the people who aided in the cruel work—flocking forwards to the sight. There come the pedlars and tinkers, musician, artist, and handicraftsman; there, too, the scholar and priest, joking, thickly pressed together, pushing each other, chaffing, laughing, full of life, eager to watch for the Death,—there they are, the very images of the townsmen and countrymen of the painter, who has taken care—surely not in ignorance, but with some meaning\*—to picture the ruffians of the Jewish mob in the costume of his own age. It would be strange, but not without meaning, if we had a crucifixion painted in the costumes of the day: with Pusey-curate, sleek tradesman, smug bishop, and ample crinoline. It would bring the reality home to men's business and bosoms.

Such a mob listened to the orations of Paracelsus. He discarded the learned tongue, and lectured in German. He sent a new thrill through the untaught bosoms of the people. He was not one to hide his light under a bushel; but, as he poured forth his words, told his audience freely that he knew more than all the old school put together. Shouting aloud in the plenitude of his self-love, he took in the sight of his audience a brazen vase, from which flames darted, and in which he placed nitre and sulphur; and when the lurid flame blazed up, he cast in the works of Galen, Avicenna, and the Arab doctors, shouting out at the same time, "Thus, doctors, shall ye burn in everlasting fire! Behind me!" he continued; "get thee behind me,—*arrière moi, Grec, Latin, Arab!* Ye have told hitherto but old wives' tales. The secret of all nature belongs to me."

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\* Thus in Bernard Zan's piece of Abraham about to sacrifice his son Isaac with a horse-pistol the anachronism is great, but surely intended.

It is not alone Paracelsus who has railed at his brothers in the healing art, not he alone has called their shops *colluvies jussulorum*—slop-receptacles; but whoever has done so has, we may well know, braved the hatred of all the rest of the pulse-feeling tribe. The possibility of a doctor making the sick man worse is no novelty in our own day, nor was it in his. We can trace it down through ages. Martial has a good epigram, one out of nearly thirty, against the tribe, which we may thus, like Phillips and his Persian Ode, “turn for half-a-crown:”

“I slightly ailed; a hundred doctors come  
(With finger icy-tipp'd and gelid thumb),  
Prescribe their nostrums vile, to purge or bleed:—  
At first I ailed; but now I'm sick indeed.”

And we may remember that Sir Godfrey offered to take any thing of Dr. Radcliffe save his physic; and Garrick would accept any present of Sir John Hill save his professional advice. But, notwithstanding these quips and cranks, it is a bold thing to say any thing against the killing and draughting tribe.

Paracelsus raised a host of enemies by his outcry against established favourites. He was like Ishmael; but he laid about him fiercely, and had salt in him. We may laugh at him now; but *then* he was far ahead of his rivals. He cured a judge, saved the life of a canon residentiary with three black pellets,—*tres murini stercoris pillulas*,—evidently compounded of his secret medicine, opium, which, we presume, he got from the East. When the canon was cured, he would not pay the fee: the dose was so small, the charge so large. Paracelsus summoned his patient before the judges. They, stupid fellows, only ordered the ordinary fee; and our magical doctor, in a torrent of indignant eloquence, abused the judges. We cannot help siding with him now. Ah, what evil has been done by weak and incompetent purveyors of the law from Pontius Pilatus downwards! Marry, is *this* the law? No wonder that Paracelsus devoted his judges to that place wherein he had already deposited the doctors. No wonder also, when the officers looked for him the next day, that he, dreading the ire of the magnates, had fled.

He left at Basil his chemicals, tests, and laboratory, in charge of Oporinus, his scholar and friend, who filled towards him the place which Wagner does to Faustus in Marlowe's play, which, by the way, has been most unworthily neglected; and it is from this Oporinus, an ungrateful apostate, and afterwards—therefore perhaps, O world!—a rich and highly-respected citizen of Basil, that we learn something of the inner life of Paracelsus. With Oporinus, then a young and hungry scholar, the great master also left his *magistrale arcanum*, laudanum, which some time afterwards saved his life. It is possible, we hope probable, for the sake of the physician, that the relation of Oporinus is greatly exaggerated. “*Adeo erat totis diebus et noctibus, dum ego familiariter per biennium fero convixi, ebrietati et crapulæ deditus,*” &c. “Thus, whilst I chummed with him for nearly two years, was he both by night and day

given to gluttony and drunkenness. Hardly was he sober for one hour, whilst he went forth from Basil to Alsatia amongst the noble rustics and the rustic nobles, healing them and teaching them, and every where received like another Æsculapius. He was a wonder to and the admiration of all. In the mean time, in his most drunken moments, he would return home, and dictate to me some of his wild philosophy. Nor did he ever put off his clothes in the night-time during the two years I was with him; but, girt about with his sword, which, he boasted, had been that of some executioner, he would lie down on his couch, drunken with wine, towards the small hours of the morning. In a short time he would arise in the dead waste of darkness, and lay about him with his naked sword; now striking the bed, the floor, the door-posts, or the walls, in so wild a manner that I more than once feared for the safety of my head (*ut ego non semel caput amputatum iri metuerem*.)"

Melchior Adam tells us, in addition to this, that he would often embrace this man-slaying sword, boasting that in the pommel of it was enclosed his Azoth, his familiar imp; and that with this imp he would hold conversation, and talk wildly; but Melchior Adam states that perhaps he had only a bit of the true stone therein.

Possessed, then, of "that thirsty devil whose name is Quaff," to quote Luther, when speaking of his own countrymen, we need not wonder that the respectabilities of the various towns in which he stayed did not consort with him. He had offended the lawyers and the doctors, and he was about to insult the third great power—the clerics. He is a strong man who, in this roundabout world, dare fight against law, physic, and divinity. Paracelsus attempted it, and was woefully beaten. Called in one day to a dying peasant, he observed with him a priest, who held something to his lips. "Has the patient taken any thing?" asked Theophrastus. "Nothing," answered the priest; "I was about to give him the Corpus Christi." "If he has called in another physician," returned the leech, "he doth not need me;" and he forthwith departed. Whatever excuse may be made for this hasty speech,—whether the maker perceived that his patient was beyond help, or whether he only girded at the priest,—we know not; but the outcry raised against him was immense, and he was again about to fly. Oporinus joined the great body of respectables, taking with him what he could of his master's secrets, by which soon after, it is related, he saved his own life; and arose to be professor of Greek at Basil. He afterwards devoted his life to the profession of a printer, and died full of years and honour in 1568.

With his magic drug, his Astoroth, and his great, bold, braggadocio heart, Paracelsus again set forward in life. He spent some time in Bavaria, where he healed a nobleman; some months in Poland, where he cured the king's physician. Every where he and his potent drug became celebrated, but he grew not rich. He was born out of his time,—after or before it, what matters? He was a wanderer, a Bohemian, a capulous and drunken man—drunken with great passions and a strong

scorn of the world. He who could have achieved every thing which the world then thought great, threw away his time, and did little. Towards the end of his life some little honours were forced upon him. In 1536 he dedicated his *Chirurgia Major* to the Emperor of Germany, vindicated the character of his father and his own right to the succession of the property left by him, ruffled it with the nobles, talked with and astonished priests, made a convert of the Archbishop of Salzburg, and was by him persuaded to settle in that city. But he did not long enjoy his settlement, dying after a lingering illness, in 1541, aged forty-eight years. The portrait affixed to our little brown book affirms, in the legend under it, that he "was poysned" in the forty-seventh year of his age; upon what authority we know not. They who assert that Paracelsus boasted of having discovered the Elixir of Life, add, no doubt for the sake of antithesis, that he "died with a bottle of his immortal Catholicon in his pocket;" but as these worthies must be aware that there are some complaints in which laudanum, his Catholicon, cannot be exhibited, they might charitably have supposed that he died of one of these. He left a very full and particular will; and with a portion of his fortune his executors built the hospital of St. Sebastian in Salzburg, where his tablet is yet to be seen, entitling him an insignis doctor, curer of leprosy, gout, and dropsy, who left his goods to the poor, and on the date mentioned exchanged this life for a better, *vitam cum morte mutavit*. His portrait was painted by Tintoretto, and shows us a bold hard face, with a good forehead, a prominent nose, a determined chin, and heroic bearing, bull-throated, broad-shouldered, *sic oculos, sic ora tulit*.

It will now be as well to take a final peep at this master's works. The translator of the two tracts of Paracelsus and Croillus has told us, truly enough, that in both we shall meet with "some uncouth and unusuall words," which for better "understandinge" he has taken upon himself to explaine. Thus the ADECTE, he tells us, is the invisible and inward man, which shapeth those things in the mind that are afterwards done with the hands. This is an explanation of the connection between the will and the muscles not at present dreamt of. The world also stands, we are told, upon the ARCHALTES, pillars or supports something like those of Hercules: whereon these pillars rest even this prince of "physitions" does not inform us. We may judge, however, that the world is as flat as the dial of a watch, and that the Yankee's wish, that he could walk right away to the edge and peep over, is not impracticable.

But with what curious and wondrous dreams did not our early chemists lull themselves to sleep! As the knight rode through the crowds of water-spirits in La Motte Fouqué's story, and as St. Anthony in the old paintings is surrounded by troops of spirits, so also myriads swarmed round the brain of the old alchemists. ARCHEUS was the chief invisible spirit, the occult virtue, the artificer in every one.

*DASES* was the secret vapour, the spirit from which wood grows; and from the occult vapour *ENUR* stones were formed and grew in water. *HAGÆ* were spirits who knew the secret things of men; the *Gnomes*, made popular by Pope's poem, were little men scarce half a foot high, spirits, but living under the earth; and the *LEMURES* were either the spirits and elements of water, or those of the dead come to life again. By the *PENATES* our physician understood, not those household gods with whom our early lessons in Virgil made us acquainted, but spirits of the earth and of the element of fire; the *SYLPS* were pigmies or dwarfs; the *TRAVAMES*, the actions of the spirits and ghosts of dead men, heard but not seen.

Surrounded by these and by others, the philosopher of the middle ages, or indeed the priest, nun, or peasant with any imagination, could not have lived a very quiet life. No wonder at their ghosts and midnight fears and horrors. No wonder that darkness terrified them out of their wits. We should not love to be subject to the continued interruption of any of the above; nay, nor to be courted by the *MELOSINÆ*, "despairing women now living in a phantastical bruttish body, nourished by the elements into which they will be changed, unless they chance to marrie with a manne."

Syllvesters, satyres, montans and tonnets, undens and melogens, vulcanals, salamanders, tumdel, and luperi, are now all laid, thank Heaven, to sleep, unless they shall be again brought into fashion by our modern rapparees. It needs this peep into mediæval darkness to assure us that we live in an age of progress and of light. We have, like Lear in the storm, thrown off these fantastical lendings—these rags and remnants of the mythology which the Greeks and Romans left us. If Paracelsus believed in them, which we doubt, seeing that he was mystic above all things, he yet believed in mercury and laudanum, two of the most powerful props of modern medical science. He should be honoured, therefore, even whilst we recall, with Coleridge, the old belief in gnomes and spirits:

"Oh, never rudely will I blame his faith  
 In the might of stars and angels. . . . .  
 For still the heart doth need a language; still  
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,  
 Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth  
 With man as with their friend; and to the lover  
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky  
 Shoot influence down: and even at this day  
 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,  
 And Venus who brings every thing that's fair."

This poetical superstition seems just now to be flickering up for the last time, the same in spirit but corporeally audible in knocks, cracks, and jumping chairs and tables. After all, until this dies out, it were better perhaps to go back to the unadulterated spirit-world of Paracelsus—to his Lemures, his Azoth, his Catholicon, and his Elixir Vitæ.

## Madame Doublet's News-Saloon.

MADAME DOUBLET is the most celebrated and persevering of all the ladies who by turns kept *salons* open to the wits and scholars of their day. During sixty years—she died in 1771—she managed to draw to her rooms, in the convent of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, all the clever and daring thinkers and gossips of her day. They met to supply the news that the government press dared not print. In one of those long wigs invented by the Duke of Nevers, sat Bachaumont the constant, as president of the society. Every member of the privileged circle had his own arm-chair, with his portrait hanging over it. In this room the presiding goddess and gossip-in-chief spent forty years, without once passing from it into the world. It may be that she felt she knew more of the world of Paris than any second person in it. To her feet churchmen, academicians, courtiers, and comedians brought the lawsuits, quarrels, births and deaths, the successes and failures, the jokes and retorts, and, above all, the thousand and one rumours of the great chattering city. So famous were the frequenters of Madame Doublet's news-room in the convent, that Piron<sup>†</sup> approached it trembling. Here was little reverence for the ruling powers. Epigrams for reigning favourites; Jansenist doctrine given in downright expression; with the indefatigable Bachaumont shaking his long wig over all. Two huge registers lay open upon the table—one for facts, one for mere rumours. These two registers, regulated by busy Madame Doublet de Persan herself, are the parents of the famous *Nouvelles à la Main* of the also famous "Secret Memoirs." The most interesting news of the day—news compared with which that in the *Gazette* was worthless—travelled stealthily, not only through Paris, but through France. As the lady's guests arrived, they read the register of the day; and each man added the fact or rumour he had gathered to the general stock. These registers, then, were chronicles of the time, written by churchmen, scholars, and eminent men of the world. They included criticisms on new pieces; accounts of law proceedings and literary meetings; notices of new prohibited books; poems too free for print; court and society scandal; anecdotes and *mots*; in short, all news and rumours for the publication of which the lieutenant of police would not only have shaken the keys of Vincennes under the nose of Mr. Fréron. Let it be observed, that this secret literature was not written by scribes of base degree, hungering for liveries, and careless of their name. In this famous news-room of the Filles-Saint-Thomas the best society of Paris congregated during forty years; and from the most cultivated men the registers received daily contributions. Extracts from these registers were made by Madame Doublet's servants, who sold them to the public, and so produced for themselves a goodly income.



It was not probable that transcripts from Madame Doublet's famous registers should be distributed without falling occasionally under the evil eye of the police. These fly-sheets of mischievous manuscript were becoming too numerous and too popular to escape the attention of the court. When the court was quarreling with the parliaments, Madame Doublet received, what she no doubt expected, a letter from the Marquis of Argenson, addressed from Versailles. The court could not sanction the liberty of speech she permitted her guests, nor the free comment on passing events which her registers contained. Freedom of thought and writing could not but displease the king, said D'Argenson; and his Majesty warned Madame of his royal displeasure before resorting to severer measures. She was to learn that the king's warning was an effort of his royal bounty; and that if she did not break up her circle at once, and shut up her registers, she would find herself shortly in an awkward predicament. Madame promised to respect the injunctions of the king; but we find her nephew, the Duke of Choiseul, declaring, in 1762, that his aunt was more difficult to govern than all Europe. The lady was not to be frowned down like a school-girl. Whimsically ill-tempered, the duke writes of "that woman, my very dear aunt." The occasion of this displeasure was a false rumour, traced to the celebrated news-repository of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, that the squadron of M. de Blenac had been taken by the enemy. "Signify to her," says the duke, addressing himself to the lieutenant of police, "that if again such a rumour comes from her house, the king will shut her in a convent, whence she will not be able to distribute news as impertinent as they are harmful to the service of the king." Madame, however, had strong nerves. The duke's threat produced neither hysterics nor fainting-fit. But she was puzzled to discover how the gossip of her *salon* travelled to Versailles. Charles Defieux, Chevalier of Moutry, member of the Academy of Dijon, author and spy, might have satisfied the lady's curiosity. Defieux had wormed himself into the system, and recommended lesser spies than himself, who should drink with Madame's servants, and teach them how to betray in their cups. Madame d'Argental had also a bulletin of news based on that of her friend Madame Doublet. The Duke de Choiseul suggested a dungeon to the former lady, and her servant was thrown into prison. Neither spies, nor letters, nor visits from the lieutenant of police appear to have made inroads on the health of the great lady of the Filles-Saint-Thomas. Her passion for news and love of great and clever company sustained her to the ripe age of ninety-four years. She survived by a few days even presiding philosopher of the long wig, M. de Bachaumont. It was said of her that, dying, she still called for news, and still news—to carry with her to her friends in the other world.

The famous registers kept in Madame Doublet's *salon*, under the presidency of Bachaumont, were subsequently published under the title of "Secret Memoirs," &c., by Mairobert, one of Madame Doublet's pupils—memoirs which, with the additions subsequently made to them, are valu-

able materials for the student of French history. They were so full of material that they furnished the matter of the *Scandalous Chronicle*, the *Spy of the Boulevards*, and other collections. The collections of the well-known Metra's secret correspondence—Grimm said Metra had the largest nose that had ever been known in France—was published about the time that Madame Doublet's registers appeared, in eighteen volumes. These publications are the answers made by daring people to the craving for news, which the government would not permit the *Gazette* to satisfy.

It was not possible, then, towards the close of the eighteenth century, the printer once fairly at work, to stifle thought, or run it in governmental grooves. As high protective duties produce smugglers, so guarded newspapers create contraband publications. "Napoleon the Little," by Hugo, was prohibited in France; but it had a gigantic sale there.

In the time of Louis XVI. the mind of the nation was saturated with the free thoughts of the Encyclopedists. Secret writings abounded. The government could no longer resist. Writers, audacious and with power, had sprung up on all sides. Planted in London, the infamous Morande launched his *Gazetier Ouirassé* at the French King's government. The two courts negotiated, while bitter attacks were directed from the safe asylum of our metropolis upon Louis' declining power. The public mind was disturbed from one end of France to the other. Every body who could hold a pen began to write. Writers, to quote Mallet du Pan, ceased to be a class. De Calonne tried to buy the leaders with pensions, and he succeeded; but the purchase of the leaders elevated second-rate furnished men to the front of the scribbling army. Then there was Brissot in London, who, behind the mask of science, directed a journal that was intended to overturn the despotism under which his country suffered. Mirabeau's analysis of English papers was a vehicle for the enunciation of the most daring opinions. To cheat the government, ingenious advices were invented by the dozen.

Animal magnetism was the rage. Brissot saw his opportunity. He would come in contact with the magnetic doctors. Meeting as scientific enthusiasts, they might safely raise an altar to liberty. Bergasse, who appeared before the world as the foremost of the believers in magnetism, met Brissot eagerly; for Bergasse also was using magnetism as a mask. The world, then, believed that these men were making scientific experiments at the house of Kornman; and they were plotting the overthrow of the Bourbon. Lafayette, Eprémèsnil, Sabatier, De Clavière, were of the number. One preached a republic; another, two chambers and two kings. From the heart of this assembly went forth the clouds of satires and inflammatory invectives that fell upon the ministers' heads in 1787-8.

Ministers and princes were slow to see the power of the storm that was wearing up against them. It had been gathering long, and from every quarter. The wild theories of years gone by had been caught from the dreamers who originated them; not to be put in practice in all their

naked absurdity, but to be cast about, tumbled, disjoined, and kneaded, and turned to human use of some kind. Men of all degrees, their brain stimulated by a little speculative knowledge, burned to show themselves in the intellectual world—to hold their place in the whirl of the tournament. Young men, their warm blood moved by the attractive novelty of the thousand and one ideas that were propounded, rushed into the lists. Thousands of pamphlets heralded the meeting of the States-General. The meeting of the States-General was the signal for the appearance of crowds of new journals. Events were too rapid; heads were too fevered and impatient now for books. “To-day devours yesterday.” Men must learn from day to day, from hour to hour, when the plot thickens that, calmly and in their study, they laboured to create. The pamphlet follows the book; the journal the pamphlet; and lastly, the walls are spread with the doings of an hour past. The story of the dead walls of Paris in 1848 has been thought worthy of a volume to itself, whereof, it may be, we shall one day speak at length.

The men whom the excitement of the meeting of the States-General cast into the frantic journalism of that great time were not born journalists, destined to report and criticise to the end of their chapter. The journal was their avenue to the public. Every man, when in downright earnest, can express his meaning, if only coarsely. Père Duchesne said: “Theologians were not wanting in Luther’s time, nor controversialists in the days of the Jansenists: when a popular agitation has a special political character, controversialists and theologians transform themselves into journalists.” And the writings of these fresh journalists are at white heat, because sudden and vehement passion has made them seize the pen.

Poor old M. de Bachaumont has laid his long wig aside now, some eighteen years since. His indefatigable mistress can hear none of the thrilling news of this great time. Yet those quiet talks of the Jansenists, the Encyclopædists, and courtiers in the convent of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, and those wicked little reports written in the registers, are at the bottom of this boiling ocean of ink that shall madden France presently. Madame, who was not to be frightened by her nephew the Duke of Choiseul, after her forty years’ apprenticeship to clandestine writing, might shudder a little at this pass to which speculation and scandal and court favouritism have brought matters at last.

In the provinces wonderfully-excited heads peeped over the raging crowd. A *Roturier* in Brittany stood forth the sentinel of the people, and bade them quit this world, that the nobility might learn what it was to labour for themselves, and leave the rest to him. This was somewhat bold for the year 1788. But *Roturier* discovered, after his fifth number, that Brittany was not ready to wait while he reorganised her; and he retired. “All that passes through my Head” is a daring title for a paper. Yet Paris, at the dawn of the Revolution, saw this title at the head of a journal. Some good satirical writing passed through the Head, let us add. The priests had few compliments paid to them: they

were rather reminded, again and again, that the philosophers had dragged the monk's hood off his tonsure, and had discovered all his reverence's wickedness. This daring Head had fed on "The Evangelist of the Day," that from London, from 1772 to 1780, sounded the tocsin of kings.

But feeble as a flute was the voice that told all that passed through this Head, compared with the thunders that came from the elder Mirabeau, from Maret, Barrère, Condorcet, Chenier, Camille Desmoulins, Marat, Robespierre, and a host of other demagogues and worshippers of demagogism, when, after the meeting of the States-General, the flood-gates, which had kept the people back from crown and ministers and priests, fairly swung back. A thousand papers appeared between May 1780 and May 1793. The streets were noisy with the cries of news-vendors. The walls were covered with the most extravagant titles. Obscure men, suddenly able to express their opinions, became powerful by disseminating the most extravagant doctrine, by telling invective, by propagating calumny, or by piping little mischievous songs. The nation, like a suddenly-loosened dog, whirled and danced about the figure of Freedom. There were a hundred clubs in Paris; and every club had its organ. As the competition became fierce, rival journalists puzzled their brains for eccentric titles, and competed in vehemence of expression and audacity of principle. There were so many journals at last that the "Devil's Journal," and the "Idlers' Journal," and the "Laughter's Journal," were titles that wooed the patronage of the shouting scrambling public of the Palais Royal. "Couriers," in the same way, were multiplied, until the "Courier of Equality" peeped out. Postillions, Messengers, and Chronicles, with Sentinels, Spectators, Observers, Mirrors, and Lanterns, burst into the streets from all manner of dingy printing-offices. There were Friends also; the "Friend of the People," by Marat, first of all. But the Revolution being in favour, Friends multiplied, as they multiply now, and will multiply always about success. Loustaldt led the "Friend of Men of all Nations and all Conditions." There was a Friend of the Revolution and of the Eighty-two Departments; and even the unhappy Queen had a "True Friend," conducted by a society of *citoyennes*. The Revolution produced a list of Enemies as well as Friends, the "Enemy of the Aristocrats" and the "Enemy of Tyrants" among the number. There was even a "National Whip." A mad world, my masters, was this Paris, in which all these standards were raised. When the blood was hot; when authority was destroyed; when the race was to the daring, the triumph to the keenest dagger,—then was the supreme opportunity for ignoble minds and cruel hearts to take holiday. The "Listener at the Door," the "Spy of the Constituted Authorities," the "Patriotic Argus," called aloud for blood to be shed. Savage-eyed men printed "Lists" that were finger-posts, pointing out the weak and innocent for the tumbril and guillotine. And amid all this sombre journalism, this journalism of the shambles,

were comic papers and papers in verse. The Parisians must have their laugh, while victims are dressing for the guillotine, in honour of the Reign of Terror. Strange children, frenzied with wonder, before the bizarre figures of Liberty that they have tricked out, they must still be tickled while they suffer. Freedom is so strange to them, they must dress her anew, and still anew, as children dress their dolls. Young Mirabeau sends forth the Breakfast, or cheap truth; then the Dinner, or laughing truth; and lastly Mustard after dinner. But the imagination of Parisian journalists of the great Revolution had wilder flights than these. "A farthing, a farthing for my Journal;" "All the World's Cousin;" "Hang me, but listen to me;" the "Patriotic Tailor;" "Thieves! Thieves!" From Chevalier's head-quarters in the Rue Percée, and later, from Gattey's renowned shop in the Palais Royal, vast crowds of hungry hawkers carried all this garbage of the Revolution to the farthest barriers of the capital. The names of neither editor, proprietor, nor printer were upon these extraordinary issues of the revolutionary press. An attempt to make proprietor or printer responsible for them failed. The authorities rationally desired to prevent the spread of alarms throughout the city, at every hour of the night and day, by irresponsible hawkers crying all kinds of violent and irresponsible prints. But the said authorities received for answer that the hawkers must cry, or steal, or die. They were told that prosperity had hardened the philosophers who had risen to power; that, drawn through the streets in brilliant cars, these same hardened philosophers covered the people with mud from the wheels. The excitement of this nation, suddenly able to speak, would bear no curb. The walls became eloquent. Tallien spoke to his fellow-citizens at the corners of every street. "A soul," to use the phrase of Louis Blanc, "breathed upon the walls of the public buildings." Libels, party statements, calumnies, spoke from every square yard of brick or stone. "Cock-crow," "Roland's Sentinel," and "Tallien's Citizens' Friend," were, indeed, journals which were not sold nor distributed, but which were posted upon walls throughout France,—on some occasions to the extent of 20,000 copies. They went direct to the people, and had a sensible effect upon their passions. By October 1790 there were between sixty and seventy journals regularly publishing in Paris. There was a mad rage for the printing-press; and the paper-makers rubbed their hands.

But suddenly, in 1792, while hundreds of pens were at work, and bill-stickers were busy, and compositors were toiling day and night, a panic spread among them. The paper-mills were nearly exhausted! What was the liberty of the press without paper? What would become of the revolutionary government without paper? The journalists were in despair. But they contrived to turn this scarcity to the disadvantage of their enemies. They reasoned in this way for their foes: Liberty gave men the right to speak at will; the haste to write every thing would consume paper faster than it could be manufactured; the issue of assignats would

not lessen the consequent scarcity and dearness of the journalists' raw material. Taking advantage of revolutionary liberty, we will export as much paper as we can buy; the Legislative Corps will not notice us. Then, what will happen? Why, the dearness of paper will destroy the patriotic journals. We rich aristocrats alone shall be able to support periodicals. The fall of the constitutional journals will bring down their vulgar idol, Liberty, with them. The people, no longer able to read and wandering without guides, will soon lose all traces of what are called sound principles. Starving, moreover, they will belong to the first comer who appeals to them. Thus paper, mere paper—rag-pulp—will bring about a counter-revolution. That which produced the Revolution will destroy it.

This was ingenious reasoning, put by the "demagogue philosophers" into the mouths of the aristocrats. It was plausible enough to catch the mob, and make them believe that a trap were laid for them. Was the trap laid or not? It matters not now to open the question. If it was laid, it was clumsily baited and adjusted. It was a mouse-trap set to catch an elephant, and a mad elephant to boot. The mob, made king absolute, sang, and growled, and hissed, and laughed, and shrieked. De Lamennais said of it: "Nobody obeys, and every body commands. Tyranny is at the bottom of every heart. Every man says to himself, 'When I am king.' This is his republic." Every citizen, every *concierge* panted to make an appearance. For every mad ambition, for every wild idea, for every shadowy Utopia, there was a journal. All the journals of parties out of power made war, even to extermination, upon the party in power, and poisoned with malignant venom the minds of the people against their rulers. So savage and abandoned was this warfare, so independent of all honourable principle, so coarse and blasphemous, that to this hour France has not forgotten the shame and humiliation of it. Does not M. Hatin\* boldly say in his preface that the absolute liberty of the press is impossible in France. The Red journals of 1848 were not less wild and savage and irrational than those of 1792. Marat at bay with the revolutionary assembly, now provoking the army to assassinate its generals, and now inviting the people to treat the "gangrened majority" of representatives to fire and sword, is a good illustrative figure of the revolutionary journalist. He and his crew had brutalised the public heart, till it was ready to listen to the advocates of murder, incendiarism, and pillage. The Assembly, energetic for a moment, faced this brutality, and forbade its organs to pour more poison into the ear of the nation. But the mob was too boisterous and brutal now to listen to moderate and rational counsel; the mob and its leaders had their way. Marat defies all authorities, and his *cordeliers* back and applaud his shameless excesses. Malouet, who, with the spirit of an honourable gentleman, persisted in seeing a clear line

\* M. Hatin, by the way, is not lightly indebted to M. Léonard Gallois' History of the Journals and Journalists of the French Revolution, published in 1845.

between liberty and the savage license of an unbridled and enraged mob, called one day on the Procureur du Roi, and denounced to him one of Marat's pamphlets. "I dare not," replied the Procureur. The intrepid deputy retorted indignantly, "Then cover the altar of justice with crape, that all citizens may know that law is no more."

During the Republic and the Consulate repeated attempts were made to moderate the excesses of journalists. Now a stamp was proposed, and now a high rate of postage. The Council of Five Hundred passed a law compelling authors to sign their names to their works,\* but the more liberal Council of Ancients rejected this restriction. Decomberousse, a magistrate who honourably endeavoured to moralise the press, took a sentimental view of the question. He suggested that annually, at the fête of the Republic, the name of the journalist who had best served his country should be proclaimed. As well might the Zoological Society endeavour to tame a lion with a penny bun. But there were men who took no amiable view of the excesses of the revolutionary press. Delmas declared that the journalists had stabbed the Republic a thousand times, and were answerable for all the crimes of the Revolution. In 1793 Duhem, in the Convention, called them calumniating insects (we have never heard of the calumnies of insects) and impure reptiles, and demanded that they should be turned out of the Chambers. "Leave them to wriggle in the mud," replied André. Duhem found his answer. He was told by the journalists that he was a coward if he could not brave the stilettos of calumny. Thuriot rose in the Convention, and declared that the deputies who were journalists also robbed the nation of the salary they received from her, and demanded that they should give up their journals or their seats. The Convention carried this demand; but two months afterwards the journalists compelled the legislators to rescind their obnoxious act. Defeated in this direction, the Assembly made many attempts to establish an official organ. "What!" cried Pastoret, "while the army is in want, while public functionaries are ill-paid, while fund-holders are not paid at all,—here is a proposition to spend more than a million and a half a year on a new paper, at the very moment we are all complaining that France is inundated with papers!" It was not before the eighth year of the Republic that the *Moniteur Universel* became the official organ of government. The successive governments of the Revolution had their paid organs. The *War Postillion*, the *Logographe*, and the *Cock-Crow* had subventions. The Convention sowed the *Père Duchesne* broadcast through France. Members rose from time to time to protest against the expenditure of public money in buying papers; but again and again it was declared necessary to combat, by this means, the baneful effect of the independent journalism of this time. The municipality of Paris threw its power into the scale against the excesses of the revolutionary press, and especially against Marat. In truth, when the court was definitively vanquished, the middle class, or *bourgeoisie*, put

\* This law is now in force in France.

itself in the position of governing class. Bourgeois armed himself, took possession of town-halls, ensconced himself in *mairies*, and encompassed himself with various civic dignities. He then turned upon the people—the working-classes. He endeavoured to close clubs, and to gag the press that was hostile to his pretensions. The people were wanted by him only when the aristocrats or the priests assumed a menacing attitude. The people were the watch-dogs of the Revolution. It was their duty to bark and growl when king, or noble, or priest approached the temple of Liberty; but when all was quiet, they were to lie content in their kennels, and let triumphant Bourgeois have his way, and that, in his tricolour scarf, to his heart's content. But Pleb, the watch-dog, was not the most docile of animals. He made not a few bites at Bourgeois' legs. Pleb barked at Bourgeois as the aristocrat of the town-hall.

Brissot, Gorsas, Fréron, and, chief of all, Marat, gave no quarter to Bourgeois. The National Assembly, in 1790, had left Marat's *Friend of the People*, and the papers of its class, to be dealt with by Bourgeois at his municipal head-quarters. "Our functions," said the National Assembly, "are to deal with the general interests of the kingdom; and not to regulate the police of the streets, to watch rascals, assassins, and libellers." Daily were Marat and Co. denounced. Even the ladies of the Halle presented themselves before the committee of police to denounce certain harmful libels that were sold to the people, and which tempted the people to dissipate in bad newspapers money wanted in their homes. Denunciation was the very air of the time; according to the *Chronicle of Paris*, 1793, it was the degradation "of the reign of equality and liberty." Clubs, cafés, and private individuals incessantly denounced editors and contributors, and demanded that they should be called before the revolutionary tribunal, or the committee of public safety. The resolution of the frequenters of the Café Zoppi—better known as the Café Procope—curiously illustrates the rage for remonstrance and denunciation of the time. The frequenters declare their belief that the editors of papers of the *Gazette-de-Paris* class would be delighted to print their journals in the blood of the best citizens, and resolve to send a deputation of Café-Procope patriots to the editors of these sanguinary journals, to express the hope of all French patriots that they will no longer calumniate the National Assembly, &c. The deputation, while remonstrating with the editors to whom they had been sent, threatened that they would punish the writer who persevered in his calumnies by leading him through Paris upon the back of an ass, the writer's head turned to the ass's tail. The Café Procope, like the Café de Foy and the Café du Caveau, played no inconsiderable part in the Revolution. The Procope patriots returned again and again to the attack against the Durosoys and the Mallet du Mans. In one of their public letters they suggested that certain Paris sewers should be named after the preachers of anarchy and assassination. They were, indeed, a little parliament, sitting at round tables, sipping coffee or absinthe, while they debated resolutions, and made or destroyed reputations.



"Franklin is dead" was hung in this famous coffee-house over the doorway. The great man's bust was crowned with cypress-leaves; the chandeliers were festooned with crape; and from the doors bread was distributed to the poor. When war impended, the Procopes clubbed together, and offered a stand of arms, "on the altar of the country, in the temple of the law." When a paper was particularly obnoxious, it was solemnly burnt at the café-door. Indeed, in those days every little café that had its regular frequenters was the scene of paper-burnings, after the fashion of the famous Procope. Sometimes, however, ardent patriots repaired to publishers' shops to give forcible expression to their opinions. Gattey, "aristocratic publisher" of the Palais Royal, was visited by a band of young patriots, who fumigated his shop with vinegar and sugar, to destroy the breath of the bad citizens who frequented it. They also burned the "Acts of the Apostles," and concluded their expressions of hostile opinion by intimating to the poor publisher that the first aristocrat whom they discovered in his house should be dipped in the Palais-Royal fountain-basin, to give him a patriotic baptism. To these extravagant lengths did public opinion run, directly it was permitted to run alone. Nursed in Madame Doublet's news-saloon, it soon became a wild athlete. It is now an athlete in chains. And M. Hatin, one of the historians of the French press, approves the gyves.

B. J.

## Daughters of Eve. .

### I.

ELIZABETH INCHBALD.

LET none of the sons of Adam nor of the daughters of Eve prejudge my intentions as to the spirit in which I mean to select for loving and careful portraiture a little picked troop from among my sisters in the great Earth-peopling family. If I begin with one who sought to yield obedience to a nature strongly yearning for action and emotion, first on the attractive but dangerous arena of the stage, then in the less exposed but hardly less trying and adventurous field of literature, I have special reasons for so doing, which are not inspired by any marked interest with which the class actress or authoress is by me invested. Perhaps, and most likely, I shall not choose a study out of either class again. The mingling in the public and garish work of the world implied in such avocations is not for the most part favourable to the development of a truly womanly woman—generally the reverse; and my desire is to show you ever daughters of our first parent in whom is blazoned the true and direct lineage from the great original type of womanhood as first it came, in all its unfathomable mystery, beauty, and tenderness, from the hands of the Creator, to be the solace and companion of His arch-creature, the bright diadem of his earthly lordship, yet through whom man should learn the humble lesson of his weakness, and climbing with sweat of brow the rugged steep of labour and knowledge, encouraged by the smiles, comforted by the affection of his helpmate, reach to an ever higher consciousness of his livine nature, until the great climax, when the heel of a daughter of Eve shall bruise the serpent's head. Yet, if some ways of life which women may take up or be cast into expose them to heavy risks of deterioration in the special attributes and graces of their kind, she whose nature bears in purest and clearest effigy the stamp of eternal womanhood will pass, as with a charmed life, through the thorns and brakes of such ill-chosen paths, showing scarce the lightest mark upon her tender skin. Like spotless Una in the fable, she quells the fierceness of the fiercest lion that may break upon her from out the wilderness into which she has strayed, and bids him follow and serve her—turning her very temptations into fresh sources of helpful strength and influence. In these days, when the crowd of humanity grows daily more fearfully dense, and presses onward, eager, yet agitated and uncertain,—bearing down many an old fence, rampling into dust many an ancient usage,—woman is jostled in the tumult away from her natural protection and support, and thrust unguarded into strange places, to do strange work amid strange folk. The timid creepers that should have twined and festooned about a homestead must now too often spread abroad, in weak bewilderment, their delicate tendrils over the world's highway, brooking a thousand dangers amidst

its whirling heedless throng, or, striving to erect themselves into an independence forbidden by the law of their being, acquire strength only at the cost of a convulsive and ungraceful distortion of their native fibre. This social perplexity in the fit bestowal of the multitude of Eve's daughters, this *embarras des richesses* in the matter of man's most precious treasure, has begotten much doctrinal twaddle and misty theorising on the rightful attributes and functions of the sex. Woman's mission has been explained, or rather descanted on, by a chorus of philosophers, poets, romancers, mistagogues, of both sexes, in which the treble voices have not always issued from female throats, nor the bass from male. Taking it for granted, however, that woman's mission is first and principally to be a woman, and that if she be simply and truly this, whatever else is the purport of her creation will follow easily and naturally thereupon, without much deep thinking or invoking of rapturous visions, I fancy we shall learn more of this matter by placing before us in a good broad light a few examples, not of heroines, or meteoric beings flashing upon the world with high and splendid endowments, but of the plainer and humbler material whereof the companion of man is ordinarily moulded, and who, though thrown by varying circumstances into unusual and trying positions, have lived, loved, suffered, and endured, like steadfast, single-hearted women, never outstepping the boundary which instinct, rather than philosophy or reasoning, assigns to the modesty of their nature. Because, therefore, Elizabeth Inchbald, actress and authoress, struck me as presenting a marked instance of this happy simplicity and integrity of womanly nature, preserved intact through a life of extraordinary self-dependence and exposure to influences injurious to the delicacy of her sex, have I chosen her to lead the series I propose to open here; and not because she was a literary genius, a lioness of fashionable society, or exhibited her irresistible beauty and grace upon the scene.

It is to be regretted that materials do not exist for obtaining such an intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Inchbald's life, particularly the earlier and more chequered part of it, as, from the glimpses that remain to us, one is naturally eager for, both as a remarkable study of character, and as a story of deep interest. It is still more to be regretted that we have not the narrative of these vicissitudes, and of the battles, perils, and experiences of her impulse-guided existence, in her own graceful, simple, and direct language, as, prompted by an active and observant mind, she actually did record them. If we do not lament that the famous autobiographic Ms., rich with scandalous revelations, which Byron so generously presented to his friend Moore, was never permitted permanently to cloud the yet bright memory of that great poet and semi-monstrous man; if, *per contra*, the memoirs of that same friend and fellow-poet, edited by what he loved best of earthly things, "a noble lord," have smitten his admirers with sorrow that they should ever have been allowed to note how much worldly littleness could be comfortably accommodated in the fiery soul of the patriotic bard and rollicking minstrel of love and

wine, there can be but one feeling as to the gain to the world of a self-history written by one of so genuine, pure, and guileless a nature, allied with so clear and calm an intellect. But it was not to be. Under the fear that what had probably been written in strictly private commune with herself, rather than as a dramatic soliloquy to be overheard by an audience, might contain in its unguarded freedom matter of offence to the persons mentioned therein, or their surviving relatives and friends, she resolved to destroy the manuscript; not on her deathbed, however, as has been frequently written, but when her mind was obedient only to a heart and judgment unscared and undarkened by the approach of death. It had long been known to exist; booksellers, aware of the delicious nooks of privacy into which it poured light, were eager to bid for it; it represented, therefore, a good round sum; and Mrs. Inchbald had in early days so often shivered and shrunk in the keen blast of penury, that she had learned to set a high value on the comfortable warmth of worldly havings—regarded the smallest sum as of importance—was close, in short, as we shall see, for I do not mean to hide any of her weaknesses,—and this is one, besides, which I do not think so ill becomes a woman,—yet, at the bidding of her conscience, and yielding to the kindly impulse of her heart, she destroyed these memoirs. She had alluded, in speaking to her confessor—she was a Catholic—to something which she should wish to do on her deathbed. “Do it now,” was the reply. Punctually and obediently the advice was followed, and the companion and confidant of years was cast into the flames. Now that all the good folks whom she may have drawn in these records with too free, or, rather, too faithful a hand, have long passed away like shadows, and more than one generation has intervened, it seems hard that, for their sakes, we should have lost the most important portrait of the whole gallery—that of the painter herself; but as it was a work of humanity, and one that, in a similar case that touched ourselves, we should wish to see imitated, let us acquiesce, if not contentedly, thankful that good resolutions are sometimes followed in spite of strong temptation, and look about us how we may repair the loss. Here is Mr. Boaden, eminent in theatrical biography, who will do his best to help us out of our ignorance with a pile of correspondence and a series of diaries, which, if not very full, extend to quite early girlish days, confided to him by publisher Bentley, to make therefrom a book which shall in some way answer to the title *Memoirs of Mrs. Inchbald*. Not that Mr. Boaden’s best is the best that might have been at all, even with his comparatively imperfect materials; for he has not the art to place his matter in that suggestive light which will make it go farthest, to beat out small grains of metal till they cover a goodly space in the eye; but he will, instead, hang to his dry and scanty facts garlands of irrelevant twaddle and incoherent moralising, which, like paper flowers on a wintry bush, increase rather than diminish the sense of meagreness and desolation. Nevertheless, such as he is, Boaden is our only guide, philosopher,

and friend, through whom we may hope to become acquainted with our subject; and even with his glowworm's light we shall see clearly enough a dainty woman's figure lying in the night of the past.

Elizabeth Inchbald, *née* Simpson, was born in 1753, at Standingfield, in Suffolk, not far from Bury St. Edmunds. Her father, who died when she was eight years of age, seems to have been a small gentleman-farmer, and, though of no great means, to have had many friends among the wealthy and aristocratic inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who kept up an intercourse with the family for some years after his death, but by degrees dropped off; a fact not unnoticed by Elizabeth, who at about the same time was growing restless, and chafing at the dull uniformity of her farmhouse life, which contrasted so provokingly with her bright and busy day-dreams of the haze-wrapt world yonder in the county town, or, better still, in that great throbbing centre of life, thought, and emotion, London. Her education had been entirely at home, and chiefly of her own getting; for to her, literally, "reading and writing" had "come by nature." In one of her entries concerning this period of her life she wrote: "It is astonishing how much all girls are inclined to literature to what boys are. My brother went to school seven years, and never could spell. I, and two of my sisters, though we were never taught, could spell from infancy." Having clambered by her own effort into the orchard of knowledge—left to wander in it, plucking and eating at her will, no tree forbidden,—be sure the ruddiest, goldenest, streakiest pippins were chosen, with little thought whether they were the wholesomest or most nutritious. What wonder, then, if these unwatched banquetings of a fast-growing, ever-hungering intellect begat some little disorder of the mental digestive organ, fits of nausea, and delirious dreams. "If I stay longer here, I shall die," exclaimed Elizabeth, probably after an extra feast of pomaceous trash, in the shape haply of *The History of Clarissa Harlowe*, 14 vols. octavo,—begging honest Samuel Richardson's ghost's pardon, and using the word "trash" in a relative sense regarding the immature state of Elizabeth's mind. Manima Simpson's own intellectual diet was not, either, of a kind to set a safe example to our impulsive, impressionable maiden. The playhouse was Mrs. Simpson's ruling passion, and she would, when the theatre at Bury St. Edmunds was open, frequently attend the performances. Through a cousin residing at Bury, she became acquainted with several performers; and Elizabeth was not only taken to the play at nights, but to the rehearsals in the morning. This initiation into the mysteries of that—to the inexperience of youth—enchanted existence, an actor's life—this glimpse of the fascinating contrast between the plain, easy, everyday affability of the comedian in his walking clothes, and the wondrous, unapproachable embodiment of the poet's ideal at night,—were these not enough to fix the wandering aspirations of this secretly ambitious country girl, panting for a field in which to display her conscious powers—thirsting to see and know life in any shape, so that it made her feel, so that it drove her to action? Elizabeth had

had her thoughts, even before this more intimate acquaintance with the *couliesses*, directed to the stage, as a golden gate through which she might escape into the active world. One of her brothers had taken to this profession, and was playing at Norwich in 1770, under a manager of the name of Griffith. This fact was suggestive, and, notwithstanding what might by less determined spirits have been considered a fatal obstacle to the object of her ambition,—an impediment in her speech,—she proposed herself for an engagement to the manager, in a letter, enjoining the strictest secrecy. The answer came; but, alas! it was of the true managerial kind—complimentary, but negative. Still the correspondence was not abandoned, and must have taken a turn which, if not satisfactory to Elizabeth's favourite project, must have been highly flattering to her sympathy-seeking nature. Whether or no this manager was gifted with second sight, could divine the charms of his correspondent while he was fully aware of her apparently insurmountable deficiencies, is not now to be known; but he must evidently have paid such ample homage to her attractive qualities as to entirely overbear the effect of his disinclination to avail himself of her services; for the young girl's mind had invested the chosen arbiter of her destinies with such a halo of romantic attributes, that in one of her pocket-books was found this flattering inscription, in such bold characters as are now unknown to the levelling system of modern female calligraphy:

“ R.I.C.H.A.R.D. G.R.I.F.F.I.T.H

“ Each dear letter of thy name is harmony.”

An opportunity soon occurring of seeing another unknown object of adoration—the great metropolis itself, where a sister married to a Mr. Hunt was settled—the unsubstantial image of the Norwich manager receded before a conflux of exciting realities. Among these tangible facts, which for a time blotted out the dim, but perhaps more exciting, shadows of the imagination, was Elizabeth's future destiny, unrevealed yet by any, even the faintest presentiment—Inchbald, an actor of estimable abilities. There was much to be got through by a young lady of sixteen, who had never before seen London, and had been dreaming of its wonders and longing for its excitement with all her ardent little soul for years; and however agreeable Mr. Inchbald's attentions and manifest admiration may have been, this was but a *hors d'œuvre* to the great banquet of metropolitan sights and sounds. If the impression on one side was not of the deepest, it was most fixed and ineffaceable on the part of the poor actor. When Elizabeth had returned to her prison-house in Standingfield, he wrote to her and to her mother letters of friendship, and something more; and eventually appears to have made a proposal of marriage, in definite terms, the answer to which is fortunately preserved. Whether the influence of the unseen manager of Norwich was still too potent on her imagination to be rivalled by any other visible and tangible individual, however agreeable, or whether the general determination not to

enslave herself so early, constituted her real motive, Inchbald received his quietus for the nonce, in the shape of as grave and sententious an epistle as was ever indited by a female philosopher of sixteen.

We now come to the critical step in Mrs. Inchbald's life, which determined its future current, and exhibits the independence and determination of her character in its strongest light, if not in one worthiest to be imitated. A clandestine visit to Norwich, while she was supposed to be staying at Bury St. Edmunds, was the preliminary, and there another attempt to procure an engagement with Griffith failed after a personal interview. She now resolved to carry out an intention which had no doubt been secretly nourished as a last desperate alternative, should all other readier and more natural means of gaining her object fail. This one culpable act in a long and almost blameless life stands thus recorded in her diary: "On the 11th of April 1772, early in the morning, I left my mother's house unknown to any one, came to London in the Norwich fly, and got lodgings in the Rose and Crown, in John Street."

Her first care on reaching the Rose and Crown, in St. John Street, was to seek an interview with King and Reddish, who were at the time all-potent at Drury Lane. King promised to call on her, but did not; and, imagining he was deterred from the shabbiness of the neighbourhood in which she had taken up her abode, she removed at once to the White Swan, Holborn Bridge, where she remained some days, patiently awaiting the result of her applications to the managers, spending much of her time in reading, and occasionally walking out to see the town, but always avoiding public thoroughfares, and taking the most unfrequented streets. Notwithstanding these precautions in keeping out of sight, and the strict seclusion in which she lived, only seeing the landlord of the house and his wife, who took a strong interest in her, and frequently invited her to their table, she was surprised to receive a letter from a stranger, addressed to her at the White Swan in her own name. The writer's name was Redman; he had been struck with her beauty in the streets, and wished for a further acquaintance. The frank and fearless nature of Mrs. Inchbald prompted her to answer him at once; and the sort of answer this was may be guessed from the fact that Redman did not renew the correspondence. About this time she had written to one of her married sisters, then living in London, to acquaint her with the step she had taken, and was awaiting the answer, when she accidentally encountered the husband of another married sister, or, as the unexpected meeting is quaintly entered in her diary, "happened of brother Slender." She was now, whether she would or no, brought in contact with her relations, and almost immediately after took up her residence with the Slenders.

Meanwhile, the negotiation with King had been handed over to Dodd, who appeared to have espoused her interest with great zeal and kindness, but soon gave occasion to discover that he was actuated by any thing but pure benevolence or enthusiasm for rising talent. She records, at one interview that certain gallant demonstrations of his quite "frighted" her,

and at another, that she was "vexed and annoyed." At last, the dastardly scoundrel pushed his insults so far that he provoked the spirited damsel to an act of instantaneous and righteous vengeance. The tea-things being on the table at the time, she seized a basin which had just been filled with hot water, flung it in the face of the offender, and rushed out of the house. There is no mention of this incident in Mrs. Inchbald's diary, but the story is related by her biographer as having been generally repeated in theatrical circles, and being undoubtedly authentic. Miss Simpson must now fully have realised the gigantic obstacles, perils, and degrading trials which lay in the path she had chosen to follow with such intrepid self-reliance. Often must she have wept at the bitter mortifications to which she was exposed; and now her annoyances were brought to a climax by open insult. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good; and the adverse gale that had beaten back the ambitious and adventurous maiden filled the sails of her long-devoted friend and admirer Inchbald, whose suit prospered as her chances of ever, by her own single effort, attaining the fulfilment of her ardent desires became less and less. His visits at her sister's house had been frequent, and he had assisted the fair aspirant with the most friendly and paternal advice. That she should in her peculiar position gradually see in him the guardian and protector she required in the struggle she had undertaken, was natural; while the reflection that through his influence she might most readily obtain that opening for her talents on the stage which she so ardently sought, must have pleaded very strongly in his favour. He did not inspire her with what is called a romantic passion; but she saw in him a kind, upright, accomplished man, to whom she had every reason to be attached from gratitude, and to whom she might safely intrust her affections. Many folk would think this a better ground for matrimony than all the sentimental raptures in the world. Perhaps Elizabeth thought so too, for she was a strange mixture of impetuosity and prudence, enthusiasm and discretion. What with friendship, gratitude, respect, esteem, prudence, an intense longing to tread the boards, and a dash of despair, such a compound of impulses and emotions was made up as met Inchbald's increasing ardour nearly half way; so that on the 9th of June 1772, a Catholic priest was summoned to the house, and Elizabeth Simpson and George Inchbald were duly married according to the forms of the Catholic religion, in the presence of her sister and brother-in-law. The next day, the marriage ceremony was again performed between them, according to the Protestant rites. The quiet and prosaic manner in which this little matrimonial transaction was conducted is evidenced in the fact that the bride and her friends went the same evening to the theatre, to see the bridegroom act the part of Sir Charles Oakley, in *The Jealous Wife*, notwithstanding and in spite of all omens, waggishly adds Mr. Boaden.

Soon after this, Mr. Inchbald and his wife set out on a professional tour in the north, and Mrs. Inchbald became suddenly initiated in all



the drudgery and anxiety attending the life of a strolling player; but I shall not follow her with any minuteness through these, for the most part, painful and perplexing experiences. Of this first part of their joint career let me only say that, having assiduously studied, or, as she has it, "spouted," with her husband, who taught her a better style of declamation than she had taught herself, Mrs. Inchbald made on the 4th of September her first appearance on any stage, at Edinburgh, in the character of Cordelia, her husband playing Lear. The discipline imposed on persons who wish to overcome an impediment in their speech is not conducive to spirited or very natural elocution. There is always a perceptible drawl, and a slowness in their utterance, which can only be suitable to certain passages. Mrs. Inchbald was not exempt from these disadvantages, and her first efforts were of course more obnoxious to this reproach than was subsequently the case. Though the intelligence of her reading and the beauty of her appearance produced their natural effect, it was felt that there was a want of warmth and impulse in her impersonation, and the general impression was chilly and formal. I shall say very little more about her progress after this, save that she played a multitude of parts, great and small, but chiefly those in which personal beauty is a necessary attribute. This was not always the case, however, for, among the vicissitudes of her professional career, she had at one time to go on as a masque in *Romeo and Juliet*, and at another to personate one of the witches in *Macbeth*. Of course she greatly improved with such varied practice, and gathered profit from this hard and mortifying discipline. But it is not with the actress that I have to do, but with the woman. Married life brought its trials and temptations, scarcely less severe than those endured by the maiden in her single-handed battle with the world. Actors are commonly fond of society, of convivial habits, which, as they are sought after a good deal, they have ample opportunities of improving. Inchbald formed no exception to his class, and, under the misleading influence of a certain Mr. Wilson, was often absent from home. The newly-married wife, so lately an object of unceasing adoration and constant attention, began to feel injured and neglected. Such a state of things, when the lady is beautiful and *en évidence*, is apt to conjure up volunteers to fill up the vacancy, *vice mariti*, absent without leave. At Edinburgh such a volunteer did come forward, calling himself Sterling; and, on the strength of an acquaintance formed through having played Iago, as an amateur, to Inchbald's Othello, paid frequent visits to Desdemona; such visits being always remarkably coincident with the absence of Othello. The uniform of such volunteers is sheep's clothing, and when they have established a firm footing as the representatives of guileless innocence, they suddenly show themselves ravening wolves. This wolf, however, as soon as he was discovered, was driven from the door; but not, be it told, for the instruction of all conjugal absentees, without extraneous assistance in the shape of the ghostly advice and paternal exhortation of a good priest. While in Edinburgh, Mrs. Inchbald applied

herself to the study of French, in which she got instructed at a rate which suited her economical views—namely, a shilling a lesson. This acquirement turned out more rapidly of advantage than had been contemplated, for her husband suddenly determined to pay a visit to France, partly because Mrs. Inchbald's health seemed to need a change, and partly because he thought he might bring into use a second string he flattered himself he had to his bow, which might possibly render the first, with which he was a little dissatisfied, unnecessary,—this was portrait-painting. Having accumulated a small capital, off started the couple, full of new schemes, bright hopes, and the pleasure of a total change of scene and relaxation from the harassing fatigues of a player's life. The dream was of brief duration. They saw a good deal of French scenery, visited Paris, and made many friends there, enjoying its sights and gaieties; but the portrait-painting was not in requisition, and the funds beginning to dwindle ominously, a rapid return to England was executed. They landed at Brighton, and during their short stay here suffered the severest straits of poverty. On several occasions meals had to be suppressed, and once they adjourned to a turnip-field for their dinner. Provincial engagements were again sought; and by and by Inchbald and his wife are at Liverpool, where they make acquaintance with Mrs. Siddons, who was in the mortifying period of her career when she had been returned upon the provinces from the capital. The party was joined soon by John Kemble, then a young man of twenty, who had just returned from Douai, where he had passed through a course of theological and classical studies, with the intention of entering holy orders. For the first time since her marriage Mrs. Inchbald found herself now surrounded with companions worthy of her refined and intellectual nature. During her stay in France she had commenced that course of careful reading and disciplined study from which were derived the large and ready store of knowledge and the strength of understanding which distinguished her in her literary labours. She read histories and biographies, making copious extracts, and drawing up epitomes of the chief facts and dates, for the use of her sisters, that they might benefit by the knowledge she was acquiring, and become, though at an easier cost, accomplished women. Her studies were still continued in the intervals of her theatrical engagements, and were now conducted a good deal under the guidance of John Kemble, between whom and Mrs. Inchbald a lasting friendship arose. It was at this time that the first rudiments of the *Simple Story* were sketched, and in John Kemble, with his remarkable beauty and manly grace, his accomplished mind and varied abilities, and the severe and chastened tone which pervaded his manner and actuated his opinions, she admiringly saw the model of her Doriforth. It has been said that John Kemble was diverted from the Church to the stage by meeting and becoming enamoured with Mrs. Inchbald; but we have it on the lady's own undoubted authority that "he never was her lover." A few years after, when she was a widow, all the world made up their minds

that they would marry; but, although Mrs. Inchbald has very frankly confessed that she would have "jumped to have him," John Kemble's regard for her never became sufficiently warm to prompt him to make an offer. As I have been led to anticipate time, it is scarcely worth while to retrace my steps further back than the period of Inchbald's sudden and melancholy death while with Tate Wilkinson's company, at Leeds, in September 1779. They had just at that time reached a turning-point in the dreary struggle to which they had been condemned. Their income was gradually improved, their position as artists much raised as members of a company which ranked next the metropolis, and they were making friends worthy of their merits and high character. In one day—nay, in one moment—without warning, the dark curtain of death descended on the brightening scene. An unsuspected affection of the heart was the probable cause of this catastrophe, the appalling suddenness of which added immensely to the natural feelings of Mrs. Inchbald at so irreparable a loss. The day of her bereavement is entered in her diary "A day of horror," and the week following, "A week of grief, horror, and almost despair." The close of this year is thus commented on: "Began the year a happy wife—finished it a wretched widow."

If we have seen that, as a wife, Mrs. Inchbald had to contend against dangers, perplexities, and hardships of many descriptions, how much more are the courage, firmness, and innate worth of her nature about to be tried when she is left a widow at six-and-twenty, to battle for herself against the grinding tyranny and injustice of managers, to thread her way through the snares and temptations which would now more than ever encompass her path, and to repel the cowardly insults which her unprotected position would again certainly provoke! The perils of her position gave natural anxiety to her friends, and they endeavoured to persuade her to leave a profession in which she was exposed so peculiarly to dangerous influences. A lady in Edinburgh, with a view to add weight to her persuasion, begged Dr. Geddes to try the force of his exhortations to bring about the desired secession of Mrs. Inchbald from the stage. To his honour be it said, that divine took so liberal and unbigoted a view of the question, as to leave Mrs. Inchbald's conscience unfettered by an attempt to give the high sanction of such an authority as his to the commonplace religious stigma affixed to the theatrical profession. In his sensible letter, in which he avows that, with François de Sales, he considers a play an indifferent thing, and does not regard actors and actresses as necessarily bad people, he leaves Mrs. Inchbald to decide whether in her heart she conceives her avocations incompatible with her duties as a Christian, and the exact observance of her religion. It is not to be doubted that Mrs. Inchbald gave mature consideration to the arguments of her friends; and if she decided to continue in the profession of her husband, to which she had been so long attached, and for which she had endured so many sacrifices, it was in the firm conviction that her strength of character and devotion to her duties would bear her harmless

through the dangers of her career. Although Mrs. Inchbald's salary was raised after a time by Tate Wilkinson, (*from a guinea to thirty shillings a week!*) she determined to try her fortune in London, probably with a view principally of advancing her literary efforts. She became a member of Mr. Harris's company, at the liberal salary of 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* a week, subsequently raised to 2*l.*; and when a friend of hers expostulated with the manager at this small stipend, his characteristic reply was that, "if she had a low salary, she did high business, and could not be paid in consequence and money too." Mrs. Inchbald had made her *début* in Bellario, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, but did not make any great impression until her appearance as Angelica in *The Fop's Fortune*. It was in this character that Harris first saw her act; and the approbation he expressed emboldened her to send him a farce she had written. It was refused, and, probably, without being read or even looked at, for Mr. Harris's friends, no doubt on his authority, went about saying that the piece she had sent in to him was "indecent, and had not a word rightly spelt." Subsequently, when she went to the Haymarket, Colman, the manager, was so pleased with her, that he produced her farce; although, after having read it, he said, "he never met such a cramp hand, or was so much puzzled to make out a piece." It was called *The Mogul Tale*; and as the authorship was to be kept a secret, Mrs. Inchbald played a small part in it, to divert suspicion. The success is thus modestly recorded in her diary: "I played in *The Mogul Tale*—it went off with the greatest applause." It is said that her two-fold fright as actress and authoress was so great on the first night as to completely overthrow her self-possession; and having to take up as a cue the words "Hyde Park Corner," and repeat them as if in surprise, she was so paralysed with fear as to be scarcely able to open her mouth; and stuttered out the words "Hu-y-de P-pu-a-rk Co-co-orn-er!" with such a ghastly visage and sepulchral tone, that the house was convulsed with laughter. The success of this farce induced her to remind Colman that he had a comedy of hers by him, sent in under the name of Woodly. He read, accepted, and brought it out under the name of *I'll tell You What*. From this date her literary fortune commenced. One touch of the sunshine of success had at once melted the ice of neglect in which her previous efforts had been locked up. Her *Simple Story*, for which she could not even gain the attention of the booksellers, she now disposed of at 100*l.* a volume. But let us leave the successful authoress to her triumph and prosperity. Any biographical dictionary will supply a catalogue of her works; and I am not going here to enumerate or criticise them.

It is only with Elizabeth Inchbald lone widow, courted beauty, prudent economist, warm-hearted friend, and generous devoted sister, that I have present concern. It may be conceived that in her position, and with her extraordinary personal and mental charms, offers of marriage and other less flattering proofs of the influence of her fascinations were not wanting. By a sad fatality, however, when the attentions she

received were sincere and honourable, her heart refused to respond to them; and where she felt her inclination would willingly lead her, she was repelled by the evidence of levity and selfishness. Years thus passed away, and with them, though slowly, the bloom of beauty, on which she set as high a value as the most arrant coquette. This concern about her personal appearance was a ruling trait in her character, and in amusing contrast with the sterling qualities of heart and mind which we might have expected would have overruled such vanity. It was, however, a part of her thoroughly frank and direct nature both to feel strongly the advantages of her beauty, and keenly regret its decline, and to make no disguise either to herself or to others of this feminine weakness. Among the yearly summaries she was in the habit of making of her general condition are the following simple and sincere avowals :

“1798. Happy, but for a suspicion amounting to certainty—that of a rapid appearance of age in my face.

1799. Excessively happy, but for the still nearer approach of age.

1800. Still happy, but for my still increasing appearance of declining years.”

This susceptibility concerning the loss of her beauty was never effaced by age; and it is recorded that when John Kemble came to take leave of her previous to his last journey to Switzerland, she received him with her face averted to the wall, and continued in that position throughout the interview, refusing to reveal to him the ravages of time in those charms with which she had once hoped to win his heart for life.

I have spoken of Mrs. Inchbald's care of money. This characteristic had grown upon her, no doubt, both through her strong desire for independence and the absolute necessity for the strictest economy during her early struggles; but though it gave rise to many traits of apparent avarice, it had a very different basis than the mere selfish greed for money. Throughout her life she had pinched and denied herself to help her family, and when only making thirty shillings a week, she contrived to live on twelve, that she might have it in her power to render them occasional assistance. It may be imagined with what almost superhuman economy her scanty means were managed, when, notwithstanding this liberality, she had contrived to save nearly 300*l.* when her husband died. To the end of her life she was equally rigid in her self-denial, that she might be generous to others; and when she was herself advancing in years, the most painful privations were voluntarily endured, to afford comforts to a sick sister, who does not appear to have shown much gratitude. The annuity of 100*l.* a year she allowed her at these sacrifices she never availed herself of when its recipient had died, but devoted it still to deeds of charity. Well might she write at this time, “I trust I please God, though I may not please his creatures. I have always been aspiring, and now my sole ambition is, to go to heaven when I die.”

In illustration, on the other hand, of the extreme to which she carried her observance of the maxim, “Take care of the pence,” &c., several

anecdotes are related, of which the most remarkable are these two. When she was living at Kensington, Miss Wilkinson and Mrs. Siddons drove out in a pony-chaise to visit her. They were detained rather late at her house, and, to save time, wished to take a shorter route home than that by which they had come. But as this would involve paying a turnpike, and neither of them had any money, they asked her to lend them twopence. To their surprise, they were steadfastly refused. "I'll lend you ten pounds," she said, "because you'll remember to p-p-pay, but I won't lend you twopence, because that you'll never pay again." On another occasion she was proceeding, one cold wintry Sunday afternoon, through the snow-covered streets, on her way to dine with the Siddonses, when the poor man who used to sweep the crossing at Great Russell Street, shivering in his rags, solicited her for a trifle. Whatever her compassion might have been, it did not overcome her desire to keep her pence in her pocket. Just as she was passing to the other side of the street, her foot slipped, and she fell. The old man flew generously to her assistance. Still she held firm, and merely thanked him. But as she proceeded, the thought of the poor old mendicant's pinched and blue looks, of his forgiving nature, and of her want of feeling, so agitated her that when she reached the Siddonses' she was nearly fainting from the conflict of emotions she had endured.

During the latter part of her life Mrs. Inchbald lived entirely retired from society, and could rarely be induced to emerge from her seclusion. Her last years were spent at Kensington House, at that time a Catholic establishment; and here, on the 1st of August 1821, at the age of 68, she died. She was buried in the churchyard at Kensington, where, near the eastern wall, a simple monument is placed to her memory,—a memory which I have here feebly endeavoured to revive as that of one of the fairest and most gifted of Eve's daughters, who lived purely through a life of extraordinary temptation, wasted not the talent intrusted to her by the Divine Master, and redeemed the faults and follies from which no earthly being is exempt by the practice of that true charity which waits not for superfluity, but springs up green and flourishing in the rocky soil of self-sacrifice.

## For Better, for Worse.

### CHAPTER X.

AUTUMN was beginning to throw its warm mellow tints over the rich foliage in and around Cheltenham, to which place Margaret, finding that Grace had felt keenly the separation from Ethie, had gone for a short visit; and charmed with the loveliness of the scenery, after the flat uninteresting country about Deignton, Margaret spent a fortnight in exploring its beauties with Grace, or driving out on to the hills and woods, with her mother, in search of the lovely views which were beyond their reach on foot. Her bright influence had a magical effect on Grace, whose spirits returned, and with them her good looks.

Grace was to be the first to leave. She and Susannah were to start the following day.

"You have given this place, which used to be so hateful to me, quite a charm, Margaret," Grace said, as she and her sister stood at the drawing-room window, watching the throng of gay idling people parading up and down the promenade.

"You will find Leigh Moss very different; there will be no pretty faces or gay bonnets to look at. It is a long while since you lived in the country; do you think you will be able to endure it?" Margaret replied.

"It is to be hoped so, for Ralph's sake," Grace answered, with a laugh. "All this is well enough now," she added, in a graver tone; "but when I was alone, fancying a hundred things, longing to go somewhere, to do something, without a soul to sympathise with me, or tell me what to do,—it was perfectly hateful to me, the sight of so much gaiety, and not one person who really cared a straw about me."

"Yes, I can understand it quite well; we are never perhaps so influenced in our opinion of the exterior world as when the mind is harassed or distressed. But you are too young yet, Grace, to give way to depression. You must strive against it steadily, as a great duty, or it will rob your youth of that enjoyment so peculiarly its own, and which never returns in its own fullness in after-years."

"I did try to rise above it all, Margaret; but there seemed nothing to hope for or to do. Mamma did not understand me, and I believe thought me very discontented. Ethel was gone into her own bright world, away from us all, and you doing so much for every body; while I alone seemed useless either to myself or others."

"Well, you will have work to do now with Ralph. It is good for us to work while we are young. You must assist him in his schools, and leave him some time free to spend with Katie, when she joins you."

"And Ethie!" Grace said doubtfully; "to have the very barest chance of meeting her fills me sometimes full of joy; but then comes all the doubt,

and those horrid fancies which have haunted me ever since her wedding, that Ethel will never know us again. I saw it in Philip's manner, in all he said and did; and when he finds that we are actually at his own place, forestalling him as it were in all his plans, I feel sure it will drive him wild."

"I cannot tell why it should be as you seem to fear," Margaret said doubtfully, "unless, indeed, Ethel wished it; and it seems treason against her to suppose for a minute that her being 'Lady Leigh' would make her less loving and affectionate towards her sisters. But we may be worrying ourselves very needlessly, Grace; perhaps, after all, Sir Philip will rejoice to find Ralph at Leigh Moss."

Grace shook her head. "You would not doubt it, Margaret, if you had only seen how completely he ignored us all;—how he ordered every thing his own way; talked mamma over to his own opinions; fixed and arranged every thing; prevented mamma from writing to Ralph to come and marry them; had a quiet reason for all he did, and then turned off the subject as if, after he had decided it, no further doubt could arise. The only thing which made him at all uneasy was myself. He knew that I read his heart; and oh, Margaret, I am sure he shrank from me; I felt that he feared me!"

"But why, with such feelings, should he have made a marriage of which even then he was ashamed? Why, despising her family, should he have proposed to Ethel at all?"

"That part of the affair I have never yet unravelled. That he felt desperately in love with Ethel I do not doubt, and do not wonder at either; but having taken time to consider the matter over, why he should voluntarily follow us here and propose at once baffles my skill to understand." There was a long pause, and then Grace added, "There is always a doubt in my mind how Ethel will get on with the proud mother and sisters, who could not come to have a look at the poor little bride, though they could choose her dress and her servants, and no doubt teach Sir Philip how to treat those new relatives who were to be seen and heard of no more. Before this, perhaps, Ethel may have needed us; and then what a comfort it will be to be living any where within reach of her!"

"And it may happen, Grace dear," Margaret said quietly, "that Ethel will not want you. A wife's love and obedience are so wrapped up together, it is hard to try and separate them. If such is her case,—I do not say it will be so, but I cannot help thinking that it may be so,—let us never attempt to throw difficulties in her way; rather let us wait until events render our reunion desirable."

Grace's tears rolled down her cheeks.

"It seems very hard to bear," she said, as she stood wiping them away; "but I will try and do as you wish; I know, Margaret, you are always right."

Susannah took Grace to Birmingham the next day, to meet Ralph; and then Margaret, with Mrs. Atherton and her maid, started off for



Deighton. Margaret's heart almost failed her as they drew near their journey's end. She dreaded the shock to her mother when she realised in all its truth the strange home and strange work which occupied all her time and attention, and in which, in some measure, she must now share. How thankful the poor girl felt for the dusky evening, which wrapped the village in a veil before they drew up at her own little door! It was a relief to have only the internal accommodations canvassed that night. Many anxious young hands and busy fingers had been at work during her absence, getting it all in apple-pie order before her return. Rachel Grey, in whose charge it had been left, had gone backwards and forwards to Miss Weldon, and had shown so much taste and judgment in her arrangements, that Mr. Weldon had been quite delighted, and predicted all sorts of flattering surprises when Margaret arrived and learnt how active and energetic she had been. Both she and Annie Morley stood at the door to welcome the travellers; and the tiny room, with its white muslin curtains, cheerful fire, and moderator-lamp, looked the very picture of neatness and comfort.

Mrs. Atherton looked at it all with a less dissatisfied expression than her daughter-in-law had ventured to hope for; and the "Well, upon my word, Margaret, it is not so bad, after all, as I had expected from your description," sounded like praise to poor Margaret's anxious ears.

Margaret's early breakfast was long over before Mrs. Atherton came down to explore by daylight the ins and outs of her little domain; and it would be difficult to say which party looked the most astonished,—Mrs. Atherton and Susannah, when they walked into the schoolroom, and found Margaret surrounded by a roomful of little children from two years old to ten, or the children, as they gazed in mute wonder and awe at the pretty pale lady in such deep black crape and her close widow's cap, always followed about by the smiling-faced black woman, with shining jet hair and white sparkling teeth, wrapped up in endless folds of white muslin, and decked out in such heaps of glittering trinkets.

"My dear Margaret, why, you will be tired to death with nursing that great fat child on your knees, and with all those little things hanging about you! Do let Susannah take the baby and nurse it for you. And why don't you send them all home to their mothers? Surely they are all too young to learn any thing."

"Not quite, mamma, as you will find if you will hear this little dandy say the new hymn she has learnt while I was away." And Margaret slipped the book into her mother's hand, and bade the little awe-struck wondering thing go through her lesson to "the lady."

"But, my dear, you will take cold! You are sitting in a thorough draught, the worst thing you can possibly do; and the sun shines full on your face. Do let me pull down the blind." And away Mrs. Atherton trotted to see if she could not make the shade fall where Margaret sat.

"We like plenty of fresh air and sunshine, mamma. These little

folks live mostly out of doors, you know;" and a bright smile passed over Margaret's face at her mother's anxiety on her behalf.

"Yes, but you don't, child; and if you are not careful of yourself, what in the world is to become of all these labours of yours? Dear me," she added, "I had no idea you kept a nursery. I thought, of course, your school was for big boys and girls, old enough to learn something, after all the trouble you bestow on them; but to be drudging yourself to death just to save the mothers the trouble of taking care of their own children, I do think is not only a waste of time, but very much beneath you."

"This is only for an hour and a half, and Rachel Grey mostly has the care of them. I am with them this morning for a reward for their having been good children while I was away. But come with me," she added, putting down the fat child on the floor, "and I will show you how industriously my little domestics are at work, preparing to send you up a nicely-dressed cutlet and a small potato-pasty for your dinner. Do you know," she added, "we are getting to be very proud of our capabilities as cooks; and though we do every thing on a very economical scale, we are as careful and nice in our preparations as Aunt Surah herself used to be."

"Cook in such an outhouse as this, my dear!" Mrs. Atherton exclaimed, as her eye ran over the brick floor and rough whitewashed walls of the little shed, by courtesy styled the kitchen, apparently deficient in any of the most common requisites of modern kitchens. "Why, I declare it is not better than the Fairfield cellar."

Margaret laughed. "Not much, I grant you," she said; "but that is just what I wish people to understand. Any body may learn to cook in a modern kitchen, where there is no end of steam and gas apparatus, and every contrivance besides which modern ingenuity can invent. But my girls live in cottage-homes, where many of them will live and die; and some are to go into service,—into families of the middle class, who have few or none of the contrivances for simplifying labour. Now my idea is, that if a girl can cook well and economically in this shed, with a simple fire of wood or coal, as the case may be,—if she can be neat and clean, and light-handed and careful, and gets a good knowledge of her work,—she will not grumble at her home, if she is destined to remain there; nor give herself airs when she goes out to service, and finds little better accommodation than this for her sphere of action."

"The world is grown so very good nowadays," Mrs. Atherton exclaimed, with a heavy sigh. "Every body must be doing something. And a world of mischief they contrive to do, that's certain. They half of them don't know it, I suppose, poor things. Now just think how the poor dear Dean toiled and slaved for one charitable society and another, and never any good came of it all that I ever heard of. I hope you won't do the same, child, and throw away your life as he did, and nobody be a bit the better for your labours after all."

"I will take good care of myself, mamma, depend upon it; and when you have eaten your dinner, you shall judge if all my labour is wasted, bearing in mind, of course, that only a few months ago neither of these little maidens had attempted cooking in any shape. But here is Dame Price's granddaughter come for her broth and pudding, and little Willy Simmons waiting for his sick sister's apple-tart;" and she left her mother and Susannah to watch the young things carrying off the tempting-looking viands to their invalid relatives at home, while she opened the door of another small room, with no furniture but a long deal table, a little stove, and a clothes-horse, where two of the biggest girls were busily employed in ironing and plaiting a basket of clean clothes, to be sent up that afternoon to the rectory. By this time Rachel Grey was tying on bonnets and tippets, and sending home the younger children; while two or three of the bigger ones, with brooms and brushes in hand, were waiting to sweep and dust the schoolroom, preparatory to the arrival of Margaret's second batch of scholars, who were to come to her after their own early dinner. Margaret herself put on her bonnet and shawl, and hastened up to the rectory. Mrs. Atherton stood too much on proprieties to accompany her—she would wait until Mr. Weldon had called on her; and though Margaret laughed, and assured her they were a simple people, who never stood on ceremony with their friends, she did not press the matter, but left her mother and Susannah to arrange themselves in their new home, while she sat chatting over the past events of the month with Miss Weldon, and hearing how satisfactorily Rachel Grey and Annie Morley had conducted the school during her absence from Deighton.

## CHAPTER XI.

It was some weeks after Mrs. Atherton's arrival at Deighton, that Margaret was standing at the window of her sitting-room, putting off the leaves of some geraniums, which formed a screen from the road, and watching the sunlight on the glittering sides of the bright little fish which were darting so merrily from side to side of her pretty aquarium. Suddenly the omnibus pulled up at the gate, and Ralph Atherton himself issued from it. In a moment the brother and sister were silently folded in each other's arms. "My dearest Ralph, this is indeed delightful!" Margaret exclaimed; "but what can have brought you here?" and she led him into her sunny room, and made him sit down in her large arm-chair, while she stood by his side gazing into his bright handsome face.

"I thought I should surprise you, Maggie," he said; "but almost till the last moment I was not sure of coming, and I did not like to run the risk of raising your expectations only to disappoint them. What time does your afternoon-work begin?—because I must beg a holiday for your scholars. I must have you all to myself while I am here, and my visit will necessarily be a short one. And so this is your domain, where you ~~live supreme~~" he said, his eyes running rapidly round the room. "Well,

your field of action is not so very bad, after all; it looks sunny and bright. But what do you do with our mother? You surely cannot all live in this room—my mother, Susannah, schoolmistress, and pupils!—do you?”

Margaret laughed. “Not quite so bad as that, either,” she said. “This was my undisputed property until my mother came to me. Now I am divided between two homes. I cannot quite give up possession here. It is where I retire to when I want to feel quite free. With mamma, I let as little of my ‘profession’ appear as possible. I must take you in and surprise her. You would be astonished,” Margaret added, “to see how readily she has adapted herself to circumstances, and how well she bears the strange life into which I have brought her. She really gets quite interested in the children, and not only knits socks and comforters for them herself, but is actually teaching a class of girls to do it for themselves.”

“But this cannot be all her occupation? She must want some of her old amusements;—the gossip of her friends, for instance; the excitement of morning-calls?”

“I am sure she did sadly miss it all, and often fretted for more society; but she has learnt to make amusements for herself, by counting how often carriages go past our windows, how many horses are shod at the blacksmith’s in the week, and who patronises the new grocer’s shop over the way.”

Ralph laughed. “Oh, Maggie, and is that the extent of her employment?” he asked. “Surely you cannot congratulate yourself on your achievements, my little sister, if you rise no higher in your intellectual scale than such homely amusements as these.”

“This is not all. It is but a part of our daily work,” Margaret replied; “and though to you it sounds very insignificant and trivial, it is not so in reality, if you compare it with the unemployed time or energies of the last few months. Oh, Ralph dear, you don’t know what a dread I had of the weight she would be on my hands; and I ought to have been more trustful.”

“I feared you had not counted the cost, Maggie, when you proposed having Mrs. Atherton here. I thought you would find it too heavy a burden to sustain single-handed. I have had many doubts about you, I can tell you, little sister.”

“But what could I do, Ralph? Grace could not have borne it longer, so there was really no help for me, you know. I assure you, I do infinitely better than I expected. Poor mamma! I really do not think she would care a bit for her quiet life, if she could but get people to recognise me as the ‘Dean’s daughter,’ and not merely as a village schoolmistress.”

“And don’t you sometimes long to be free of her—to know that your time is your own?”

“I do long for rest and quiet after a hard day’s work; but, in spite of this, there is a pleasure in finding, when the work is over, two anxious people waiting for you. While I am thus cared for, who could be

otherwise than happy? It would indeed be a spirit hard to please. And you and Grace may congratulate yourselves that, in taking mamma and Susannah, and giving you only Grace to take care of, I have added so much to my own domestic comfort."

Ralph drew Margaret to him, and imprinted a warm brotherly kiss upon her lips. "If you don't 'extract honey out of every opening flower,' I don't know who does," he said.

"Now, then, I really must take you to mamma," Margaret said; "if she or Susannah saw you getting out of the omnibus, I shall never be forgiven for keeping you all to myself." And she led the way through the garden to the back entrance of Mrs. Atherton's house. They had not seen him, however, and a proportionate amount of astonishment and delight followed. Mrs. Atherton had never cared much for Ralph; a mutual indifference had sprung up between them, from the absence of all warmth on her side, which, while it had not much affected his comforts, had made him but barely tolerant of her foibles. Now, however, in her isolated home, her heart had opened and warmed to her husband's children. She was better able to appreciate their worth, and to look on them with more of that pride and affection which she had hitherto lavished solely on her own.

Susannah had gone off hastily, to enlist the services of Margaret's kitchen for an impromptu dinner for the tall, handsome, grave-looking man,—no longer the Master Ralph who could not be compared with her own beautiful boy, but a Reverend now, like his poor dear father, and to be treated with all the honour and respect due to so honoured a parent and so honourable a title.

"And you are really going to be married, Ralph?" Margaret said, as she seated herself beside her brother, after seeing her mother to her bedroom.

"Yes, Maggie; really going to do the foolish thing which one always blames others for,—going to throw up my fellowship, and marry on a curacy."

"It seems very strange; but I am nevertheless very glad to hear it, for your sake as well as Katie's. It is weary work waiting, perhaps all the best years of your life, for a living, which may disappoint you when it falls vacant; while you and Katie are both unhappy and unsettled, fretting away your tempers and your good looks."

"Yes, all this I have thought over very often, and at last concluded either to marry, or give up Katie entirely. I at last put the alternative in her hands, and we both fully agreed it was best to brave the world, and take our chance of poverty together. She has no home she can rightfully claim, and we are both young enough to work. As we had fully made up our own minds, we determined not to wait for our plans to be divulged. I go on Saturday to Wyllminstre; on Monday we are to be married; and you, Margaret, must go with me. I promised Katie, when I was there a fortnight ago, that I would listen to no excuse."

"Katie knew I should have few to offer where you were so deeply concerned; but the notice is a very short one for so important a matter, and village schoolmistresses keep small wardrobes, remember."

"Little preparation is required," Ralph replied. "Gray stuff, printed calico, white muslin,—any thing will do. We don't mean to make guys of ourselves, depend on it. A curate and his bride have little else to do but walk quietly to the early morning service, and get joined together,—for better, for worse,—in the simplest way; such matters can be contrived. But you will come, Margaret?"

"Certainly, dear Ralph. Who should be there if I am not? I only wish I could exercise the power of Cinderella's fairy, and give you a dowry on the happy day that makes Katie yours."

"And Grace, Ralph?"

"Gracie has taken wonderfully to her new work, and makes an admirable help to me in my parish."

"I am very glad to hear it," Margaret said fervently. "Poor girl! she only requires a stimulus to bring out her fine character. I feared that at first your place would be dull, after Cheltenham, where Susannah tells me her beauty was getting talked about, and where, had she remained, it would have been almost impossible to have avoided being drawn into a vortex of gaiety, very undesirable for young girls. It is a better atmosphere for her under your roof; and she and Katie will be society for each other in your absence. Do not let her think she can ever be any thing more to Ethel."

"Grace knows it as well as we do, but she tries hard to shut her eyes to it. I fear I cannot help her," Ralph replied, as he fondly kissed Margaret's cheek, and wished her good night.

## CHAPTER XII.

"MARGARET, Susannah wants you, to try on your dress. I really could not have believed that a little careful ironing, with a fresh bow here and there, would have made it look so well—almost as good as if it had been new. With my lace shawl and your little chip bonnet, and its blue-and-white ribbons, I really think you will not look so out-of-the-way after all."

Margaret laughed at her mother's unwilling admiration. "Now really, mamma, for a village schoolmistress, you must own, Susannah has turned me out in very admirable taste."

"You are not a schoolmistress at Wylminstre, remember, whatever you are here. Pray don't learn to look at yourself in that light, child. If you once begin calling yourself so, every body will believe you are one." Margaret only laughed, she did not attempt to argue the point with Mrs. Atherton.

"Oh, Miss Margaret, if you had but seen Miss Ethel on her wedding-day! Such a splendid dress as they sent her from London! If ever there was an angel on earth, missie looked like one then!"

"Dear Ethie!" she would have looked well in any thing. She did not require the aid of dress to set off her beauty. Having no pretensions to it myself, a little of your judicious aid, Susannah, is a great help to me."

"Not so much as your sister's, maybe; but you have got far more than most folks—something that prevents any body from missing it when they look at you. Really, Miss Margaret dear," Susannah added, as she walked round her, smoothing down the folds of her dress, and carefully inspecting her own handiwork, "I must say, I wish it was your own wedding you were going to instead of Mr. Ralph's."

"Ralph would not thank you for that wish, Susannah; and I am sure I do not," Margaret replied, laughing.

"Margaret marry! How can she ever be married in such a place as this is? What man would be bold enough to marry a village schoolmistress, I wonder?" Mrs. Atherton broke in. "I declare, if it were not for the good match Ethelind made, poor child, I should be quite in despair. There is Grace buried alive in an out-of-the-way place nobody knows where; and Ralph going to throw himself away on a penniless girl, half a Quaker like himself,—when by a good connection he might have made his fortune, and his sisters' too. And then, look at Margaret, settled down in this stupid place, loosing caste and connections, and every thing else! Margaret will never marry, depend upon it."

"Dear mamma!" Margaret exclaimed good-humouredly, "how shall I ever make you believe that it is the last thing I look upon as the end and aim of a woman's existence. But I can hear Ralph's step," she added, trying to turn the subject, which she had often to battle with now, and which experience had taught her was a very sore one. "I will run down-stairs and see if he approves of my appearance."

The brother looked her over, and finished off by giving her a kiss. "What a pity you are not to be a bride as well as Katie," he said. "It would be better than teaching naughty children to read and spell. Have you never repented, my little sister?" he asked, as he gazed fondly into her large soft eyes.

"Never, Ralph!" Margaret replied, with a heightened colour, but in a low steady voice; "I have regretted, but I have never repented. But you are as bad as mamma," she added, a minute afterwards. "And she is always regretting that the few good looks I possess will soon fade away; and that no one will dream of venturing on so bold a step as marrying a village schoolmistress."

"She is right, I dare say," Ralph replied. "Here there certainly does seem little chance for you; but you don't mean to spend all your life at Deighton?"

"No, certainly. The opening seemed just what I most wanted, at the time I undertook it. It has enabled me to remit Frank his allowance without drawing on our income; and has not only given me employment, which I wanted, but the means of testing some of those schemes which

before had been but theories, and of course proportionally valueless. I am already leaving it very much in Rachel Grey's hands. Directly I can safely trust her, I feel quite free to go elsewhere."

"I have just been looking over your establishment with Mr. Weldon, and listening to all the good things he has to say in your behalf. I am very glad to find, Maggie, that in your zeal for education you have not made pets of your scholars. You have not pampered them with all sorts of luxuries and comforts, such as poor honest people never obtain, and which puts children above parents and places, as well as making them saucy to their employers, and extravagant and wasteful of what belongs to others."

"That, Ralph, has been my great aim. I have seen that with schools, reformatories, prisons—no matter what it is (with the exception of work-houses and barracks) which men and women take up—human nature gets the better of discretion. Kind treatment becomes a hobby. We make pets of them, instead of teaching them how to battle with their difficulties, and some fail. It has been my intention to try and bring out their faculties, and leave them to apply them usefully afterwards. If I succeed in making one good servant, one good wife and mother, real honest, industrious, hard-working, and methodical members of a family, I shall have proved I was neither mistaken in my theory nor have wasted my time in the endeavour. I have but one reward, one luxury," she added, "which I freely allow myself; and you must come with me to-night, and see and hear for yourself. I let them exercise their own ingenuity in showing their appreciation of my labours by working for me in any way they please. I keep my singing-class entirely for those who deserve it."

Mr. Weldon joined them at tea. He was as pleased with the brother as the sister; and that was saying a great deal, for he stoutly maintained to every one, the like of Miss Atherton was not to be met with in the three kingdoms. Mr. Weldon pressed Ralph to remain one Sunday, and help him in the services. But Ralph shook his head; he was expected at Wylminstre the next evening, and he could not disappoint them.

"I should have liked very much to have heard you preach a sermon, my dear," Mrs. Atherton said; "just to judge of your stylé. Preaching is thought so much of nowadays; I really do think there is as much fashion in religion as in a lady's dress. At one time 'prayers' are what every body goes to church for; then comes a sudden change,—some wonderful Dissenting preacher makes a sensation with his wild and extraordinary sermons, and then we as suddenly find out that 'sermons' are the great matter, after all, by which we are to make sinners saints; and forthwith prayers are as good as ignored, and sermons are every thing."

Ralph laughed. "I am afraid, mother, you would not think my sermons likely to make many saints of sinners. I hope it may be so, but I assure you I do not feel at all sanguine."

"You will do very well in time, child, I dare say,—that is, if you don't fly off into any of those extreme notions young men always think



it necessary to start with when they first become curates—to give the world an idea of their great zeal, I always fancy. I am sure I used often to wonder how the poor dear Dean bore all the nonsensical opinions he used to listen to so patiently from one young curate and another. High Church, Low Church, Broad Church! it was all pretty much the same,—all speaking with just as much authority and confidence as if they had been the ‘Fathers of the Church,’ instead of being nothing but children just out of leading-strings.”

A smile played round the corners of Mr. Weldon’s mouth. “My dear madam,” he said, “it is another sign of the times. We live in a ‘fast age,’ and it is hard for some of us who belong to the past one to keep up with the rapid strides the young people make to our own harder-won wisdom and experience. However, it would certainly have been more satisfactory to us all,—even Miss Atherton yonder,” he added significantly; “though she seems too busy over her tea-making to say so,—if Mr. Atherton had put a sermon in his pocket, and given us an opportunity of passing judgment upon him ourselves.”

Margaret was busy presiding at her little tea-table, spread out with all the little dainties her band of young cooks could devise to gratify her guests’ appetites. The rector thought he had seldom seen so pleasant a family party: Mrs. Atherton, with the soft full folds of her widow’s cap, forming a misty halo round her still pretty face; Margaret, in her plain gray merino, her little lace collar and cuffs her only ornament, and her hair, in its own glossy brightness, braided in full rich bands round her low broad forehead; and Ralph, standing on the hearth-rug, in his tall manly beauty, with his straightforward steady gaze, and his kind genial smile, the very type of an English gentleman.

When their tea was over, Margaret rose up and invited her guests to follow her across the garden to the well lighted and warmed schoolhouse. As she lifted the latch, and ushered in her guests, it presented a very animated scene. Round three or four tables groups of boys and girls—young men and young women some of them, for there was no limit as to age—were congregated. At one, six or seven boys might be seen poring over some interesting books, with maps and pictures upon the table. At another, four or five young women were industriously making a set of new bed-furniture for Miss Weldon. At a table in a corner several boys were writing copies, or working out sums upon their slates. Some were cutting and carving wood with their knives,—all sorts of little household comforts, spoons, stands, platters, many pretty and artistic; and little girls were covering books, and making carpet-slippers for their fathers’ and brothers’ wear at home. Rachel Grey and three or four of the most advanced pupils were superintending it all. Every one looked comfortable and contented. They all rose up when Margaret’s warm, well-wadded red cloak and hood appeared within the door; but almost before she had hung it on its own peg, they had again quietly resumed their work. The rector and Ralph passed about from group to group, making remarks and

asking funny questions, which sent many a light, low laugh round the table. Margaret, with the folding-doors of her own room thrown back, stood watching the expression of pleasure in her brother's face. It was ample payment for the many hours of weary working and discouragement which she had passed through.

Presently one or two old people quietly lifted the latch, and walked in. "They had come to hear the music," they said, "and they thought 'twere about the right time for it to begin." So Margaret opened her organ, while books and slates and work were carefully put away; and then those who could sing joined her in some of the choice though simplest hymns and choruses from Handel, Mozart, and Mendelssohn.

Ralph stood by the fireplace with Mr. Weldon, listening to the steady swell of the young voices round his sister. She watched their own earnest expression, as if their hearts entered into their work; and a dim though scarcely understood appreciation of the wonderful power of the composers was beginning to steal over and illuminate their uncultivated intellects, like a ray of light glimmering through a darkened window. She saw the pleasant smiles and gratified faces of the parents, who dropped softly in from time to time, at the ever-opening door, sitting quietly down in the far-off corners, or standing bareheaded and respectful, to enjoy a treat which it was evident every one appreciated and approved.

Ralph was deeply moved. And these rough agriculturists, apparently no higher in the scale of intellectual society than any other set of villagers, had been thus trained and taught by the gentle kindness and skill of one pure-hearted, energetic girl, with few means beyond the rector's cordial help and sympathy, and her own untiring zeal.

"This is the reward we give them," Mr. Weldon said, "to belong to these evening-classes, which are open four nights in every week. Sometimes Miss Atherton reads to them, sometimes I do, books of travels, or works on natural history. Or we give them little lectures on aquariums, drawing, manufactures, or whatever it may be; but we never go beyond the simple subjects, which all can follow and comprehend. The school-room yonder we throw open every night, lighted and warmed, for those who, having no snug fireside at home, can come here and read the books we lend them, and the magazines and newspapers we contrive to supply them with. They can also practise their lessons better for these particular nights than they could possibly do at home."

"And with no supervision?" Ralph asked.

"Only such as my dropping-in at all times and seasons, Miss Atherton doing the same—often, indeed, sitting here, in her own room; and our appointing the clerk's son, a very respectable, steady young man, curator and care-taker of the books and papers. Of course, if one irreverent word is uttered, it takes away the privilege at once; but while Miss Atherton is with us there is no fear of such a thing occurring."

"And when my sister leaves you?"

"Don't mention it!" Mr. Weldon said hastily, interrupting him.

"We can none of us bear to think of that part of the affair. It must come, we know,—and we trust we shall go on as she has started us; but we are not sanguine, neither can we bear to anticipate. But I must go," he added; "my sister will be wondering what has become of me." And then, wishing Margaret and Ralph good night, he turned away to the door.

The following morning, after placing her mother under the especial supervision of Annie Morley and Rachel Grey, Margaret started with Ralph for Wylmynstre. It was nearly six o'clock in the evening before they arrived at Dr. Harford's door. Margaret was to be the Harfords' guest until after her brother's wedding; she was then to spend two days with her Uncle and Aunt Waldron before her return to Deighton.

There were lights shining cheerily through the curtained windows, and a large lamp in the hall, and Margaret's eyes were dazzled by it as she stepped out of the dark fly. But little heads, one above another, came peering out of half-open doors, and then a rush and the joyful exclamation following of, "They are come, they are come! Aunt Katie, Ralph Atherton, and Margaret are come!" And the sitting-room door opened wide, and a smiling, fair-faced, and rather pretty-looking lady, in the quiet-coloured silk dress of a "Friend," and somewhat coquettish-looking little cap over her soft brown hair, came out into the hall, and welcomed them; and behind her, as neat-looking and simple, if not quite as "Friendly," stood the blushing, trembling figure of "Aunt Katie."

It was a warm and hearty welcome the travellers both received from Dr. Harford and his wife. Ever since Mrs. Harford's marriage, her home had been that of her young sister; and now she and her husband braved the scruples and doubts of the "elders" of their sect, and from their roof Ralph Atherton was to take his bride. The rising young physician, though still a Quaker in heart, was in too constant collision with men of fewer prejudices and wider views, not to find the rust of an almost insulated and somewhat bigoted body daily yielding to the friction of society; and if his own notions were becoming less "law-bound" than many of his brethren in the faith, they were also more "catholic" in their wide-spreading charity and good-will towards the judgments and opinions of others.

Mrs. Harford and her sister were orphans. The latter had been Margaret's schoolfellow when she resided at her Uncle Waldron's. Perhaps it was the influence of her character on Katie which had first awakened in her heart that longing for a fuller measure of the "grace" which the blessed sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper give, and which, if not absolutely denied by Friends, is at all events withheld from its members.

It was a bright October morning when Ralph Atherton, with Dr. Harford, Katie, and Margaret, entered the little parish church of St. Jude, for the early morning service. Few knew that a marriage was to be performed, and fewer noticed the simple white muslin dresses of the

bride and her bridesmaids, for Margaret held two wondering little girls by the hand. Reverently they knelt with the few who worshiped so early in their parish church; and then, when the rector entered the chancel, and the marriage service commenced, Dr. Harford led Katie to the altar, where Ralph, with Margaret beside him, had already taken their places. A few old people gathered up nearer to them, to get a look at the pale, quiet face of the bride, and to hear the reverent tones in which every response was made by the tall, calm, and collected-looking bridegroom, whose whole soul seemed absorbed in the prayers and vows he was making. The ceremony was soon over; their signatures duly made; Dr. Harford's brougham, at the door of the church, had received the happy pair; and Margaret, leaning on the doctor's arm, with his little girls laughing and skipping about them, were making their way leisurely through the narrow streets of the old city, before many of its drowsy inhabitants had risen from their slumbers.

A warm welcome and a pretty breakfast awaited their return. Margaret clasped Katie in her arms. "My brother's wife, my own dear sister now!" she said, as she imprinted a warm kiss on her blushing cheek. "This is indeed one of my happiest days. Oh, Katie! may your life be always as bright as this morning's sunshine; and if Ralph cannot give you riches, may you ever have that peace and that love which the world cannot take away!"

Mrs. Harford, in her plain rich silk and soft clear cap, looking so exquisitely fresh and pure, seated her fat, chubby baby on the rug; where, in stately baby-consciousness of its white frock and sash, and the bow of white ribbons which tied on its embroidered cap, it sat watching with wondering eyes the various proceedings of the party, while its mother was dispensing the hospitalities of her breakfast-table, over which a storm of beautiful flowers had fallen.

Tokens of Uncle John and Aunt Sarah's thoughtful love, in the shape of many useful household treasures of costly plate and china, were safely packed away for transmission to Leigh Moss; but neither of them could be persuaded to quit their own fireside. They were too old, they said, and too unused to such things now. One or two friends of the Harfords',—Katie's friends,—joined them at the breakfast-table, where, however solemn and stately such affairs usually are, there certainly was no lack of laughter and merriment during that wedding breakfast. The children besieged Ralph's plate with all the good things they could heap together; while he laughingly pointed to their white sashes, and asked them what those "female dragons," the "elders and overseers," whom Aunt Sarah held in such reverence, would say to the finery their mother had decked them in. "Children are the parents' safety-valves for Nature's inherent vanity, it is my belief," Ralph said, as he held up the ends of baby's ribbons. "Why else is it one so often sees a demure-looking 'drab' mother, with a train of little ones in no way differing from the rest of the world, except, perhaps, in the absence of skill or taste, in the

harmonious blending of colour, which two centuries of nipping and checking has almost obliterated?"

"That is touching on a tender point with my wife," Dr. Harford said. "I doubt if she will allow it. She will instance their love of colour in every thing but personal adornment; their taste for flowers; their appreciation of art; their skill in drawing and painting; their—"

Ralph laughed. "And what else?" he asked. "Their full appreciation of the comforts and conveniences of life I allow, but surely not of the beautiful; or why should they have chosen a style of dress so utterly out of harmony with all rules of art? They have not even the sanction of their founder for its adoption; for the broad-brimmed gipsy-hats and the blue-and-green aprons, which Aunt Sarah declares were the fashion even within her remembrance, must have been far more picturesque than the outrageous 'coal-scuttles' which adorn the heads of the present generation of 'Friends.' That they do follow the fashion I aver, though I should shock Uncle John by saying so; or else, what has become of the venerable 'three-deckers,' and the knee-breeches, and long lapelled waistcoats that used to figure among 'Friends'?"

"We are growing wiser, I suppose," Dr. Harford replied. "We are learning the lesson that true Quakerism does not consist in the peculiar cut of a coat, or the shade of a colour, or even in using the more poetical, if—as with us—the less grammatical, singular number. Perhaps my young ones may live to see the day when the present stringent rules of our society will be replaced by broader landmarks."

"When Quakerism will cease to be, except as a tale that is told," Ralph said. "Once remove the landmarks of singularity,—the self-imposed tyranny of rules and laws; that sort of petty martyrdom which enthusiasts delight in, and which acts alike on a Quaker, a Tractarian, a Plymouth Brother, or a Sister of Charity; that individual *espionage* to which you so tamely submit,—and, as a body, I believe Quakers will soon become extinct. What you will all become I cannot predict; some, perhaps, will merge into one sect, and some into another. Except as we know that extremes meet, the Church is not likely to gain many of you to her ranks. The long-inherent dread of any thing approaching sacramental grace, the abhorrence of a ritual worship, will take years to overcome; but the time is approaching, you may depend upon it, when Quakerism will be nothing more than an empty sound."

Mrs. Harford laughed. "Not a cheering prediction, Ralph," she said, "nor one much to be dreaded, I think. But I would warn both Katie and thyself low you attempt to sow the seeds of doubt among my young ones. There must be no followers in Aunt Katie's footsteps, I beg leave to say."

Several twinkling little eyes were turned slyly up to Uncle Ralph, and then back to their mother's face. "But, dear mamma, Aunt Katie has promised we shall pay her a visit, and Uncle Ralph says we must go to church at Leigh Moss; and I am sure I liked going to church this morning very much."

"Your mother must come with you, Jenny, and take care of you," Aunt Katie said, as they rose up from table. The carriage would soon be at the door, and it was time to think of starting.

Dr. Harford's brougham set Margaret down at her uncle's door in Acre Lane. Cordial and loving was the welcome she received from both her uncle and aunt; and old Betty declared, "that say what people would of Miss Maggie's work, she never looked so well or so pretty in all her life."

Margaret had many questions to ask and answer as she sat beside her uncle and aunt. John Waldron shook his head over Ethel's marriage: "The young thing was too much a child," he said. "Ethelind Atherton should have known better than have allowed it; but she was always a weak, silly woman, very unfit to have the care of young girls."

"Mamma had nothing to do with Ethel's meeting Sir Philip Leigh, or his proposing for her. Ethel met him at Repworth; none of us knew him. And it was entirely his own doing to follow her to Cheltenham as he did."

"And now, I suppose, she is hoping one match will make a second; Grace first, and then thyself, child, eh?" Uncle John said. "We shall hear of you all in turn, I suppose."

"Thy mother, child, is always talking and thinking about her girls' getting married," Aunt Sarah said, in her quiet, gentle tones. "It is a sad misfortune when a woman once gets this notion into her head; she little knows how she lowers herself in the estimation of every right-thinking person. A single woman is far better off than a married one, unless the connection is in every way a desirable one;" and the old lady drew up her tall, thin figure in her own maiden dignity.

"Mamma is very much delighted at Ethel's good fortune, as she calls it; and she does hope, I know, that it will be the beginning of better for Grace and myself; but I doubt if it will be through the Leighs. If all I hear is true, Sir Philip has by no means married the whole family. Ethel is his now, not ours; and we are no more to him than we were before."

"That is just what Ralph seemed to fancy; but I don't understand it," Mr. Waldron replied. "I own I don't comprehend a man's stealing into a family and taking off one member by stealth, and then being ashamed to own it. If a man likes a girl, by all means let him try and get her if he can; but having got her, let him boldly stand by his bargain, and take her and hers into his keeping. There is something mean and pitiful and selfish about it, and bodes no good to Ethel."

"We are not sure it will be so yet," Margaret said gently. "Perhaps we are uncharitable, Uncle John, in harbouring such suspicions." Margaret spoke cheerfully, but there still lurked the shadow of misgiving on her own heart.

## London Poems.

### IV. THE DESTITUTE.

THE heart of the City is black with sin,  
 Black in its inmost core ;  
 For Sorrow, God's shadow, falls dark within  
 The hopeless homes of the poor ;  
 The strong man gnaweth his iron chain,  
 And hungers from night to morn,  
 The woman lying apart in pain  
 Curses the babe unborn ;  
 The little children make moan alway,  
 Shelterless, starven, bereaven,  
 With souls that glimmer thro' slender clay,  
 And beacon their mothers from heaven.  
 The rich man's larder is richly stored,  
 But the poor look-up unfed ;  
 The rich man cries, " Give us light, O Lord !"  
 The hungry, " Give us bread !"

Blackness from morn till the pitiless stars  
 Veil their religion of light,  
 And blackness too when the brazen bars  
 Of sunset are molten in night ;  
 Blackness on alley, and street, and lane,  
 Where singeth never a bird ;  
 And yet in the midst of the pang and pain  
 No prayer for the light is heard :  
 The starving and destitute would not know :  
 Their spirits unclean and stark,  
 Circumscrib'd to their need and their woe,  
 Are better, they say, in the dark.  
 The rich man seeketh a pleasant sky  
 Beyond the graves of the dead ;  
 And " Lord, give us light !" the wealthy cry,  
 The hungry, " Give us bread !"

The rich man hoardeth his nobler woe  
 To savour his pleasure and love ;  
 The sweet delight of his earth below  
 Doth colour his heaven above ;  
 His hopes lie beautiful on before,  
 He knoweth no petty strife,  
 And he has raiment and food in store  
 For his little ones and wife ;

He craveth for light, while overhead  
 He perceives the golden day ;  
 In flowery pleasures his babes are led,  
 And he has leisure to pray.  
 The rich man worshiping God by night  
 Sees the beckoning stars overhead ;  
 The rich man prayeth, " Lord, give me light !"  
 The hungry, " Give me bread !"

The poor man hungereth in his doubt,  
 He can see nor stars nor sky,  
 For his eyes are on earth as he hollows out  
 Graves for the loved as they die ;  
 He struggles onward in troublous breath,  
 With no holy of holies above,  
 Subtracting the wormwood of life and death  
 From the pity of God and His love ;  
 The dead and buried are not to Him  
 Sweet charters to conquer the tomb,—  
 They gleam like angry devils and dim  
 On the brink of a fathomless gloom.  
 The rich man's earthier paradise  
 Hints a heaven beyond the dead ;  
 And " Lord, give us light !" the rich man cries,  
 The hungry, " Give us bread !"

" Bread, give us bread !" the poor man says ;  
 " Bread, bread !" cry children and wives ;  
 And " Lord, give us light !" the rich man prays,  
 The light of Thy holier lives.  
 The cries clash daily without accord,  
 They cease not morning or night,  
 The wealthy ask not for bread, O Lord,  
 The starving ask not for light ;  
 There cometh no rest to low or to high,  
 Woe mirroreth earth, joy, heaven ;  
 The poor ask bread, and the wealthy try  
 To sweeten the bread which is given.  
 The rich man, master of earth, seeks more  
 Beyond the graves of the dead ;  
 But, narrow'd to that they lack, the poor  
 Cry loudly, " Give us bread !"

Ah, me!—to wander with cars and eyes,  
 Thro' alley, and street, and lane,  
 To see the visions of paradise  
 • Obscured by the grosser pain ;



## LONDON POEMS: THE DESTITUTE.

To see the strong man shrink from the path  
 That leadeth up to the sky,  
 To see the hungry arise in wrath,  
 And deny the light, and die ;—  
 Oh, heal the earthly bitterness first,  
 Sisters and brothers mine ;  
 And after bread shall follow the thirst  
 For the light which is divine !  
 The rich man's plentiful nights and days  
 Are radiant with pleasures fled ;  
 And " Lord, give me light!" the rich man prays  
 The hungry, " Give me bread !"

Out in the fields where the sun is bright,  
 Upspringeth the yellow corn,  
 It springs and grows in the shining light  
 Till the bountiful acres are shorn ;  
 The reaper reapeth on golden ground,  
 And the sun-tanned gleaners glean,  
 And the wheels of the mill go busily round  
 With the rich white grain between.  
 But the hungry live in the crowded street,  
 In poverty, sickness, and pain —  
 'Tis the blessed and beautiful grain they entreat,  
 Not the light that has ripened the grain !  
 In the wealthy granary corn is stored,  
 But the poor look up unfed :  
 The rich man prays, " Give us light, O Lord !"  
 The hungry, " Give us bread !"

Black is the heart of the man who hears  
 No beckoning voice sublime,  
 Who hardens inward until his tears  
 Are frozen at last into crime ;  
 And bitter-sad is the woman's mood,  
 And full of a hate untold,  
 Who hears her baby moaning for food  
 And shivering in the cold ;  
 And sad are the children of wedded wives  
 As they die in the alleys dun,  
 To think of the rosy children whose lives  
 Are shone upon by the sun.  
 The rich man's child has bountiful gifts,  
 The poor man's child is unfed ;  
 The rich ask light, but the poor man li-  
 A threatening hand for bread.

And toiling downward, the homeless poor  
Seek graves as their only goals ;  
The draught that comes from the rich man's door  
Blows out the lamps of their souls ;  
And reft of the guarding and guiding light  
The beautiful Soul must give,  
They hunger on in the pitiless night,  
Knowing only by need that they live ;  
And stretched apart as the dregs of life,  
They rot on the rich man's land,  
And when Death cometh for baby or wife,  
They gnaw at his outstretch'd hand !  
They ask not light to reveal the hate  
In the eyes of living and dead :  
" Light ! " cry the wealthy early and late,  
The poor ask only for bread !

B.

## Motley's History of the United Netherlands.

THE two volumes of the history of the United Netherlands, which Mr. Motley has just given to the world, contain an account of the four years which elapsed from the murder of William the Silent to the defeat of the Spanish Armada: few periods of history present so many points of interest to men of English race; and there are few, indeed, who have attempted to tell the story of that stirring time with better qualifications for the task than Mr. Motley.

It will perhaps be convenient to sketch, in a few words, the events which had occurred in the Netherlands before the time which Mr. Motley has selected for the opening of his narrative.

The greater part of the provinces known as the Low Countries belonged to the ancient kingdom of Lorraine, which had itself been, since the tenth century, an appanage of the German empire. They had been from time to time acquired by the princes of Burgundy, and in 1477 were made over to the house of Austria.

Charles V. of Spain succeeded to the states of Burgundy, added to them Friesland, Groningen, and Gueldres, and by a 'pragmatic' in 1549 ordered that they should never more be disunited. Charles ultimately committed them to the care of his son Philip, and incorporated them with the Spanish monarchy.

The effect of the Reformation, that great revolution of the sixteenth century, was nowhere more sensibly felt than in the Low Countries. It changed the political as well as the moral condition of Europe. Germany, England, France, Switzerland, Hungary, Poland, were alike convulsed by it; but in no country did the great fight, to which jarring opinions at last resorted, take a more sanguinary form, in none was it conducted with more straightforward manliness, than in the Spanish Netherlands. The Reformation was by no means productive of unmixed good. Political quarrels assumed the disguise of piety; wars, waged for purely selfish ends, adopted religion as their battle-cry. The question of preserving the balance of European power was almost from the first mixed up with the wars of religion, to an extent which makes it impossible for the most patient investigation to show how much each influenced the general result. It is idle to speculate upon the course which history would have taken if particular events had fallen out in a different manner. The truth on such points can never be ascertained; but it seems probable that, if religion had not been the watchword of the century, the balance of power would have provoked contests equally sanguinary, and would have kept Europe in a ferment as effectually as the Reformation.

For religion was not the only human interest which was convulsed in the sixteenth century: the science of government underwent a change

almost equally complete. The rude machinery of feudalism was found unequal to the more complicated demands of advancing civilisation; the law of the strongest was no longer a satisfactory law to men who had learned to reason. The Italian statesmen, ambitious, yet loving the quiet which left them at leisure to adorn their dwellings with masterpieces of arts which flourish well only under the reign of peace, were the first to substitute the contest of wits for the ruder contest of the sword; they first had shown how, among civilised communities, treaties could keep states in order, as well as rude hordes of fighting men. As civilisation advanced, the Italian theories of government crossed the Alps, and diplomacy assumed a certain degree of importance.

The wide-spreading ambition of Charles V., who, while health remained to him, aimed at nothing less than universal dominion, was naturally an object of jealous dislike to princes, who daily saw their territories in danger. But confederation, founded on common jealousy of encroachment, was never very durable. A prince like Charles, whose diplomacy was even more successful than his sword, and whose sword was always kept in reserve, to be used when diplomacy had failed, could generally manage to break up the most powerful coalition. The monarchs who leagued against him were men who singly would have had no hope of confronting him. The temptation of an alliance with himself, held out by the head of the great Austrian house, was generally sufficiently attractive to make the favoured individual leave his friends, and so break up the league. No sovereign could trust his neighbour; and the vigour with which opposition was repressed and punished made resistance in itself extremely hazardous. The liberties of Europe appeared likely to be subverted, and to become subject to one dominant house, when the Reformation began, and gave to Europe a rallying-point much more commodious than one merely territorial could be. Henceforth the war could be carried on on both sides as a war of religion; by joining one side or another, each new ally would be too deeply committed to draw back. The difference between the two forms of religion—the new and the old—were quite irreconcilable, and a man who had once embraced the new could not for very shame retrace his steps; at any rate he could not rush backwards and forwards between the two parties, as in old times he had been able to do.

It is easy, therefore, to see how the wars which characterised the sixteenth century were quite as much wars of ambition, or of fear, as of opinion. Religion was rarely the true cause of an outbreak; yet in the Low Countries such was really the case.

Charles had often been tempted to attack the liberties of the Flemings. The necessities of war had often placed him in difficult positions with regard to them. The Reformation sorely tried his temper, and the arrogance produced by autocratic power had produced its usual numbing effects on his mind, and had led him entirely to disregard the feelings of others. But he had been born in the Netherlands. He had far more sympathy

with their hearty manners and simple tastes, than with the stately and fatiguing ceremonies of the Spaniards. While he lived, therefore, the liberties of the States, often threatened, never were entirely disregarded. Philip was of a different mould. He was in dress, in manner, in mind, and in speech a Spaniard. His haughtiness was admired at Madrid, and his affection for Spain made him popular there, and there alone within his wide dominions. Gloomy and fanatical, he resolved, soon after his accession, to devote his whole life to the extirpation of heresy and the spread of Spanish dominion. He found an able and a willing ally in the Church of Rome.

The Church itself had been almost as much revolutionised by the Reformation as those who had left its pale. The Roman hierarchy had assumed a new position. During the middle ages it had been a friend to the poor. It was the sole stepping-stone by which a plebeian, however great his talents or his wealth, could arrive at distinction. All roads to greatness—the court, the senate, the army—were closed against those who were not nobly born. The Church alone opened her arms to them; and while her cardinals and dignitaries held a place, at least of equality, with the noblest, they never forgot the order from which many of them sprung. A strongly democratic feeling animated them, and kept them in a state of antagonism against the secular power, whose cruelties against the poor and the defenceless they were willing and able to curb.

But the Church had gradually established a despotism of its own, and asserted a spiritual absolutism which struck at the very root of individual independence. The secular authority had also, in many nations of Europe, consolidated into despotism equally intolerant—equally unwilling to submit its administration to discussion.

The Reformation asserted the right of freedom of opinion. The right of freedom of action is a necessary corollary. Both despotisms, the spiritual and the temporal, were attacked at their very roots. The result was a political necessity of the time—a close union between the monarchy and the priesthood.

Philip began his reign by a furious persecution of the Protestants throughout his dominions. But the spirit of resistance which had braved his father was not likely to quail before the son. Hitherto, the struggle of Protestantism had been for existence; now it was a contest, not for existence, but for supremacy. State-craft became a duel between the Catholic and Protestant defenders of religion. Spain headed the Catholic league, England and the Netherlands the Protestant.

One of the first objects against which the persecuting rage of Philip was turned was the Low Countries. Even under Charles V. many thousand people had been destroyed; and the governors of the various towns, seeing no end to the desolation which, if they fully carried out their instructions, they would be obliged to inflict, had quietly ignored their orders, and had ceased from persecution. But in the mean time the foreign merchants who had gone to reside in the Netherlands, the Swiss

## HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS.

and German troops whom Charles had employed in his wars with France, and the French and English Protestants who had fled from the persecutions of their native rulers, had filled the Low Countries with persons of the Reformed creed. Philip's decrees were, therefore, directed against a very large proportion, if not an absolute majority, of his Netherlandish subjects.

Philip was not the man to rescind such an order as that he had given. Fortunately for the interests of humanity, however, he committed, in the manner of carrying out his intentions, a blunder as well as a crime.

The political condition of the Netherlands was the same as had existed there since the fall of the Roman power. The feudal despotism of the middle ages had coexisted with a kind of rude municipal institutions. The clergy and the municipalities possessed political power; and although the voice of the people was not absolutely recognised, the municipal officers had common interest with the industrious citizens, whence their ranks were recruited. The nobles, of course, possessed feudal immunity from taxation. When, therefore, the Duke of Alva, at Philip's desire, marched an army into the Netherlands, established arbitrary tribunals, levied arbitrary taxes, and suppressed, in favour of the Inquisition, the metropolitan and diocesan rights which the bishops and archbishops of the Empire and of France had exercised in the Low Countries, he united against himself and his master the whole strength of the Netherlands, and, instead of taking them in detail, joined every interest against him in one common revolution. The "Request" which had been presented by an assembly of the nobles to the Regent Margaret, in the year preceding Alva's appearance, drew upon those who signed it the nickname, afterwards so celebrated in the war of independence, of *gueux*, or beggars. The moderate demands of the *gueux* had been refused; the Regent resigned; and Alva commenced a series of atrocities by which many thousand persons were either murdered or ruined.

Even in Spain and Italy the Inquisition had excited indignation among the most attached to the Roman Catholic Church. The horror of the Flemings at the new tribunal may therefore easily be imagined. The edict struck, not only at their freedom of conscience, but at their existence as a nation. They were dependent upon commerce; how could they expect merchants, most of them Protestants, to continue to reside among them? Had the calm good sense and mild temper of Margaret been allowed to prevail, their affections would not have been permanently alienated; for although she felt it her duty to carry out the sanguinary views of the king to a certain extent, she was well known to be herself inclined to the side of mercy. She was, however, only nominally regent. The real power was in the hands of the proud and haughty Granvelle. She soon found that she was expected to bear the odium of harsh measures into which she was compelled against her will. Every day new attempts were made upon the liberties of the Flemings. The

nobles, the gentry, and the populace alike clamoured for redress, which Philip haughtily refused. While discontent thus smouldered in the Netherlands, the first war of religion broke out in France.

Condé, Anselot, and Coligny were at the head of the Protestants; the Guises, the queen-mother, and the young but infamous Charles IX. raised the standard of the ancient faith. The first skirmishes terminated without material advantage to either side. But before the sword was sheathed, the Protestants had among them an illustrious ally, whom Philip's measures had driven from his home. The Prince of Orange, goaded to madness, had turned upon the royal troops, and after a short campaign had been compelled, from want of funds, to throw up the game.

The printing-presses of the Netherlands were full of books against the doctrines of the Catholics; ministers of the reformed religion were to be found in every town; French Protestant refugees swarmed in the northern provinces; the governors even of many of the provinces had imbibed the new opinions. Such was the time chosen by Philip to reissue the orders of the Council of Trent.

Disturbances were inevitable, and Alva turned them to dread account. Now was the time, he said, utterly to destroy the liberties of the Netherlands. The king might, if he pleased, be as absolute there as in his Italian dominions. The States had never, without remonstrance, tolerated the presence of Spanish soldiers within their boundaries. They should now be ruled with military authority; the compact made the year before with Catherine de Medicis should be carried out to the letter; the Protestants should be utterly exterminated, and no heretic should raise his voice within the vast dominions of the Catholic king.

Alva was commissioned to bring the refractory provinces to reason. He set sail for Italy, assembled there an army, and, passing through the territories of Savoy, Burgundy, and Lorraine, arrived in the summer of 1567 at Brussels. The regent retired, and Alva at once began the sanguinary drama which he had promised for the entertainment of his master. Counts Egmont and Horn were executed. A citadel was erected in Antwerp, and the city was taxed to pay for it. Troops were quartered upon the inhabitants. The "Council of Blood" was encouraged to the commission of the most horrible excesses. Thousands fled to France, England, and Protestant Germany; numbers were seized ere they could make their escape, and tortured to death on bare suspicion. The Queen of England looked on with interest, but without much wish to assist the oppressed provinces. The hot Tudor spirit which she inherited from her father was not likely to make her look with much patience on rebels, by whatever excesses their rebellion might have been provoked. She observed with uneasiness the progress of the Spanish monarchy, but she was unwilling to quarrel with Philip. She had much to do in her own kingdom. Her own throne could hardly be called secure; any step offensive to the Catholics might render Mary Queen of

Scots a successful, as she always was a dangerous, rival. She herself was not altogether averse to the forms of Catholicism; at least she was what we call in these days "High Church"—much nearer to Rome than to Calvinism. The religion of the United Provinces was Calvinism of the sternest kind. She had therefore no such sympathy as circumstances afterwards led her to feel, either with the struggles or the religion of the revolted provinces. Nevertheless, she was not unwilling to injure Spain by a side-blow, if she could do it with safety. She therefore sent secret supplies of money to the Netherlands, though she resolved to gratify Alva by acceding to his demand to expel the maritime "Gueux," who had taken refuge in her ports. This concession, however, produced an effect for which Alva was quite unprepared. The Gueux, with Lumley Count de la Marck at their head, set sail and seized the first place which came to hand, and which happened to be the Brill. The situation thus acquired gave them the command of the sea, and the possession of a strategic position which grievously distressed the Duke of Alva. The Prince of Orange at once placed himself at the head of the troops which the States hastened to raise.

By September 1571 he was in Hainault, with fifty thousand men. Here he heard of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The intelligence was a stunning blow to the prince. Among the slain were many of his friends and late companions in arms. Among his troops were many French subjects, who had joined him when they believed their king to be favourable to his undertaking, but whom he now every moment expected to desert him. He himself was acting under a commission from the king of France, and nothing was more certain than the fact that he had no more to hope for from the king of France. He had now no chance but to continue the struggle with such troops as he could collect, and vow eternal enemy to the Spaniards. Requesens, Don John of Austria, and Parma, successively became viceroys in the room of Alva. The southern states of the confederacy were recaptured; but, in defiance of the troops of Spain, Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Groningen, Oberyssel, Guelderland, and Friesland, signed in 1579 the famous union, in appearance so fragile, in reality so strong, which ultimately became the nucleus of the free republic of the Netherlands.

A price was set upon the head of the Prince of Orange by Philip; whose weapons of political controversy were the dagger and the poison-cup. During the next few years the Duke of Anjou, who was set at the head of affairs by the States, wasted his time in making love to Elizabeth. Parma busily employed himself in the southern provinces of the Netherlands. Drake circumnavigated the world, and Lord Grey beat the invading Spaniards in Ireland. Then, in 1585, the blow fell—the Prince of Orange was murdered at the door of his dining-room, at Delft.

It is at this point that Mr. Motley's narrative begins. It is one which will add much both to his own fame and to the general stock of historical knowledge.



The history of the Netherlands, particularly that of the period now under discussion, has hitherto been surrounded by a mist of vague generalities. Most readers have been content to receive their impression of the revolution, which resulted in the establishment of the Dutch Republic, from sources in which that revolution was, from the nature of the subject, merely an episode. Its leading events were detailed by Watson, as a necessary part of the foreign policy of Philip II. Its close connection with England during the viceroyalty of Parma gave it pre-eminence in the pages of English historians. The French memoirs gave us details of the crimes and intrigues of the queen-mother of France, and a slight and very imperfect account of the restless ambition and almost incredible baseness of Guise and his holy league. Histories of France showed us the seething caldron of civil war, which was so perpetually boiling over in that unhappy land; but we never fully knew till now how completely the factions of France were kept up by the deliberate schemes and the lavished gold of Philip.

For the first time, in Mr. Motley's pages, these scattered ends of history are united, and the history of the Republic is presented to us as a connected whole; with all its secret diplomacy unveiled, all the tortuous policy pursued towards it by its master and his tools unravelled, by the aid of the cyphered despatches of Fabius and Mucio,—of Philip, that is, and Guise,—of Mendoza and Olivarez, and of the brave soldier and arch-liar Parma.

The book in which this curious story is told, is vigorously, but, we think, unequally, written. It contains some blemishes which a second edition might easily remove, some defects not so easy to be remedied, and innumerable beauties. It is deeply interesting—thrilling, in many places, as the third volume of a novel. The reader is hurried on from one incident to another, till he finds that he has read considerably more than a thousand pages, and that he has yet only mastered the events of four years out of an eighty years' war. This, of course, of itself is no fault, provided only the interest of the writer and of the reader can be sustained throughout; but there are many parts of the work which would be benefited instead of injured by a judicious pruning. Bootless negotiations, or matters of even less consequence, are narrated at a length which would amply suffice for state events of the most vital importance.

Mr. Motley has rifled the manuscript archives of Simancas, of the French Empire, and of the Hague. He has studied the records in the State-Paper Office of England, and the Ms. department of the British Museum, besides, as he tells us in his preface, the leading contemporary chronicles and pamphlets of Holland, Flanders, Spain, France, and Germany. It would be strange, indeed, if the Homer of such a formidable epic did not sometimes nod, and if his work did not bear occasional traces of weariness, of abrupt transition, or of haste. Mr. Motley is gifted with an exuberance of imagination, and an easy flow of language, which does not often fall to the lot of a lab-

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rious student. Once his materials are collected, he has no difficulty about the order in which he should arrange them, or the words in which he should convey the result of his researches. He is so imbued with the spirit of the time of which he writes, that he is subject to perpetual temptations to digress. Not a person comes under the notice of the reader, but Mr. Motley is acquainted with his history. Either he has performed some notable feat of arms—has got into some scrape, matrimonial or amatory—has been the subject of a copy of complimentary verses, or the butt of a stinging epigram; and Mr. Motley, unless he puts strong constraint upon himself, is apt to stop the progress of his narrative to tell us about it. Nothing is more charming, nothing tends more to keep the author and his readers on better terms with each other, than this continual flow of anecdote. But the student who wishes to acquire a connected idea of the revolution which is the subject of the book, is obliged to turn back again and again before he can attain his object.

If it were possible that knowledge could ever be a drawback, we should be almost inclined to say that the minute and accurate knowledge which Mr. Motley possesses of the events of the sixteenth century has another disadvantage besides tempting him to digress. There is an *embarras des richesses*. Mr. Motley is as well acquainted with minute detail as with large events, and sometimes is tempted to put both on the same footing. He disregards the "historical perspective," which Lord Macaulay pronounced to be such a prominent excellence in an historian. The quarrels between the Earl of Leicester and the States are described at even greater length than the negotiation of the States with Elizabeth. The negotiations between Parma and the queen are recited with wearisome minuteness; for all the time the reader is chafing with impatience to come to blows with Philip, and hear how Raleigh and Grenville, Howard, Frobisher, and Cecil, handled the Duke of Medina Sidonia and his armada. We know from the beginning that nothing comes of the negotiation; we hear nothing new except fresh evidence of the fact that Parma was the most astounding liar that ever penned a protocol; and yet Mr. Motley takes an almost malicious pleasure in prolonging our suspense, drawing out his words, as it were, to keep us as long as possible from the great catastrophe. Nevertheless the very chapters to which we allude are written with a spirit and grace which makes us half inclined to praise rather than to blame, when we reflect what the materials are whence they were drawn, and how intolerably wearisome they might have been in less able hands.

We have alluded to Lord Macaulay, and indeed it is hardly possible to help thinking of him at every step of our progress. It is not wonderful that the influence of that great master of history should be traceable in every page of an historian who employs the English tongue. But there is another writer whose influence we should not have expected so easily to discover. The mannerism, sometimes even the phraseology, of Mr.

Carlyle is often visible. We should be inclined to surmise that Mr. Motley is not himself aware of the latter influence, but that the resemblance to the former is the result of study and deliberate intention. That resemblance is not in phraseology or in manner, but in habit of thought. Mr. Motley does not affect the short sentences, the constant antithesis, the peculiar rhythm, which constitute the outward case in which Lord Macaulay's thoughts are enshrined. But he has caught a large measure of the spirit which animates the great English writer. They agree in contempt for the so-called dignity of history,—they think that history should be a photograph of a nation, not a catalogue of battles or a court circular. They both depend on vivid pictures of society, on personal acquaintance with their personages, on accurate and lively description, for their effect on the reader's mind. Both think that "the best portraits are those in which there is a slight mixture of caricature."

Lord Macaulay was the founder of a new school. The canons of criticism on which he proceeds are found scattered about in his writings. His earliest essays bear traces of them. They were fully developed at subsequent times. The noble fragment on which his fame will principally rest is composed from the first line to the last in scrupulous accordance with them. Few men have formed definite opinions so early, and adhered to them through life with so little change. No other man has left such a mark upon the literature of this generation. It would not be too much to say that every historical writer who has appeared before the English public since he assumed the critic's pen, bears evidence of his power. There is little similarity in style between Mr. Froude and Mr. Motley, yet they have a strong point of resemblance in their common indebtedness to him. We find in Lord Macaulay's *Essays* an elaborate analysis of the state of historical writing in his own time, and his views as to what it should be. "To make the past present, to bring the distant near, to place us in the society of a great man, or on the eminence which overlooks the field of a mighty battle, to invest with the reality of flesh and blood persons whom we are too much inclined to consider as personified characters in an allegory, to call up our ancestors before us with all their peculiarities of language, manners, and garb, to show us over their houses, to seat us at their tables, to rummage their old-fashioned wardrobes, to explain the uses of their ponderous furniture,"—this, says Lord Macaulay, is the true aim of history; but there is another class of writers who, adhering to the belief that to descend to such minutiae is to lower the dignity of history, attempt only "to extract the philosophy of history, to direct our judgment of events and men, to trace the connection of causes and effects, and to draw from the occurrences of former times general lessons of moral and political wisdom." He complained that one of these two parts of an historian's duties had been abandoned to historians' novelists, and that the historians were contented to exercise only the last. It was the aim of his life to show how the two might be reunited, and his success formed an era in literature. The writers who succeeded him differ entirely from those who wrote before

his time. Mr. Froude and Mr. Motley delight their readers with picturesque description and touches of nature; they arrest attention by some characteristic trait of a great man, or a domestic incident in the life of a king. If we turn from their pages to those of Watson or of Gibbon, of Hume or of Macintosh, we find flowing periods, grave and sonorous diction, reflections just and weighty in matter, sparkling and epigrammatic in style; but military events are suffered to crowd all others out of the canvas, and if any touch of nature be admitted, it is admitted as it were under protest, and with an apology for such descent from the dignity of history. Lord Macaulay considered that Sir James Macintosh approached nearer to his ideal of an historian than any other writer. He observed of a passage in Sir James Macintosh's history of the revolution, that a history of England written throughout in such a manner would be the most fascinating work in the language. Yet no one, we think, could peruse the passage thus referred to without feeling that Sir James Macintosh belonged to the old school of historians, and that to the critic himself was reserved the credit of showing how history could be made more fascinating than a novel. He has set his mark on the writers of history who succeeded him, as completely as in poetry Pope set his mark on the heroic couplet. Between Ben Jonson and Crabbe stands the genius of Pope. Between Watson and Motley the genius of Macaulay.

In one point Mr. Motley would have done well to adhere more closely to his model. Lord Macaulay, careless as he was as to the dignity of the events which he admitted into his pages, was a purist in language and in style. No man felt more earnestly than he the responsibility imposed by his talents. Though the Augustan age of English literature had in his opinion passed away with Addison, no one should have it to say that it had deteriorated in his hands. Few men wrote more musically, or more easily; yet few wrote purer or more scrupulously accurate English. Mr. Motley's facility of expression occasionally degenerates into license, and it is precisely because his powers are so great that his carelessness in this respect becomes important. On one occasion he speaks of treasure sent into Parma's camp as a supply of "the ready"—which is simply slang. On another, alluding to the small means at Parma's disposal for the reduction of Antwerp, he exclaims, "To drain an ocean dry he had nothing but a sieve."\* This metaphor is worse than incorrect. It is absolute nonsense. A sieve never could drain an ocean dry, and Alexander Farnese could and did take Antwerp.

The mannerism of Mr. Carlyle is a garb which sits gracefully on none but the owner. Even in the case of Mr. Carlyle himself, we often wish that we could read his works, done out of the Carlylese jargon into the English tongue. But the mannerism is dreadfully infectious; a writer who should sit down to his manuscripts after an hour of the French Revolution would struggle in vain to keep his page clear of oddities.

phraseology, Gallicisms, Germanicisms, and double-compounded Carlyle-adjectives. Mr. Motley has adopted one peculiarity of Mr. Carlyle. He takes some prominent characteristic, or notable action, of any personage who passes in review before him; and compounds from it an epithet or a nickname, which is allowed to stick to the victim from the first page to the last. We admit that the practice is as old as Homer, where Athena is always blue-eyed, Ulysses much endearing; where we see none but wall-greaved Greeks, Zeus the cloud-compeller, and Diana delighting in arrows: that it has come to us through the English ballad-poetry, where all the gold is red, and all the ladies gay;—but it is rather wearisome in a history. Philip is “the letter-writer of the Escorial” all through the book. We see Burleigh “ponderously doubting” till we are tired; and we are never brought in contact with Elizabeth without being reminded of her parsimony.

This, however, is a trifling defect, which might easily be removed. There is one much more important, inasmuch as it is inherent in the plan which Mr. Motley has adopted. The events bearing on the history of the Netherlands are arranged, not, as would naturally be expected, in chronological order, but according to the countries in which they occurred. France, Spain, and England were all deeply concerned in the struggle which was going on in the Netherlands. But the events which took place in France are placed by themselves, while those which occurred contemporaneously in England and Spain are detailed in separate chapters. Every part in an historical work ought to be complete in itself, and as easy to understand as plain language can make it. Mr. Motley's peculiar plan, far from assisting the reader, causes endless trouble and vexation. The reader has to do, after all, just what the author usually does for him. He has to read two or three chapters consecutively, concerning the affairs of Holland, or France, or England, and then laboriously to reperuse them, in order to arrange in his own mind the chronological sequence of events.

If we turn from the literary execution of the work to the political views which it advances, we find much with which we are unable to agree. We are so accustomed to look at every thing which concerns the greatness of England with interested, and perhaps with partial eyes, that a composition written in English, and inspired by sympathies not altogether favourable to England, arrests our attention from its novelty. We do not for a moment mean to allege that Mr. Motley is unfair, or even that he bears more hardly on the failings of the great Englishmen of the sixteenth century than strict impartiality would warrant; but we miss the respectful tenderness with which even the most severe critics among ourselves treat names venerable in the history of that stirring time. English historians may blame particular events, they may even seek to cover particular persons with obloquy; but a certain affection for the fatherland underlies even the most

most common or wisest invective. We now find ourselves in the

presence of a writer whose feelings are strongly anti-monarchical, and who treats our national struggle for liberty and greatness with respect indeed, but never with enthusiasm; with sympathy, as one who most sympathise with liberty, but with an unimpassioned coldness which an Englishman could hardly school himself to attain.

The lesson is perhaps not unwholesome. It is at least something to look at the conduct of our ancestors with the calm eyes of one who, though prepared to admire, is also determined to "nothing extenuate."

We indeed think that Mr. Motley often does scant justice to Queen Elizabeth and the distinguished men who surrounded her throne. He has pored over the history of the Netherlands till he can make no allowance for any difficulty, no excuse for any policy which may have had the effect of injuring or retarding for a moment the progress of the cause whose history he relates. He looks at every thing which took place in England, France, or Spain through Netherland spectacles, and he is impatient if any considerations of internal policy are for a moment suffered to outweigh the claims of the suffering and striving republic. Much as we sympathise, in reading the book, with the miseries and the difficulties of the Netherlands, we cannot but ask ourselves at every step whether England is really open to Mr. Motley's censure; whether she could have done differently with safety; was it even possible for her to act differently? Mr. Motley only sees that the course taken was frequently one which inflicted damage or inspired disgust in the Netherlands, and straightway he applies the lash.

The opening chapters of the history are most ably written. Mr. Motley passes in review the position occupied by the various European powers. He points out the vast power of Spain, the firm attitude of the maritime provinces, and the adroitness with which Alexander Farnese endeavoured gradually to surround them with his toils. Hence he passes on to describe the relations of the republic to France and of France towards England; and describes at length the motives which animated the foreign policy of England. He tells of the Dutch embassy, which was commissioned to offer the crown of Holland to France; he exposes the secret intrigues of Philip with the Guises, and the secret reasons which caused the definitive rejection of the Dutch sovereignty by Henry III.

Almost in the first page we have a portrait of Philip II., as he appeared in his cabinet in the Escorial (which, by the way, Mr. Motley, rejecting the old orthography, spells Escorial all through the book). The industry, the tenacity of purpose, the singleness of aim which characterised Philip, hardly make upon him their due impression; the historian's dislike to the "small, dull, elderly, imperfectly educated, patient, plodding invalid, with white hair and protruding under-jaw, and dreary visage," so disturbs his judgment, that he never can bring himself to do justice, and award to Philip a fair meed of praise for qualities the possession of which it is impossible to deny him. Mr. Motley labours to prove that Philip was but a puppet in the hands of those around him. His counsellors, he

admits, were very few, and his chief advisers more like secretaries than cabinet ministers. Don Juan de Idiaquez was chief secretary of state and of war; the Count de Chinchon was minister of the household, for Italian affairs, and for the kingdom of Aragon. Don Christoval de Moura was at the head of the finance department, and administered the affairs of Portugal and Castile. No others were ever consulted; they alone formed the famous "*junta de noche*." The great intrigues which were slowly evolved for the suppression of heresy all over the world, and the establishment of a universal monarchy for Spain, were in their hands. Idiaquez and Moura conducted the vast correspondence with Mendoza and Parma, with Olivarez and Mucio. These letters, which Mr. Motley represents as being of immense length, were not, he says, the emanation of Philip's own mind. Indeed he only interfered to insert childish and totally irrelevant observations on the despatches which were submitted to him, and which were supposed to convey his most secret thoughts to the great generals and ambassadors who were carrying out his policy in distant lands. Mr. Motley gives us specimens of these apostiles, and argues that the man who could write such nonsense must of necessity be a positive fool. No doubt great and commanding talents were denied to Philip; he was, as Mr. Motley proves, an indifferent writer, and a tedious, pompous man. But is it nothing to conceive a great idea in early youth, to cling to it through manhood, never for one instant to abandon it during the weakness of failing health and old age? The object may not have been a good one; indeed, we willingly concede that it was the most gigantic wickedness which ever crowned criminal tried to perpetrate; but while we reprobate the crime, we cannot but acknowledge that there were all the elements of heroism in the steady persistence with which it was pursued. His whole life was one long struggle to put down the monster Protestantism, and to establish the authority of Catholicism and of Spain on the ruined liberties of England, of Holland, and of France. The machinery by which he worked were the holy league, supported by the sword of Guise and by Spanish gold, by Italian brigands, and by German mercenaries; poison and dagger, torture and the stake. Not a blow was struck, not a step advanced in his tortuous and sinister path, that was not the result of long and intricate intrigue. Philip kept the end of all these tangled meshes in his own hands, and, except perhaps to Parma, explained his views fully to none. A clear head and an iron will were required for this. The man could plod wearily on while the horrible malady which killed him was wearing him down. He could receive the news of the defeat of his invincible armada "without changing countenance." "Great thanks do I render to almighty God, by whose generous hand I am gifted with such power that I could if I chose place another fleet upon the seas; nor is it of very great importance that a running stream should be sometimes intercepted, so long as the fountain from which it flows remains inexhaustible." It is in vain for Mr. Motley to prove that Philip was a poor creature, when he could pursue one object with such con-

stancy for a lifetime, and show such equanimity when that object was overthrown.

If, however, Mr. Motley has been less than just to Philip and to Elizabeth, he more than compensates by his excessive admiration of Alexander Farnese. The Prince of Parma occupies the foreground of the picture which the two volumes before us present. His exploits in the siege of Antwerp and the preparation of the armada form, perhaps, its most eloquent portions. "Alexander Farnese," he says, "was a general and a politician whose character had been steadily ripening since he came into the command of the country. He was now thirty-seven years of age, with the experience of a sexagenarian. No longer the impetuous, arbitrary, hot-headed youth, whose intelligence and courage hardly atoned for his insolent manner and stormy career, he had become pensive, modest, even gentle. His genius was rapid in conception, patient in combination, fertile in expedients, adamant in the endurance of suffering; for never did an heroic general and a noble army of veterans manifest more military virtue in support of an infamous cause than did Parma and his handful of Italians and Spaniards. That which they considered their duty they performed; the work before them they did with all their might."

"Untiring," he says in another place, "uncomplaining, thoughtful of others, prodigal of himself, generous, modest, brave, with so much intellect and so much devotion to what he considered his duty, he deserved to be a champion of the right rather than an instrument of despotism. . . . A noble, commanding shape, entitled to the admiration which the energetic display of great powers, however unscrupulous, must always command; a dark meridional physiognomy; a quick, alert, imposing head; jet black, close-clipped hair; a bold eagle's face, with full bright restless eye; a man rarely reposing, always ready, never alarmed, living in the saddle, with harness on his back,—such was the Prince of Parma, matured and mellowed, but still unharmed by time."

But this man, gifted with all that could render him an ornament and a benefactor to his kind, must still, we think, go down to posterity loaded with infamy rather than with applause. His was one of those Italian characters formed on the model of Machiavelli, whom, indeed, he closely resembled. The deep and subtle genius for intrigue which the circumstances of Italian history had nourished in her leading statesmen characterised Parma, as it had characterised Ludovico Sforza and Machiavelli. The habitual dissimulation, the habit of lying without shame and without remorse, the most unblushing treachery, the peculiar moral obliquity which permitted Machiavelli to publish to the world the maxims of kingcraft which have made his name a proverb in our time, were all inherited by Parma. A lie was always on his lips. He never seemed to pause for an instant to question whether an assertion were true or false; provided it served his turn, that was a matter of utter indifference. Throughout the long negotiations between Parma and Elizabeth, when



the latter, still hoping that the provinces might be reunited to Spain, and the war she saw coming averted, in no one solitary instance did Parma hesitate to lie openly, unblushingly, "upon his honour." The excuse which has been urged for Machiavelli cannot be alleged for Parma. Machiavelli lived in an age and country when dissimulation was the rule of life. The subtle and luxurious Italian nobles loved to substitute diplomacy for war; and deceit was considered not only not infamous, but a praiseworthy evidence of talent. Parma lived in the days of William of Orange and Olden-Barneveldt, of Duplessis Mornay, La Noue, Coligny, Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Walsingham, Sidney, Raleigh, Montaigne, and Shakespeare. He was not surrounded by men who gloried in deceit, and who thought lying praiseworthy; but he opposed to honourable and manly straightforwardness the arts of the coward and the villain. Not that Parma was a coward. Brave soldier was he, well known as such to friend and foe; but he must be dismissed from the judgment-seat of history as the greatest liar in the employ of a lying king.

After the Prince of Orange's assassination, the States cast about in vain for a head. They offered the crown to Henry III. of France; but he, far too busy with his minions and his dress to attend to any thing so stormy as the affairs of a struggling republic, after much negotiation ultimately refused the crown. Then the commissioners of the States appealed to Elizabeth.

It is in the account of these negotiations that we think Mr. Motley has meted out to England less than justice. He does not assert that the States were treated with disloyalty, but he works himself up into a state of positive irritation against the "cunctative policy" which, as he alleges, animated her councils. The fact is, that the States were endeavouring with all their might, as Elizabeth well knew, to throw themselves into the arms of France. When once they cast aside that policy, which was not until after they had been definitively rejected by France, she sent them men and money, and stood by them manfully to the end of the war.

There were many reasons why the States should prefer the French to the English alliance. England was not the great nation she has since become. She was at best but a second-rate power. France, though ground down by the tyranny of opposing factions, was only second in power to Spain. The religion of the States was the most rigid form of Calvinism. Elizabeth, like her father, was only in name a Protestant. She still adhered as far as she dared to the forms of the old religion: she had tapers and crucifixes in her private chapel. She disliked and persecuted the Calvinists, and next to a Calvinist she hated a rebel. The inhabitants of the States were both; and it certainly does not appear that from the first she was very friendly towards them. The French, on the other hand, were nearly equally divided between the Huguenots and the Huguenots. Henry of Navarre was the next heir to the crown, and at that time a staunch Protestant. Henry III. was but a puppet in the hands of the Guises; physically he was worn out, and likely soon to die.

It was, therefore, not astonishing that the States should wish to secure such an efficient protector as the Bearnese, even though it were only in reversion.

During the time that these negotiations were going on, Elizabeth kept aloof. Her own kingdom was in an unsettled position. Her Catholic subjects were in correspondence with the men at whose instigation Balthazar Gerard had murdered Orange, and Anthony Babington had nearly succeeded in murdering herself. Her revenues did not exceed the tenth part of those which the King of Spain had at his command. She had scarcely a battalion in constant pay, and the militia was raw and untrained. The King of Spain had fifty thousand veteran troops, and a staff of generals such as the world had never seen before. His ordinary naval force consisted of a hundred and forty galleys; a few armed privateers were all that Queen Elizabeth could command. The spirit of adventure which the Spanish war produced turned out English naval commanders of the greatest genius and success. But that stimulus was not yet applied. Elizabeth was still trembling on the brink of the troubled waters from which she was destined to emerge so gloriously. To the last, except Lord Willoughby, she had never a general worthy of the name. She had, therefore, every disposition to avert war, if that were possible, or at any rate to postpone it. She was unwilling to appeal to her Commons for supplies; for she well knew how powerful the control of expenditure would make them, and as yet she trusted them not. It was not till later days,—when the great Armada had come and been defeated,—when the queen had shown at Tilbury that, according to her own noble words, “She had the heart of an English king,”—when the people, united by the dangers through which she had steered with firm heart and nerve, would have voted half their substance at her request,—that the queen was in real fact the great Elizabeth whom we Englishmen revere. Yet, because she exhausted herself in endeavours to avert the impending war,—because she hung upon the lying words of Parma when they spoke of peace,—because, while dangers menaced her own people, she hesitated to spend her treasure and her subjects’ blood upon strangers,—Mr. Motley pours upon her the vials of wrath. It may be that she and her ministers might have driven the Spaniards out of the Netherlands, and crushed the war in the bud. No doubt, if the Netherlands had been subdued, Parma would have had a base for his operations against England; and instead of being shut into the Flemish rivers by the cruisers of the Republic, the greatest general of the sixteenth century might have sailed forth to meet and to command the Armada. If these things had happened, the result of the great fight might have been reversed. But all history shows that it may safely be said of every victory that it was nearly a defeat. Man disposes, but the God of Battles guides the fortune of the day. Englishmen, at least, can never endorse the censures which Mr. Motley passes on Elizabeth. We cannot but think that the “cunctative policy” which Mr. Motley blames so much

was, if not the best that could be pursued for the Netherlands, the best that could be pursued for England, inasmuch as time was of infinitely more importance to us than to the Spaniards.

We have come to the end of the space allotted us, without having said one word upon the siege of Antwerp, or the account of Leicester's administration as Governor-General of the Netherlands. In the first the military genius of Parma indeed shines preëminent; and the admiration which we bestow upon his wonderful resource and fertility of invention, his coolness in danger and diplomatic astuteness, is only second to that which we accord to the constancy of the handful of defenders,—the bold burghers who, in the midst of treachery, divided councils, divided command, bribes, and starvation, for months held out against the whole power of Spain. "If we conquer Antwerp," the Spaniards used to say, "you shall go to mass with us; if not, we will go to conventicle with you." Indeed, Antwerp was to all appearance the key of the Netherlands; yet, when Philip got the key, he never could open the door. His power over the Low Countries had virtually departed when Orange first called his friends to arms. The spirit of Orange lived again in his son. The young Maurice, while these events were taking place, was growing from a silent and, as Leicester called him, an unmannerly schoolboy, into one of the first diplomatists of the age. As yet we see little of him in Mr. Motley's pages; the next volumes will exhibit him as a prominent actor in the revolution. More taciturn than William the Silent, endowed with fifty times the talents of the superficial statesman who hated and undervalued him, Maurice, up to the time of the defeat of the Armada, was content to bide his time and hold his peace.

We had intended to glance at the events of Leicester's administration, and the absurd philandering which Elizabeth chose to mix with her graver and sterner relations with him; to say something of the character of St. Aldegonde, whom Mr. Motley has amply exonerated from the charge of treason under which his memory, in the opinion of most historians, has lain; and of Paul Buys, one of the most clear-sighted of the burgher diplomatists of the States; but our article is already too long. We cannot, however, conclude without expressing our thanks to Mr. Motley for this able and comprehensive work.

## Giants and Dwarfs.

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THERE is an unmistakable tendency in all history to trace back existing races to an heroic origin; and this tendency is by no means confined to intellectual superiority, for we find scarcely a country that does not rank among its heroes ideal men of lofty stature and preternatural strength, as well as miserable abortions of dwarfs under various names—often strong, but almost always mischievous. Not a shadow of reason, indeed, exists for supposing that the different branches of the human family have ever varied in proportions more than they do now. We still have tall and short individuals in every country; and tall men and women so far preponderate over the short, or the short over the tall, in particular districts, that entire races—the inhabitants of such districts—are described as of lofty or dwarfish stature. Thus, the Patagonian savages are the tallest people, and the earthmen, or bushmen, of South Africa the shortest of those hitherto described; but the extreme difference between the tallest Patagonian and the shortest bushman is not greater than might be found to exist between two natives of our own country. All poetry and mythology, then, abound with assumptions that there were formerly in every country essential and permanent differences in the stature and powers of men, while all research and every atom of obtainable evidence point to the high probability that at the most ancient periods the average height and powers of men were much what they are now. Even the races whose weapons have lately been found mixed up with the bones of strange animals in France, England, and Italy, do not seem to have been essentially different in any respect from the savage tribes of North America and Australia.

Still, we must repeat, nothing can disturb the impression that there is some real foundation for the stories of our childhood, when our friend Jack climbed the beanstalk and destroyed the foolish monsters, and when the Efreet of the *Arabian Nights* flew through the air, making nothing of the additional weight of a few such mortals as ourselves.

The science of Cuvier, succeeded by the researches and comparative observations of a multitude of distinguished savans, has in this case served us better than historical research. We thus learn that there have really been gigantic animals existing in ancient times, though they did not include human giants; and, thanks to the constructive ingenuity of Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, many of these have been actually reproduced, and that with so much probability, that we are now familiar with these monsters, and are at least as well acquainted with them by their representatives at Sydenham as our forefathers during the middle ages were with the numerous animals of which they had vague accounts from the interior of Asia and Africa.

When we look back through the long vista of past time made us by the aid of geology, we become aware of an infinite variety of strange and unknown forms flitting about, as it were, in misty shade; and it is certain that many of these are calculated to surprise us by their apparently vast size, and strange, uncouth proportions. But just as in a fog familiar objects that are imperfectly seen loom largely and seem gigantic, so in this kind of intellectual mist, one's first impressions that these strange animal forms are larger and less shapely than those we are familiar with may be a delusion: at any rate, it is worth while to consider them a little more closely; to grasp them, if possible, and fix them while we apply line and rule to determine their true measurement. We may in this way learn how far there really were "giants in those days;" whether the describers of marvellous things in geology are altogether worthy of credence, and if so, how far the extinct races were of unusual form.

Limits of height and bulk are to some extent fixed in the case of land and air animals. There is perhaps hardly any limit, so far as the mere animal frame is concerned; for we can easily imagine muscles and nerves to correspond with blood and bone expanded to almost any extent; but the circumstances of existence, the supply of food, the associations of animals with each other and with vegetation, are matters that all tend to limit dimensions and prevent undue development.

But what do we mean by the word 'giant'? Any large animal may be, and is, called gigantic, although every small one is not called a dwarf. Both expressions should be used relatively; and while a dwarf is an animal or vegetable preternaturally small or stunted, so we ought only to apply the term giant to an animal or vegetable unusually large of its kind.

The largest land-animals (quadrupeds) now known are elephants, hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, white and grisly bears, large antelopes, giraffes, camels, musk-oxen, and buffaloes, all vegetable feeders. Of flesh-feeding kinds there are the lions, tigers, and others; but these are much smaller, though not much less powerful. Certain marine animals, not true fishes, but bringing forth and suckling their young like quadrupeds, are very superior in size either to land-quadrupeds or fishes; and of these the whales are known to be remarkable examples.

Of birds, the ostrich on land, and the penguin almost constantly at sea, are the most bulky, and the albatross has the largest span of wings. Of reptiles, the alligators and crocodiles are the most monstrous, although some of the marine turtles are large, and very heavy. There are a few soft animals, some naked, and some coated with thick shells, very much larger and heavier than the rest, but in no case approaching the more highly organised tribes in this respect.

Turn we now to the descriptions, not of fable, but of sober science, that we may see how far the ancient inhabitants of the world corresponded with their modern descendants. It is certain, by a comparison of their bones, that the elephants, hippopotamuses, and rhinoceroses, and many of

the other large herbivorous quadrupeds were about as large, but, with the exception of the bears, not much larger, than they are now. They ranged over different countries, occupying the whole of Europe quite to the shores of the Arctic Sea; but, though differing from the African and Asiatic species in some respects, they resembled them much more than they varied from them. The rein-deer, wapitix-deer, and elk were, perhaps, absent, but in their stead there was an intermediate animal (the great Irish elk of geological writers) whose bulk was as great, and spread of horns even larger, than in any of these remarkable animals. While, however, the dimensions were thus nearly the same, there seems to have been a curious adaptation to climate; the elephants, and probably others, having warm coats of wool and hair, like the musk-ox, while the large deer living in the British Islands had spurs projecting from the horns, like those with which the rein-deer throws off the snow when in search of food.

In respect to size, therefore, the giants of our time were not much, if at all, surpassed by any similar animals formerly. But what becomes, then, of those strange gigantic figures that one sees professing to be restorations of extinct animals, and what do they refer to? To answer this inquiry we must study carefully the natural grouping of animals in different countries, and the peculiar mode in which animals of distant countries and times represent each other in nature. As far as quadrupeds are concerned, we may divide the world into six districts, namely, the eastern and western lands of the Northern Hemisphere, South America, South Africa and its islands, Australia, and some islands of the Southern Seas. Of the western lands of the Northern Hemisphere we are naturally most familiar, and of these we have already spoken.

The evidences of gigantic forms among the ancient inhabitants of these countries are not so remarkable as the fact, that the large tribes ranged far more widely both northwards and westwards than they do now, and were much more varied. They appear to have been also formerly much more important by their numbers than they have since been; so that the giants, if not larger, were at any rate far more common.

But there is a difference of some importance. Amongst the quadrupeds remarkable for their size are several\* that were exclusively flesh-feeders; as, for example, a kind of tiger or hyæna nearly double the size of African or Asiatic species, and some others, all of which were true giants in respect of existing tigers and hyenas, though by no means so large as elephants and hippopotamuses. So, again, there was a tapir at least double the size of the American tapir (probably much like it in habits), and a number of animals, some very large, occupying places intermediate between the elephant and the hog, and forming curious connecting links of a chain now altogether broken and confused.

On the whole, the quadrupeds of the western division of the Northern Hemisphere in former times were far more like those of Central Asia and Southern Africa than they are now, but wish them were mined many of

those we still possess. Large and even gigantic kinds were not wanting; but these were rarely the gigantic representatives of our present domestic or wild animals. Ours are not mere degenerate tribes, the weak and defenceless remnant of a former more powerful community, any more than they are the perfected representatives of ancient half-developed tribes. Many of the old rulers of the field and forest have departed for ever; others have left us, and inhabit distant countries; others have left descendants at least equal to themselves in size and strength, but less formidable because fewer in proportion. Those we now find are the few who have been capable of domestication, or who have been preserved to serve the wants of man.

Asia and Africa are not so rich in such illustrations as America and Australasia, and it will be well to obtain our evidence from the best sources. In alluding to the main facts, we do not propose to trouble the reader with the names by which naturalists have found it convenient to designate unknown animals, nor with the minute though not unimportant points by which their peculiarities have been made out. We propose only to give a broad outline sketch of the past and present in those countries, so far as it is indicated by the most prominent and characteristic features of animal life.

The traveller in the interior of South America will still find there vast forests, almost or altogether inaccessible to man, owing to a marvellously luxuriant vegetation. He penetrates these districts by ascending the large streams that roll down from the Andes to the Atlantic, entering the innumerable affluents, each as large as the first-class rivers of the old world, or branching off into a complicated network of waters, dividing the land into islands, and representing the arteries and blood-vessels that convey the blood through every part of the human frame. The banks of these streams are, however, for the most part clothed with trees to the water's edge; and the trees are so thickly tied together by climbing and hanging parasites, as to be almost impervious even to moderate-sized animals. Along narrow lanes pierced through the dense vegetation the larger beasts come down to the water to drink; and within these forests are the characteristic quadrupeds of South America. They consist of sloths, ant-eaters, and armadilloes—not alone, indeed, but having for their companions a comparatively small proportion of more familiar quadrupeds. All these animals are dependent on the rank tropical vegetation that prevails; the plants and trees growing rapidly, decaying rapidly, and requiring to be cleared away by special contrivances. The sloth climbs the trees, and lives on them all his life; hanging from the under side of branches, and passing from tree to tree, rarely coming to the ground. It is only on the earth that he is idle; in his element he is active enough, and rapidly do the trees become stripped under his influence. Once killed by the sloths, the wood of the tree is attacked by the ants, whose nests are often larger than human habitations, and whose myriads cover every decaying plant and animal. The ant-eater

comes in then to keep the balance of life, and prowls about consuming millions of its small prey; whilst in the vast mass of decaying matter that inevitably accompanies such a condition of things, the armadillo revels, clearing away the offal, whether on the earth or beneath it.

Now let us turn to the geological record of the former condition of South America. We find remains of whole groups of representatives of the sloth, the destroyer of tree vegetation, and very remarkable representatives of the armadillo, the complete skeletons or the solid casing of the animal being handed down for our examination. The opportunities of making discoveries of fossil bones might be supposed to be but few in such a country; but already the bones have been found in the river banks and caverns to such an extent, as to render it certain that the animals they belonged to were the chief lords of creation in those primeval forests.

The modern sloth is an animal of comparatively small size; but its ancestor, the megatherium, was one of the most stupendous of all land monsters: twenty feet in length, and six or seven feet wide across the loins; its hinder extremities were vast living columns, well adapted not only to support the weight of the creature, but to resist the most violent muscular exertions of its fore extremities. The head was small, but the fore-legs powerful and muscular. Whilst the sloth climbs the tree, and slowly eats its way through the upper regions of the forest, the megatherium, equally slow and dilatory in its movements on the earth, was yet well adapted to the circumstances of its existence. Not being able to go to the food, the food had to be brought within its range; and adapted, like the sloth, to feed on the leaves and twigs of trees, which it was of course quite unable to reach by climbing, it appears to have been enabled, by a few powerful shakes and tugs, to tear up even large forest-trees by the roots, in order that it might strip them at its leisure. No animal now thus uses the strength of its fore extremities to pull, while the hind-legs act as a solid immovable support and fulcrum; nor do we see precisely why such action was necessary, any more than we can see the reason of the thousand varied habits of wild animals. It is sufficient for our purpose to show that such contrivance and adaptation as we have described belonged to the animal, and that a habit of browsing on trees could be perfectly consistent with a gigantic sloth, just as we know it to be with the massive bulk of the elephant, who is provided with an extended lip to do the same thing; or the light and singular form of the giraffe, whose long fore-legs continue into a preposterous neck, which again is completed by a long small head, and a tongue capable of reaching out and picking food far beyond the limits of the mouth. The extinct megatherium adds a third to those two large animals whose purpose in nature would seem to be equally well served by smaller and more active animals, but which, if they have no other use, illustrate the infinite wealth of nature in varying and modifying contrivances to effect identical purposes.



We have, then, the megatherium an unmistakable giant ancestor of the sloth; more so even than the elephant is of the tapir, or the giraffe of the antelope. The mountain not being able to advance to Mahomet, Mahomet, we are told, moved towards the mountain; but in nature there are no such impossibilities, and miracles of this kind have constantly been performed. The giant requiring to do the work of a small animal, and feed from places unapproachable by creatures of ordinary proportions, is either provided with ingenious contrivances for the purpose of elongating its organs of prehension, or has strength and means of lifting the tree out of the earth, and laying it prostrate for its uses.

As the young trees felled by many of these animals would be chiefly consumed by them, there might be fewer ants, and therefore less need of ant-eaters. But we may be sure there would be great need of armadillos. Huge walking tubs, of the dimensions of a large beer-barrel, enclosed in a compact armour of bone many inches thick, sheltered the scavengers of this busy time. Little would they care for a great tree falling upon their broad backs while engaged in their work. Merrily would they feed on under a shower of blows, any one of which would have split open the head even of a megatherium. The parents of armadillos of the megatherium period were giants no less than the ancestors of the sloths. The reader has only to walk into the museum of the College of Surgeons to see one of these coats of armour; and he may judge of the largeness of the group to which they belong by the multitude and variety of the fragments already brought to this country and exhibited in our principal collections.

We may not inquire too minutely, for there is a total absence of facts to answer the inquiry, as to why such or such animals are selected rather than others to occupy a certain post in the great army of nature. There are good soldiers of all nations, and in all uniforms. There are good and able workmen doing the same work in different lands, each in his own way. Each country has its own peculiarities, and its individuality; and it would be as reasonable to ask why megatheriums lived at one time and sloths at another, as to consider why it is that of the multitudes of human beings, each with the same number of organs, occupying similar positions in the body, and always of the same use, no two individuals are so nearly alike as not to show a difference when placed side by side.

In South America, however, it is clearly made out that, whilst the country, the mountains, and the rivers are probably now on a much larger scale than they were formerly; while the extent of ground occupied by thick forest cannot have diminished; while the climate remains in the highest degree favourable for the rapid growth of vegetation, and every thing still demands the most efficacious provision for consuming trees,—the giants have passed away, and have been succeeded by dwarfs. Is this the result of a widely-acting law? or is it merely an exceptional case— one of those apparently whimsical modifications that are occasionally noticeable in nature's works?

To obtain a satisfactory reply to this query, let us start in search of another example. We find it in Australia. There also the conditions of existing nature are very peculiar and distinctive, but altogether different from those of the warmer parts of South America. Occupying a position in the Southern Hemisphere which isolates it from all other lands, while rendering it capable, as it would seem, of admitting every variety of climate, there is that in the form of the land, the mode in which it is watered, and the difficulty of access it presents from the coast toward the interior, which altogether puts it out of the pale of ordinary comparison. No country has so completely its own vegetation and its own animal groups. At present we have most to do with the latter, and these are on the whole easily described, since they present almost without exception a peculiarity of structure met with hardly any where else. These creatures, as prettily explained by Prof. Owen, have the power of carrying their delicate, prematurely born young about with them wherever they go. They have this condition, viz. a soft, warm, well-lined portable nursery-pocket, or "perambulator;" so that if it should happen that they must travel one or two hundred miles to get a drink of water, impelled by the peculiar thirsting condition of a nursing mother, they would not be obliged to leave their young at home to be starved to death, but could without difficulty remove with the whole litter. Here, then, the facts with regard to the ancient animals, if any remains of them are found, will help to decide our point; and it is not a little interesting to find, that while kangaroos, opossums, and wombats now inhabit the country, and are met with in all parts of it,—and, indeed, occupied it almost exclusively when civilised men first entered into possession,—there are abundant proofs of the existence of a former race of similar animals, enormously larger, but in all other respects very similar. The large kangaroo is even now a powerful and formidable animal; but its giant ancestor approached in dimensions to a small megatherium, and was accompanied by expanded wombats, and other representatives on a large scale of present races.

The islands of New Zealand some time ago offered to the naturalist proof of a similar apparent degeneracy of races. When first discovered those islands possessed hardly any quadrupeds; but there was a small bird (the apteryx), wingless and featherless, with very peculiar habits, which in some measure took the place of quadrupeds. Not long after the settlement of Europeans on the islands, numerous bones were discovered belonging to exceedingly large animals, which, on examination, proved to be birds, having, as far as could be determined, the identical peculiarities of the apteryx. These birds, whose bones could hardly be called fossil,—they had undergone so little alteration,—had also been wingless; but some of them must have been half as large again as the largest ostrich, and they include varieties of size between that bird and the apteryx itself. Numerous legendary superstitions existed among the natives with regard to these bones, though they do not appear to have regarded them as having belonged to their own ancestors, as was the case with

the remains of elephants discovered in Siberia by Sir Roderick Murchison.

Without describing particular cases, we may remind the reader that in various parts of India, and in some of the islands of the Indian Ocean, similar illustrations might easily be given of the comparatively recent existence of tribes of animals almost exactly resembling the existing races in their most marked peculiarities, but differing from them in being on a far larger scale.

Even in regard to fishes, the fossil teeth and jaws of sharks are not uncommon in the Mediterranean, especially at Malta, which are not approached in magnitude by the teeth and jaws of existing individuals; and the fossil bones of elephants, rhinoceroses, and hippopotamuses, of the bears and hyenas, and other large quadrupeds, are in such great plenty in gravel and caverns as to prove that they were infinitely more common in Europe formerly than now—most of them, indeed, being now altogether extinct in our continent, though found on the neighbouring lands of Asia and Africa.

We have been speaking throughout of animals which, according to the latest geological investigation, must have been contemporaries with man upon the earth. We do not enter at all on the question of the absolute antiquity of any of these races, but that they existed together seems certain. That in most parts of the world—indeed in all parts from which any evidence has been obtained—there have been races on a scale extremely gigantesque, where now only puny and dwarfish representatives of the same animals remain, is beyond a doubt. That even when no larger animals existed than are now common, these large forms ranged far more widely once than they do now, is equally certain; and that the climate was probably different to admit of such difference of range is another conclusion that cannot be resisted.

If we go back to earlier chapters in the history of time, and examine the remains of animals buried beneath great heaps of mud and rock, we obtain further proof of the fact, that in point of mere dimensions the ancient dwellers on the earth and sea were in some cases more remarkable than their modern representatives.

In no class of animals is this more strikingly seen than among the reptiles; for while a land tortoise of wonderful proportions is among the extinct inhabitants of India, the great fish-lizard and the so-called Plesiosaurus, of which there are hundreds of nearly perfect skeletons in the various museums throughout England, were true giants compared to any lizard-like creatures that have succeeded them. Vast as they were, however, in comparison with the small water-reptiles at present, they by no means attained the proportions of modern whales. Relatively larger, they were therefore absolutely smaller than the inhabitants of the sea in more recent times, for no whales seem to have accompanied them; nor indeed do these singular animals—beyond comparison the most bulky of all that have ever lived—appear to have been at any time surpassed in magnitude.

There are not wanting numerous dwarfish representatives of existing and well-known animals among the extinct species made known to us by geologists. Minute antelopes and deer, rhinoceroses and hippopotamuses dwindling to the proportions of a guinea-pig, small equine animals, and many others that might be named, afford ample evidence on this head. The remains of such animals are, however, naturally far less striking, and their relations less clearly manifest, than is the case with the larger forms. All that is certain is, that whilst the larger representatives are very manifest, the smaller are not absent.

It is a conclusion not unfrequently drawn, from a partial investigation of the discoveries of modern geology, that the introduction of man on the globe followed immediately on a state of things during which there was an unprecedented development of all the most remarkable and gigantic species of land animals; that there had previously been what is called an age of reptiles, during which these disagreeable animals were equally rampant; and that before these was a period of comparative dullness so far as animals were concerned, when fishes, or even soft inhabitants with or without shells, were the lords of creation. This view of the succession of life we believe, however, to be altogether opposed by facts; and the partial and very imperfect statistics referred to in support of it we would advise the reader to repudiate totally.

That there has been a succession of types and animals and vegetables serving as approximate standards of form and structure, and a constant modification of such types throughout all time, is as clear to the naturalist as is the fact that there exists a recognisable distinction between any two individuals of any species at the present time. Nature is possessed of infinite resources, and these are exemplified in the variety of methods by which exactly similar work is done, as well as by the general harmony and resemblance that prevails amongst all created things. If we trace back the various threads of existence, marking well the spots at which each thread connects with another, and honestly endeavouring to learn the law of relation that exists, connecting dissimilar animal and vegetable forms, we shall hardly find much proof of sudden destruction or sudden innovation by a creative fiat. On the contrary, we shall find frequent modification, often traceable to distinct causes connected with changes in matters external to the modified race; and the more carefully we study these, the more clearly shall we see that such modifications are parts of a great system, not interruptions of it.

Without going into the intricacies of the great question that now agitates the natural-history world, and discussing "the origin of species," we have endeavoured to familiarise the reader with one or two of those inquiries on which this great question in some measure depends. We have shown, that while there have been times when giants abounded on the earth, these were times for the most part recent and within the human period, though the large races have disappeared, and are succeeded by smaller ones; that while, on the one hand, there is no direct

proof of the derivation of the smaller existing races from these larger ones that preceded them, there is equally little evidence of the independent creation of such smaller types; whilst clear and unmistakable resemblances, carried even to minute peculiarities of structure, retained though not used, seem to indicate as clearly as can be that there is some general law by which species are derived one from another. Races of giants may precede races of dwarfs—or the converse; but neither giant nor dwarf is in either case necessarily more highly organised than the other, although related by some law of derivation.

There are at the present time two distinct and tangible theories put forward to account for the very striking fact, that there is every where in nature, and that there seems always to have been, a replacement and succession of animals and plants, performing the same work under similar circumstances, in different places, or at different times on the earth. One of these presumes, that minute differences which exist between individuals of the same kind may in time become permanent and considerable, owing to the slight and little noticed but ever-varying changes that take place upon the earth from time to time in climate and position, and to the advantage or preference in the great struggle for existence acquired by some variety, originally the result of accident over other natural varieties. That such differences of external circumstances may and do produce permanent varieties of animals and plants is unquestionable; but it is by no means clear how far they are capable of extending. Mr. Darwin, the propounder of the theory just stated, believes that they may extend very far indeed, and that this cause is alone sufficient to account for all differences between the various animals and vegetables that have ever existed.

Another theory is, that each of the marked varieties or species of animals and plants, whether met with now in a living state or indicated by fossil remains, was at some period suddenly introduced into the world by a distinct act of creation.

Between the holders of these two tangible doctrines there hovers a vast crowd of intermediates, who endeavour to persuade themselves that they remove the great difficulties that envelop either view by shutting their eyes to every thing that it is not convenient to see. Such persons use hard words, and often imply very bad motives to the advocates of more definite views, regarding such views as involving dangerous innovations in opinion; forgetting that the business of philosophers is to observe and study facts and draw inferences, and that no one has a right to interfere in any honest attempt to connect facts by seeking after the laws that govern them.

And certainly the real question at issue is not one that ought to be mixed up with abuse and personality. It cannot be too often insisted on, that the introduction of a new species of animal or plant is an event that must have occurred frequently, and that it must have been either the natural result of a law originally impressed upon organic creation, and

therefore the result of fore-knowledge and pre-arrangement on the part of the Creator from the beginning, or a miraculous and sudden exercise of creative power, interfering with the existing order of things. So far as we are taught, such interferences only take place for special purposes in relation to man; and we are aware of no object of this kind attainable by the creation of a species, inasmuch as no human being, as far as we can tell, was ever cognisant of the act. On the contrary, it is in all respects consistent with what we know, that some intermediate veil should intervene between mortal gaze and the display of infinite power, obliging us in all cases to recognise the agent which indeed is what we designate "nature," and then encouraging us to look "through nature up to nature's God." Why, then, should an endeavour to trace the method, to discover the wonderful mechanism of that mysterious contrivance which governs the phenomena of life, and the constant adaptation of species to changing circumstances, be made the subject of personal attack, because the particular law that seems to be suggested by observation does not quite agree with our preconceived notions of what it ought to be?

The naturalist claims, and has a right to, the same privileges as have been granted to the astronomer, and he must no doubt be prepared to go through similar difficulties and opposition before these privileges are allowed; but it is a proceeding by no means calculated to inspire confidence in the judgment of objectors, when the chief opposition to an inferred or assumed discovery is based, not on the inaccuracy or imperfection of the observations that led to it, but on the possible interference with established views if the hypothesis should be found ultimately correct.

## Death-bed Secrets.

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- “CALL me my husband; I feel death near:  
Now leave us together,—none else may hear.”  
Nurses and watchers stole from the room,  
The watch tick'd loud through the gathering gloom;  
No curtains' rustle, no hinges' creak,  
But his voice was there—“I am listening; speak!”
- “Give me my handkerchief, wipe from my brow  
These clammy drops that burst thicker now.
- “A drop from that glass—not this, not this!  
It burns me up like his parting kiss.
- “I fancied I heard his voice, that he told  
His love, that he whispered me, as of old.
- “But his face never comes, though I strive to see;  
Night grows to my eyes—can that shadow be he?
- “I told you to fly,—'twas enough to win  
A hearing, an answer; but why that sin?
- “My weddèd life had been pure as yet;  
Did I want more grief, I must breed regret.
- “But you speak no word; you stand moody—Who?  
What was I thinking?—husband, 'tis you!
- “My thoughts have wandered, but now you're here,—  
Stoop lower,—I'll whisper it in your ear.
- “I have kept one secret that you should know  
While life was strong, but 'tis ebbing low.
- “Your friend who was with us, he's gone, don't fear!  
After my words would he venture here?
- “I have driven it back from my lips, my heart  
Has held it clenched in its innermost part;
- “Till it preyed on me, till it haunted my brain,  
Through the long night-watches of fevered pain.
- “But I feel death near, and must tell it now:  
Husband, with him I forgot my vow.”  
She stared in his face; no quiver ran  
About his lips, the inscrutable man;  
But in measured voice, and with studied turns,  
“Confidence similar confidence earns.
- “Thanks for yours; now for mine: I knew  
Your love and your guilt—and I poisoned you!”

## The Management of Servants.

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SERVITUDE is one of the most important elements of life, especially so in Britain, where it enters into and forms a part of the entire social and domestic economy. In this country, servitude extends its ramifications amongst all orders of the people. Service in some form or another involves the weal and happiness of almost every dwelling in the land, and on its serious interruption or organic change nothing less than a social revolution would ensue. Seeing, then, that the vitality of the nation is to a considerable extent bound up in the healthiness and goodness of servitude, seeing that the prosperity and comfort of millions depend on the industrial ability and general character of servants, it follows that the theme of this paper is one of no ordinary gravity, and demands a most sincere and thoughtful discussion.

A careful investigation of modern servant-literature will, with most minds, issue in the conviction that, in too many instances, the subject has been treated with levity and one-sidedness. Either servants have been sneered at as "the greatest plague in life," or they have been rendered melancholy by heavy and doleful lectures upon their duties. Why this perpetual reiteration of the *duties* of servants? Have they no rights? *Mr. Punch* has been caricaturing servants for very many years, and he has done it very cleverly. But why should the satires of *Punch* be all on one side? If *Punch* really wishes "to shoot folly as it flies," let him occasionally wing a shaft for the employers; and if he will take the trouble to study our topic, he will not only find many subjects for his pencil, but he will also discover that employers, homes, and training stamp servant-galism with some of its worst features.

Servants are as much sinned against as sinning; and it is with this principle in view that we commence this essay. When the circumstances and early history of servants are examined, the marvel turns out to be, not that domestics are so deficient, but that they are not more so. Look at the homes where the majority of them are born and reared, the training they receive, the miserable character of their first places,—and then ask, what can be expected from such a beginning and from such a process of development? The miserable training—very frequently no training at all—and the early home disadvantages of many servants, ought to modify the high expectations of those who require (but never get it) industrial and social perfection in all their attendants. The first homes of many servants—their own homes—are no superior establishments for the formation and development of high industrial and domestic qualities. Poverty, ignorance, selfishness, vulgarity, and prejudice are poor nurseries for the infancy and early childhood of servants. How is it possible that they can pass at once from the back-attic and the rural hovel to the drawing-



rooms of middle and upper-class life, and always and instantly prove themselves fully equal to their new position? This change brings the young servant into a new world. The furniture, food, employment, manners, every thing about the new position with a servant first starting in life, is as different from all her first impressions, associations, habits, and sentiments, as the collier's home is different from his master's hall. Servants cannot always and at once adjust themselves to this sudden change and elevation. But is this a matter for wrath and astonishment? Do all employers adjust themselves to the advance in society that comes to them from commercial success? Are there no iron-masters cold and hard as their own staple of trade? no cotton-lords whose superficial intelligence and surface-polish are smaller than the cotton-pod, and who need dressing up quite as much as their own "raw material"? Again, look at the simulacrum of education which the majority of servants receive. Reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and history; all very good, nay indispensable, but very incompetent and insufficient if used as substitutes for industrial training. Let us have the arithmetic, &c., but let us have or give something more. What connection is there between the multiplication-table and boiling potatoes? Or, between the use of the globes and the use of a duster? Or, between a comfortable home and the dates of English history? Miss Brewster, in her beautiful book about servants, pictures "Little Millie" in her "first place." Millie had been told at school that diligence in her studies would fit her for life. Well, Little Millie was industrious. She became the best scholar in the school; but when she began servant-life, she found that, with all her scholarship, she could neither make a bed nor wash the crockery. When Millie retired to rest the first night in her "first place," she sobbed and cried, as a thousand girls had done before her, to find that with all her education she had not been taught to do what she had to do, and was as incapable for real life as any drawing-room lounge. Certainly Millie was a bonnie lassie that any body might have taken to, but, so far as her education was adapted to fit her for her duties, she might as well have been an unlovely and stupid girl. Servants will never be, can never be, much improved until they have a domestic and industrial training. The establishment, in different parts of the country, of a few domestic institutes for this practical and household education, is a favourable omen; but these establishments for the training of servants are at present far too few to be felt and appreciated in their advantages throughout the country at large. When there are two or three establishments for the training of servants in every large town, and three or four in every county, employers will find a new era in servitude; but until these institutes become general it is vain to look for a much better race of servants.

The start in life is frequently dwelt upon with caution and emphasis by public instructors. "Mind your beginnings," says the sober moralist. But there are two aspects of the start in life. The commencement of life's race is a movement so responsible, so fraught with after-influences

and subsequent events, that the young heart is unable—mercifully so—to realize the momentousness of life's beginning. Every thing depends on the racer. But what about the ground to be run over? Does nothing depend on that? Young people are often well-nigh ruined in the homes from which they first start out into life. To keep up the figure of racing, or rather, to turn to it literally, may afford ground of suggestive comparison. Many a hunter, then, many a pack of fox-hounds, and many a stud of race-horses, is better housed and better fed than the classes that furnish our domestic servants. There are not a few cottages or houses on the estates of some sporting gentlemen in which wretched one-roomed slaughter-houses of delicacy and virtue the said gentlemen would never think of rearing a race-horse or a grayhound. By all means let the dumb animals be well served and well groomed; but the time has gone by when the owners of the houses of the poor can escape public censure, while their dens of unhealthy houses are vastly inferior to dog-kennels and racing-stables. The houses occupied by the poor of this country are, in too many instances, a disgrace to civilisation; and looking at the physical disease and moral suffering which result from them, we long for the day when these accursed habitations shall be either remodeled or destroyed. A servant coming from the home of many English poor has certainly a bad start in life. Frequently the *first* places of servants are so detrimental that the unfortunate menial seldom or never recovers from their ill effects. Many people, too lazy to do their own work, and too poor to pay a servant, obtain the services of some poor girl that has never been "out." In such a situation, like Dick Swiveller's Marchioness, she earns nothing, learns nothing, is nothing, has nothing, and becomes nothing. Her first feelings towards society are diseased, and her first views of life misshapen and distorted. All her bad qualities are strengthened, and all her good ones trampled out. She begins wrong, not from herself, but from the force of circumstances. Considering the social pandemoniums in which some girls begin their career of service, it is matter of surprise that servants, as a class, succeed so well. The great unwillingness on the part of many respectable people to take servants that have never been "out" is the cause of much evil and misfortune, not to domestics only, but also to employers. Like most other evils, it ultimately exacts its own penalty. If employers deliberately give up young females into the hands of ignorant and stupid people that they may be initiated into servitude, it must be expected that many servants will be ignorant, awkward, and bad. For *this* bad start in life, at any rate, the servants themselves are comparatively free from blame, as they must have some social bondage, however bad, from which to raise themselves up to the sphere in which they desire to move.

That servants, as a class, are degenerating is the opinion of many. Is it really so? and if it be, how is the collapse and degeneracy to be accounted for? This is a somewhat difficult social problem, but not altogether incapable of solution. Servants are better educated now than formerly, but their education is incomplete and defective. The mere discipline of

the mind, so far as this class of the people is concerned, has been either exaggerated or misunderstood. A sound English education enables its possessor more speedily and effectively to acquire the good qualities and the superior abilities of industrial life; but such education cannot supersede the necessity of industrial training; nay more, separated from the industrial element, education, in those who must live by their industry, has not unfrequently rendered its possessors vain and worthless.

The seeming degeneracy that has come to servants has affected all classes of the community to a greater or less extent. Then, why should servants be singled out, and made exclusively to bear that blame which ought to be equitably divided among all sections of the community? We come, therefore, to the conclusion, that servants are not by their choice degenerating, and that the general condition of the social state is answerable for the majority of the evils connected with domestic service. Their faults are rather from the influence of social customs—their misfortune rather than their fault. Servants are generally very ignorant on the subject of moral obligation,—an ignorance fostered very often by the fact, that the preachers in many churches and chapels will not bring their public instructions home to ordinary duties and the common affairs of life; an ignorance partly caused by the perfidious tyranny of numerous religious congregations of all creeds, which exacts the luxury of a so-called oratorical display, and will not submit to the healthy and bracing influences of honest lecturing and every-day affairs. Perhaps some preachers may be permitted once in twelve months to descant on the wickedness of servants. But turn the sword the other way—smite an employer for his unrighteous exactions, or a mistress for unkindness to servants—do this in the pulpit, and you shall see such a frown among the saints! I have seen it often.

The application of this paper on THE MANAGEMENT OF SERVANTS is to the middle and lower class families, rather than to the old English families and the families of the British peerage. All who have studied the broad question of servitude in this country, know well that the servants of the peerage and of the old families among the commoners are better off in every sense than any servants in the land. They stay longer in their situations, and have a stronger personal attachment to the households in which they serve. A family without a history has no traditions of honour to keep up among its domestics; and the upper sections of the middle classes aim sometimes at an aristocratic style which they really cannot afford, and this compels them to be mean to their menials. As the servants gather round the fire in the old baronial hall, and talk of other days, they find their early history entwined round the early history of the family in which they are proud to serve. "What a speech," they say, "he made in the House of Commons last night! and it seems only the other day when he used to prattle baby-stories in the nursery." "Ah, poor captain!" they say of another, "he fell in the Crimea. How well I remember him! What a shot he was! Nothing could get away from

him." Incidents such as these, which cannot occur in any but old families of several generations, bind the affections of servants to the ancient ancestral mansion, and all the family sheltered by its roof-tree. The middle and lower classes have neither the social training nor the financial ability to put their servants into circumstances of comfort such as we have just glanced at; but the interests of the masses are of vital importance, and while these papers are mainly for them, some of the evils of which we complain exert a baneful influence in the service of the highest circles.

**THE DUTIES OF SERVANTS.**—It is impossible to particularise all the duties of servants, because they greatly vary in different situations; nor are such *minutiae* at all necessary to the present purpose. When you hire a servant and take her into your house, it legally and justly entitles you to her time and services, and for you to require an equivalent for her home and hire is fair and equitable. The social and legal contract subsisting between you and your servant is the basis of her duties and your claims. But at the same time there are limits to this social and legal right. No employer has either unlimited or irresponsible power over his servants. Servants in this country are neither serfs nor slaves.\* Employers are bound to the rules of justice and humanity, and have no right or power to require from their servants what is unjust or inhuman. The duties of servants, therefore, ought to be clearly defined, reasonable, and fixed. It is impossible that the affairs of a household can be administered with prosperity and comfort if the servant does not know what to do, and her mistress is ignorant of what ought to be done. Vagueness and uncertainty on the subject of domestic duties is a constant source of confusion, irritation, and annoyance. The requirements made of servants should be reasonable; and this is no easy nor self-made part of domestic regulations. Let us ask ourselves what would be reasonable for *us* to do if the servant's duties were our own; not what would be reasonable for us to do for ourselves, but for some peevish and exacting mistress. Some people never imagine that servants can be tired, can be out of health, can be hard pressed for time. With such employers the very name of servant signifies a machine, which can perform any amount of work in the shortest space of time—perform what would be utterly impossible for any one else; and all this to be done without the slightest hesitation, fatigue, or inconvenience. Let the duties of your servants be as fixed and certain as any thing can be consistently with the contingencies of life. When their duties are thus reasonable, established, and understood, you have something for which you can hold your domestics definitely responsible, and in which the servants themselves feel they have an interest and a stake.

\* There are countries in Europe where slavery is said not to exist, but whose servants are very little better off than bondsmen. By the *Huse alga*, an old Swedish law, masters are still empowered to inflict corporal chastisement on their servants, male and female.

**THE RIGHTS OF SERVANTS.**—It would be well if some employers would think a little less of their own rights, suspend their blind selfishness, and conscientiously set about an investigation of the rights of their domestics. Do not too many act as though servants had no just or human claim to any thing except a little food, a few paltry coins, and a shelter from the inclemencies of the sky? What a piece of wickedness for an employer to act as if he believed that the health, honour, and virtue of a friendless servant-girl were all at his disposal, all to be had for hire! There is a line over which an employer's exactions ought not to be carried,—a region in which for him to command and to coerce is an oppression more cruel than the grave. There is a complaint that servants do not always regard the property of their employers as carefully as if it were their own; but can we reasonably expect them to respect our rights if we trample on theirs? Would that every employer were always able to say to his servants, "You know I always do justly by you; why is it that you will not render justice to me? I always respect your rights, and defend them; why will you not care for my interests, and protect them?" It is a principle lying at the very basis of civilised life that substantial and valuable services shall be paid for in an equivalent by those for whom the service is rendered. The law of wages is no mere custom or tradition, but the obligation of natural justice and the rights of man. Remuneration for service received is neither kindness nor charity, but the fulfilment of a lawful demand and an equitable claim. To speak in haughty tones of *giving* wages or *allowing* salary rather jars on the English ears of honest and faithful toil. Not altogether can it be considered as a mere question of gift and allowance. "The labourer is worthy of his hire." The employer is as much advantaged by the service rendered him as the servant is benefited by the reception of his master's money. The debt and obligation is not all on one side,—on neither side exclusively,—but conjointly rests on both. The air of patronage and condescension with which some employers pay their servants can only pain and irritate, and had better be cast off. Not more self-complacent could a few of them be if they were executing a princely act of profuse munificence, and bestowing largess on one who had no more ground to expect such generosity than any worthless vagrant of the streets. Will these patronising ladies and gentlemen kindly stoop to answer a few plain questions put to them in sincere good-will? Can you get along comfortably—can you get along at all—in life without the assistance of your servants? Can you dismiss the entire establishment, and get through all the work yourselves? No? Then you are both needy and helpless, and the payment of your domestics becomes a matter of kindly justice, which in deserving instances may be very appropriately coloured by a sprinkling of delicious and refreshing gratitude. To discuss the ratio of wages according to their marketable value, would lead us far from the subject in hand, into some of the perplexed questions of political economy; but taking things as

they are in the prices of the labour-market, there is too much need of enforcing in some quarters the old adage, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work." Underpaid servants are always ever-ready to their employers.

Wholesome food is the inalienable right of every servant; not that they should live luxuriously, but that they should be well fed. Some servants either pine for want of sufficient food, or are half poisoned by a pernicious diet. The careless, unfeeling, and avaricious employer would seem to be of opinion that the quantity of a servant's food can never be too small nor the quality too bad, lest the kitchen-larder should become too heavy an item of expense. Disease, dishonesty, and even death, have often resulted to servants from unwholesome and insufficient food. Hard work and long hours have made large demands upon the physical system; weakness and disease have set in; the poor servant has borne up and struggled on; still weakness and suffering; more suffering and greater weakness,—until the constitution is exhausted, and the starved and miserable white slave has been glad to enter on the long lone slumber of the grave, "where the servant is free from his master." All habits of theft must have a commencement; and if any thing in this world could excuse dishonesty, it would be the painful promptings of ravenous hunger. Many servants have endeavoured to meet the claims of nature by stealthily helping themselves; they have done this again and again, until, the sense of honour and honesty deadened within them, they have passed on to broader and more flagrant acts of purloining, and the dishonest course which began in hunger has ended in a prison. An uninterrupted meal, with the hunger-sauce to give it relish, is a luxury of which a *gourmet* might be proud; but seldom does an undisturbed meal fall to the lot of some servants: how often are they called from their meal for the most trivial thing! Many mistresses, we know, would sooner be disturbed themselves than disturb their servants at meal-times; but this can by no means be affirmed by all employers. Numbers of families do not know definitely when their domestics do get their meals, and if they did know, they would put themselves to no inconvenience for the comfort of their hungry hand-maids.

Regular and sufficient sleep is essential to the health and efficiency of all servants, and all good housewives make it the rule absolute that their servants shall have enough repose. No servants can be up in the morning as they ought to be if they are kept from their beds until past midnight. The late hours of modern society act very injuriously on the community at large; but the evils of the pernicious custom fall most heavily on domestic servants. Porters, grooms, footmen, coachmen, butlers, housekeepers, and ladies'-maids, all are harassed and injured by the fact that modern society is drifting into midnight. The small amount of sleep to which they are limited is fitful, disturbed, unrefreshing, and feverish, rendering them unable to discharge their daylight duties with vigour and comfort. These midnight lamps have too often served to light the Halls of Death; their glitter is unearthly, and the consuming fire claims to destroy.

**LEISURE.**—It is a refreshing and temper-sweetening privilege to have an unoccupied hour now and then; and, indeed, one reason why the world is so often out of temper is because it finds so few seasons of pleasing leisure. Household affairs should be so arranged as to give servants a fair chance of a little leisure-time in the course of each day, in order that they may attend to their own private interests. It is lamentable to think how some servants are pressed from morning until night. No time for religious exercise and religious reflection; no time to tidy themselves, to improve their minds, or keep their garments neat and clean. Work, work, work; drudge, drudge, drudge; never coming to an end of their toil. More fatigued when they rise up than when they lie down. No wonder some of these overworked and underpaid domestics are unfit to be seen—slovenly unregulated heathens.

**THE HIRING.**—Whenever a domestic vacancy occurs in a family,—and in some houses they occur with suspicious frequency,—the matron makes the round of her friends and the register-offices, in order that the household vacuum may be filled up with all convenient speed. We can fancy the invisible grin of the register-office door-knocker, as it is lifted in hurry and indignation by the very frequent visitor. If that iron knocker could relax into an ironical smile, and if its iron tongue could speak, instead of giving the customary rat-a-tan, it would say, “Excuse me, madam, but you come here a great deal too often. Once in five years is often enough; but you are here once a month.” Those who cannot bear a week’s inconvenience, who fancy the world would come to an abrupt termination if they were left without a servant for a fortnight, pay very dearly for their impatience. They enter upon the most careless engagements for the sake of avoiding a temporary inconvenience. A short time is long enough to convince them of their blunder: work neglected, scratched mahogany, spoiled victuals, and saucy words, open their eyes in a direction in which they never ought to have been blind; the unsuitable servant that never ought to have been engaged is dismissed. In the silly scramble for an immediate filling-up of the new-made vacancy, another servant, more saucy and more unsuitable, is hired; and so it comes to pass that the modern point of comparison for a changeling would be to say that she changes her mind as often as some people change their servants.

Servants cannot perform impossibilities, and not in a day can they fall in with the queerness (every body says that every body else is eccentric) of their new employers, and not in a week can the domestic adapt himself or herself to the fresh habits of fresh people. Those servants who at first promise any thing and every thing generally end by performing very little; and those of them who are sufficiently honest for self-assertion are occasionally rejected as inflexible. Too much pliancy is inconsistent with the firmness of truth; and a very great show of a very obliging disposition is sycophancy, weakness, and deceit. The servants that do not respect themselves, who do not reverence their own

word and will, can never be faithful to their employers nor true to their engagements. It is to be hoped that few employers will be so unwise as to be guided by whim—"fancy"—in their engagement of servants. First impressions are unsafe and insufficient guides, the late Duke of Wellington to the contrary notwithstanding. In the engagement of a servant, as in all human affairs, there must be some uncertainty and some risk, and the hiring is not a case for "taking a liking," but for caution, reason, and good sense. First impressions teach something; but there is about the same relation between the party impressing and the person impressed, as there is between the character of the seal and the state of the wax upon which the stamp is made. That must be an extraordinary servant who could produce a favourable first impression on a mistress in a state of biliousness, irritability, and bad temper.

Testimonials, or, as they are technically called, "characters," are almost invariably produced and appealed to in cases of hiring; but such is the flattery and untruthfulness of many of these "characters," that many people have come to look upon them as not worth more than an old valentine. There are many difficulties in the equitable construction of these renowned documents. What is objected to by one mistress would not be objected to by another; what one would consider a great fault, another would regard as no fault at all; and in some instances the unsuitability of a servant for one employer would constitute fitness for another. Again, when the parting time comes, slight relatings are kindled on both sides; no tie of social intercourse can be broken without a pang. We cannot say farewell for ever even to those who have deceived and grieved us without trying to soften down the injury in sunnier memories of the past; and the stern fate, hard and granite-like, if no more intercourse, does not always mean no more good-will. Few employers would willingly deprive a servant of bread; so "failings lean to virtue's side," and many employers would rather forgive a wrong and stretch a point than push into famishing difficulties a fellow-creature going forth into the world in quest of work and food. Such, in brief, are the difficulties connected with giving a "character" to a servant,—difficulties which have been yielded to rather than carefully considered. This shrinking from duty because of the lion in the way has led to one of the greatest evils in modern domestic life—half-legal documents, which every one must use, and in which no one believes. There is little prospect of any tangible amendment among servants as a class until this loose system of character-giving is reformed. Servants are aware that they have little difficulty in obtaining a character—know often that if they leave a place at the beginning of the week they can obtain another before the end of the next. This makes them improperly independent, saucy, flippant, and reckless. There exists no legal necessity for this evil. In this respect the law has given to employers the utmost possible protection. You are not legally obliged to give a character at all. The law does not oblige you to prove the truth of a character when given, unless it can be proved that the



character has been framed with malicious intent.\* Should the character you have given contain some false statements, yet if you believed them to be true and were without malice, the servant cannot recover damages. There are few things more difficult in law, as it relates to domestic life, than for a servant to obtain damages in an action based on the character which has been given by an employer. Where there is no malicious attempt to injure, the character is regarded by the law as confidential and privileged. Nor is there any social necessity for the giving of defective and inadequate characters. It is a spurious and injurious mercy to certificate a servant for a situation with the previous and private knowledge that the servant is incompetent, unfit, and disqualified. Characters given that are untrue, either by evasion or suppression, belong to the genus *pious frauds*. These humane deceptions and courteous smoothnesses are virulent ulcerations in social life; and the well-intentioned compromises which employers sometimes make between their obligations of truth to the applicant and merciful kindness to the certificated menial, serve only to spread and perpetuate the evils from which so many families suffer, and of which society so loudly and so justly complains. Let servants, as a class, become convinced of two things: first, that they can have no good and serviceable character without meriting one; second, that they can obtain no eligible situation without a satisfactory certificate; let them be convinced by full and sharp experience of these two things, and we shall very soon find considerable improvement among servants. The culpability of false characters, out of which so much evil arises, falls to the account of the employers; for if they will certificate too favourably, it is the most natural thing in the world for servants to avail themselves of this sometimes amiable, and always unjust, custom.

When a servant comes for hiring, and the character is satisfactory, it is best to have a thorough understanding, and begin as you mean to continue. Let them fully know their duties and your rules, so that they may be acquainted with the nature and extent of their undertaking from the commencement; and, of the two, it is better to overstate than to understate what will be expected of them.

**RELATIVE POSITIONS.**—Servants are rapidly growing into a distinct race, a separate community in social life, having no sympathy with their employers, and little or nothing in common with the families in whose habitations they reside. Their joys and sorrows, their employments, pursuits, aims, and friendships, are in a manner alien from all others. Many employers know nothing of the history or purposes of their servants, and they take no manner of interest in them beyond the mechanical performance of the work for which they are hired. There is in such cases no chord of attachment, no love, no bond of union, between the family and the servants. For every thing except work and duty the servants in such establishments are to their employers as unknown

\* *Spina's Law of Master and Servant.* Shaw and Scott.

strangers, and the whole system of domestic life goes on like a : So long as the clockwork goes on with smoothness and regularity no questions are asked, and no sympathetic interest is awakened. Formerly servants stayed in the same families for years, but now the years are frequently reduced to months; and at this moment domestic servants are amongst the most shifting scenes of life. No social philosopher can contemplate this state of things without alarm, so excessive are the changes, and so thoroughly are domestic servants looked upon as aliens and inferior beings by many employers. This state of things must not be permitted to exist unrebuked, must not flow on unchecked. Wherefore comes it to pass that here in this country, where Christianity is so extensively believed in, there should be so little of the influences of the first principles of Christianity in the practical working of domestic life, so little love and mutual good-will? To some people the idea of loving a servant would be preposterous, low, and vulgar. But what does the New Testament say? Do all Christian people believe in the second commandment as applied to servants? *No* is the answer for thousands of them. Cold, proud, mechanical, selfish, and unloving Pharisees ought to have a new edition of the New Testament, with the second commandment left out.

Servants are *members of the families* in which they are engaged, and ought to be so regarded. Domestic servants have feelings, passions, emotions as nobly human as the susceptibilities of the proudest clay; and their souls must be either for or against their employers, for neutral they cannot be. Scorn servants, and they will hate you; trample upon them, and they will sting you; ignore them, and they will despise you; treat them as machines, and their outraged humanity will rebel to revenge itself on society, and especially on employers. Treating servants as machines is one of the most effectual means of perpetuating the domestic evils, of which the complaints are neither mild nor few. Feel for your servants, and feel with them. Take the place of their absent parents, and watch over them with something of parental solicitude. It is one of the great glories of some people that they never have the slightest intercourse with their servants. Keeping them at the greatest possible distance, these careful specimens of supercilious pride never by any chance give their domestic animals one kind-hearted or loving word. If such folk served their domestic animals as they do their domestic servants, every cat and dog would leave the place, and even the pigs would grunt and go.

It is by no means intended that the inevitable and useful distinctions in the social grades should be levelled and destroyed. Many will say: "If we are kind to our servants, they immediately take liberties, and become unmanageable. We are obliged to be cold and distant with them." But it does not speak much in favour of the discretion of a mistress, if she cannot be kind without evoking a response of impertinence. It is not kindness, but the injudicious method of your kindness, which makes servants rude where they ought to be respectfully and even deferentially

grateful. It is possible for you to take a kindly interest in the welfare of those about you, and at the same time preserve your dignity. Try; make the experiment; and though you will be sure to fail at first, perseverance will ultimately reward you; and you shall find a safe and royal way to the hearts of your servants, along which goodly path your kindness may at all times move, meeting no vulgar rebuff, and receiving no careless and indifferent acknowledgment. So far from encouraging an employer to depart from his rightful position, by neglecting to require the deference and respect which properly belong to him, we would rather say that the keeping of your servants in their place—in subordination—is as essential for their comfort and welfare as it is for your own. Nothing will bring you more domestic trouble than allowing rude familiarity in your servants, or treating them as though they were your equals. They are not your equals; and any attempt to make them such is a violation of some of the first laws of life, and invariably brings confusion and injury to the parties immediately involved. When employers indulge in improper familiarities with their servants, they justly lay themselves open to all sorts of humiliations and annoyances, the servants being frequently obliged to retaliate in self-defence; and if employers invite the impertinence of servants by their own rudeness, they must expect to be foiled by their own weapon. Let employers by all means keep their own place, and they may best do so by treating their servants with respectful consideration. It is next to impossible for servants to take liberties or to be rude where all the members of the household treat them with constant and uniform respect. There is an overawing and restraining power in a respectful bearing that effectually checks the improper freedoms of those who are about us. A gentle and intelligent manner will do much in subduing the flippancies of a careless and irregular servant. But kind and civil words are what some housewives can never speak, because of the coarseness and harshness of their nature; and these manage their domestics as respectfully as the donkey-drivers of Rhyl manage their illustrious and willing quadrupeds. Some masters make it their rule and system to treat their servants with blunt and condescending sharpness. Addressing their servants in that irritating tone of voice which is properly designated *snappy*, or speaking to them as from the top of some lofty and honouring pedestal, they stoop from their proud eminence, and deign to drop a word or two to the poor wretches who toil and fag in the lower and degraded regions. And what a difference there is between the manner of some ladies in the drawing-room and in the kitchen! Politeness in the former; in the latter, rudeness. Hectoring in the one; in the other, varnished gentleness and the cringe polite. In such cases the drawing-room is artificial, and the kitchen is real.

Would there were more genuine sympathy between the parlour and the kitchen, the master and his man, the mistress and her maid! This would fuse and blend itself with all, creating a common feeling of harmony, united interest, and mutual affections. Undoubtedly there are

numerous and grievous faults on both sides, but it is the ruling class we are now chiefly considering. The stronghold of domestic government is laid in the sympathies of your servants. Secure their best sympathies, and depend upon it you will be efficiently served. It will not be an eyeservice, a perfunctory service, a mechanical service, a service as of necessity. There will be nothing forced about it. Free and willing, it will be cheerfully rendered; not the service of the hand, but of the heart. Throw around yourself the pleasant influences of enlightened sympathy, and your presence among your servants will be hailed as sunbeams in spring. But if you have no more love for them than for a smoothing-iron, and manifest more interest in the welfare of the washing-machine than in the maiden who uses it, vain is it for you to expect from them any gushes of cheerfulness and generosity. Servants are often very provoking creatures; but have they no claims on their employer's sympathy? Have servants nothing to provoke them, nothing to fear, nothing to harass them, nothing to rejoice in, nothing to weep over? Servants have their living to earn, their way to make in the world, temptations to resist, difficulties to overcome, hearts capable of love, tears to hide, and a mysterious immortality to struggle for and to hope in. Sometimes they experience cruel and withering disappointments, pass through many hardships, and endure great sufferings. While they live, they are precious in the sight of the one Great Father of us all; and when they die, immortality is as true for them as for the illustrious and beloved Queen of England. Oh, treat not your servants as if they were mere machines! Like you, they are liable to pain and sorrow, hunger, disease, and weariness; travelling the same thorny road to dusty death, wondering for the invisible, soon to be launched on the shoreless sea. What blessed possibilities are ever floating about unheeded on the air, and hovering unseen in every dwelling! How little, how very little, it would cost to make some homes a paradise compared with what they are now! A little effort, a little patience, a little mutual concession, a little self-denial, a little self-restraint,—and all would be well. There are the trees and flowers, and the living water-brooks are murmuring on. Birds are sleeping in the sighing branches, and the shepherd's flock is resting in the deep shadow of the hills. But it is midnight, and the landscape is unseen and unenjoyed. The perfect landscape is there, and only waits the sunrise to burst in beauty on the ravished sense. Many homes are perfect, lacking one thing. Father, mother, brother, sisters, children, servants, all are there. And yet they are not happy. Midnight cold and damp is in the dwelling. The perfect home is there, and only waits the sunrise—the blessed holy sunrise of Christian love.”

## The Art of Sucking Certain Eggs.

THERE are many admirable essays upon deportment, upon the art of standing upon one leg, upon the art of making a little knowledge go a long way, and upon most of the "habits of good society." There are profound treatises upon the tying of cravats, upon the fluke considered as an element of social progress, and the true principles of currency. There are "hand-books" upon dining, and treatises showing us how to live without dinners; with "ten minutes' advice about keeping a banker," or about making a banker keep us. All these guides to the art of living, with thousands more of a similar character, are very excellent things in their way, and they show us how well supplied we are with teachers. Almost every man we pass in the street is prepared to direct us in the matter of food, of habits, of morals, or religion; to tell us what *he* considers to be best; to lay bare his little experience before us; and, if need be, to convert us to his peculiar mode of living. I am not free myself from this weakness of human nature, and I therefore speak with little hesitation as a guide upon travelling. I have ridden in many omnibuses, many cabs, and many railway carriages (not to mention many other more eccentric conveyances), and am consequently fully qualified to teach my grandmothers and grandfathers how to suck these particular social eggs.

The first qualification necessary to form a perfect railway traveller is some little knowledge of his subject. He must be familiar with the leading characteristics of the different main lines; the plans of their termini; the number and position of their different junctions; the peculiar local pronunciation of their porters; the chief towns or ports they run down to; and the character of their ordinary passenger traffic. No man, for instance, who travels second-class in a night-train between London and Portsmouth, or between Bristol and Plymouth, or between Birmingham and Liverpool, must complain if he finds his carriage turned into the hold of a ship, and himself surrounded by noisy, mutinous mariners. He must not complain if he is choked with the fumes of strong cavendish; if he is jammed up with tar-smelling bundles of naval bedding; if he is asked to sing a song about poor Tom Bowling; to join a score of emaciated, brown-faced, blue-shirted pirates in a lusty chorus; or forced to drink raw brandy out of enormous stone bottles. A railroad is little more than a common highway; and those who *will* go to Portsmouth, Plymouth, or Liverpool in second-class carriages, must do as Portsmouth, Plymouth, or Liverpool does. On the other hand, a traveller who rises early, and takes a "market-train" from Peterborough to Northampton, must not complain if he finds himself amongst agriculturalists and cattle-dealers, who breathe an atmosphere of ale, and

cheese, and onions. As he has selected his travelling-bed, so he must lie upon it; and the best thing he can do is to imitate Locke, the philosopher, and cross-examine his neighbours with a view of extracting valuable information.

A knowledge of stations, routes, and junctions is most essential to the perfect railway traveller, because without it there can be none of that well-grounded self-reliance which is one of the few luxuries of travelling. There is hardly a more pitiable object to be met with in a railway carriage of any class, than a man who scarcely knows where he has come from, where he is going to, what line he is on, whether Manchester is in Lancashire, Kent, or the Eastern Counties, and who cannot find his way through the mazes of "Bradshaw." Such a man is not a living, thinking, independent human being; he is a band-box, a portmanteau, a carpet-bag. He lies at the mercy of every fellow-passenger, every ticket-collector, every guard or porter. He wears out the patience of those who have the misfortune to sit in the same carriage; he thrusts his head out of the window at every station, under the notion that he is being whirled away from his destination, or has already arrived at it; he loses his ticket on the platform, or puts it in some part of his clothes where he cannot find it; and generally leaves a comforter, an umbrella, or a hat-box under the seat behind him. There are thousands of such helpless wanderers always roaming about the country for some mysterious purpose, who either cannot learn the art of travelling, or will not submit to be taught. They belong to the class who are always too late for trains, and who spend half a day at some lonely hermitage of a station. They get out at great junctions, where ten minutes are allowed for refreshment, pay for soups and sandwiches which they never find time to eat, forget the position of their carriage (its number they never think of noting), are pushed hurriedly from door to door by unceremonious officials, and are haunted for hours with a dreadful suspicion that they have given a sovereign at the refreshment-counter in mistake for a shilling.

For far more intelligent and observant travellers than these there are also many traps and pitfalls. Swindon, on the Great Western Line, is a refreshment-station so constructed, that, unless you are careful, you may go out at a door exactly like the one you came in at, get into a train that is waiting for you exactly like the one you have just left, lean back on your comfortable seat for about an hour, and find yourself at Gloucester instead of Bristol. Leeds, Manchester, or any other towns or junctions which form a meeting-point for many converging lines, are even more bewildering to those who have not cool heads, inquiring tongues, and some little experience. Roadside stations, again, as announced by the ordinary run of porters, are dialect puzzles, only to be unravelled by such curious inquirers into the Lancashire, Yorkshire, Dorset, and West Country languages as Prince Lucien Bonaparte and kindred linguists. Apart from local or imported peculiarities of pronunciation, there is a general drawing, sing-song, professional twang,

which must be specially contrived to hide the names of such stations from railway passengers. This may, perhaps, be defended on the same ground as the Jew clothesman defended his "O' clo'" abbreviation when attacked by Samuel Taylor Coleridge,—viz. that any one who had to pronounce a particular word an infinite number of times would soon fall into a like habit of adulterating language. This may be a good answer from a street-hawker, who must starve if he cannot make himself understood; but is hardly so good when coming from men whose faults are paid for by others.

A railway porter whose mind is not given to his work, whose thoughts are above and beyond the dull level of his surroundings, or who has fallen into a certain habit from long familiarity with a certain place—may be a very troublesome guide on a busy platform. I have accosted such public servants gently and civilly, and have once or twice observed them gazing over me or through me into the dim future,—thinking, it may be, of fate, free-will, and foreknowledge absolute; drunk, it may be, with reading intoxicating accounts of "self-made men" (price one shilling, at the railway book-stall), and feeling themselves already budding into chairmen and directors. I have observed that nothing but the glitter of a sixpence will ever break this reverie of ambition; and without blaming those who first introduced the old coaching system of bribing upon railroads, I am content to accept it as an established fact, and not only to bribe porters myself, but to recommend every traveller to do so. The loss of time in standing out against this "imposition," as it is called, upon purity principles is greater than the gain, and these sixpences are now a part of the recognised cost of a journey.

An eccentric, weak, or really absent-minded porter, or official, who has been suddenly transplanted from a large to a small station, or a small to a large station, is much more difficult to deal with. A station-master who is not strong enough for his place, who is easily flurried by an extra excursion-train, or an unexpected cargo of luggage, hunting-dogs, or horses, is apt to forget that attention to "points" and signals which is necessary to prevent accidents. Carefully as our wonderful network of railways is managed, a few officers of this kind will always creep in, from some error of judgment on the part of superintendents. Luckily their shortcomings are not observed by the general public; and until a collision does occur, the travellers repose in the bliss of ignorance. There are a few railway officers, however, who have no skill in concealing their defects, and the public either laugh at or censure them, according to the humour of the moment. A porter who has not been long promoted from following the plough, and who may have been an excellent servant at one of those little washhouse-looking stations near a bridge, which is happy in attending to its four or five trains a-day, may be almost driven mad by the bustle of a great inland terminus like Birmingham, with its scores of trains always rattling in from the east, west, north, and south. He may miss that little plot of sloping earth at the side of the station

where he trained his scarlet-runners, grew his enormous potatoes and gooseberries, and raised the name of his beloved dwelling-place in oyster-shell-relievo. He may pine to return to that rural quiet, which was never broken by more than a dozen daily passengers, with familiar faces, whose Christmas-boxes were a certain annuity to him, and who never bullied him like hasty commercial travellers overburdened with luggage.

On the other hand, a porter removed from the noise and excitement of Birmingham to one of these rail-side hermitages, would hardly do his work in a cheerful spirit, and might probably take to drinking in the intervals of business. There are porters of both these kinds to be met with,—humble, would-be useful, but misplaced and discontented men, and happy is the traveller who is not dependent on them for assistance or information. I have heard of one who had somehow drifted from the north into the south-west, and who daily drove weak-minded, ignorant passengers frantic by shouting out “Birmingham” instead of Balham. Upon being remonstrated with, he excused himself by saying he had been calling out the name of the first town for fifteen years; and he put it to any man whether it was easy to throw off, in a few days, or even weeks, such a long-settled habit.

The morals of railway travelling—the higher etiquette proper to be observed in railway carriages—form a most important part of this subject. It is not alone sufficient to avoid treading on a fellow-passenger’s toes, or sitting on his hat, or incommoding him with gusts of wind from the open window. The social amenities of railway intercourse should embrace many acts far more thoughtful and unselfish than these, and opposed to the first-come-first-served principle which governs so many travellers. It is very delightful for two or more intimate friends to be able to retain a whole compartment to themselves during a long journey, without paying the company for such a luxury; but they should not grasp at this unfair privilege by filling each seat in their carriage with portmanteaus and rugs, or by acting the old rather exploded game of the lunatic and his keepers. They should not attempt to block up the carriage-windows at the side of the platform; nor should they commit themselves so far as to say that several seats are engaged by passengers who have just gone to purchase a newspaper. Such tricks and misrepresentations are sure to be exposed by some determined station-superintendent before the starting of the train, and they often lead to constraint and unpleasantness. The travellers who are forced into such carriages by the arm of authority are not likely to prove very agreeable companions on the journey, while the greedy first-comers can never remove the impression caused by their deliberate lies. The softest seat, in such cases, becomes hard and unbearable, and the carriage is turned into a cage, a round-house, or a dungeon.

The nature and amount of conversation fit for travelling companions must be left, in a great measure, to the taste and discretion of travellers. It is not well, perhaps, to turn a carriage into a “discussion forum.”



is it well to venture upon no remarks to your neighbour beyond the level of commonplace. The description of personal diseases and their symptoms, of family and professional matters, may at once be struck out of the list of allowable topics; and it is a little out of date to make any remarks about the wonders of steam, or the once miraculous fact—now no longer miraculous—that a man may breakfast in London, dine at Manchester, and sup in Edinburgh. It is not well to persist in addressing observations, either profound or simple, to a fellow-passenger who is evidently averse to conversation, because many men are often travelling on anxious and important business that requires sustained thought and reflection. Some economists of time are fond of studying, or arranging future operations in the hours of travelling, and they soon show, by their answers, that their minds are fully occupied.

With regard to the almost universal custom of smoking in railway carriages in defiance of bye-laws and regulations, it may be a nuisance or not, according as it is persisted in. In a carriage where ladies are present it is never proposed; and in a carriage containing none but gentlemen it is put to the vote. The minority of one, who is not a smoker, gives in out of politeness to the wishes of his companions, and is never strong-minded enough to protest against the encroachment. Combination proves too much for the non-smokers, and very properly so. Until the latter have a sufficient regard for their own comfort and interest to invent and use a retaliative nuisance,—say an assafoetida pastile, for example,—they must suffer in silence. There is no help for those men, especially travellers, who will not help themselves.

Slumber is an excellent aid to the impatient traveller in helping him through his journey, but it must be used with care and moderation. Like all good things, it is liable to be indulged in too freely, and then it often interferes with the object it was intended to assist. I have known travellers carried past their destinations again and again, because they thought themselves capable of opening their closed eyes at a certain time. I have heard of one man who left London by a night-train to reach a particular spot in Kent, who was carried past this spot to Dover sound asleep, who started back by an early morning mail, who was again carried past his station fast asleep, and who awoke to find himself once more at the London terminus. This may be a travelling joke, but it is founded in some degree upon fact, and it conveys a useful lesson.

Those who are not familiar with the railway stations of their country, and are good sleeping travellers, should be warned of a few other shocks that may easily come upon them. A sleeping passenger, on his way from Glasgow to Loch Lomond, may be roused from his dreams by a Scotch porter, and told that he has arrived at Alexandria! A similar passenger, on his road from Ayr to Dalmellington, may be similarly bewildered by hearing the name of Patna; and, rubbing his eyes, he may wonder whether he is in Egypt or the East, or whether Egypt and the East have removed to Scotland. In other parts of the United Kingdom

he may be similarly bewildered with the Danish-sounding stations of Elsenham and Goathland; with the French-sounding stations of St. Devereux and Plessy; with the Russian-sounding stations of Ulleshoff and Dromkeen; with the Spanish-sounding stations of Clonsilla, Torres, and Pontardulais; with the German-sounding stations of Helensburgh and Droylsden; with the Hungarian or Polish-sounding stations of Pini and Magerhafelt; and with the Italian-sounding stations of Eastrea, Aspatia, and Etruria. These are only a few out of many philological nightmares that may arouse the sleeping traveller at any moment, supposing the different local pronunciations to be tolerably intelligible.

The art of travelling in cabs is a much more simple matter, and it consists mainly in selecting a horse that will stand, a driver who does not look likely to become abusive, and in undoing all the work of meddling legislation. The whole rolling stock of the cab interest is rotting under Government protection. While the mileage rate is fixed by Act of Parliament, there is no legislative limit, on the other side, to the price of hay and corn, and no allowance made for the violent changes in the weather. Rain, snow, fog, may come and go, and still the paternal Government ordains that we shall travel for sixpence a-mile. Pentonville Hill, and other metropolitan mountains, shall be ascended at the same price, according to distance, as we pay for traversing a level, uncrowded road in the outskirts; and the passage from Holborn Bridge to the Brighton Railway, which goes up Snow Hill, through Newgate Street, Cheapside, and over London Bridge,—the four most crowded thoroughfares in the world,—is measured out under the same unbending scale of charges. The chief labour of the traveller in cabs is to discover and allow for these inequalities of the London streets and the London weather, and to make his peace with the over-regulated drivers. In Manchester, and other large towns, he gets a better vehicle, under free-trade, at about the same fares, and is saved all this terrible trouble of thinking.

The art of travelling in omnibuses requires a certain knowledge of localities, and a certain nimbleness in ascending and descending the roofs of these vehicles. In Paris, at the back of the "knife-board," you are told, in dismounting, which foot to put down first; but this is another instance of a paternal Government watching over the smallest things, which I do not wish to see copied in England. There are not many steps from the regulation of omnibuses and their passengers, to the regulation of newspapers and periodicals; and social reform, as Milton would have said, becomes nothing but old despotism "writ large."

A traveller who rides much in London omnibuses will find them remarkably like certain lines of railway. He will see that the character of the vehicle is governed very much by the neighbourhood it runs to, and that the passengers vary with the different hours of the day. Coming from Hornsey, Highgate, Clapham, or Putney, in the morning about nine, he will find himself amongst men of business, rolling down to the

City, and talking, it may be, of the treaty, or the Bank rate of discount. Going to Stamford Hill, or Highbury, in the middle of the day, he will find himself amongst rather serious middle-aged ladies, returning home from shopping, or other town duties. Coming from Brompton, about noon, he may join a few actors, rolling down to rehearsal; and going to Stepney, or Blackwall, about the same hour, he may find himself amongst sailors, captains, and ship-chandlers. Going to Greenwich, by the way of the Old Kent Road, about nine or ten o'clock at night, he may find himself in the middle of a few drunken pensioners, whose wooden legs are stuck across the vehicle, like the bars of hurdles. A wooden leg is a very difficult article to manage in a crowded omnibus—so is a warming-pan—a dragoon's sabre-sword, fixed uniform fashion—a basket of clothes going home from the wash—a wet umbrella—a spoiled child with gingerbread—an oilskin waterproof cape—and a large French clock. All these things, however, have to be tolerated at different times, with conductors who seem to keep all their small change in their mouths, and whose legs are so protected with many wrappers, that that they can hardly feel the blows which warn them to stop. In all travelling by these vehicles, I counsel patience, good-humour, and politeness—the best manners of the first-class railway carriage. The lower the neighbourhood you are passing through, the more will this conduct be appreciated; and there is often more necessity for you to ride outside to oblige a working-woman in Shoreditch or Whitechapel, than a lady in Kensington or Bayswater. The latter may have a choice of vehicles; the first has none. So well is this understood by the conductors of omnibuses on the common routes, that you will probably hear a conversation like the following going on over the roof, if you have not acted with the usual politeness:

*Conductor to Driver.* "Bill, when's a man not a man?"

*Driver to Conductor.* "Give it up."

*Conductor to Driver.* "When he won't get out to 'blige a female."

In concluding my remarks upon land travelling, I may observe that night-trains for long distances—except for the post-office, luggage traffic, and passengers journeying under the spur of some sharp necessity—are a delusion and a snare. The time supposed to be saved by such travelling is never really saved; the traveller is exhausted for one or more days; and discovers, too late, that neither warm baths, strong tea, nor soda-water, at repeated intervals, will make up for a lost night's rest. Excursion-trains of the wild order, such as go to Paris and back in three days, are another travelling mistake; for no men see so little of the world as those who hurry through it like steeplechasers. .

## Ancient Classical Novelists.

### PART II.

PARODY, according to modern notions, is so handy a vehicle of ridicule, that it is a matter of some surprise that the ancients have not left us more remains of that kind of composition. The lively Athenians, whose wit spared nobody, and whose acquaintance with the works of their most popular writers was derived from hearing rather than reading, might have been expected to take great pleasure in any thing which tickled their ears by the apparent recurrence of familiar sounds and cadences, while continually baffling expectation by some novel application to familiar life of formulas hitherto appropriated to serious subjects. As their wit comprehended every species, from the gravest and most delicate irony down to the lowest buffoonery, we cannot suppose that they despised parodies; we should be rather inclined to suspect that they wrote them, but that few or none have come down to modern times. De Quincey remarks, in one of his essays, on the courage which must have been possessed by the man who first wrote in prose—every thing up to that time having had a poetical, or at least metrical, form; and we may extend the observation to parody, which must have required a sort of intellectual leap for its primary perpetration. We find at the present day that many persons, putting aside those who despise it as a low form of humour, are quite unable to derive any enjoyment from this sort of facetiousness; and probably nine-tenths of those who repeat or allude to Canning's *Needy Knife-grinder* do so without knowing that it is a parody at all. We do not recollect that Aristotle, whose piercing glance scarcely any thing escaped, has any where described or defined parody; and it is possible that in his day it was not recognised as a distinct form of literature, or if noticed was confounded with burlesque, with which it has so close an affinity. The true notion of a parody, as we now conceive it, is that of the form and style of a serious and well-known work, appropriated to something familiar to our daily experience, such as may be read in the newspapers. Judged by this test, no composition of ancient times exactly comes up—or down—to the mark. The only considerable poetical piece of the kind that has reached us is the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, popularly attributed to Homer; but of which it is quite impossible to suppose him the real author. A mock-heroic poem is, in the first place, alien to the spirit we suppose to have prevailed in the times when the Rhapsodists were welcome guests; and one which speaks of "writing tablets" and of the "exaction of usury," and has some passages, quite in the Aristophanic vein, of comic disrespect to the Olympian deities, is most probably a production of some Athenian *littérateur* contemporary with the great dramatists and comic poets. After all, however, it is not what we should now call a parody, any more than we do Pope's *Rape of the Lock*; it is rather a bur-

lesque, in which epic forms of expression are applied to a trifling subject, as in Addison's Latin poem on the *Battle of the Cranes and Pigmies*.

Lucian, who comes near to the moderns in so many respects, comes nearer to them in regard to his taste for parody, or something like it, than any other Greek writer. We have seen that in all probability his *Enchanted Ass* was a burlesque on the work of a predecessor; to which we may imagine it bears the same relation that *Don Quixote* (putting apart the real nobility of the hero's character) does to the romances of chivalry. In the *True Histories*, which we next take up, Lucian's object is slightly different. One of his best works is one entitled, *On the proper way of writing History*; and in this he of course insists strongly on veracity as one of the main qualifications of the historian. It must of course be remembered, that the Greek word *Historia* has not exactly the same meaning as its English representative. The Greeks always thought of the historian as an *inquirer*, who went about searching into the different accounts given of events, rather than as a man in a library with all manner of books before him, which he sifts and compares. In the latter case, since readers are able to go to the authorities and verify them, it would scarcely answer to invent or to be very unveracious; what the writer now requires is sound judgment to appreciate conflicting evidence. In the former case, he went perhaps to a foreign country to make his inquiries, and when he came back might say what he liked. It was for a long time thought that Herodotus had availed himself to the full of this traveller's license, and only later researches have vindicated his trustworthy character. Lucian, like some others of the ancients, did not put much faith in the Halicarnassian, or indeed in any body except Thucydides, whose style he imitated, and the earnestness of whose character seems to have awed his levity into reverence. After teaching us how history should be written, Lucian next presents the reader with an example of "How not to do it," with an irony similar in character to that which pervades Swift's *Directions to Servants*, though less gravely veiled than was the habit of the Dean of St. Patrick's.

A burlesque narrative of this kind seems in Lucian's time to have been a sufficiently novel attempt to induce him to write an explanatory preface, which rather spoils the fun of the thing in our point of view. For the credit of Lucian as a humorist, one would be glad to imagine that the book was at first published alone, and that the preface was added when it was found to be misunderstood; but we cannot conscientiously say that there is a spark of evidence to warrant such a supposition. Those who wished their friends to enjoy the *True Histories* probably used to advise them to skip the first page, that their pleasure might not be spoilt by their being told where they ought to laugh. It is one thing to be ironical, it is another thing to say beforehand that you mean to be so. The latter procedure is something like holding up a glass of champagne before a man, and withholding it till he has seen the last bubble burst upon its surface. After having informed the reader that the hopes

to join the useful and the amusing, Lucian goes on gravely to state that he prides himself not only on the air of veracity with which he tells fibs, but on the fact that each fib contains an allusion to some one or other of the poets, historians, and philosophers who have told similar stories; but he does not mention their names, because they will naturally occur to the reader. But if so, why mention the fact at all? Surely the reader, if he knew the historian, could make the application for himself; and if he did not, the knowledge that there was some latent allusion in each case would not be of much service to him. He mentions, however, three writers—Otesias, Iambulus, and Homer. Otesias has been given up by modern criticism, and Iambulus we know nothing at all about. A modern reader also wonders why Homer—or, for that matter, any poets—should be placed in this category? Who ever supposed them even to pretend that they were telling the truth? The only humorous remark, in fact, in this preface, is to the effect that Lucian is more honest than the objects of his satire; for he tells at least one truth in confessing that he lies. “Accordingly,” he proceeds, “I hereby declare that I sit down to write what never befell me; what I neither saw myself, nor heard by report from others; what is more, about matters that not only are not, but never will be, because they are absolutely impossible: and I hereby warn my readers not to attach the smallest amount of credit to any thing I lay before them.”

Once upon a time, the supposed traveller and historian tells us, wishing to find out where the western ocean ends, and what there is beyond it, he set sail from Cadiz with fifty companions. The first thing that happened was a storm, which drove him about for seventy-nine days. At last he reached an unknown coast, where he immediately made a notable discovery—two rusty brazen pillars, inscribed with the names of Bacchus and Hercules, and two footmarks, one of about an acre in size, the other rather smaller. A much more convincing proof of Bacchus having visited the spot was afforded by a river of wine, which, on being traced to its source, was found to originate in the droppings of a large vineyard. There were plenty of fish in the river, but they were so impregnated with it, that all who ate them became drunk. The next marvel was another vineyard, consisting at the root of trees, but terminating above in women, after the fashion of the pictures of Daphne when her transformation is half complete. Their fingers ended in bunches of grapes, and they had tendrils and leaves growing over their heads instead of hair. It was found that it hurt them to try and pull off the grapes; but as they could be kissed, which, being able to talk and making no remonstrance, it was supposed they did not object to, and as this kissing produced all the symptoms of alcoholic intoxication, of course it answered the purpose as well, if not better. Jack ashore being the same in all ages, and not often finding his lass and his grog in such convenient combination, with, above all, nothing to pay, laboured in this vineyard with much assiduity; and two of the sailors became so involved with the

tendrils of their respective Pollys, that they were obliged to be left behind. The rest of the crew—taking with them a good supply from the river—set sail, but were forthwith caught by a whirlwind, which, after lifting their vessel several miles high in the air, kept it there altogether, and carried it on among the clouds for a whole week. At the end of this time they reached a large island in the air—in fact, the moon. It was inhabited by men who rode upon three-headed vultures, and governed by Endymion, whom Diana had left there after taking him from Latmos. Endymion, being at war with the inhabitants of the sun (of which Phaeton was king), who were trying to prevent his colonising the vacant territory of the morning star, proposed to the crew to take them into his service, and at once furnished them with vultures out of his own stables. The army consisted of all sorts of absurd compound animals, and, says the narrator, “it was reported that five thousand horse-cranes were to be sent us from Cappadocia; but I must own that I did not see them, and for this plain reason, that they never came. I shall not, therefore, try to describe them, for all sorts of amazing and incredible things were propagated about them.” The army did not fight exactly in the air; for a large species of spider, peculiar to the moon, had been ordered to fill up the space between it and the morning star with a cobweb, which made an excellent floor for the combatants. The signal being given by asses (which in those regions are used as trumpeters), both sides engaged with much fury and fluctuating success. So many were killed, that the clouds were tinged with the blood, as they appear sometimes at sunset, and the sanguinary tide rained down from them upon the earth. The moon-party were at first victorious, and set up two trophies; but a reinforcement to the other side unexpectedly arrived, in the shape of cloud-centaurs, who turned the fortunes of the day altogether, routed the Moonites, and having made the narrator and his friends prisoners, tied their hands behind their backs with a bit of cobweb, and took them off to the sun. Phaeton did not besiege his adversary’s capital, but contented himself with building a wall between it and his own luminary, which reduced the unfortunate moon to a state of total eclipse. Endymion was obliged to submit, and send a deputation to get the wall taken down and peace made, and, on an exchange of prisoners, wished the travellers to stay with him; but they preferred returning to earth.

The customs of the Moonites were curious. They had no women, nor even a name for such beings, and the species was continued by what modern science would call “fissiparous gemmation;” when a gentleman had a child, it grew in the calf of his leg, and was removed at the proper time by means of the lancet. People did not die—they exhaled like smoke in the air; a termination naturally to be expected from people who never ate any thing. What they lived upon was the steam of roast frogs (which flew about in great numbers), and on the dew which they squeezed out of the atmosphere. Their ideas on beauty were singular, baldness being thought most attractive, though a fine curling head of hair was (as we

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might expect) very fashionable in the comets, "as travellers who have been well received there assert." By way of making up for this defect, the Moonites had tails consisting of cabbages, which were always green and flourishing, and did not break off, even if the owner happened to fall on his back. They had no pockets, but put every thing they wanted to carry into their own interior, which was hairy within, and capable of containing children who might happen to feel cold. They could take their eyes in and out, and sometimes lost them, so that, if poor, they were obliged to borrow some one else's; the rich, however, generally kept a good stock of spare ones to guard against such contingencies.

After being hospitably dismissed and seeing some other curiosities,—among them was the city of Cloud-cuckoo-town (*Nephelococcygia*), "which shows," says the historian, "that the veracious Aristophanes has been unjustly discredited,"—they were gently dropped down on the sea. No sooner had they arrived there, than they were swallowed by a huge whale, three hundred miles long, with teeth so large that their vessel slipped between them without being crunched, and with so much room inside him that he carried about a complete microcosm of the exterior world, with fields, rivers, mountains, valleys, and trees, and with inhabitants; some of whom had spent more than twenty years in this wonderful retreat. These were of various kinds: some were men who had been swallowed, some (apparently a cross-breed, or perhaps *natives*) were crab-faced, others like weasels. The human beings were rather bullied by the rest, and had to pay one nation an annual black-mail of some forty dozen oysters. The new comers offered to assist them, and, after a good deal of fighting, gained the victory. Their next anxiety was to contrive some means of getting out, to which end they first attempted to dig their way through the creature's side; but finding this an endless affair, set fire to the forest, which, after it had burnt for a week, began to make the monster very ill. For fear he should die and shut them up altogether, they seized the opportunity of a yawn to gag him with a large mass of timber, and having effected this sailed out. The next thing that happened to them was to be frozen up; the ice was so deep that there was no chance of sailing out, and they were obliged to dig up the fish embedded in the ice wherever they happened to be. When a thaw came, they proceeded onwards, and soon came into a sea of milk surrounding an island composed entirely of cheese, on which they lived during their stay, and shortly after to another island of cork, inhabited by people capable of walking on the water. Not far from this they came to another very beautiful island, which turned out to be that of the Blessed, where they found Rhadamanthus holding his court in regular form. He had just decided that Ajax was to go through a course of hellebore before being admitted to the full privileges of the place, and was then settling the question of precedence between Alexander and Hannibal. The place had every thing that was pleasant: spring was perpetual; no one ever grew old; the rivers ran with honey, oil, milk, and wine; and the trees bore, instead of leaves,



glass goblets, which on being broken off immediately filled themselves with some agreeable kind of tipple. Here were to be met most of the ancient heroes,—the younger Cyrus, Lycurgus, and Socrates, the latter of whom kept up his old habit of irony. Plato was not there, for he resided in a republic of his own contrivance; Diogenes was, and had so changed his ways, as to have taken to wife the too famous *Lais*. Homer was one of the most prominent persons, and had the pleasure (?) of hearing his own verses sung on all occasions. In answer to several questions by the historian, he stated that he did not belong to either of the seven cities which claimed him, but was a Babylonian; that all the verses in his works usually thought spurious were genuine; that he wrote the *Iliad* first, and that he began it with the word "Wrath" just because it happened to come into his head at the time. That he could see as well as any body was evident; so there was no occasion to ask that.

During the travellers' stay Pythagoras returned from his seventh and last transmigration; the only difficulty now was to know by which of his seven names to call him. Empedocles also appeared, with his body completely roasted and all over blisters, from having thrown himself into *Etna*; but he was not admitted. Shortly afterwards the inhabitants of the infernal regions broke loose, and, under the command of the shade of the tyrant *Phalaris*, attempted to invade the *Elysian* territory; they were repulsed by *Achilles*, *Ajax*, and *Socrates*, and taken back to have their punishments doubled. The fight was sung by *Homer*, who gave the historian a copy of his verses to take home; but he unfortunately lost it. The victory was celebrated by a great supper, composed entirely of boiled beans, which every body enjoyed except the unfortunate *Pythagoras*, who still retained his aversion to that vegetable, and was therefore obliged to sit apart in a state of *Elysian* starvation.

The travellers had had leave to stay seven months, but their stay was cut short through *that Helen*. We don't know what business she had in the *Elysian* fields at all; but there she was, and had not forgotten the lessons of *Paris*, though she had those of the *Trojan* war. She sat opposite the son of the traveller's pilot every day at supper for some time, and treated him with so much "affable gladness," that he proposed to elope with her; to which, having had no fun for several centuries, she consented. The lovers set out for either the "Cheese" or the "Cork Island" (than the former of which there are, doubtless, worse places); but a vessel sent in pursuit brought them back in an extremely crestfallen state. Poor *Helen* wept bitterly, and blushed, and hid her face with her veil—no doubt internally resolving to be sharper on the next occasion; her audacious mortal lover and his accomplices were scourged with mauls, and sent to the place of the wicked. The rest of the crew were ordered off, if should ensue; but the historian, who had much enjoyed his stay, was consoled at departure by being shown the "defeat, captured and numbered," which he was to occupy on his ultimate return to the world.

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of verses; and Ulysses, when Penelope was not looking, slipped into his hand a letter for Calypso, whose island he was sure to pass on his way home.

Before quitting the enchanted sea, the travellers sailed near the abodes of the wicked, and landed on one of their islands, where they saw many "people they had met," among them all the unvarnished historians; on a certain escape from whose fate the narrator congratulated himself,— "since," says he, "I am not conscious of having told one lie." Leaving this dismal region, they arrived at the Island of Dreams, which seemed to recede as they approached; but at length reaching it, they were hospitably entertained by the Dreams, which flew about like bats in a highly ornamental form, and wafted them to all sorts of places during the space of a month.

On coming near Ogygia, the historian thought of delivering the letter of Ulysses to Calypso, but first broke it open and read it. It was as follows:

"Ulysses to Calypso, greeting.—I avail myself of this favourable opportunity to inform you, that soon after my departure from your coasts in the little vessel I put together myself, I had the ill-fortune to be wrecked, and owe the preservation of my life entirely to Leucothea, who conveyed me to the shore of Pheacia, from whence I got home, where I found my wife besieged by a crowd of suitors, who were revelling luxuriously at my expense. I killed them all; but was afterwards put to death by Telegonus, and now reside in the Island of the Blessed, where I have leisure enough to repent of leaving the pleasant life I led with you, and rejecting the immortality you offered me. As soon, therefore, as I can find an opportunity, I will endeavour to escape hence and return to you.

"P.S. Give the bearer a kind reception."

The letter was duly delivered, and the goddess, who was sitting at her loom as usual, cried a good deal on first reading it, but entertained the travellers handsomely, and was very particular in her inquiries about Penelope,—was she really good-looking still, and, above all, was she *really* such a paragon of virtue as Ulysses had reported? The discreet historian gave, he says, "such answers as he thought would please her best."

The remaining adventures—parodies on the Læstrygons and Sirens—are of no great interest, and contain only two points which show much ingenuity. In sailing home the voyagers arrive at a fissure in the water analogous to a chasm in the earth, *down which* the ship would have fallen, as if off a precipice, if they had not struck sail. Over it, however, they discovered a bridge made of water, which enabled them to pass. In unmasking the Sirens, one of them, who has been bound, converts herself, like Proteus, into water. A sword being thrust into the water, it immediately turns into blood; an incident which reminds us of the *disincorporation* of several modern vampire stories.

The reader will have remarked in the above narrative one or two passages to which modern writers may possibly have been indebted. There is a sort of general resemblance to Lucian's fiction in that very

amusing book of Captain Marryat's, *The Pacha of Many Tales*; where an incident something like that of the whale occurs, and where the voyagers are frozen up in an iceberg. The modern novelist, however, has improved on his model, if his model it was,—his iceberg is carried down the Maistrom, and after passing through a secret passage in the earth, revisits day somewhere near Jamaica, where the tropical heat soon melts it and releases its prisoners. The fish in the river of wine, which become so saturated with it as to intoxicate those who eat them, is improved upon by the same author in *Peter Simple* (?), where some one tells a story of a friend who kept a pond full of live pickled salmon, which had been brought to that pass by gradual and constant additions of fennel, peppercorns, and vinegar to their natural element. The "fierce fiery warriors that fight upon the clouds" may have suggested to Tennyson the lines in *Locksley Hall*, where he describes the effect of a battle of balloons:

"Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew  
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue."

And it is rather curious that Lucian should have coincided with one of the freaks of nature in describing, though as an impossible marvel, what we see actually realised in the structure of the kangaroo. The flying-island will not have failed to recall the Laputa of Swift, who, probably, was indebted to the story in general for the first idea of his *Gulliver*.

Another little book of Lucian's, of much the same character, is called *Icaromenippus*; or, *a Voyage to the Moon*. The name is a combination of Icarus, the son of Dædalus, and Menippus, the satirical cynic philosopher, one of Lucian's pet aversions. The latter having fitted Lucian with a wing of an eagle and another of a vulture, takes him up to the moon, where, as in the former work, he meets the unfortunate Empedocles, who has his usual appearance of being "thoroughly done," and cannot find any body who will take him in. From the moon the earth, all its inhabitants, and their goings on are discovered, as in Le Sage's tale of the *Devil on Two Sticks*; but nothing very witty comes of it. The travellers are charged by Luna with a message to Jupiter. She complains of men for asserting that her light is only borrowed, and threatens, if they libel her powers in that way, she will tell all she knows about them; and that, as she says, almost in the words of Byron, is not to their credit:

"there is not a day,  
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,  
Sees half the business in a wicked way  
On which three single hours of moonshine smile."

But, she continues, she does not look "so modest all the while;"—she is obliged to "hide her light from the heavens at night, and weep behind the clouds," as she subsequently did over that sad affair of Eveleen's Bower.

They promise to do justice to her message, and fly up to the court of Jupiter, where, after Mercury has taken in their names, they are admitted. The king of gods and men receives them very civilly, and asks what the

price of wheat is down below, and whether the farmers think they have had the proper amount of rain. After some desultory conversation, he becomes very unpleasant in his remarks on the human species, who, he says, are beginning to neglect him under the bad teaching of the philosophers, who persuade them that the gods "lie beside their nectar, careless of mankind;" and if we don't care about mankind, he says, they will see that there is nothing to be got from us, and then they will leave off sacrifices; and then what are we to do? However, business must go on, and so he proceeds to his audience-chamber, in the floor of which are two holes covered with trap-doors. On their being opened, a swarm of petitions fly up, of the most contradictory character, some of which are granted, some refused, some "stand over," and others are dispersed by the wind on their way.

In the amusing little piece called *Micyllus, or the Cock*, a somewhat similar machinery is employed. *Micyllus* is a cobbler, who, while dreaming one night that he has inherited all the property of a rich neighbour, is awoken by his cock, which—or who—articulates his crowing into intelligible speech. They converse, and the cock tells *Micyllus* that he (the cock) was once a man—in fact he was Pythagoras, and of course also Euphorbus.\* "If you have been Pythagoras, how is it I have often seen you eat beans?" "The Pythagorean system," replies the cock, "does not apply to me except in my human form. After that I was one of the emmets, which, Herodotus tells us, dig gold in Asia." "Why didn't you bring some gold here?" says his master; "it would have been very acceptable. But before you go further, tell me about the affair of Troy. Was it really as Homer relates it?" "Certainly not," says the cock; "how should Homer have known? he was at that time a camel in Bactria. After being Pythagoras," he continues, "I became *Aspasia*." "What!" says *Micyllus*, "can one become a woman?" "Yes, you will be one some day. I have also been *Crates*, the cynic philosopher. I have been a king, a beggar, a Persian satrap, a horse, a jay, and a frog; but I have been a cock oftenest, for I prefer that sort of life, and indeed the life of any animal to that of man; for I always, when I am a brute, confine myself to my natural wants; but when I am a man, I eat and drink too much, and am sure to make a beast of myself."

The cock then takes *Micyllus* for a short aerial voyage, to see how his neighbours are employed. A visit to the homes of two misers teaches him that wealth does not make people happy, though, on seeing that of his neighbour whose heir he dreamt he had been, he cannot avoid saying, with a sigh, "All that was lately mine!" But the cock shows him that his neighbour's wife, family, and servants are such a plague to him, that he is by no means an enviable character; and the cobbler becomes on the whole consoled, and resolves for the future to stick to his last, and dream as little as he can.

\* Pythagoras used to say he had been Euphorbus at the siege of Troy.

One of the most amusing pieces of Lucian, and one which, even allowing for its probable exaggeration, throws a good deal of light on the state of popular credulity in his time, is the one called *Philepseudes*, or the "Lio-fancier." It is in the form of a dialogue. Tychiades describes to a friend that he has been visiting a rich gentleman named Eucrates, at whose house he found an assembly of what we should now call spiritualists, each of whom had some extremely marvellous story to relate, all most perfectly authenticated. One of them begins by mentioning his receipt for summoning ghosts, which is by taking up the tooth of a weasel with the left hand, and laying it on a piece of lion's skin newly drawn off. Another relates how a certain Babylonian treated a field much as St. Patrick is said to have treated Ireland, when he undertook to "bother all the vermin;" he walked round it three times with a torch, pronounced seven names out of an old book, and drove out all the serpents—whose names and number it seems he accurately knew; for, having called them over, he found that there was still missing one old dragon, who, probably from age and infirmity, thought he might stay. However, the Babylonian was not to be put off in this way, and sent the youngest snake to have him out, and then the whole brood were burnt amid great rejoicings.

Several other remarkable experiences are told. One guest says he used to disbelieve such things, but, after having seen a certain Hyperborean (medium?) float in the air, he became a convert. Another says that a friend of his was enamoured of a lady named Chrysis, and applied to a necromancer, who, on the receipt of four minæ (about twelve guineas), uttered such powerful spells, that she was brought by some species of unaccountable attraction to meet her lover. "Four minæ was rather extravagant," says Tychiades; "in fact, the necromancer might have been dispensed with altogether; for, such is the effect of gold upon the fair creature in question, that, for half-a-guinea, she would follow you to the Hyperboreans themselves." Tychiades is "put down" as a brutal scoffer, and another of the party describes a walking statue of his acquaintance, which is in the habit of perambulating the house and bathing occasionally; and has been known to punish a servant who stole some money which had been placed as an offering in its lap. He also knows a bronze statue of Hippocrates, which, if ever his lamp is let out, gives notice of the omission by rattling all the crockery in the house till it is lighted afresh.

In this work we meet with—we will not say the original, for nobody knows how far back that may go, but the oldest version we know, of two stories, one of which has somehow become appropriated to mediæval legend, while the other has become a typical nucleus of a large class of ghostly narratives. The best mentions as a crowning feat the performance of a certain Panocrates, an Egyptian,—"*at whom,*" he adds, parenthetically, "*you know the cænotides used to wag their tails as he passed,*"—and who, by pronouncing a few words over a brazen stick, or any other domestic article, converted it into an obedient slave, which would fetch

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water, or do any thing it was told. A pupil of the conjuror listened and learnt the spell, and put it in practice on the first opportunity; but he had omitted to learn the way to make the thing quiet, and so it went on fetching water, as it does in the *Ingoldsby Legend*, till the unfortunate pupil repented of his curiosity.

The other story is that of a man who says he himself is a noted exorcist, and that he has performed more cures on haunted houses than any man of his time.

We are not giving an account of Lucian except as a writer of fiction, and we therefore pass over several works which are amusing to read, and which exhibit both his wit and his good sense in perhaps a stronger light than any we have analysed. Perhaps his best work on the whole is one of the serious ones,—*On those who are hired to live in the houses of the wealthy*,—which describes the kind of life which was led by the unhappy class of men who, instead of devoting themselves to any trade or profession, preferred to attach themselves to the households of great people as a sort of “led captains,” and who of course had to endure all the humiliations which usually beset the dependant in an anomalous position. The mortifications which this species of parasite undergoes exceed, in Lucian’s account, any which the most ill-used governesses have to submit to in the most intense novels of the “Jane Eyre” school; and the humour with which Lucian portrays some of them makes us regret that he did not undertake a novel descriptive of the “Vanity Fair” of his time. One cannot help thinking that Lucian did not make the most of his powers. A great deal of it is wasted on detached essays, which if brought together into one work would have made it a masterpiece. Many of the *Dialogues of the Dead*, for example (of which, as they are so well known, we have here said nothing), would have enlivened the *True Histories* in the part where the narrator describes the Island of the Blessed; and the inventiveness and observation shown in the burlesque adventures of Lucius show that he might have written a story embodying the manners of his society with remarkable success. There is no occasion, however, to insist on such drawbacks. Lucian will ever remain the most amusing of ancient authors; and even if we see reason to regret that he does not at times show more appreciation of the serious side of life, we owe him many thanks for his candid exposure of a state of society, from the corruptions of which Europe was delivered by the infusion of a healthier race and the morality of a purer religion.

In the next part we shall give some account of the writers who may be called the romantic novelists—Iamblichus, Heliodorus, and Achilles Tatius.

### MELLAGER.

NOTE. Those who wish to know more of Lucian are recommended to look at the excellent account by (we lament to say, the late) Dr. Donaldson in the *Antiquities of Greece*, chap. 54. There is no very good modern translation of Lucian. We are surprised that Mr. Bohn has not yet included it in his series.

## Through the

— dear to Spenser and Herrick,  
Poets divine of the days gone by!—  
O bright clear Thames, ere the neoteric  
Fog of a city obscured the sky!  
Close to thy marge there runs, for ever,  
A wondrous stream that's nobler far:  
Who has not stayed to watch the river  
Of life flow fast through Temple Bar?

Oft have I asked, at the patriarchal  
Cock, for a glass of the Laureate's port;  
Oft have I marked the spherules sparkle,  
In the fountain-square of Garden Court;  
Oft have I passed that archway under,  
'Neath noontide heat, 'neath Phosphor's st  
A ripple of foam in that river of wonder,  
Which is bridged by quaint old Temple B

Sometimes a poet, with strange romances  
Writ in his brain, walks slow thereby;  
Or a country-girl, who gaily glances  
At the marvels under this soot-dimmed sl  
Or the bubble-lord of a mighty swindle,  
Thinking what flats some people are:  
To the merest atoms how fast they dwindle,  
As we gaze at the river through Temple :

Tonitruant writer in leading journal,  
Whirled in a cab to the Square of Type;  
Preacher of horrors sempiternal;  
Artist equal to Claude or Cuyp;  
Barefooted beggar, and High-Church rector;  
Danseuse exquisite, brown Jack-tar;  
Penniless outcast, bank director—  
Lo, how they surge through, Temple Bar!

Brothers of mine, who have brain and money—  
Sisters of mine, who are fair to view—

Men and women, whose lives are sunny—  
Temple Bar has a lesson for you:  
Look to this strange world's ups and downs,  
Look to the City which shines afar:  
The world is all one, we shall all be equal,  
When the river flows through Temple B







