

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

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BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PACKET.

ON recovering from the effects of the wound he had received from the trooper, Guy Fawkes found himself stretched upon a small bed in a cottage, with Viviana and Catesby watching beside him. A thick fold of linen was bandaged round his head, and he was so faint from the great effusion of blood he had sustained, that, after gazing vacantly around him for a few minutes, and but imperfectly comprehending what he beheld, his eyes closed, and he relapsed into insensibility. Restoratives being applied; he revived in a short time, and, in answer to his inquiries as to how he came thither, was informed by Catesby that he had been left for dead by his assailants, who, contenting themselves with making the old steward prisoner, had ridden off in the direction of Chester.

"What has become of Sir William Radcliffe?" asked the wounded man, in a feeble voice.

Catesby raised his finger to his lips, and Fawkes learnt the distressing nature of the question he had asked by the agonizing cry that burst from Viviana. Unable to control her grief, she withdrew, and Catesby then told him that the body of Sir William Radcliffe was lying in an adjoining cottage, whither it had been transported from the scene of the conflict; adding that it was Miss Radcliffe's earnest desire that it should be conveyed to Manchester to the family vault in the Collegiate Church; but that he feared her wish could not be safely complied with. A messenger, however, had been despatched to Holt; and Sir Everard Digby, and Fathers Garnet and Oldcorne, were momentarily expected, when some course would be decided upon for the disposal of the unfortunate knight's remains.

"Poor Viviana!" groaned Fawkes. "She has now no protector."

"Rest easy on that score," rejoined Catesby. "She shall never want one while I live."

The wounded man fixed his eyes, now blazing with red and unnatural light, inquiringly upon him, but he said nothing.

"I know what you mean," continued Catesby; "you think I shall wed her, and you are in the right. I shall. The marriage

is essential to our enterprise ; and the only obstacle to it is removed."

Fawkes attempted to reply, but his parched tongue refused its office. Catesby arose, and carefully raising his head, held a cup of water to his lips. The sufferer eagerly drained it, and would have asked for more ; but seeing that the request would be refused, he left it unuttered.

"Have you examined my wound ?" he said, after a pause.

Catesby answered in the affirmative.

"And do you judge it mortal ?" continued Fawkes. "Not that I have any fear of death. I have looked him in the face too often for that. But I have somewhat on my mind which I would fain discharge before my earthly pilgrimage is ended."

"Do not delay it, then," rejoined the other. "Knowing I speak to a soldier, and a brave one, I do not hesitate to tell you your hours are numbered."

"Heaven's will be done!" exclaimed Fawkes, in a tone of resignation. "I thought myself destined to be one of the chief instruments of the restoration of our holy religion. But I find I was mistaken. When Father Garnet arrives, I beseech you let me see him instantly. Or, if he should not come speedily, entreat Miss Radcliffe to grant me a few moments in private."

"Why not unburthen yourself to me ?" returned Catesby, distrustfully. "In your circumstances I should desire no better confessor than a brother soldier, — or other crucifix than a sword-hilt."

"Nor I," rejoined Fawkes. "But this is no confession I am about to utter. What I have to say relates to others, not to myself."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Catesby. "Then there is the more reason why it should not be deferred. I hold it my duty to tell you that the fever of your wound will, in all probability, produce delirium. Make your communication while your senses remain to you ; and whatever you enjoin shall be rigorously fulfilled."

"Will you swear this ?" cried Fawkes, eagerly. But before an answer could be returned, he added, in an altered tone, "No, — no, — it cannot be."

"This is no time for anger," rejoined Catesby, sternly, "or I should ask whether you doubt the assurance I have given you ?"

"I doubt nothing but your compliance with my request," returned Fawkes. And oh ! if you hope to be succoured at your hour of need, tell Miss Radcliffe I desire to speak with her."

"The message will not need to be conveyed," said Viviana, who had noiselessly entered the room ; "she is here."

Guy Fawkes turned his gaze in the direction of the voice ; and, notwithstanding his own deplorable condition, he was filled with concern at the change wrought in her appearance by the terrible shock she had undergone. Her countenance was as pale as death, — her eyes, from which no tears would flow, as is ever

the case with the deepest distress, were glassy and lustreless,—her luxuriant hair hung in disshevelled masses over her shoulders,—and her attire was soiled and disordered.

“You desire to speak with me?” she continued, advancing towards the couch of the wounded man.

“It must be alone,” he replied.

Viviana glanced at Catesby, who reluctantly arose, and closed the door after him. “We *are* alone now,” she said.

“Water! water!” gasped the sufferer, “or I perish.” His request being complied with, he continued in a low solemn voice, “Miss Radcliffe, you have lost the dearest friend you had on earth, and you will soon lose one who, if he had been spared, would have endeavoured, as far as he could, to supply that loss. I say not this to aggravate your distress, but to prove the sincerity of my regard. Let me conjure you, with my dying breath, not to wed Mr. Catesby.”

“Fear it not,” replied Viviana. “I would rather endure death than consent to do so.”

“Be upon your guard against him, then,” continued Fawkes. “When an object is to be gained, he suffers few scruples to stand in his way.”

“I am well aware of it,” replied Viviana; “and on the arrival of Sir Everard Digby, I shall place myself under his protection.”

“Should you be driven to extremity,” said Fawkes, taking a small packet from the folds of his doublet, “break open this. It will inform you what to do. Only promise me you will not have recourse to it till all other means have failed.”

Viviana took the packet, and gave the required promise.

“Conceal it about your person, and guard it carefully,” continued Fawkes; “for you know not when you may require it. And now, having cleared my conscience, I can die easily. Let me have your prayers.”

Viviana knelt down by the bedside, and poured forth the most earnest supplications in his behalf.

“Perhaps,” she said, as she arose, “and it is some consolation to think so,—you may be saved by death from the commission of a great crime, which would for ever have excluded you from the joys of heaven.”

“Say rather,” cried Guy Fawkes, whose brain began to wander, “which would have secured them to me. Others will achieve it; but I shall have no share in their glory, or their reward.”

“Their reward will be perdition in this world and the next,” rejoined Viviana. “I repeat, that though I deeply deplore your condition, I rejoice in your delivery from this sin. It is better—far better—to die thus, than by the hands of the common executioner.”

“What do I see?” cried Guy Fawkes, trying to raise himself, and sinking back again instantly upon the pillow. “Elizabeth Orton rises before me. She beckons me after her—I come!—I come!”

"Heaven pity him!" cried Viviana. "His senses have left him!"

"She leads me into a gloomy cavern," continued Fawkes, more wildly; "but my eyes are like the wolf's, and can penetrate the darkness. It is filled with barrels of gunpowder. I see them ranged in tiers, one above another. Ah! I know where I am now. It is the vault beneath the Parliament-house. The King and his nobles are assembled in the hall above. Lend me a torch, that I may fire the train, and blow them into the air. Quick! quick! I have sworn their destruction, and will keep my oath. What matter if I perish with them? Give me the torch, I say, or it will be too late. Is the powder damp that it will not kindle? And see! the torch is expiring—it is gone out! Distraction!—to be baffled thus! Why do you stand and glare at me with those stony eyes? Who are those with you? Fiends!—no! they are armed men. They seize me—they drag me before a grave assemblage. What is that hideous engine? The rack!—Bind me on it—break every limb—ye shall not force me to confess—ha! ha! I laugh at your threats—ha! ha!"

"Mother of mercy! release him from this torture!" cried Viviana.

"So! ye have condemned me," continued Fawkes, "and will drag me to execution. Well, well, I am prepared. But what a host is assembled to see me! Ten thousand faces are turned towards me, and all with one abhorrent bloodthirsty expression. And what a scaffold! Get it done quickly, thou butcherly villain. The rope is twisted round my throat in serpent folds. It strangles me—ah!"

"Horror!" exclaimed Viviana. "I can listen to this no longer. Help, Mr. Catesby, help!"

"The knife is at my breast—it pierces my flesh—my heart is torn forth—I die!—I die!" And he uttered a dreadful groan.

"What has happened?" cried Catesby, rushing into the room. "Is he dead?"

"I fear so," replied Viviana, "and his end has been a fearful one."

"No—no," said Catesby,—"his pulse still beats—but fiercely and feverishly. You had better not remain here longer, Miss Radcliffe. I will watch over him. All will soon be over."

Aware that she could be of no further use, Viviana cast a look of the deepest commiseration at the sufferer, and retired. The occupant of the cottage, an elderly female, had surrendered all the apartments of her tenement, except one small room, to her guests, and she was therefore undisturbed. The terrible event which had recently occurred, and the harrowing scene she had just witnessed, were too much for Viviana, and her anguish was so intense, that she began to fear her reason was deserting her. She stood still, —gazed fearfully round, as if some secret danger environed her, —clasped her hands to her temples, and found them burning like hot iron, —and, then, alarmed at her

own state, knelt down, prayed, and wept. Yes! she wept, for the first time, since her father's destruction, and the relief afforded by those scalding tears was inexpressible.

From this piteous state she was aroused by the tramp of horses at the door of the cottage, and the next moment Father Garnet presented himself.

"How uncertain are human affairs!" he said, after a sorrowful greeting had passed between them. "I little thought, when we parted yesterday, we should meet again so soon, and under such afflicting circumstances."

"It is the will of Heaven, father," replied Viviana, "and we must not murmur at its decrees, but bear our chastening as we best may."

"I am happy to find you in such a comfortable frame of mind, dear daughter. I feared the effect of the shock upon your feelings. But I am glad to find you bear up against it so well."

"I am surprised at my own firmness, father," replied Viviana. "But I have been schooled in affliction. I have no tie left to bind me to the world, and shall retire from it, not only without regret, but with eagerness."

"Say not so, dear daughter," replied Garnet. "You have, I trust, much happiness in store for you. And when the sharpness of your affliction is worn off, you will view your condition in a more cheering light."

"Impossible!" she cried, mournfully. "Hope is wholly extinct in my breast. But I will not contest the point. Is not Sir Everard Digby with you?"

"He is not, daughter," replied Garnet, "and I will explain to you wherefore. Soon after your departure yesterday, the mansion we occupied at Holt was attacked by a band of soldiers, headed by Miles Topcliffe, one of the most unrelenting of our persecutors; and though they were driven off with some loss; yet, as there was every reason to apprehend they would return with fresh force, Sir Everard judged it prudent to retreat, and accordingly he and his friends, with all their attendants, except those he has sent with me, have departed for Buckinghamshire."

"Where, then, is Father Oldcorne?" inquired Viviana.

"Alas! daughter," rejoined Garnet, "I grieve to say he is a prisoner. Imprudently exposing himself during the attack, he was seized and carried off by Topcliffe and his myrmidons."

"How true is the saying, that misfortunes never come single!" sighed Viviana. "I seem bereft of all I hold dear."

"Sir Everard has sent four of his trustiest servants with me," remarked Garnet. "They are well armed, and will attend you wherever you choose to lead them. He has also furnished me with a sum of money for your use."

"He is most kind and considerate," replied Viviana. "And now, father," she faltered, "there is one subject which it is

necessary to speak upon; and, though I shrink from it, it must not be postponed."

"I guess what you mean, daughter," said Garnet, sympathizingly; "you allude to the interment of Sir William Radcliffe. "Is the body here?"

"It is in an adjoining cottage," replied Viviana, in a broken voice. "I have already expressed my wish to Mr. Catesby to have it conveyed to Manchester, to our family vault."

"I see not how that can be accomplished, dear daughter," replied Garnet; "but I will confer with Mr. Catesby on the subject. Where is he?"

"In the next room, by the couch of Guy Fawkes, who is dying," said Viviana.

"Dying!" echoed Garnet, starting. "I heard he was dangerously hurt, but did not suppose the wound would prove fatal. Here is another grievous blow to the good cause."

At this moment, the door was opened by Catesby.

"How is the sufferer?" asked Garnet.

"A slight change for the better appears to have taken place," answered Catesby. "His fever has in some degree abated, and he has sunk into a gentle slumber."

"Can he be removed with safety?" said Garnet; "for, I fear, if he remains here he will fall into the hands of Topcliffe and his crew, who are scouring the country in every direction;" and he recapitulated all he had just stated to Viviana.

Catesby was for some time lost in reflection.

"I am fairly perplexed as to what course it will be best to pursue," he said. "Dangers and difficulties beset us on every side. I am inclined to yield to Miss Radcliffe's request, and proceed to Manchester."

"That will be rushing into the very face of danger," observed Garnet.

"And, therefore, may be the safest plan," said Catesby. "Our adversaries will scarcely suspect us of so desperate a step."

"Perhaps you are in the right, my son," returned Garnet, after a moment's reflection. "At all events, I bow to your judgment."

"The plan is too much in accordance with my own wishes to meet with any opposition on my part," observed Viviana.

"Will you accompany us, father?" said Catesby; "or do you proceed to Gothurst?"

"I will go with you, my son. Miss Radcliffe will need a protector. And, till I have seen her in some place of safety I will not leave her."

"Since we have come to this determination," rejoined Catesby, "as soon as the needful preparations can be made, and Guy Fawkes has had some hours repose, we will set out. Under cover of night we can travel with security; and, by using some exertion, may reach Ordsall Hall, whither, I presume, Miss

Radcliffe would choose to proceed, in the first instance, before daybreak."

"I am well mounted, and so are my attendants," replied Garnet; "and, by the provident care of Sir Everard Digby, each of them has a led horse with him."

"That is well," said Catesby. "And now, Miss Radcliffe, may I entreat you to take my place for a short time by the couch of the sufferer. In a few hours everything shall be in readiness."

He then retired with Garnet, while Viviana proceeded to the adjoining chamber, where she found Guy Fawkes still slumbering tranquilly.

As the evening advanced, he awoke, and expressed himself much refreshed. While he was speaking, Garnet and Catesby approached his bedside, and he appeared overjoyed at the sight of the former. The subject of the journey being mentioned to him, he at once expressed his ready compliance with the arrangement, and only desired that the last rites of his church might be performed for him before he set out.

Garnet informed him that he came for that very purpose; and as soon as they were left alone, he proceeded to the discharge of his priestly duties, confessed and absolved him, giving him the viaticum and the extreme unction. And, lastly, he judged it expedient to administer a powerful opiate, to lull the pain of his wound on the journey.

This done, he summoned Catesby, who, with two of the attendants, raised the couch on which the wounded man was stretched, and conveyed him to the litter. So well was this managed, that Fawkes sustained no injury, and little inconvenience, from the movement. Two strong country vehicles had been procured; the one containing the wounded man's litter, the other the shell, which had been hastily put together, to hold the remains of the unfortunate Sir William Radcliffe. Viviana being placed in the saddle, and Catesby having liberally rewarded the cottagers who had afforded them shelter, the little cavalcade was put in motion. In this way, they journeyed through the night; and shaping their course through Tarporley, Northwich, and Altringham, arrived at daybreak in the neighbourhood of Ordsall Hall.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ELIXIR.

When Viviana first beheld the well-remembered roof and gables of the old mansion peeping from out the grove of trees in which it was embosomed, her heart died away within her. The thought that her father, who had so recently quitted it in the full enjoyment of health, and of every worldly blessing, should be so soon brought back a corpse, was almost too agonizing for endurance. Reflecting, however, that this was no season for

the indulgence of grief, but that she was called upon to act with firmness, she bore up resolutely against her emotion.

Arrived within a short distance of the hall, Catesby caused the little train to halt under the shelter of the trees, while he rode forward to ascertain that they could safely approach it. As he drew near, everything proclaimed that the hand of the spoiler had been there. Crossing the drawbridge, he entered the court, which bore abundant marks of the devastation recently committed. Various articles of furniture, broken, burnt, or otherwise destroyed, were lying scattered about. The glass in the windows was shivered; the doors forced from their hinges; the stone-copings of the walls pushed off; the flower-beds trampled upon; the moat itself was in some places choked up with rubbish, while in others its surface was covered with floating pieces of timber.

Led by curiosity, Catesby proceeded to the spot where the stables had stood. Nothing but a heap of blackened ruins met his gaze. Scarcely one stone was standing on another. The appearance of the place was so desolate and disheartening, that he turned away instantly. Leaving his horse in a shed, he entered the house. Here, again, he encountered fresh ravages. The oak-panels and skirting-boards were torn from the walls; the ceilings pulled down; and the floor lay inch-deep in broken plaster and dust. On ascending to the upper rooms, he found the same disorder. The bannisters of the stairs were broken; the bedsteads destroyed; the roof partially untiled. Every room was thickly strewn with leaves torn from valuable books, with fragments of apparel, and other articles, which the searchers not being able to carry off, had wantonly destroyed.

Having contemplated this scene of havoc for some time, with feelings of the bitterest indignation, Catesby descended to the lower story; and, after searching ineffectually for the domestics, was about to depart, when, turning suddenly, he perceived a man watching him from an adjoining room. Catesby instantly called to him; but, seeing that the fellow disregarded his assurances, and was about to take to his heels, he drew his sword, and threatened him with severe punishment if he attempted to fly. Thus exhorted, the man—who was no other than the younger Heydocks—advanced towards him; and throwing himself at his feet, begged him in the most piteous terms to do him no injury.

“I have already told you I am a friend,” replied Catesby, sheathing his sword.

“Ah! Mr. Catesby, is it you I behold?” cried Martin Heydocks, whose fears had hitherto prevented him from noticing the features of the intruder. “What brings your worship to this ill-fated house?”

“First let me know if there is any enemy about?” replied Catesby.

“None that I am aware of,” rejoined Martin. “Having ran-

sacked the premises, and done all the mischief they could, as you perceive, the miscreants departed the day before yesterday, and I have seen nothing of them since, though I have been constantly on the watch. The only alarm I have had was that occasioned by your worship just now."

"Are you alone here?" demanded Catesby.

"No, your worship," answered Martin. "There are several of the servants concealed in a secret passage under the house. But they are so terrified by what has lately happened, that they never dare show themselves, except during the night-time."

"I do not wonder at it," replied Catesby.

"And now may I inquire whether your worship brings any tidings of Sir William Radcliffe, and Mistress Viviana?" rejoined Martin. "I hope no ill has befallen them. My father, old Jerome Heydocke, set out to Holywell, a few days ago, to apprise them of their danger, and I have not heard of them since."

"Sir William Radcliffe is dead," replied Catesby. "The villains have murdered him. Your father is a prisoner."

"Alas! alas!" cried the young man, bursting into tears; "these are fearful times to live in. What will become of us all?"

"We must rise against the oppressor," replied Catesby, sternly. "Bite the heel that tramples upon us."

"We must," rejoined Martin. "And, if my poor arm could avail, it should not be slow to strike."

"Manfully resolved!" cried Catesby, who never lost an opportunity of gaining a proselyte. "I will point out to you a way by which you may accomplish what you desire. But we will talk of this hereafter. Hoard up your vengeance till the fitting moment for action arrives."

He then proceeded to explain to the young man, who was greatly surprised by the intelligence, that Miss Radcliffe was at hand, and that the body of Sir William had been brought thither for interment in the family vault at the Collegiate Church. Having ascertained that there was a chamber, which, having suffered less than the others, might serve for Viviana's accommodation, Catesby returned to the party.

Perhaps a more melancholy cavalcade was never seen than now approached the gates of Ordsall Hall. First rode Viviana, in an agony of tears, for her grief had by this time become absolutely uncontrollable, with Catesby on foot, leading her horse. Next came Garnet, greatly exhausted, and depressed; his eyes cast dejectedly on the ground. Then came the litter, containing Guy Fawkes; and, lastly, the vehicle with the body of Sir William Radcliffe. On arriving at the gate, Viviana was met by two female servants, whom Martin Heydocke had summoned from their hiding-places; and, as soon as she had dismounted, she was supported, for she was scarcely able to walk unaided, to the chamber destined for her reception. This done, Catesby proceeded, with some anxiety, to superintend the

removal of Fawkes, who was perfectly insensible. His wound had bled considerably during the journey; but the effusion had stopped, when the faintness supervened. He was placed in one of the lower rooms till a sleeping-chamber could be prepared for him. The last task was to attend to the remains of the late unfortunate possessor of the mansion. By Catesby's directions a large oak table, which had once stood in the midst of the great hall, was removed to the Star Chamber, already described as the principal room of the house; and, being securely propped up,—for, like the rest of the furniture, it had been much damaged by the spoilers, though, being of substantial material, it offered greater resistance to their efforts,—the shell containing the body was placed upon it.

“Better he lies thus,” exclaimed Catesby, when the melancholy office was completed, “than live to witness the wreck around him. Fatal as are these occurrences,” he added, pursuing the train of thought suggested by the scene, “they are yet favourable to my purpose. The only person who could have prevented my union with Viviana Radcliffe—her father—lies there. Who would have thought when she rejected my proposal a few days ago, in this very room, how fortune would conspire—and by what dark and inscrutable means—to bring it about! Fallen as it is, this house is not yet fallen so low, but I can reinstate it. Its young mistress mine, her estates mine,—for she is now inheritress of all her father's possessions,—the utmost reach of my ambition were gained, and all but *one* object of my life—for which I have dared so much, and struggled so long—achieved!”

“What are you thinking of, my son?” asked Garnet, who had watched the changing expression of his sombre countenance,—“what are you thinking of?” he said, tapping him on the shoulder.

“Of that which is never absent from my thoughts, father—the great design,” replied Catesby; “and of the means of its accomplishment, which this sad scene suggests.”

“I do not understand you, my son,” rejoined the other.

“Does not the blood which has there been shed cry aloud for vengeance?” said Catesby; “and, think you that that slaughtered man's child will be deaf to the cry? No, father, she will no longer tamely submit to wrongs that would steel the gentlest bosom, and make firm the feeblest arm, but will go hand and heart with us in our project. Viviana must be mine,” he added, altering his tone, “*ours*, I should say,—for, if she is mine, all the vast possessions which have accrued to her by her father's death shall be devoted to the furtherance of the mighty enterprise.”

“I cannot think she will refuse you now, my son,” said Garnet.

“She *shall not* refuse me, father,” rejoined Catesby. “The time is gone by for idle wooing.”

“I will be no party to forcible measures, my son,” returned

Garnet, gravely. "As far as persuasion goes, I will lend you every assistance in my power, but nothing further."

"Persuasion is all that will be required, I am assured, father," said Catesby hastily, perceiving he had committed himself too far. "But let us now see what can be done for Guy Fawkes."

"Would that there were any hope of his life!" exclaimed Garnet, sighing deeply. "In losing him, we lose the bravest of our band."

"We do," returned Catesby. "And yet he has been subject to strange fancies of late."

"He has been appalled, but never shaken," said Garnet. "Of all our number, the only two upon whom I could rely were yourself and Fawkes. When he is gone, you will stand alone."

"There is no danger he would have undertaken that I will not as readily encounter, father," replied Catesby.

"I doubt it not, my son. Let us go to him. And be not downcast. He has an iron frame. While life lasts there is ever hope."

Catesby shook his head doubtfully, and led the way in silence to the chamber where the wounded man lay. He had regained his consciousness, but was too feeble to speak. After such restoratives as were at hand had been administered, Catesby was about to order a room to be fitted up for him, when Viviana, whose anxiety for the sufferer had overcome her affliction, made her appearance.

On learning Catesby's intentions, she insisted upon Fawkes being removed to the room allotted to her, which had not been dismantled like the rest. Seeing it was in vain to oppose her, Catesby assented, and the sufferer was accordingly carried thither, and placed within the bed—a large antique piece of furniture, hung with faded damask curtains. The room was one of the oldest in the house, and at the further end stood a small closet, approached by an arched doorway, and fitted up with a cushion and crucifix, which, strange to say, had escaped the vigilance of the searchers. Placed within the couch, Guy Fawkes began to ramble as before about the conspiracy, and fearing his ravings might awaken the suspicion of the servants, Catesby would not suffer any of them to come near him, but arranged with Garnet to keep watch over him by turns. By degrees, he became more composed; and after dozing a little, opened his eyes, and, looking round, inquired anxiously for his sword. At first Catesby, who was alone with him at the time, hesitated in his answer, but seeing he appeared greatly disturbed, he showed him that his hat, gauntlets, and rapier were lying by the bedside.

"I am content," replied the wounded man, smiling faintly; "that sword has never left my side, waking or sleeping, for thirty years. Let me grasp it once more — perhaps for the last time."

Catesby handed him the weapon. He looked at it for a few moments, and pressed the blade to his lips.

"Farewell, old friend!" he said, a tear gathering in his eye, "farewell! Catesby," he added, as he resigned the weapon to him, "I have one request to make. Let that sword be buried with me."

"It shall," replied Catesby, in a voice suffocated by emotion, for the request touched him where his stern nature was most accessible: "I will place it by you myself."

"Thanks!" exclaimed Fawkes; and soon after this, he again fell into a slumber.

His sleep endured for some hours; but his breathing grew fainter and fainter, so that at the last it was scarcely perceptible. A striking change had likewise taken place in his countenance, and these signs convinced Catesby he had not long to live. While he was watching him with great anxiety, Viviana appeared at the door of the chamber, and beckoned him out. Noiselessly obeying the summons, and following her along the gallery, he entered a room in which he found Garnet.

"I have called you to say that a remedy has been suggested to me by Martin Heydocke," observed Viviana, "by which I trust Guy Fawkes may yet be saved."

"How?" asked Catesby, eagerly.

"Doctor Dee, the warden of Manchester, of whom you must have heard," she continued, "is said to possess an elixir of such virtue, that a few drops of it will snatch him who drinks them from the very jaws of death."

"I should not have suspected you of so much credulity, Miss Radcliffe," replied Catesby: "but grant that Doctor Dee possesses this marvellous elixir—which for my own part I doubt—how are we to obtain it?"

"If you will repair to the college, and see him, I doubt not he will give it you," said Viviana.

Catesby smiled incredulously.

"I have a claim upon Doctor Dee," she persisted, "which I have never enforced. I will now use it. Show him this token," she continued, detaching a small ornament from her neck; "tell him you bring it from me, and I doubt not he will comply with your request."

"Your commands shall be obeyed, Miss Radcliffe," replied Catesby; "but I frankly confess I have no faith in the remedy."

"It is at least worth the trial, my son," observed Garnet. "Doctor Dee is a wonderful person, and has made many discoveries in medicine, as in other sciences, and this marvellous specific may, for aught we know, turn out no imposture."

"If such is your opinion," replied Catesby, "I will set out at once. If it is to be tried at all, it must be without delay. The poor sufferer is sinking fast."

"Go then," cried Viviana, "and heaven speed your mission! If you could prevail upon Doctor Dee to visit the wounded

man in person, I should prefer it. Besides, I have another request to make of him — but that will do hereafter. Lose not a moment now."

"I will fly on the wings of the wind," replied Catesby. "Heaven grant that when I return the object of our solicitude may not be past all human aid!"

With this, he hurried to an out-building in which the horses were placed, and choosing the strongest and fleetest from out their number, mounted, and started at full gallop in the direction of Manchester; nor did he relax his speed until he reached the gates of the ancient College. Hanging the bridle of his smoking steed to a hook in the wall, he crossed the large quadrangular court; and finding the principal entrance open, passed the lofty room now used as the refectory, ascended the flight of stone stairs that conducts the modern visiter to the library, and was traversing the long galleries communicating with it, and now crowded with the learning of ages, when he encountered a grave but crafty-looking personage, in a loose brown robe, and Polish cap, who angrily demanded his business.

Apologizing for the intrusion, Catesby was about to explain, when a small oak door near them was partly opened, and an authoritative voice, from within, exclaimed, "Do not hinder him, Kelley. I know his business, and will see him."

The seer made no further remark, but pointing to the door, Catesby at once comprehended that it was Dee's voice he had heard; and, though somewhat startled by the intimation that he was expected, entered the room. He found the Doctor surrounded by his magical apparatus, and slowly returning to the chair he had just quitted.

Without looking behind him to see whom he addressed, Dee continued, "I have just consulted my show-stone, and know why you are come hither. You bring a token from Miss Radcliffe."

"I do," replied Catesby, in increased astonishment. "It is here."

"It is needless to produce it," replied Dee, still keeping his back towards him. "I have seen it already. Kelley," he continued, "I am about to set out for Ordsall Hall immediately. You must accompany me."

"Amazement!" cried Catesby. "Is the purpose of my visit then really known to your reverence?"

"You shall hear," rejoined Dee, facing him. "You have a friend who is at the point of death, and having heard that I possess an elixir of wonderful efficacy, are come in quest of it."

"True," replied Catesby, utterly confounded.

"The name of that friend," pursued Dee, regarding him fixedly, "is Guy Fawkes,—your own, Robert Catesby."

"I need no more to convince me, reverend sir," rejoined Catesby, trembling, in spite of himself, "that all I have heard of your wonderful powers falls far short of the truth."

"You are but just in time," replied Dee, bowing gravely,

in acknowledgment of the compliment. "Another hour, and it would have been too late."

"Then you think he will live!" cried Catesby, eagerly.

"I am sure of it," replied Dee, "provided—"

"Provided what?" interrupted Catesby. "Is there aught I can do to insure his recovery?"

"No," replied Dee, sternly. "I am debating within myself whether it is worth while reviving him for a more dreadful fate."

"What mean you, reverend sir?" asked Catesby, a shade passing over his countenance.

"You understand my meaning, and therefore need no explanation," replied Dee. "Return to Ordsall Hall, and tell Miss Radcliffe I will be there in an hour. Bid her have no further fear. If the wounded man breathes when I arrive, I will undertake to cure him. Add further, that I know the other request she desires to make of me, and that it is granted before it is asked. Farewell, sir, for a short time."

On reaching the court, Catesby expanded his chest, shook his limbs, and exclaimed, "At length, I breathe freely. The atmosphere of that infernal chamber smelt so horribly of sulphur that it almost stifled me. Well, if Doctor Dee has not dealings with the devil, man never had! However, if he cures Guy Fawkes, I care not whence the medicine comes from."

As he descended Smithy Bank, and was about to cross the old bridge over the Irwell, he perceived a man riding before him, who seemed anxious to avoid him. Struck by this person's manner, he urged his horse into a quicker pace, and being the better mounted of the two, soon overtook him, when to his surprise he found it was Martin Heydocke.

"What are you doing here, sirrah?" he demanded.

"I have been sent by Mistress Viviana with a message to Master Humphrey Chetham," replied the young man, in great confusion.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Catesby, angrily. "And how dared you convey a message to him, without consulting me on the subject?"

"I was not aware you were my master," replied Martin, sulkily. "If I owe obedience to any one, it is to Master Chetham, whose servant I am. But if Mistress Viviana gives me a message to deliver, I will execute her commands, whoever may be pleased, or displeased."

"I did but jest, thou saucy knave," returned Catesby, who did not desire to offend him. "Here is a piece of money for thee. Now, if it be no secret, what was Miss Radcliffe's message to thy master?"

"I know not what her letter contained," replied Martin; "but his answer was, that he would come to the hall at nightfall."

"It is well I ascertained this," thought Catesby, and he added aloud, "I understood your master had been arrested and imprisoned."

"So he was," replied Martin; "but he had interest enough with the Commissioners to procure his liberation."

"Enough," replied Catesby, and striking spurs into his charger, he dashed off.

A quarter of an hour's hard riding brought him to the hall, and, on arriving there, he proceeded at once to the wounded man's chamber, where he found Viviana and Garnet.

"Have you succeeded in your errand?" cried the former, eagerly. "Will Doctor Dee come, or has he sent the elixir?"

"He will bring it himself," replied Catesby.

Viviana uttered an exclamation of joy, and the sound appeared to reach the ears of the sufferer, for he stirred, and groaned faintly.

"Doctor Dee desired me to tell you, Miss Radcliffe," said Catesby, drawing her aside, and speaking in a low tone, "that your other request was granted."

Viviana looked surprised, and as if she did not clearly understand him.

"Might he not refer to Master Humphrey Chetham?" continued Catesby, somewhat maliciously.

"Ah! you have learnt from Martin Heydocke that I have written to him," returned Viviana, blushing deeply. "What I was about to ask of Doctor Dee had no reference to Master Chetham. It was to request permission to privately inter my father's remains in our family vault in the Collegiate Church. But, how did he know I had any request to make?"

"That passes my comprehension," replied Catesby, "unless he obtained his information from his familiar spirits."

Shortly after this, Doctor Dee and Kelley arrived at the hall. Catesby met them at the gate, and conducted them to the wounded man's chamber. Coldly saluting Garnet, whom he eyed with suspicion, and bowing respectfully to Viviana, the Doctor slowly advanced to the bedside. He gazed for a short time at the wounded man, and folded his arms thoughtfully upon his breast. The eyes of the sufferer were closed, and his lips slightly apart, but no breath seemed to issue from them. His bronzed complexion had assumed the ghastly hue of death, and his strongly-marked features had become fixed and rigid. His black hair, stiffened and caked with blood, escaped from the bandages around his head, and hung in elf-locks on the pillow. It was a piteous spectacle. And Doctor Dee appeared much moved by it.

"The worst is over," he muttered: "why recall the spirit to its wretched tenement?"

"If you can save him, reverend sir, do not hesitate;" implored Viviana.

"I am come hither for that purpose," replied Dee; "but I must have no other witness to the experiment except yourself, and my attendant Kelley."

"I do not desire to be present, reverend sir," replied Viviana;

"but I will retire into that closet, and pray that your remedy may prevail."

"My prayers for the same end shall be offered in the adjoining room," observed Garnet. And taking Catesby's arm, who seemed spell-bound by curiosity, he dragged him away.

The door closed, and Viviana withdrawn into the closet, where she knelt down before the crucifix, Doctor Dee seated himself on the bedside; and taking a gourd-shaped bottle, filled with a clear sparkling liquid, from beneath his robe, he raised it to his eyes with his left hand, while he placed his right on the wrist of the wounded man. In this attitude he continued for a few seconds, while Kelley, with his arms folded, likewise kept his gaze fixed on the phial. At the expiration of that time, Dee, who had apparently counted the pulsations of the sufferer, took out the glass stopper from the bottle, the contents of which diffused a pungent odour around; and wetting a small piece of linen with it, applied it to his temples. He then desired Kelley to raise his head, and poured a few drops down his throat. This done, he waited a few minutes, and repeated the application.

"Look!" he cried to Kelley. "The elixir already begins to operate. His chest heaves. His limbs shiver. That flush upon the cheek, and that dampness on the brow, denote that the animal heat is restored. A third dose will accomplish the cure."

"I can already feel his heart palpitate," observed Kelley, placing his hand on the patient's breast.

"Heaven be praised!" ejaculated Viviana, who had suspended her devotions to listen.

"Hold him tightly," cried Dee to his assistant, "while I administer the third dose. He may injure himself by his struggles."

Kelley obeyed, and twined his arms tightly round the wounded man. And, fortunate it was that the precaution was taken; for, no sooner was the elixir poured down his throat than his chest began to labour violently, his eyes opened; and, raising himself bolt-upright, he struggled violently to break from the hold imposed upon him. This he would have effected, if Dee had not likewise lent his aid to prevent him.

"This is, indeed, a wonderful sight!" cried Miss Radcliffe, who had quitted the closet, and now gazed on, in awe and astonishment. "I can never be sufficiently thankful to you, reverend sir."

"Give thanks to Him to whom alone they are due," replied Dee. "Summon your friends. They may now resume their posts. My task is accomplished."

Catesby and Garnet being called into the room, could scarcely credit their senses when they beheld Guy Fawkes, who by this time had ceased struggling, reclining on Kelley's shoulder, and, except a certain wildness in the eye, and cadaverousness of hue, looking as he was wont to do.

THE CONTRABANDISTA.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

EVENING had just begun to set in, when a long train of mules, heavily laden, obedient to the voice of their arrieros, stopped with one accord before the door of a venta, between Castile and Andalusia. The hostel was isolated, but in spite of its miserable appearance, was a place of great resort. In front, rising to a considerable elevation, was seen one of those wells, called in India Persian wheels, for raising water, whose simple construction dates from the time of the Moors, and whose machinery is set in motion by a mule, who, blindfolded, keeps pacing in the same circle.

The caravan had just crossed the desolate plains of La Mancha, the monotonous track of which is relieved by no species of vegetation. They seemed enveloped in an atmosphere of dust and flame. Men and beasts were covered with the red and argillaceous dust, and all expressed, each in his own way, delight at having reached their destination after the toils of the day.

But the barking of half a dozen dogs, chained on both sides of the door, was the only welcome which the travellers received. No one passed the threshold to do the honours of the house; and the mayoral, or head of the caravan, without appearing in the least surprised at this want of hospitality, prepared to make his way at once into the house by the narrow passage left between the Cerberuses.

"Gracias a Dio!" said he, leaping nimbly from his palfrey, and walking straight to a wicket in the great portal of the venta, which being already unbarred, he led in his horse, and all the mules followed, one by one, in the same order which they had kept during the march, and then, like a well-drilled troop of dragoons, ranged themselves in line, their necks outstretched, and waiting patiently to be relieved of their burthens. The mule-drivers, and some travellers, who had for mutual security joined the convoy, closed the cavalcade; and, as soon as they had all entered, the door was as carefully shut and bolted as before,—for the night had now completely closed in.

The description of the interior of the venta will give an exact idea of the inns in Spain, or rather "refuges," as they might more properly be called, established by the contributions of the pious, or by the vanity of some high and mighty dons, and which have often been compared to the caravanseras of the East.

This interior consists of a single apartment, a vast barn, whose raftered roof rests upon three ranges of square stone pillars. The light of day is only admitted by some openings cut out of the wall, resembling loop-holes in a fortress, and these so narrow, that at mid-day the eye must be habituated to the twilight before it can distinguish the objects within. Men, beasts, and their burthens, have all the same accommodation; and it has often happened that this spacious domicile has contained more than a hundred travellers, and double or triple the number of mules and horses. These latter are fastened on both sides of the wall. They are heard, however, rather than seen; for the windows, innocent of glass, are so placed, that the light can only penetrate to the middle of the room, and the two

extremities are in utter darkness. Near the door are ranged the different vehicles of the country, "galeras;" and here and there about the pillars, the baggage and trunks of the different caravans are disposed. Opposite to the door, in the midst of a little paved hearth, the fire of hospitality is kept constantly alight. The smoke escapes how it can, either by the narrow loop-holes, or by the chinks between the rafters and the roof, for chimney there is none.

One partition only exists in the corner of this barn. It is, as it were, a hut within a house, an asylum reserved for the landlord and his family. Against this, upon some thick planks of wood, are ranged with great regularity some enormous vessels of red earthenware, which, to avoid the trouble of constantly fetching water from the well, contain some days' provision for the animals, whilst water of a better description, in vases of a lighter kind of clay, unbaked, is carefully stowed away for the use of the guests at the venta.

It was in this splendid apartment, and as near to the fire as they could contrive to get, that the new arrivals formed a group. A great many others had already taken up their quarters, stretched at full length in their cloaks or blankets, the only beds in the hostelry, or were seated cross-legged in the Eastern fashion round long tables on the ground, and taking their frugal meal from the provisions which they had brought with them, for none were to be obtained in the place.

"Ave Maria Santissima!" was the salutation of the company. "Good evening, caballeros; may God bless your repast!" the reply. This exchange of greetings is common even among the lowest ranks. Many invited the new comers to partake of their supper; for Arab hospitality is still kept up in that land, so long emancipated from their yoke; and no good Spaniard thinks of eating or drinking without inviting those around him, often even the passers by, to partake of his meal.

These compliments having been exchanged on both sides, a profound silence reigned in the venta; and, thanks to the darkness, we might almost fancy ourselves in complete solitude, were it not for the monotonous noise which so many bipeds and quadrupeds made in eating.

Close to the fire, which, being now replenished, flashed full on their faces, were a group that particularly attracted my attention. It consisted of three persons, a girl and two youths, all of a beauty so remarkable, that even in that land, where it is so common, I never saw it equalled. The girl, whose name was Margarita, was about sixteen or seventeen; but, owing to that climate, where females arrive at maturity at an earlier period, she was, and had been some time, a woman, and offered at once the most striking contrast between infantine gaiety and coquetry. She was of middle height; her large black eyes sparkled with a virginal candour, though they at times expressed the energy of passion; less, as it appeared, the result of present than the prognostic of future emotions. I have spoken of her eyes, and you must excuse my speaking of them still; they shone from under their long brown lashes and thick brows, like the sun through a dark cloud.

The complexion of this young Andalusian was very different from that on which English women so much pride themselves. It was pale, and clear, and brown, and set off by tresses of a jetty black.

“An Arab horse—a stately stag—a barb
New broke—a cameleopard—a gazelle—”

No — none of them will do by way of comparison — no simile will define or liken her ; but I never saw the like.

I must now introduce you to the cousin. He was about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age, with an open countenance and a happy *insouciance*. His features were regular ; his eyes resembled a brazier, which at every instant threw out sparkles of fire ; he had also raven-black hair, and a complexion dark as a Moor. For an Andalusian, he was taller than they usually are, and wore the elegant cabas commonly in use in that province. The “*retecilla*,” or net of green silk, fitted closely to the head, from which, however, some few locks escaped ; his short jacket was of velvet, ornamented with ribands, and enlaced with silver buttons ; a handkerchief of red silk, negligently tied about his neck, fastened his shirt of coarse linen over his ample chest ; a scarf, or girdle, also of red silk, encircled his waist in many folds, and half hid a purse and a poniard ; tight breeches, of a coarse brown cloth, scarcely covered his knees ; and gaiters and leathern shoes of yellow morocco completed the costume of the young Maio.

The brother of Margarita was some years older, and had a serious and determined look, as though he had led an adventurous life, and followed the profession, common in the country, of a contrabandista. Such, indeed, he was.

In the course of the evening, the young Maio asked for a guitar, and said, “Gentlemen, shall I sing you the *Tragala*?” The “*Tragala*” is in Spain what the “*Ca ira*” was in the First French Revolution, or the *Marsellais*.

Margarita pointed to one of the pillars, against which were suspended by a peg a pair of cavalry boots.

“Well,” said he, with a burst of laughter, “what then?” — “What then!” she replied. “They may belong to — ; he may not be one of ours.”

“No matter,” said Alvas.

“Pray,” said Margarita, with a voice that trembled, “do not, for the sake of a song, run the risk of a quarrel.”

But Alvas tuned his instrument, and with his fine sonorous voice thundered out the *Tragala*, in which many of the party joined chorus. It was received with enthusiasm,—and after the bravos had subsided,

“Success,” said Alvas, “to the arms of Christino, and damnation to the Pretender !”

Scarcely had he spoken the words, when one of the guests advanced towards Alvas. He was a man of forty years of age, of a commanding stature and military air, and was enveloped in a cloak that had seen many a campaign. He was, in fact, returning from his furlough to the head-quarters of Don Carlos.

“It is said that we cannot resist our destiny. At all events we are often in a mood to brave it, or to yield to the impulse of our passions, little caring for the consequences. The satirist has often lost his best friend by an irresistible *bon mot*, or epigram ; the caricaturist by a sketch. A look of scorn, or a hasty word, which cannot be recalled, or which pride forbids us to retract, have led to many a scene of bloodshed. So with this officer.

Eyeing the company with a look of scorn, he said, "I will allow no one in my presence to be wanting in respect to our legitimate sovereign!"

"Legitimate sovereign, indeed!" muttered Alvas, and then, "The Constitution for ever! Down with the Pretender!" he vociferated, his voice rising to *fortissimo* under the fiery impulse of his feelings.

"Who are you," demanded the Captain, "that you venture to talk thus?"

"My name," said the young man, rising, "is Alvas."

"Alvas," replied the other. "I know that name. If I mistake not, you once attacked an escort which I commanded. You are a contrabandist and a brigand."

"Liar!" retorted Alvas. "You shall answer for this."

At these words Margarita sprang from the ground, and threw her arms about Alvas, crying, "Jesu Maria! Alvas, be calm! Think of me." Alvas, however, shaking her off, and, tearing the *reticilla* from his head, and throwing it down on the floor with violence, struck the officer a blow that nearly felled him to the ground.

He who has not experienced, can scarcely conceive what a terrible effect a blow produces. That flesh, grating against your flesh, seems, as it were, to tear your heart out. You feel the blood curdle within you—the fire of shame consumes you. The stain of such a degradation can only be washed out with blood.

Several of the party now got up, and separated the infuriate pair.

"To-morrow," muttered the officer, grinding his teeth.

"To-morrow be it," repeated Alvas.

Silence was again restored, only interrupted by the snoring of the guests, that formed a concert on all sides. Whether Alvas and the officer joined in it I know not; but the recollection of the scene I have described, of the blow, and the reply, might well disturb their slumbers.

At daybreak, as the caravan was preparing, in maritime phrase, to get under weigh, I observed the officer parading backwards and forwards before the inn, in the midst of the muleteers busily engaged in saddling the horses and loading the beasts of burthen. He was at times muttering to himself curses against the Christinos. He was waiting for Alvas, sword in hand; and the whole of the company at the inn, after the line was formed, were talking in groups, and lingering in expectation of the duel, which they knew to be inevitable. Alvas soon made his appearance, accompanied by Margarita and her brother. The timid and frightened girl was clinging to her lover. But as soon as he saw his adversary he threw her off.

"Back, girl!" he said. "Hold her." Then turning to the officer, he said to him, "We have an account to settle. Make a circle," said he to the caballeros. "Every one his own arms."

With these words he threw his mantle from off his shoulder, and rolling it round his left arm, the poniard in his right, he rushed at his antagonist. The officer could not but be aware how critical was the situation in which he stood. Wherever he turned his eyes he saw none but hostile faces and threatening looks.

Being an inhabitant of Andalusia, where he had served for some years, he was known to several of the party, among the rest, to the

brother of Margarita, as having shown great activity in the apprehension of smugglers and bandits; and, consequently, was more detested on that account than as a partisan of Don Carlos. It might be supposed that one who had declared himself openly an enemy to the Constitution, and the existing Government, would have incurred risk to his personal liberty in declaring such political opinions; but as the civil war had only just broke out, and the priests were (there were several among the assembled travellers) secretly, if not openly, friendly to the cause he espoused, and advocates for the ancient state of things, no grounds existed for such an apprehension. He ran much more danger, even if a victor in the strife, from the dagger of the kinsman of Margarita. But no such thoughts did he entertain, or if they for a moment crossed his mind, the recollection of his stinging insult, loyalty to his sovereign, in whose cause he had received it, and the disgrace and shame of submitting to the indignity, and leaving it unavenged, nerved his arm with resolution to abide the conflict.

An old friar made an attempt to stop the effusion of blood; but on all sides a cry was heard, "Let them alone! Let them fight it out!" A circle was now formed about the two combatants; the brother of Margarita vociferating that whoever presumed to interfere should be responsible to him for the attempt. As for poor Margarita, without seeming to be terror-struck, as a young person of her age under such circumstances would naturally have been, she was seen on her knees in a corner of the building, praying fervently to the "Santa Virgen,"—not to separate the combatants, but to preserve the life of her cousin. Still it might be perceived, that this scene, had it not been for the interest she felt for one of the combatants, would have caused her no particular astonishment or terror.

The daughter of the innkeeper was at her side, endeavouring to comfort her by her caresses; and from time to time turning her head round with a female curiosity to observe how the duel proceeded. With that tact, which all women have, she calmly perceived the cause of Margarita's anxiety as to the issue of the conflict, and not conceiving that she could have any other fear than that of losing her lover, kept calling out with wild and almost savage accents—

"Courage, my angel!—never fear, my dear little innocent! The officer will be killed. Alvas will not have a hair of his head injured. I have seen many affairs of this kind. With a good poniard a man has nothing to fear from a sabre. Let him say his last Ave Maria, — the poor officer! — if he knows it by heart. And yet it is a pity such a handsome Don, but Alvas is handsome too; and then he is a Christino."

Whilst the women were thus engaged the fight became more and more animated. The officer, who was an excellent fencer, as well as swordsman, at first kept upon the defensive, following with his eye, and the point of his sword, every movement of the young Maio; but he rendered all his science of no avail by his manner of fighting. Now turning with the nimbleness of a cat round and round him; now standing motionless, or bending almost to the ground, his left arm in front; and, unrolling the ample folds of the mantle in which he was enveloped, whilst, behind this sort of curtain, his right hand invisibly brandished his long and formidable poniard.

At last, impatient of being kept so long in check, the officer assumed the offensive, and pressed his adversary, attacking him with fury.

"He is done for," said an old Torres, as he looked on, *con amore*. "It is all over with Alvas." Such, in fact, it would have appeared; but by a feint, Alvas all of a sudden let fall his cloak. The officer lifted his arm to cut him down, and at that instant fell to the earth. One groan, and all was over. The dropping of the cloak was, as I said, a feint in order to persuade his enemy to put himself off his guard; and, with the rapidity of lightning he had run in upon him, and buried his poniard to the hilt in his stomach. So great the force with which the blow was struck that Alvas' thick cloak, transfixed by the dagger before it reached the side of his adversary, was pinned to the wound.

"May God have mercy on his soul!" said the murderer, making a sign of the cross, and turning with a look of pity away from his fallen antagonist.

"Come, Alvas," said the brother of Margarita; "what is done is done. It was a glorious victory. And now, have a care of yourself: I see some carabineers at the top of the hill. Take my horse. Time presses. Take leave of Margarita, and away."

At the name of Margarita, Alvas made a step towards her; but stopping of a sudden. "No," said he, "not with these hands of blood. No. Adieu, adieu! Margarita—dear Margarita! fare thee well!" Springing on his horse, he put his spurs into its sides, and for some minutes the profound silence kept by the witnesses of this scene of blood was only broken by the gallop of the horse, till lost in the distance.

At last the trot of the carabineers was heard, and the rattling of their sabres. The caravan was in motion. Margarita, still on her knees, thanked the "Santa Virgen," in tears, for having given the victory to Alvas, including in her prayers the name of the officer; whilst the girl of the inn related circumstantially all the details of the struggle. The corpse was placed on a hurdle, and carried by the soldiers to the nearest village for interment.

With Margarita and her brother, I soon overtook the caravan."

AN ASPIRATION FOR PLACE.

If kisses be the coin of Love,
The die sweet woman's rosy mouth,
Found still on earth, where'er we rove,
Or east, or west, or north, or south,

Let Statesmen on to glory plod,
And climb Ambition's paths of flint;
I only wish the little God
Would make me master of his mint.

B. J. M.

THE JOLLY MILLER.

A FRAGMENT.

It was a sultry day in the month of July, and there was scarcely wind enough to blow a thistle down.

Little urchins, with red faces, were chasing the butterflies, jacket-in-hand; while some tried in vain to raise their paper-kites, running in every direction of the compass; but both Æolus and Boreas seemed out of breath, and they could not compass their design.

Lolling indolently at the foot of his mill-steps stood a stout miller whistling merrily, when a stranger, who had been for some time slowly toiling up the hill, accosted him.

"Why dost thou whistle, friend?" said he.

"For lack of wind," replied the miller abruptly; and the stranger smiled at the paradoxical reply.

"Thou art short—" continued he.

"Some six feet, at any rate," answered the miller, drawing himself up.

"Thou'rt a merry soul."

"Merry?—pshaw!—flat as a cask of unbunged ale—no!—that's windy—rather like an unblown bladder, for that's flat for the same reason,—want of wind."

"Then thou art only in spirits when thy mill's going like a race-horse."

"That's a bad comparison," said the miller; "for my mill only goes when it's *blown*,—and that's just when a horse stops."

"True; I should have said an ass, for that, too, goes the better for a blow."

"Thou hast hit it," said the miller, laughing; "and I shall henceforth never see a donkey without thinking——"

"Of me?" anticipated the stranger, joining in the laugh. "Surely," continued he, "thine is a happy vocation. Thy situation, too, is so much above the richest of thy neighbours,—nay, even the great lord of the manor himself must look little from the height thou beholdest him."

"Why, yes," replied the miller; "and, although I be not a proud man, I look down upon all; for not only the peasant, but the squire, is beneath me. 'Tis true, like another tradesman, I depend upon my *sails* for a livelihood; but I draw all my money from the farmer's *till*: and then, all the hungry look up to me for their *meal*."

"How grateful ought all to be for thy favours!"

"Ay, indeed; for, where would be either the highest or the lowest *bread* without my exertions? To be sure, if they be ungrateful I can give them the sack!"

"Every mouth ought to be filled with the miller's praise," said the stranger.

"Certainly," added the miller; "for every mouth would be imperfect without the *grinders*."

Here they both joined in a hearty laugh; and the jolly miller, finding the stranger's opinions and sentiments so flatteringly in unison with his own, gave him an invitation to taste his malt, while they conversed upon his meal.

H. W.

VISIT TO THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS, IN BRAZIL.

THE first view of the town of Rio de Janeiro is far from prepossessing. The streets are exceedingly narrow and dirty, the houses low, and of the most primitive forms, and altogether destitute of symmetry or architecture. The palace is a large, ugly building, possessing as little interest as the smaller habitations. A few soldiers were on guard, or rather lounging at the palace-gate; two sentries sauntered to and fro with a listless, sleepy air; the butt-end of their muskets over their shoulders, and a paper cigar in each of their mouths. The officer's sword was not drawn, although on duty; but, in lieu of the cold steel, he grasped a pipe of peace. At this moment a female slave passed with a large pitcher of water upon her head. "Agoa," cried out the officer, and, taking the earthenware vase, he took a long draught, saying, "Muyto obrigado," and again resumed his laborious duties at the gate of the palace. I soon after arrived at the fruit-market. Black girls, dressed in white, with red turbans, and long gold earrings, were sitting cross-legged on each side of the market, and before them lay the produce of the banana and the orange-tree, with figs, grapes, pines, and sweet lemons. A little further on they were selling sugar-canes cut into small portions, which looked less tempting than anything else in the market. All these women were playing upon a sort of small viola, an instrument they make themselves, and the sound of which is far less discordant than a first view would seem to promise. It is made of deal wood, with three little iron bars, not unlike a mousetrap.

There are some large, dull-looking squares in Rio; but the only tolerable street is the Rua d'Ouvidor, the abode of the French colony. Here you find *coiffeurs*, *modistes*, *bibliothèques*, *orfèvres*, and every other trade; but the prices for French produce are exorbitant, nearly two-thirds dearer than in Paris. I then visited the custom-house and several churches, all very inferior buildings, and worthy of no sort of remark. After dinner the streets were tolerably full. The green casements of all the windows were half open, and women's faces were peeping out slyly, or receiving visits at the windows of the Rez de Chaussée. At nearly every house the tinkling sound of some sort of guitar or viola is heard, of which there are at least twenty different kinds.

After two days' sojourn in the town of Rio, I departed on a visit to an uncle, who had an estate in the Organ Mountains, at the distance of sixty miles from the town. Here I remained some months, and was enabled to form some opinion of the society and manners of the landholders and inhabitants of the interior of the country. At six in the morning I was booted and spurred ready for my departure to the Fazenda de St. Anna,—all the estates being called "fazendas." The first part of the journey is performed by water—a boat leaving Rio for Piedade daily. The boat was light, with a thick, substantial awning, manned by aborigines, and steered by an Italian from Genoa. My only companion was a Portuguese, who devoured *bons-bons* for two hours, and then resigned himself to sleep. We passed many beautiful islands, on which the cocoa-tree, and fruits, and flowers, were growing in wild luxuriance. Some of these isles have been built upon, which has by no means improved their otherwise romantic appearance. One

is covered with ill-constructed, daubed yellow houses, belonging to the citizens and rentiers of Rio. When we arrived at the little village of Piedade, we landed, and I found my uncle's guide and two mules in readiness to conduct me to the fazenda. The guide was one of the sharpest-looking boys I ever saw, perfectly black, with a very Mephistopheles expression. He wore a white turban, and Turkish white trousers, gold earrings, and no shoes or stockings. He went by the name of the Black Dwarf, and has made himself famous, as I afterwards learned, by a variety of exploits. Two years before he had run away to Gongo with a little black girl, and had committed several daring robberies, for which he had been branded on both sides of his face.

On arriving at Trieschal, at the foot of the Organ Mountain, we halted for the night at an inn by the roadside. There was only one room, in which were nine beds; but I was lucky in having one all to myself, together with the furniture, consisting of a block for a table, three chairs, and a washhand-stand, besides a most superb pair of plated candlesticks and wax-lights, which were ill in keeping with the more humble decorations of the dormitory. At five in the morning the mules were saddled, and we again started. From the foot of the mountain the roads became dreadful, and the scenery much wilder, with huge precipices, and gigantic trees and thickets. Sometimes we were obliged to dismount, and lead our mules. I observed several flights of parrots and other beautiful birds; but nothing pleased me more than to watch the humming-birds, and to observe them darting into the flowers. They are not easily frightened. It is extremely difficult to kill them without injuring the feathers. The wild flowers in this savage spot were lovely in the extreme. A pattern bouquet would make the fortune of a French *fleuriste*, or designer in embroidery. After many difficulties, about ten o'clock we gained the top of the mountain, and were now upon the estate; and in a few minutes I arrived at the house, and received the hearty welcome of its owner. The skin of a spotted ounce was hanging up before the door, with its teeth and claws as trophies. Hunting expeditions sometimes take place here for several days together; the blacks carrying provisions, and at night knocking up little huts with a few sticks, and the leaves of the palm-tree. Opposite the house was an encampment of muleteers; a large wood fire was blazing under a shed, where the whole party were busily engaged in cooking their *feizao*, or beans. They all wore the *poncho* — a large piece of cloth, with a hole in the middle, for the head; large straw hats, no shoes and stockings, but a large spur attached to the left heel only; which, with the belt containing their large knives, completed the costume. The mules composing the troop, thirty in number, were grazing about, delighted to be relieved from their heavy burthens for the rest of the day.

The dinner is a sort of *table d'hôte*. Every fazendeiro is obliged to keep open house; and any one passing by, whether rich or poor, noble or *bourgeois*, puts up at their house as if it were an inn; dining, sleeping, and breakfasting at their expense. At some tables even free blacks are received; and people without coats, shoes, or stockings, frequently present themselves at the fazenda, and dine with us. It put me in mind of what Voltaire said to a poor *curé*, who had thus taken up his abode at the house of the philosopher. Being asked in what he differed from Don Quixote, the *curé* was puzzled. "Why, the Don, you know," replied Voltaire, "mistook all the inns for castles, but you seem to take all the castles for inns."

The South American hospitality proceeds, however, from the want of inns. Among the rich fazendeiros, who put up at each other's houses, presents are generally made in return, such as a sack of flour, a brace of dogs, a pig, or some Indian corn.

The *cuisine* is a mixture of English, Brazilian, and French; and when the French secretary and attachés are staying at the estate, they frequently spend the day in the kitchen, initiating the black cook into the mysteries of *vol-au-vents*, *pâtés*, and *fricandeaux*. After soup, the black *feizao*, or bean, dressed with bacon, is a usual dish. Ham, lizards, chickens, parrots, armadillos, jacotingas, and a *pièce de resistance à l'Anglaise*, — such as beef, mutton, or pork, — compose the motley bill of fare; and, after the French fashion, the moment dinner is over, coffee is taken, and the party rise from the table.

It was Sunday, which is a fête-day at the fazenda. All the blacks came from the different parts of the estate, to the number of one hundred and thirty, with the children, who on this day take all sorts of liberties with their master. He swings them, and gives them fruit. In fact, their "*domingo*" is like the famous saturnalia of the Romans, with this exception in favour of the modern helots, that their fête takes place once a week, while the saturnalia was only once a year.

The blacks live upon Indian corn, *feizao*, vegetables, and a little meat; the last, however, in very small quantities. Their cups and dishes are the skins of the gourd, and by no means a bad substitute for earthenware.

The next morning I visited the garden, which presented an almost European appearance. The coffee-tree, the cocoa, and the banana, were certainly to be found, but in small numbers compared with the numerous beds of artichokes, peas, turnips, carrots, and potatoes. But the enigma was solved by the appearance of the head-gardener, Monsieur Felix, a Frenchman, who had been fifteen years on the Serra or Estate, and is allowed to have done wonders in producing exotic vegetables. He has reared even moss-roses; a feat almost unequalled in Brazil. Strawberries are very plentiful, but greatly inferior to those of England. The climate of the estate is not congenial to the growth of coffee; indeed, there are not more than one thousand coffee-trees to be found in the whole extent. When in flower, the coffee-tree is beautiful, and is hardly less so when the berry supplies the place of the blossom; at first of a hue nearly approaching to vermilion, and gradually darkening to a deep-burnt carmine.

The climate of the Serra, in comparison with Rio de Janeiro, is so healthy that it has obtained the name of the Montpellier of Brazil. Scattered about the estate were several pretty cottages built *à la Suisse*, and inhabited by the English families who were obliged to leave Rio during the intense heat that prevails in the months of January and February. There is generally a difference of ten degrees in favour of the country; and the thermometer is rarely higher than 80° in the sun, but in the city 90° to 100° is a common temperature. The mornings and nights are often deliciously cool, and give strength to face the meridian sun. In June the glass is sometimes as low as 32°.

We rode one morning out to see the plantations, which are very extensive, and situated at about a league from the fazenda. These consist chiefly of Indian corn and potatoes, and are on the height of a mountain, which not long ago was virgin wood; and you still may see

the stumps of the trees peeping over the Indian corn. The whole estate consists of sixty-two square miles. A dozen to twenty dogs accompanied us on our ride, and killed several lizards and armadillos, which fill the Brazilian game-bag. On returning to the court-yard of the house I found it tenanted by a solitary ostrich of the country,—a beautiful but most melancholy bird.

About thirty of the blacks are employed in the domestic arrangements, the stables, and the garden of the fazenda. The greater number work in the plantations, and each slave is the possessor of a small piece of ground, on which he is permitted to work at leisure hours and on Sundays. This ground brings him a yearly revenue of nearly one pound. They are all tolerably dressed, with the exception of shoes and stockings, which no black ever wears; and even among the whites up the country you rarely see the latter. The naked foot, or *sabots*, are quite à la mode in the interior. A black's rations are very large; it is true he has but little animal food; but, where is the European peasant that has? I have seen the almost monastic fare of the peasantry of several countries, and all fall short of the plentiful and substantial diet of the blacks in Brazil. They are seldom overworked, and are remarkably strong and healthy, living to an advanced age. In India, the man of colour who brushes your coat will refuse to clean your pipe, and your servants are multiplied in proportion; but then they are lightly clad, and a little rice is enough for their maintenance. In Brazil, however, instead of a few grains of rice, your slaves must be well-dressed, and fed abundantly. If a master wishes his slave to work on the Sunday, he pays him for his labour, and never less than one shilling a day. The real drawback to their happiness arises from their subjection to the frequent brutal exhibition of passion on the part of their masters. The severest corporal punishment is immediately inflicted on the slightest suspicion, and without a hearing. The black is tied to a tree, and condemned to receive four hundred or five hundred lashes, sometimes inflicted by the hand of the master himself; and even women slaves undergo the same disgusting punishment!

The blacks have in general good ears for music, every one playing some viola of his own construction. Every Saturday night there is a ball, at which they dance till daybreak to the sound of a small drum, which I imagine must be the same as the West Indian tom-tom. The sound is most discordant; and the scene a very lively representation of the dance of the demons. In the middle of a large hut where these revels are held is a huge wood fire, and round this the blacks dance merrily, making the most fiend-like noise imaginable. The smoke is so dense that you can only catch a glimpse of these strange faces at intervals; but every now and then you see the white teeth and eyes grinning horribly, and then again all is veiled in smoke. At night they all come to the fazenda to ask our blessing, and, after the usual answer of "*sempre*," go away. When any black wants to marry, he asks permission of "The Senhor," who marries them, and also grants divorces, besides being sometimes physician, surgeon, &c. One woman on the estate, who had not yet attained her fourteenth year, had already changed her husband five times!

Those who believe that the African race are little more than a superior sort of animal, scarcely endowed with reason, must be very ill-informed. The majority of the blacks are exceedingly intelligent;

indeed, the fact of their acquiring a language so different to their own in a very short time, is a sufficient proof of this. They are very cunning, and excel in all sorts of duplicity,—the arm of the weaker against the stronger power. A short time previously, I accompanied an Englishman, who possessed an estate at some distance from the fazenda, to which he only paid periodical visits, being chiefly occupied in the city. On these occasions he generally found his respectable household napping,—taking care to arrive unexpectedly. When we reached his abode, the owner clapped his hands, and a slave appeared,—a cunning-looking fellow, and as fat as a pig. He acted in the double capacity of house-steward and cook,—a clever fellow, but an arrant rogue, as appeared in the sequel. In about an hour after our arrival he produced a capital dinner; and moselle and claret soon made up for the fatigue of our morning's route, over a country the wildest of the wild. At breakfast next morning, my friend felt a desire for some champagne, and desired me to descend with him to the cellar, as he had some little misgivings that his iron locks and bolts had been tampered with. At first it seemed all right; but, on lifting a bottle of champagne, it was found wanting; and to his great horror, he discovered that no less than thirteen dozen of wine, besides liqueurs and spirits, had evaporated, the bottles being carefully sealed up again. All the slaves were examined, and the crime was traced to the house-steward, who was condemned to be flogged. The culprit was accordingly stripped, and tied up in the garden, several cords being attached to his body, arms, and feet. Before the signal was given, he was asked if he had sold the wine, or reserved it for home consumption. "I drank it every drop," he answered. A muleteer acted as executioner on the occasion; and when about six lashes had been administered, the culprit begged as a particular favour that the cords might be removed, as he was suffering great pain from the pressure. On their removal, off he darted *sans culotte* as fast as his legs could carry him, and off also went all the other blacks "full chisel," as the Americans say, leaving us alone, not *sans culottes*, but *sans diner*,—a far more indispensable thing in these sunny climates. Our cook was gone, so was our champagne and curaçoa. The affair began to look most unpromising, when several of the blacks returned from the pursuit.

Dinner did at last make its appearance; but the steward was missing till the following morning, when he returned fortified with a "padrinho." When a slave is convicted of an offence, he frequently makes his escape, and takes refuge at the house of some neighbour, who, in conformity with the code of hospitality, gives the offender a letter to his master requesting his forgiveness. If it be a first offence, a full pardon is generally granted; but in this case the letter or "padrinho" was of no avail, and a hundred lashes were inflicted, with the prospect of two hundred more in a week's time.

The mares in this country are seldom broken in. The finest are from Mecklenburgh and the Cape, and all are quite wild. They are turned into the pastures, and when their assistance is required they are caught with the lasso, and conveyed to the fazenda.

The Buenos Ayres stirrups are much used on this estate. They are made of brass, and are so small, that there is only room for the tip of the foot. The lassadors seldom wear boots, but thrust the big toe of each foot through the narrow aperture. If you give a gaucho a pair of boots, the first thing he does is to cut off the tips. In Buenos

Ayres, they frequently kill the mares for the sake of the flesh; and whenever foreigners have attempted to ride the mares, in common with the custom of every other country, they have invariably been ridiculed for the barbarism. Horses in this country are seldom broken in before five years old. In rainy weather they use a curious stirrup, each foot being inclosed in a large wooden box, which has a very uncouth appearance, but answers the purpose in a primitive manner.

There had been great rejoicing lately at the death of a celebrated bandit, who has long infested the estate. The name of this Fra-Diavolo was Monsieur Charles, a native of Switzerland, who had many years lived at Trieschal, at the foot of the mountain. He made a good deal of money by stealing mules and slaves, and had frequently been under sentence of death for murders committed on the Serra; but, as money in this country will easily buy over the judges, Senhor Carlos was no sooner under arrest than he was at liberty again. A few days before, he stole some blacks belonging to a neighbouring fazendeiro, and hid them in his house at Trieschal. He was tracked, however, by the injured party, who called loudly for admittance, to which Carlos turned a deaf ear, whereupon they fired upon his house. Here he secreted himself for two days; but on the third day he mounted his steed, and was about to ascend the mountain, when he was called upon to desist, and, on his refusal, the plaintiff took the law into his own hands, fired, and wounded the robber, and on coming up, quickly despatched him. The man openly boasted of the deed; and the authorities suffered the matter to pass by unnoticed, being glad enough that Carlos had finished his marauding career. He was a tall handsome fellow; and the fazendeiros all made a point of saluting him most courteously, not knowing on whom he might pounce next to levy his "black mail." Another bandit of renown had been slain in the same manner six months previously. He was a Portuguese, and had stolen and murdered blacks in a wholesale manner.

Christmas Eve is an event of much rejoicing here, as in Europe. All the blacks came to the fazenda, and executed the movements of the Creole dance to the sound of violas, played by their most skilful musicians, who also mingled in the figure from time to time. This dance is by no means so barbarous as might be supposed. Some of the figures are even graceful, and form a striking contrast to their usual hum-drum dance to the sound of the tom-tom. They continued their performance the whole night; and early on the following morning a distribution of clothes took place, consisting chiefly of articles of Manchester manufacture, such as handkerchiefs, turbans, cloaks, trousers, and dresses. All these find their way into the interior of Brazil, as they do, indeed, into all parts of the globe. I remember an Englishman bringing home a South American poncho, as a curiosity of the land, and making a present of it, to a friend who rejoiced in such foreign specimens as Indian tomahawks, hookahs, poisoned arrows, and ugly little Japanese idols with wide mouths. Unfortunately, the first thing that struck the friend's eye was the name of the particular manufacturer at Manchester, who had made the identical poncho, which had thus returned to its native country!

The children danced the Creole dance on the Christmas morning, and all seemed highly delighted with their Terpsichorean labours, from the white-headed huntsmen of eighty to the yearling children. An ox was slain, and distributed amongst the slaves, whilst we, the

fairer part of the population, partook of a Christmas dinner, consisting of turkey, beef, plum-pudding, and champagne, at one of the cottages on the estate, tenanted by an English family. We then played *vingt-et-un* till one in the morning. The cottage was not far from the fazenda, and, returning on foot, each was fortified with a lantern, and wrapped in a poncho.

Throughout the interior of Brazil I found few houses where the daughters of the fazendeiros, or indeed any of the female part of the family, made their appearance. I spent a day with one of the most hospitable men in the neighbourhood, and father of a large family, but none of the young ladies were visible. Every now and then I saw two laughing faces peeping through a hole in the door; but the moment I glanced at the aperture the faces vanished. This custom is general, and leads to a marriage system *à la Chinoise*. Marriages are arranged in the following manner. The patient bent upon marriage hears that a certain father has daughters to dispose of; whereupon he calls on the papa, tells him of his inclination to become his son-in-law, and that he possesses so many slaves and coffee-trees. If the papa thinks they have enough "coffee and blacks" to live upon comfortably, he accepts the proposal, and introduces the aspirant to his future wife, who perhaps sees her "future" for the first time. I am speaking now of the society in the interior, principally amongst the smaller fazendeiros, or farmers; for in Rio you find little difference from any other civilized country. People in the interior are nearly uneducated; reading and writing, especially the latter, are looked upon as Herculean acquirements; and amongst the women the greatest ignorance invariably prevails.

A few days ago, a large cavalcade appeared at the gate of the fazenda. The party consisted of an old Caçador, or in plain English a Nimrod, the mighty hunter of these woods and forests, accompanied by his wife and two daughters, besides children innumerable. Now, a *dame blanche* at the Fazenda de St. Anna is indeed a rare occurrence,—a ptarmigan amongst the black game,—so we all hastened to the yard to receive our new guests; and a most extraordinary looking group they were. The old gentleman wore a long white beard, and looked as if he had been born and bred in the woods, and was in point of wildness equal to the beasts of chase. But the costumes of the daughters were unique. In spite of the rainy season, they wore very thin white dresses, embroidered all over, and hats of the masculine gender, but of dark green, with gold bands, and artificial flowers. The shoes were of a pale rose-colour, with extremely thick soles, and covering the instep. At dinner I tried to "discourse" the young ladies. They were going to Rio for the first time, to be present at a christening; but beyond this piece of information they evinced great taciturnity, and contented themselves with sprinkling their meat with flour, using both hands for the operation. The hunter eat enormously. To be as hungry as a hunter is an expression often heard; but on this occasion our guest out-Heroded Herod, or rather out-Nimroded Nimrod. When the cheese was brought on the table, several huge pieces were cut off, and deposited in a plate, according to custom. The plate was handed to the Caçador, who, not understanding this homœopathic way of taking cheese, quietly accepted the whole of the contents, and devoured it with perfect ease, to our no small astonishment. The whole family yawned awfully after dinner,—I scarcely thought the papa had room for a yawn; and the

next morning after breakfast they donned their hats, mounted their steeds, and we wished them a very good journey. A mulatto, who dined with us the next day, met the party at the bottom of the mountain, completely soaked, and I thought of the hats and the rose-coloured shoes.

About four leagues from the fazenda resided one of the red men, the aborigines, and rightful owners of the soil, from which they have been driven more to the interior, the few that remain being more suppressed than incorporated with their ancient invaders. He was a squatter, — that is to say, he established himself upon the estate about ten years ago, cut down some virgin wood, and built his house upon the stumps, in spite of all the efforts made to expel the intruder. He threatened to shoot any one who molested him, and, under those circumstances, nobody did molest him. Having roofed in his house, he made himself a little plantation, and there he was established for life, living entirely by the fruit of his spade and his gun. I heard so much of this Indian, and of his primitive way of living, that I resolved to satisfy my curiosity, *coute qui coute*; but no companion could I find. So I saddled a mule, poncho'd myself, and bent my steps, or rather those of the mule, to the habitation of my red friend, feeling very much as if I was going to pay a morning visit to an ogre or the giant Cormoran. I scrambled through the forest, leading my mule with one hand, and cutting down branches with the other, armed with a huge knife for that purpose. Roads are frequently made in this manner, which answer the temporary purpose of pushing on very well, although it would hardly serve as a sample for paving Oxford Street. At last I found myself near a small plantation of Indian corn and potatoes, varied with beans, and twelve little coffee-trees, on the top of a hill, like the tuft of hair on Thersites' head. A single horse was grazing in the distance, which, with a few cackling fowls, comprised the whole of the farm-stock.

I was now at the door of the cottage, and having no letter of introduction, was rather at a loss for an excuse; but I knocked at the door with my knife, and two girls came out. They wore nothing but a very short blue petticoat, and their hair was streaming down their backs. They were as dark as mulattos, but with a slight tinge of colour, large black eyes, and teeth as white as snow, arch and gipsy-like in the extreme, but without very pleasing faces. I told them I had lost my way, and begged them to point me out the shortest road to the fazenda. The youngest answered me directly in Portuguese, making a thousand gestures, and speaking with much volubility. At this moment the thunder rattled amongst the mountains, and the rain descended in torrents, and the young ladies insisted upon my taking shelter. They told me that their father was in the woods hunting; but they thought he would soon come back to eat. I thought of the ogre again. The youngest told me that her mother died some time ago, and was buried in the wood. I asked her if she had ever been out of the wood. "Never," was the answer. It will be allowed that to sustain a very long conversation with a couple of damsels who had never quitted their native shrubbery, was somewhat difficult. Presently I saw a red man running down the mountain with the agility of a tiger-cat, and in another instant he sprang into the cottage. His skin was quite red, with black glossy hair, and a long beard; his gun was slung behind him, and he was dressed in a monkey-skin jacket,

with a cap and continuations of the same material, or rather abbreviations, for they only reached to the knee. His nose was curled, and very prominent, and his large black eyes rather deep in their sockets; his arms, breast, and feet were bare, the feet small, and delicately formed. I explained to him that I was the nephew of the Senhor, and had lost my way; upon which he brought me a sack of Indian corn to sit upon, apologised that he had no wine or cachaça (the common spirit of the country), but that his feizao would soon be ready. He then talked about his plantations, and the success of his day's chase. He complained that he had only killed an armadillo and a capivara; but had seen a deer, and missed her. He then said, "If you like to come and hunt porcos de mato (wild pigs), and will bring powder and shot, I will lend you a gun." I answered, that nothing would give me greater pleasure, and asked him what country-woman his wife was. He replied, that she was a mulatto,—which accounted for the daughter's nondescript complexion. The feizao now made its appearance in the skin of a large gourd, and we got round and helped ourselves with our fingers. The second course consisted of a large pail of cedar wood, with a huge peeled pumpkin inside. The eldest daughter took a quantity of Indian corn and threw it into the pail with both hands, and in went our fingers as before. At the conclusion of the repast they brought me some water and a banana leaf, which made a very good towel. One of the girls took a great fancy to my white cotton gloves, and put them on several times. I was glad to repay their hospitality at the price of a pair of Berlin gloves, so I presented her with them, to her great delight. I then shook hands with the red man, and, after another invitation to come and hunt wild pigs, I took my departure.

If liberty, independence, and *à quoi vivre*, can render a man happy, my red friend ought to be perfectly so.

 BALLAD.

BY ALEXANDER M'DOUGALL, ESQ. OF NOVA SCOTIA.

"Oh come to me, my only love!—the sun has sunk to rest,
His latest ray has faded from the lofty mountain's crest;
And, as if mourning for his flight, soft as the lover's sigh,
The night-breeze, while it fans my cheek, goes faintly murmur'ing by.

"Oh come to me, my only love!—the moon is shining bright,—
The stars that form her coronet are mellow'd by her light,
And soft and sweet her glances fall upon the open bay,
Where bright the silver waters dance, and sparkle far away.

"Oh come to me! in safety come!—the tower is dark and lone,—
No hostile sound shall there be heard, no voices save our own.
The stream that glides beneath the bank is flowing fast and free,—
The bark that floats upon its tide is waiting, love, for thee.

"Long have I had thy father's hate, and long endured his scorn,
And still in silence, for thy sake, I'd bear as I have borne;
But now, should fortune smile, I'll change, ere yonder moon decline,
The angry flashes of his eye for beams of love from thine."

The maiden came—the morning sun rose joyously and fair—
They sought her in the lonely tower—the maiden was not there;
But one small foot-print on the sand, one line upon the stone,
In haste engraved, sufficed to tell her sire that she had flown.

HARKAWAY SKETCHES.

BY JOHN MILLS.

THE BATTU.

THE sun had just risen, and his rays were streaming into my bedroom, as I leaped from repose fresh as a three-year old. It was indeed as beautiful a morning as ever cheered the heart of a mortal; the refreshing mist still hung upon the glittering grass in graceful folds, like the bridal veil shading, but not concealing, the covered charms. Hastily I completed my toilet, and descending the stairs, I found my host cleaning his gun in the hall, with his keeper standing idly by, surrounded with pails of hot water and cold, heaps of tow, rags, and cloths of many sizes and descriptions.

"Good morning, good morning! What! you *could* get up before ten for this sport, eh?" said he. "I expect you'll hold him straight to-day."

Expressing a hope that I should, I asked why *he* was preparing his gun, thinking it no peculiarly pleasurable occupation.

"In my young days, Squire," he replied, "men used to be thorough-going fellows, that knew how a gun should be kept, made, and held. They knew how to breed a dog, break, and hunt him; but now, hang me, if they do either. Everything's done for them; and, something like the King who was surprised how the apples got into the dumplings, wonder how the devil they miss, when they fire with both eyes shut. Look at this gun: I've shot with it for thirty-two years. No one has ever cleaned it except myself, and never shall; for when I've finished it, I'm satisfied that it is in good condition. I know that it is; but how should I, if I didn't do it myself?"

My host was of the old school, — not of that obsolete one when gentlemen could not approach a trout-stream without velvet caps, or "tally-ho" a fox unless decked in court-wigs, perfumed and powdered; but he eschewed the dandyism of sporting practised universally by the Nimrods of the present day. To see a particularly well-cut tight-waisted shooting-jacket, a swaggering tasselled cap, light boots, a conspicuous cravat, scratchless stock, with the usual trifling accompaniments of the September outfit, were to him objects of supreme contempt. He looked upon the owner as one disgracing the manly amusement; and he that once "turned out" thus vainly equipped with old John Goodwin, would most assuredly avoid a second experiment.

On the fourth of October my host had invited his select friends for a choice day's pheasant shooting. His preserves were well filled with game; and the annual treat of "a battu" was anticipated with great pleasure by numbers of sportsmen.

"Map, are the spaniels in trim?" inquired my host of one admiring keeper, who stood grinning with a dog-whip in one brawny hand, and some couples in the other.

"I should say they gist was, sir," replied Map, with a knowing nod of satisfaction.

"Are those boys got to beat for us?"

"Yes, they be, sir."

"Have you looked at the threads this morning?" asked the master, stopping in his task, and looking in the keeper's face, inquiringly.

"I should think I gist did, sir, afore daylight. Not one broke. All's right as a trivet."

It was a plan of my host to fix pieces of thread across the woods in various parts. So that, in case of poachers visiting these *sancta sanctorum* without being seen by his watchful keeper Map, and his supernumeraries, it might be known by the thread being broken.

The cleaning of the gun being finished, we sat down to a breakfast of substantial that would have broken the hunger of a regiment of Irish dragoons. A huge piece of beef stood in the centre of the polished oak table, surrounded with cold chickens, ham, tongue, pigeon-pie, eggs, rounds of buttered toast, and other suitables too numerous to mention.

"Come, my boy, come, you must drink a pint of this stiff ale;" and, setting the example, he divided the snowy froth, and quaffed a draught both deep and long from a large brown jug, which was handed to him by the attentive Map, who had just drawn it from a capacious butt in the jaws of a cellar beneath, of dangerous dimensions for an explorer. So long was the pull at Sir John Barleycorn by my host, that Map began to fear the remainder in reversion would be short commons for him.

I took the jug, and drank of the strong beer, giving the sentient toast of "The trigger," as a preliminary, and "May we have as good sport as the quality of the ale," by way of a finish.

"Some of the early birds will be here soon now," said my host, looking at his antiquated watch.

"Here comes one on 'em, sir!" exclaimed Map, pointing to an equestrian cantering up the gravel drive towards the house upon a fine-looking horse, followed by a mounted groom with a gun-case under his whip-arm.

"It's Tom Merryweather, as usual," said my host. "First for the meet, first at the death, and the last to leave good wine. Ha! ha! ha! Tom's a sad dog!"

Tom entered the room with a remarkably unceremonious air, and seizing my host's hand, extended for the grasp, they both indulged in a loud hearty laugh, without either uttering a word, which clearly signified the extreme good terms existing between the cachinnatory indulgers. After my formal introduction to Tom Merryweather, another jug of ale was brought by Map, who offered it to him.

"That's your sorts!" exclaimed Tom, with Goldfinch, in "The Road to Ruin,"—"That's your sorts for me!" And his voice was silenced for a few moments, while he swallowed the potent liquid in very considerable quantities.

The host stood watching with goodnatured smiles the huge drink of the thirsty sportsman, and said, when the jug was brought gradually from his lips, "You can't whistle, Tom, now—ha! ha! ha!"

Tom screwed up his lips with a good endeavour; but nothing but a pant came from them. "By wetting my whistle so much, I've drowned it, farmer."

Here followed a second edition of uproarious mirth from the two jolly light-hearted fellows.

"Here they come! — here are the boys, as thick as hops!" exclaimed my host, as a neat buggy quickly approached, followed by a dashing tandem, and a dog-cart, full of merry fellows, all laughing and smoking best Havannahs.

After mutual congratulations upon the fineness of the weather, introductions, and large libations of the admirable beer, the party, consisting of ten, armed with double barrels of the best kind, followed our entertainer and his keeper. Immediately preceding were six lubberly bumpkins, carrying long sticks in their hands to beat out the game with, and two brace of diminutive spaniels were obediently treading upon the heels of Map, much against their inclination. In this order we arrived at the first wood, and before the bumpkins and dogs were permitted to enter, we were requested to take our positions, according to our tastes or knowledge of the location. After each had settled the exact place for his range, Map heard the exclamation of "All right!" from his master. The little anxious spaniels, with a cheerful cry, sprang into the thick cover to the given order, followed by the motley group of bumpkacious bipeds. I was placed by the side of my worthy friend, who said,

"Take 'em right and left. Never mind me, Squire. I'll strike a light at 'em when you are done with the tinder."

The dogs were now yelping their musical cries, having started some rabbits or hares, which, from feelings of self-preservation, continued in the wood, despite of the exertions to make them fair marks. The beaters hallooed, and thrashed the trees and bushes, and all the guns were prepared for a crack at anything that might present itself to the ready trigger.

"Mark! — mar-r-rk!" hallooed Map, as his well-tutored ear caught the first flap of a pheasant.

High over the trees I saw him mount a long distance from me. On he came towards where I stood, with his many-coloured and beautiful breast glittering in the sun. Momentarily I expected to see him fall before some well-directed aim. Bang! bang! snapped a double barrel; but on he came unscathed, with his neck stretched out.

"Missed!" whispered my friend. "Take it coolly. He's for you."

I raised my gun, covered, pulled, and down the fine fellow plumped in the long grass at my feet, fluttering in the convulsions of death.

"Well shot, Squire! — well shot!" said my friend, picking up the bird; "and a young cock, too," continued he, looking at his spurs.

As I was charging, a rabbit popped out of the underwood with the swiftness of light, and as suddenly ran into it again. I started as a loud roar, resembling the report of a cannon, issued from my host's long piece close to me.

"What use was that?" said I. "It was impossible to kill it."

He looked at me with a good-humoured smile, and going to the verge of the cover, knelt down. Creeping almost the length of his body into it, after a short time he backed out, dragging the rabbit riddled through the head.

"They never show a tip of their listeners to me without—" And he concluded by giving a very knowing nod with his left eye shut, and holding up the shattered head of the ill-fated rabbit.

"Mark, mark cock!" But the warning was scarcely given by the watchful Map, when down tumbled a woodcock before Tom Merryweather's gun.

"Tom never misses!" exclaimed my friend, in a tone of admiration. "A sad dog that Tom—ha! ha! ha!"

Another rabbit jumped from the wood, and stood for an instant with fear at seeing us. The yelping of a pursuing spaniel soon determined his wavering inclination. Away he ran with the fleetness of wind. I levelled my piece, and the charge cut a deep furrow in the ground, five feet at least behind the fugitive. Bang! went the remaining barrel; but on fled the nimble rabbit, pursued by a yelping dog.

"Now I'll strike a light at him," coolly observed my old friend, as he brought his gun to bear. The echoes rang upon the surrounding hills as the rabbit leaped into the air from the unerring noisy piece.

"That's a long one," said I.

"Fetch him—that's a lad!" he said to the dog, who brought the rabbit, and laid it at the feet of his master. "Squire, that's what I call a wipe o' the eye, at something like eighty yards off."

"How could I miss such a chance?"

"I'll tell you how. You didn't hold him straight," replied he, with a chuckle. "Now, here come some beauties for you."

I looked down the middle of the cover, in which there was a narrow break, and towards us flew a brace of pheasants, almost side by side. I pulled at a long distance, and down fell both.

"A long shot for ever!" exclaimed my friend. "Too many at once, though. Keep cool, and you'll bag all."

The game, being driven to the corner of the wood where we were standing, now rose momentarily. Flash after flash succeeded each other, as the birds tumbled over to the earth. Rabbits and hares rushed from the skirts, and, before they could fly from the more-to-be-dreaded men than dogs, were bagged as lawful spoil. Few, comparatively speaking, effected an escape. The sportsmen selected by my host for this yearly "battu" were the crack marksmen of the county, and not one but would deem a "clean miss" as a very annoying and almost an unaccountable incident.

"Every head out, sir," said Map, crashing through some thick boughs into the open space where we were standing.

"Any gone back?" inquired his master.

"Not many doubled, sir. Most have made for the Hill-Moss cove that had the chance," replied Map, putting much emphasis upon the conclusion of the sentence.

"Now, then, gentlemen!" hallooed my friend. "Tom Merryweather, I say, Tom!"

"Over!" cried a voice which cheers the horse to fly a rasper. "Here I am!" said Tom, clearing a hedge like a harlequin, and bounding close to us, with eyes bright with excitement, and glowing cheeks.

"Have you had your share, Tom?" asked the host.

"Five brace o' long tails, leash o' Sarahs, two couple and a half of conies, and a cock," enumerated Tom.

"How many muffs?"

"Missed a rabbit, because I didn't see it."

"Well done, Tom. That excuse shall pass muster."

We were now joined by the remainder of the party, who had enjoyed excellent sport. All were in high spirits, and eager for a continuance of the glorious amusement. The crew of bumpkins were all chattering and haw-hawing at the various anecdotes each was relating of the others. How one threw himself face downwards into a bed of stinging-nettles, to avoid the shot flying thirty yards above his head. That another tripped over a stout prickly bramble, and bawled out that he was in a steel-trap. A third, upon seeing a weazel, called out, "Mark, hare!" A pheasant, rising close under the foot of a fourth, so frightened him with the sudden whir-r-r-whiz! that, turning white as chalk, he began climbing a tree.

A half-clad urchin was seen approaching us astride of a donkey, evidently as reluctant to a quick movement as the rider was desirous of one. He held a basket of capacious dimensions, covered with a cloth white as mountain snow. The other arm clutched a stick of weighty material, which was being applied vigorously to the slowly-inclined animal.

"Here comes Jack," said our host, "with the indispensables. Confound that boy! how he thrashes Dick!"

"He's used to it, sir, and doesn't mind a straw about a lickin'. Use is second natur'," philosophically replied Map.

We prepared for the anticipated arrival of the Mercury from the larder by sitting in a ring upon the grass, under the widely-spreading branches of a chestnut tree. The spaniels and beaters spread themselves out upon a mossy bank in our rear, while Map stood with folded arms *à la Napoleon*, waiting for the messenger with good tidings, with anything but stoical indifference as to the "come off" of the event. The indignant voice of Dick's rider, with the smart thwack from the cudgel, were now very audible.

"What are you so cruel for, Jack?" asked our host, as the two at length effected a *terminus* of their journey.

"He won't mind me, zur. So I puts it on to 'em," replied the dismounter. "I wants to break 'em of his bad ways, so I cracks 'em well, zur."

"He's too old to mend his ways."

"The parson says *we* can't be, zur. So I 'spose jackasses can't," replied Jack with confidence.

We roared with laughter at Jack's unanswerable argument; but he looked quite serious, and wondered at the reason of our mirth.

Divers quantities, as a lawyer would say, of tempting delicacies were abstracted from the hamper. Cold chickens of delicate complexions, tongues, ham, bottles of milk-punch, claret, sherry, and, lastly, but not the less to be appreciated, a capacious stone jug of the admirable ale.

With sharpened appetites we discussed the early luncheon. Merry was the jest, and loud rang the hearty laugh through wood and vale. Never was there a set of lighter-hearted fellows. Upon the conclusion the liberal remainder was transferred to the expectant boys and spaniels, who effected a rapid demolition.

"Shall we make for the Hill-Moss copse, sir?" asked Map.

"Yes; and from there to the kiln shrubbery," replied his master. Upon a gradual elevation, in the middle of acres of golden stub-

ble, was a small coppice of nut-wood. Through it murmured a narrow and deep stream of transparent water, full of fine perch and roach, which could be plainly seen at the bottom.

"Oh! for a bright worm and a hook!" exclaimed Tom Merry-weather, as he espied a perch of a good pound and a half weight gently sculling his tail, like a coquette with her fan.

"Take your places, gentlemen," directed our host; "I expect we shall drop upon 'em here."

In went the beaters and dogs, accompanied by Map, and I, with my friend, stood at one end of the copse, close to the verge of the stream. Hardly were the whole of the starters in, when "Mark!" was shouted by Map. At the same instant the report of a gun, and plump into the stream fell a cock-pheasant close at our feet. My old friend looked at it, and whispered, "That's Tom's for a hundred. Right through his head." A little active spaniel rushed through some reeds, and, seizing the bird, hurried off to obey the loud call of the keeper to "Fetch him here, Chloe!—fetch him!"

A wood-pigeon darted through the branches of a tree. I saw the quick pinion as he flashed in the sun, and snapped at him; but he was past just as the shot rattled among the trees, cutting the leaves off by scores to the ground. Again roared the long gun close to my startled ear. I heard a slight flutter.

"Another wipe, squire. I've crippled him!" exclaimed my host. "Hush! look out!"

A fine large hare cantered leisurely towards us, with ears erect, as if not seeing or caring for our proximity. She passed within eighteen yards of us; and, throwing back her long ears upon her back, rattled away at her best speed.

"Give her distance, and shoot forward," said my friend. Head over heels she toppled as I pulled, and laid without a struggle.

"Fairly killed. Better miss one than hit the quarters. Always aim forward at a Sarah," said my host.

The quick succession of reports told that all were having good sport. A brace of hens sailed over our heads just as I had charged. I took the right; my friend the left; and down they came with a simultaneous plump.

"Mark covey!" shouted a boy; and five barrels, one after the other, clanged through the wood. Like bullets the remaining partridges whistled past. I pulled both triggers at the leading-brace, killing the second bird, and in my hurry missed the first; but, before he flew ten yards further the charge from the roaring gun of my "eye-wiping" host was driven into him. Like an arrow he rose high in the air, losing the power of guidance, looking like a soaring lark, and with the velocity of one seeking the earth, he bounded, feet from the ground, falling dead as a stone.

"That was a towerer," said my friend, reloading.

"They are hit just on the lower part of the spine when they mount so," replied I.

"Generally just behind the wings," said my host.

The spaniels were now yelping with all their power, in full chorus. Their musical cry echoed through the cover. Now and then one might be seen rushing through the tall grass, in full chace of a fugitive. Sometimes they would leap out upon the field, and snuff the ground eagerly for the scent, thinking the pursued had

vacated. Not finding, back they doubled; and, picking it up, off they rattled again merrily.

"Something extra here," said my host in a low voice, and screwing up his left eye, "I know we shall see."

Scarcely had the words escaped his lips when out burst a fox with a cub in her mouth. No tally-ho escaped us; but it was the first I had seen without giving the view-holloa. Away the careful mother went with her little one over the hill as fast as she could travel. Occasionally she turned her head to see if the dogs were in view, and then continued straight forward. Out burst the noisy team just as she was on the top of the hill; and it required all our exertions to whip off the ardent dogs, so that the fond mother might rest her fears from the barking pigmy pack. After several severe cuts from our pocket-whips the presumptuous spaniels were driven back into the copse to resume their more successful task of springing birds than running a fox.

My friend was standing with his back towards the stream, close to the edge of it, when a rabbit whisked past. Over and over it rolled as his never-failing charge struck it through the head. At the same moment a pheasant towered high over the trees. Raising his gun, without taking it from his shoulder, the outstretched neck of the gay bird fell backwards between his wings, and down he fell crash into a hawthorn-bush. While he was covering the victim his hat fell off, and rolled into the water. Quickly it floated upon the rapid stream; and, throwing down his gun, away ran my host in full chase. Now he stoops to snatch the broad brim; but, no; it escapes, and on it whirls. A bed of rushes holds the fugitive. Now he must recover it. Upon his knees he falls; stretches out his ready hand; his fingers are upon the brim; they clutch the edge; his balance is lost, and in he dives head-foremost into the water.

After much splashing, and amid roars of laughter from the whole party, who had just concluded beating the wood in time to witness the involuntary bathe of our host, he scrambled, hat in hand, upon the bank. Shaking the water from his clothes, no one enjoyed the joke more than himself. His red, fine, hearty cheeks, seemed ready to burst with the loud merriment which swelled them. But, casting his eyes into the soaked hat, in an instant the laugh ceased. He peered into it, and poked his fingers about the interior with a singular stir up, as if what he saw required the more convincing proof of touch. Holding out the hat, he approached us with looks of pride, and hallooed—

"There's something more than any of yon grinning youngsters can say. I've bagged a rabbit, a long tail, and an eel, all at once, as you may say."

It was true enough. At the bottom of the hat was a small eel of about four inches in length, which was scooped by strange chance from the water when our friend accomplished his successful dive.

The sun was just setting as we wended our way towards our host's old-fashioned farm-house. When we arrived the contents of the bags were spread upon the lawn before the door. By the side of lots of hares and rabbits, lay fifty-three brace of pheasants, three brace of partridges, and a couple of pigeons.

"That is a tolerable fair bag," said I.

"Yes," replied our host; "putting in the eel."

THE DANDY OF THE PRESENT DAY
AND
THE BEAU OF FORMER TIMES.

How do you distinguish a dandy? His face is so composed and plastic, that a sculptor wishing to represent complete repose and apathy might make it his model. His hair is artistically raised, or else curled according to the fashion of the day, not a lock being out of its place. His eyes have not, indeed, the fish-like expression of a Dutchman's; but they form a striking contrast with the sparkling roving eyes of the native of the south. His lips are a little compressed. His coat, without a plait, and of an elegant fit, is so little remarkable for show or ornament, that it might serve as an example of the levelling spirit of the times; his linen is spotless; his bearing seems careless and negligent, but is nevertheless studied. His demeanour is cold, and always the same; so that, as a modern author remarks, if a thunderbolt were to strike the wall of his room without destroying it, he would order his valet to replace the mirror necessary for the business of the toilet. His accent and voice are modified in a manner peculiar to the English language; he speaks quick, but monotonously, scarcely opening his mouth, and keeping his tongue close to his teeth; he gives utterance to his thoughts in as laconic a manner as possible, as if time, his most important capital, were not to be wasted. He is sometimes fastidious, and sometimes careless in the choice of his words; but he has no great variety of them; so that if English were one day to become a dead language, a *gradus ad Parnassum*, founded on the conversation of a dandy-like gentleman, would be very poor in the *epitheta ornantia*; for the word *capital* always expresses his satisfaction, and the word *odd* his displeasure. The voice of the dandy is rather effeminate;* as if the speaker still feared the reproach of coarseness directed against the English language in France under the *ancien régime*, might still apply to the modern gentleman's varied tone of voice.

Compare him with the fashionables of former times, — the lively cavaliers of Charles the Second, and the English beaux of the last century. What a contrast do they present! How would a Chandos be shocked, if he saw his great ancestor, — whom, as a Tory, he must honour, — the Duke of Buckingham, — Villiers, the witty roystering minister of Charles the Second, who invented the word *cabal* so frequently employed at that time, revelling in taverns, or, with Shaftesbury and Rochester, rescuing his mistresses from the gay good-humoured Charles the Second! Even a modern Mr. Stanhope would perhaps find his great ancestor, Lord Chesterfield,

* From the following conversation, which once took place in a coffee-house, we must conclude that Foote spoke with a loud thundering voice, and the dandy in a weak lisping tone:—

“DANDY. Waiter, a cup of coffee, weak as a lady falling into a swoon, and cool as a zephyr.

“FOOTE. Waiter, a cup of coffee, hot as hell, and strong as the devil.

“DANDY. Pray, waiter, what is the gentleman's name?

“FOOTE. Pray, waiter, what is that lady's name?”

ridiculous, if he were to appear without a dress-coat or snuff-box, depending only on that *grace légère*, which ruled as sovereign the *ancien régime*.

Time has wonderfully changed the aristocracy of England—on the whole for the better, though sometimes in a laughable way. What a pity that no Addison, Fielding, or Bulwer was to be found among the English of the Restoration, to give us a lively picture of the details of the reaction against the severe puritanism of Geneva?

Look at a portrait of a cavalier of Cromwell's time, or of a courtier in that of Charles the Second. The face is muscular, marked by strong passions, swollen by sensual pleasure, with eyes and lips boldly prominent; his coat is rich and showy, his bearing lordly and daring. So loud and deep was then the tone of voice, even in social intercourse, that it sounded to southern ears like the roaring of wild animals. Swearing, now quite out of fashion, interlaced every phrase, and offended the puritans even more than drinking and fighting. "My good friend," said Cromwell once, ironically, to a royalist whom he wished to banish, "I advise you to stay no longer here. Swearing is taxed by the English Parliament, and, as you can't leave it off, you would soon completely ruin yourself."

Let me imagine a dinner at the Court of Charles,—the rollicking Rochester, Buckingham, Shaftesbury, the King,—champagne and Spanish wines flowing in streams,—one witticism following another,—not the present puns or allusive jokes, but biting personalities, at which the King was certainly not behind-hand, though he sometimes could not find a ready repartee. "Shaftesbury," said he once, "you are the greatest rogue in the kingdom."—"Of a subject, sire," added Shaftesbury immediately, with a bow, and the King was exposed to the laughter of the rest of the courtiers. On another occasion he was obliged to listen to an impertinence of Rochester, who read before his face the following epitaph:

"Here lies our sovereign Lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

The ladies who were present never failed to blush and look down on hearing witty inuendos, until the company of Lady Portsmouth and the Duchess of Cleveland had taught them to be immodest.

Though classes and parties were really more separate, they avoided casual and common intercourse much less than at present. In the taverns of London were to be seen the splendid laced coat, the innumerable loops, the long curls, the hat with feathers of the age of Louis the Fourteenth, mingled with the plain dress of the puritan citizens. However, the dandy distinguished himself from these, not so much by outward show as by noise, drinking, and cursing. In the country you met only gentlemen, who added to the coarseness of civil war, and the bluntness acquired in early life, the licentiousness of their chiefs, whose wit they did not possess, and whose polite manners were unknown to them. When they appeared at Court, often in the uniform of civil war, they were invari-

ably objects of ridicule to the young wits. They therefore returned moodily to their country seats, to complain bitterly of the ingratitude of the merry monarch, to hunt foxes and hares, to associate with their tenants, and to lay the foundation of that class of country gentlemen, who in the last century supplied Fielding with the type of the incomparable Squire Western. If the two periods be compared, without regarding the interval, it would appear that the cavaliers of those days, and the gentlemen of the present time, had not a drop of the same blood in their veins. In England, however, the same passion for fox-hunting and the turf is still to be seen; the English flag, even then powerful, has since waved victoriously on all the seas of both hemispheres; the Parliament, as full of energy, and prudent as formerly, makes laws that will one day be as sacred as the *Habeas Corpus* of Charles the Second; England will, when occasion shall arrive, give birth to new Blakes; and an Algernon Sydney will always be found in case of need.

Whence comes, then, the striking contrast between the two portraits? It proceeds from the national character, — from the desire of individuals, as well as of classes, to take precedence of others, — from national pride, that repels with contempt everything foreign.

The wrecks of feudal nobility, broken and humbled, descended from the Normans, which since the time of Edward the Third had been overpowered by Saxon elements, by violence, and by the progress of civilization, rallied once more round the throne to vanquish, if possible, the hated majority represented by the Parliament. They were beaten. Their defeat, however, was not attended with such tremendous consequences as that of the feudal nobility of France in 1789. The serious character of the English preserved the nation from anarchy, from bloodshed, and from a revolution of property; the royalists defeated at Worcester and Naseby were spared; but few acts of violence were committed, and they were sufficiently blamed by public opinion. The chiefs alone, and a small body of their followers fled; the greater part remained behind, and suffered no greater calamity than the irritation and annoyance arising from Cromwell's famous espionage. It is well known that the victorious majority of the nation during that political reaction was inclined to the severe tenets of Calvinism, which naturally lead to a liberal form of government. This was exemplified during the civil war. The republican spirit gained ground; but it grew daily more and more gloomy, till at last it degenerated into a zealous monkish fanaticism. This never would have happened in merry France, if Henry the Fourth had adhered to the party to which he owed his crown, and which had shed its blood for him. Pleasure and gaiety were in the eyes of those austere republicans who traversed the streets of London with a sword in one hand and a Bible in the other, damnable and diabolical things. To sing a merry song, to play, or to dance, was considered by them as a sin; but to frequent the theatre, or to swear, was an abomination.

The Parliament decreed fines and corporal punishments against such indulgences, and prescribed, instead of recreations, fasting and prayer. No wonder that the royalists and moderate men complained of oppression. No wonder that they hated their enemies; for, instead of gloomy contemplation, rigid morality, and penurious economy, they were votaries of pleasure, licentiousness, and extrava-

gance. After the Restoration the casual contact of their opponents was not necessary to point out the distinction between the Cavalier and the Roundhead. When they were in mixed society they certainly ran no risk of being mistaken. The ugly dress of the Puritans; their cropped hair, which gained them the appellation of Roundheads, made them appear to disadvantage, in the eyes of all people of taste, by the side of the gay courtiers attired in the stiff, but splendid and majestic, dress of the time of Louis the Fourteenth. It was not till long after the Restoration, when new generations, guided by different political views, found themselves in a new situation, that the tone of society changed, and an alteration was produced both in the character of individuals, and their outward demeanour.

The same aristocratic desire to be distinguished from classes who cannot be kept under, and to whom the circumstances of active life afford a thousand opportunities of surpassing a superior caste, gave birth to the modern dandy. How shall the scions of nobility, who wish to maintain at least a social superiority, now render themselves conspicuous? By splendid dress, and rich ornaments? By lavish expenditure and display? Many a grocer or cotton-spinner can outshine even the peer, how much more the younger son?

All that a young man of rank, therefore, can now do, is to be more careful in the choice and arrangement of his dress; and the secrets of fashion reveal to him niceties of the art that are concealed from vulgar eyes. Shall the relations of the nobility render themselves remarkable by the purity of their language, and their unconstrained demeanour? Education, however, is as general, and even more diffused among the middle classes; and the majority of the affluent in England, by social intercourse, and travelling in foreign countries, acquire the same elegant manners.

As a matter of course he belongs to that coterie, in which a committee of distinguished ladies, rulers of the fashionable world, award with discrimination the privilege of belonging to aristocratic society, for which so many Englishmen vainly sigh. It may easily be supposed that a dandy shuns the man who is not one. At the play he conducts himself like Hogarth's couple in the print of "*The Laughing Audience*." He goes to the theatre for fashion's sake. If you ask him how he liked the Opera? he answers, "the conversation in our box was very pleasant and agreeable."

Alas! the golden age of the dandy is already past. In the first years of the present century his sun shone in all its splendour in the aristocratic world; afterwards it became a little overclouded, and suddenly set in 1832, when the Reform Bill was passed. What a magnificent time for the dandy when he could enter Parliament, and was sure by his vote to deserve a reward from the Minister. The high aristocracy, the proprietors of that excellent kind of property, rotten boroughs, used to send numerous representatives of the corps of dandies, of which the younger sons of the nobility usually form the nucleus, to the Lower House. "Send for our school-boys," said Castlereagh once to a colleague, meaning the dandies, Members of Parliament, who were dispersed in the neighbouring coffee-houses, ready to be called in to vote. Voting, in fact, was their only business; though Sir Francis Burdett and Lord Brougham, then Mr. Henry Brougham, will certainly remember

their cries of, "Oh! oh!" "Order!" or, "Hear! hear!" when a minister spoke, which were the only sounds by which they notified their presence in the House of Commons. Alas! the lucky star of the dandies, — for, no doubt, they drew all possible advantage from their voices, — has now, with the rotten boroughs, been thrown into the lumber-room.

How, in fact, could a consistent dandy, even though a Tory, now enter Parliament? How could he expose his precious, dear self, to the vulgarities and fatal accidents of an election? How could he venture to expose his delicate body and elegant clothes to be pelted with cabbage heads or rotten apples; or run the risk of being obliged to kiss an old woman, during which ceremony an elector would, perhaps, clean out his pipe on his head, as may be seen in Hogarth's engraving, "*The Election Dinner?*"

The fashionable man of the last century, the beau, was quite a different apparition. He was equally intent upon adorning himself; but he must indeed have been a little embarrassed on occasions that called for national pride, for he had not a native exterior. While John Bull at that time gave full scope to his national whims, the beau aped French manners, learned dancing and fencing from French masters, ate *fricassees* instead of succulent roast-beef; fell into ecstasies at the singing of Farinelli; kept parrots, apes, French valets, and hair-dressers; sometimes, also, an Italian musician, whom John Bull peevishly called a catgut-scraper. If the beau was informed that his acquaintances had got drunk the night before, and beaten the watchmen; if he heard of cockfights, fox-hunting, and other sports, he frowned, and complained of the existence of barbarous manners. If, however, he was in Paris, he found everything excessively bad; he could not digest French cookery; declared that the French shrugged their shoulders ridiculously; eternally found fault with France; and praised his own country: till, at last, after he had fought two or three duels with swords, and purchased a court-dress of the newest fashion in the style of Louis the Fifteenth, he returned to England. In England he found his countrywomen prudish, stiff, awkward, insipid; but, had he recrossed the Channel, and were he asked by a Frenchman what he thought of the French ladies, he would have said, "*Je ne me connais pas en peintures.*" In short, the beau was far more insupportable to his countrymen and to strangers than the innocent dandy. He was also often ridiculed; the sight of a beau walking the stage like a dancing-master, and speaking broken French, never failed to excite the loud laughter of the pit and galleries, and Hogarth immortalised him by representing him in the most graceful possible attitude taking snuff, in his first plate of "*Marriage à la mode,*" or appearing with a monkey's face, dressed in the most showy, tasteless court-dress, and bowing with the most elegant grimace, in his print of *Taste*, in "*High Life.*"

The dandy belongs rather to the present and future, than to past time. The reigns of Queen Anne and of the two Georges could furnish no type of him; he was unknown to Addison, Fielding, Smollett, Hogarth. Sheridan was the first, who described him as Lord Foppington.

THE IRISH GENTLEMAN AND THE LITTLE
FRENCHMAN.

It's on my wisiting cards, sure enough (and it's them that's all o' pink satin paper) that inny gintleman that plases may behould the intheristing words, "Sir Pathrick O'Grandison, Knight, 39, Southampton Row, Russell Square, Parrish o' Bloomsbury." And shud ye be wanting to diskiver who is the pink of purliteness quite, and the laider of the hot tun in the houl city o' London — why it's jist meself. And faith that same is no wonder at all at all, so be plased to stop curling your nose, for every inch o' the six wakes that I've been a gintleman, and left aff wid the bog-throting to take up wid a gintale title, it's Pathrick that's been living like a houly imperor, and gitting the iddication and the graces. Och! and wouldn't it be a blessed thing for your sperrits if ye cud lay your two peepers jist upon Sir Pathrick O'Grandison, Knight, when he is all riddy drissed for the hopperer, or stipping into the brisky for the drive into the Hyde Park. But it's the iligant big figgur that I have, for the reason o' which all the ladies fall in love wid me. Isn't it my own swate self now that'll missure the six fut, and the three inches more nor that, in me stockings, and that am exsadingly will proportioned all over to match? And is it really more than the three fut and a bit that there is, inny how, of the little old furrener Frinchman that lives jist over the way, and that's a oggling and a goggling the houl day (and bad luck to him!) at the purty widdy Mistress Tracle, that's my own nixt door neighbor, (God bliss her!) and most particuller frind and acquaintance? You persave the little spalpeen is summatt down in the mouth, and wears his lift hand in a sling; and it's for that same thing, by yur lave, that I'm going to give you the good rason.

The thruth of the houl matter is jist simple enough; for the very first day that I com'd from Connaught, and showd my swate little silf in the strait to the widdy, who was looking through the windy, it was a gone case althegither wid the heart o' the purty Misthress Tracle. I persaved it, ye see, all at once, and no mistake, and that's God's thruth. First of all it was up wid the windy in a jiffy, and thin she threw open her two peepers to the itmost, and thin it was a little gould spy-glass that she clapped tight to one o' them, and devil may burn me if it didn't spake to me as plain as a peeper cud spake, and says it, through the spy-glass—"Och! the tip o' the mornin to ye, Sir Pathrick O'Grandison, Knight, mavourneen; and it's a nate gintleman that ye are, sure enough, and it's meself and me for-tin jist that'll be at yur sarvice, dear, inny time o' day at all at all for the asking." And it's not meself ye wud have to be bate in the purliteness; so I made her a bow that wud have broken yur heart althegither to behould, and thin I pulled aff me hat with a flourish, and thin I winked at her hard wid both eyes, as much as to say—"Thru for you, yer a swate little crature, Mrs. Tracle, me darlint, and I wish I may be drownthed dead in a bog if it's not meself, Sir Pathrick O'Grandison, Knight, that'll make a houl bushel o' love to yur leddy-ship, in the twinkling o' the eye of a Londonderry purraty."

And it was the nixt mornin, sure enough, jist as I was making up me mind whither it wou'dn't be the purlite thing to sind a bit o' writing to the widdy by way of a love-litter, when up cum'd the delivery sarvant wid an illigant card, and he tould me that the name on it (for I niver cud rade the copper-plate printing on account of being lift handed) was all about Mounseer, the Count, A Goose, Look-aisy, Maiter-di-dauns, and that the houl o' the divilish lingo was the spalpeen long name of the little ould furrener Frinchman as lived over the way.

And jist wid that in cum'd the little willain himself, and thin he made me a broth of a bow, and thin he said he had ounly taken the liberty of doing me the honor, of the giving me a call, and thin he went on to palaver at a great rate, and divil the bit did I comprehend what he wud be afther the tilling me at all at all, excepting and saving that he said "pully wou, woolly wou," and tould me, among a bushel o' lies, bad luck to him, that he was mad for the love o' my widdy Misthress Tracle, and that my widdy Mrs. Tracle had a puncheon for *him*.

At the hearin' of this, ye may swear, though, I was as mad as a grasshopper, but I remembered that I was Sir Pathrick O'Grandison, Knight, and that it wasn't althegither gentaal to lit the anger git the upper hand o' the purliteness, so I made light o' the matter and kipt dark, and got quite sociable wid the little chap, and afther a while what did he do but ask me to go wid him to the widdy's, saying he wud give me the feshionable introduction to her ledyship.

"Is it there ye are?" said I thin to meself—"and it's thrue for you, Pathrick, that ye're the fortunniest mortal in life. We'll soon see now whither it's your swate silf, dear, or whither it's little Mounseer Maiter-di-dauns, that Misthress Tracle is head and ears in the love wid."

With that we wint aff to the widdy's, next door, and ye may well say it was an illigant place—so it was. There was a carpet all over the floor, and in one corner there was a forty-pinny and a jews-harp and the divil knows what ilse, and in another corner was a sofy—the beautifulest thing in all natur—and sittin' on the sofy, sure enough there was the swate little angel, Misthress Tracle.

"The tip o' the morning to ye," says I—"Mrs. Tracle"—and then I made sich an iligant obaysance that it wud ha quite althegither bewildered the brain o' ye.

"Wully woo, pully woo, plump in the mud," says the little furrener Frinchman—"and sure enough Mrs. Tracle," says he, that he did—"isn't this gntleman here jist his riverence Sir Pathrick O'Grandison, Knight, and isn't he althegither and entirely the most particular frind and acquaintance that I have in the houl world?"

And wid that the widdy she gits up from the sofy, and makes the swatest curtchy nor iver was seen; and thin down she gits agin like an angel; and thin, by the powers, it was that little spalpeen Mounseer Maiter-di-dauns that plumped his self right down by the right side of her. Och hon! I xpected the two eyes o' me wud ha cum'd out of my head on the spot, I was so dispirate mad! Howiver—"Bait who!" says I, after a while. "Is it there ye are, Mounseer Maiter-di-dauns?" and so down I plumped on the lift side of her ledyship, to be aven wid the willain. Botheration! it wud ha done

your heart good to persave the illigant double wink that I gived her jist thin right in the face wid both eyes.

But the little ould Frinchman he niver beganened to suspect me at all at all, and disperate hard it was he made the love to her leddyship. "Wouully wou," says he—"Pully wou," says he—"Plump in the mud."

"That's all to no use, Mounseer Frog, mavourneen," thinks I; and I talked as hard and as fast as I could all the while; and troth it was meself jist that divarted her leddyship completely and intirely, by rason of the illigant conversation that I kipt up wid her all about the swate bogs of Connaught. And by and by she giv'd me sich a swate smile, from one ind of her mouth to the other, that it made me as bould as a pig, and I jist took hould of the ind of her little finger in the most dillikittest manner in natur, looking at her all the while out o' the whites of my eyes.

And thin only to persave the cuteness of the swate angel; for no sooner did she obsarve that I was afther the squazing of her flipper, than she up wid it in a jiffy, and put it away behind her back, jist as much as to say,—“Now, thin, Sir Pathrick O'Grandison, there's a bitther chance for ye, mavourneen; for it's not althegither the gentaal thing to be afther the squazing of my flipper right full in the sight of that little furrenner Frinchman, Mounseer Maiter-di-dauns.”

Wid that I giv'd her a big wink, jist to say,—“Lit Sir Pathrick alone for the likes o' them thricks.” And thin I went aisy to work, and you'd have died wid the divarsion to behould how cleverly I slipped my right arm betwane the back o' the sofy and the back of her leddyship, and there, sure enough, I found a swate little flipper all a-waiting to say, “The tip o' the mornin' to ye, Sir Pathrick O'Grandison, Knight.” And wasn't it meself, sure, that jist giv'd the laste little bit of a squaze in the world, all in the way of a commincement, and not to be too rough wid her leddyship?—and och, botheration, wasn't it the gentaalst and delikittest of all the little squazes that I got in return? “Blood and thunder, Sir Pathrick, mavourneen!” thinks I to meself, “faith, it's jist the mother's son of you, and nobody else at all at all, that's the handsomest and the fortunittest young bogthrotter that ever cum'd out of Connaught!” And wid that I giv'd the flipper a big squaze—and a big squaze it was, by the powers, that her leddyship giv'd to me back. But it wud ha split the seven sides of you wid the laffin to behould jist thin all at once the consated behaviour of Mounseer Maiter-di-dauns. The likes o' sich a jabbering, and a smirking, and a parly-wouing as he begin'd wid her leddyship, niver was known before upon arth; and divil may burn me if it wasn't my own very two peepers that catch'd him tipping her the wink out of one eye. Och hon! if it wasn't meself thin that was as mad as a Kilkenny cat, I shud like to be tould who it was!

“Let me infarm you, Mounseer Maiter-di-dauns,” said I, as purlit as iver ye seed, “that's not the gintaal thing at all at all, and not for the likes o' you inny how, to be after the oggling and a-goggling at her leddyship in that fashion.” And jist wid that such another squaze as it was I giv'd her flipper, all as much as to say, “Isn't it Sir Pathrick now, my jewel, that'll be able to the proticting o' you, my darlint?” And thin there cum'd another squaze back, all by

way of the answer, "Thru for you, Sir Pathrick,"—it said as plain as iver a squeeze said in the world,—"Thru for you, Sir Pathrick, mavourneen, and it's a proper nate gintleman ye are—that's God's thruth!" And wid that she opened her two beautiful peepers, till I belaved they wud ha com'd out of her head althegither and intirely, and she looked first as mad as a cat at Mounseer Frog, and thin as smiling as all out o' doors at meself.

"Thin," says he, the willian, "Och hon! and a woolly-wou, pully-wou!" And thin wid that he shoved up his two shoulders, till the divil the bit of his head was to be diskivered, and thin he let down the two corners of his purraty-trap, and thin not the bit more of the satisfaction could I git out o' the spalpeen.

Belave me, my jewel, it was Sir Pathrick that was unreasonable mad thin, sure enough, and the more by token that he kept on wid his winking and blinking at the widdy; and the widdy she kept on wid the squazing of my flipper, as much as to say, "At him again, Sir Pathrick O'Grandison, mavourneen!" So I jist ripped out wid a big oath, and says I, sure enough,—

"Ye little spalpeeny frog of a bog-throtting soon of a bloody-noun!"—and jist thin what d'ye think it was that her leddyship did? Troth she jumped up from the sofy as if she was bit, and made aff through the door, while I turned my head round afther her, in a complete bewilderment and botheration, and followed her wid me two peepers. You persave I had a rason of my own for the knowing that she couldn't git down the stairs althegither and intirely,—for I knew very well that I had hould of her hand, for divil the bit had I iver let it go. And says I,—

"Isn't it the laste little bit of a mistake in the world that ye've been afther the making, yer leddyship? Come back now, that's a darlint, and I'll give ye yur flipper." But aff she wint down the stairs like a shot, and then I turned round to the little French furrenner. Och hon! if it wasn't his spalpeeny little flipper that I had hould of in my own—why thin—thin it wasn't—that's all.

Maybe it wasn't meself that jist died then outright wid the laffin, to behould the little chap when he found out that it wasn't the widdy at all that he had hould of, but only Sir Pathrick O'Grandison. The ould divil himself niver behild such a long face as he pet on! As for Sir Pathrick O'Grandison, Knight, it wasn't for the likes of his riverence to be afther the minding a thrife of a mistake. Ye may jist say, though—for it's God's thruth—that afore I lift hould of the flipper of the spalpeen, (which was not till afther her leddyship's futmen had kicked us both down the stairs,) I gived it such a nate little broth of a squeeze, as made it all up into raspberry jam.

"Wouly-wou," says he,—"pully-wou," says he,—"Cot tam!"

And that's jist the thruth of the rason why he wears his lift hand in a sling.



MR. CROCODILE.

“ Like Niobe—all tears.”

SWEET Sympathy! thou healing balm of every woe-lacerated bosom!

Thou art as grateful as the gentle shower to the thirsty earth, parched and gaping beneath the burning rays of a blazing-sun—bringing soft solace—in a crack!

Feeble is my pen, and weak my wit, in the attempt to do justice to thy catalogue of virtues; for thou art like—the dew of eve to the drooping lily; the wooden-leg to the cripple; the pellucid oil to the consuming wick; the pig-tail quid to the weather-beaten tar; the sunny rays to the juicy grape, or the indolent Italian; the glass of Booth's best to the weary washerwoman; the favouring breeze to the becalmed vessel; the blow of a battledore to the feathered shuttlecock;—the, &c. &c. &c.

Mr. Cornelius Crocodile was one of the most “picked” and perfect specimens of the lacrymose legion, whose ready tears are promptly distilled at the recital of another's woe; a sort of hydrocephalalembic; a human sponge, which the heavy hand of sorrow appeared delighted to squeeze, and never squeezed in vain.

The spider-spun cambric was displayed eternally in his convulsive grasp, and some ill-natured cynics had the temerity to assert that it concealed an onion within its delicate folds!

The only composition in which Mr. Crocodile indulged were wills and epitaphs; and he invariably appeared in decent mourning,—for his connexions were so numerous that he had usually two or three funerals in hand during the year.

His ready sympathy naturally won the confidence of his acquaintance, and he was consequently nominated executor by most. Two undertakers contended for his patronage; and, it is said that there was a certain *feeling*—quite unallied to sympathy—arising out of these funeral transactions, perfectly well understood, although never expressed.

He, moreover, enjoyed quite a harvest of legacies and mourning-rings; and his “pickings” were so abundant that, like the fabled gnome, he might be said to live upon the dead.

Envy nicknamed him the “universal executor.”

Among the most intimate of his friends was a gentleman rejoicing in the name of Pugsley.

Peter Pugsley, Esquire, had in his youth served in India, in the civil department, at that happy period when gold-dust and diamonds were “shovelled up” (and the natives “shot”) like so much rubbish; and when in seven or fourteen years any man possessed of a tolerable capacity, and a reasonable tenacity, was certain of accumulating a fortune, returning to England with a full purse and a disordered liver, and a jaundiced, wash-leather complexion, that seemed like the veritable reflection of their ill-gotten gold.

Pugsley married, or rather bought, an amiable woman, (for her worldly-minded father sacrificed his lamb at the shrine of Mammon,) who, having presented him with a son, departed this life.

Having subsequently engaged a young “person” as governess to his heir, she so humoured the tetchy Anglo-Indian, and rendered herself so indispensably necessary to his comfort by every sacrifice of her own; and, in fine, contrived to make herself so very agreeable (which Nature had not—for she was more cunning than comely,) that she ultimately wheedled the wheezy Mr. Pugsley into a marriage.

The “dear little Frederic” was, of course, soon found to be very troublesome, and quite above her control, and accordingly despatched to a school; and then it was poor Pugsley discovered his error; for Mrs. P. had played her cards so well, that her partner found too late she had the game entirely in her own hands. Little Frederic’s governess became his!

No sooner had Frederic arrived at an age when it was thought necessary to choose for him some profession or pursuit, than Mrs. Pugsley, anxious to be rid of her step-son, very amiably condescended to take the management of this momentous affair into her own hands. And, pointing out to her obedient spouse the great advantages of his Eastern connexions, at once decided that nothing on earth could be better than to send him abroad, either in a civil or a military capacity.

Pugsley immediately exerted himself to carry his wife’s notable project into execution; and his wealth, and consequent influence in Leadenhall Street rendered the imposed task so comparatively easy, that his indolence, and her importunity, for once going hand in hand, Master Frederic was soon equipped, and shipped for Calcutta.

The climate agreed admirably with his constitution, and the young cadet speedily obtained a lieutenancy.

It was about this period that Mr. Crocodile had the good fortune to become acquainted with the Pugsleys — an acquaintance which was speedily ripened into an intimacy by his sympathy with both members of the family.

He had tact and discrimination enough to discover that the "grey mare was the better horse," and paid his court accordingly, making himself so agreeable to the lady by his tittle-tattle, small-talk, and nimming-pimming attentions, that his absence was always felt. At the same time, however, he had the policy not to neglect the "old gentleman." He studied chess; and learned just enough to know how to be invariably beaten gracefully.

This was the best "move" Mr. Crocodile ever made; there was always a "knife and fork at his service;" and, what was of more especial importance, this wealthy connexion made him appear in the opinion of the rest of the world as really "something."

The fact is, Mr. and Mrs. Pugsley, or rather Mrs. Pugsley and her husband, were, to the eyes of the multitude, like a pair of magnifying lenses, through which they looked at the extraordinary Mr. Crocodile.

Lieutenant Frederic, as he rose (like a man going up-hill) naturally extended his views; his mind became enlarged, and his expenses increased.

His allowance was, as most allowances are to young officers, insufficient; and, like many other youths in a similar situation, he ventured to draw a little bill at "six months after sight," with a letter of advice, upon his affectionate parent, who paid the bill, but "advised" him by the next vessel not to do so any more; for his better half read him such a lecture on the "boy's" shameful extravagance that poor Pugsley was in bodily fear; and concluding her lecture with a scientific kick and scream, had sent all his better resolutions to the ground, and so shook his nerves that he was not himself again for a whole week.

A considerable portion of Pugsley's property was vested in the hands of a first-rate firm in Calcutta, which said firm was not quite so firm as he expected, and suddenly failed — to pay, promising to pay but a trifling dividend. Mrs. P. who was really a woman of business, and always had an eye to the main chance, induced him by her arguments, to which his own experience made him yield, to make a voyage, and settle his affairs with the "house" in his own proper person.

Mr. Crocodile being consulted, and ascertaining that they were both for once unanimous on the point, profoundly discussed the propriety of such a proceeding; at the same time hinting in a delicate way, that as life was uncertain, it would, he thought, with due submission, be advisable that Pugsley should settle his affairs before his departure. And Pugsley, urged by his loving spouse, did incontinently make his will, publishing and declaring the same in due form, as prescribed by the act, &c. bequeathing to his dear wife the whole of his real and personal estate, subject only to the payment of a legacy of five hundred pounds to his sole executor, (Mr. Crocodile, of course,) and a life annuity of three hundred pounds to his extravagant son.

In a few days he departed from England; and in twelvemonths afterwards Mrs. Pugsley received the mournful intelligence that he

had departed this life, after a most satisfactory arrangement of his accounts with the parties abroad.

Ready as a parish-engine on the first alarm of a fire, Mr. Crocodile was seen knocking at the door of the bereaved widow, with his ever-ready tear-absorbing cambric in his hand.

Shutters were closed, and blinds drawn down, that the eye of curiosity might not catch a glimpse at the secret sorrow that was preying upon the troubled widow.

As Mr. Crocodile stepped lightly in the hall, and whispered to the footman, a fashionable milliner issued from the drawing-room, where she had already been receiving the instructions of poor Mrs. Pugsley for the "deepest mourning," and—taken her measures accordingly.

"Poor lady!" cried the sympathizing milliner, "I never seed sich grief as she possesses, poor dear!"

Luckily such exhibitions *are* rare!

Mr. Crocodile sent in his card, and was instantly admitted.

"My dear Mrs. Pugsley!" murmured Crocodile, approaching the mourner, who was extended in an elegant dishabille upon the sofa.

"O! my friend!" cried she, grasping his hand convulsively, "we have lost him!—he is gone!!—he is dead!!!"

Crocodile's tears flowed apace. The widow sighed and sobbed, and sobbed and sighed, until she gradually worked herself up to the point hysterical,—winding up with a sudden shriek that frightened the whole household from its propriety. Muscles and nerves became alike uncontrollable, and Mrs. P. kicked like a "subject" under the influence of a galvanic battery,—and—with about as much real feeling.

Mr. Crocodile comprehended the case exactly, and administered his condolatory common-places (*pro re natâ*) with all the skill of an old practitioner.

The widow placed herself entirely in the hands of the able and experienced executor, and, as there was no funeral, the affairs were presently in train.

The old Anglo-Indian "cut up" exceedingly "handsome," as the phrase is, and the result proved infinitely soothing to the afflicted Mrs. Pugsley.

Mr. Crocodile, too, was so obliging,—so attentive,—so everything a lone woman could desire, that a fortnight after the sad intelligence was received she permitted her kind friend and adviser to lead her to the altar. Yes,—

"the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,"—

and, like most guests at a feast, the amiable Mr. Crocodile no sooner found himself so happily "placed," than he began to "show his teeth," and take upon him the stern prerogatives of a husband. Mrs. Pugsley's kind and sympathizing friend became in every sense her lord and master.

And the "happy, happy, happy pair" were one evening, soon after the *hard* knot was tied, engaged in a discussion, which assumed a very different tone from the pretty, half-endearing, half-tantalizing one arising from those amiable outbreaks designated lovers' quarrels, when lo! Lieutenant Frederic was announced, and abruptly entered the apartment upon the heels of the servant.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion?" exclaimed the important

Mr. Crocodile, with all the air of a bashaw of three tails. "Sir—Captain Pugsley—I beg—"

"Pray, sir," said Frederic, advancing and darting a withering glance at the enraged Crocodile, "who are you, that dare assume so much authority in my father's house?"

"Who am I? I, sir, am the husband of this lady, and the master of this house," replied Crocodile, triumphantly.

This was a home-thrust!

"Married!" exclaimed Frederic, with evident surprise—"married!—already married!"

"Yes, sir, married!" fiercely replied Crocodile.

"Then, sir," replied Frederic, with a bitter expression of unfeigned contempt, "to say the least of such conduct, so precipitate a match is highly disrespectful to the memory of my father."

"Captain Pugsley," said Crocodile, striking the table with his clenched fist, "I will permit no comments on my conduct, or on that of this amiable lady. If you are displeased—"

"Not at all," replied Frederic, interrupting him. "I am, I assure you, rather gratified in finding that I have to deal with persons of such unrefined feelings, although I have that to communicate which must prove anything but pleasing to the selfish and sordid souls to whom I find I have to address myself."

"What do you mean?" demanded Crocodile, rather staggered by this preliminary.

"My father, before his death, executed a will—"

"I know it," said Crocodile.

"In which he bequeaths to me, his lawful son and heir—"

"Three hundred pounds per annum," interrupted Crocodile.

"The whole of his property," continued Frederic, "with the exception of two hundred pounds per annum to my governess, by whom he was cajoled into a marriage."

"'Tis false!" screamed the *late* Mrs. Pugsley.

"'Tis false!" echoed Mr. Crocodile, and then added, with a melancholy sort of presentiment, in the lowest key of despondency, "It cannot be!—it's impossible!"

Captain Pugsley bowed stiffly, and withdrew, and on the following day sent a respectable solicitor to arrange his affairs with Mr. Crocodile, who, too late, found that he had acted most unwisely, having really married in haste to repent at leisure; for old Pugsley, upon his arrival in the East Indies, had unexpectedly met his son, and happily become reconciled; finding, to his amazement, upon comparing notes, that Frederic's step-mother had intercepted many of his letters, and endeavoured by every means in her power to misrepresent his conduct. To repair the injury he had done his only child, he instantly made a new will, and revoking the former one he had been persuaded to make in England, had done ample justice to Frederic, by bequeathing him the bulk of his property.

Sweet Mrs. Pugsley turned sour, and Crocodile's tears were for the first time in his life—real and unaffected!

ALFRED CROWQUILL.

FATHER MATHEW.

BY P. M'TEAGUE, ESQ.

WE Irishmen never like to overpraise ourselves. Modesty and diffidence are our acknowledged qualities; we are a retiring people, not prone to the throwing down of gloves and gauntlets; but, in the name of Erin let me here challenge all the patentees and projectors under heaven to produce such an invention as the PLEDGE!

The PLEDGE—what is the PLEDGE? Reader, I will endeavour to explain it to you. It is an invention for neutralising poison, and converting drunkards into sober, honest, and industrious men; and, surely if any invention in the world be entitled to the everlasting gratitude and admiration of mankind, it is that which is now unfolding its surprising effects in Ireland.

We all know, alas! how ancient is the invention of wickedness! but to hit upon the happy means of counteracting a deeply-rooted vice, to administer an antidote which shall overcome the temptations of the ignorant and abandoned, defy the scoffs of the hardened, the sneers of the doubting; to bring peace where discord reigned, and substitute the comforts and decencies of life for the bitterness of despair:—if *this* be not a great, a happy, and glorious work, deserving to be exalted above all inventions, then indeed might the beautiful Queen of our green isle lay down her harp in despair, and moisten its strings with her tears! But, no, thank Heaven! she sits erect; her poor sons daily proclaim their joy; *they swerve not from their vow*; and the point is settled, with a few exceptions, by a nation's gratitude to good FATHER MATHEW.

In order to form some idea of the previous state of Ireland as to excesses in drinking, which, while they degraded the poor, surely disgraced the rich a hundred times more, we have only to dip into such a work as Sir Jonah Barrington's, or listen for a few minutes to relations which are ever in readiness; such, for instance, as the three squires from the west going up to Dublin, and for a month together drinking *seventy-two tumblers* of whiskey punch per diem between dinner and bed-time; or Mr. A, who used to sup so regularly that his bill was never known to vary,

Supper,	0s. 2d. (meaning four biscuits,)
Twenty tumblers of punch,	10 0
	<hr style="width: 50px; margin-left: auto; margin-right: 0;"/>
	10 2

Or, Mr. B. never going out to shoot without three pints of whiskey in his pockets, which he always finished, *shooting steadily!* Or the roaring dinners and jollifications of Mr. C, and his round dozen of guests, all extended in due time upon the floor, except two heroes, D and E; who on one great occasion drank seven bottles of claret more between them, and beginning then to complain of a great "chill in their stomachs" from that *thin cold French stuff*, finished a bottle of brandy between them, and walked home (somehow or other).

It may be easily imagined what a fine "moral effect" such pro-

ceedings as these must have had upon the servants of such a *gentry*, their tenants, and such as had the misfortune to be their dependants. Without such examples, indeed, our poor countrymen were sufficiently abandoned to the vice of drinking, and, what was worse, seldom drank without fighting. Hence our degraded peasantry were for ever engaged in broils and murders, it being an inevitable consequence that when a man was beaten in a drunken fray, many others would mingle in the fight; nor did the quarrel always terminate on the spot, but was frequently perpetuated in deadly feuds, as between "Shanivests" and "Hinavests," "Flinns" and "Joyces," "Gows" and "Poleens," and hundreds, nay thousands of others. And, as quarrels first arose in the *shebeen*, or whiskey-houses, so, also, still more dangerous conspiracies were arranged in these very places; and these, too, often artfully suggested by the publicans themselves for the base purpose of drawing crowds of these infatuated ignorant wretches to their houses. For instance, during the insurrection of the Terry-alts in the county of Clare, in the year 1831, the quantity of whiskey sold *exceeded all belief!* and, are not the records of that year applicable to those of previous centuries? I appeal to the historian, to the traveller, to the annals of the bar, and exhortation of the pulpit; to the confessions of multitudes when in the extremity of mental anguish from the commission of crime, or trembling upon the verge of eternity at the foot of the gallows, or languishing in chains, heart-broken, in our far distant colonies; fearlessly would I appeal to all, and ask whether this description is not strictly true? And, if true, without some great counteracting event, what hope could be entertained for the improvement and regeneration of Ireland?

And yet at this very period, when every benevolent heart is expanding with joy amidst the mighty change, there are people,—and grieved am I to add many—who raise their hands, and turn up their eyes, exclaiming, "Ah, we see how it is! we shall be all murdered! We are on the eve of another rebellion!" And so we certainly are, or rather in the thick of it; but, thank Heaven! it is a rebellion against poverty, rags, and poison. All which these people, too long accustomed to have everything their own way, know *perfectly well themselves*.

But now let us return to Father Mathew. From the 1st January, 1838, this excellent man has laboured with an ardour never surpassed. At first his progress was slow, and his constancy must have been severely tested; for he had not the great body of the Catholic priesthood with him *then*; but *now* he has their zealous co-operation. In fact, the circle was discouragingly small at first; but has extended itself in a manner which, while it gladdens the soul of the philanthropist, confounds all statistical calculation, and electrifies the brewer, the distiller, and the publican. It is known that nearly five hundred whiskey-shops have been abandoned in Cork alone, and hence we may judge of other places; and also, that FIFTEEN HUNDRED THOUSAND members have already taken the pledge.

Having had the gratification of a personal introduction to Father Mathew, upon an occasion when many thousand people eagerly presented themselves to take the pledge, I might here, perhaps, be induced to trespass too much in describing the scene, as this has been

so frequently done before. However, as some parts of it may not be so generally known, I may add that the exhortation when the people had thrown themselves down upon their knees was very appropriate and well delivered, depicting the miserable state of the drunkard's life, and contrasting it with the comforts of peace and security.

"I wish you," he said, "to make a fair trial of the change. Think not, however, I have any design to take an undue advantage of this great impulse. All I ask of you is to give to temperance a *fair trial*; steadily to adhere to it for a portion, at least, of your lives, and to mark what happy changes it will effect, not only in your bodily health, but your worldly comforts. I am not afraid of you if you will give it such a trial; and, after that, if any one of you should regret his choice, or see cause to retract the engagement he is about to make, let him send me back his card and his medal, and I will at once erase his name from the register."

To all which the kneeling multitude cried out, "WE WILL KEEP IT!"

"I rejoice to hear you say so," said Father Mathew; "and now let each of you repeat after me as follows." When, further elevating his voice, he pronounced the words of the pledge, pausing as indicated ("—") for the general response.

But how can I describe the effect of these bursts of a thousand voices, or the variety of emotions depicted on the faces below! Here were, indeed, pictures, *veritables tableaux vivants*, which the curious in physiognomy might have scrutinised with an interest never, perhaps, more strongly experienced. Men upon whose countenances I saw the marks of shame and sorrow; women in a kind of maudlin dreamy state, who threw up their arms, and clapped their hands over their heads, as if bewailing the last "drops of comfort" they had taken; and here and there groups of the poorest peasants from the far west, from the recesses of that rocky shore, whose frowning cliffs protect us from the liquid mountains of the restless Atlantic; these men, peculiar in dress, and of uncivilised appearance, and whose matted hair nearly concealed their faces—such figures as these could not but form a singularly interesting portion of the multitude. From my knowledge of these people, of their wild glens and lonely haunts, I should say that probably not one of them in fifty understood a word of English, and yet there was a language evidently speaking within them, as their lips never ceased to move; and immediately after the ceremony most of them rushed to Father Mathew to touch his person, or be touched by him; doubtless considering *that touch* as the perfection of virtue against future temptation. We now come to THE PLEDGE.

FATHER MATHEW.—"I promise"—(the multitude answer, in various tones, but in one eager breath,)—"I promise"—"that so long"—"as I continue"—"a member"—"of the teetotal"—"temperance society"—"to abstain"—"from all"—"intoxicating liquors,"—"except used medicinally;"—"and by advice"—"and example"—"to discountenance the cause and practice"—"of intemperance in others."

The reverend gentleman then added, "God bless you, and enable you to keep the pledge you have taken!"

This is a faint outline only of the ceremony as I witnessed it. It is obvious that medals could not be distributed on such an occasion, or the names of eight, ten, thirty, or forty thousand people accurately registered. In Limerick the attempt was made by fourteen gentlemen; but they were obliged to abandon the task, and a far better plan has been adopted; those who have taken the pledge have now to renew the engagement before their respective parish-priests, who are provided with the requisite cards and medals, on payment of a shilling.

Here again it has been loudly complained of by those righteous people, now all at once appearing *horror-struck* at the idea of Irishmen becoming sober, that a shilling should be charged for what only costs about fourpence! But when the great expense of the registry—in which business alone two clerks are engaged wholly at Father Mathew's expense; his journeys, and his well-known acts of charity; the medals of pure silver,—for which he will take no payment,—and which he has given on particular occasions; nay, one of gold, of the value of ten pounds, which he presented to a Catholic bishop: when these are all taken into account, it will surely be obvious to any unprejudiced person that not only is there no profit from this source, but that a handsome private income is *entirely devoted* by this excellent man to the highest object of his ambition in this world—the regeneration of his countrymen.

The personal labour which Father Mathew encounters is almost incredible. When at home in Cork his work commences at seven in the morning, and, with the exception of short intervals, seldom ceases before twelve at night. During the late inclement winter it is well known how many entire days he was exposed in the open air, and bare-headed from morning till night, and often (as I can testify) in the worst of weather administering the pledge, and yet we have never heard that his constitution has been at all injured, nor does his appearance indicate anything but health and contentment. A powerful argument this in favour of temperance!

No wonder, then, under all these circumstances, that his reputation should increase so rapidly; for the people soon began to argue themselves into a firm belief that the good father must have received preternatural aid, and be gifted by more than human power; and, in proportion as this conviction spread among them, we may be sure that Paddy's *ingenuity* did not diminish the impression. Some rather singular coincidences, too, did actually occur; several people who had broken their pledges were seized with sickness or madness—synonymous disorders with many drunkards. Of these some filled with remorse returned by themselves to Cork, while others were carried back by their friends, and, overwhelmed with alarm and shame, were re-admitted and cured, as they expressed it, “for ever.” The very medals were by numbers supposed to possess a charm in healing, and were believed to effect miracles on being applied to sores, &c.

Imagine, therefore, the journeyings to Cork in 1839. It was then, indeed, that the living tide rolled onwards; the roads were thronged with pilgrims, coaches, carts, and cars and horses were heavily laden with them; and even boat-loads were landed from all parts of the Coast. But, how different the approach to the return!

Going, as much whiskey was drunk by all as could be paid for or carried, sometimes a *little more*. "But sure, wasn't it for the last time!" Returning, *not a single drop*. The steps of all were resolved, and their appearance, without exception, (and I have met thousands on the roads,) displayed the utmost pride and satisfaction; and, though they freely admitted what they had gone through in their last fond embraces of their "darlint dhrop;" yet, assuming a more than solemn air, they would add, "Wor they ever so hearty, or maybe bhliud dhruin itsilf, sure the bare sight of his rivirince brought 'em to rason, an' down they wint an ther two knees studdy an' illigant."

Considering, therefore, the fruitful inventions of my dear countrymen, and the number of marvellous tales carried home by these pilgrims, it is easy to imagine with what avidity a narrative of their adventures would be devoured, particularly when once more seated by their cabin fires at night, as "the neighbours, ould an' young, male an' female, 'ud be comin' in, to hear all the great news, an' take a look at the caard an' medal."

And, as Paddy *loves* a wonder, and *must* have a wonder, and cannot live *without* a wonder,—no wonder that tales *sufficiently wonderful* should soon be flying about the country, particularly as the supply of the article is invariably equal to the demand, however great: another striking proof of the inexhaustible resources and fertility of Ireland, when aided by the inventive faculties of her sons. In short, even St. Patrick himself seemed to shake upon his pedestal, while, by sheer native talent, Father Mathew was invested with acquirements in fortune-telling, and even necromancy, which he himself is certainly the very last man in the world to acknowledge or covet.

But how can Father Mathew help himself. Even the village poets caught the inspiration, and celebrated him in endless verses of *endless* metres, which the ballad-singers were neither slow to profit by or re-echo in nasal harmony.

I have at this moment several of these magnificent effusions, and have been thinking how I could best contrive to give my readers some idea of them. To transcribe them all would be impossible, for they would fill a number of the Miscellany. I will give, however, a few examples.

‘ By the Lord’s command we’ll join heart and hand,
Let envy and malice away from us flee;
We’ll join holy timp’rance with Father Mathew,
And live in contintmint in ERIN MACHREE!’

Or, what if we should avail ourselves of the good old orthodox (how I love that word!) way, by which in those good old times (flown, alas! for ever,) a capital judgment might be concluded of a house by producing a few bricks taken promiscuously from its walls? I flatter myself this idea is a splendid one; so our readers may now be at ease, and from their own estimate of the value of my collection of temperance ballads (increasing, I am happy to say,) by the following specimens. Here (as one might call it, brick first,) is a piece of the sublime—a sort of poetical earthquake:

“ God bless each member that wears a medal
 I hope for ther souls' sake they 'll not brake trust,
 The general day whin St. Michael will sound the trumpet,
 The rocks will SMASH, and the earth will BURST.”

The next to be produced is called “ THE ROGUISH PUBRICAN.”

“ Without a coat he 'd make you go,
 Without a breechès to put an ;
 His pint and glass will be your wo
 If you don't shun the publican.”

Then comes what people of good breeding and delicate feelings would call a *wipe* at the landlady. (Scene, Limerick.)

“ One evening, when passing up the Irish town,
 A publican's wife I heard grievin' alone,
 In mournful accents crying ‘ OCN HONE ! ’
 I'm pining in anguish this fortnight.
 Sure now for whiskey we're getting no call ;
 There is no use in housekeeping at all ;
 For the world is wheeling like a ball !
 My husband in fashion could dress like a squire,
 With a watch in his fob, and his shins by the fire,
 A pipe in his—gob, without pinshon or hire
 IS SHUDE MAR A REE, MERU GA GRAUVER ! *
 The time of the election 't was easy for me
 To sit to a breakfast, bread, butter, and tea,
 To eat a fresh egg with me cup on me knee,
 Tinkling about on me saucer,” &c.

I would transcribe the whole of this most beautiful ballad were it not so affecting, and rendered more pathetic, too, by its innocent simplicity ; for she actually concludes thus,—as the poet avers ; who had been evidently listening to her moans—musical and melancholy, no doubt, and tender as those of a dying swan :—

“ She swore a BIG OATH that she 'd rather be dead,
 Than eating the ‘ lumpers,’ insted of good bread ;
 Her stomach is weak, and a pain in her head,—
 For hungar is a killing disorder ! ”

We must next prepare for a burst of the tremendous in a ballad called the “ Drunkard's Reformation.”

“ In hell the devil now does bark
 At this holy priest, who dwells in Cork ;
 He would wound his soul wid his firy fork,
 But he cannot hurt our CHAMPIAN ! ”

Here is another most sublime and ingenious ballad, the descriptions vivid, and sentiments tender,—“ FAREWELL TO DRUNKNESS,”—(reminding one also that it is time to bid farewell to one's extracts.)

“ Farewell to my rags ! for at one time my coat,
 And wastecoat an' brichis no buttons had got ;
 I drest on a mornin' with needle an' thred,
 And cut thim of with a scissors when ready for bed.
 Farewell to you, whiskey, i bid you good-b'ye ;
 I 'll continue to temp'rance till the day that i die ! ”

* Merry and social as a king.

But, no, no! impossible to leave out my charming friend, "PAT SOBER," the pride of the Limerick Press, and the glory of the Penny Temperance Magazine, No. 12. We must have a little bit of *him*, at least, if we cannot have him "holus bolus" (as they say). He is too choice a fellow to pass by.

"My name is PAT SOBER, a temperate man,
 A great toper once, reform'd I am;
 For the temperance cause I give in my note
 That no ardent spirits should go down my throat.
 Now a sweet cup of tea, and a good lunch of toast,
 Is far better, I say, than this ugly grim ghost.
 He's shockingly ghastly, and ugly to see;
 Let's change him, my friends, for a bowl of coffee;
 And, if in your stomach he's likely to kick,
 Knock him down in the sconce with a quartern brick;
 Should he not be kilt—so strong his old pate is,—
 Why, hit him again with some pork and pitaties.
 They may laugh if they please—OCH A GRA MACHREE STIG—
 For we know who has got the fat side of a pig.
 Let the drunkard come look at our beef in its teens,
 And a nice pig's profile, garnished round with young greens;
 Some apple pitaties arranged on a plate;
 Two fat little chickens quite cosy and nate;
 And at Christmas a goose, or a fat little duck,
 While a temperate neighbour walks in for pot-luck.
 We make fools of gooseberries, scalded by rule;
 He that's scalded with whiskey is a great whiskey fool," &c.

Having been lately on a visit to my worthy and excellent old friend, Mr. Terence Coffy, I was much gratified to find his health greatly improved; for, though he has not become a "teetotaller," yet is he so deeply impressed with the importance of aiding the great change going on, that he has very properly resolved to allow no more whiskey-drinking in his house; and contents himself, like a sensible man as he is, with a few glasses of fine old Madeira; and the change, to say nothing of the selection, being very much in accordance with my own taste, we got on remarkably well together.

We had nearly arranged the entire affairs of the nation; given our hearty approval to the happy marriage of our beloved Queen; decided that the Emperor of Russia was inclined to be troublesome; Mahomed Ali Pacha *plucky* and obstinate; Louis Philippe by no means the first man whose *chambers* did not exactly accommodate him as he *wished*; rejoiced over penny letters; puzzled ourselves with poor-laws and corporation acts, and nearly fell asleep over the *opium* question: when, suddenly, those well-remembered strains fell upon my ears, denoting, beyond all doubt, that my friend, Corney O'Hennessey (the glory of pipers) was not far off.

"Thank you, my friend," I said. "Good-b'ye to politics and opium now; for I suspect we have something better in hand."

"Indeed I hope so," replied Mr. Coffy; "and, to confess the truth, this was the signal arranged between myself and Corney. He and three or four more of your old country cronies have been dining in my kitchen, and now I know that everything is in readiness for us. The women havc (as they call it) settled the kitchen; the hearth is swept; and we shall find a couple of old easy chairs, one at each side of the fire. We shall have some amusement, I

hope ; but I warn you that if, according to your usual propensities, you are looking for stories, that you will be out in your calculation, as these people can talk of nothing now but Father Mathew ! ”

“ So much the better,” I replied, and away we went.

We had not, in fact, very far to go ; but it was worth a longer walk to look at such a kitchen as Mr. Coffy’s ; so clean, so well-arranged, and so amply garnished with hams, bacon, and bright pewter plates. The old servants, and young ones too, so respectable ; the guests looking so happy, and all doting upon the dear old master (cats and dogs included)

Advanced as the afternoon was, we made our *entrée* to the tune of “ Patrick’s day in the morning,” played in his best style by Corney, all standing to receive us, and then came so many greetings and bows ! Ah ! how much do those great folks lose who think the humble beneath their notice ! There is after all no difference in the conformation of the *human heart* ; the same affections are common to all ; and there often dwells a nobility beneath the frieze which might in vain be sought for under the most costly garments !

Corney was surpassing himself ; but fair play is a jewel ; he considerably stopped to let others indulge a little kindly display. Such as —

“ Your honour’s kindly welcome.” — “ Ah, thin, we’re glad to see your honor among us.” — “ Long life to your honor.” — “ Never seen yer honor look so fresh ! ” and so on. Greetings and inquiries innumerable. At length, however, preliminaries being adjusted to general satisfaction, and the fire and the easy chairs looking extremely inviting, we took our seats, desiring all the rest to do the same.

“ Well, Corney,” I said, “ now tell me how you are in earnest, my good fellow. How are the times with you ? Mr. Coffy tells me you have been to Cork. I trust you have seen no cause to regret your pilgrimage.”

“ In troth, no, your honor, I never was better in my life, thank God ! an’ I would not give up my medal and card at this minute for a hundred pounds ! To be sure, yer honor, the new ‘ thrade ’ may not be quite so lively to some people ; but, what thin ? Everything goes an more steady, as one may say. The good bread, an’ the warm tay an’ coffee, keeps all shnug an’ comfortable ; an’ sure the *bellowses* costs nothing now towards what they did, and they bursting under the elbow wid’ the *shpring of the whiskey* ! ”

This was an exordium,—a preliminary flourish,—during which I had been looking round, and was happy to perceive one of the benches had been *coaxed* a little nearer to the fire, and that it was occupied by five knowing fellows in their way,—Tom Donovan, the ploughman ; Billy Hayes, the herdsman ; Paddy Kennedy, and James Curtin, and his brother Michael, all neighbours, and teetotallers, my old friend showing a decided partiality to the disciples of Father Mathew, or, as his name is more generally pronounced by these people, MATHEW. At this period, indeed, we might have been justly called “ The Wide-awake Club,” as all sat open-mouthed enjoying Corney’s preparations to surprise me, who they well knew would not stick at trifles ; and truly I began to think some of those collisions were not far distant, which like flint and steel, or the

contents of a more modern match-box, produce a flash of light from rough materials. And so, thought I to myself, this will do! No sooner had Corney O'Halloran ended these remarks than three was a general exclamation in favour of temperance. They were all more comfortable, — nothing could induce them to return to the whiskey, &c.

"Most delightful news, indeed!" I said. "Pray, can any of you tell me what has become of that poor unfortunate wretch, Paddy Limekiln?"

"Yes, indeed, yer honour, I believe I can," said Tom Donovan; "for I know him very well these ten years, and the devil a bigger ruffian about the counthry, except p'rhaps Paddy the blackguard of Killaloe, an' he wint too, yer honour, but couldn't get through Limerick the first offer, and kem half way back, an' got a few more shillin's from a good gintleman, and then he made his road good to Cork, an' is a dacent boy now; an' before he wint, yer honour knows he'd knock any one down for a glass of whiskey, an' that he would. But by the same token, sure that other fellow's raal name was Paddy Magrath, an' he was called Limekil' always, because he was sleeping about the limekils for warmth, or may be up the enthries, or in the haggards, under ricks and haystacks, but never in a bed,—by rason whin he got a shillin' or two, he dhrank it all out at wanst, an' whin the time of night came an, never had a penny piece for the dhry lodgin'. Well, how in the wide world it was, meself does not know, but all on a suddint he wint aff, an' by one manes or other, an' nobody knows how, but great shtrugglin' it was, I'm sure, he got to Cork, an' tuk the plidge, an' was cured by Father Matchew, an' so towards home agen, quite a different soort of a man entirely. An' on his journey back he fell in wid a lady in a fine jaunting car, who seeing he was tired, an' bate up for the hunger, gave him a shillin' or two out iv' her pocket; an' the lady saw Paddy's medal, and siz she to Paddy, 'When you've thried the timprance a month or two, siz she, 'I hope your nose will be more the colour of your medal,' siz she, 'nor that,' siz she, an' she pointing wid her finger to the comb of a cock on a hape of stones!—an' she laughing when she driv on; for in troth Paddy's nose was red enough. So by an' by Paddy comes to a shebeen house, kep by a jolly young widdy, an' marches into the kitchen wid a 'God save all here!' an' there stood the lan'-lady, wid a cap an' fine ribbons on her, if you plase, an' full of her jokes; an' siz Paddy, siz he, 'May I thrubble you, ma'am, for a small loaf an' a pwint o' milk?' siz he; an' wid that he lays down a shillin', an' got his change. 'Ah, now, is it milk by itself for such a beautiful *shnout* as you carry on the middle of your face?' siz she. 'O then, good luck to you, an' let me put a naggin of the raal ould Dublin into it for the warmth,' siz she; 'for it's beginning to turn blue,' siz she, 'an' I'll not sharge for it even,' siz she.—'No, 'deed, ma'am,' siz Paddy, 'I can't do that same,' siz he; 'for I've been wid Father Matchew,' siz he, 'an' be the same token, here's my medal,' siz he; 'but, as the day is getting cowl'd, if you'll give it a little bit of a *bile* in the skillet there, I'll be for ever obleeg'd to ye, ma'am,' siz he.—'Av coorse, you shall have yer own way, an' welcome, my good man,' siz she; 'so sit down an' take an air of the fire, an' make yerself comfortable,' siz she. An' so you see, sir, wid that Paddy Limekil' sot himsilf down, an' out wid his short pipe, an'

redde'd it wid a coal, an' was enjoying himsilf quite asy an' pleasant, when all av a suddint, what should dbrive up past the dure but a coach that was full of passhingers in an' out, an' Paddy should get up to see did he know anybody an it; an' so whin the landlady saw him outside the dure staring afther the coach, what should come into her head, but the divil's own notion to interfere wid Father Matchew's work! 'I'll spoil his spoort for this wanst,' siz she, 'any how,' siz she; an' up wid hersilf, an' popp'd a naggin of whishkey into Paddy's milk, an' poured it into a jug, and sot it on the windy to cool. By an' by, whin Paddy was done looking afther the coach, an' it out of sight, he comes in back for his milk, an bein' a-most kilt wid de druth, swallyed it all down in no time — an' if he did, bad luck to it, up comes the ould tashte an' shmell ov de whishkey! 'Och, murdher! murdher! murdher!' siz Paddy, 'I'm ruined agen!' siz he, 'here's ructions of whishkey,' siz he, 'coming up de throat of me!' siz he. An' the fine gay landlady began to laugh till the ribands shuk an her cap, an' siz she, 'What's the matter wid you, my honest friend?' siz she. — 'No frind av mine you are, ye desavingest woman of the world!' siz Paddy. 'Is it the pace of my poor sinful sowl yer begrudging me?' siz he. 'An' is it this the way yer thinkin' to bate Father Matchew out an out?' siz he. An' wid that he gother himsilf for another shtart, an' bowlted clane out av the dure, an' away wid him back agen to Cork as fast as he could pelt, an' never stopped till he kem to Father Matchew's house, an' his rivrence waiting for him outside! 'Come in, my poor fellow,' siz he, 'an' take the plidge agen by all manes,' siz he. 'I don't blame you the laste,' siz he; but take care of thim soort of women another time,' siz he. 'An' now,' siz he, 'Paddy, yer twice as shtrong for a tee-totaller as you was before, an' you may go home wid my blessing. An' whisper!' siz he; 'mind my ordhers now,' siz he. 'Call in to that sheben house as quick as you can, an' see what's become of the gay widdy,' siz he, 'an' whether she'll propose you another naggin,' siz he. So Paddy away wid himsilf to face the road agen, an' whin he kem to the widdy's house, he'd like to be smudder'd wid th' hapes of people in the road, roaring an' crying; but av coorse he did as he'd bin bid, an' squee'sh'd himsilf into the house, an' there was the gay widdy *stritch'd dead on a table*, an' the neighbours all *wake* her. The Lord save us!"

"Tare-an-ounters!"—"A wough, wough!"—"Well, well, well!"—"The Lord be praised!" Such, and many more, were the general exclamations re-echoed by the females, who, though pretending at times to be very busy, never lost a syllable.

MR. COFFEY. "God bless me, Tom Donovan, but that's a terrible story to be true."

DONOVAN. "Devil a word of a lie in it, sir. That's juist as the boy's own friends tould me."

MR. COFFEY. "But did any of ye hear what became of the five millers from O'Brien's Bridge? Were you not living there at the time, Paddy Kennedy?"

PADDY KENNEDY. "Sure I was, sir, an' knew them all as one as my own brothers. Not to say them boys was so bad; but you see, sir, whin the masher wanted the maal for market, may be they'd be away dhrinking, or the shtones 'udn't be drest fair, or somethin' contraary. 'So,' says he, 'boys, I'm thinkin',' ses he, 'it 'ud be well

done o' ye to go way to Cork an' take the plidge,' ses he. An' they hadn't the laste objection agin it; only they tould him they considered themselves a little too *saf* for foot thravelling, and had no money for coach or car. 'O, thin,' ses the mather, 'if that 's yer only objection, boys, I 'll lend what money 'll do ye,' ses he, 'an' you shall go on a car,' ses he, 'an' I 'll pay that same car,' ses he; 'an' don't ye think but Denny Burke 'ud bring you there in no time,' ses he, 'an' back agen; an' who knows but Denny might take the plidge himsilf,' ses he,—and wouldn't that be the only best thing ever happened him?' ses he. So the mather sent for Denny, an' agreed wid him for the hire of horse an' car for Cork, an' put plinty hay and shtraw for all to sit upon, an' saw thim aff quite pleasant. But a'deed, to tell nothin' but the thruth, it was a tearing journey they had, an' a power of whishkey they dhrank, an' Denny the worst av 'em all; for they 'd be all lyin' down in the shtraw drunk together, an' the horse stoppin' to ate grass, an' they not knowin' wor they goin' to Cork or Ameriky! an' Denny swearin', an' blaspheming, and cursin', and tearin' about, an' 'didn't care a pin's head for Father Matchew, an' 'ud pitch his rivirince to the devil.' The Lord save us, amin! 'An' so whin they wor within ten miles of Cork, Denny stopped all at wanst, an' called out, 'Boys, don't be making Judies av yersilves, but wait here at this neat house for the day, anyhow!' But the men wor not such fools, an' tould him to hould his tongue, an' drive 'em to Father Matchew, for 'the divil's skivver to the bit av 'em they 'd go back, or make more delay.' An' thin he swore an' cursed worse than ever, an' called Father Matchew all the names he could think av, till he got red in the face, an' thin blue, an' thin black,—*an' black it kep*—(the Lord be praised!)—an' then they thought he 'd die. But it was capers he was cutting all about the road, an' he jumpin', an' kickin', an' tearin' his clothes to bits,—an' he alive, yer honour, (saving yer prinsence,) with *with black keerogues*, an' ugly vermin of all kinds an' soorts, an' he roarin' an' bawlin' jist like a madman. But, mad as he was, he knew well enough what was the only best thing he could do, an' so he tuk his baste out of the car', an' whipped up on his back, an' tore away for Cork for the bare life. An' whin he got there, there was Father Matchew sure enough at his dure waiting for him! 'Is that you, Denny Burke?'—'It is, plase yer rivirince.'—'Don't they call you the mad dhriver? Come down aff yer horse,' ses Father Matchew.—'O, plase yer rivirince's glory, sure I 'm not fit to come nigh you,' ses Denny. 'I 'm swarmin' wid black keerogues, an' vermin av all soorts,' ses he, 'an' they bitin' an' tearin' me to pieces,' ses he, an inch thick they are wid me,' ses he.—'Come down aff yer horse, as I bid you,' ses Father Matchew. 'Now come yer ways in,' ses he, 'till I look at you,' ses he. So in went Denny, cryin', an' clappin' his hands, an' prayin' his rivirince 'ud forgive his sins, an' all he sed agin him behind his back. 'Hould yerself still a minute,' ses Father Matchew, 'till I see 'll ye be a thrue repintant,' ses he. 'I think you will,' ses he; 'may be you 've suffered enough by this,' ses he. 'It 's dust yer covered with now, ses he. 'Go outside, an' shake yersilf well in the wind,' ses he. So Denny did as he was ordherd, an' the whole shstreet was bhinded wid the dusht, by rason the keerogues and vermin was all turned into black powdther!—the Lord save us! 'Now come in agen,' ses Father Matchew, 'an' take the plidge.' An' so he did, an' received his companions sound,

an' whole, an' hearty ; an' not wan o' them could bear sight or smell of whiskey since. *An' every keerogue was a devil for certain !*"

Another general exclamation as before, and a significant exchange of nods between Mr. Coffy and myself. The ball was fairly up !

"In troth, then, yer honor, an' that's all a thru story," said Jemmy Curtin ; 'for I heerd tell a'most the whole av it before. An' faix it's somethin' like what happened to a third cousin of my own aunt Doo-laughty's by her mother's side, an' she a dacent 'esponsible woman enough, only she'd take a sup now an' agen, till she wint to Cork. Well, she was jist goin' to take the plidge, whin she all at wanst thought it 'ud be the grief of the world to give up the dthrop out an' out. So she made bould to ask Father Matchew, might she jist have the taste of two shmall glasses av sperrets in the coorse av the twenty-four hours, an' then she 'ud take any plidge or oath his rivrence proposed, not to dhrink *more* ? Father Matchew, who is a raal gentleman, and mighty civil to everybody, an' av coorse not less so to the ladies, gav' her the liberty, an' 'welcome, if she found no further objections hersilf. An' so aff she wint wid hersilf, mighty quick an' aisy to the publichouse, an' called for a glass, an' aygar enough she was wid it up to her mouth, all in a hurry, like a cat takin' a lep a'top av a mouse. But if she was, be me sowkins ! no mouth av hers could she find convanient for the whiskey !—for ye see, yer honor, it was all drawn away, an' twishted a'most close to her ears ! an' bad luck to the dthrop she could pitch into it, wid all the thries she med. So she began to crass an' bless hersilf, an' she cryin' like mad, an' ran back to Father Matchew. 'Ah !' ses he, 'I thought you 'd find somethin' wrong about takin' two glasses,' ses he, 'afther you bein' here,' ses he. An' so he put his hand to her head, an' soon shtraitedened her mouth for her. 'Now,' ses he, 'will you go down on yer knees, an' take the plidge out an' out?' ses he, 'like a dacent woman,' ses he. An' what d'ye think she did, the crathur ! but wanted to bargin for *wan* glass, insted of the two ! An' so Father Matchew sent his own boy out for a half naggin, an' poured it out into a beautiful clane glass wid his own hands, an' she tuk it quite smart an' bould. But what 'ud ye think ? Why, thin, by this binch I 'm sittin' on, the moment she thried to drink it, the dickins a sup of whiskey was in the glass at all, but, insted of the sperrets, it was full av *red maggits* ! An' afther that she tuk the plidge for good an' all, an' can't bear the sight of a large or shmall glass since !"

"Wonderful ! — wonderful ! — most wonderful !" I exclaimed, amidst a similar chorus from the rest, and a most significant wink of the eye from Mr. Coffy.

Now Corney O'Hennessy was not the man to sit "mute and inglorious" by, while such stories were going ; his head had been evidently at work, and his tongue aching again to maintain his proper distinction.

"Ah, yer honor," said he, "what pains and thrubble some av our poor boys used to give themselves to get at the whiskey, — like Mick Hourigan, that yer honor may remimber."

"Ay, indeed, I've heard of that fellow's pranks," I replied. "Can he still be alive ? I thought he had drunk himself to death."

CORNEY. "An' so he did a'most, yer honor ; but he's safe *now*. Did yer honor ever hear how he got the whiskey at Spencil Hill fair ?"

"O, I've not heard that story. Pray tell it to me, Corney."

CORNEY. "Well, yer honor, Mick was called '*Barrileah*,' because he made a barrel of himsilf in regard to the dhrink; an' on a fair-day at Spancil Hill, Mick coaxed his brother to let him go with him. He hadn't a copper in his pocket, to be sure, but he'd 'run chance,' any how; so he wandered about scratching his head till he got a glass of whiskey from a frind, that made his throat ache for more. So what did he do, but goes to his brother and begged the loan of the fine new frieze riding-coat he had, which he knew well enough would hide his own ragged coatee. His own hat bein' purty dacent, and his shoes an' stockings; the next thing was to borry a small book, and pin, an' ink-bottle from a kind-hearted landlady, and then in he went into the fair, lookin' mighty knowin' an' clever, like a jobber, an' so slap in into the thick of the farmers an' their pigs. 'God save ye, gentlemen,' ses Mick; 'did ye sell?' ses he.—'Musha! no' indeed, we did not,' ses one. 'I'm comin' here this forty year wid my pigs, an' I never seen the like of this of a dull fair. There's nothin' doing, good or bad, in it,' ses he; an' all sed, 'that's throe.'—'Well, now,' ses Mick, 'I'm a kimmishner of pigs from Limerick, jist aff the coach,' ses he, 'an' must do a great deal of business for the conthrac-thurs in a little time,' ses he; 'so I'll jist give you a thrial,' ses he. 'And what'll you take for that one?' ses he.—'Two pounds ten shillings,' ses the man. Mick knuckled the pig mighty clever an' knowin'. 'Ah, that's too much; but it's gettin' late—I'll be even wid you at a word.'—'How much?'—'Two pounds five shillings.'—'Well, I'll be long sorry to stand huckstherin' wid the likes o' you, so have her.' Mick marked the pig, an' out with his book and pen. 'What's yer name?'—'Paddy Gorman.' 'Enthered white pig, red x, Paddy Gorman, two pounds five shillings.' 'Come, come, now, yer sowl,' says Mick, 'let's come into this tint. Who ever h'ard of a dhry baargin? Here, landlady, get this gintleman an' me a half pint of the right stuff.' Mick put his hand in his pocket, as if to pay. 'O no, by no manes,' says Mr. Gorman; 'I'll pay.'—'Well, have it so,' says Mick; 'but take the sixpence out of the money when I'm paying you; an' mind, Mr. Gorman, be at this very tint in two hours, an' I'll pay all at wanst,' ses he, 'for I am very exact,' ses he. So Mick went away agin, an' the man praising him up to the skies as a mighty dacent honorable kimmishner; and Mick having struck out his plans so well, wint on till he bought eleven more pigs, wetting every bargin, till the two hours wor up, an' the poor farmers kem for ther money, whin there they found Mr. Hourigan stretched on the broad of his back on the flure, an' he bhind dhrunk, without motion. An' so whin night kem on, what could they do, the crathurs, but lose their sixpence a-piece, an' dhrive their pigs back home agen!"

"Oh! that's the very man," I said. "And has he really been to Father Mathew?"

"Yes, indeed, your honour, he wint; for his frinds persuaded him to it, an' agreed he should drink all the ways to Cork, if he'd go, an' that's what tuk him, yer honor. But if it did, he wint back o' the pledge, and mad he grew, and got a turr'ble twisht av his head, an' he *beginnin' to ate his own shoulders*—the Lord be praised! So they tied him on a car this next turn, an' tuk him to Father Matchew for another offer; an' the moment Mick saw his rivirince, he began

to tremble an' shake, an' down on his knees he wint, an' tuk the plidge agen ; an' ses he, ' Oh ! plase yer rivirince,' ses he, may be I'd be going asthray agen,' ses he.—' Do you think so ? ' ses Father Matchew. ' I'll be bail for you this time,' ses he. So wi' that he tuck a good houl of his head betune his two hands, an' if he did, he gev it the raal squeegee ; and when this was done three times, Mick was better than ever he was in his life, an' would rather take the dirty ditch-wather now than fine ould Dublin ; an' he's getting mighty shnug, an' goin' to be married to a fine girl of the Moylans, with ten acres an' thirty pounds !

" But the divil so bothered a fellow yer honor ever heerd of as Sergeant O'Callaghan. Did yer honor go to Tralee this year ? "

" Yes. I was at Tralee not long since ; and a nice thriving town it is, with temperance rooms, and everything very comfortable. But what of Tralee, and Sergeant O'Callaghan, Corney ? "

" Oh, not a great deal, yer honor. But did yer honor take notice of the sergeant, — he that's gettin' so many recruits for the arthillery ? "

" Oh yes ; I think I remember him,—a very tall muscular man,—a fine handsome-looking fellow."

" The very same, yer honor,—an' carries a beautiful sword, an' a matther o' beyant fifty yards of ribands flying away ten yards behind him when he's marchin' agen the wind, an' he six foot two and a half inches high in his shtockin' vamps."

" Ay, exactly,—that's the same man. No one could be an hour in Tralee an' not see him. But what of him, Corney ? Do tell us."

CORNEY. " Sure, yer honor, he's a timprance man ! "

" Impossible ! How could a recruiting sergeant be a tee-totaller ? The thing seems out of the question. He ought rather to be a twenty-tumbler man."

CORNEY. " That's throe, yer honor — one might think so, certainly ; but divil a word o' lie in it. Sergeant O'Callaghan is a tee-totaller,—an' I'll tell yer honor all about it. You see, sir, the sergeant has got more recruits than any other man, and marched twelve fine boys from the ' Reeks' into Cork, to be drafted on board a ' thranshpoort' for the Ingees ; an' so, yer honor, they had a merry march of it, an' dhrank plinty o' whiskey. But some of the recruits were sensible lads, an' persuaded the rest to take the plidge ; for ses one of them, ' Boys,' ses he, ' we're goin' to the Ingees,' ses he, ' an' I've heerd say it's a very hot place,' ses he, ' an' burnin' an' scorchin' without the sperrets,' ses he ; ' and so,' ses he, ' if yer all of one mind, ye'll come to Father Matchew, an' thin we'll be able for the Ingees,' ses he, ' an' keep ourselves cool there,' ses he. So they all agreed to take the plidge, but should first ask lave of the sergeant,—an' he so fair a man to dale with, that he didn't object in the laste, but said he was very glad of it, an' would go with 'em, an' show 'em the way ; an' so whin the sergeant marched up wid his twelve men, there was Father Matchew sure enough standin' in the dure, an' maybe Sergeant O'Callaghan wasn't the very man would give him the fine *salute*, an' he, bowin' low to his rivirince, explained that these men of his wor goin' to fight for her Majesty in the Ingees, an' wishing to resave the plidge from his rivirince, he'd done himself the honor to march them up. An' so ses his rivirince to Sergeant O'Callaghan, ' May be, sir, you'll join yer men, an' take

the plidge yersilf, sergeant?' ses he, 'which can be done at the same time,' ses he, 'an' no throuble in life,' ses he. An' so, yer honor, the poor sergeant hardly knew what to say to Father Matchew, but began to tell him it wouldn't quite *shute his business*, by rason the young recruits wor mighty aygar afther the punch entirely, an' so he was affear'd he must decline the honor; for if he didn't dhrink purty hearty an' free wid 'em, the divil a sowl would he be apt to get, an' so his thrade would be all quinch'd at wanst wid the water. 'Oh, jist as you plase,' ses Father Matchew, quite aisy an' unconcerned; 'stand a one side so, sergeant,' ses he. 'An' now, boys, down on yer knees, and repeat the plidge.'—'I promise,'—'I promise,'—an' so on, as yer honor knows; an' away they wint with their cards an' medals, an' a blessing for the voy'ge; *that* was worth any money. But now, the Lord preserve us! see what happened to Sergeant O'Callaghan! Well, yer honor, he had never heerd the words of the plidge till that blessed day; an' though he didn't say one word out loud, so as to be heerd beyant the slightest taste of a whisper, still his lips 'ud be movin' and follyin' on wid the men's answers, jist as yer honor would tap a little wid yer fingers, an' me playing the pipes; but he thought nothing of it, only gloried not takin' the plidge, that would have made him, as himsilf said, only fit for the *wather-gaards*. So ses he, 'Well, boys, I'm sorry we dhrink no more together,' ses he; 'but here, landlord! quick wid a tumbler an' matariels, till I dhrink ther healths.' So down he sot, an' a fine hot tumbler of punch before him, an' he pulling off his cap an' feather, an' ribbons, an' one of his fine white gloves, an' shmellin' to it all the time, and then ses the sergeant, ses he, 'O boys, ye don't know what ye've denied yerselves av; for the very shmell of this fine warm punch bates the roses and lilies through the world. So here's to ye, my lads, an' may I live to see ye all come back commissioned officers!' ses he. An' wid that he put out his two grand legs, to show the fine calves he had on them; an' be the same token, his fist was aqual to half a calf's head for size, an' he takin a grip at the tumbler. But, the Lord save us! not wan bit av it could he move aff the table! There it stud, as if a tinpenny nail was driv through it. The big sergeant got red in the face, an' thried, an' thried, pullin' away at it as hard as he could; but all wouldn't do! Divil a one inch it would move! 'I'm bate out,' ses he.—'Faix, y'are so,' ses the boys; 'for you couldn't keep yer two lips *quite*, an' they movin', an' we rapatin' the plidge.'—'Be me sowkins, that's it!' ses the sergeant. 'I see it all now,' ses he; 'an' there's no use shtrugglin' with Father Matchew,' ses he. 'Be the powers of Moll Kelly, it's over wid me!' ses Sergeant O'Callaghan, av the arthillery."

JOURNAL OF OLD BARNES, THE PANTALOON,
ON A TRIP TO PARIS IN 1830.

"AFTER the scrutiny by the douaniers, we made the best of our way to the Hôtel de Lisle, to which our director had desired us to go. Remarked hastily the difference between the streets of Paris and my own beloved London, where, by the by, I made my first appearance at Bartholomew Fair. I am not ashamed to own it. Many others, who have prospered much more than I have, began there. There were ***
****—No, d—n it!—I am only an old pantomimer, whom anybody may laugh at, and nobody cares for. Some of my contemporaries are now in possession of good homes, and mix in genteel society. Mind, they did not tumble head over heels as I did. Old Richardson was my manager. My first good engagement in London was at the Lyceum theatre, when the Drury Lane Company acted there, after the destruction of Mr. Sheridan's splendid edifice, in February 1809. Christmas 1810, I was the Pantaloon in the pantomime of the 'White Cat;' and an excellent pantomime it was. Mr. Arnold was the manager, and he did a clever thing. Generally, the night before the Christmas eve is considered a bad theatrical night; you cannot depend on a good house. Mr. Arnold produced the 'White Cat' on that evening, and called it 'A Night Rehearsal to the Public.' This drew an immense second price (and that little old dog-hole of a theatre held three hundred pounds); and the pantomime going with perfect success, the manager got the descriptions and critiques of it in all the newspapers of an intervening Sunday, which happened to fall on Christmas day. The success of the 'White Cat' (and I suppose they liked their Pantaloon) procured me London engagements until the year 1834. I think the 'White Cat' was performed nearly sixty nights in the first season.

"After we had refreshed ourselves with soap and water, and brandy and water, we promenaded into the Palais Royal. Our sandy-haired tourist joined us at the same hotel, and in our walk. Nobody asked him, but he came. He had not the slightest idea that I was an actor. If he had been apprised of that fact, he would, from his peculiar religious notions, have avoided me as a pestilence.

"We were all delighted with the fairy-land scene that was presented to our eyesight by the brilliancy of the shops in the Palais Royal. Seymour extolled them as perfectly 'plummy and slam.' The ladies had never seen *anything* by *any* manner of means *anywhere* (and would call *anybody* as witnesses) half so charming and interesting.

"Our tourist remarked, that it was the Temple of Babylon, and filled with scarlet females: it was all heathenish and demoralising.

"Swarms of company, — all sorts, ranks, sizes, shapes, ages, and nations, — no two human beings alike; and there never were, until the Siamese twins were exhibited, with their little battledores and shuttlecocks: they were exactly alike—I saw them.

"If you wish to see the Palais Royal to advantage, enter it at the passage from the Rue Vivienne; thence the brilliancy is more apparent. Try it on a moonlight night, and the light and shade is new and startling. My old kind friends (God bless them!) the Messrs. Grieve, the scenic artists of Covent Garden and Drury Lane theatres, are precisely the men to catch and depict such an effect. Then the

gay shops for everything, — the jewellers, clock-makers, the hattery, hosiery, stickery, stockery, perfumery, bootery, wiggery, — the print-sellers, the cafés, the *estaminets* (N.B. Bad Baccy!) told that the commodity was a Government monopoly. Could immediately understand why the tobacco was of an inferior quality. Then the eatables and drinkables! — Lord! it did your appetite good only to look at them! — the *dindon aux truffes*, which means turkey cut up, and stuffed with small pieces of India rubber. I did not touch it, on account of the latter material. Don't catch me munching *catchouch*. Have to poke it down, perhaps, with a black-lead pencil!

Then there were the theatres in the Palais Royal, and the concerts, and the puppet-shows. In one of the latter I saw Mr. Punch, three times the size that he is ever exhibited in London, behave infamously to his wife, slapping her in the most indecorous manner; ay, and fifty females in the *salon* stood by enjoying it, but not one Englishwoman. Mark that, for the honour of my country! Then you may enter a splendid café, with a half hundred marble tables in it, superb-looking glasses on the walls, every appurtenance and impertinence in the most expensive style; yet the proprietor, civil to his visitors, does not object to two of them playing twenty games of dominoes for the stake of two glasses of '*eau sucré*.' Perceiving the interest this beverage excited, and the play and skill depending on it, though I never would encourage gaming, I ordered some '*eau sucré*.' When it came, and I tasted it — Lord! where were their palates?

"Is not it strange that travelling only 150 miles, there should be such a vast difference in tastes in human beings? I could not touch their insipid drink, and they had positively endured the trouble of twenty games of dominoes for it!

"Returned to the Hôtel de Lisle, having partaken of some wine and eau de *veau*, as Ronaldson (the old calf!) would still call it. Went to bed, thought of home and Old England, Poor dear Mary, Tom Ellar, Paulo, and of Mr. Bradwell and his mechanical changes. Ruminated, — that is, 'chewed the cud' of reflection, until I went to sleep.

"Up betimes. I am like the late Mr. Simmons; I never can lie *long* in bed. Roused the rest of our party, and *out* to breakfast — very un-English. An Englishman likes his breakfast at home — the very paying for it strikes you. Columbine's mamma said the green tea tasted of copperas (why did not she take coffee, the old fool!); and when I mentioned that the white sugar was possibly made of beet-root, she avowed that she tasted the salad in it. — *MEM.* Poor thing's stomach out of order already. I was sure of it; for she left her egg for any one else to foster like a cuckoo. Harlequin ate it (the Jew Frenchman), and would have swallowed anything. He drove me wild by seeing him devour a nearly-raw beefsteak, cut very thick, which reminded me forcibly of 'a pound of Antonio's flesh, nearest his heart.' I really was compelled to call for a little brandy, and a little more after that, to compose my nerves. How can people be so filthy in their appetites?

"Noticed a much cheaper and better display of the theatre play-bills than in London. There are certain stations on columns or buildings, in various parts of Paris, on which the bills of all the theatres are posted daily, and where the public regularly look for them. Should there be no performance at night, the word *RELACHE* is in a large type, conspicuous on the bill. This sometimes appears, on two or

three play-bills. Seymour remarked to me knowingly, that there must be a very popular piece being acted at the time, for it was performed at three different theatres, and was called *RELACHE*. He advised me, if it was printed to buy it, and send it over to Mr. Moncrieff to translate for the Coburg theatre.

"Promenaded the streets; Paris all gaiety; the Boulevards crowded with well-dressed ladies; coffee roasting under a wood fire, in a tin turn-about machine, before almost all the grocers' shops; flock-matresses ripped up, beaten, and re-made in the open thoroughfares; old women trimming poodles on the bridges; letter-writers in stalls, on any subject; prints exhibited for public sale, which would be torn down in London by any coal-heaver who was a father of a family. Many more theatrical portraits in the print-shops than in our metropolis. The public think much more of actors and authors than they do with us; both are encouraged. Monsieur Scribe, a comic dramatic writer, gets above two thousand pounds a-year. The Parisian public respect and uphold him.

"Asked our serious friend, whose name I found out (by seeing it written in his hat) was Mudpole, what he thought of the bustle of the Boulevards? He replied,—that it was a scene which would have provoked the pious indignation of a Nehemiah, zealous for the glory of his Maker, to an irascible state of choleric exacerbation,—a scene, in fine, so opposed to everything that was barely moral, that even a Christian of moderate piety would have inwardly experienced pity, disgust, and shame.

"Wandered till dinner-time, when we all entered a *restaurateur's*,—*carte* almost as long as the carts in the street, which appear to be made to go into next week. But the Paris *carte*, or bill of fare, gives you an infinite variety of eatables. Put on my spectacles, but was horribly bothered with the names of the French dishes. Seymour had a bill also in his hand, and he pulled my elbow, and said, 'Look here, Mr. Barnes.' He then put his finger on the word '*POISSONS*,' which he very naturally, poor fellow, read as 'poisons.' This puzzled me a little, and I proceeded to look for the names of these poisons: I copied them in pencil,—'*anguilles étuvés*,' '*merlan frit*,' '*morue bouillée*,' '*éperlans*,' '*truite grillée*,'—and yet, strange to say, all these poisons were priced, like the other eatables in the bill. Sorry I had not my French dictionary, and did not choose to expose my ignorance by asking questions.

"But it now came to the point what we were to have for dinner. All of them said that I was to order. (N. B. That cursed Harlequin, who could have interpreted, had left us.) I asked Columbine and her mamma if they would take some soup? The latter replied,—that it never agreed with either of them. No go there. I then thought they might like some fish; but did not know how to ask for it; and that infernal word, '*poissons*,' again caught my eye, and made me hesitate. Seymour inquired if I happened to know the French for 'brown stout?' I confessed to having looked in my dictionary in the morning for the two words, and had written them down in my little memorandum-book. So, putting on my spectacles, I read them, '*Brune, qui a du cœur*.' This rejoiced Seymour, who begged me to order him a pot of it; but I could not make the fool of a waiter understand me; and, if his porter had no better head than he had, it could not have been good for much. They were now all becoming very impatient,

picking and nibbling their bread, and kept me in a state of nervous trepidation as to ordering dinner. I never in my life was in such a twitter, as we had all the eyes of the room upon us, which was not a little increased by Columbine's mamma sweeping a large glass decanter of water off the table with her elbow, which crashed into fifty pieces, and wetted through a French gentleman's cross-barred black silk stockings at the next table. We could not apologise; and he kept shaking his feet like a cat: and, worse than all, those brutes, Seymour and Ronaldson, could not refrain from laughing. Columbine, blushing, said, 'Do make haste, Mr. Barnes, and order something; I am very hungry.' So I was compelled to make a dash at the first dish that then caught my eye on the bill of fare, '*des raves*.' So I beckoned the waiter, and pointed to the article. '*Pour quatre, monsieur ?*' said he. — 'Yes,' said I, with the *carte* in my hand. He stared; but immediately went to order for us. 'Thank Heaven!' exclaimed Ronaldson, 'we shall now get something nice and hot. What a comfort it is to have in a foreign country such a person as Mr. Barnes for a fellow-traveller!' I felt 'cock-a-hoop' at this compliment, and quoted Old Rapid in the 'Cure for the Heart-Ache,' — 'If it is ever so little, let me have it hot.' But, Lord! how their faces all turned blue when the waiter put on the table four dishes of turnip radishes! (You might have knocked me down with a straw. Now, pray, how was the pantomime to succeed when the first scene was a dead failure!) When, as luck would have it, the Jew Frenchman, (harlequin) came to seek us; and, on explaining the dilemma, got us roasted turkey stuffed with chestnuts; *cotelettes à la Maintenon* — which are mutton-chops with writing-paper sauce, and some other dishes of which we were afraid even to ask the names; all very savoury, and plenty of onions and garlic; but, whether they were composed of squirrels, parrots, dormice, hippopotamus, or alligator, we never inquired, and never knew.

"Mr. Mudpole said the longest grace before dinner I ever heard in my life, with the whites of his eyes turned up, and shaking his head. As a contrast to that, I remember an old fat curmudgeon of a Norfolk farmer, who always repeated this 'grace after meat,' — 'Thank God! I've had a good dinner: and I don't care who harn't!'

"Received directions to attend the theatre in the evening, at which we were engaged. Went, and we were introduced to the principal manager, who welcomed us to Paris. Saw part of the performance, but did not understand a word of it. N.B. The French good comedians by nature.

"Returned to the hotel; had some conversation with our tourist, Mr. Mudpole. He had been seeing Paris in his own way; but, somehow or other, he contrived to be very unfortunate in his lion-hunting. He visited the '*Bourse et Tribunal de Commerce*.' There he was told that all commercial operations being ended, the exchange was closed. It, however, cost him nothing, — so he proved the old adage that 'Exchange was no robbery.' He then, as he expressed it, 'inclined his feet' towards the *Tuileries*; but as Paris was at this period in a state of great political excitement, I don't think that Messieurs the sentinels much liked his appearance. Mudpole then poked his way to *Notre Dame*; where he found a great religious ceremonial in agitation. Tapestry, flags, horse and foot soldiers patrolling. It turned out to be, that under the sapient government of Charles X, Polignac, and

Peyronnet, this was the observance of a festival annually held, in celebration of the fulfilment of a vow made by Louis the Fourteenth to the Virgin Mary, when he thought that *she* had granted *him* a little boy to be born, after a twenty-two years' sterile state of wedlock with his royal consort! 'Well,' thought I, 'Barnes, you are a d—d old fool! but can you imagine anything half so ridiculous as that, in a country which esteems itself the most enlightened on the face of the globe! The royal family were present. His Majesty, white and thin, like a wax-taper; the archbishops and bishops, mostly fat and waddling; the military, their bands—the choral-chaunting, and other mummery, all drove Mr. Mudpole crazy; and he told me seriously that it was, in his opinion, a huge and monstrous vanity; the equipage of a benighted superstition; heathen, demoralizing priestcraft worship; the essence of that Apocalyptic beast, that mother of harlots and abominations, that Queen of Mystic Babylon. The word, *Babylon* struck my pun-loving ear; when the whole affair had been got up for the 'loan of a baby.'

"It is not my habit to laugh at church myself. I used sometimes to accompany my poor dear Mary (now dead and gone) to Rowland Hill's chapel. She was partial to it; though, I must own, with all my partiality for her, I think she went more to show off her singing than any other motive. She had a very powerful voice. We had a Wolverhampton acquaintance, who lived in the Blackfriars' Road, who sat near to us in the chapel; and, in a complimentary way, he used to say, 'Mrs. Barnes's *vice* is above all the other females in the chapel.' He meant to have pronounced the word *voicc*; but all folks from Staffordshire, and adjacent counties, use *vice* for *voicc*.

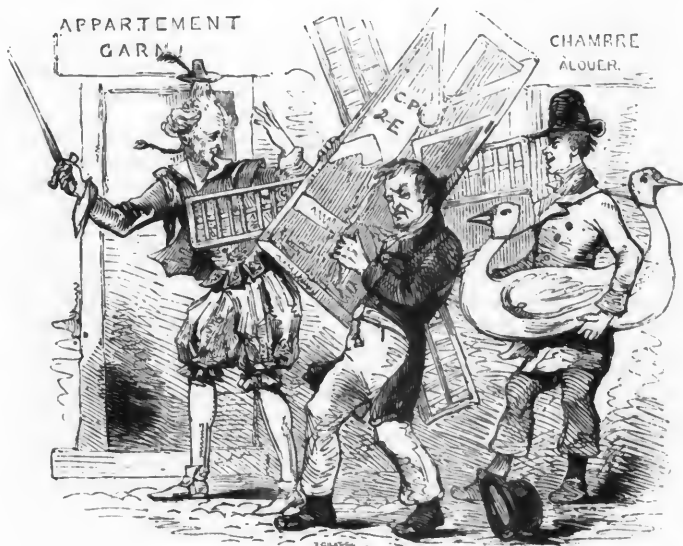
"Pounced, by the blessing of Heaven, on a worthy Englishman, Mr. Wood, who keeps a publichouse—ay, a British publichouse,—in Paris. He has got his labelled bottles, 'Old Tom,' 'Bitters,' 'London porter in draught and bottle,' 'gin,'—gin in Paris!—'comfortable English dinners,' 'roasted joints,' 'potatoes,' 'apple dumplings,' and 'a bit of strong Cheshire.' All right, old boy! No longer obliged to trouble your poor diaphragm with what are termed '*kicksaws*' in English; but which must mean in French (without bothering one with the dictionary,) from the similarity of sound, '*quelques choses*.'

"Alteration in the weather; wind got up; gusty and dusty. What extraordinary alterations have taken place in my recollection of seasons! We once were tolerably secure of the approaches and visitations of the different quarters of the year; but now all are changed. I am aware that I am an old fool; but, watching the fishmongers' shops, the periods of arrival of fish on the coast of Great Britain are altered from what I imagine I remembered. A red mullet was so rare a fellow, that when I saw them latterly by dozens, I thought they were the Chinese carp. Only I forgot the magnifying power of the globular glass. The red mullet has been driven to our shores; the periods of mackerel migrations have changed; herrings—which used only to be seen in October and November,—are visible on the fishmongers' boards almost all the year. We have had whales in the Channel, and a much larger quantity of white-bait in the Thames. I, accordingly, set my pantaloon's head to account for all this change.

"And I have hit it, sure as a gun:—we English, in our love of science, have been tampering too much with the North Pole: it should never have been disturbed. Holes have been repeatedly broken in the

ice there by our intrepid navigators ; and the consequence is, an alteration of atmosphere, which has an effect both upon seasons and fish. There is only one way to set things on a proper footing again—to use a counteracting power. Let our Government send out an expedition to the South Pole, and rake away there. That device will, in a few years, again change the lamentable state of affairs.

“Next day, the Jew Frenchman came to the hotel to procure lodgings for us. Now, Seymour, who, as I stated before, was our machinist, had brought a pantomime trick with him from England, of which he was jealously proud ; he could not bear any one to touch it but himself. I forget what the transformation was, but something changed to a windmill ; and, as we hunted through the streets of Paris for lodgings for our fellow adventurers, Seymour, who was a little punchy figure, carried this trick, which was large and heavy, on his shoulder ; while Ronaldson followed, with a large basket-work and *papier-machée* swan under each arm. The wind happened this day to be very boisterous, with sudden gusts round the corners of the streets ; and it was fun to me to observe Seymour blown about, with his windmill on his back ; and old frosty-faced Ronaldson behind him with his property birds. Every where, when we stopped at ‘*appartement garni à louer*,’ these monstrous things were put down in the street, to the admiration of the populace ; and they really, in some instances, prevented the lodging-house keepers from taking us in on any terms. I cannot resist a little sketch of my friends. Seymour was rather drunk.”



JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

MISTAKES IN A PRISON.

SHORTLY after the execution of the culprits we were musing over our wine after a sumptuous dinner, when my friend, Mr. Doveways, proposed that on the following day we should go over the county gaol, which had the reputation of being the best built and the best managed, perhaps, of any gaol in England. I am generally averse to visiting scenes of vice, calamity, and woe, from motives of mere curiosity, or from any motives but those of assisting the sufferers, and schooling myself into habits of forbearance and mercy towards my fellow-creatures. On this occasion, however, I agreed to accompany my friend, and the next day the visit was paid.

Mr. Doveways was in the commission of the peace, and consequently we obtained easy access to the innermost recesses of the prison.

We had visited all the female wards save one.

"In that ward," said the matron, "we have but two prisoners: one committed for an assault; and the other, for refusing to affiliate her child."

The huge bolt was withdrawn, and the ponderous key performed its office. The door was opened; and in a well-sized and remarkably clean room, with its white-washed walls, and floor almost rivalling their whiteness, were two female prisoners.

An Amazonian woman, with coarse features and dishevelled carrot hair, was stamping up and down the room, trying to quiet a miserably small sickly child, whose shrill squeaking voice was the most annoying I had ever heard from infancy. The huge ugly creature pressed the brat to her immense chest; and, as she took her wide strides and determined steps, her splay feet seemed to threaten to crush each board beneath her.

In the farther corner sat a young girl of seventeen. She rose, and courtesied; but the down-cast eye, the flushing cheek and quivering lip showed that she was ashamed to meet our gaze. Her courtesy was graceful in the extreme. It was the discipline of the gaol that all prisoners should remain standing whilst visitors were present; but this poor girl trembled so that she could scarcely support herself. Her face was extremely beautiful; the features delicate; the complexion pale; and, if I ever saw a lofty brow, a clear magnificent eye, and lips that expressed dignity and sweetness, purity and gentleness, this poor girl possessed them all in perfection. Her figure, considering her age, was tall and beautifully formed, and her manner even elegant. I was overcome by the distress which our presence occasioned, as well as by her general appearance; and, full of emotion, I suddenly withdrew. My friend followed; and was even more affected than myself.

The day was so beautiful that we resolved to walk from the gaol to my friend's mansion. The first half hour was passed in silence, each of us being absorbed in his own melancholy thoughts. I was the first to speak.

"After all," said I, "there are some good points to be found even in the abandoned. The most coarse and rude natures have their delicacies, and the most violent their times of gentleness. How kind was

it in that apparently brutal Amazon to nurse that bantling! for, small as it was, the poor mother seemed too weak and delicate to carry it."

"You are again in error," said my friend, with a faint smile. "That coarse woman, with her hard features and red hair, was nursing her own offspring. It is the child of that pale minikin baronet, whose affectation and mincing refinements so offended you the other day. Sir Hercules Savage has not the best reputation in the neighbourhood; and the woman professes great attachment to him, and will not affiliate, declaring her confidence that her paramour has too much affection for her and the baby ever to abandon either."

"And what is that delicate and beautiful girl in confinement for?"

"An assault."—"An assault? impossible!"

"An assault that nearly cost the life of one of the finest and most robust young men in the county."

"She has not the strength to assail a lapdog, poor little gossamer sylph! You might as well talk of a butterfly assaulting a bull-dog."

"My friend, the history of this poor young creature is affecting. I was on the bench when she was convicted, and her case made an extraordinary sensation among the magistrates. She is the fourth daughter of a lieutenant in the navy, who fought and bled with Nelson at the Nile and Copenhagen, and closed his active career at the battle of Trafalgar. He had before lost an arm; here he lost a leg; and now, in his old age, has the merit of supporting twelve children on his half-pay, and upon one small pension for many severe wounds. A very fine and handsome young man, the son of a rich farmer in the neighbourhood, paid his addresses to this girl; and, as it appears, succeeded in gaining the affections of the confiding and gentle creature. The courtship proceeded, and the love of the girl became the enthusiasm that poets write of. The young fellow had rather an unsteady character, being fonder of hunting, shooting, racing, and athletic exercises, than of attending to his father's business. In one thing only he seemed constant—his love of his victim. At length he went so far as to ask permission of his father to marry the girl.

The wealthy old man indignantly refused his consent, declaring that he had not noticed his attentions to the lieutenant's daughter, supposing it was a mere temporary affair; and that his real wish was that he should marry the daughter of a neighbour, a farmer of considerable property, who could lay down a hundred pounds to the lieutenant's half-crown. After abundance of abuse directed against pauper officers, beggarly gentlemen, and pride in rags, he concluded by giving his son the option of marrying the girl, and being disinherited, or the farmer's daughter, and inheriting every shilling that both parents possessed. The heartless and unprincipled young scoundrel chose the latter alternative without the slightest hesitation, as if his former love had been really what his no less vile parent had supposed it.

The poor girl's expectations of an immediate and happy marriage were wrought up to the highest pitch, and love glowed in her young and pure heart, as the hour drew near at which her lover had pledged himself to bring his father's approbation. It never entered into her mind that a refusal was possible; for the courtship had been carried on with that father's knowledge; "and, though poor," thought she, "my own father is a gentleman."

The lover arrived; and, after a few glasses of wine, communicated to her all that had passed. The inexperienced and doting girl first

thought him intoxicated, then that he was only playing with her feelings previously to announcing the glad tidings that he had really brought. The truth, however, was soon made too plain. Womanly pride and indignation, contending with contempt and scorn for the meanness of the wretch whom she had loved, possessed her with such intensity, that her young frame gave way, and she fainted. She was restored to life, and to momentary love, until a recollection of all that had passed revived, when her selfish admirer renewed the subject. She wept bitterly, and reminded him of his vows, and of the declarations of attachment that had passed. He replied by assuring her that he still loved her best, although he should be compelled to marry the other; and had the audacity to propose that the two unions should go on together, their own being managed with secrecy.

At this proposal, all the passions that had by turns swayed her, shot through her brain like lightning, until in a paroxysm of frenzy she seized the decanter on the table, and struck the wretch a blow that laid him prostrate. Nature in her was exhausted, and she fainted with the effort. Madness gives wonderful strength, and the wound inflicted by that delicate arm fractured the fellow's skull, and has disfigured his face for ever. Like Cain, he will carry about with him the stain of his guilt to his latest hour.

We now entered the house. After dinner, I renewed the subject.

"Out of evil sometimes cometh good," said my friend. "The girl's story will be the making of her family. It has drawn the attention of the gentry to her hitherto neglected father; and Lord ——, who is now in the Administration, has already given her two eldest brothers clerkships in public offices, and has procured for the veteran a pension on the Civil List."

"It struck me," said I, after a long and melancholy pause, "that when the unfortunate girl stood before us in the gaol, the resemblance between her and Rosa was a remarkable one."

"For Heaven's sake, pursue that subject no further!" said my friend, looking earnestly in my face, and gently pressing his hand upon my arm. "The resemblance *was* beyond anything I could have conceived. I saw you were strongly moved, and my own emotion was equally powerful. It was this, I know, that made us both so abruptly leave the gaol. Poor Rosa!" said my friend, with a sigh. "But," added he, after a melancholy pause, "a liberal subscription will be got up for this unfortunate girl, directly her term of imprisonment has expired, and I have no doubt she will receive—"

"A letter, sir," said a servant, entering the room.

"A letter from whom?" asked Doveways, impatiently.

"From the George Inn, sir; and the porter is desired not to return without an answer."

Doveways, with a slight apology to me, opened the epistle. As he read it, his face turned ghastly pale, and was then flushed with rage; his eyes shot fire as he threw it on the ground.

"Four horses instantly to the carriage," he cried; "and bid my valet and a footman be ready to attend me to town in a quarter of an hour—a quarter of an hour, do you hear; and do not let the messenger leave this house before I do."

The servant left the room, and Doveways paced up and down it like a madman.

"That letter," said Doveways, "is from a demon of persecution. Read it!—read it!"

I took the letter from the floor, and opening it, found that it was from Lady Macedonia Grizzle. It stated in the most affectionate terms that she had left Florence immediately after my friend; that she was now on her way to the North, but that the extreme beauty of the country had induced her to deviate from her course; and, as she was so very near to — Hall, she would take the opportunity of paying her friend Mr. Doveways a visit, if perfectly convenient.

We posted up to town, and during the journey I often confessed to myself that there is no infallibility in judging by appearances.

D. E. W.

THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WHEN the hours of day are number'd,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul, that slumber'd,
To a holy calm delight.

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour wall,

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door!
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherish'd
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell, and perish'd,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones, and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering wore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Utter'd not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer;
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from those lips of air.

Oh! though oft depress'd and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as they have lived and died.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN OUR TIME.

BY WILLIAM JERDAN.

THERE WAS, a hundred years ago, a King and Queen, who had several children grown up to be men and women. Some lived with them in the palace, which was very fine and magnificent; but their eldest son, who had married a Princess, having quarrelled with his parents, lived in a house with her not far off; where they also had several children. At this period a very curious circumstance happened, which is not to be found in the newspapers or histories; the former being far less particular and authentic than they are now, and the latter little else than a parcel of lies! The only true notice we can find of it is in an ancient prophecy, which declared,

“Forty, some say, will be a year of wonder,
Some say, a year of calmness, some, of thunder;”

and, it is remarkable that in nature and politics both were right,—as your oracles can generally be explained all or any ways,—for there was a desperate long and hard frost, and a thundering war with Spain during the year.

It was to this frost, and not to fairy agency, that we owe the phenomenon, the results of which are now, for the first time, about to be recorded. On one of the days when an entire ox was roasted on the river Thames, the court went to see the cookery and sport; and fine sport it was, I warrant ye. The London Evening Post, the General Evening Post, the St. James's Evening Post, the Gazetteer, the Craftsman, the Common Sense, the Universal Spectator, the Weekly Miscellany, the Daily Advertiser,* and all the mighty journals of that era describe it as a glorious spectacle; and the royal party quite delighted with the entertainment. Indeed, so merry were they, what with cuts from the sirloin, and with plenty of Cognac brandy, — which could then be drunk in abundance, as it cost no more than three half-crowns a gallon, that they never discovered they had lost the Princess Goosey (so called for shortness) till their return to the palace. It would seem as if all the inferior orders had partaken largely in the festivities of the court; for, notwithstanding the exertions of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, Colonel de Veil, Justice Poulson, and other active and sapient magistrates, their watchmen and beadles, not a trace of Her Royal Highness could ever be found.

The mystery in which the affair was involved has, accordingly, continued to the present day, when, by the recent return of the Sally, whaler, of Hull, to port, from a voyage to the Arctic seas, it has been solved in the clearest manner. It appears that when the Sally was harpooning a whale, the firing off the harpoon, and the spouting and struggles of the animal, shook an iceberg of very peculiar shape, so much that it fell to pieces, and, to the utter astonishment of the crew,

* In one of these, No. 591, but we forget whether the Common Sense, or the Craftsman, we meet with the following observations in an essay on ambition, “*But, of all kinds of pride, the greatest is that which affects to consist in humility.*” Well might the author of the “*Devil's Walk*” say, “*Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerint,*” when he wrote that

“The devil's darling sin,
Is the pride that apes humility.”

disclosed in the centre the singular figure of a young lady, in a small hoop-petticoat of brocade trimmed with Brussels lace, a bodice of silver tissue, and her hair dressed to an immense height and flowing in profuse ringlets. This extraordinary petrefaction, as they thought it,—little dreaming of its near relationship to the Prince and Princess of *Wales*,—they carefully cut out, and brought on board the *Sally*, where the gradual thaw soon induced symptoms of animation. The captain of the *Sally* being a person of education, knew what it was to be spell-bound, as well as ice-bound; and with the sagacity of a whaler, immediately deposited the new-comer in the most quiet and comfortable berth which his cabin afforded. Keeping it, at first, at a low temperature, he gradually increased it as the life strengthened into full play; and in the course of fourteen hours the illustrious Goosey was restored to perfect consciousness and physical elasticity.

It may readily be supposed that her early conversations with the captain were odd enough on both sides, and that neither could very well comprehend the meaning of the other. In short the seaman considered his fair *protégée* to be insane, and the Princess fancied that she must have awakened in another world, bearing some slight resemblances to that she had left, but altogether different in its great features and various conditions. Having obtained a full ship, Captain Shoalsby (we have not mentioned his name before) turned his prow homeward; and it is from the then comparatively idle log-book of the *Sally* that we copy the following entries:—

“8 A. M. Lobscouss. Wind E.N.E. moderate. Conversed with the Princess, as she styles herself. She asked whether I knew if the King had returned from Hanover? to which I answered, I believed not, as there was no occasion. ‘But, as a sailor,’ she observed, ‘you can, at any rate, tell me the latest news of the immortal Vernon, and how the Spanish war is carried on after the glories of Porto-Rico.’ To this rhodomontade I was obliged to plead ignorance; but informed her that General Evans had returned in perfect safety, with a considerable number of disabled Isle-of-Doggians; that the Christinos and Carlists had not yet entirely settled matters; and that the glories of the Peninsula still hung, like an *aurora borealis*, around the laurelled brow of Wellington,—whose name I presumed she had mistaken for Vernon, as there was no noticeable individual so called. The poor creature shook her head. ‘No Vernon!’ she sighed; ‘you might as well tell me there is no Walpole,—no premier to guide the destinies of England, and guard and uphold her Protestant throne!’—‘Truly, ma’am, I replied, ‘I know of no such person. As for a premier, we have had Lord Melbourne since the Reform Bill; but they say that he, rather than guard and uphold, likes to deal heavy blows and sore discouragement on the Protestant Church; and the Queen, God bless her! does not like him a bit the worse. Being a plain sailor myself, can’t say I am a judge of thrones being Protestant or Romish. Would not care if the binnacle or capstan, there, were called either one or t’other, so be it they did their duty.’—‘Alas!’ exclaimed the late Iceicle, ‘alas! that the good Queen Caroline should have so forgotten the principles—’

“Signal: sail in sight. Went on deck to ascertain her. Alarmed by a fearful scream from the cabin; rushed down, and found the Iceicle at the window in great agitation. ‘O! captain, for heaven’s sake, hasten to the rescue of these wretched creatures. Dreadful it is to see them on the lovely blue ocean doomed to perish in the raging flames.

Look how the smoke and fire burst from their fated bark, and the lurid cloud hangs over them like a pall to cover the dead. "Oh! hasten—hasten to their aid!"—"Pray, madam, be composed: that vessel, I take it, is the steamer from Hamburg, and not in the slightest danger."—"For shame, sir! to attempt thus to conceal your apathy. Woman, and Princess as I am, do not I observe there is not a sail upon that miserable ship; that she is driving before the element with demon force; and that in a few instants she, and all she contains, must irrevocably perish. No fiend, far less an English seaman, could look on this, and not exert his utmost to avert the horrid calamity."—"In vain I endeavoured to explain to H.R.H. the principles of the steam-engine, and its application to the impulsion of vessels. Anger took possession of her, and she viewed me with obvious disgust as little better than a murderer. 'It is in vain,' she finally remarked, 'that you try to impose upon me with such monstrous lies. I am aware that the Austrian Colonel has just invented a machine by which he can row boats up the Danube *against the stream*; and that he has gone six hundred feet in twelve minutes, and even a thousand and eighty feet in fourteen minutes; but, wonderful and incredible as *that* is, with large wheels, bridges, and machinery, you would have me believe that, by means of a kettle of water put on to boil, you could force great ships to move against wind, and tide, and stream, wherever they wish to go. Fie! to treat me as if I were a fool or simpleton.'

From this time the Princess lost much of her confidence in Captain Shoalsby, and did not seem to believe him when he assured her he was steering for England, or that an England existed in the world on which she had so strangely appeared. "If so," she inquired, "is Frost Fair* over? has Captain Coram got up a sufficient subscription for a Foundling hospital? is Montague House fitted up for the reception of exposed children? and, what are the latest accounts of the invasion of New York by the French Canadians and their Indian allies? Have the Chicassaws been firm in their resistance with our Colonists?"

"With regard to Frost Fair," said the Captain, "I am unable to afford your Royal Highness any intelligence. I suppose it must have been put down with most of the other fairs about London, as being highly vicious and injurious to the morals of the lower orders. The Foundling Hospital is a noble old building, and is surrounded by many new streets, and splendid squares. About Captain Quorum I know nothing, never having heard of him in the whale-fishery. He may be a very good man, for aught I can speak to the contrary. Montague House, as I have been informed, is the British Museum, in which, instead of exposed children, there is the grandest collection in the world of books, of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman Antiquities, of Zoology, (I myself gave them the jaws of a sperm whale, measuring eighty-seven feet four inches,) conchology, and all other ologies and sciences,

* It is conjectured that Her Royal Highness must have been involved in the "thereon" accident, of which the following account is given in the journals of the day; and that having been, as it were, encased in the island alluded to, she had, during the confusion of the last event, been carried out to sea, and, in process of time formed a component portion of an iceberg at Spitzbergen.

"At the Frost Fair an island of ice, with about a dozen of men and women thereon, separated from the main against Bear Garden Stairs, and floated, to their utmost consternation, for a considerable time; but, at last, happily fixing against the Three Cranes, they were, with much difficulty, by the help of planks, got safe ashore; but one of the women was frightened into fits."—*London Evening Post*, January, 1740.

astonishing to behold. It is worth hundreds of thousands of pounds, and an Institution for the nation to be proud of. As for the French Canadians, and their Indian allies, and all that, I can't tell what to make of you. Lord Seaton, and Lord Durham, and Sir F. Head, and Mr. Poulett Thompson, and Mr. Mackenzie, and Mr. Papineau, have been having a row in both Upper and Lower Canada; but the French have had nothing to do with it; and, as for New York, and the United States, the less that is said about their interference the better. The Chicassaws are extinct, and the stripes occupy the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

"What are you talking about?" said the Princess. "It was but the other day the King of France sent workmen to Quebec to work the iron mines of Trois Rivières. What are the United States? What are the stripes?—what—?"

"Why, the mighty independent republic of North America, and its national colours, with nearly fourteen millions of people, governed by the President; and extending over a territory nearly as vast as our own Eastern Empire, including Afghanistan, Candahar, and Caubul, and all the countries overrun in the last campaign."

"Are you mad," exclaimed the Princess, "that you name the very provinces just conquered by the victorious Thamas Kouli Kan, and wrested from the Mogul for ever? Would the powerful Nadir Shah permit an European to set foot within his dominions; he who now, on his return from his Oriental triumphs, threatens Egypt on the one hand, and the Sublime Porte on the other. Well is it for the Grand Signor that he has concluded a peace with the Emperor of the Romans; and that, in the event of a Persian war, or an attack by the Russian Empress, he may look to the Swede for succour. King Stanislaus, and Poland, it is true, can do little; but the Ottomans are much comforted by their treaty with the Christian potentates, which leaves them at liberty to meet the threatened invasion of the formidable Kouli Kan. Lord Waldegrave, too, by his great abilities, and influence with Cardinal Fleury, will, I trust, preserve the peace with the French King."

In such contradictory discussions did foreign affairs engage the Captain and his fair passenger; and it was impossible to decide which puzzled the other most. If the lady inquired whether the Dey of Algiers had invaded Oran, she was answered that there was no Dey of Algiers, but the country called Algeria was a French colony, and that there were no captives to be relieved from slavery in the Barbary States. The Spanish war was one dream of cross purposes. The Captain spoke of Cabrera and Espartero, and Don Carlos a prisoner; the Princess of the expeditions against the Spaniard sailing from Boston, Newport, New York, and other of our colonies. On one point they certainly agreed, viz. the death of the King of Prussia in June;* but the Prin-

* Another curious coincidence occurs in referring to the journals of the date of a complete century apart. On opening them, the eye is struck with lamentations for the death, and accounts of the funeral of a Lady *** Hastings,—in the one case E. and in the other F. The Lady E. Hastings, who died at Ledstone, was the daughter of Theophilus, seventh Earl of Huntingdon, and Elizabeth, co-heir of Sir John Lewis, Bart. who brought large Yorkshire estates into the ancient and noble family with whom she was allied. Her character appears to have been equal to her birth; and this "most excellent lady" is described as having been "polite in manners, and agreeable in conversation; sacred her regard to friendship, and strict to the last degree her sense of honour. What is infinitely above all, she did

cess meant the first Frederick William, and the Captain his Majesty the *latest* Frederick William, for whose demise we are now in mourning. As for the Chevalier St. George having resigned the crown of England at Rome to his son Prince Charles, the worthy Captain could neither make head nor tail of it, seeing he had before he sailed witnessed the marriage procession of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.

The Princess had, however, by her consistency so far overcome his opinion of her insanity as to be able to induce him to alter his course up Channel, for the sake of landing her at London; and, as the Sally neared the chalk-cliff shores, it was soon shown that their notions of domestic affairs were as widely discrepant as those on external relations.

"Ah!" said the Princess, with a tear in her eye, as she caught a view of Dover Castle, "I know Mr. Weller, the deputy-governor, who will indeed be rejoiced to welcome his royal mistress to her native land."

"Mr. Weller, madam," observed the Captain, "is not *the* governor. Mr. Pickwick is, and Samivell is his servant. The old gen-l-m-n you mention may be the Dover stage-coachman."

The bewildered Princess could only shrug up her shoulders at this perplexing announcement, but expressed a hope that they might land soon enough for her to get to the palace and dress in time for dinner at two o'clock. If later, the King might be gone to some ball at the Haymarket theatre, or be engaged in his usual game of hazard* with the nobility invited to sport a few guineas at the royal table. Besides, it was most dangerous to attempt to traverse the suburbs in the dark, beset as they nightly were by footpads and highwaymen. Nor were the streets of London safer; and it was only the week before that the post had been stopped at Knightsbridge, and robbed of the Bath and Bristol mails; whilst half a dozen persons had been stabbed and plundered in Fleet Street and the Strand. In vain did the captain assure her Royal Highness that nobody of fashion, and far less royalty, ever dined now o' days till eight o'clock; and that, in consequence of the New Police, there were no street murders (though there were a few in private dwelling-houses); that even Hounslow Heath was cultivated fields, and Bagshot could not boast of a single highwayman; that the Five Fields, Chelsea, were Belgrave and Eaton Squares, and Chelsea Common a populous town.

On landing at Greenwich, her Royal Highness wished much for a

justice, loved mercy, and walked humbly with her God. The whole Christian religion was early planted in her heart, which was entirely formed and fashioned by it. Her life had chiefly for its direction two great objects, how she might exalt the glory of God, and how demonstrate her good will towards men. Her benevolence to her fellow creatures was such as the good angels are blest with, warm and cherishing, wide and unbounded. Thousands and tens of thousands has she comforted and relieved, many has she enriched and advanced, and the collective mass of mankind daily had her blessings and her prayers.—Such are portions of the eulogium pronounced at her death upon this exemplary lady, who upon her manors of Ledshaw, Thorparch, Collingham, Wheldale, Wyke, Shadwell, Burton Salmon, &c. &c. erected many charity schools, and endowed many charities, leaving, as the epitaph on her lead coffin expresses it, "a pattern to succeeding ages of all that's good, and all that's great."

* "Last night, the Lord Harrington, the Duke of Newcastle, the Duchess of Richmond, the Earl of Albemarle, Lord Viscount Harcourt, Augustus Schulz, Esq. &c. played at hazard with his Majesty, the Duke, and the Princesses." — *News-paper paragraph, January 1740.*

sedan-chair, and hinted at one of John Tull's new patent, in which an individual might be carried a hundred miles in a day! The Captain offered a buss or a cab, but advised the railroad as the most rapid conveyance. Having assented to this, the Princess was escorted to the train, and what language could convey her utter amazement and dismay! When the hissing vapour ascended, the machinery rattled, and the mass of carriages began to move, she sank senseless to the bottom of that in which she had been placed, and for a while became as lost to perception as she had been during her century of incrustation in the conservative ice of the Pole. Though her trance lasted only a few minutes, her journey was performed, and she awoke to consciousness, and a renewal of terror and astonishment, at London Bridge,—not the London Bridge of her memory, with its incumbrances and mouldering buildings, but a splendid edifice spanning the flood of Thames in two or three prodigious strides, whilst immediately above a greater miracle still presented itself, a bridge of iron! and hundreds of demon steamers were plying in every direction, some of wood, some of iron, and all crowded with busy thousands. No wonder that the distracted Princess went from swoon into swoon; for it was impossible to conceive that she had not fallen among a race of frightful and fiery enchanters; and well was she read in the wickedness of the godless crew.

It would be an endless task to point out the million of changes which a century had produced; but it may not unamusingly continue for a space the object endeavoured to be slightly illustrated in this sketch, if we notice a few of the incidents which have occurred to us on the review and comparison.

On reviving, and glancing at a journal, the Princess saw something of the new Post-office regulations.

"Ah!" said she, "I recollect these. Our excellent Postmaster General, ever attentive to the public good, ordered a bag to be made up for Hounslow every night, except Sunday, during the period of the encampment there, and the Duke of Cumberland highly approved of the plan. But, heaven protect us!" she added, "what is this? Parliamentary debates! Why, here are the proceedings of Parliament, with the names of speakers,—Lord Melbourne, Lord Normanby, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Stanley, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, Mr. Hume, Mr. D. O'Connell, and a hundred more. Why are not the printers committed to prison? Where are now the winked-at reports of the senate of great Lilliput, in which the Urgs and Hurgolets of the Clinabs, and the lordly Hurgos and Nardacs had their speeches surreptitiously and mysteriously given to the people? * Dare they outrage the privileges of Parliament in this open manner; and do neither the court nor the country party stand up for their constitutional rights? As well might they give up franking—"

* The periodicals of the day, which ventured so far to infringe the standing orders of Parliament against the presence of strangers, and any notice of their proceedings, adopted this thin style of disguise, and treated their readers with the speeches of the Hurgo Sarkbrugh, the Hurgo Quadrert, the Hurgo Haxilaf, the Hurgo Ayelsdrof, the Nardac Secretary of State, the Nardac Agryl, &c. &c. of the House of Hurgoes; and, in the lower house, *alias* the House of Clinabs, with the speeches of Hurgolens Gumdahn, Yegou, and Branard; the Urgs Lettylino, Plemahn, and Suodshy; Pulnul, the prime minister, the Galhet Werga, and similar anonyms.

"Franking is abolished," whispered Captain Shoalsby.

"Franking abolished!" exclaimed her Royal Highness. "Poor Cornelius MacGilllicuddy, then, lived before his time; for I remember he was severely punished for forging a frank, which the House declared to be a high misdemeanour, and notorious breach of privilege."

"The customs of countries change wonderfully in a century. Are the lotteries drawn daily?"—"There are no lotteries."—"Are the watchmen and beadles effective?"—"There are no watchmen, and the beadles are a remnant differently employed."—"Are the chocolate and coffee-houses filled every forenoon with the loungers who have not to attend the levees of great men?"—"But a few persons kick their heels in the ante-chambers of the Bureaucracy, and chocolate and coffee-houses are no more. Clubs have superseded them, or rather their last remains; for they were extinguished before by the altered habits of the people."

Epsom, the Derby, and the Oaks for 1840 are over. We need not describe what they are now; but it is curious to cast a look back to 1740, and learn that an act to discourage horse-racing occupied the attention of Parliament; for the evil had risen to such a height, that during six days at Epsom six races were run, the utmost prize being forty guineas, and the amount of the six one hundred and eighty guineas! To be sure there was cocking to boot, as usual. The last Cocking in our days was the poor fellow who tumbled from a balloon; and what would have been thought of a balloon, if such a thing had been mentioned as a project in 1740?

And, alas! where are our Princess's literary contemporaries?—where Dryden, and Pope, and Warburton, and Thomson, and Mallett, —the latter with their masques for her royal race, and Cibber with his birth-day odes, and Rich with his pantomimes, and Swift with—? What Swift was with we have reserved for a *bonne bouche*. It is thus recorded in the news from Ireland:—

"Dublin, July 5.—Last Tuesday being the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, in 1690, when the glorious King William, of immortal memory, defeated the late King James, and put his army to flight, the same was observed all over this city with the greatest rejoicings ever known upon this occasion. The Rev. Dr. Swift, D.S.P.D. from his great love of liberty, had the largest bonfire ever seen in this city, made of a thick tree, about forty feet high (which was erected near the watch-house in St. Kevin Street, as being the broadest and most open part, to prevent the flames reaching the houses), with many bars and scaffolds, whereon were erected many pitch and tar barrels; round the bottom of the tree were large quantities of horse and other animal bones, covered with furze, strewed over with orange-coloured flowers, which made a most beautiful appearance. At nine in the evening the fire was lighted, which appeared like a burning pyramid. The Dean gave a handsome sum to the populace to drink the 'Glorious and Immortal Memory of King William, who rescued these Kingdoms from Slavery and Arbitrary Power,' which was drunk with great cheerfulness by all the people present, whose number was very great; and the night concluded with the greatest demonstrations of joy and expressions of loyalty."

This perishable pile, bestow'd by Swift
To Nassau's honour, is a greater gift
Than if a senate its decree should pass
To bid him breathe in animated brass.

No sordid views the breast of Swift could move,
 And well might he the godlike man approve;
 Well he, who taught a nation to be free,
 Applaud that hero, who had rescued three.

The retrospect of a hundred years is full of curious matter for reflection. Ireland, where the foregoing is recorded, in other respects is too like the Ireland of our day,—stained with rapine, murders, and banded combinations riding roughshod over the laws. In England, the remarkable refinement of manners and modes of expression is striking, not less in private life than on the stage and in the press. The contrast in the administration of justice is also a most striking feature. Corporal punishments and executions were numerous beyond belief; and the way in which these *examples* were carried into effect defy the powers of exaggeration. Of criminals strung up by dozens at Tyburn, we read of one so bunglingly executed, that when carried to Surgeons' Hall for dissection, the first incision brought him to life again; and of the corpse of another, selected from six hanged on the same day by the same body, for their anatomical discourse, being rescued from them after a desperate fight at the foot of the gallows by his armed associates, and taken to Westminster to be buried. R. Briggs, for marrying two wives, is sentenced to be burnt in the hand; and (listen, ye pleaders against flogging in the army or navy) the journals exult over the lashing of Mr. Evans, a sergeant, who had absconded with the regiment's cash-box, and who, we are told, at the age of about seventy received his first well-merited allowance of three hundred lashes at the Tower, being part of the nine hundred which he would receive in full for his delinquency.

The feelings of men are assuredly much improved since such an infliction could be described in such a tone.*

But our researches, for the sake of a *jeu d'esprit*, are betraying us into an essay, which we will not prolong except by stating, in justice to the age, that charity superabounded far above our, in some respects, more civilised epoch. Kings, princes, corporations, companies, noblemen, private individuals,—in short, all ranks and classes gave profusely to mitigate the rigours of that severe season. And to conclude—

The heart of our Princess Goosey seems to have been the only one frozen on the occasion.

* The report of the court martial relating to William Walker, of Colonel Reynolds' company in the third regiment of Foot Guards, and Sergeant Evans, of Colonel Duncomb's company in the first regiment, having been made to his Majesty, they are each to receive nine hundred lashes,—viz. three hundred from each of the three regiments of Guards; and Evans is afterwards to be drummed out with a halter about his neck, and his crime in capital letters affixed to his back.—*February 9th.*

Tuesday the first battalion of the first regiment of Foot Guards was mustered at the Tower, when Mr. Evans, the sergeant, aged about seventy, received his first payment of three hundred lashes of wholesome severity, pursuant to his sentence at a general court-martial, for deserting with the company's pay above nine years ago. He is to receive six hundred more at two different times, and to be drummed out of the regiment with the order of Jack Ketch about his neck.—*February 21st.*

Yesterday Sergeant Evans received his last three hundred lashes on the parade of the Tower, pursuant to the sentence of the court-martial, for running from his colours, and carrying off one month's pay of the company, and was afterwards drummed out of the regiment to the Tower-gate with a halter about his neck.—*March 13th.*

STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

CHAPTER XVIII.

In which a point of some interest is argued at Richmond.

WHEN Bob heard that General Johnson had called, his indignation was excessive. He was in the house at the very time, nay all the time the General was there; and therefore could not but express in the warmest terms his sense of the extremely ungentlemanlike conduct of his fellow-servant William, who knew that the most direct intimations had been given, that when the General called he wished to have the honour of letting him out. He was conscious of this, quite conscious; and yet, having taken up the General's card, and become thereby certain of its being the General, this slave of passion returned to the kitchen, in which Bob and the cook were refreshing themselves with cold chicken and short cakes, and never mentioned a single syllable having reference to the General until he had actually departed! This Bob held to be a dereliction of principle, of a character so monstrous that it was with extreme difficulty that he withheld that degree of prompt chastisement to which he conceived the delinquent entitled. His philosophy, however, imparted strength to his forbearance, and eventually caused him to be content with administering a grave exhortation, to the justice of which the cook promptly subscribed; for that amiable person had an ardent affection for Bob,—an affection which manifested itself chiefly in this, that she reserved for him exclusively all those delicacies of which she knew him to be strikingly fond, which was a monopoly, a species of favouritism, of which William did by no means approve; for, as he had an ardent affection for the cook, it rendered him very uncomfortable. It is to this, and to this alone, that his highly reprehensible conduct on the occasion in question must be attributed. He was jealous—in the tenderest sense jealous; and, albeit the object of his love was extremely tyrannical, and treated him with every unladylike indignity, when he saw her and Bob thus enjoying themselves with the short cakes and chickens, the spirit of revenge took possession of his soul so securely, that it was with a feeling of intense satisfaction he announced, when the General had left, that the General had been. This feeling was, however, short-lived; for while the cook laboured zealously to prove to him how utterly unfit he was in consequence to be in any respectable kitchen, Bob was engaged in philosophically showing that his behaviour was beneath the true dignity of a man, which had a very powerful effect.

Stanley no sooner returned than Amelia explained to him with feelings of delight that Miss Johnson was the lady whom he had rescued; that the General had called with a warm heart to thank him; and that he had promised to use his influence with the Captain in their favour; all which imparted great satisfaction to Stanley, who, however, felt more than he expressed.

"I wonder," said he, "how the General found me out."

"His servant, it appears, knew you."

"Well, I am glad that he has called, because, knowing the family

it will be pleasant for you ; and I appreciate his kindness in offering to reason with your father ; but rely upon it, Amelia, he will soon come round without the mediation of friends ; and perhaps it would have been quite as well to let him in his own way get over his obstinacy."

"Nay, my love, do not use a term so harsh."

"Why, what other term can be so applicable? What but obstinacy is it?—sheer obstinacy?"

"Fie, Stanley! Remember he is my father!"

"Well, well, my good girl, I'll say no more.—Oh! by the by, Wormwell wants me to dine with him to-day. Will you give me leave to go?"

"Give you leave!" said Amelia, with a smile.

"Why, of course. I cannot presume to go without. I told him that you ruled me with a rod of iron, and that therefore your permission must first be obtained."

Amelia was rather pleased with this idea,—she thought it quite original,—and playfully said, that as such was the case, if he promised to be good, he might go, for which, of course, he felt grateful ; and, well knowing how little it required to delight that gentle creature, expressed his gratitude with appropriate humility, and then summoned Bob, for the purpose of giving him instructions to take the horses down to Epsom in the morning.

With these instructions Bob, of course, was highly pleased ; and in the morning he accordingly started ; and at about the same time General Johnson set off with the view of performing his promise to Amelia. The General had in the interim formed his plan. When he proposed to himself the attainment of any object, he would carry the point, if possible, by storm ; but being an excellent tactician, and knowing Captain Joliffe sufficiently well to know that with him his 'favourite mode of attack would not succeed, he had made up his mind to accomplish the thing by stratagem, although he preferred the storming principle much. He appeared to feel that his reputation was at stake in this matter ; and it was indeed one of his chief characteristics that whenever he undertook to perform a task for another, he felt more deeply mortified in the event of a failure than the person whom he generously intended to serve. It was hence that he had studied his course of proceeding in this case so deliberately ; and as the result of that study was to convince him that he must act with great caution upon the Captain's pride, he resolved to make it appear that he entertained the most friendly feelings towards Stanley, and to show that his noble spirit rendered him worthy not only of the affection of Amelia, but of general esteem and admiration, well knowing how powerfully men are influenced by the opinions of those who form the social circles in which they move, and how easily favourable prepossessions are thus created, and adverse prejudices destroyed.

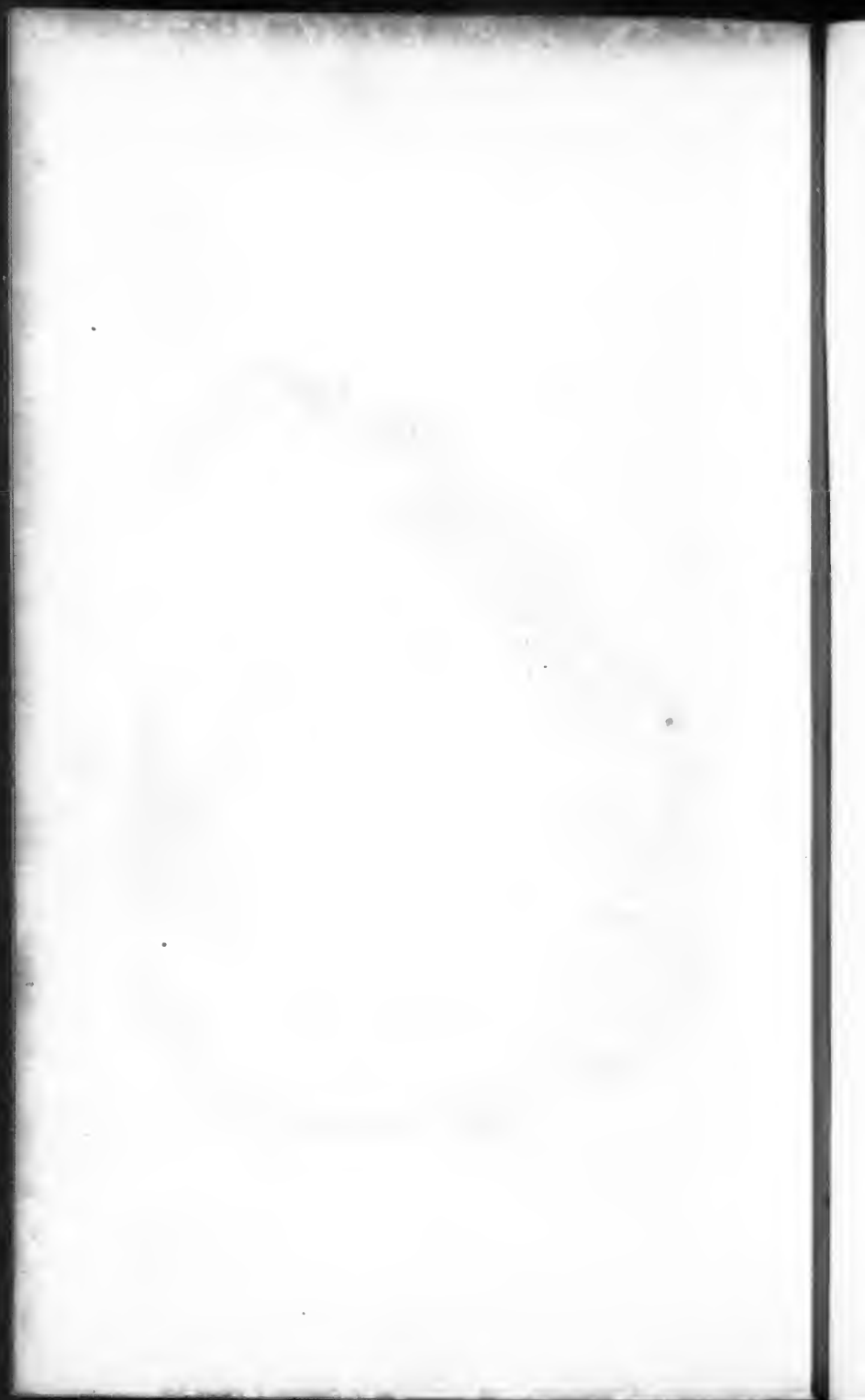
On arriving at Richmond, the General was, as usual, received most cordially. The Captain insisted upon his dining with them, of course, and equally of course the General consented, but conversed upon none but ephemeral topics until they had dined, when he thought it correct to touch with care upon that point which he felt himself then more than ever bound to carry, and therefore, much to the delight of Mrs. Joliffe, who indulged in occasional exclamations of joy, proceeded to relate all the circumstances connected with the perilous position of his daughter, taking care to paint the rescue in colours the most attractive ;



Apollonopolis

Stanley Thuan at Epsom.

London, Richard Bentley, July 1, 1840



and, having set the Captain in the right train of thought, and drawn tears from the eyes of his affectionate lady, he, with admirable tact, waved the subject until he and the Captain were alone, when it was with great caution resumed, but with much more confidence on the part of the General, who saw that he had already made a favourable impression.

"What a pity it is," said he, after a pause, during which the Captain appeared to be lost in a reverie,—“what a pity it is you are not reconciled to that young man. I, of course, should be pleased if you were, as I am placed in rather an awkward position; for I candidly confess to you that there are indeed very few whom I esteem more highly than him; but, independently of that consideration, upon my honour I think that you have held out now quite long enough. I am aware that these fugitive marriages are very seldom productive of happiness; but I must say that, as there is now every prospect of this being an exception to the general rule, you will not act with wisdom if you treat them too harshly.”

"General, when I speak to you I speak not only to a man of sense and judgment, but to one who is a father, and who possesses a father's feelings. I therefore, with confidence, put it to you, how, under the self-same circumstances, would you have acted?"

"Doubtless, precisely as you have: nay, perhaps with a greater degree of harshness. I do not believe that I should have been quite so tranquil. But, then, in our own cases we appear to be incapable of forming a correct judgment. We ought not to act upon our own impulses alone; we ought to be guided by the calmer judgment of others; our own feelings are too warm, too acute, too one-sided to allow us to do justice. If any young dog were to run away with my girl I should rave, and storm, and threaten to blow out his brains, no doubt; but then, I should look upon any other man who raved, and stormed; and threatened, under similar circumstances, as being unwise! We, therefore, ought not to depend upon our own judgment in such a case as this. It is perfectly sure to be perverted. We ought, rather, to be guided by those who have the power to feel all that we feel, but whose judgment is not warped by the immediate operation of those feelings. But, what are the chief points of that young man's character to which you object?"

"His youth, and inexperience: his utter want of that knowledge of the world which is so essential to the pursuit of a prosperous and strictly honourable course through it."

"Exactly: the very points to which I should object. My girl should not, with my consent, marry any man who had not sufficient experience to resist the temptations, and to ward off the dazzling *diablerie* of the vicious. But, what would you say to me if a young fellow without this experience were clandestinely to marry my girl, and I were to hold out as you do, what would be your advice to me?"

"I should certainly advise you to hold out still, that he might feel that, as his wife had made a sacrifice of all for him, he was bound to cherish her with tenfold tenderness."

"Very good—very good. I should, then, think it excellent advice, and should follow it, no doubt; but, if I did, what besides should I be doing? Why, laying the foundation of the defeat of the very object I had in view: driving that young man to form promiscuous friendships;

driving him in the way of every species of temptation ; driving him pell-mell into the haunts of vice and villainy ; for, who can expect a young fellow like that to be always at home ? He will go out, and ought to go out ; but when he does, where is he to go ? What connexions is he likely to form ? who are likely to be his associates, when full of blood and spirit, he has the means of indulging in every extravagant pleasure ? And then, his wife, — what is she to do during his absence ? deserted by her friends, because spurned by her relatives : no one to converse with, no one to visit, no one in whom she can with safety confide. It is true — very true, that she ought to have thought of this before ; but then, she didn't think of it : she rushed into this position, and there she is ! It is also true that she ought to consider herself but justly punished for her disobedience ; but, Captain, as men of the world, you and I well know it to be unsafe, to say the least of it, to punish a young and beautiful woman too severely in this way. Besides, we ought to take into consideration that all the punishment in such a case falls upon her, which is not the correct thing, by any means. You would not wish, I am certain, to be unduly severe with her ; you would not wish to stand as a barrier between her and happiness. I feel quite convinced that you never wished to do this, and yet is this the very thing you do. I should have done in every respect, no doubt, precisely as you have ; but I think that after a time I should have been induced to feel that I was thereby defeating the very object I wished to attain. Now, I never yet found you unreasonable. I am not a man to flatter ; you will acquit me, I am sure, of any desire to do so ; but I never knew you stubbornly to repudiate any rational view. It is hence that I now feel quite sure that, if you look at this matter again calmly, you will be as well convinced, as I plainly confess that I am, that you will not be doing your duty as father if you sternly hold out after this.

“ General, I need not assure you that my only object in holding out has been to secure eventually my poor girl's happiness. God bless her ! I love her as fondly as before. Nay, she seems to be even more dear to me than ever.”

“ I believe it. I know it. I feel it. Forgive her : forgive them both. She is a good girl, and he well deserves her. He treats her, as he ought, with the most affectionate tenderness.”

“ I am not sure of that.”

“ I am — perfectly sure. The intense, the artless fervour, with which she assured me that such was the fact, renders it impossible for me to disbelieve it. Receive them, then. Come, you have no wish to torture her. Be reconciled. And — mark my words, Captain, — they will be happy, most happy, the happiest pair that ever lived.”

“ If I were sure of that — ”

“ Be sure of it ! make up your mind to it. Be sure of this, also, that it rests with you whether they are happy or miserable. Don't let them live as if they were outcasts of society. Don't drive that youth to seek an exciting change of scene among blacklegs and *roués*. Let him feel that you care for him, and he will care for you. Let him feel that he has some one with whom he can advise. Let them both be restored to the position they ought to occupy. Let them both feel that in you they have a father indeed. By Jupiter, sir, you'll do wrong if you continue to close your doors against them. Come, say you will receive them ; say you will meet them at my house : that, perhaps, will be

better, for I know him to be a high spirited dog, who is not much enamoured of humility, and I respect him the more; for it affords, in my view, an additional proof that he takes his stand solely upon the honourable character of his intentions. Come, let me arrange it. Don't give me an answer now. Sleep upon it. Turn it well over in your mind: weigh every circumstance deliberately and calmly, and then let me know your decision."

This the Captain most willingly promised to do. He was even then prepared to decide, but the General would not receive his answer: he insisted upon the propriety of a little more reflection, although he by no means conceived it to be absolutely necessary, and soon after left, in the perfect conviction that the object proposed had been attained.

CHAPTER XIX.

Stanley and Bob purchase some experience at Epsom.

It were, perhaps, very vain, if not very presumptuous, to speculate deeply upon the subject without data; but, if any purely patriotic member of the Commons were to move for a return of all the money lost and won on the Derby, such return would be a document of extraordinary interest, and one which, in the nature of things, would go far towards stunning the world. With the aid of a few highly accomplished calculating boys in full practice, the thing might be easily got at; for they would only have two distinct classes to separate—the winners, and the losers,—to get on as fast as could well be expected; while they would clearly derive very material assistance from a knowledge of the fact that twenty sporting-characters may bet to the amount of twenty millions, without one of them winning or losing a pound.

But, apart from the high consideration having reference to the actual discovery of the amount, it seems abundantly clear that, although in a nominal sense they who are deep in the science of betting—for a science it has indisputably become,—have it hollow; the greatest amount of money is actually won from the brilliant superficial professors; it being a striking truth, and one which no sort of sophistry can smother, that in betting—although it is not so in music,—an imperfect sharp makes the most perfect flat.

When the mind is brought to bear with due weight upon the varied ramifications of this interesting science, it will be found to be one of so much excellence, *per se*, that, although it may be even now pretty well taught at our Universities, it will appear to be rather strange in the abstract that prizes should not have been established as well for that as for Greek and mathematics. This might, perhaps, in consequence of its immediate proximity to Newmarket, obtain in the first instance at Cambridge; for, albeit, every Cambridge man now may be said to possess a fair knowledge of the elements of the science, that knowledge is clearly insufficient to induce a correct appreciation of its beauties, or to guide a sporting character out of that attractive labyrinth, into which ardent tyros are too prone to rush. How admirable is it to see a strictly scientific sporting character making up his book! As a grocer conducts a transaction of barter, as a high-toned attorney standing boldly upon the legitimate integrity of his principles, makes out an un-taxable bill of costs, to cover with comfort the sums received, so *he*

weighs every item again and again with a perfectly uninterceptible view to its bearing upon the general balance. Nor is it necessary for him to be a judge of horse-flesh. By no means. He sports his money safely to the extent of tens of thousands without seeing one of the horses that are entered: he bets upon credit, the credit of those who bet before him: the exercise of his own individual judgment is altogether supererogatory: he gives and takes the odds in the dark; but, oh! what a highly-enlightened darkness is his! And in this, perhaps, consists the chief beauty of the science. If a horse be the favourite at Tattersall's, he is, in consequence, the favourite all over the world, if even he should have but three legs. His pedigree is nothing: his name is up. He is the *favourite!* That is held to be sufficient by regular sporting characters, from the highest to the lowest; from those who take six to four in thousands, to those who take three to two in fourpenny pieces.

Now Stanley's knowledge of this science was extremely superficial. He had, indeed, been enlightened by Sir William to a certain extent: he had had his eyes sufficiently opened to see his way with perfect distinctness into a hole, but by no means sufficiently opened to see his way out again; which, when an individual is to be fleeced, is a far more ingenious mode of procedure than that of making him believe that he is quite in the dark; because, in that case, he feels his way so carefully that the odds are decidedly against your being able to get him in at all: whereas, one who has been half enlightened on the subject, believes that he knows all about it; and enters into the thing with all the confidence in Nature. This was precisely the case with Stanley. He had before no conception that so much money was to be won with so much ease, and, therefore, bet to the extent of some thousands, and would have bet more, but Sir William, who was far too ingenious to frighten him, *in limine*, not only closed his book, but resolved, for the look of the thing, to induce him to hedge down at Epsom with one of those *purely* sporting men who are always to be found in the ring, in order that what he might actually lose he might nominally cover.

Well, all the preliminaries having been arranged after the most approved fashion, Stanley, Amelia, and Sir William, on the morning of the great Derby day, proceeded to the residence of the widow, who had prepared a sumptuous breakfast, and sundry hampers containing champagne, sherry, chickens, tongues, pigeon-pies, cakes, and a variety of other little articles, designed for demolition on the course. They were all in high spirits. Their pleasure, perhaps, sprang from various sources: but they were all, nevertheless, on most exalted terms, as well with each other as with themselves; and, as Sir William had suggested the expediency of starting early, at nine o'clock precisely the carriage was announced, and looked—when the party had taken their seats, and the servants, in flaming liveries, were on the box, and the postboys were mounted, duly embellished with satin jackets of the brightest celestial blue,—rather *distingué* than not.

It was a hazy morning, and the atmosphere was like a hot-bath; but even in those which are usually the most quiet streets, the carriages were rattling up to the doors, and the servants were bringing out the hampers, and all seemed to be in one universal bustle. It is not, however, until they reach the point at which the carriages from all parts of the metropolis meet, that the unsophisticated are able to form

a correct conception of the varied characteristics of the equipages that are to accompany them down the road. Here Stanley and the widow, neither of whom had been down before, were amazed. There was nothing in the shape of a vehicle which had not had its wheels greased expressly for the occasion; nothing in the similitude of a horse, at all likely to do the six-and-thirty miles in twenty hours without giving up the ghost, which had not received an extra severe curry-combing, together with an additional feed of corn, with the view of imparting respectability and spirit to his appearance on that auspicious day. Such, then, being the generally joyful state of things, of course plenty of amusement was to be found; and, as Stanley and Sir William made highly characteristic observations upon every vehicle, and every creature in every vehicle, of a remarkable character, they were all very merry, and laughed very heartily, and seemed to be the happiest of the happy.

"Now," said Sir William, as they entered the lane which leads from the town of Epsom to the Downs, "you may all go to sleep for half an hour, for this is the most tedious part of the journey."

They were not, however, disposed to go to sleep, although the line moved but slowly along; for as it did move at a pace, the consolation was conspicuous, and, on arriving at the top, the brilliant appearance of the Downs well repaid them for whatever tedium they might have experienced.

"Oh, what a lovely scene!" exclaimed the widow, directing Amelia's attention towards the hill. "Well, really now this is enchanting! Sir William, have we to go to that beautiful spot?"

"As you please," replied the Baronet; "but I think that we had better get near the grand stand, where the horses will pass quite close to us."

"That *will* be delightful! Oh! will it not, my love?"

Amelia assented, and directions were given to get as near the grand stand as possible, on a line with the course. On entering the enclosure, they were all highly pleased with the scene which burst upon them; but the widow — oh! she was in ecstasies! She had never, she was sure she had never in the whole course of her life beheld anything so heavenly! — everything did look so gay, so delightful, so glorious! And then the grand stand! Well, really — she never did! — oh! nothing could surpass it!

No sooner had they taken their station than Bob duly appeared with the horses, which, when Stanley and Sir William, at the earnest solicitation of the widow, had taken some refreshment, they mounted, and rode to the wood.

Stanley was a very fair judge of a horse, and when all that were to start were brought out, one of the outsiders appeared to him to have been betted against rather too heavily. He therefore re-examined his book, and the result of that re-examination was, that he did not much like his position. Nor did Bob much like his; for, by virtue of making cross-bets, with the view of hedging, he had got into an extraordinary arithmetical maze, having made divers gross and disgraceful mistakes, by recording in his favour a variety of bets, which were in reality against him. He was therefore highly pleased when Stanley returned, which he did as soon as possible, in order to back his own judgment; and having entered the ring, he almost immediately got into conversation with Major Foxe, who pompously pronounced himself open to

take the three first horses against the field for an even thousand. This was precisely what Stanley wanted, and he took the bet at once, and they formally exchanged cards, and then made several other bets, which brought Stanley home pretty safely, very much to the delight of Sir William, whom he consulted, and with whom, on the strength of the Major's bets, he increased his liabilities, and having closed his book, invited the Major to join them.

While Stanley was in the ring, thus bringing himself nominally round, Bob, with unparalleled zeal and intensity of feeling, was studying the prevailing characteristics of his position, as strikingly manifested by his book, and found eventually the evidence it imparted to be of a nature so particularly conflicting, that he all at once became so enlightened, that he perceived with amazing distinctness that he couldn't understand it at all. He tried hard, nay he tried with desperation, to comprehend the bearings of his hieroglyphical conceptions; but the more desperately he tried, the more profoundly he studied, the more acutely and cunningly he reckoned, the more chaotic his intellectual faculties became, which was to his extremely sensitive feelings indeed truly terrible. At length he confidentially intimated to the widow's coachman, who was at that exciting period upon the box, that he was ardently anxious to have the benefit of his advice upon a subject of no inconsiderable importance; and the coachman, who had acquired the reputation of being rather a far-seeing individual, accordingly descended to consult him.

"Coachman," said he, with due solemnity of aspect, "did you see that brindle in the course there just now, which cocked his blessed tail mysterious atween his legs, and cut away back'ards and forrards, acause he couldn't tell at all how to get out?"

"In course," replied the coachman, "I did."

"Well, then, I'm just in that identical speeches of mess. There's lots of ways to get out; but I know no more how than that brindle, which makes it just as bad as if there wasn't."

"Werry good; but if you'll just convert that into reg'lar English, I shall be able to understand it, perhaps."

"Why, don't you see!" exclaimed Bob, disgusted with the extreme dulness of the fellow's perception. "Don't I tell you I'm in a blessed mess here, and want you to show me how to see my way out on it!—Do you know anything at all about betting?"

"Why, it strikes me I do, as well as here and there one."

"Then cast your invincibles over this book." Here Bob pointed out his hieroglyphics. "Them means brandy-and-water,—them rum-and-water,—them fourpenn'orths,—them ale,—and them there, where two ha'pences is, means of course half-and-half. Now, just look deliberate over that, and then tell me exact how I stand. There's a trump!"

The coachman took the book, and studied the state of things intently, while Bob with much earnestness watched his emotions. At length, with great gravity, he spoke to this effect:—

"I say, though, my buffer, wort *have* you bin at! You're the boy to make money by bettin'!"

"What's the matter?" cried Bob, who felt really alarmed.

"Wort's the matter! Look here! You've just managed it dexterous so, that if that 'ere oss don't win, you lose pretty nigh all the lot; and if even he does win, you don't win a screw."

"Why, how do you make that out?" demanded Bob, indignantly.

"How do I make it hout! Why, look here — look at them there brandies-an'-water — why, they 're hevery individual one on 'em agin you!"

"How do you mean? Haven't I taken seven to two, four or five times over?"

"I know you have; but haven't you hedged off there by giving four to one on the same oss, four or five times over? Don't you see! As far as the fourpenn'orths goes, it don't matter which wins: it 's like giving two fardens for a ha'penny; but you 're in for the brandy-and-water, and you 're in for the ale, and you 're in for the whole mob of arf-and-arf."

Bob stood for a moment as if petrified. The spirit of incredulity took possession of him at first, and caused him to have a most profound contempt for his friend's calculating faculty, albeit he did strongly feel that there was a horrible hitch somewhere; but when it had been pointed out to him distinctly how the various gross mistakes had been made, he perspired with great freedom, and looked dreadfully cut up.

"Well," said he, scratching his head with unexampled perseverance, "I'm a donkey — I know it — I know I'm a donkey, and so I don't want to be told. As the French says, this is a out-and-out case of *horse de combat*. You are right—oh! I see regular plain that you are right. If the favourite don't do the trick, *perhaps* I shan't be in a pickle! and the favourite's no favourite of mine."

"You've seed the osses all on 'em, haven't yer? Is there any one you particular fancy?"

"Why, yes, there's a little un there; but there's fifty to one against him, so he can't be no sort, though he looks as if he might be."

"Now, take my advice: you go and get all the hods you can agin the field. Never mind any oss—take the field. That's the only way to perwent you bein' mucked of the whole squaddy."

"I see! I see! Here, catch hold a minute. I won't be gone long. I know where to find a few trumps as gives odds. But *may* I be smothered!"

Swelling with indignation at his dense stupidity, and cherishing a bright and most beautiful hope, Bob started with the view of honourably taking in some gentleman whom he had the felicity to number among his friends. The news, however, had spread that the field was sure to win; all wished to take the very odds that he wished to take. In vain he endeavoured to inspire them with the belief that they thereby stood in their own light: they wouldn't have it: — they pronounced it simultaneously "no go." Thus foiled, thus deceived, and that, too, in a quarter in which he had reposed the utmost confidence, and in which he had centred every hope, his heart sank within him as he returned to communicate the melancholy fact to his friend. It was then that he felt that he was in the hands of fate,—it was then that he promised, that if in this his extremity fate would but be propitious, no power on earth should ever induce him to be so consummate a donkey again. And yet — why — who could tell? The favourite! — the favourite was a good horse,—a capital horse! He didn't like the look of him much, but he might win,—he ought to win,—nay, on reflection, he *would* win. He resolved to entertain no doubt about the matter, for every doubt was painful. Hurrah for the favourite! The favourite against the field! The favourite for a thousand! The favourite for ever! He was not going then to lie down in a ditch and die!

The bell rang, and all were on the *qui vive*. The most earnest anxiety prevailed. The next two minutes were to decide that in which all seemed interested deeply. Had every man present had all he possessed in the world then at stake, his suspense at that moment could not have appeared more painful. The horses started. "They are off! they are off!" shouted thousands simultaneously, and every eye was strained in the direction of the hill. They appeared! They swept the brow with the speed of lightning! They passed the corner!—they came straight up the course! Pink was a-head. "Pink! pink! Bravo, pink.—Yellow! yellow! Go along, pink!—Blue!—Green!—Red!"—nay, every colour in the rainbow was shouted, in order to urge each along. The post was gained. Two seemed neck and neck. Few at the moment could tell which had won; but as one of the two was the favourite, Bob shouted, "The favourite! the favourite! Oh! hollow!" And he leaped like a deer from the back of the carriage, and opened his shoulders, and rubbed his hands, and patted his horses, and slapped his thigh, and threw himself at once into a state of ecstasy the most delicious. The next moment a sound reached his ear,—a sound which made him tremble! He turned towards the winning-post, and there he beheld—the number of an outsider! The favourite had lost! Instantly his countenance fell. He slapped his thigh no more. He struck Marmion on the nose for presuming to snort at such a moment, conceiving it to be in the abstract highly reprehensible, and sank into an awful state of melancholic gloom.

Sir William, of course, was delighted, but he studied to conceal his delight at the time; while Stanley, who had brought himself pretty nearly home, having won all his bets with the Major, congratulated himself on having backed his own judgment. The Major did not appear to be much depressed. He was a loser, he said, it was true, but not to any great amount, having taken a variety of other bets, which had been decided in his favour. He held it, therefore, to be a matter of no material importance; and, having politely declined the pressing invitation of Stanley to partake of their refreshments, he begged that he might have the honour of a call at the United Service Club in the morning, as on settling day the probability was that he should have to leave town.

The widow, who playfully affected to be very indignant indeed with that tiresome thing of a horse, which had been the cause of her losing a dozen pair of gloves to Amelia, now ordered the hampers to be opened, and when the leaf of a table had been adjusted upon the doors of the carriage, it was speedily covered with the viands she had prepared, and they all ate heartily, with the collateral enjoyment of the scene around them, which was certainly one of great excitement and splendour.

They had, however, no sooner commenced their repast than the widow's benevolence was powerfully excited; for a party of four ladies and two gentlemen, who occupied the carriage next to hers, had to their horror found, on their hamper being opened, that the new rope by which it had been suspended from the axle had stretched to an extent that enabled the hamper in little hilly parts of the road to come in contact with the ground with sufficient violence to break to atoms the dishes, bottles, and glasses, and thereby to mix them and the provisions together; and truly to the eye it was a most unpleasing mixture, inasmuch as the pie-crust was saturated with wine, the broken

glass had worked its way into the chickens, the pigeons with the gravy were mixed up with stout and straw, while the ham had been made by the fragments of the bottles to appear as if it had been nibbled by a legion of rats.

The widow, when she saw their distress, felt for them acutely, and sent to beg their acceptance of one of her pies, and part of her ham, with a pair of her chickens, and so on, which they did not by any means like to receive; but, on being warmly pressed, they at length consented to accept them, provided they were also presented with a card, which proviso was agreed to, and all were made happy.

Immediately after their repast, Stanley and Sir William remounted their horses, being anxious to make a few bets upon the next race; and, while they were gone, Bob, the widow's servants, and the post-boys commenced operations upon the refreshments which had been left, and which, as the widow was exceedingly liberal with her wine, they all amazingly enjoyed, with the exception of Bob, whose spirit was painfully perturbed. He was haunted by his erroneous calculations, and spectres of innumerable glasses of brandy-and-water, and rows of pots of ale and half-and-half, which really seemed to have no end, flitted before him as merrily as if they were overjoyed at the fact of his having to pay for them all. The only question with him was, how could he get out of his embarrassed position?—and his utter inability to conceive a satisfactory answer to this question dealt destruction to his appetite, and rendered him wretched. At length he managed to hit upon an expedient by which he might gain at least a trifle towards covering his extremely heavy spirituous liabilities. In the next race eight horses were to run, and he proposed a quiet sweepstakes, in which he got the coachman, the footman, and one of the postilions to join. He then tore a piece of paper into eight, and having established the numbers respectively thereon, and folded and put them into his hat, each subscribed half-a-crown, and then drew two numbers, and Bob's were the first and second horses on the list.

"Well," thought he, "this is something." And so it was; and he began to eat a little, and to feel somewhat better. Half a sovereign would indisputably pay for ten good shilling glasses. There could be no miscalculation about that, although he quite forgot his own small subscription,—which perhaps was as well, for his mind was the more at ease, and the consequence was that he eventually made a very highly respectable meal.

The bell rang again for the course to be cleared, and Stanley and Sir William returned.

"Well, which is the best horse?" inquired the widow.

"The favourite," replied Stanley, "I should say, in this race."

"The favourite;—Well, Amelia and I are going to have another bet."

"Indeed," said Amelia, "I do not understand it."

"Nor do I, my love, much; but we must have a bet. Now, I'll bet you—let me see—a satin dress!—and you shall have which horse you please."

"That will be about two to one," observed Stanley.

"No, no—one to one; that is to say, even."

"But Amelia will bet two to one."

"Dear me, how ridiculous! One dress—one cannot be two!"

"I grant you that, of course; but I should say that it takes nearly double the quantity —"

"Indeed, sir, it takes no such thing," interrupted the blushing widow; for although she patted Stanley very playfully, and smiled, she did not approve of his making so incorrect an observation in the presence of Sir William. It was personal—very personal. Besides, she required but a few yards more than Amelia; not double the quantity, nor anything like double the quantity.

"I'll tell you, now, what will be a fair bet," said Stanley. "You take the favourite against the field for a dress: that will bring the thing about even."

"Very well; let it be so. The favourite is mine. We must sport, my love, of course, like the rest."

Amelia consented to this arrangement, and the race almost immediately commenced. The excitement was not nearly so great; but there was still amply sufficient to keep all alive, and the colours were called as they passed as before. The favourite lost, and Stanley lost with the favourite. The widow also lost; and Bob lost the sweepstakes.

Of course the last-mentioned loss had the greatest effect upon the loser. He had firmly and resolutely made up his mind to win, and hence experienced a dreadful degree of depression. He felt that, in the nature of things, this was hard, and that fortune neither smiled upon the most meritorious, nor aided those who stood most in need of assistance. To him that half sovereign would have been of great service. The rest did not want it so much; for they had lost nothing on the Derby. He considered that, if fortune had not been sand-blind,—if she had had only half an eye open, she would have seen this,—and then, of course, the sweepstakes had been his; for he was sure that, to his knowledge, he had done nothing to offend her.

While involved in this deep consideration, standing like a statue, with his hands in his smalls,—which, indeed, was his customary attitude when he happened to have anything of a strictly metaphysical character to compass,—a gentleman without his coat approached in wonderful haste, and, while performing a variety of original antics commenced shouting, apparently in a frightful state of excitement,

"Now, who's for the last nine, the last nine, the last nine! I've on'y three minutes! A sovering for a shilling, or three for half-crown, to decide this here vunderful vagear *atween* them there two svell sportin' indiwidgeals, the Marquis off Vortford and a honerble Hurl, for five thousand guineas aside here! I'm obligated for to dress like this here, *cos* the honerble Hurl don't believe as the people von't think these here soverings is good uns. *Who'll* have the last nine, the last nine, the last nine here!"

"This is a do," observed Bob to a decent-looking person standing near him.

"Do you think so? I've a great mind to have three: it may be a bet," said the person addressed. "I'll have half-a-crown's worth;" and he had, and he appeared to be delighted with his bargain, and joyfully showed them to Bob, who was amazed.

"It is a wager," thought he. "They are good uns—real good uns. Why, three of these would set me all square!" It struck him at the moment that fortune, to propitiate him, had suggested that bet, and had sent him that man.

"Now, who's for the last six! I've on'y one minute for this vunderful vagear off ten thousand guineas. *Who'll* have the last six for a crown here!"

Bob anxiously gave him five shillings, and received in return the six "sovereigns," which he instantly found to be villainous brass. But the fellow was off! he twisted into the crowd like an imp; and, as he who had prompted the purchase, by showing the three real sovereigns, shot also away, it at once became evident to Bob that they were confederates.

"Only just hold my horses," said he to a man standing by; and he started off after them fiercely. But, how vain was the pursuit! The next moment they were lost to him for ever.

This was, indeed, a heavy blow. It was terrible to his already wounded feelings. It was cruel. He could have cried; but he repressed the rising extract of sorrow with indignation.

"To be such a out-and-out fool!" he exclaimed, clenching his fists very desperately, and looking very vicious, "when I ought to have known that it was nothing but a do; when my own common sense ought to have told me it was nothing but a regular dead take in! Here's things!" he continued, holding the sovereigns again before his wondering eyes. "Here's muck! Here's a blessed five shillings' worth! *Don't* I wish I could see that there varmint anywheres about here? *Wouldn't* I give him a leetle pepper?"

Again Bob looked anxiously around; but, as he could not catch even a glimpse of the ingenious gentleman in question, he returned to his horses, frightfully depressed.

"Hallo, my Bobby!" exclaimed the coachman, "anything petickler o'clock?"

"No, nothing of much odds," replied Bob; who conceived it to be expedient to keep the sovereign job a secret, at least from that particular quarter.

"We're goin' for to 'ave another sweepstakes. There's on'y four 'osses. Will yer join us?"

"Oh, if you like. I'm safe to lose. Nobody never had such sweet luck as me. But I'll be in it."

He accordingly put down his half-crown, and drew; but he scorned to look at the number. He would *not* know which horse he had drawn until after the race, and therefore placed the paper carefully in his pocket, while he looked another way, lest his eyes should fall upon it by accident. He then had a glass of wine with the rest beneath the foot-board; but continued to be mournfully silent, although he occasionally gave his horses for the slightest misbehaviour the most severe look they ever witnessed.

The interval between the races was in this case unusually short. The course was no sooner clear than the bell rang again, and the horses started. They did the half mile in about half a minute, and actually the very horse which won cleverly by a length, was the horse which Bob had drawn. In his view this altered the general aspect of things most materially; for, albeit, it but restored him to the position which he occupied at the conclusion of the Derby, it was abundantly manifest to him that his "luck" had really changed; and he brightened up signally, and chatted a little, and breathed upon the four half-crowns, and deposited them promptly in the off pocket of his smalls, with an air which denoted intense satisfaction. He then proposed that the next sweepstakes should be doubled. This, however, was declined. The same sum was put down, and they drew; but Bob would not have looked at what he had drawn if any man had offered him seven

and sixpence. He had not looked at the last, and he had won. He naturally felt that there was a great deal in that.

Amelia and the widow now alighted, with the view of promenading the course; and, as this had been at the sole suggestion of Sir William, it was specially appreciated by the widow, who scarcely could tell how she did feel while walking for the first time in public with an honourable baronet. It were poor indeed to describe that feeling as being that of pride. It was a higher, a purer, a more intensely delicious feeling than that; and she stepped so lightly, and her plume waved so gracefully, while she felt so much ecstasy sparkling in her eyes, that, as she tripped past Amelia, she really did think that any absolute stranger would be puzzled to tell which of the two looked the younger.

While they were admiring the beauty of the Grand Stand, and other prominent features of the gay scene around them, Bob, elated with his success in the last sweepstakes, felt that, as Fortune now seemed disposed to favour him, he ought not to thwart her beneficent inclinations, and therefore set off for one of the booths, in which merveille appeared to him to be played upon a very fair, straight-forward principle. He stood for some time, and looked on, and saw a great deal of money won and paid without a murmur, from a heap of half-crowns which stood by the side of an open cash-box, in which there was a sufficient number of notes to bind up into a good-sized volume, and a quantity of sovereigns, which seemed to be beyond calculation.

This display of wealth dazzled the eyes of Bob; and he resolved to have a trial. He put a shilling upon the black: it came black, and he took up two. He put a shilling upon the yellow: it came yellow, and he took up nine. Could he presume to doubt that Fortune had deigned to smile upon him then? He put two half-crowns upon the yellow, feeling that eight times that amount would be particularly acceptable; but it happened to come black. He tried again with five shillings: it was red. He tried five shillings more: it was blue. Well, it surely must come yellow next! He tried another five shillings: it came blue again. Blue was the favourite; but, then, five shilling stakes were rather heavy! He put half-a-crown upon the blue: it was yellow. Tut! *if* he had but kept to the yellow! He tried yellow again: it was black. Then again, and it was black: and again, until he had no more silver. What, then, was to be done? Should he change his last sovereign? He would, and stake five shillings of it upon the yellow. He did so. It should be the last if he lost—the very last,—that he had made up his mind to. The ball was off: he watched it eagerly: it seemed to wish to go into the yellow: nay, it absolutely did go into the yellow; but on the instant changed its mind, and hopped into the blue. How extraordinary! Well! *should* he stake one more half-crown? No, he wouldn't; and yet, eight half-crowns were twenty shillings! One more—only one: down it went; and the ball, as if guided by some malicious demon, popped again into the blue. Bob pressed his lips, and frowned, and looked round the booth wildly, and then attempted to leave; but he felt within him something which urged him to turn, and he stood for some time in a state of irresolution.

“Now, gents, make your game: the ball's off, make your game!” cried the fellow who presided at the table. “If you won't play, gents, drink: sherry, champagne there, soda water, anything you like. Make your game!”

This had the effect of arousing Bob from his reverie. He resolved to stake five shillings more. He put half-a-crown down upon the yellow: it was red. The other half-crown followed: it was black. He now seemed desperate. He tried the black, and won; but the black merely covered the stake. He tried the yellow, and it was blue; and then the blue, and it was yellow. Five shillings only had he left. Should he stake it all at once, hit or miss? Down it went; and in an instant it was lost.

His feelings were agonizing now. He, indeed, felt as if it really mattered not much what became of him. His eyes seemed as if about to start from their sockets. He struck his head with great violence; and, as he left the booth slowly, he could not refrain from shedding tears. The greatest trouble physics all the rest. His previous losses now seemed as nothing. He might have got over them with comfort; but, how was he to get over this? All the money he had was gone, including that which he had borrowed of the amiable cook, and he had the whole of his wet bets to settle, and promptly, too, in order to sustain his reputation!

While lost in the thought of this his afflicting position, he encountered a creature who had a table, with twenty or thirty sovereigns thereon, and three thimbles, surrounded by divers individuals, who were betting upon the wonderful discovery of a pea. Bob had frequently heard of this game: he well knew it to be a dirty and disreputable swindle; and yet the thing appeared to be so simple, while the creature who presided seemed so bungling, and moreover, so excessively blind to his own interest, that in more than one instance would he have put down a stake had his pockets not been quite so hungry as they were. He could tell where the pea was beyond all dispute. It was *proved* that he could, for a gentleman who stood beside him, and who had not sufficient confidence in his own judgment, asked him which thimble he thought the pea was under; and, having pointed out one, the gentleman threw down a sovereign; and under that identical thimble it was; and, when the pea was again adjusted, and the gentleman had again appealed to him, another sovereign was staked, and he was, of course, right again.

Bob, however, was very much vexed at this. Two sovereigns had been won through his instrumentality; and, although it was all very well to win money for others, he naturally thought that it would have been better had he won those two sovereigns for himself: which he might have done, of course! There could not be two decent opinions about that; and, therefore, feeling that the fellow was essentially stupid, or, at all events, not quite *au fait* at the trick, he ran to borrow half-a-sovereign of the coachman, and returned to the table, full of hope. The gentleman who had successfully appealed to him was still betting; and, when he lost, he appeared to lose most foolishly, seeing that he invariably fixed on the thimble under which Bob was sure the pea was not. He therefore applied at Bob again; and Bob again pointed to the right one, and was complimented highly upon the extraordinary quickness of his perception; and then it was he tried for himself. He saw the pea distinctly placed under the thimble in the middle: he could have sworn to it conscientiously.

"I'll bet half-a-sovereign," said he, producing his all.

"Bet a sovereign," cried the creature. "Put a sovereign down. I don't mind about losing a sovereign!"

"No; only half," said Bob. "Don't touch it."

Very well. The money was placed upon the table, and covered: the thimble was raised, and the pea was *not* there!

Bob looked at the fellow with great ferocity. He also looked ferociously at the man who had urged him on. He half suspected him of being a confederate; and, had he been sure of it—quite sure, with all the pleasure in life would he have thrashed him; but he was not; and, therefore, all he felt justified in doing was to give free vent to his indignation, which he did in terms which he deemed appropriate; and having consigned the whole gang to the torture of their own consciences, left them with a feeling of unspeakable disgust.

"Well," said he, as he returned, with a truly wretched aspect, "there's another half sovereign out of me. What is this world when you come for to look at it? What *is it* but a out-and-out den of blessed thieves? Fortune! blow Fortune! what do I owe her? *Aint* she been against me all along? Did ever any fellow have such pleasant luck as I've had? I'm a fool—of course I know that I'm a fool, 'cause I was quite conscientious that that pea dodge was a do. Who's to blame, then? Don't it just serve me right? Is there any pity for me? Not a ha'p'orth."

This last observation was made by way of solace; but the comfort it imparted was not strikingly apparent. He still held that he had been cruelly ill-used, and hence became more dreadfully dejected than before.

All were now becoming anxious for the last race, save Bob. He really cared but little about whether he won or lost. He was in that frame of mind, the indulgence in which is extremely illaudable, and highly pernicious, inasmuch as it reduces a man at once to that point of despair which prompts him to repudiate the employment of the power at his command, with the view of surmounting those embarrassments in which he may be involved. This is indeed a disease—a most ruinous disease, and one for which the only immediate cure is a little unexpected success. Then, he who was gloomily apathetic becomes active: his dormant energies are aroused: he sees his error, and gladly embraces those means to which he before closed his eyes, and that wilfully, being quite conscious of their existence. The bell rang, and the race commenced. He took no interest in it. When it was over, he just glanced at the paper carelessly. Why, he had drawn the very horse! He could not have supposed it possible. He had thought that nothing in life was more certain than that every earthly thing was going against him. On receiving the sweepstakes, he therefore felt his heart lighter, and his spirits rising rapidly; and, when Sir William, to whom he had been particularly attentive, presented him with a sovereign, he really began to believe that his case was not nearly so desperate as he had imagined. Still it could not be concealed that he had lost a heavy sum; and he was just on the point of entering into an abstruse calculation touching the total amount, when Stanley called to him, and gave him instructions to take the horses quietly home.

The posters were then immediately put to, and in five minutes the widow's carriage moved off the Downs. Bob lingered: he scarcely knew why; still he lingered; and, as he was standing thoughtfully between his horses, a friend of his approached, and informed him that he had that very instant won seven half-crowns at a "gold and silver table," to which he pointed, and which stood but a few yards from the

spot. On receiving this momentous intelligence, Bob looked at his friend, as if to be sure that he was totally unconnected with the scheme, — being inclined at the moment to make every man an object of suspicion,—and, having satisfied himself on that particular point, he got a boy to hold his horses, and repaired to the table in question without delay. At this establishment a gaudily-dressed female presided; and, although she was not extremely beautiful, the purity of her complexion, such as it was, was duly protected from the sun by a comprehensive umbrella. She stood in a commanding position, upon a stool, with a rake in one hand, and a white cotton cabbage-net, nearly filled with silver in the other, while on the table, which was emblazoned with all sorts of brilliant prizes, stood a dice-box of a Brobdignagian build, and divers large—and, of course, unloaded—dice; and ever and anon she screamed, in tones which bore an ear-piercing resemblance to those of a cracked clarionet in the hands of a man who knows no touch thereof,—“Now, who’s for the next prize! A shillin’ a throw, or three throws for arf-a-crown. I’ll warrant all the prizes to be on the dice. The extent of your losses you’re sure to know: the extent of your winnin’s you can’t. When I lose, my losses is heavy: when you lose, your losses is light!”

“Well,” thought Bob, “it’s quite out of nature to be much of rig in this. I only want to win a pound! I’ll *have* a try. See if I don’t. It *will* be very hard if I can’t get something!”

He accordingly subscribed half-a-crown to the concern, and having placed the dice in the box, boldly threw them, when the lady began to count with surpassing velocity, “Six and six is twelve, and four’s nineteen, and five’s twenty-seven, and three’s thirty-four, and one’s forty-five, and four’s fifty-two, and five’s fifty-nine, and three’s sixty-five, and four and four’s eight, and six is seventy-two! Sixty-two is a prize of five crowns; but seventy-two’s a blank, as you see.”

Bob certainly saw that seventy-two was a blank; but he did not exactly approve of this rapid mode of counting. He had not been at all used to it: he couldn’t keep up with it; and, as he did entertain a vague notion that she had in one instance made a slight mistake, he determined on counting them himself the next time, and threw again; and again the lady’s tongue went to work, like the clapper of an alarm-bell, and wouldn’t stop until she had reached sixty, which, of course, was a blank. Bob, however, was not satisfied. He began to count himself; but, as he proceeded, the lady joined him, being anxious to render him all possible assistance, which so effectually confused his intellects that he found himself utterly unable to count at all. Assuming, therefore, on compulsion, that she was right, he threw the third time, and threw forty-eight, which the experienced eye of the lady soon detected, and she ingeniously made fifty-six of them, in consequence of forty-eight being a prize of three sovereigns. But Bob could not make fifty-six: he insisted upon having time; when the lady leered affectionately at two gentlemen, who were standing by, and who, as they perceived that Bob was going on steadily, made a sudden slight, but, of course, purely accidental rush; and, while one of them was making all sorts of apologies, the other dexterously turned over one of the dice; which the lady no sooner perceived than she exclaimed with great propriety, “What’s all this about? What do you interrupt the gentleman for when he’s a-counting? You ought to know better. Go on, sir; pray do; and take your time about it.”

Bob accordingly counted them again, and then said, "There, I knew you was wrong: there's only fifty."

"Very well, sir. I'll take your word for it. We're all on us liable to error: human nature can't be perfect. Whatever prize it is you shall have, sir. Fifty. Only two too many, sir. Try again: don't be down-hearted. Forty-eight's a prize of three pound. Fifty, you see, is a blank."

"Why, it *was* forty-eight," said Bob's friend, "before that man there made a two a four!"

In an instant the hat of the individual who had thus spoken mysteriously dropped over his eyes. It was not at all too large for him: on the contrary, it was rather a tight fit; but the brim on either side, nevertheless, did come down upon his shoulders, as if by magic. Bob in a moment saw how the case stood; and, being anxious for his friend to appear to give evidence, flew to his aid; but he had no sooner done so than his own hat went down in the same most remarkable manner.

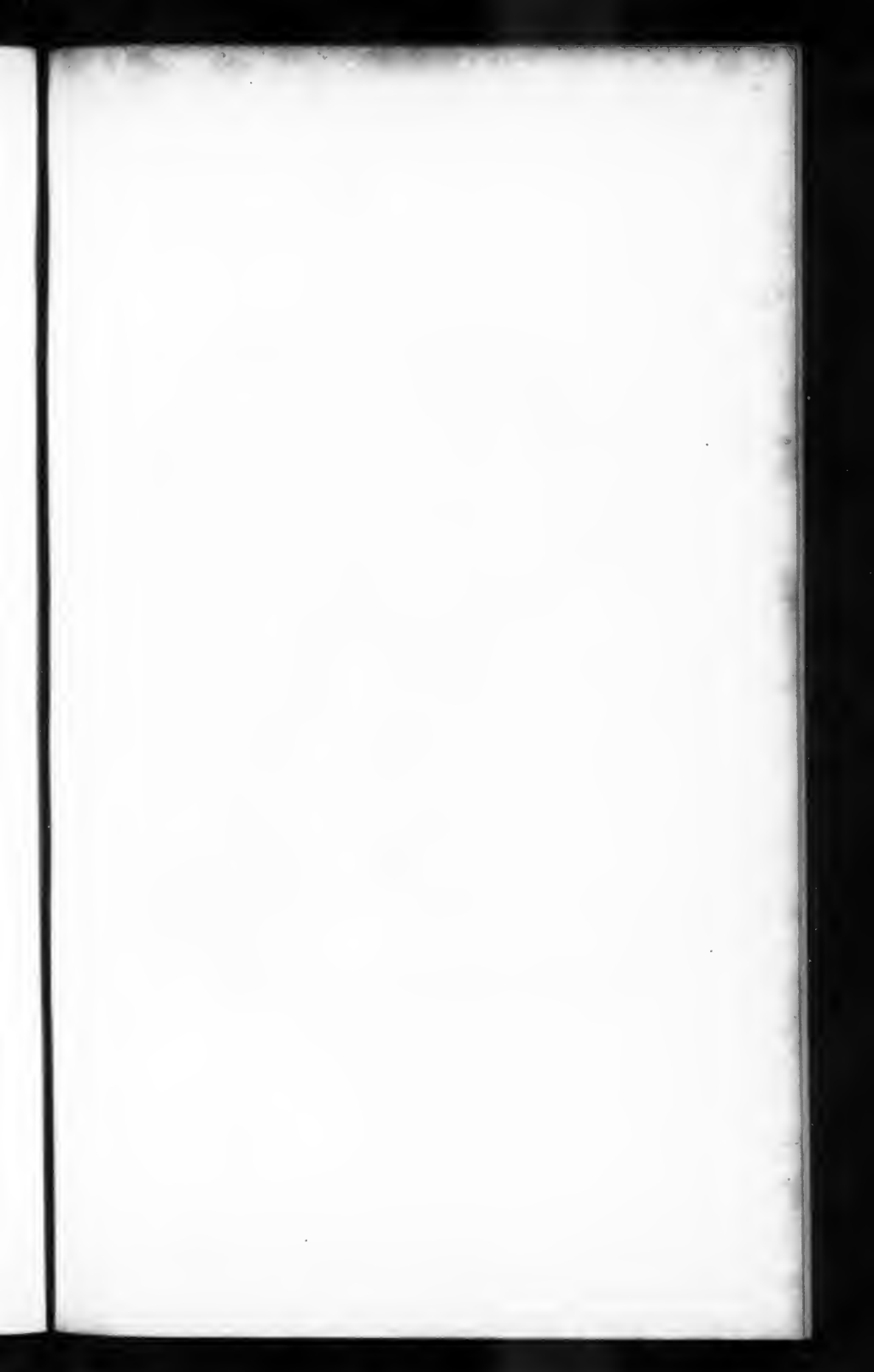
Now it is extremely difficult, under these peculiar circumstances, for a man to face the world. He cannot raise his hat with either promptitude or comfort. Should he happen to have anything at all of a nose, the tip thereof is certain to catch in the lining. To the ancient Romans this would have been abundantly manifest; and, probably, the children of Israel of this our day wear gossamers, without any lining at all on this very account. And none can blame them. The position is excessively disagreeable. A man is extinguished. The light of his countenance is gone. He looks like a decapitated individual, feeling in his heart for the thoughts in his head.

By dint of some extraordinary and perfectly original wriggling, Bob eventually managed to appear; and when he did so, he shook himself, and looked round fiercely; but the gentlemen whom he had calculated upon seeing had vanished; and it was, indeed, fortunate for them that they had; for it may with perfect safety be recorded that, could he have grappled with them then, the irregularity of the features, of one of them at least, would have been truly conspicuous.

In vain the lady declared that no die had been turned; in vain she pledged her honour that she never beheld those two gentlemen before in the whole course of her life. Bob would not believe her; and he told her so flatly, and rated her well, and put it plainly and distinctly to her whether she ought not to be ashamed of her conduct: which seemed to touch her rather, for she instantly observed that, as he was not exactly satisfied, she would consent to his having another throw gratis.

"Another throw!" cried Bob, with an expression of scorn; and he really was very much disgusted with her behaviour. "I'll not have another throw! I'll have nothing more to do with you. Now I know what you are, if I was to go for to win the smallest mite of your money I should think myself pisoned!" And, hereupon, he quitted the spot with his friend.

He now clearly saw that the man who, being pecuniarily involved, seeks to retrieve himself by gambling, is a fool; and, having made a highly laudable resolution to profit by the experience he had purchased that day, he proceeded towards town, deeply buried in reflection, for how the cook was to be paid, and how his heavy half-and-half, ale, and brandy-and-water losses were to be settled, were mysteries which had still to be solved.





Long. Mack's. protection. How. for. it. it. is. for. it. is.

GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH AT MANCHESTER.

BIDDING Kelley remain with Guy Fawkes, Doctor Dee signified to Viviana that he had a few words to say to her in private before his departure, and leading the way to an adjoining room, informed her that he was aware of her desire to have her father's remains interred in the Collegiate Church, and that, so far from opposing her inclinations, he would willingly accede to them, only recommending as a measure of prudence that the ceremonial should be performed at night, and with as much secrecy as possible. Viviana thanked him in a voice of much emotion for his kindness, and entirely acquiesced in his suggestion of caution. At the same time, she could not help expressing her surprise that her thoughts should be known to him:—"Though, indeed," she added, "after the wonderful exhibition I have just witnessed of your power, I can scarcely conceive that any limits ought to be placed to it."

"Few things are hidden from me," replied Dee, with a gratified smile;—"even the lighter matters of the heart, in which I might be supposed to take little interest, do not altogether elude my observation. In reference to this, you will not, I am sure, be offended with me, Miss Radcliffe, if I tell you I have noticed with some concern the attachment that has arisen between you and Humphrey Chetham."

Viviana uttered an exclamation of surprise, and a deep blush suffused her pallid cheeks.

"I am assuming the privilege of an old man with you, Viviana," continued Dee, in a graver tone, "and I may add of an old friend,—for your lamented mother was one of my dearest and best friends, as you perchance called to mind, when you sent me to-day, by Mr. Catesby, the token I gave her years ago. You have done unwisely in inviting Humphrey Chetham to come hither to-night."

"How so?" she faltered.

"Because, if he keeps his appointment, fatal consequences may ensue," answered Dee. "Your message has reached the ears of one from whom,—most of all,—you should have concealed it."

"Mr. Catesby has heard of it, I know," replied Viviana. "But you do not apprehend any danger from him?"

"He is Chetham's mortal foe," rejoined Dee, "and will slay him, if he find an opportunity."

"You alarm me," she cried. "I will speak to Mr. Catesby on the subject, and entreat him, as he values my regard, to offer no molestation to his fancied rival."

"*Fancied rival!*" echoed Dee, raising his brows, contemptuously. "Do you seek to persuade me that you do not love Humphrey Chetham?"

"Assuredly not," replied Viviana. "I freely acknowledge my attachment to him. It is as strong as my aversion to Mr. Catesby. But the latter is aware that the suit of his rival is as hopeless as his own."

"Explain yourself, I pray you?" said Dee.

"My destiny is the cloister,—and this he well knows," she rejoined. "As soon as my worldly affairs can be arranged, I shall retire to the English nunnery at Brussels, where I shall vow myself to heaven."

"Such is your present intention," replied Dee. "But you will never quit your own country."

"What shall hinder me?" asked Viviana, uneasily.

"Many things," returned Dee. "Amongst others, this meeting with your lover."

"Call him not by that name, I beseech you, reverend sir," she rejoined. "Humphrey Chetham will never be other to me than a friend."

"It may be," said Dee. "But your destiny is *not* the cloister."

"For what am I reserved, then?" demanded Viviana, trembling.

"All I dare tell you," he returned, "all it is needful for you to know, is, that your future career is mixed up with that of Guy Fawkes. But do not concern yourself about what is to come. The present is sufficient to claim your attention."

"True," replied Viviana; "and my first object shall be to despatch a messenger to Humphrey Chetham to prevent him from coming hither."

"Trouble yourself no further on that score," returned Dee. "I will convey the message to him. As regards the funeral, it must take place without delay. I will be at the south porch of the church with the keys at midnight, and Robert Burnell, the sexton, and another assistant on whom I can depend, shall be in attendance. Though it is contrary to my religious opinions and feelings to allow a Romish priest to perform the service, I will not interfere with Father Garnet. I owe your mother a deep debt of gratitude, and will pay it to her husband and her child."

"Thanks!—in *her* name, thanks!" cried Viviana, in a voice suffocated by emotion.

"And now," continued Dee, "I would ask you one further

question. My art has made me acquainted that a dark and dangerous plot is hatching against the King and his Government by certain of the Catholic party. Are you favourable to the design?"

"I am not," replied Viviana, firmly. "Nor can you regard it with more horror than myself."

"I was sure of it," returned Dee. "Nevertheless, I am glad to have my supposition confirmed from your own mouth."

With this, he moved towards the door, but Viviana arrested his departure.

"Stay, reverend sir," she cried, with a look of great uneasiness; "if you are in possession of this dread secret, the lives of my companions are in your power. You will not betray them. Or, if you deem it your duty to reveal the plot to those endangered by it, you will give its contrivers timely warning."

"Fear nothing," rejoined Dee. "I cannot, were I so disposed, interfere with the fixed purposes of fate. The things revealed by my familiar spirits never pass my lips. They are more sacred than the disclosures made to a priest of your faith at the confessional. The bloody enterprise on which these zealots are bent will fail. I have warned Fawkes; but my warning, though conveyed by the lips of the dead, and by other potent conjurations, was unavailing. I would warn Catesby and Garnet, but they would heed me not. Viviana Radcliffe," he continued, in a solemn voice, "you questioned me just now about the future. Have you courage to make the same demand from your dead father? If so, I will compel his corpse to answer you."

"Oh! no — no," cried Viviana, horror-stricken; "not for worlds would I commit so impious an act. Gladly as I would know what fate has in store for me, nothing should induce me to purchase the knowledge at so dreadful a price."

"Farewell, then," said Dee. "At midnight, at the south porch of the Collegiate Church, I shall expect you."

So saying, he took his departure; and, on entering the gallery, perceived Catesby hastily retreating.

"Aha!" he muttered. "We have had a listener here. Well, no matter. What he has heard may prove serviceable to him."

He then returned to the chamber occupied by Guy Fawkes, and finding he had dropped into a deep and tranquil sleep, motioned Kelley, who was standing by the bedside watching his slumbers with folded arms, to follow him, and bowing gravely to Garnet, quitted the hall.

As he crossed the court, on his way to the drawbridge, Catesby suddenly threw himself in his path, and laying his hand upon his sword, cried in a menacing voice, — "Doctor Dee, neither you nor your companion shall quit the hall till you have solemnly sworn not to divulge aught pertaining to the plot, of which you have so mysteriously obtained information."

"Is this my recompense for rescuing your comrade from the jaws of death, sir?" replied Dee, sternly.

"The necessity of the case must plead its excuse," rejoined Catesby. "My own safety, and the safety of those leagued with me in the great design, require that I should be peremptory in my demand. Did I not owe you a large debt of gratitude for your resuscitation of Guy Fawkes, I would have insured your secrecy with your life. As it is, I will be content with your oath."

"Fool!" exclaimed Dee, "stand aside, or I will compel you to do so."

"Think not to terrify me by idle threats," returned Catesby. "I willingly acknowledge your superior skill,—as, indeed, I have good reason to do,—in the science of medicine; but I have no faith in your magical tricks. A little reflection has shown me how the knowledge I at first thought so wonderful was acquired. You obtained it by means of Martin Heydocke, who, mounted on a swift steed, reached the College before me. He told you of the object of my visit,—of Viviana's wish to have her father interred in the Collegiate Church,—of her message to Humphrey Chetham. You were, therefore, fully prepared for my arrival, and at first, I must confess, completely imposed upon me. Nay, had I not overheard your conversation just now with Viviana, I might have remained your dupe still. But your allusion to Chetham's visit awakened my suspicions, and, on re-considering the matter, the whole trick flashed upon me."

"What more?" demanded Dee, his brow lowering, and his eyes sparkling with rage.

"Thus much," returned Catesby. "I have your secret, and you have mine. And though the latter is the more important, inasmuch as several lives hang upon it, whereas a conjuror's worthless reputation is alone dependent on the other, yet both must be kept. Swear, then, not to reveal the plot, and in my turn I will take any oath you choose to dictate not to disclose the jugglery I have detected."

"I will make no terms with you," returned Dee; "and if I do not reveal your damnable plot, it is not from consideration of you or your associates, but because the hour for its disclosure is not yet arrived. When full proof of your guilt can be obtained, then rest assured it will be made known,—though not by me. Not one of your number shall escape—not one."

Catesby again laid his hand upon his sword, and seemed from his looks to be meditating the destruction of the Doctor and his assistant. But they appeared wholly unconcerned at his glances.

"What you have said concerning Martin Heydocke is false—as false as your own foul and bloody scheme," pursued Dee. "I have neither seen, nor spoken with him."

"But your assistant, Edward Kelley, has," retorted Catesby, "and that amounts to the same thing."

“For the third and last time I command you to stand aside,” cried Dee, in a tone of concentrated anger.

Catesby laughed aloud.

“What if I refuse?” he said, in a jeering voice.

Doctor Dee made no answer; but, suddenly drawing a small phial from beneath his robe, cast its contents in his opponent's face. Blinded by the spirit, Catesby raised his hand to his eyes, and while in this condition a thick cloth was thrown over his head from behind, and, despite his resistance, he was borne off, and bound with a strong cord to an adjoining tree.

Half an hour elapsed, during which he exhausted his fury in vain outcries for assistance, and execrations and menaces against Dee and his companion. At the expiration of that time, hearing steps approaching, he called loudly to be released, and was answered by the voice of Martin Heydocke.

“What! is it your worship I behold?” cried Martin, in a tone of affected commiseration. “Mercy on us! what has happened? Have the rascally searchers been here again?”

“Hold your peace, knave, and unbind me,” rejoined Catesby, angrily. “I shrewdly suspect,” he added, as his commands were obeyed, and the cord twined around his arms was unfastened, and the cloth removed,—“I shrewdly suspect,” he said, fixing a stern glance upon Martin, which effectually banished the smile from his demure countenance, “that you have had some share in this business.”

“What I, your worship?” exclaimed Martin. “Not the slightest, I assure you. It was by mere chance I came this way, and, perceiving some one tied to a tree, was about to take to my heels, when, fancying I recognised your worship's well-formed legs, I ventured forward.”

“You shall become more intimately acquainted with my worship's boots, rascal, if I find my suspicions correct,” rejoined Catesby. “Have you the effrontery to tell me you have never seen this rope, and this cloth before?”

“Certes, I have, your worship,” replied Martin. “May the first hang me, and the last serve as my winding-sheet, if I speak not the truth! Ah, now I look again,” he added, pretending to examine them, “it must be a horse-cloth and halter from the stable. Peradventure, I *have* seen them.”

“That I will be sworn you have, and used them too,” rejoined Catesby. “I am half inclined to tie you to the tree in my place. But where is your employer?—where is Doctor Dee?”

“Doctor Dee is *not* my employer,” answered Martin, “neither do I serve him. Humphrey Chetham, as I have already told your worship, is my master. As to the Doctor, he left the hall some time since. Father Garnet thought you had accompanied him on the road. I have seen nothing of him. Of a truth I have not.”

Catesby reflected a moment, and then strode towards the

hall, while Martin, with a secret smile, picked up the halter and cloth, and withdrew to the stable.

Repairing to the chamber of the wounded man, Catesby found Garnet seated by his couch, and related what had occurred. The Jesuit listened with profound attention to the recital, and on its conclusion observed,—

“I am sorry you have offended Doctor Dee, my son. He might have proved a good friend. As it is, you have made him a dangerous enemy.”

“He was not to be trusted, father,” returned Catesby. “But if you have any fears of him, or Kelley, I will speedily set them at rest.”

“No violence, my son,” rejoined Garnet. “You will only increase the mischief you have already occasioned. I do not think Dee will betray us. But additional circumspection will be requisite. Tarry here while I confer with Viviana on this subject. She has apparently some secret influence with the Doctor and may be prevailed upon to exercise it in our behalf.”

It was long before Garnet returned. When he reappeared, his looks convinced Catesby that the interview had not proved satisfactory.

“Your imprudence has placed us in a perilous position, my son,” he observed. “Viviana refuses to speak to Doctor Dee on the subject, and strongly reprobates your conduct.”

Catesby’s brow lowered.

“There is but one course to pursue,” he muttered, rising, “our lives or his must be sacrificed. I will act at once.”

“Hold!” exclaimed Garnet, authoritatively. “Wait till to-morrow; and, if aught occurs in the interim to confirm your suspicions, do as you think proper. I will not oppose you.”

“If I forbear so long,” returned Catesby, “it will not be safe to remain here.”

“I will risk it,” said Garnet, “and I counsel you to do the same. You will not leave Viviana at this strait.”

“I have no such thoughts,” replied Catesby. “If I go, she goes too.”

“Then it will be in vain, I am sure, to induce her to accompany you till her father is interred,” observed Garnet.

“True,” replied Catesby; “I had forgotten that. We shall meet the hoary juggler at the church, and an opportunity may occur for executing my purpose there. Unless he will swear at the altar not to betray us, he shall die by my hand.”

“An oath in such a case would be no security, my son,” returned Garnet; “and his slaughter and that of his companion would be equally inefficacious, and greatly prejudicial to our cause. If he means to betray us, he has done so already. But I have little apprehension. I do not think him well affected towards the government, and I cannot but think, if you had not thus grossly insulted him, he would have favoured rather than

opposed our design. If he was aware of the plot, and adverse to it, what need was there to exert his skill in behalf of our dying friend, who, but for him, would have been, ere this, a lump of lifeless clay? No, no, my son. You are far too hasty in your judgment. Nor am I less surprised at your injustice. Overlooking the great benefit he has conferred upon us, because Doctor Dee has thwarted some trifling scheme, you would requite him by cutting his throat."

"Your rebuke is just, father," returned Catesby. "I have acted heedlessly. But I will endeavour to repair my error."

"Enough, my son," replied Garnet. "It will be advisable to go well armed to the church to-night, for fear of a surprise. But I shall not absent myself on that account."

"Nor I," said Catesby.

The conversation was then carried on on other topics, when they were interrupted by the entrance of Viviana, who came to consult them about the funeral. It was arranged—since better could not be found—that the vehicle used to bring thither the body of the unfortunate knight should transport it to its last home. No persuasions of Garnet could induce Viviana to relinquish the idea of attending the ceremony; and Catesby, though he affected the contrary, secretly rejoiced at her determination. Martin Heydocke was next despatched in search of assistants who could be depended upon, and the rest of the day was passed in preparations for the melancholy business.

Night came, and all was in readiness. Viviana to the last indulged a hope that Humphrey Chetham would arrive in time to attend the funeral with her; but, as he did not appear, she concluded he had received Doctor Dee's warning. Martin Heydocke was left in charge of Guy Fawkes, who still continued to slumber deeply, and, when within half an hour of the appointed time, the train set out.

They were all well mounted, and proceeded at a slow pace along the lane skirting the west bank of the Irwell. The night was profoundly dark; and, as it was not deemed prudent to carry torches, some care was requisite to keep in the right road. Catesby rode first, and was followed by Garnet and Viviana, after whom came the little vehicle containing the body. The rear was brought up by two attendants, hired by Martin Heydocke; a third acting as driver of the sorry substitute for a hearse. Not a word was uttered by any of the party. In this stealthy manner was the once-powerful and wealthy Sir William Radcliffe, the owner of the whole district through which they were passing, conveyed to the burial-place of his ancestors!

In shorter time than they had allowed themselves for the journey, the melancholy cavalcade reached Salford Bridge, and crossing it at a quick pace, as had been previously arranged by Catesby, arrived without molestation or notice (for no one was abroad in the town at that hour,) at the southern gate of the

Collegiate Church, where, it may be remembered, Guy Fawkes had witnessed the execution of the two seminary priests, and on the spikes of which their heads and dismembered bodies were now fixed. An old man here presented himself, and, unlocking the gate, informed them he was Robert Burnell, the sexton. The shell was then taken out, and borne on the shoulders of the two assistants towards the church, Burnell leading the way. Garnet followed; and as soon as Catesby had committed the horses to the care of the driver of the carriage, he tendered his arm to Viviana, who could scarcely have reached the sacred structure unsupported.

Doctor Dee met them at the church porch, as he had appointed, and, as soon as they had passed through it, the door was locked. Addressing a few words in an under tone to Viviana, but not deigning to notice either of her companions, Dee directed the bearers of the body to follow him, and proceeded towards the choir.

The interior of the reverend and beautiful fane was buried in profound gloom, and the feeble light diffused by the sexton's lantern only made the darkness more palpable. On entering the broad and noble nave nothing could be seen of its clustered pillars, or of the exquisite pointed arches, enriched with cinquefoil and quatrefoil, inclosing blank shields, which they supported. Neither could its sculptured cornice; its clerestory windows; its upper range of columns supporting demi-angels, playing on musical instruments; its moulded roof crossed by transverse beams, enriched in the interstices with sculptured ornaments, be distinguished. Most of these architectural glories were invisible. But the very gloom in which they were shrouded was imposing. As the dim light fell upon pillar after pillar as they passed, revealing their mouldings, piercing a few feet into the side aisles, and falling upon the grotesque heads, the embattled ornaments and grotesque tracery of the arches, the effect was inexpressibly striking.

Nor were the personages inappropriate to the sombre scene. The reverend figure of Dee, with his loose flowing robe, and long white beard; the priestly garb and grave aspect of Garnet; the soldier-like bearing of Catesby, his armed heel, and rapier-point clanking upon the pavement; the drooping figure of Viviana, whose features were buried in her kerchief, and whose sobs were distinctly audible; the strangely-fashioned coffin, and the uncouth attendants by whom it was borne;—all constituted a singular, and at the same time deeply-interesting picture.

Approaching the magnificent screen terminating the nave, they passed through an arched gateway within it, and entered the choir. The west-end of this part of the church was assigned as the burial-place of the ancient and honourable family, the head of which was about to be deposited within it, and was designated, from the circumstance, the "Radcliffe chancel." A

long slab of grey marble, in which a brass plate, displaying the armorial bearings of the Radcliffes, was inserted, had been removed, and the earth thrown out of the cavity beneath it. Kelley, who had assisted in making the excavation, was standing beside it, leaning on a spade, with a lantern at his feet. He drew aside as the funeral train approached, and the shell was deposited at the edge of the grave.

Picturesque and striking as was the scene in the nave, it fell far short of that now exhibited. The choir of the Collegiate Church at Manchester may challenge comparison with any similar structure. Its thirty elaborately-carved stalls, covered with canopies of the richest tabernacle work, surmounted by niches, mouldings, pinnacles, and perforated tracery, and crowned with a richly sculptured cornice; its side aisles, with their pillars and arches; its moulded ceiling rich in the most delicate and fairy tracery; its gorgeous altar-screen of carved oak; and its magnificent eastern window, then filled with stained glass, form a *coup d'œil* of almost unequalled splendour and beauty. Few of these marvels could now be seen. But such points of the pinnacles and hanging canopies of the stalls, of the façades of the side-aisles, and of the fretted roof, as received any portion of the light, came in with admirable effect.

"All is prepared, you perceive," observed Dee to Viviana. "I will retire while the ceremony is performed." And gravely inclining his head, he passed through an arched door in the south aisle, and entered the chapter-house.

Garnet was about to proceed with the service appointed by the Romish Church for the burial of the dead, when Viviana, uttering a loud cry, would have fallen, if Catesby had not flown to her assistance, and borne her to one of the stalls. Recovering her self-possession the next moment, she entreated him to leave her; and while the service proceeded, she knelt down and prayed fervently for the soul of the departed.

Placing himself at the foot of the body, Garnet sprinkled it with holy water, which he had brought with him in a small silver consecrated vessel. He then recited the *De Profundis*, the *Miserere*, and other antiphons and prayers; placed incense in a burner, which he had likewise brought with him, and having lighted it, bowed reverently towards the altar, sprinkled the body thrice with holy water at the sides, at the head, and the feet; and then walking round it with the incense-burner, dispersed its fragrant odour over it. This done, he recited another prayer, pronounced a solemn benediction over the place of sepulture, and the body was lowered into it.

The noise of the earth falling upon the shell roused Viviana from her devotions. She looked towards the grave, but could see nothing but the gloomy group around it, prominent among which appeared the tall figure of Catesby. The sight was too

much for her, and, unable to control her grief, she fainted. Meanwhile, the grave was rapidly filled, all lending their aid to the task; and nothing was wanting but to restore the slab to its original position. By the united efforts of Catesby, Kelley, and the sexton, this was soon accomplished, and the former, unaware of what had happened, was about to proceed to Viviana to tell her all was over, when he was arrested by a loud knocking at the church door, accompanied by a clamorous demand for admittance.

"We are betrayed!" exclaimed Catesby. "It is as I suspected. Take care of Viviana, father. I will after the hoary impostor, and cleave his skull. Extinguish the lights—quick!—quick!"

Garnet hastily complied with these injunctions, and the choir was plunged in total darkness. He then rushed to the stalls, but could nowhere find Viviana. He called her by name, but received no answer, and was continuing his fruitless search, when he heard footsteps approaching, and the voice of Catesby exclaimed,

"Follow me with your charge, father."

"Alas! my son, she is not here," replied Garnet. "I have searched each stall as carefully as I could in the dark. I fear she has been spirited away."

"Impossible!" cried Catesby. And he ran his hand along the row of sculptured seats, but without success. "She is indeed gone!" he exclaimed, distractedly. "It was here I left her—nay, here I beheld her at the very moment the lights were extinguished. Viviana!—Viviana!"

But all was silent.

"It is that cursed magician's handiwork!" he continued, striking his forehead in despair.

"Did you find him?" demanded Garnet.

"No," replied Catesby. "The door of the chapter-house was locked inside. The treacherous villain did well to guard against my fury."

"You provoked his resentment, my son," rejoined Garnet. "But this is not a season for reproaches. Something must be done. Where is Kelley?"

At the suggestion, Catesby instantly darted to the spot where the seer had stood. He was not there. He then questioned the assistants, whose teeth were chattering with fright, but they had neither heard him depart, nor could tell anything about him; and perceiving plainly from their trepidation that these men would lend no aid, even if they did not join the assailants, he returned to communicate his apprehensions to Garnet.

During all this time, the knocking and vociferations at the door had continued with increased violence, and reverberated in hollow peals along the roof and aisles of the church.

The emergency was a fearful one. Catesby, however, had

been too often placed in situations of peril, and was too constitutionally brave, to experience much uneasiness for himself; but his apprehensions lest Garnet should be captured, and the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Viviana almost distracted him. Persuading himself she might have fallen to the ground, or that he had overlooked the precise spot where he had left her, he renewed his search, but with no better success than before; and he was almost beginning to believe that some magic might have been practised to cause her disappearance, when it occurred to him that she had been carried off by Kelley.

"Fool that I was, not to think of that before!" he exclaimed. "I have unintentionally aided their project by extinguishing the lights. But, now that I am satisfied she is gone, I can devote my whole energies to the preservation of Garnet. They shall not capture us so easily as they anticipate."

With this, he approached the priest, and grasping his hand, drew him noiselessly along. They had scarcely passed through the arched doorway in the screen, and set foot within the nave, when the clamour without ceased. The next moment a thundering crash was heard, the door burst open, and a number of armed figures bearing torches, with drawn swords in their hands, rushed with loud vociferations into the church.

"We must surrender, my son," cried Garnet. "It will be useless to contend against that force."

"But we may yet escape them," rejoined Catesby. And glancing hastily round, he perceived a small open door in the wall at the right, and pointing it out to the priest, hurried towards it.

On reaching it, they found it communicated with a flight of stone steps, evidently leading to the roof.

"Saved! saved!" cried Catesby, triumphantly. "Mount first, father. I will defend the passage."

The pursuers, who saw the course taken by the fugitives, set up a loud shout, and ran as swiftly as they could in the same direction, and by the time the latter had gained the door they were within a few yards of it. Garnet darted up the steps; but Catesby lingered to make fast the door, and thus oppose some obstacle to the hostile party. His efforts, however, were unexpectedly checked, and, on examination, he found it was hooked to the wall at the back. Undoing the fastening, the door swung to, and he instantly bolted it. Overjoyed at his success, and leaving his pursuers, who at this moment arrived, to vent their disappointment in loud menaces, he hastened after Garnet. Calling loudly to him, he was answered from a small dark chamber on the right, into which the priest had retreated.

"We have but prolonged our torture," groaned Garnet. "I can find no outlet. Our foes will speedily force an entrance, and we must then fall into their hands."

"There must be some door opening upon the roof, father,"

rejoined Catesby. "Mount as high as you can go, and search carefully. I will defend the stairs, and will undertake to maintain my post against the whole rout."

Thus urged, Garnet ascended the steps. After the lapse of a few minutes, during which the thundering at the door below increased, and the heavy blows of some weighty implement directed against it, were distinctly heard, he cried,

"I have found a door, but the bolts are rusty — I cannot move them."

"Use all your strength, father," shouted Catesby, who having planted himself with his drawn sword at an advantageous point, was listening with intense anxiety to the exertions of the assailing party. "Do not relax your efforts for a moment."

"It is in vain, my son," rejoined Garnet, in accents of despair. "My hands are bruised and bleeding, but the bolts stir not."

"Distraction!" cried Catesby, gnashing his teeth with rage. "Let me try."

And he was about to hasten to the priest's assistance, when the door below was burst open with a loud crash, and the assailants rushed up the steps. The passage was so narrow, that they were compelled to mount singly, and Catesby's was scarcely a vain boast when he said he could maintain his ground against the whole host. Shouting to Garnet to renew his efforts, he prepared for the assault. Reserving his petronels to the last, he trusted solely to his rapier, and leaning against the newel, or circular column round which the stairs twined, he was in a great measure defended from the weapons of his adversaries, while they were completely exposed to his attack. The darkness, moreover, in which he was enveloped offered an additional protection, whereas the torches they carried made his mark certain. As soon as the foremost of the band came within reach, Catesby plunged his sword into his breast, and pushed him back with all his force upon his comrades. The man fell heavily backwards, dislodging the next in advance, who in his turn upset his successor, and so on, till the whole band was thrown into confusion. A discharge of fire-arms followed; but, sheltered by the newel, Catesby sustained no injury. At this moment, he was cheered by a cry from Garnet that he had succeeded in forcing back the bolts, terror having supplied him with a strength not his own; and, making another sally upon his assailants, amid the disorder that ensued, Catesby retreated, and rapidly tracking the steps, reached the door, through which the priest had already passed. When within a short distance of the outlet, Catesby felt, from the current of fresh air that saluted him, that it opened upon the roof of the church. Nor was he deceived. A few steps placed him upon the leads, where he found Garnet.

"It is you, my son," cried the latter, on beholding him; "I thought from the shouts you had fallen into the hands of the enemy."

"No, Heaven be praised! I am as yet safe, and trust to deliver you out of their hands. Come with me to the battlements."

"The battlements!" exclaimed Garnet. "A leap from such a height as that were certain destruction."

"It were so," replied Catesby, dragging him along. "But trust to me, and you shall yet reach the ground uninjured."

Arrived at the battlements, Catesby leaned over them, and endeavoured to ascertain what was beneath. It was still so dark that he could scarcely discern any objects but those close to him, but as far as he could trust his vision, he thought he perceived a projecting building some twelve or fourteen feet below; and calling to mind the form of the church, which he had frequently seen and admired, he remembered its chantries, and had no doubt but it was the roof of one of them that he beheld. If he could reach it, the descent from thence would be easy, and he immediately communicated the idea to Garnet, who shrank aghast from it. Little time, however, was allowed for consideration. Their pursuers had already scaled the stairs, and were springing one after another upon the leads, uttering the most terrible threats against the destroyer of their comrade. Hastily divesting himself of his cloak, Catesby clambered over the battlements, and, impelled by fear, Garnet threw off his robe, and followed his example. Clinging to the grotesque stone water-spouts which projected below the battlements, and placing the points of his feet upon the arches of the clerestory windows, and thence upon the mullions and transom bars, Catesby descended in safety, and then turned to assist his companion, who was quickly by his side.

The most difficult and dangerous part of the descent was yet to be accomplished. They were now nearly thirty feet from the ground, and the same irregularities in the walls which had favoured them in the upper structure did not exist in the lower. But their present position, exposed as it was to their pursuers, who, having reached the point immediately overhead, were preparing to fire upon them, was too dangerous to allow of its occupation for a moment, and Garnet required no urging to make him clamber over the low embattled parapet. Descending a flying buttress that defended an angle of the building, Catesby, who was possessed of great strength and activity, was almost instantly upon the ground. Garnet was not so fortunate. Missing his footing, he fell from a considerable height, and his groans proclaimed that he had received some serious injury. Catesby instantly flew to him, and demanded, in a tone of the greatest anxiety, whether he was much hurt.

"My right arm is broken," gasped the sufferer, raising himself with difficulty. "What other injuries I have sustained I know not; but every joint seems dislocated, and my face is covered with blood. Heaven have pity on me!"

As he spoke, a shout of exultation arose from the hostile party, who having heard Garnet's fall, and the groans that succeeded it, at once divined the cause, and made sure of a capture. A deep silence followed, proving that they had quitted the roof, and were hastening to secure their prey.

Aware that it would take them some little time to descend the winding staircase, and traverse the long aisle of the church, Catesby felt certain of distancing them. But he could not abandon Garnet, who had become insensible from the agony of his fractured limb, and lifting him carefully in his arms, he placed him upon his shoulder, and started at a swift pace towards the further extremity of the churchyard.

At the period of this history, the western boundary of the Collegiate Church was covered by a precipitous sandstone rock of great height, the base of which was washed by the waters of the Irwell, while its summit was guarded by a low stone wall. In after years, a range of small habitations was built upon this spot, but they have been recently removed, and the rock having been lowered, a road now occupies their site. Nerved by desperation, Catesby, who was sufficiently well acquainted with the locality to know whither he was shaping his course, determined to hazard a descent, which, under calmer circumstances he would have deemed wholly impracticable. His pursuers, who issued from the church porch a few seconds after he had passed it, saw him hurry towards the low wall edging the precipice, and, encumbered as he was with the priest, vault over it. Not deeming it possible he would dare to spring from such a height, they darted after him. But they were deceived, and could scarcely credit their senses, when they found him gone. Holding down their torches, they perceived him shooting down the almost perpendicular side of the rock, and the next moment a hollow plunge told that he had reached the water. They stared at each other in mute astonishment.

"Will you follow him, Dick Haughton?" observed one, as soon as he had recovered his speech.

"Not I," replied the fellow addressed. "I have no fancy for a broken neck. Follow him thyself if thou hast a mind to try the soundness of thy pate. I warrant that rock will put it to the proof."

"Yet the feat has just been done, and by one burthened with a wounded comrade into the bargain," remarked the first speaker.

"He must be the devil, that's certain," rejoined Haughton, "and Doctor Dee himself is no match for him."

"He has the devil's luck, that's certain," cried a third soldier. "But hark! he is swimming across the river. We may yet catch him on the opposite bank. Come along, comrades."

With this, they rushed out of the churchyard; made the best of their way to the bridge; and crossing it, flew to the bank of the river, where they dispersed in every direction, in search for

the fugitive. But they could not discover a trace of him, or his wounded companion.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RENCONTRE.

CATESBY himself could scarcely tell how he accomplished his hairbreadth escape. Reckless almost of the result, he slid down the rock, catching at occasional irregularities as he descended. The river was of great depth at this point, and broke the force of his fall. On rising, he struck out a few yards, and suffered himself to be carried down the stream. He had never for one moment relinquished his hold of Garnet, and being an admirable swimmer, found no difficulty in sustaining him with one arm, while with the other he guided his course in the water. In this way, he reached the shore in safety, about a hundred yards below the bridge, by which means he avoided his pursuers, who, as has just been stated, searched for him above it.

After debating with himself for a short time as to what course he should pursue, he decided upon conveying Garnet to the hall, where he could procure restoratives and assistance; and though he was fully sensible of the danger of this plan, not doubting the mansion would be visited and searched by his pursuers before morning, yet the necessity of warning Guy Fawkes outweighed every other consideration. Accordingly, again shouldering the priest, who, though he had regained his sensibility, was utterly unable to move, he commenced his toilsome march; and being frequently obliged to pause and rest himself, it was more than an hour before he reached his destination.

It was just growing light as he crossed the drawbridge, and seeing a horse tied to a tree, and the gate open, he began to fear the enemy had preceded him. Full of misgiving, he laid Garnet upon a heap of straw in an outbuilding, and entered the house. He found no one below, though he glanced into each room. He then noiselessly ascended the stairs, with the intention of proceeding to Guy Fawkes's chamber.

As he traversed the gallery, he heard voices in one of the chambers, the door of which was ajar, and pausing to listen, distinguished the tones of Viviana. Filled with astonishment, he was about to enter the room to inquire by what means she had reached the hall, when he was arrested by the voice of her companion. It was that of Humphrey Chetham. Maddened by jealousy, Catesby's first impulse was to rush into the room and stab his rival in the presence of his mistress. But he restrained his passion by a powerful effort.

After listening for a few minutes intently to their conversation, he found that Chetham was taking leave, and creeping softly down stairs, stationed himself in the hall, through which he knew his rival must necessarily pass. Chetham presently ap-

peared. His manner was dejected; his looks downcast; and he would have passed Catesby without observing him, if the latter had not laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Mr. Catesby!" exclaimed the young merchant, starting as he beheld the stern glance fixed upon him. "I thought——"

"You thought I was a prisoner, no doubt," interrupted Catesby, bitterly. "But you are mistaken. I am here to confront you and your juggling and treacherous associate."

"I do not understand you," replied Chetham.

"I will soon make myself intelligible," retorted Catesby. "Follow me to the garden."

"I perceive your purpose, Mr. Catesby," replied Chetham, calmly; "but it is no part of my principles to expose my life to ruffianly violence. If you choose to lay aside this insolent demeanour, which is more befitting an Alsatian bully than a gentleman, I will readily give you such explanation of my conduct as will fully content you, and satisfy you that any suspicions you may entertain of me are unfounded."

"Coward!" exclaimed Catesby, striking him. "I want no explanation. Defend yourself, or I will treat you with still greater indignity."

"Lead on, then," cried Chetham, "I would have avoided the quarrel if I could. But this outrage shall not pass unpunished."

As they quitted the hall, Viviana entered it; and, though she was greatly surprised by the appearance of Catesby, his furious gestures left her in no doubt as to his purpose. She called to him to stop. But no attention was paid by either party to her cries.

On gaining a retired spot beneath the trees, Catesby, without giving his antagonist time to divest himself of the heavy horseman's cloak with which he was incumbered, and scarcely to draw his sword, assaulted him. The combat was furious on both sides, but it was evident that the young merchant was no match for his adversary. He maintained his ground, however, for some time with great resolution; but, being hotly pressed, in retreating to avoid a thrust, his foot caught in the long grass, and he fell. Catesby would have passed his sword through his body if it had not been turned aside by another weapon. It was that of Guy Fawkes, who, followed by Martin Heydocke, had staggered towards the scene of strife, reaching it just in time to save the life of Humphrey Chetham.

"Heaven be praised! I am not too late!" he exclaimed. "Put up your blade, Catesby; or, turn it against me."

JOHN BULL ABROAD.

In Jacky Bull, when bound for France,
 A *gosing* you discover ;
 But, taught to ride, to fence, and dance,
 A finished *goose* comes over.
 With his tierce and his carte, ha ! ha !
 And his cotillon so smart, la ! la !
 He charms each female heart, oh ! la !
 See Jacky returned to Dover !

O'KEEFE.

CERTAINLY "the nation of shopkeepers" has offered to our French neighbours as many admirable subjects for satire, and its coarser substitute, ridicule, as must have almost palled the appetite of a people so peculiarly alive to the ridiculous. It has been well said of the Scotch that they send their wise sons abroad, and keep their fools at home. The English appear to have reversed the proposition, and send, with some few of their wise, a prodigious portion of their fools across the channel.

I have been led into these reflections by a long residence on the Continent, where (making myself, perhaps, one of the number I have last mentioned) I have witnessed an amazing influx and reflux of my countrymen, not without some surprise, as well as pain. That a people celebrated over the civilised world for the comforts of their own domestic habits,—and, generally speaking, no less remarkable for their sterling sense,—should voluntarily present themselves as so many monsters of absurdity for exhibition in the very heart of the French dominions, is an instance of fatuity which nothing but an utter unconsciousness of their own peculiarities— which somewhat detracts from their reputation for wisdom—can possibly account for.

There is not, perhaps, in the world a nation so keenly susceptible of the ridiculous as the French ; and, above all, the inhabitants of the metropolis are alive to this mirth-provoking tendency. This, therefore, beyond all others, as if by some power of fascination, our English emigrants, who have more money than wit, consider as their main object of locomotive attraction.

Thither flock thousands with no other view than to *spend* money, and *kill* time. Thither resort other thousands (strange to say) to *save* money, and *gain* time to adjust their own embarrassed affairs at home. Thither repair many, from no unpraiseworthy curiosity ; and thither a few from a pure desire to become acquainted with the institutions, customs, and manners of a nation celebrated for so many ages for their pre-eminence in political jurisprudence, in sciences, and those polite arts which give a zest to life and a polish to society. From the first two classes I have named are to be selected the subjects of my remark at starting. Some few instances, indeed, might be fairly selected from the third ; and I well remember when all Paris was in ecstasy on the visit of a worthy knight, long distinguished at home as a lawyer of profound learning, and raised by his talents alone to a new and high dignity in his profession, who had the surprising absence of reflection to print his name on his visiting-ticket as—

“Sir J—— L——,
Vice-Chancellor OF ENGLAND.”

Hundreds of well-informed persons, who were better acquainted with our legal institutions than one-half our own population, instantly detected the anomaly of this curious autology, and all Paris was in a few hours, if not in a roar of laughter, at least in that state of tittering risibility which is generally produced by the circulation of many a neat epigram, and well-turned *jeu de mots*.

Another and similar effect was produced by the visit of a gentleman in a different grade of society; a man of solid understanding and active benevolence, who had long been distinguished in the political world, but still more by having twice successively filled the civic chair, and even more notorious for the part he had taken in the deplorable and disgraceful occurrences relating to Queen Caroline, during which he received from his friend, Henry Brougham, in the House of Commons, the honour of being described as a councillor to her Majesty “not altogether of absolute wisdom.”

This gentleman, on visiting Paris after his second mayoralty, actually circulated a card announcing himself as

“Mr. M—— W——,
Feu Lord Mayor de Londres!”

I wish I had collected the *squibs* which were sent *sparkling* through Paris on these occasions: but as I believe neither of the parties luckily understood the language, so far as *they* were concerned no wound was inflicted; or, perhaps unluckily, they lost the opportunity of enjoying a good-humoured laugh at their own expense.

Living, as I chose to do, in something like habits of retirement, I was not altogether delighted when a letter, which proved to be one of introduction to a new importation of English visitors, was presented to me. I had, I must confess with national shame, but with a natural propensity to comfort, been induced to avoid, as much as possible, all intercourse with the natives of my own country. No ill-feeling was at the bottom of this seclusion, I solemnly declare. I wished to live in a foreign land for purposes of my own, and felt excessively annoyed when I found that a valued friend, who knew my situation and my motives also, required my personal attentions to a set of people, for aught I knew to the contrary, wholly out of my own class in life; and whose intrusion, if truth must be told, was entirely repugnant to those notions of privacy and study which had so long induced me to become a resident on the Continent. My feelings on this subject, however painful, yielded of course to a necessity which I could not slight without serious offence to a much-valued friend; and I called on Sir John and Lady Sonkin with feelings much like those of a man who undertakes a forlorn-hope at a siege, and, while determined to do his duty, heartily hopes to hear a *recall* sounded from the encampment behind him.

My visit, however, was paid; and soon returned.

My new acquaintance, Sir John Sonkin, or *Soakin*, as I had at first read the name, I learned had achieved the honour of knighthood on carrying up some civic address to Majesty; and as a title, —of whatever nature it may be—is always something, independent—

ly of my friend's introduction I felt really anxious (or more properly speaking, nervous,) as to the precise manner in which I should conduct myself. However, when I saw at my first interview a certain number of the family, I must confess that, in despite of my prejudices, I began to encourage some hope that my, at first reluctant, civilities would meet with something like a commensurate reward.

Sir John was, indeed, what a Frenchman would call a perfect specimen of our national character. He was tall, to be sure; but he was proportionably bulky. He stood very nearly six feet high in his shoes; and unquestionably measured nearly two yards in circumference in his clothes! He was not less proud of his stature than his bulk, nor exulted less in his bulk than in his stature. He was proud of a very handsome, though not well-educated wife; and not less proud of a beautiful progeny. Legitimate and honest sources of such feelings, let the world say what it may; but, unluckily, he had another, which was even paramount to these, which was a pride of wealth!

He began with consulting me as to the best and most becoming mode of establishing himself and family for a few months in Paris; giving me to understand that money was no object; that he had no ambition to vie with persons of superior distinction; but was merely desirous to support his *own rank* in a proper manner. I pointed out a spacious hotel, which had just been vacated by Lord L—— and his family.

"Oh! Lord L——!" he observed. "I know—out at elbows!—living in Paris for the last two years to retrench! We will have something better than *that*, at all events."

I presently discovered the sort of person I had to deal with, and settled him in a few days to his heart's content in a residence fit for an English Duke.

The family consisted of the knight and his lady; three really charming and unaffected girls, who answered to the plain English names of Mary, Susan, and Kate; and two fine lads, who were recognized by the equally simple sponsorial appellations of John and James; a governess, introduced to me as Miss Turner; a lady's own maid, whom I heard called *Jinny*; Mr. Taylor, the tutor of the boys; Robert, the coachman; and Joseph, the footman. The only remaining members of the family, that were not introduced to the *salon* or the *salle*, were four stately coach-horses, and a Danish dog, their inseparable companion. This was the *live-stock* of the family. Innumerable trunks, boxes, chests, portmanteaux, and carpet-bags, with divers hampers of port wine, bottled porter, and a prodigious Cheshire cheese, I had the superlative pleasure of seeing safely deposited in the residence of the new comers.

As my first repugnance to have my privacy invaded gradually subsided, I went through the really distressing office of Cicerone with some degree of amusement as I listened to the remarks of the party by whom I was attended; and, as a purposed residence for *some months* of my new acquaintances had thrown me almost into an agony of despair, it was not without some surprise and great pleasure that I found in the conversation of the worthy knight a fund of information relating to the commerce of my own country, which was altogether as amusing as it was instructive: but, even this sweetener of the cup of which I was compelled to sip was not without its

dash of bitterness. Every argument, however originated, tended to, and at last ended in the mode of acquiring and improving wealth, and the eternal burden of the song sounded at last somewhat harshly on the ears of one so straitened in resources as myself: but, as I saw that no offence was intended, of course none was taken.

The conversation, as well as the person, of the lady was of a very different description. Her form was not above the middle height, remarkably slight, though well-proportioned; her face, as I have before hinted, was very handsome, but conveying the idea of a delicate constitution, as her figure indicated a fragile structure. These characteristics were corroborated by extreme habitual languor, which led the casual observer to conclude that she was sickly, if not actually suffering: and, on my expressing that opinion to Sir John, he indulged in a hearty laugh, and assured me that Lady Sonkin had a constitution of steel. That he had never known her ill for an hour since they married; and that even in her confinements when she increased his family, she was unlike all other women, and would never consent to be imprisoned beyond a single week in her own chamber. He then spoke in high terms of her domestic character, and ended by observing, "We all have our little weaknesses, Mr. N—, and Lady Sonkin is not entirely exempt. In short, she has long affected the character of a fine lady; and, as I can very well afford to indulge her in her fancies, and do not myself altogether dislike to see them, why I let her have her way."

Having been rather puzzled by the lady's character, I was not sorry to be enlightened thus far respecting it. I had myself observed with surprise how well she bore the perpetual round of dissipation into which they plunged immediately after their arrival; and that she, though ever complaining of fatigue and lowness, still preserved all the freshness of health, while her blooming girls and sturdy boys were gradually becoming paler, and exhibiting, even thus early, the ill-consequences of exhausted strength and spirits.

A still greater change was soon observable in the family. The dresses of the whole party were thrown aside, and replaced by those of the last Parisian fashions. Everything English was gradually laid by. Port wine, of which they all at first partook, was no longer circulated round the table, and never past beyond the range of Sir John and myself. The presentable slices from the enormous Cheshire cheese no longer appeared, but were replaced by Gruyère, Neufchatel, and Parmesan. Nothing English, or bearing an English name, was permitted to appear on table. The lady had complained to me that she was conscious her education had been strangely neglected by her parents, since she had never learned *French*, beyond the wretched smattering which she had acquired at school, and which was totally forgotten within six months after she left it. This deficiency she said she had never felt until the growth of her children had made her so thoroughly ashamed of her own ignorance, that she had sat down in earnest to repair it; and that she had urged their present removal to Paris from a desire to improve herself, at the same time that her children would acquire their finishing knowledge of the language at the fountain-head. All this I thought very rational, provided it were kept within proper bounds; but, alas! the proper bounds which ought to confine discretion are seldom noticed until they are overstepped.

The English language soon followed the English dishes, wine, and cheese. The names of the family were next Gallicized. The amiable Mary was newly christened, without priest or water, and named *Marion*, the pretty Susan was changed into *Susette*, and the playful Kate into *Cateau*. John, a fine robust lad, who promised to emulate the dimensions of his father, was henceforth to acknowledge no other name than *Jean* or *Jeannot*; and poor little James was many days before he would answer to that of *Jacques*, or *Jacquet*. The governess, Miss Turner, a sensible and modest young woman, remonstrated vehemently against being called *Ma'mselle Tourneur*, and did not give up the point until Lady Sonkin listlessly observed,

"Well, child, if your objection is really invincible, I suppose we must yield the point; in which case we will call you, should you prefer it, *Mademoiselle Pironette!*"

So *Tourneur* she became,—no longer the young ladies' governess, but their *gouvernante*, and addressed always, and usually spoken of by the children, as *ma bonne*. Poor Mr. Taylor submitted to become *Monsieur Tailleux*, though he laughingly protested he was no *tailor*, and was thenceforward always named *le précepteur*. Jenny, the lady's maid, was now *Ma'mselle Jeannotin*; Robert, the coachman, *Robichon*; and old Joseph, the half butler and half footman, *Joson*. The latter, it must be confessed, grumbled with true English sturdiness against what he called such a d—d outlandish nickname; but, as this grumbling was confined to his fellow-servants, he only got laughed at for his pains, until he offered to fight *Robichon*, and threatened to knock down either of the two French valets, who had been engaged shortly after the arrival of the family, if they ever presumed to call him by any other name than that by which he had been lawfully and religiously baptised. These additions to the family were *Messieurs Bénoit* (unfortunately pronounced generally by the family *Benét*, which gave visible offence) and *Gautier*, (somehow constantly converted, in the hurry of speech, to *Gaucher*, which produced many significant shrugs, and some half-uttered ejaculations of "*Mon Dieu!*" and "*Grand Dieu!*" with the kitchen addition of "*Qu'ils sont bêtes les Anglois!*") There was, indeed, one individual of the family, and that a prime favourite of them all, that could not be induced by threats or persuasions to acknowledge or answer to his new appellative. This person was *Spot*, the Danish dog, who either did not hear, or else did not understand, his new title of *Tache*. At length, after every other attempt had failed, it was suggested by one of the party to give merely a French pronunciation to his own natural English name, which it was concluded would surely be understood. A new order was therefore issued that the dog should be from that time accustomed by all the family to answer to the name of *Spō*. The dog was as deaf or as obstinate as ever; and one day, when one of the young ladies, *Ma'mselle Susette*, who had a slight lisp, had called to him in vain from the carriage window at least a dozen times in a breath by that illegitimate appellation, it suddenly occurred to her elder sister that the rapid repetition assumed the sound of another word, which, though belonging to a celebrated river in Italy, is not generally called for out of a carriage window by a young lady in Paris. I need hardly add, that the sash was instantly drawn up, the young and charming *Susette* covered with

blushes, and Spot (or Spō, or Po) left to rejoin the carriage, or follow his own fortune.

One day, shortly after this occurrence, I was called into consultation by the mistress of the house, who informed me that she had long entertained an exceeding aversion to the name which had been given to her by her husband. She stated that, upon diligent inquiry, she had ascertained that Sir John's family was one of great antiquity; that, although the genealogical tree had not been handed down to him as a younger branch of the stock, there was no doubt that the original name had been Sonking, or Kingson, and that the dropping of the final *g* had merely occurred through negligence or accident; that the name was, at all events, unpleasant to the ear; and that she should never die in peace if she left her family behind her with so disagreeable and unmeaning a patronymic as Sonkin. To have the family derived from royalty, she said, although illegitimately, was something; but the loss of the final *g* had abridged them even of that consolation, and given an unbearable vulgarity to the remaining name. She wished seriously to consult me as to the means to be adopted to procure the royal authority for taking a name which she infinitely preferred, to which she was fully assured the family of her husband was entitled, — "that name," she added, "is *Fitzroy*."

How I should have managed to keep my countenance another minute, or to offer any advice on this delicate subject, I know not, but felt wonderful relief when at the precise moment Sir John made his unexpected appearance, and catching the last words, exclaimed—

"What! on that eternal subject! Mr. N——, I am bound to apologise for the weakness of my good wife, who thinks there is more value in a name than in that sterling commodity called wealth, which can purchase one at any time, in this or any other country. I have indulged her on every point but this; and on this she knows I am immovable. Sonkin was the name of my father, and *his* father before him; and Sonkin shall descend to my children, as the name of a man who achieved, not only his wealth, but *his rank*, by the exercise of a plain understanding, assisted by the integrity of his forefathers, in pursuance of the trade to which his destiny had devoted him."

At the word "trade," Lady Sonkin threw herself back, or rather *down*, on the sofa. For some moments I thought she was fainting; on the contrary, she was only collecting vigour for an animated reply.

"Trade! trade!" starting up, she exclaimed. "My poor nerves will never recover the shock! I appeal to you, Mr. N——, whether *commerce*,—that mighty power which links the four quarters of the globe together,—is to be degraded by the term *trade*?"

"Now, pr'ythee, Lady Sonkin," replied the knight, "be calm, and let me explain."

"Well, dear," she softly replied, "you know I never argue with you,—as how could I? But when a gentleman has accumulated above two hundred thousand pounds by his vast commercial dealings—"

"No, madam," interrupted the knight; "in honest and plain terms, *by his trade*."

"I always thought," she in turn interrupted, with apparent languor, but real energy, "that, after all, commerce and trade were *synonymous terms*. I appeal to Mr. N——."

"Why, really, Lady Sonkin," I replied, "you might puzzle a better philologist than myself by such a question; but, without entering into definitions, I certainly always imagined that trade on an extensive scale was considered to be commerce, and that commerce on a limited scale was generally considered to be trade. As, for instance, we call those currents of air *trade winds*, such as the monsoon in the Indian ocean, which waft in one direct course the vessel freighted with the produce of one country to the shores of another, and thence in due season back again with the exchange procured for the commodities exported; and this I presume to be an illustration of what is called commerce. When Sir John spoke of trade, he did not, I imagine, allude to the petty transactions of a chandler's shop, but to that commanding influence which traffic between remote nations has given especially to the fortunate islands of which we are natives."

"A chandler's shop!" exclaimed the lady, with a sort of hysterical laugh—"a *chandler's shop*! We never kept a CHANDLER'S SHOP, I assure you! Did we, my dear?"

"Woman!" cried the husband, with a red face, and most impressively angry tone, "you are a fool! Do hold your tongue!"

"That, my love," she replied, "I shall do, of course, when you desire me; but before I do so, I *will* say, that Mr N——'s notion of a *chandler's shop* is almost an affront to a man whose extensive speculation in *hops*, and remarkably fine taste in *Cheshire cheese*, has procured him so fine a fortune, and — and — ah me! — I faint with exhaustion! Pray, ring the bell, and order Jeanneton to attend me!"

Here she relapsed on the sofa, and having rung the bell, we immediately retired.

The honest knight took me into another apartment, and continued,—

"You now know," said he, "what I have made no mystery of, and had no wish to conceal, that my wealth has been acquired in trade, which, though carried on upon a large scale, I have never dignified by the name of commerce, though intrinsically it might be called so. Lady Sonkin is a little fanciful on these matters; but we all have our weaknesses. I do not quarrel with hers, because they arise from a laudable pride in her husband, and as natural an ambition for her children. In plain fact, though we never actually kept a shop, I have been upon a large scale a factor and speculator in hops,—in the same way a large farmer, and wholesale dealer in the sterling English commodity of Cheshire cheeses. I have made a fine fortune, Mr. N——; what is more, I have made it honestly; and, though I am not insensible to the dignity which it has pleased my gracious Sovereign to confer upon me, I am neither vain of my title or spoiled by my wealth. One thing only I would conceal, and would not admit, had you not witnessed it, the harmless weakness of my little wife. She is an excellent woman, Mr. N——; an excellent wife, and an admirable mother; and, though only the daughter of a half-pay captain in the army, she has proved herself

entitled to every indulgence I can so amply afford her. But I will not on this single point of *name*, and the assumption of family pride which does not belong to me, indulge a folly which, as it becomes ridiculous, may cease to be harmless."

I honestly confess that my own reason responded to every word my bulky friend uttered; but not choosing to take any part *pro* or *con*. I was glad to recollect that the hour was luckily arrived when I could take my leave without offence, and I rose, though with warmer feelings than usual towards my new acquaintance, yet not without some sort of irritated emotions towards my London friend, who had fixed upon me this "unsorted set," and exclaiming to myself, "So, my new associate, after all, is a cheesemonger!"

As I returned home, however, I recalled many admirable anecdotes of splendid institutions founded by, and munificent gifts recorded of, citizens of London who were merchants in a general sense, and equally, perhaps, in hops and cheese; and before I stepped into bed, I found an honest blush upon my cheek for having, even for a moment, felt degraded by my temporary connection with one of these most useful and most influential members of society. I say I blushed; and the man or the woman who blushes when *alone*, may rest satisfied that they possess something within which is allied to honour, and not destitute of virtue.

It is not my intention at present to follow the fortunes of this family during their residence abroad; but they had not resided in Paris more than five months before the listless vigour and energetic languor of Lady Sonkin had made her and her children, especially her daughters, so conspicuously remarkable, that they were introduced upon the stage in a *piquant* little *vaudeville*, entitled, "*Les Angloises pour rire*."

The good-humoured satire, and inimitable acting of Pèrlet in this piece, drew crowds nightly to the theatre, and it was noticed that the English residents enjoyed the burlesque with even greater zest than the Parisians themselves.

One English family alone was sought for there in vain;—in fact, that one English family had been present on the first night the piece was performed, and had enjoyed it like everybody else, until they found their *loge* the centre of attraction to all eyes, and at last, as the piece concluded, that the inmates were the marked objects of the whole *parterre*, who with a burst of thundering applause simultaneously shouted, "*Vivent les Angloises! vivent les Angloises!*" &c.

While all Paris, therefore, was ringing the fame of "*Les Angloises pour rire*," the "one family" were busily employed *chez eux* in purchasing *incog.* in packing, and preparing for their precipitate departure; and ten days after the first enacting of the memorable *vaudeville*, I accompanied the party as far as Lyons, where I parted, not without feelings of regret, from my friend Sir John and his really agreeable family, and saw them start once more on their road to Italy.

MORAL ECONOMY OF LARGE TOWNS.

BY DR. W. C. TAYLOR.

LIVERPOOL.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, in his Essay on the Art of Sinking in Poetry, quotes, as an instance of excessive absurdity, the modest wish of an amorous pair,—

“Ye Gods! annihilate but time and space,
And make two lovers happy!”

It is possible that the poet's eye “in fine frenzy rolling,” may have caught an anticipatory glimpse of railroads, steam, and locomotives; his train of thought may have suggested a train of carriages; and the lovers may have deemed it wise to profit by hot water before marriage, as they were likely to be kept in it afterwards. To be sure, railing does not often form a part of courtship, neither have etymologists discovered any connection between steam and esteem; but such trifles as these should not stand in the way of a theory; so let us suppose that the lovers personified Liverpool and Manchester, and we shall have the satisfaction to find that the lovers were reasonable, and that their wishes have been gratified. In rather less time than it takes a Londoner to walk from his suburban residence to his counting-house, the visiter of Manchester may be transported to Liverpool, and deposited in the very heart of the town. Though this wonder has existed several years, it is still an object of curiosity to the strangers who are constantly arriving in this great seaport; and it is sometimes amusing to hear the comments made on the machinery by the crowd surrounding the gates in Lime Street.

“By Japers!” said an Irish squire, fresh from Connaught, after a long examination of the locomotive, “I should not be astonished to find myself some fine morning out hunting on my tay-kettle!”

“Mon Dieu!” exclaimed a Frenchman, “voilà un cheval à vapeur!”

Americans guessed and calculated; Portuguese swore and crossed themselves alternately; a stately Osmanlee was so far startled from his propriety as to utter “Allah Acbar!” and a shivering Hindoo made *poojah* before the engine, as if it had been an incarnation of Bramah or Vishnoo. Here was an important fact in the moral economy of Liverpool brought before the visiter at the very moment of his arrival; namely, that there is a large fluctuating population, composed of persons from almost every quarter of the globe, here to-day and gone to-morrow. It follows that Liverpool must possess a greater number of lodging-houses than the manufacturing town we had quitted, and that much of the morality of the town depends on the nature of the accommodations provided for this ever-changing population. If in Manchester the rapid increase of a settled and resident population had so far outstripped the means of accommodation as to become the pregnant source of great moral evil, it was manifestly probable that Liverpool, which had to provide for

an immense increase both in its fixed, and in its fluctuating population, must exhibit still more lamentable deficiencies.

This anticipation was far surpassed by the reality ; the lodging-room, crowded with three or four families, was an abomination ; but the lodging-cellar, the under-ground cave, in which drainage, light, and ventilation, were utterly unattainable—where every drop of moisture that sunk into the earthen floor fermented into contagion—and where every exhalation from animate to inanimate bodies rolled in volumes of pestilential mist round the apology for a ceiling, without being able to find a vent,—presented an accumulation of horrors, such as no one, without personal examination, could believe to exist in a civilised community. It has often been said that “sailors will sleep anywhere ;” but it was scarcely known that they would make their bed in a cesspool. Some of them were interrogated on the subject ; and it was found to be one on which they felt bitterly. Several declared that they had visited in their voyages every region of the earth, and that “Jack ashore” was nowhere so miserably lodged as in Liverpool.

Though Manchester and Liverpool are so close to each other, and so intimately connected ; yet the difference between the two towns is very striking, and the contrast is, probably, the cause of the jealousy which subsists between their inhabitants. The most prominent distinction is, that the population of Liverpool is more diversified, and more obviously divisible into classes, than that of Manchester ; there is more splendour among its rich, and more squalor among its poor. The connections between the employer and the employed in Liverpool are not so intimate or so permanent as in a manufacturing district ; the seaport requires a much greater proportion of rude labour and uninstructed industry ; there is less demand for trained skill, the acquisition of which is in itself a species of moral culture, and there is a greater need for mere brute strength,—the capacity of raising weights, and carrying burthens. In Liverpool, also, there is a far greater proportion of casual to settled employment than in Manchester, as must necessarily be the case when the demand for a very large amount of labour depends upon the wind and tide. The manufacturer must feel some sympathy with the operative whom he sees every day in his mill ; but the same opportunity is not afforded to the ship-agent, who hires day-labourers to load a vessel, or to discharge a cargo.

It is not meant that the merchants of Liverpool have no regard for the physical and moral welfare of the labourers they employ ; the very contrary is the fact ; no place on the globe possesses a greater number, in proportion to the population, of the energetically benevolent than the town of Liverpool. Nowhere are schemes of philanthropy more zealously encouraged, or more ardently supported ; but, from the very nature of the relations which exist between the rich and the poor, the former are irresistibly compelled to look on the latter in the mass, and not to take each case individually. The merchant does not, and cannot know every labourer whom he employs ; personal communication between them is nearly impossible ; he is anxious to do good, and to prevent evil ; but he is driven to provide for classes of cases, instead of single cases ; hence his bounty assumes to the recipient somewhat of the form of cold calculation, and he is accused of forgetting the physio-

logical fact, that the poor have hearts as well as stomachs. When we assert that the distinction between the employers and the employed is far more broad and rigid in Liverpool than in Manchester, we do not mean to say that the merchant is more proud than the manufacturer, or the labourer more subservient than the operative; but we mean that the circumstances of position render the distance between the factor and the labourer wider and more obvious than it is between the manufacturer and the operative.

The demand for untrained labour, and what may be called unskilful industry, renders the immigration into Liverpool much lower, both morally and intellectually, than that into Manchester. No one can visit the streets in the vicinity of the docks without feeling that he has seen something very like savage life in close contact with civilisation. The Welsh and the Irish seem to supply the greater part of the labourers, and, it must be added, to send some of the worst specimens of their respective populations. But it must be borne in mind, that the nature of the demand regulates the supply; brute force, and capacity of endurance, are the only requisites regarded by an employer; and, therefore, he receives men rarely possessing any other qualifications. If the conditions of employment were fixed by a higher standard, Wales and Ireland would supply the better class just as they now do the inferior. The distinction of classes in Liverpool is, therefore, not only the result of circumstances, but some of these circumstances, and particularly the nature of the demand for labour, collect in Liverpool a Pariah caste, whose inferiority is obvious and undeniable.

The great object of the writer of these papers is to show that much, if not most, of the vice and misery usually attributed either to the pravity of human nature, to defects in our political institutions, or to errors in our social regulations, may be traced to circumstances in the physical condition of the working-classes, of which many can be removed, most modified, and all alleviated. Preventive legislation is both cheaper and more effective than remedial legislation; but to render it available we must carefully examine where the checks are to be placed. If sometimes in the discussion a lighter tone has been assumed than graver moralists deem appropriate, they should not too hastily believe that a smile at absurdity betrays any want of sympathy for the suffering, or pity for the errors, of humanity. These few words of explanation may be pardoned; and now let us resume the consideration of the circumstances which most seriously affect the moral condition of Liverpool.

It would be a serious error to suppose that the evils and horrors of cellarage affect only, or even chiefly, the floating population of Liverpool; they press still more forcibly on the permanent part of it, that supplies the labour of the docks. These labourers are accumulated in unsuspected masses in the streets near the docks; and it really is a perplexing problem to discover how so many persons as are found to reside in one of the cellars, can find space to lie down. It would far transcend the power of words to describe the horrors of these dens; and it can scarcely be necessary to dwell upon the fact that malignant disease is perpetually generated in them; but their moral results have not hitherto received much attention; and to these we shall confine ourselves for the present.

We have said that the crowded state of the lodging-rooms in

Manchester is highly prejudicial to female delicacy and modesty—the great safeguards of virtue. But this evil is not so immediately felt where the fellow-lodgers have been long known to each other, and have formed friendly intimacies; a feeling of respect, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, is engendered by an intimacy between two families. The cellars of Liverpool, however, want even this miserable compensation; strangers are received as lodgers in most of them; strangers, too, fresh from the sea, with passions fermenting from the long absence of gratification, and with the recklessness of consequences which the prospect of immediate separation inspires. The crowd is brought together under the very circumstances best suited to render the assemblage dangerous; and, to those who have seen the circumstances—the physical circumstances, to which poor girls round the docks are exposed, the wonder is not that many have fallen, but that any have escaped.

Juvenile employment is very scarce in Liverpool; with all the evils of the factory system, it certainly is productive of one great good, it gives the young something to do. The very worst-managed mill that ever disgraced a country is still a better place for the youth of both sexes than the streets. It is true that schools in some degree remedy this deficiency; and it is but justice to say that the schools for the lower classes in Liverpool, without any reference to distinction of party, are admirably managed; yet, between the ages of fourteen and twenty it is rare to find youth at school, and this is precisely the period when the first development of nascent passions renders restraint most necessary. Casual employment is particularly dangerous to persons of this class; it gives them notions of independence; it renders them impatient of parental authority; but at the same time it leaves them in the midst of seduction and temptation, with the greater portion of their time hanging heavy on their hands. Some of these are the children of parents who have no sensibility to the evils of their condition, because they themselves had no experience of a better condition in their youth; and not a few of them are initiated in the ways of vice by fathers and mothers, whose precepts, and, still more, whose example, might corrupt children the most strongly inclined to virtue and obedience. Others, and perhaps the greatest number, are the children of inefficient parents, who do not control, and who believe that they are not able to control, the waywardness and vagrant propensities of their children. To all remonstrances against letting their children wander about the street, they answer, "we have no home to keep them in." It may be fairly confessed that a great number of these youths find employment as errand-boys in shops and offices; but they form only a fragment of the juvenile population, and the species of employment which they obtain, instead of inclining and qualifying them for the steady labours of an apprenticeship, has the most direct tendency to lead them into the class of idlers and vagrants. This evil is not felt so sensibly in the manufacturing districts as it is in Liverpool, because there is a demand for juvenile labour in the factories; were there not such a demand, the accumulation of such dense masses in narrow limits, with such miserably inadequate means of accommodation, would produce an amount of vice—and particularly of juvenile vice, which would render the system unendurable.

The sea is in Liverpool the only resource for youths; but this is

only open to one sex, and to a small fragment even of that sex. It is very doubtful whether it would be desirable to increase the number of boys employed in the merchant service. Taken as a class, they are physically worse off than the children in the factories, and they are infinitely more exposed to corrupting influences. Those who have been educated are indeed as much exposed to the dangers enumerated as those who are destitute of instruction; but in the Liverpool schools for the poor, it deserves to be particularly marked, that more attention is paid to the training and the formation of habit than to the communication of mere book instruction. Everybody knows that education is a very sore subject in Liverpool, and that the Corporation and National schools have been made the theme of party controversy, which both in amount and degree resembled rather the fanatical feuds of Cromwell's age than a civil contention of the nineteenth century. But this rivalry has not been an unmixed evil: the leaders of parties soon discovered that cries and watchwords lost their force by repetition; and that the schools which paid most attention to the proper business and purpose of education would triumph in spite of oratory and misrepresentation; they therefore adjourned their speeches to improve their schools; and now, whenever a comparison is instituted, the test is not which can display the more theatrical orators, but which can produce the better scholars. Granting, however, everything that can be said for the influence of such training as a preventive check to juvenile delinquency, it is obvious that its influence must diminish after the child leaves school; and that if the youths between fourteen and twenty-one are exposed to the corrupting circumstances already noticed, a large number must become paupers and criminals, and the very education they have received in the schools may minister to their capacity for crime.

There are many other circumstances, of perilous consequence to society, in the state of the juvenile portion of the lower ranks in Liverpool, on which it would be of importance to dwell, if there were reasonable hopes that measures for their amelioration would be adopted. One, however, is so striking to a casual visiter, and so generally unknown to the residents, that it deserves a little notice. Sunday in Liverpool is the day when the seductions of vice, and the corrupting influences of unhappy circumstances, act most intensely on the old and the young. A day of rest is enjoined; but how can those enjoy rest who have no place for repose? Issuing from his pestiferous cellar, the working man has only a choice between the place of worship and the alehouse. He ought to choose the former; but it needs not to tell that he does not, and that there are not, and cannot be, means for constraining him. The tavern affords him social converse, a comfortable place in which he can sit down, and the reading of a newspaper. Sunday is the only day on which he can see his friends, and the alehouse the only place in which he can meet them. We have made long and anxious inquiries on the subject, and we feel convinced that far the greater number of those who frequent the alehouse on Sunday are drawn thither, not by the love of liquor, but by the innocent and laudable desire for social communion. Many worthy persons are of opinion that the poor ought not to read newspapers, especially on Sunday. It is unnecessary to inquire whether this opinion is well or ill founded; because they will read the news on Sunday, whether we approve or disapprove of the

practice. The only question for sane men to decide is, whether there is a possibility of separating the enjoyments from the adjuncts which render it vicious and depraving; whether a cheap temperance assembly and news' room would not thin the ranks of the alehouse; and whether, by affording time and opportunity for calm reflection, it may not become a vestibule to the place of worship.

There are not means for the great bulk of the poor to spend the Sunday innocently within doors, and there is nearly as little for their taking rest in the open air. The progress of bricks and mortar and of inclosures has sadly restricted the spaces on which the English peasantry could take healthful exercise. Around Liverpool they are sadly restricted both in number and space. Respectable people keep away from these crowded spots. The influence of their example is lost, and in its place is substituted the influence of the idle, the dissolute, and the depraved. Were there a park or garden open, where the flowers,—those silent preachers to which Christ himself referred his disciples as eloquent witnesses of the bounty of Providence,—would speak lessons of loveliness to the soul, an immediate check would be given to gross vice and foul pollution. We too often forget the humanizing and moral effects of a garden. It was in a garden that our first parents were placed by infinite wisdom; and, unless we deny that attribute of Deity, we cannot evade the conclusion that such a locality is the best suited to inspire reflections on the bounties of that Providence, whose tender mercies are over all his works. "Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." But there are those who say to the poor, 'You shall not consider the lilies of the field; for we are wiser than our master, and deny that they inculcate the lesson which he has pointed out.'

Were we even to grant that all recreations on Sunday are evil, which we are far from conceding, still we should say that there is only a choice of evils in the case of a dense and crowded population. Body and soul must suffer equally, if the poor be kept confined in those dens and cellars, compared with which prisons are palaces, and dungeons drawing-rooms. "Which of you having a sheep fallen into a pit on the Sabbath day will not lay hold on it and lift it out?" But no pit into which an animal could fall is so noisome, so pernicious, or so replete with peril, as the dens of disease, misery, and vice to which the poorer classes are physically confined on the day designed by Providence for the alleviation of their condition. After a lapse of eighteen hundred years, the question has to be repeated, "How much is a man better than a sheep?"

Juvenile vagrancy is a prolific source of juvenile delinquency; and many circumstances lead a visiter to believe that habits of vagrancy are very early formed among the children of Liverpool. In the course of a walk of about two hours, in the upper part of the town, thirteen children were found wandering about, crying that they had been lost, unable to tell the names of their parents, or the direction of their residences. If there be such neglect in tender years, we may safely conclude that there is not very efficient superintendence in mature years. The difference between the number of boys and girls to be seen in the streets of Liverpool and those seen

in the streets of Manchester is one of the most striking circumstances of contrast between the two towns.

Opportunities for crime create criminality; and, unfortunately, the necessary exposure of valuable property in the crowded docks of Liverpool, during the processes of shipping and unshipping, produces multitudinous temptations, which prove a fatal snare to the young and idle. The police force is numerous and vigilant, indeed it is nowhere better organised; but if each constable had the hundred eyes of Argus, and the hundred hands of Briareus, he would be baffled by the trained dexterity of the "dock-wallopers." Among the educational establishments of Liverpool, those for the instruction of young thieves ought not to be omitted. They appear to be conducted on the monitorial principle, combined with the peripatetic system devised by Aristotle; and they produce more promising pupils than have yet come from the establishments of Bell and Lancaster. The Corporation and National schools are indeed seriously cramping the influence of these predatorial seminaries, and consequently there is no class in the empire more vehement in its opposition to national education than the master-thieves of Liverpool.

For many years the fury and pravity of a Liverpool mob have been proverbial; and it was supposed by those unacquainted with the town, that no great assemblage could take place without mischief. This is a very unjust and groundless supposition. In a period of excitement, it is not improbable that a mob in Liverpool may be just as mischievous as a mob anywhere else; but nowhere could a more orderly multitude be found than that which accompanies the annual procession of the shipwrights. With singular infelicity they have chosen the 29th of May for their anniversary, taking as their patron the monarch who did more to lower the character of the British navy, and injure the interests of British commerce, than all the other sovereigns of England put together. But this pardonable error is their only blunder. They make their anniversary festival an opportunity for furthering the interests of piety and charity, by attending some place of worship, where a sermon is preached, and a collection made for the support of some charitable institution. The procession itself is orderly, and admirably conducted; and there are few customs which seem better calculated to generate and preserve those feelings of self-respect, which are the greatest safeguard of morality in the working population.

The great improvement in the shop-fronts in Liverpool, as in London, is a gratifying and healthy sign of the times. Some years since, it would have been supposed that such expensive decorations would have been a temptation to mischief; that plate-glass would be broken, gilt ornaments wrenched away, and Grecian pillars carved and hacked into some barbarous *dis-order*. Here, however, undoubted experience has proved the humanising effects of taste, and indisputably shown that there is a close connection between the perceptions of physical and moral beauty. The more beautiful a shop is, the less is it liable to wanton defacement; and there is some evidence to show that it also becomes less liable to depredation. This subject, however, opens too extensive a field to be discussed incidentally. At present it will be sufficient to say, that the moral influences arising from the cultivation and the gratification of taste are

of great importance, and have been too long and too generally neglected.

Though there is much to lament, and something to blame, in the condition of the working classes in Liverpool, especially those of the lowest grade, it is only justice to add, that nowhere are there more ardent aspirations and more zealous efforts for their amelioration. Pity it is that many of these are poisoned by the spirit of party, and that the accomplishment of an acknowledged good is often adjourned until some doubtful question of religion or politics be adjusted, the connection of which with the object in view it would puzzle *Cædipus* himself to determine. It would be a decided improvement to introduce the old rule of controversy in Liverpool,—

“ Ere we to further argument advance,
’Tis mighty fit that we should have a dance;”

for a dance is more pleasant and less mischievous than a controversial debate; and it is more pleasant to listen to a fiddle than to a long-winded orator.

Liverpool is peculiarly fortunate in possessing an energetic, intelligent, and enterprising middle class, and it bids fair not merely to perpetuate, but greatly to increase, in all its elements of prosperity. There is not within the seas of Britain an educational establishment better conducted than the schools for the middle and higher classes connected with the Mechanics’ Institute; there is nowhere a course of instruction better calculated to form and unite the characters of a man of business, a gentleman, and a Christian. Liverpool must improve; for the foundations of its advancement are securely laid in the hearts and souls of a future generation.

LOVE'S GOOD MORROW.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

SHINE brightly through her casement, sun;
Thou, gale, soft odours bring her;
Ye merry birds, that hail the day,
Your sweetest music sing her;
Smile, Nature, on her, as she wakes,
And hide all sights of sorrow;
And have no sounds but those of joy
To bid my love—good morrow!

Good morrow to those lustrous eyes,
With bright good humour beaming!
Good morrow to those ruddy lips,
Where smiles are ever teeming!
Good morrow to that happy face,
Undimm’d as yet by sorrow!
Long be thy heart as free from care—
Good morrow, love—good morrow!

THE COBBLER PHYSICIAN.

BY R. B. PEAKE.

CHAPTER I.

It was on a miserable evening, in a narrow dirty street in Padua, anno 1605, that a vamped of ancient boots and shoes, named Giuseppe Loba, familiarly called Crispino by the neighbours, stepped from the threshold of his humble dwelling. Feeling the pattering of the rain on his scanty garments, he sighed, and exclaimed, "St. Anthony, what a night! and all things combine to drive me out of doors. I have not a soldo in the world,—there is nothing to drink,—nothing to eat,—and my wife, poor creature, has just made me a present of another little cobbler!"

Crispino was already the father of more children than he could contrive to feed, and it was agreed that he should go out and seek a sponsor for the small individual just launched into existence. To the praise of the then constitution of Padua be it recorded, that god-fathers and godmothers were considered virtually liable for the support of their godchildren. The poor cobbler made the best of his way towards the market-place. At the door of his shop stood Master Gamba, the mercer. Crispino thought that he would try if the shoe would fit with him, and said,—

"Good Master Gamba, if ever I needed a friend, it is at this moment. You and I ought to have a feeling of mutual sympathy, considering that your hose are drawn on the same feet with my boots and shoes. Excellent Master Gamba, my wife has just presented me with a fine little cherub; if you would but become godfather—"

"Good night," cried Gamba,—he was a man of few words,—and shut his shop-door.

Crispino crossed the street to a house where dwelt one Signor Sanquirico, by trade a chemist, a great newsmonger, whose shop was the gossiping station of all Padua. The cobbler was aware that he could not depend on the charity of Sanquirico, but thought he might consent out of vanity; so he stepped in cap in hand.

"Signor, the fact is—"

"Fact!" said Sanquirico. "What is it? Out with it. Has the King of France got a fresh mistress?"

"Alack! no," replied the cobbler; "but my wife is again in bed, and I throw myself on your benevolence to stand sponsor."

"Why, Crispino," muttered Sanquirico, "you can afford to get drunk twice every day at least. What business have you to drink so much?"

"When I drink," said the cobbler, thinking to propitiate the chemist with a jest, "it is not *business*, but *pleasure*."

"You do not pay your debts," continued Sanquirico, "and that is not to your credit."

"Pardon me, Signor," said the cobbler, "it is to my *credit*. But the boy is as fine a little boy as ever was born."

"Doubtless," replied Sanquirico; "but I don't like children. A fondness for them, like that for olives, is quite an acquired taste."

"Will you for once open your heart to the destitute?"

"Begone!" said the chemist; "you are drunk now."

Sanquirico shut the cobbler out. At this moment came up a laundress, with a basket of linen on her head.

"So," she said, "Master Crispino, I hear that you are a father again. I would willingly become godmother, but I am only the wife of a hard-working mason; however, friend, here is a portion of my earnings. Take it home, and Saint Anthony send you comfort!" And the good Bianca glided away with the glow that accompanies a charitable action.

Crispino wiped his eyes, and exclaimed, "There's a goddess of a washerwoman! May the sins of all her family be clear-starched! May none of her relations be crimped, collared, or hung on a line!"

His rhapsody was put an end to by his accidentally letting the coin slip through his fingers; it dropped into a gullyhole, and disappeared. Poor Crispino sat down on the step of a door, and made up his mind that ill luck had now done its worst. He was aroused by the appearance of a cavalier wrapped in a cloak, who turned the corner of the street, and in a state of great excitement exclaimed aloud, "Malicious Fate! thou hast struck thy bitterest blow. My only love deprived of reason,—that innocent mind gone. All my other sufferings vanish when compared to this."

"The gentleman is in trouble, as well as myself," thought Crispino.

"On my return to this fatal city," muttered the cavalier, "I find my commission superseded,—my bond imperatively demanded. Is there such another wretch on earth?"

"Good sir," said Crispino.

"Away, friend,—away!" cried the stranger, now for the first time seeing the cobbler. "If you are craving alms, I can afford none."

"Do you happen to want a godfather for *your* new-born offspring?" asked Crispino.

"Trifle not, fellow! I am in a state of desperation."

"So am I," said the cobbler. "Here are two of us in a state of desperation. Let us be uncomfortable together."

The cavalier turned from him. "If you are desperate, seek refuge in death, as I shall do. Away, wretch,—away!" and he rushed rapidly down the street.

"Bless my soul!" cogitated the cobbler. "Seek refuge in death! The thought pleases me, and I will follow him. I am proscribed. One calls me a drunkard; another a rogue. I dare not return to my starving home. Yes; I will go and die; creep away from the gaze of my neighbours, and breathe my last, unnoticed. No soul shall see a cobbler's end!"

Poor Crispino stalked mournfully down the street, with an attempt at dignity, which his figure and habiliments converted into the sublime of the ridiculous.

CHAPTER II.

MEANTIME Crispino wandered on, unconscious whither, until he arrived in a small square surrounded by dismal uninhabited dwellings, depopulated by the plague during its last dreadful visit. In the centre was an ancient well, known for ages, though no one could trace the tradition, by the name of the *Well of Death*. The scene was one of extreme desolation, and the bats flitting across on their

leathern wings startled Crispino, and recalled his senses. He gazed vacantly around, and shuddered.

"The most dismal hole in all Padua!—yonder is the *Well of Death*. I am inspired by the place. Yon well is deep enough to drown a broken-hearted cobbler." A convent bell of a very mournful tone tolled. "There's my funeral knell—I will do it—it is only one jump! Lucky I'm drunk. It would not be respectable to do such a thing in one's sober senses. Good b'ye, wife!—farewell, children! Better to die than witness your sufferings. Courage, old Crispino, and good b'ye to you also!"

He shook hands with himself, walked to the well, and was in the act of stepping on the parapet, when something cold grasped his hand, and a hollow-sounding female voice inquired, "What seek you?"

Crispino paused, he looked round, and by the dim light saw a tall figure enveloped in dark robes, the face shrouded with a black veil. Again the sepulchral voice uttered, "What seek you?"

The cobbler's knees knocked together. He stammered out, "I seek death, and I don't care who knows it."

The female in the black veil replied, "Those whom he seeks he finds: it is not always so with those who seek him. Why seek you death?"

"I have cause enough," answered Crispino doggedly. Turning aside, he muttered, "Is not this hard that I can't even drown myself without interruption! By St. Anthony, there is no liberty in the place! Why, good woman, do you interfere with my concerns?"

The appalling figure answered, "Because it is my vocation. I penetrate the most hidden places."

"I admire your penetration," said Crispino.

"Take this purse," said the female; "it will relieve the wants of your family."

Crispino held out his hand, and to his surprise and joy felt that it was a weighty one. "Ringing gold!" exclaimed the cobbler, his spirits rising in the proportion as they had been depressed. "By the Virgin, I am stupified! Oh! what a godmother! Good lady, I hope you will pay me frequent visits."

"Pray not for my visits," replied the mysterious stranger. "I might pay you one which would perchance prove fatal. Learn that I respect neither rich nor poor, old nor young. None can avoid my visit, which I most frequently make when least expected. Lead to your house; the good woman needs assistance."

The tall female moved majestically, but with a noiseless step; she beckoned Crispino to follow. The cobbler chinked the purse, that was all right; and he began to imagine the old lady had fallen in love with him. This tickled him. "What an adventure! A little elderly, it is true; but my grandmother used to say that an old hen always made the best broth." Again the female beckoned, and they proceeded together through the silent streets.

We must now place ourselves in the private cabinet of the Commandant of Padua, where, seated at a table covered with papers, appeared his Excellency the Count di Vicenza. He had a low forehead, a contracted brow; his eyes were sunken, his cheeks indented with care, his hair was grey, his beard pointed, and he held in his hand a small golden crucifix, which ever and anon he glanced at

thoughtfully. At his side stood a person about the same age, sleek and straight-haired, with protruding eyes and a hooked nose. This was Signor Abilemecco, steward to the Count. He was in the unpleasant position of receiving a severe Jobation, which he endured with that patience which characterises bad servants who hold good situations.

"How is it, Abilemecco, that during my absence the Lieutenant Albano has again intruded on my ward, Valentina?"

Abilemecco, somewhat startled, (for he had been liberally bribed by the opposite party,) replied, with a meek and demure manner, "That Albano contrived (the Holy Virgin knows how!) to gain admittance is true; but he beheld not the Lady Valentina. I pity the poor young lady, and implore you not to keep her immured in Padua. Send her hence under careful guardianship. If her love is to be hopeless, heal the wound; grant her the view of hill and dale, of flower and field." The Count frowned; the major-domo continued. "With grief I have noticed that the unhappy Valentina's intellect has partially sunk."

"Tush!" said the Commandant; "let me not hear this whining. You know, Abilemecco, public duties claim my attendance. I charge you with the care of Valentina: let her be strictly guarded, permit Camilla alone to wait on her; and she, too, must be watched, that no letter be conveyed."

After Abilemecco had left him, the Count paced the apartment. "Would that she no longer existed!" he exclaimed. "Her loss of intellect affords a plea for confinement. But should she recover, and marry this Albano, then must I render up an account of my guardianship. That accursed faro table! — I have laid my toils for her minion though — ere to-morrow he will discover the loss of his commission, while the purchased bond-debt (triple laden with a Jew's interest) will exhaust and incarcerate him. I have ventured too deeply to retract."

CHAPTER III.

THE morning dawned through the chinks of the rude shutters of the cobbler's dwelling, and waked up a jay in a wicker cage, who kept jumping from the floor to his perch, and from perch to floor, with occasionally an anxious peep to ascertain whether there was any breakfast in preparation. Nina, a daughter of Crispino, who had been in attendance on her mother all night, stepped in, and began to arrange the furniture. The mother had fallen to sleep; pious resignation had borne her through her trial. Nina suddenly exclaimed,

"Where is Stefano? Why, brother Stefano, I say, get up!"

She drew aside a faded curtain which concealed a recess, for which Stefano had grown too long; he was doubled up in it like a portable boot-jack. With a yawn which threatened that the young gentleman's head might come in halves, he twisted himself out of his dormitory partially attired, and rubbing his eyes, he drawled out,—

"What, in the name of the saints, has happened while I have been asleep?" said the boy.

"We have got another little brother, Stefano."

Stefano coolly remarked. "Well, our family increases like rabbits. And where is the old buck?"

"If you are speaking of father," replied Nina, "he left the house hours ago, in despair."

At this moment Crispino was heard outside the window, bawling a sprightly ditty then much in vogue with the Paduans. The jay erected its crest feathers, jumped on and off its perch with increased rapidity, and chattered in an unknown tongue.

Nina shrugged her shoulders — "I fear that somebody *has* given father credit for a bottle of wine."

In walked Crispino, elated and laughing, "Nina, my girl, I am the happiest dog!—kiss me, girl, kiss me! Look here, here is a purse of gold!" He pulled it from his pocket, and the bright broad pieces glittered in the morning sun. "Run, Nina, and buy every comfort your poor mother requires. Eh! your looks seem to inquire where it comes from? Nina, I have obtained a wealthy godmamma for little *New-come!*"

Away flew Nina with the good news, while Stefano was ingeniously devising the best method of putting on that portion of his apparel called in those days "trunks," in after ages "breeches." While fastening the waistband, "Father," said he, "how strange it is that my clothes have grown too wide for me!"

"None of your threadbare jokes," retorted Crispino.

"Are we going to have something to eat, father? Look at my waistband: here is room for a whole loaf."

"You idle rascal! how many years have you gorged on the earnings of my labour?"

"Gorged!" thought Stefano, as he placed his hand on his stomach.

"Am not I a cobbler?" continued his father; "and have you not always been a *stall-fed* beast? But here, boy, take that coin; bring a plentiful breakfast—the best wine, and a bucket-full of *maccaroni!*"

Stefano stared at the gold, his eyes glistened, while his mouth watered. Fleet as a hound on so delicate an errand, away he scampered into the street.

The cobbler now began to reconsider his late adventure. "As we walked," said he, "through the streets, that exemplary old woman told me I must abandon my profession. 'Quit,' said she, 'your present pursuit, and follow the practice of physic.' Physic! Ha! ha! I a physician!—who know no more of medicine than a hog! As for my curing anybody, it would be like *curing* bacon—all *gammon!*—But the old lady has slipped away. Where, I wonder, is the godmother?"

"Here, Crispino," uttered an unearthly voice.

The cobbler turned, and saw the black drapery and veil seated in his arm-chair. He started, and tremblingly uttered, "Bless my soul, fair Signora! How and when did you enter?"

The lady or phantom answered him not, but inquired, "Have you considered my proposal? I will insure your fortune; but to merit this, you must pay implicit obedience to my directions. Present yourself boldly to whoever may require a physician, and mark me! when in the presence of the ailing person, cast your eyes around attentively. If *MY HEAD* appears to you, pronounce the patient past hope; you will be right: if you do not behold me, administer but a little water, and the sufferer will recover. Make good use of the wealth which will flow in upon you." The form then disappeared.

Crispino was in a state of great perplexity. "Is she a sorceress?—or when I am practising according to the good lady's instructions, and they discover that I am an ass, will she be there to ward off the blows? However, I have promised. If the first trial fails, I can but go back to my lapstone. I have a large family to boot,—and worse than that, *to shoe!*"

He was interrupted by the return of Stefano laden with bread, a fowl, sausages, milk, a rope of onions, a huge platter of ready-dressed macaroni, and a flask of wine. At the sight, old Crispino brightened up. "*They* decide the question," said he. He poured out a cup of wine, and drank "Success to Doctor Giuseppe Loba, commonly called Crispino."

"Listen to me, Stefano,—no more cobbling, no more lapstones, nor lasts. I intend to change my profession to that of "doctor." Let me feel your pulse, if you have got such a thing;" and Crispino took Stefano by the arm. "I don't know exactly where to find it. To get my hand in, I must practise on my family. Here, child, go and purchase a couple of dozen of leeches, and I will try and learn my art by putting them on your back."

"Two dozen leeches!" shrieked Stefano. "Look at me!—I could not afford a meal for three of them!"

"Well, well, at any rate I must have a proper dress. At the Jew's at the corner for these last nine years has hung a black velvet suit. If I *must* be a doctor, it is but honest to go into mourning *before* I commence practice. Henceforth, my son, call me Doctor Crispino."

"I will, Doctor Crispino. "How drunk he is!" thought Stefano.

The cobbler sent his son for a sheet of pasteboard, and dipping a brush into a pot of blacking, scrawled on it,

CRISPINO HAS LEFT HIS COBBLER'S STALL,
ACTS AS A DOCTOR, AND CURES YOU ALL.

After several glances of admiration of his handiwork, he nailed it outside the street door.

CHAPTER IV.

THE day advanced; the stream of population flowed through Padua; the peasants cried their vegetables, poultry, and fish; the Doctors Belcuore and Perruca were sipping cups of chocolate prepared for them by Sanquirico, the chemist, at whose establishment they made their morning rendezvous.

"Doctor Belcuore," inquired the chemist, "how is your beautiful patient, the Signora Valentina?"

"Her disorder is more mental than corporeal. I do not like the lethargic symptoms."

Another physician entered the shop. This was Doctor Furetto, a little, red-faced, passionate man, with thin white hair sticking out in all directions like herring-bones. He clenched in his hand the placard which he had torn from the *ci-devant* cobbler's door, and was in a state of ungovernable rage.

"What is the matter, most sweet-tempered doctor?" whispered Sanquirico—"Humph?"

"Behold," exclaimed Furetto, "an attack on the profession! The drunken shoemaker, Crispino, has had the audacity to exhibit this placard on the door of his rat-devoured tenement!" Belcuore and Perruca laughed. "Right," said Furetto; "expose me to ridicule; you are my rivals!"

At this moment a great outcry arose in the street; a poor artificer had fallen from the roof of a house, a mason who was repairing a balustrade, and had tumbled into a large tank of water in the court beneath, whence he was immediately carried to the laboratory of Sanquirico,—the mob following, as customary on such occasions. The doctors rendered their aid; they opened a vein. Belcuore, with a shake of the head, exclaimed, "It is useless!" At this moment a female forced her way through the crowd, and rushed into the laboratory.

"Bartolo! Bartolo! it is Bianca, your wife! Oh! he is senseless!" And she frantically knelt. "Good Signors, restore him! He was ever a kind husband! Again, again try your skill!"

Belcuore humanely said, "My good woman, lamentations will be of no avail; endeavour to calm your feelings."

At this moment Crispino entered, full dressed in the old suit of black velvet, which did not fit him at any point.

Furetto muttered, "What is this mountebank figure?"

"Signor Furetto," gravely said Crispino, "I beg to inform you that I also am a physician; so do not send your shoes to my shop any more to be heel-pieced."

"A physician! pah!" replied Furetto.

Crispino looked anxiously round to see if the godmother's pale head would appear. He gazed with great attention, then suddenly said, "Shall I cure him?" Belcuore exclaimed, "Crispino, this is no time for jesting." Crispino replied in an animated tone, "I am in no joking humour. Bartolo was my friend. Something inspires me with confidence that I shall put the old man on his legs again. Hope for the best," said he, turning to Bianca. And he again looked round mysteriously. "SHE is not here!" muttered he; "but if I fail, how they will pummel me!"

"It is hopeless," said Belcuore. "Come, brothers." And the doctors quitted the room.

"Signor Sanquirico," said the cobbler, "prithce bring a bottle of wine."

Now, as the curiosity of the chemist was excited to observe what extravagance the cobbler would commit, he took a bottle of wine from a shelf; and placing it in Crispino's hand, inquired, "How will you make the poor fellow swallow the wine?"

"Make *him* swallow it!" replied Crispino; "the wine is for *me*. I am nervous," said he; and he tasted it from the neck of the bottle.

"Incorrigible drunkard!" angrily exclaimed Sanquirico; and the bystanders gathered round Crispino murmuring.

"Back, I say," said Crispino; "don't crowd on me; this is the critical moment."—Crispino tremblingly poured a little wine into the mouth of Bartolo, looked round with extreme anxiety, muttered "No pale head!—ha! hurrah! By Saint Anthony, he moves! He is alive!"

Bianca raised her husband, "Ah, friend!" she exclaimed, "how shall I express my gratitude!"

"Not a word, Bianca. If your husband dies again, bring him to me. The fatigue of this operation has overcome me. The draught as before." And Crispino took a long drink at the bottle.

And the mob shouted "Long life to Doctor Crispino!" Lifting the new professor into a chair, they hoisted him on their shoulders, and carried him all over the city of Padua.

Time passed, and Doctor Crispino became the admiration of Padua. He was never once wrong in his calculation; if he affirmed that the patient would live, the patient recovered. All wondered how he came by his knowledge. He had cunning enough, however, to keep his secret, and fees poured in; but the proverb, '*Set a beggar on horseback,*' &c. was verified by the cobbler-physician. He removed his wife and family into a better dwelling; but they were little the better for it, as Crispino now drank more than ever. Nothing was done to educate his children; and as for Master Stefano, notwithstanding he was attired in a piled velvet suit of gaudy colours, his hands and face were much of the same hue as when he sat amongst the old boots.

CHAPTER V.

IN a dark mean *café*, in a filthy alley in Padua, sat a bulky stalwart fellow of most villanous aspect; his long, coarse, black hair had been quite innocent of the luxury of a comb, two of his great sausages of fingers performing the office of that implement. He had a broad gash across the nose, where the wound had healed into a seam, which added anything but beauty to a sinister aspect of the organs of vision. The figure wore a jerkin of dirty buff leather, patched in various parts; no shirt; vest and trunks of red serge, the latter met by a wide-mouthed pair of boots of untanned leather. He had a long stiletto in his belt, to which also was attached a rusty back-sword. Before this interesting person was a rough table, on which stood a pewter stoup with some dregs of brandy, and a Venetian drinking-glass. This respectable gentleman's name was Andrea. Perhaps we ought not to be too curious to inquire his profession: he must speak for himself.

"Here is the sharpest-edged dagger in all Padua—but let me arrange my little affairs with regularity. Plaintiff, the Count di Vicenza; defendant, the Lieutenant Albano. The Count is my client: I am engaged professionally: the most acute advocate, for I generally make my way to the heart in a moment! This is a love affair. The Count says this *must* touch the heart! Ho! ho! ha! they should designate me as the Cupid of Padua, for many are stricken by me in all loving-kindness!"

Signor Andrea drew forth his stiletto, and rubbed its edge on a small hone which he took from his vest; poured the remainder of the brandy into the glass, and tossed it off; then wiping his fingers on his hair, bawled to an old woman in an inner apartment, "Cesolina, chalk it up." He then put on his greasy broad hat, and made a *sally* into his alley.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Albano, being aware that the catchpoles of the law were inquiring for him, on account of a certain unpaid bond, kept himself secluded. He contrived, however, to make his way to the dwelling of Doctor Belcuore, and the good-natured physician admitting him, the Lieutenant exclaimed—

"I cannot exist without intelligence of Valentina. Think of the state of her I adore!"

"Give time," said Belcuore. "Time is the most equitable of judges, and you must submit to his decisions."

"Alas!" replied Albano, "Time, like Death, is portrayed scythe in hand,—and time will be death to me! Procure me but an interview with Valentina."

"Your presence might produce a crisis unfavourable in her present weak state," replied Belcuore.

Albano left the house of Belcuore, and wandered about he scarcely knew whither. At length he rested his fevered head against a marble column. Andrea stalked along the pavement stealthily, like a tiger seeking its prey. He hastily pulled from below his hat a black vizor, which concealed his countenance; and was preparing to aim a blow at Albano's heart, when a form passed between them—a tall woman in sable garments. This for the moment saved Albano; who, stepping from the portico, crossed the street, and entered a coffee-house, with the intention of writing once more to Valentina. The bravo watched him into the *café*, but dared not enter, because there were several persons seated therein.

Now Master Stefano had purchased at an armourer's an antique horse-pistol wherewith to amuse himself, being entirely a gentleman of leisure, and loaded it with twenty shoemaker's pegs, and a piece of candle by way of wadding. He had seated himself at the step of a door, and began to eat a few comfits to pass the time. In a few minutes the Lieutenant issued from the coffee-house, with the letter he had penned, and was racking his brains as to the mode in which it could be conveyed.

Stefano's curiosity was here aroused on perceiving a tall man in a black mask, making his way quickly behind Albano, and, raising his arm with the intention of stabbing him over the shoulder. Stefano uttered a loud cry, resembling that of a puppy-dog who has been kicked. The Lieutenant turned, and instantly grappled with his unknown adversary. Andrea was of superior strength; he dashed the Lieutenant down, and was again raising his stiletto to immolate his victim, when Stefano, sitting on the step, could not resist pointing his pistol at the bravo. He pulled the trigger. Andrea uttered a yell; a fearful curse, and fell backwards heavily on the pavement. Stefano, perceiving the effect he had produced, jumped up, his knees knocking together, turned the corner of the piazza, and scampered off.

"An attempt on my life!" ejaculated Albano. The report of the pistol brought out several persons from the coffee-house; and at this period Crispino, who had been enjoying himself in a neighbouring tavern, was crossing the place in his way homeward. "Help—help me, friends, to raise this miserable man!" exclaimed Albano.

"Is he alive," said Crispino. Andrea still writhed convulsively.

"He aimed at my life," said Albano; "but some unseen hand brought him down with a shot."

"Ah!" exclaimed Crispino, "then somebody aimed at his life, and, it seems, has *hit* it. Our godmother has a hand in this. Now, Lieutenant, if you want to know whether this man will recover, I will tell you." And Crispino looked around deliberately.

"Speak, friend," exclaimed Albano.

"Don't be in a hurry," said Crispino. And suddenly he saw the PALE HEAD, with its dim and glazed eyes fixed on the body of the bravo.

"Ha! there she is!" And, although the cobbler had for so many times been visited by this mysterious appearance, he trembled as he uttered, "Lieutenant, I cannot aid this person."

Andrea at this moment became a corpse.

"What could have induced the attempt on my life?" thought Albano. "That terrible commandant, the Count, is implicated in this. Search privately the pockets of this wretch."

Prior to apprising the police of the event, Albano and Crispino made a close inspection, and produced from within the red-serge vest of Andrea a written paper, containing these words: "*As a proof that you have succeeded, bring me the ring of your victim. It is an opal, which he wears on his third finger.*"

"This is a valuable document," thought Albano; and he immediately determined, with the aid of Crispino, to disguise himself in the jerkin, hat, cloak, boots, and, above all, the mask of Andrea, and present himself to the Count de Vicenza, with his own opal ring (formerly the gift of Valentina) in his hand. Having thus far confided in Crispino, he was agreeably surprised by the cobbler-physician, informing him that he had been sent for, and directed to repair to the palace, for some especial purpose.

They soon arrived at a private gate of the palace; where stood Abilemecco on the look-out for the cobbler-physician and the bravo. Albano had already fixed the black mask on his face.

"The Count will give immediate audience to Doctor Crispino," said Abilemecco. He then crossed to the supposed bravo, and addressed him in an under tone, "Andrea, it is my master's desire that you remove not your mask, and that you do not speak to any one within the palace. Have you brought any token to the Count?"

Albano showed Abilemecco the opal ring.

"Enough. Wait in the gateway. Come, Crispino."

"Crispino, quotha? Doctor Crispino, if you please. I am the greatest man in Padua." And he strutted into the court. Albano waited as directed under the arched doorway. Abilemecco soon re-appeared, and beckoned Albano to follow him, who congratulated himself that he should once more see Valentina.

CHAPTER VI.

IN a turret-chamber, which had but one window, overlooking a secluded court, was immured the unfortunate Valentina. The approach to this chamber was by a narrow staircase, which led to a small, oak-panelled ante-room. The apartment was hung with tapestry, representing a portion of the adventures of Amadis de Gaul; a harp stood near the casement; on a table in the centre, books, flowers, and music, were scattered. On one side was a white marble bust of Diana on a *verd-antique* pedestal. Old-fashioned high-backed chairs, and a couch, furnished this apartment; and on the couch reclined Valentina in a disturbed slumber. Camilla, her waiting-maid, was watching her mistress. "Poor soul!" she ejaculated, "until now she has not closed her eyes for many weary hours.

I have placed the harp near the window, that the air may chance to vibrate the strings." For Camilla had found that Valentina had been aroused from her state of stupor by the wild harmony thus created. Valentina, sighing deeply, opened her eyes, which had become hollow, and lacked a healthful lustre. At this moment a strain of melody swept across the harp-strings. Valentina raised her head, and mournfully uttered, "Hark! the spirit of Albano wanders around!" And the tears flowed rapidly.

"Signora," said Camilla, "lend me the lute for one short minute." Valentina resigned the lute reluctantly to her attendant, who said archly, "Our grim guard shall be outwitted;" and she shook a small envelope from the centre aperture of the lute, and gave it to her mistress.

"Ah, Heaven!" cried Valentina, seizing the billet. "It is Albano's writing."

Both mistress and maid were comparatively happy; but it was of short duration: for, while they were thus engaged, the Count had entered the ante-room unheard, and stealthily stepped into the chamber. He listened for a moment; then snatched the precious letter from Valentina's hand.

"My commands again disobeyed! Know for your punishment," said the Commandant malignantly, "that your minion is dead!"

"Dead!" cried Valentina. "Monster, you but wickedly invent this to sear my heart."

"He has left the gentle Valentina," replied the Count, "a legacy,—this opal ring!"

"Yes—yes!" shrieked Valentina. "It was Albano's ring; it was my gift to him; he would not have parted with it but with existence. Wretch that I am!" and the poor girl again sunk insensible on the couch.

Albano in his disguise now entered the room, and the Commandant descended to consult with the newly-made physician. The lieutenant gazed on Valentina. His heart bled at beholding her misery. As he approached the couch Camilla interposed, "Avaunt!" said she, "it is fruitless to appeal to your sympathy. Behold your victim—"

She was interrupted by the voice of Crispino, as he ascended the stairs, saying, "Show me to the Lady Valentina. Fie! Mistress Abigail," said he, as he walked into the room, "don't look so cross. I will cure your lady."

Camilla bestowed on the cobbler-physician a look of contempt, He crossed to the couch; and, touching Valentina, said, "Her hand and temples are cold, and her heart has ceased to beat." And he looked round the room with anxiety, drew his breath, and said, "The godmother is *not* in the room. Calm yourself," turning to Albano; "be assured that Valentina will recover. Ah! ha! Ah! ha! I will recover her. Come hither, little Abigail, and do not spoil your pretty face by such sour looks. The disorder of your mistress is in the heart. She is in love."

Camilla cried, "Hush! yonder wretch will overhear."

"Between ourselves, yonder wretch will be delighted to hear," replied Crispino. "Hark ye, Abigail, I am about to prescribe,—what think you of a husband of her own choice?—to be taken immediately. Hush! yonder is the man she loves."

"The terrible Andrea!" said Camilla.

Albano unfastened the visor; and Camilla, taken unaware, shrieked loudly, exclaiming, "Holy Virgin! it is the Lieutenant!"

"Hush—hush!" said Crispino, "you will ruin us all."

Albano had hardly replaced his mask before the Count entered the room, and inquired the cause of the shrieking.

"I have astonished little Abigail here, your Excellency," said Crispino. "I have prescribed for the lady. Now my strict orders are, that she is to be kept quiet, and that *you* do not intrude on her rest." He then took the Commandant on one side, and whispered, "And let that fellow (pointing to Albano) be within call; he will probably be wanted. The Commandant directed Crispino to follow him to his cabinet; and, as the old rogue went out, Crispino significantly put his finger to the side of his nose, and in a whisper to Albano exclaimed, "Hurrah for the cobbler!"

Crispino was closetted for some time with the Commandant of Padua,—an honour of which he was not a little vain. After flattering him on his extraordinary popularity, the Count presented him with a bag of gold, and asked him to bring to the palace a certain fatal drug prohibited from being sold. From that moment all that was bad in Crispino's nature became predominant. He again drank; but, instead of being enlivened by the liquor, it caused a brutal feeling within him. He went to his home. "The Commandant of Padua has given me his friendship, and a weighty purse. This is fortune without labour. What does he want with that drug? What is that to me? He has bought me."

As he raised his eyes, Crispino suddenly perceived the tall lady in black sitting opposite to him. He started, and stammered out, "Ha! godmother, welcome!"

She gazed at him mournfully, and said, "Hypocrite! you know that I am not a welcome guest. When I put you in the road to obtain riches, I did not calculate on the sudden alteration of your disposition! Unjust to your children, you suffer them to wander as vagabonds. You have shown the blackest ingratitude to the friends who succoured your misery!"

"Good signora," said Crispino, "you will confer an obligation by not interfering with my family concerns."

"You have leagued yourself with a villain," continued the strange person.

"You wear me out with your preaching. Go home and to bed, there's a good old witch."

"Crispino," replied the woman in black, "we depart hence together."

"I will go out no more to-night," sulkily muttered the cobbler.

"Come then, spite of yourself!" sternly cried the figure; and Crispino felt his wrist clasped firmly by chilling bones of fingers, which almost froze him. She led Crispino on with solemn steps, nor stopped nor spoke until they arrived at the dismal square in which stood the Well of Death. The mysterious being mounted on the parapet, and Crispino, powerless in her grasp, was compelled to follow her. They gradually sunk together down the well to a great depth. Crispino felt his feet touch a cold floor, and heard the sepulchral voice utter, "This catacomb is my home. It is time you should know who I am. I will show you the decorations of my dwelling. Behold!" As the darkness broke, a most extraordinary scene pre-

sented itself to the alarmed Crispino. Countless rows of lamps were disposed in every direction, extending in interminable perspective. "Behold," said she of the sable garb,—“Behold the LIGHTS OF LIFE in the Cavern of DEATH. Each lamp contains the life of a human being. As the oil consumes, so decays the existence of man.”

Crispino stared, and exclaimed, “There is one almost extinguished!”

“That is the life of a miser,” replied the phantom; “one who during many years practised self-denial to accumulate wealth: he is now at his last extremity: his relatives have seized his idol riches, and leave him to die on a pallet. See, the lamp expires!” Pointing to another, “Behold,” said she, “that is the fluttering existence of a haughty despot. One who, to uphold an artificial consequence, has led armies to battle, and sent thousands bleeding to their graves. The glaring meteor of ambition has fallen to this little flickering light. ’Tis gone, and leaves the wretch benighted in his errors!”

Crispino, shaking with terror, asked, “Is—is my life there?”

“This,” exclaimed the phantom.

“What, that one so nearly out?” cried Crispino falteringly.

“Yes. It has but few minutes of existence. Hear me. Ingrate! you were in despair and wretchedness. It was ordained that I should deliver you, and point the path to fortune. How have you returned these benefits? Instead of employing your wealth in good deeds, or training your children in the right way, hardened and obdurate, you have acted repugnantly to humanity, But it was time to check your iniquity. You at length have arrived at DEATH’S DOOR. See, the light dwindles! one breath from my lips would instantly annihilate it.”

The lamp flickered, and the female in black leant over, prepared to extinguish it; when Crispino, filled with fear and remorse, cried out, throwing himself on his knees, “Mercy! mercy! Repentance! sincere repentance.”

“The light burns bright again!” solemnly exclaimed the phantom. “One trial more! Mortal, return to the world, and your duties. But, remember!”

As the morning dawned, the cobbler awoke from an uneasy slumber. He was seated at the table; and had been sleeping in the chair which he had occupied the previous night. He endeavoured to collect his scattered senses, and then recollected distinctly all he had seen. He trembled at the remembrance.

Crispino ascended to the chamber occupied by his wife, who was seated with an open missal before her. As he entered the door, Nina exclaimed, “It is my father!”

“Yes,” replied Crispino; “a father come to ask forgiveness of Heaven, and of you, for all neglect and unkindness,” and he knelt by the bed, and said, “Pray on, Nina. Return thanks to Heaven that your father has bade farewell to his follies.” The poor wife, rejoicing in the sincerity of his tone, shed tears plentifully.

The Count di Vicenza was convinced of the death of Albano; and Valentina having partially recovered, was suffered to quit the turret-chamber. The Count gave orders for a fête, at which he intended Valentina should appear, and that then the subtle poison to be brought by Crispino should be given to her. Should this plan fail,

he had still the ready knife of Andrea. He accordingly ordered Abilemecco, to bring Andrea to him.

"Close the door, brave Andrea," said the Count. "I would unfold to you the wish of my heart. You have experienced my liberality. You must be prepared, perhaps this night, with your trusty stiletto."

The young Lieutenant for the instant forgot himself, and exclaimed, "Detested coward and villain!"

The Commandant rose in surprise; it was not the sound of the voice of his emissary; and he called lustily, "Ho! Abilemecco! treachery!" The steward was rapidly on the spot; the visor was torn off, and the Count stood aghast at the sight of Albano.

"Yes, monster! I am a witness of your guilt, and live to denounce you."

He was instantly seized. "Abilemecco," exclaimed the Commandant, "Convey your prisoner to the *oubliette* beneath the moat. "By what cursed fatality has this event occurred?" thought the Count.

The guests were assembling. The spacious apartments of the palace were brilliantly illuminated. Strains of music floated around, and beauty crowned the fascination of the scene.

Meantime Crispino arrived in the court of the palace: he knew not how to face the Count, for he had not brought the drug. "Now I have discovered that I have a conscience," said he, "I am mighty chary of my proceedings. Bless my heart! only think, if my light *had* been puffed out."

The tall lady glided from behind a column, and ejaculated, "Crispino."

"Ye—yes."

"A good man keeps his promise."

"I assure you, Signora, that I have been on my best behaviour ever since I left your *door*."

The phantom said, "You promised the Count to procure him a certain drug."

"I have promised to be honest and virtuous for the future," replied Crispino.

"Keep both promises," and she put a phial in his hand; "here is the drug; take an opportunity to give it to the Commandant. I shall not be idle! A few minutes more, Crispino, and I relieve you of my presence for ever."

Notwithstanding the hell in his breast, the hypocritical Count di Vicenza appeared to be conversing with great affability among his guests. "Thanks, my charming friends. The Lady Valentina, partially restored to the blessing of health, welcomes ye beneath this roof. She is yet an invalid; but could not feel happiness until again surrounded by those she has the pleasure to esteem."

And now the dancing commenced; the music sounded; the feathers waved, and the gems glittered. The valets, in richly-laced liveries handed round the ices, confectionary, and sorbets.

Crispino entered; his heart beating. The Count approached, and, taking him on one side, demanded the potion. Crispino gave him the phial, and said to himself, "Heaven forgive me, if I have done wrong!"

The Commandant took a crystal goblet of lemonade, and secretly emptied the contents of the phial into it. He then sent Abile-

mecco to order Crispino to come to him. "Carry," said he to the cobbler-physician, "carry that restoring draught to Valentina!"

Crispino dared not disobey, for the eye of the Count was watching him narrowly. He crossed to the sofa, on which Valentina was seated, and delivered the fatal goblet into the hand of Camilla, who stood by the side of her mistress. He was quaking with dread, when his mind was relieved by the figure, which he supposed to be Camilla, turning; to his great surprise he saw the HEAD of the godmother. She produced instantaneously a second goblet, exactly resembling the other, which Valentina received, and drank therefrom.

The Count, who had been looking on from a distance, exultingly observed that Valentina had tasted of the goblet. "She has imbibed the poison," thought he, and he called to Abilemecco for wine.

Abilemecco advanced towards a page, who was bearing a silver salver covered with crystal drinking-cups, when Crispino saw the phantom suddenly place the goblet which she held on the salver. The next moment it was borne by Abilemecco to the Commandant, who, putting it to his lips, drank greedily. Crispino was transfixed with astonishment. In an instant the Count exclaimed wildly, "Treachery! treachery! I am poisoned! Abilemecco! faithless villain, thou hast betrayed thy master!" He rushed frantically at the steward, and plunged a poniard into his breast. The Count fell writhing on the floor. A scene of great confusion immediately ensued.

Crispino thought, "All is as it should be," and he looked round for the last time for the HEAD. It was there. The Commandant became livid; he gnashed his teeth, and expired in the greatest tortures.

Our historian here breaks off. He does not wind up his tale to a conclusion, nor assure us of its truth; but, many years afterwards, when that great philosopher, Lord Bacon, had his sentence of imprisonment and fine remitted by King James, and shone out in those literary productions which have made his weaknesses to be forgotten by posterity, he had occasion to send over a learned clerk to Padua to obtain a copy of a curious controversial work connected with the then subject of his studies. This gentleman heard the singular history of the person who had been called the cobbler-physician, and also of the supposed appearance of one of the PARCÆ family, ATROPOS; but, learned as he was, he could not quite reconcile the Heathen Mythology with the existing state of affairs. It appeared, however, that a hale old fellow, one Giuseppe Loba, commonly called Crispino, had retired on a little independence acquired by making and vending boots and shoes; that he bore a good character: was patronized by a Colonel Albano, who allowed him an annuity; and that an undersized young fellow, of voracious appetite, Stefano by name, who boasted that Crispino was his father, held the honourable post of a drummer in the Colonel's regiment; and that was all the student could gather of the history of the COBBLER PHYSICIAN, OR THE WELL OF DEATH!

WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

A BALLAD.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

It was the schooner Hesperus
That sail'd the wintry sea;
And the skipper had ta'en his little
daughter
To bear him company.
Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom sweet as the hawthorn
buds
That ope in the month of May.
The skipper he stood beside the helm,
With his pipe in his mouth,
And watch'd how the veering flaw did
blow
The smoke now west, now south.
Then up and spake an old sailór,
Had sail'd the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.
"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his
pipe,
And a scornful laugh laugh'd he.
Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows froth'd like yeast.
Down came the storm, and smote
amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shudder'd and paused, like a
frighted steed,
Then leap'd her cable's length.
"Come hither! come hither! my little
daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."
He wrapp'd her warm in his seaman's
coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.
"O father! I hear the church-bells
ring—
Oh! say, what may it be?"
"Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steer'd for the open sea.
"O father! I hear the sound of guns—
Oh! say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light—
Oh! say, what may it be?"
But the father answer'd never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.
Lash'd to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleam'd through the gleam-
ing snow
On his fix'd and glassy eyes.
Then the maiden clasp'd her hands, and
pray'd
That sav'd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who still'd
the wave
On the lake of Galilee.
And fast through the midnight dark
and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.
And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.
The breakers were right beneath her
bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.
She struck where the white and fleecy
waves
Look'd soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.
Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in
ice,
With the masts went by the board,
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and
sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roar'd!
At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lash'd close to a drifting mast.
The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown
sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.
Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE CORPUS MSS.

THIS is an age essentially rationalistic and inquiring. Beyond the certainty of nothing being certain, there is no fact of which we can be so certain as to be certain of it. Have we grown up from boyhood in some fondly-cherished belief? Straight an academic, who has graduated at the London University, arises to assure us that we are quite in error. "All very well, you know, twenty years ago, but no man of common sense will believe such stuff now o' days. Haven't you seen Professor Hitemhard's Enquiry? (last number of the Cabinet Cyclopædia). 'Egad! he handles it in pretty style—all a fallacy.'"—We are required to doff all our old poetic feeling, to cut the poor things, "and in the street, too," whilst we must, forsooth, cap the mammoths, megalotheria, and other beasts of burthen of the like nature. Pity the whole tribe of innovators is not in the transition state they are so fond of talking about;—the end of the transit, Botany Bay.

Thinking thus on these points, and being content to remain in my dark Egypt as compared with this so much talked-of Goshen, it was no small delight to me to find the wherewithal to crush one of the class of reptiles, whom my soul abhors, on their own dunghill. It is or ought to be known to all the male portion of the lieges, that of late years a strong attack has been made upon the earlier portion of the Roman History, by a certain stolid German, called Niebuhr, who has knit Romulus and Cheeks the Marine by an airy copula; and made Numa Pompilius, like Jack Robinson or Jem Crow, figure as the hero of a popular song. It had been better for this learned pundit had he been contented to stick to his *meerschaum* and *sauerkraut* amid the no-longer classic shades of Göttingen, Bonn, or any other of those studious universities. I will spare him, under the idea that before this Romulus has brought an action for defamation of character against him before my Lord Chief Justice Minos, and a respectable and enlightened jury of twelve ancient Romans, wrapped up in their visionary *togæ*.

But to the point, and let Dr. Arnold beware how he proceeds with his crude history — history, indeed! In the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, it has been my good fortune to meet with some ancient Palimpsests, written over with monkish legends, similar to those recently brought before the public by Thomas Ingoldsby. Suspecting from their appearance that there was something in them more than met the eye, I instantly determined to apply to the very enlightened and liberal Master of the college, who received me with his usual urbanity. I stated the object of my visit, mentioning that I had discovered in the library of the college some MSS. which appeared to me to possess a good deal of interest, and I was, therefore, anxious to try upon them Angelo Mai's *Albolutrum* or bleaching liquid, which the learned Abbé has already used with great effect in the noble library of the Vatican. The Master replied, with great courtesy, "that he wished somebody would take the batch cheap, as, from the nature of the paper, they were scarcely capable of being applied to their usual purpose of gun-wads. Indeed, sir," added he, "to tell the truth, I should be glad to exchange the whole lot with Mr. Stevenson, for his magnificent collection of Romances, or anything that the Fellows *would* read. I may tell you, sir,—but it need not go any further — that, except about this

first of September, the building is a perfect vacuum,—a deserted cholera-hospital, sir; for the Fellows of this college, after they've taken the trouble to take a degree, never take anything else, except when they take wine with each other, when they're taking their whack out of a bottle of claret, or taking their leaves after they've taken their stipends,—and occasionally they take a cold.—D'ye take me, Sir?"

I responded, of course, to the Master's jocosity: "When do the jokes of a great man ever fall upon a deaf ear?" and so ended my interview with this dignitary.

I returned in triumph to my rooms, with the treasure under my arm, jostling into the gutter a shady-looking bachelor in a white hat, immersed in a Fellowship examination paper, and a college Tutor, who was walking down Trumpington Street, smiling at the lamp-posts. An unfortunate bedmaker was the next victim of my wrath, which attained its maximum in a kick to a poor animal of the dog species, which, despite threats on the parts of the college authorities, had been for some three terms snugly domesticated in my rooms. Now was the time for the grand projection, the liquid was applied,

"Joy, joy for ever, my task is done,
The MSS. cleaned, and Niebuhr done."

The under-writing appeared beautiful and distinct. Here is a specimen of it. [It must be premised that the spaces which appear unfilled arise from the sporting propensities of the guardians of the library, and that in the original MS. these are of a circular form, the undoubted result of a gun-punch.] The Latin, as all scholars will perceive at a glance, is of the most early date: clearly as old as that of the song of the Fratres Ambarvales, or agricultural society. I found that my first glance set to rest one of the problems of classical antiquity. The treasure was neither more nor less than a Roman Newspaper. I had first cleaned what must have been a part devoted to the Sporting intelligence. The paragraph was in Uncial, or (for the benefit of the vulgar) Capital letters, and ran thus:—

"ALBÆ ROMVL SVBS (*gunwad*) TIO. ERIT.
PR. K. IVNI. (*gunwad*) VETT (*gunwad*)."

This is, evidently, if written correctly with the blanks filled up, "Albæ Romuli subscriptiva venatio erit pridie kalendas Junii" (the last word admits of dispute.) We should interpret the whole advertisement thus:—"The Royal Subscription Pack will throw off at Alba, May 30th, unless the weather prove '*vet*;' or, again, the last word may have this signification, that "*heavy vet*" (in later times called *Cerevisium*), would be provided for the sportsmen. Again, it may be a caution similar to those appended to such notices in our own days,—"*Ware—wheat*," equivalent to "Take care not to ride over the young wheat." The dreadful outrage perpetrated by the Fellows of Corpus has forbidden that this point should ever be set at rest. The whole advertisement is remarkable for many reasons, but chiefly for these; First, if Romulus kept a subscription pack of hounds, the fair inference is that such a person existed; secondly, if the pack were a subscription-pack, it clearly shows that there must have been certain well-defined relations, even then existing between the several orders of the state, that whilst gentlemanly recreations were studiously promoted by this wise king, the rights of the citizen and the farmer were as carefully

respected. The conduct of our William I. and Romulus present some striking analogies and contrasts, which, with certain following advertisements, will go far to prove the existence of game-laws amongst the ancient Romans. Before proceeding, I will mention to my readers that it is not my intention to present them with any more examples of the newspaper in the uncial character: I shall merely give the substance in English, quoting the Latin where there seems any obscurity. Any gentleman who wishes to follow the subject out further, need only apply to Mr. Bentley, who will at once gratify him with a sight of fac-similes of the original MSS.

But we will pass rapidly over the comparatively uninteresting advertising-sheet, and go at once to the "leading article," which we discovered in the next MS. to which we applied the "Albolutrum." We call it "the leading article," as, from the enlarged characters, and conceited tone of the writer, it evidently proceeded from the pen of one who filled a post corresponding to that of "editor" of one of our own journals. It was a vigorous appeal to the Roman public on the important subject of the mode to be adopted of propagating their name and lineage by means of matrimony. It commenced "POP. ROM." evidently meaning "Roman people!" and proceeded in the nervous terms which we subjoin, freely translated.

"With regard to 'the Society for the Propagation of the Roman name,' we would direct the attention of our readers to an article in our first page. We cannot suppose them to be ignorant of the object of that society,—sensible as they must be at every moment of the want which it proposes to remedy. There are other wants, which may not be felt at all times, by all ages, nor in all places; but the female sex rear our youth, delight our age, adorn our prosperity, cheer our adversity, delight us when at home, give us no trouble when abroad, spend the night with us, travel with us, rusticate (or perhaps we should say, are rusticated)."

Here we must pause a moment to draw some important inferences. Our readers will already, be learned at least amongst them, have detected the impudent plagiarism of Cicero in his celebrated apostrophe to literature in the oration for Archias the poet. It is word for word taken from this passage, substituting "literature" for "wives," and begins (for those who choose to refer to the passage), "Nam cætera neque temporum sunt neque ætatum omnium neque locorum," &c. This is in accordance with what one might have expected from Cicero, that greatest literary humbug of antiquity, that Dionysius Lardner of old Rome, who never signed his name to a familiar twopenny-post communication to Athens, without attaching to it an alphabetical chaos of literary and scientific titles. The second, and perhaps more important inference, connected with this extraordinary extract, is as follows:—If men were rusticated (and "rusticantur" is the word) in the days of Romulus, whence were they rusticated? From Universities! The conclusion is inevitable that there were Universities in ancient Rome! and more, that these Universities were unfettered by the monkish restrictions, which, in one point at least, turn our own into Trappist monasteries,—where female foot may never tread,—for bed-makers, if women they must be called, certainly deserve to be ranked as a separate species. The Roman undergraduate we see, when from the consequence of youthful indiscretion he was obliged for a while to quit his bowers of Academe, might still find solace in the arms of a loving wife,

—if the young man, amid that general dearth, was fortunate enough to have one. This example we strongly press upon the notice of Heads of colleges, and all bearing authority in our own venerated Universities. —We proceed with our extracts.

“For although we ourselves can never get at comforts of this sort, nor taste the reality of these blessings, yet we cannot help envying our neighbours when we see them thus enjoying themselves,—we cannot, I repeat it, refrain from comparing the forlorn state of Rome with the domestic felicity of surrounding nations. What, we say,—(and we would carefully be understood not to reflect upon a certain [*nescio quis*] personage)—what can be the meaning of this?—how long are we to writhe with grace, and groan in harmony? Rumours have reached us that an embassy has been despatched to the Sabines—we will be there. In the mean time, let petitions be drawn up,—let the people rise as one man, and sign his name. If any gentleman should happen to be without that convenience, or be, from an unhappy want of education, unable to go through with the ceremony, (if such a thing be possible in this free and enlightened city,) let him in the second case append his mark,—in the first, let him speedily be christened (*‘arrogetur,’* perhaps get himself into some family as a parish apprentice). For those who will do neither, let them go hang (*abscant in malam crucem*). Again we repeat it, petition, petition, petition!”

From the style and tone of the article, we should judge the writer to be an Irishman. Let not the unlearned reader start. General Vallancy has satisfactorily shown that in those early times there was a connection between Ireland and Phœnicia; and we ourselves are in a state to prove, from certain facts which we have brought to light in our investigation of the Corpus MSS. that the connection between Rome and Phœnicia was no less intimate.

From these extracts, it is evident that the theories of Niebuhr are false *ab initio*. Here is Romulus, or at any rate here are his hounds; here is the dearth of women, which led that great king to plan the Sabine Abduction; here are important facts upon education, implying at the same time a high degree of civilization amongst the refugees, the tenants of the asylum for the destitute, from whence Rome took her first beginnings; here, in a word, is a free press, a journal, with an Irishman at the head of it, in the reign of a powerful monarch, whose very existence this ignorant German has denied. To the smallest particular the newspaper resembles our own, even in point of arrangement. We find *Triremes* advertised, at the head of the first column, as about to sail for *Corcyra*; the closing line announces that it will be high water at the *Sublician bridge* at five-and-twenty minutes after eleven A.M.—I will proceed with extracts of more importance. Pass we to the Police report. [Facts again.]

“Three young men, of gentlemanlike and prepossessing exterior, were yesterday morning (the 10th kalends of May) brought before the honourable the city prætor, charged with being drunk and disorderly on the night preceding, on the stairs of the Capitol, after the clock had struck twelve. The prisoners gave their names as *Fabius, Lartius, and Manlius*. This last individual, it will be remembered, was brought up, on a similar charge, some little time ago. The *Lictor* deposited in evidence, that as he was going his usual rounds to see if any person was troubling the city after the day’s festival, he heard an unusual sound near the Capitol, and going up, he found the prisoners in

a singular posture, flinging stones to the best of their ability. Here the defendants were observed to smile. The Lictor then went on to state, that the prisoners were standing on the stairs of the Capitol, stooping forward, and casting stones from between their legs. The Prætor asked if he had anything more to add to his statement; he replied in the negative. The prisoners were then called on for their defence. Fabius, who was the spokesman of the party, said, that he and his companions could certainly not deny the fact; but they based their defence on another ground, namely, that the flinging of stones at that hour, and for the purposes which they had in view, could in no way be construed into a statutable offence.

“PRÆTOR. On what grounds do you justify it?”

“FABIUS. It can scarcely be unknown to your lordship that the Roman name is likely to perish for ever from the face of the earth.

“PRÆTOR. Has the man seen a Nymph?—What has this to do with the question in hand?”

“FABIUS. Everything, O judge! If you will but grant me a patient hearing I will proceed to explain. My companions and I were trying, like Deucalion and Pyrrha, to renew the human race.

“The Magistrate was here about to address the prisoners in a violent strain of invective, for daring to insult the bench with a legend which, in his idea, had never existed; but the clerk arose from his seat, and entreated a moment’s consultation with him. In a few minutes he proceeded, ‘I cannot, O accused, deny the truth of the tale which you have just given voice to. But by your conduct, you either intended to call the policy of the government in question, an affair of no small moment in a newly-born city,—or, taking the milder view of the question,—you must all three have been intoxicated at the time.’ The defendants admitted the justice of the remark.

“PRÆTOR. You, then, O Fabius and Lartius, I fine in five *asses* a-piece, or, in default of payment, adjudge you to a fortnight’s hard labour at the Mill. But on Manlius rests a heavier stain. How long, O Manlius, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shall this madness of thine escape unpunished? When will this unbridled boldness of thine come to an end? What, then—does not the watch nightly sit at the Capitol? Does not the police of the city,—does not the fear of the people,—do not the devoted meetings of the sober citizens,—does not this very spot on which my chair rests, guarded as it is by an efficient police,—do none, I say, of these things make you blush, and lose your countenance?—With all these omens about you, with the city flourishing as it does, has it never occurred to your mind that you are ruining your constitution, disgusting your friends, and leading your associates to destruction. I fine you in ten *asses*, and, in default of payment, adjudge you to one month’s hard labour. And let me warn you, that if you persist in your dissolute course, I will no longer permit you to escape by the payment of a sum of money.”

Thus ends this interesting trial. I may perhaps, if this paper should attract the notice which from these valuable extracts it deserves, proceed with them, before laying the whole in a more compendious form before the world. For the information of the curious, I may as well mention that the MS. alluded to is marked H. U. M. in the Corpus Library.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER.

DURING the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself as the shades of the evening drew on within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was—but, with the first glimpse of the building a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment, with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain—upon the bleak walls—upon the vacant eye-like windows—upon a few rank sedges— and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul, which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium—the bitter lapse into common life—the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart,—an unredeemed dreariness of thought, which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it—I paused to think—what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the reason and the analysis of this power lie among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate its capacity for sorrowful impression; and, acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn, that lay in unruffled lustre by the dwelling, and gazed down—but with a shudder even more thrilling than before—upon the re-modelled and inverted images of the grey sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boon companions in boyhood; but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country—a letter from him—which, in its wildly importunate nature, had admitted of no other than a personal reply. The MS. gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness; of a pitiable mental idiosyncrasy which oppressed him; and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best, and indeed his only personal friend, with a view of attempting, by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and much more, was said—it was the apparent *heart* that went with his request—which

allowed me no room for hesitation, and I accordingly obeyed what I still considered a very singular summons forthwith.

Although as boys we had been even intimate associates, yet I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had been always excessive and habitual. I was aware, however, that his very ancient family had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperament, displaying itself through long ages in many works of exalted art, and manifested of late in repeated deeds of munificent yet unobtrusive charity, as well as in a passionate devotion to the intricacies, perhaps even more than to the orthodox and easily recognisable beauties of musical science. I have learned, too, the very remarkable fact that the stem of the Usher race, all time-honoured as it was, had put forth at no period any enduring branch; in other words, that the entire family lay in the direct line of descent, and had always, with very trifling and very temporary variation, so lain. It was this deficiency, I considered, while running over in thought the perfect keeping of the character of the premises with the accredited character of the people, and while speculating upon the possible influence which the one in the long lapse of centuries might have exercised upon the other — it was this deficiency, perhaps, of collateral issue, and the consequent undeviating transmission from sire to son of the patrimony with the name, which had at length so identified the two as to merge the original title of the estate in the quaint and equivocal appellation of the "House of Usher," — an appellation which seemed to include in the minds of the peasantry who used it both the family and the family mansion.

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment of looking down within the tarn had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition — for why should I not so term it? — served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis. And it might have been for this reason only, that when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself, from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy — a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that around about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity — an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the grey wall, and the silent tarn, in the form of an inelastic vapour or gas, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued. Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts, and the utterly porous and evidently decayed condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old wood-work, which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with

no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zig-zag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

Noticing these things I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the hall. A valet of stealthy step thence conducted me in silence through many dark and intricate passages in my progress to the *studio* of his master. Much that I encountered on the way contributed, I know not how, to heighten the vague sentiments of which I have already spoken. While the objects around me—while the carvings of the ceilings, the sombre tapestries of the walls, the ebon blackness of the floors, and the phantasmagoric armorial trophies, which rattled as I strode, were but matters to which, or to such as which I had been accustomed from my infancy. While I hesitated not to acknowledge how familiar was all this, I still wondered to find how unfamiliar were the fancies which ordinary images were stirring up. On one of the staircases I met the physician of the family. His countenance, I thought, wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity. He accosted me with trepidation, and passed on. The valet now threw open a door, and ushered me into the presence of his master.

The room in which I found myself was very large, and excessively lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trelliced panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around. The eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irredeemable gloom hung over, and pervaded all.

Upon my entrance Usher arose from a sofa upon which he had been lying at full length, and greeted me with a vivacious warmth, which had much in it. I at first thought of an overdone cordiality—of the constrained effort of the *ennuyé* man of the world. A glance, however, at his countenance convinced me of his perfect sincerity. We sat down; and for some moments, while he spoke not, I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half of awe. Surely man had never before so terribly altered in so brief a period as had Roderick Usher! It was with difficulty that I could bring myself to admit the identity of the wan being before me with the companion of my early boyhood. Yet the character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complexion; an eye large, liquid, and luminous beyond comparison; lips somewhat thin, and very pallid, but of a surpassingly beautiful curve; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations; a finely-moulded chin, speaking, in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy; hair of a more

than web-like softness and tenuity; these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily to be forgotten. And now, in the mere exaggeration of the prevailing character of these features, and of the expression they were wont to convey, lay so much of change that I doubted to whom I spoke. The now ghastly pallor of the skin, and the now miraculous lustre of the eye, above all things startled and even awed me. The silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all unheeded, and as in its wild gossamer texture it floated rather than fell about the face, I could not even with effort connect its arabesque expression with any idea of simply humanity.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence—an inconsistency; and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to overcome an habitual trepidancy, an excessive nervous agitation. For something of this nature I had indeed been prepared, no less by his letter than by reminiscences of certain boyish traits, and by conclusions deduced from his peculiar physical conformation and temperament. His action was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision (when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance) to that species of energetic concision—that abrupt, weighty, unhurried, and hollow-sounding enunciation—that leaden, self-balanced, and perfectly modulated guttural utterance, which may be observed in the moments of the intensest excitement of the lost drunkard, or the irreclaimable eater of opium.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me, and of the solace he expected me to afford him. He entered at some length into what he conceived to be the nature of his malady. It was, he said, a constitutional and a family evil, and one for which he despaired to find a remedy—a mere nervous affection, he immediately added, which would undoubtedly soon pass off. It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. Some of these, as he detailed them, interested and bewildered me,—although, perhaps, the terms, and the general manner of the narration had their weight. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; the most insipid food was alone endurable; he could wear only garments of certain texture; the odours of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. "I shall perish," said he, "I *must* perish in this deplorable folly. Thus—thus, and not otherwise, shall I be lost. I dread the events of the future, not in themselves, but in their results. I shudder at the thought of any, even the most trivial incident, which may operate upon this intolerable agitation of soul. I have, indeed, no abhorrence of danger, except in its absolute effect—in terror. In this unnerved—in this pitiable condition—I feel that I must inevitably abandon life and reason together in my struggles with some fatal demon of fear."

I learned, moreover, at intervals, and through broken and equivocal hints, another singular feature of his mental condition. He was enchained by certain superstitious impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted, and from which for many years he had

never ventured forth—in regard to an influence whose supposititious force was conveyed in terms too shadowy here to be restated—an influence which some peculiarities in the mere form and substance of his family mansion had by dint of long sufferance, he said, obtained over his spirit; an effect which the *physique* of the grey walls and turrets, and of the dim tarn into which they all looked down, had at length brought about upon the *morale* of his existence.

He admitted, however, although with hesitation, that much of the peculiar gloom which thus afflicted him could be traced to a more natural, and far more palpable origin; to the severe and long-continued illness—indeed to the evidently approaching dissolution of a tenderly-beloved sister; his sole companion for long years; his last and only relative on earth. Her decease, he said, with a bitterness which I can never forget, would leave him (him the hopeless and the frail) the last of the ancient race of the Ushers. As he spoke, the Lady Madeline (for so was she called) passed slowly through a remote portion of the apartment, and, without having noticed my presence, disappeared. I regarded her with an utter astonishment, not unmingled with dread. Her figure, her air, her features, all in their very minutest development were those—were identically, (I can use no other sufficient term,) were identically those of the Roderick Usher who sat beside me. A feeling of stupor oppressed me as my eyes followed her retreating steps. As a door at length closed upon her exit, my glance sought instinctively and eagerly the countenance of the brother; but he had buried his face in his hands, and I could only perceive that a far more than ordinary wanness had overspread the emaciated fingers, through which trickled many passionate tears.

The disease of the Lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physicians. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting away of the person, and frequent, although transient affections of a partially cataleptical character, were the unusual diagnosis. Hitherto she had steadily borne up against the pressure of her malady, and had not betaken herself finally to bed; but, on the closing in of the evening of my arrival at the house, she succumbed, as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation, to the prostrating power of the destroyer; and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain; that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more.

For several days ensuing her name was unmentioned by either Usher, or myself; and, during this period I was busied in earnest endeavours to alleviate the melancholy of my friend. We painted and read together, or I listened, as if in a dream, to the wild improvisations of his speaking guitar. And thus, as a closer and still closer intimacy admitted me more unreservedly into the recesses of his spirit, the more bitterly did I perceive the futility of all attempt at cheering a mind, from which darkness, as if an inherent positive quality, poured forth upon all objects of the moral and physical universe, in one unceasing radiation of gloom.

I shall ever bear about me a memory of the many solemn hours I thus spent alone with the master of the House of Usher. Yet I should fail in any attempt to convey an idea of the exact character of the studies, or of the occupations in which he involved me, or led

me the way. An excited and highly distempered ideality threw a sulphureous lustre over all. His long improvised dirges will ring for ever in my ears. Among other things, I bear painfully in mind a certain singular perversion and amplification of the wild air of the last waltz of Von Weber. From the paintings over which his elaborate fancy brooded, and which grew touch by touch into vaguenesses, at which I shuddered the more thrillingly, because I shuddered knowing not why — from these paintings (vivid as their images now are before me) I would in vain endeavour to educe more than a small portion, which should lie within the compass of merely written words. By the utter simplicity, by the nakedness of his designs, he arrested and overawed attention. If ever mortal painted an idea, that mortal was Roderick Usher. For me, at least, in the circumstances then surrounding me, there arose out of the pure abstractions which the hypochondriac contrived to throw upon his canvass, an intensity of intolerable awe, no shadow of which felt I ever yet in the contemplation of the certainly glowing, yet too concrete reveries of Fuseli.

One of the phantasmagoric conceptions of my friend, partaking not so rigidly of the spirit of abstraction, may be shadowed forth, although feebly, in words. A small picture presented the interior of an immensely long and rectangular vault or tunnel, with low walls, smooth, white, and without interruption or device. Certain accessory points of the design served well to convey the idea that this excavation lay at an exceeding depth below the surface of the earth. No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch, or other artificial source of light, was discernible — yet a flood of intense rays rolled throughout, and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendour.

I have just spoken of that morbid condition of the auditory nerve which rendered all music intolerable to the sufferer, with the exception of certain effects of stringed instruments. It was, perhaps, the narrow limits to which he thus confined himself upon the guitar, which gave birth, in great measure, to the fantastic character of his performances. But the fervid *facility* of his impromptus could not be so accounted for: they must have been, and were in the notes, as well as in the words of his wild fantasias, (for he not unfrequently accompanied himself with rhymed verbal improvisations,) the result of that intense mental collectedness and concentration to which I have previously alluded as observable only in particular moments of the highest artificial excitement. The words of one of these rhapsodies I have easily borne away in memory. I was, perhaps, the more forcibly impressed with it as he gave it; because in the under or mystic current of its meaning I fancied that I perceived, and for the first time, a full consciousness on the part of Usher, of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne. The verses, which were entitled "The Haunted Palace," ran very nearly, if not accurately, thus:—

I.

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Snow-white palace—reared its head.

In the monarch Thought's dominion—
 It stood there!
 Never seraph spread a pinion
 Over fabric half so fair.

II.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
 On its roof did float and flow;
 (This—all this—was in the olden
 Time long ago)
 And every gentle air that dallied,
 In that sweet day,
 Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
 A wing'd odour went away.

III.

Wanderers in that happy valley
 Through two luminous windows saw
 Spirits moving musically
 To a lute's well-tuned law,
 Round about a throne, where sitting
 (Porphyrogene!)
 In state his glory well-befitting,
 The sovereign of the realm was seen.

IV.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
 Was the fair palace door,
 Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
 And sparkling evermore,
 A troop of Echoes whose sweet duty
 Was but to sing,
 In voices of surpassing beauty,
 The wit and wisdom of their king.

V.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
 Assail'd the monarch's high estate;
 (Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
 Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)
 And, round about his home, the glory
 That blush'd and bloom'd
 Is but a dim-remember'd story
 Of the old time entomb'd.

VI.

And travellers now within that valley,
 Through the red-litten windows, see
 Vast forms that move fantastically
 To a discordant melody;
 While, like a rapid ghastly river,
 Through the pale door,
 A hideous throng rush out for ever,
 And laugh,—but smile no more.

I well remember that suggestions arising from this ballad led us into a train of thought, wherein there became manifest an opinion of Usher's, which I mention not so much on account of its novelty, (for other men have thought thus,) as on account of the pertinacity

with which he maintained it. This opinion, in its general form, was that of the sentience of all vegetable things. But, in his disordered fancy, the idea had assumed a more daring character, and trespassed, under certain conditions, upon the kingdom of inorganization. I lack words to express the full extent, or the earnest *abandon* of his persuasion. The belief, however, was connected (as I have previously hinted) with the grey stones of the home of his forefathers. The conditions of the sentience had been here, he imagined, fulfilled in the method of collocation of these stones, — in the order of their arrangement, as well as in that of the many fungi which overspread them, and of the decayed trees which stood around, — above all, in the long-undisturbed endurance of this arrangement, and in its reduplication in the still waters of the tarn. Its evidence — the evidence of the sentience — was to be seen, he said, (and I here started as he spoke,) in the *gradual yet certain condensation of an atmosphere of their own about the waters and the walls*. The result was discoverable, he added, in that silent, yet importunate and terrible influence, which for centuries had moulded the destinies of his family, and which made *him* what I now saw him — what he was. Such opinions need no comment, and I will make none.

Our books — the books which, for years, had formed no small portion of the mental existence of the invalid — were, as might be supposed, in strict keeping with this character of phantasm. We pored together over such works as the *Ververt et Chartreuse* of Gresset; the *Belphegor* of Machiavelli; the *Selenography* of Brewster; the *Heaven and Hell* of Swedenborg; the *Subterranean Voyage* of Nicholas Klimm de Holberg; the *Chiromancy* of Robert Flud, of Jean d'Indaginé, and of *De la Chambre*; the *Journey into the Blue Distance* of Tieck; and the *City of the Sun* of Campanella. One favourite volume was a small octavo edition of the *Directorium Inquisitorium*, by the Dominican Eymeric de Gironne; and there were passages in Pomponius Mela, about the old African Satyrs and Egipsans, over which Usher would sit dreaming for hours. His chief delight, however, was found in the earnest and repeated perusal of an exceedingly rare and curious book in quarto Gothic — the manual of a forgotten church — the "*Vigiliæ Mortuorum secundum Chorom Ecclesiæ Maguntinæ*."

I could not help thinking of the wild ritual of this work, and of its probable influence upon the hypochondriac, when one evening, having informed me abruptly that the Lady Madeline was no more, he stated his intention of preserving her corpse for a fortnight (previously to its final interment) in one of the numerous vaults within the main walls of the building. The worldly reason, however, assigned for this singular proceeding was one which I did not feel at liberty to dispute. The brother had been led to this resolution (so he told me) by considerations of the unusual character of the malady of the deceased, of certain obtrusive and eager inquiries on the part of her medical men, and of the remote and exposed situation of the burial-ground of the family. I will not deny that, when I called to mind the sinister countenance of the person whom I met upon the staircase on the day of my arrival at the house, I had no desire to oppose what I regarded as at best but a harmless, and not by any means an unnatural, precaution.

At the request of Usher, I personally aided him in the arrange-

ments for the temporary entombment. The body having been encoffined, we two alone bore it to its rest. The vault in which we placed it (and which had been so long unopened, that our torches, half smothered in its oppressive atmosphere, gave us little opportunity for investigation) was small, damp, and entirely without means of admission for light, lying at great depth immediately beneath that portion of the building in which was my own sleeping apartment. It had been used apparently, in remote feudal times, for the worst purposes of a donjon-keep, and in later days as a place of deposit for powder, or other highly combustible substance, as a portion of its floor, and the whole interior of a long archway through which we reached it, were carefully sheathed with copper. The door, of massive iron, had been also similarly protected. Its immense weight caused an unusually sharp grating sound, as it moved upon its hinges.

Having deposited our mournful burden upon tressels within this region of horror, we partially turned aside the yet unscrewed lid of the coffin, and looked upon the face of the tenant. The exact similitude between the brother and sister even here again startled and confounded me. Usher, divining perhaps my thoughts, murmured out some few words, from which I learned that the deceased and himself had been twins, and that sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed between them. Our glances, however, rested not long upon the dead; for we could not regard her unawed. The disease which had thus entombed the lady in the maturity of youth had left, as usual in all maladies of a strictly cataleptical character, the mockery of a faint blush upon the bosom and the face, and that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death. We replaced and screwed down the lid; and, having secured the door of iron, made our way with toil into the scarcely less gloomy apartments of the upper portion of the house.

And now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, an observable change came over the features of the mental disorder of my friend. His ordinary manner had vanished. His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten. He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal, and objectless step. The pallor of his countenance had assumed, if possible, a more ghastly hue; but the luminousness of his eye had utterly gone out. The once occasional huskiness of his tone was heard no more, and a tremulous quaver, as if of extreme terror, habitually characterized his utterance. There were times, indeed, when I thought his unceasingly agitated mind was labouring with an oppressive secret, to divulge which he struggled for the necessary courage. At times, again, I was obliged to resolve all into the mere inexplicable vagaries of madness, as I beheld him gazing upon vacancy for long hours in an attitude of the profoundest attention, as if listening to some imaginary sound. It was no wonder that his condition terrified, — that it infected me. I felt creeping upon me, by slow yet certain degrees, the wild influences of his own fantastic yet impressive superstitions.

It was most especially upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the Lady Madeline within the donjon, that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch, while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to reason off the nervousness which had dominion over

me. I endeavoured to believe that much, if not all, of what I felt, was due to the phantasmagoric influence of the gloomy furniture of the room — of the dark and tattered draperies, which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame, and at length there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and, peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, hearkened — I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me — to certain low and indefinite sounds which came through the pauses of the storm at long intervals, I knew not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste, for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night, and endeavoured to arouse myself from the pitiable condition into which I had fallen, by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

I had taken but few turns in this manner, when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognised it as that of Usher. In an instant afterwards he rapped with a gentle touch at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was, as usual, cadaverously wan; but there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes, an evidently restrained hysteria in his whole demeanour. His air appalled me; but anything was preferable to the solitude which I had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief.

“And you have not seen it?” he said abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence. “You have not, then, seen it? But, stay! — you shall.”

Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the gigantic casements, and threw it freely open to the storm.

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was, indeed, a tempestuous, yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular in its terror and its beauty. A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity; for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind; and the exceeding density of the clouds (which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house) did not prevent our perceiving the life-like velocity with which they flew careering from all points against each other, without passing away into the distance. I say that even their exceeding density did not prevent our perceiving this; yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars, nor was there any flashing forth of the lightning; but the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapour, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.

“You must not — you shall not behold this!” said I, shudderingly, to Usher, as I led him with a gentle violence from the window to a seat. “These appearances, which bewilder you, are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon; or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank miasma of the tarn. Let us close

this casement; the air is chilling, and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favourite romances. I will read, and you shall listen; and so we will pass away this terrible night together.

The antique volume which I had taken up was the "Mad Trist" of Sir Launcelot Canning; but I had called it a favourite of Usher's more in sad jest than in earnest; for, in truth, there is little in its uncouth and unimaginative prolixity which could have had interest for the lofty and spiritual ideality of my friend. It was, however, the only book immediately at hand; and I indulged a vague hope that the excitement which now agitated the hypochondriac might find relief (for the history of mental disorder is full of similar anomalies) even in the extremeness of the folly which I should read. Could I have judged, indeed, by the wild overstrained air of vivacity with which he hearkened, or apparently hearkened, to the words of the tale, I might have well congratulated myself upon the success of my design.

I had arrived at that well-known portion of the story where Ethelred, the hero of the Trist, having sought in vain for peaceable admission into the dwelling of the hermit, proceeds to make good an entrance by force. Here, it will be remembered, the words of the narrative ran thus:—

"And Ethelred, who was by nature of a doughty heart, and who was now mighty withal, on account of the powerfulness of the wine which he had drunken, waited no longer to hold parley with the hermit, who, in sooth, was of an obstinate and malicious turn; but, feeling the rain upon his shoulders, and fearing the rising of the tempest, uplifted his mace outright, and with blows made quickly room in the plankings of the door for his gauntleted hand, and now pulling therewith sturdily, he so cracked, and ripped, and tore all asunder, that the noise of the dry and hollow-sounding wood alarmed and reverberated throughout the forest."

At the termination of this sentence I started, and for a moment paused; for it appeared to me—(although I at once concluded that my excited fancy had deceived me)—it appeared to me that, from some very remote portion of the mansion or of its vicinity, there came indistinctly to my ears what might have been, in its exact similarity of character, the echo (but a stifled and dull one certainly) of the very cracking and ripping sound which Sir Launcelot had so particularly described. It was, beyond doubt, the coincidence alone which had arrested my attention; for, amid the rattling of the sashes of the casements, and the ordinary commingled noises of the still increasing storm, the sound in itself had nothing, surely, which should have interested or disturbed me. I continued the story.

"But the good champion Ethelred, now entering within the door, was sore enraged and amazed to perceive no signal of the malicious hermit, but, in the stead thereof, a dragon of a scaly and prodigious demeanour, and of a fiery tongue, which sate in guard before a palace of gold, with a floor of silver; and upon the wall there hung a shield of shining brass, with this legend enwritten:—

'Who entereth herein a conqueror hath bin,
Who slayeth the dragon the shield he shall win.'

And Ethelred uplifted his mace, and struck upon the head of the dragon, which fell before him, and gave up his pesty breath, with a

shriek so horrid and harsh, and withal so piercing, that Ethelred had fain to close his ears with his hands against the dreadful noise of it, the like whereof was never before heard."

Here again I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement, — for there could be no doubt whatever that, in this instance, I did actually hear (although from what direction it proceeded I found it impossible to say) a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound, — the exact counterpart of what my fancy had already conjured up as the sound of the dragon's unnatural shriek, as described by the romancer.

Oppressed as I certainly was upon the occurrence of this second and most extraordinary coincidence, by a thousand conflicting sensations, in which wonder and extreme terror were predominant, I still retained sufficient presence of mind to avoid exciting by any observation the sensitive nervousness of my companion. I was by no means certain that he had noticed the sounds in question; although, assuredly, a strange alteration had during the last few minutes taken place in his demeanour. From a position fronting my own, he had gradually brought round his chair, so as to sit with his face to the door of the chamber, and thus I could but partially perceive his features, although I saw that his lips trembled as if he were murmuring inaudibly. His head had dropped upon his breast; yet I knew that he was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eye as I caught a glance of it in profile. The motion of his body, too, was at variance with this idea; for he rocked from side to side with a gentle yet constant and uniform sway. Having rapidly taken notice of all this, I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot, which thus proceeded:—

"And now the champion, having escaped from the terrible fury of the dragon, bethinking himself of the brazen shield, and of the breaking up of the enchantment which was upon it, removed the carcass from out of the way before him, and approached valorously over the silver pavement of the castle to where the shield was upon the wall; which in sooth tarried not for his full coming, but fell down at his feet upon the silver floor with a mighty great and terrible ringing sound."

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips than, as if a shield of brass had indeed at the moment fallen heavily upon a floor of silver, I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled, reverberation. Completely unnerved, I started convulsively to my feet; but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a more than stony rigidity. But, as I laid my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his frame, a sickly smile quivered about his lips, and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over his person, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

"Not hear it? Yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long—long—long—many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it—yet I dared not—oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am!—I dared not—I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I

not my senses were acute? I *now* tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them—many, many days ago—yet I dared not—I *dared not speak!* And now—to-night—Ethelred—ha! ha!—the breaking of the hermit's door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangour of the shield,—say rather the rending of the coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh! whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footsteps on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!"—here he sprung violently to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul—"Madman! *I tell you that she now stands without the door!*"

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell, the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed, threw slowly back upon the instant their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust; but then without those doors there *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the Lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold, then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and in her horrible, and now final death-agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had dreaded.

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath, as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued, for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely-discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken, as extending from the roof of the building in a zigzag direction to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened,—there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind,—the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight,—my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder,—there was a long tumultuous shouting sound, like the voice of a thousand waters,—and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the "House of Usher."

A PROPOS TO THE DOCTOR'S LAMENTED DEATH.

WHAT'S the news?—Why, they say, Death has kill'd Doctor Morrison.—The Pill-maker?—Yes.—Then Death will be sorry soon.

[From the French:—

Quoi de nouveau? La Mort vient d'enlever Bois rude.
Ce fameux médecin?—Oui.—Quelle ingratitude!]

J. A. J.

COUNTY LEGENDS.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

No. I.

Bloudie Jacke of Shrewsberrie,

THE SHROPSHIRE BLUEBEARD.

A LEGEND OF "THE PROUD SALOPIANS."

Hiscæ ferè temporibus, in agro Salopiensi, Quidam, cui nomen Johannes, & Sanglaunt deinde nuncupatus, uxores quamplurimas ducit, enecat et (ita referunt) manducat; ossa solùm cani miræ magnitudinis relinquens. Tum demùm in flagrante delicto, vel "manu rubrà," ut dicunt Jurisconsulti, deprensus, carnificè vix opprimitur.—RADULPHUS DE DICETO.

OH! why doth thine eye gleam so bright,
 Bloudie Jacke?
 Oh! why doth thine eye gleam so bright?—
 The Mother's at home,
 The Maid may not roam,
 She never will meet thee to-night!
 By the light
 Of the moon—it's impossible—quite!

Yet thine eye is still brilliant and bright,
 Bloudie Jacke!
 It gleams with a fiendish delight—
 "'Tis done—
 She is won!
 Nothing under the sun
 Can loose the charm'd ring, though it's slight!
 Ho! ho!
 It fits so remarkably tight!"—

The wire is as thin as a thread,
 Bloudie Jacke!
 The wire is as thin as a thread!—
 "Though slight be the chain,
 Again might and main
 Cannot rend it in twain—She is wed!
 She is wed!
 She is mine, be she living or dead!
 Haw! haw!!"—

Nay, laugh not, I pray thee, so loud,
 Bloudie Jacke!
 Oh! laugh not so loud and so clear!
 Though sweet is thy smile
 The heart to beguile,
 Yet thy laugh is quite shocking to hear,
 Oh dear!
 It makes the blood curdle with fear!

The Maiden is gone by the glen,
Bloudie Jacke !
 She is gone by the glen and the wood—
 It's a very odd thing
 She should wear such a ring,
 While her tresses are bound with a snood.
By the rood!
 It's a thing that's not well understood !

The Maiden is stately and tall,
Bloudie Jacke !
 And stately she walks in her pride ;
 But the Young Mary-Anne
 Runs as fast as she can,
 To o'ertake her, and walk by her side :
Though she chide—
 She deems not her sister a bride !

But the Maiden is gone by the glen,
Bloudie Jacke !
 Mary-Anne, she is gone by the lea ;
 She o'ertakes not her sister,
 It's clear she has miss'd her,
 And cannot think where she can be !
Dear me !—
 "Ho ! ho !—We shall see—we shall see !" —

Mary-Anne is gone over the lea,
Bloudie Jacke !
 Mary-Anne, she is come to the Tower ;
 But it makes her heart quail,
 For it looks like a jail
 A deal more than a fair Lady's bower,
So sour
 Its ugly grey walls seem to lour.

For the Barbican's massy and high,
Bloudie Jacke !
 And the oak-door is heavy and brown,
 And with iron it's plated,
 And machecollated
 To pour boiling oil and lead down ;
How you'd frown
 Should a ladle-full fall on your crown !

The rock that it stands on is steep,
Bloudie Jacke !
 To gain it one's forced for to creep ;
 The Portcullis is strong,
 And the Drawbridge is long,
 And the water runs all round the Keep ;
At a peep
 You can see that the Moat's very deep !

The Drawbridge is long, but it's down,
 Bloudie Jacke!
 And the Portcullis hangs in the air;
 And no Warder is near,
 With his horn, and his spear,
 To give notice when people come there.—
 I declare
 Mary-Anne has run into the Square!

The oak-door is heavy and brown,
 Bloudie Jacke!
 But the oak-door is standing ajar,
 And no one is there
 To say, "Pray take a chair,
 You seem tired, Miss, with running so far—
 So you are—
 With grown people you're scarce on a par!"

But the Young Mary-Anne is *not* tired,
 Bloudie Jacke!
 She roams o'er your Tower by herself;
 She runs through, very soon,
 Each boudoir and saloon,
 And examines each closet and shelf,
 Your pelf,
 All your plate, and your china,—and delf.

She looks at your Arras so fine,
 Bloudie Jacke!
 So rich, all description it mocks;
 And she now and then pauses
 To gaze at your vases,
 Your pictures, and or-molu clocks;
 Every box,
 Every cupboard and drawer she unlocks.

She looks at the paintings so rare,
 Bloudie Jacke!
 That adorn every wall in your house;
 Your *impayable* pieces,
 Your Paul Veroneses,
 Your Rembrandts, your Guidos, and Dows,
 Morland's Cows,
 Claude's Landscapes,—and Landseer's Bow-wows.

She looks at your Statues so fine,
 Bloudie Jacke!
 And mighty great notice she takes
 Of your Niobe crying,
 Your Mirmillo dying,
 Your Hercules strangling the snakes,—
 How he shakes
 The nasty great things as he wakes!

Your Laocoon, his serpents and boys,
Bloudie Jacke!
 She views with some little dismay;
 A fine copy of that I can
 See in the Vatican,
 Unless the Pope's sent it away,
 As they say,
 In the Globe, he intended last May.*
 There's your Belvidere Phœbus, with which,
Bloudie Jacke!
 Mr. Milman says none other vies.
 (His lines on Apollo
 Beat all the rest hollow,
 And gained him the Newdigate prize.)
 How the eyes
 Seem watching the shaft as it flies!
 There's a room full of satins and silks,
Bloudie Jacke!
 There's a room full of velvets and lace,
 There are drawers full of rings,
 And a thousand fine things,
 And a splendid gold watch, with a case
 O'er its face,
 Is in every room in the place.
 There are forty fine rooms on a floor,
Bloudie Jacke!
 And every room fit for a Ball,
 It's so gorgeous and rich,
 With so lofty a pitch,
 And so long, and so broad, and so tall;
 Yes, all,
 Save the last one—and that's very small.
 It boasts not stool, table, or chair,
Bloudie Jacke!
 But one Cabinet, costly and grand,
 Which has little gold figures
 Of little gold Niggers,
 With fishing-rods stuck in each hand.
 It's japann'd,
 And it's placed on a splendid buhl stand.
 Its hinges and clasps are of gold,
Bloudie Jacke!
 And of gold are its key-hole and key,
 And the drawers within
 Have each a gold pin,
 And they're number'd with 1, 2, and 3,
 You may see
 All the figures in gold filigree!

* "The Pope is said—this fact is hardly credible—to have sold the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvidere to the Emperor of Russia for nine millions of francs."

Number 1's full of emeralds green,
Bloudie Jacke!
 Number 2's full of diamond and pearl;
 But what does she see
 In drawer Number 3
 That makes all her senses to whirl,
Poor Girl!
 And each lock of her hair to uncurl?—

Wedding Fingers are sweet pretty things,
Bloudie Jacke!
 To salute them one eagerly strives,
 When one kneels to "propose"—
 It's another *quelque chose*
 When, cut off at the knuckles with knives,
From our wives,
 They are tied up in bunches of fives.

Yet there they lie, one, two, three, four!
Bloudie Jacke!
 There lie they, five, six, seven, eight!
 And by them, in rows,
 Lie eight little Great-Toes,
 To match in size, colour, and weight!
From their state,
 It would seem they'd been sever'd of late.

Beside them are eight Wedding-rings,
Bloudie Jacke!
 And the gold is as thin as a thread—
 "Ho! ho!—She is mine—
 This will make up the Nine!"—
 Dear me! who those shocking words said?—
—She fled
 To hide herself under the bed.

But, alas! there's no bed in the room,
Bloudie Jacke!
 And she peeps from the window on high;
 Only fancy her fright
 At the terrible sight
 Down below, which at once meets her eye!
"Oh My!"
 She half utter'd,—but stifled her cry.

For she saw it was You and your Man,
Bloudie Jacke!
 And she heard your unpleasant "Haw! haw!"
 While the Maiden, stone dead,
 By the hair of her head,
 O'er the bridge you were trying to draw,
As she saw—
 A thing quite contra-ry to law!

Your Man has got hold of her heels,
Bloudie Jacke !
 Bloudie Jacke ! you've got hold of her hair !—
But nor Jacke nor his Man
Can see Young Mary-Anne,
 She has hid herself under the stair,
And there
 Is a horrid great Dog, I declare !

His eyeballs are bloodshot and blear,
Bloudie Jacke !
 He's a sad ugly cur for a pet ;
He seems of the breed
Of that " Billy," indeed,
 Who used to kill rats for a bet ;
I forget
 How many one morning he ate.

He has skulls, ribs, and vertebræ there,
Bloudie Jacke !
 And thigh-bones ;—and, though it's so dim,
Yet it's plain to be seen
He has pick'd them quite clean,—
 She expects to be torn limb from limb,
So grim
 He looks at her—and she looks at him !

She has given him a bun and a roll,
Bloudie Jacke !
 She has given him a roll and a bun,
And a Shrewsbury cake,
Of Pailin's own make,
 Which she happened to take ere her run
She begun—
 She'd been used to a luncheon at One.

It's " a pretty particular Fix,"
Bloudie Jacke !
 —Above,—there's the Maiden that's dead ;
Below—growling at her—
There's that Cannibal Cur,
 Who at present is munching her bread
Instead
 Of her leg, or her arm, or her head.

It's " a pretty particular Fix,"
Bloudie Jacke !
 She is caught like a mouse in a trap ;—
Stay !—there's something, I think,
That has slipp'd through a chink,
 And fall'n, by a singular hap,
Slap,
 Into poor little Mary-Anne's lap !

It's a very fine little gold ring,
Bloudie Jacke!
 Yet, though slight, it's remarkably stout,
But it's made a sad stain,
Which will always remain
 On her frock—for Blood will not wash out;
I doubt
 Salts of Lemon won't bring it about!

She has grasp'd that gold ring in her hand,
Bloudie Jacke!
 In an instant she stands on the floor,
She makes but one bound
O'er the back of the hound,
 And a hop, skip, and jump to the door,
And she's o'er
 The Drawbridge she'd traversed before!

Her hair's floating loose in the breeze,
Bloudie Jacke!
 For gone is her "bonnet of blue."
—Now the Barbican's past!—
Her legs "go it" as fast
 As two drumsticks a-beating tattoo,
As they do
 At Réveillie, Parade, or Review!

She has run into Shrewsbury town,
Bloudie Jacke!
 She has called out the Beadle and May'r,
And the Justice of Peace,
And the Rural Police,
 Till "Battle Field" swarms like a Fair,—
And see there!—
 E'en the Parson's beginning to swear!!

There's a pretty to-do in your Tower,
Bloudie Jacke!
 In your Tower there's a pretty to-do!
All the people of Shrewsbury
Playing old gooseberry
 With your choice bits of taste and *virtù*;
Each bijou
 Is upset in their search after you!

They are playing the deuce with your things,
Bloudie Jacke!
 There's your Cupid is broken in two,
And so too, between us, is
Each of your Venuses,
 The "Antique" ones you bought of the Jew,
And the new
 One, George Robins swears came from St. Cloud.

The CALLIPYGE 's injured behind,
 Bloudie Jacke!
 The DE MEDICI 's injured before;
 And the ANADYOMENE
 's injured in so many
 Places, I think there 's a score,
 If not more,
 Of her fingers and toes on the floor.

They are hunting you up stairs and down,
 Bloudie Jacke!
 Every person to pass is forbid,
 While they turn out the closets
 And all their deposits—
 “There 's the dust-hole—come lift up the lid!”—
 So they did—
 But they could not find where you were hid!

Ah! ha!—they will have you at last,
 Bloudie Jacke!
 The chimneys to search they begin;—
 They have found you at last!—
 There you are, sticking fast,
 With your knees doubled up to your chin,
 Though you 're thin!
 —Dear me! what a mess you are in!—

What a terrible pickle you 're in,
 Bloudie Jacke!
 Why, your face is as black as your hat!
 Your fine Holland shirt
 Is all over dirt!
 And so is your point-lace cravat!
 What a Flat
 To seek such an asylum as that!

They can scarcely help laughing, I vow,
 Bloudie Jacke!
 In the midst of their turmoil and strife;
 You 're not fit to be seen!
 —You look like Mr. Kean
 In the play, where he murders his wife!—
 On my life
 You ought to be scraped with a knife!

They have pull'd you down flat on your back,
 Bloudie Jacke!
 They have pull'd you down flat on your back!
 And they smack, and they thwack,
 Till your “funny-bones” crack,
 As if you were stretched on the rack,
 At each whack!—
 Good lack! what a savage attack!

They call for the Parliament Man,
 Bloudie Jacke!
 And the Hangman, the matter to clinch,
 And they call for the Judge,
 But others cry "Fudge!—
 Don't budge, Mr. Calcraft,* an incl !
 Mr. Lynch †
 Will do very well at a pinch !"

It is useless to scuffle and cuff,
 Bloudie Jacke!
 It is useless to struggle and bite !
 And to kick and to scratch !
 You have met with your match,
 And the Shrewsbury Boys hold you tight,
 Despite
 Your determined attempts "to shew fight."

They are pulling you all sorts of ways,
 Bloudie Jacke!
 They are twisting your right leg Nor-West,
 And your left leg due South,
 And your knee 's in your mouth,
 And your head is poked down on your breast,
 And it's prest,
 I protest, almost into your chest !

They have pull'd off your arms and your legs,
 Bloudie Jacke!
 As the naughty boys serve the blue flies ;
 And they 've torn from their sockets,
 And put in their pockets
 Your fingers and thumbs for a prize !
 And your eyes
 A Doctor has bottled—from Guy's.‡

* Jehan de Ketché acted as Provost Marshal to the army of William the Conqueror, and received from that monarch a grant of the dignity of Hereditary Grand Functionary of England, together with a "croft or parcel of land," known by the name of the **Olde Battie**, co. Middx. to be held by him, and the heirs general of his body, in Grand Serjeantry, by the yearly presentation of "ane hempen cravatte." After remaining for several generations in the same name, the office passed, by marriage of the heiress, into the ancient family of the Kirbys, and thence again to that of Callcraft, (1st Eliz. 1558.)—Abhorson Callcraft, Esq. of Saffron Hill, co. Middx. the present representative of the Ketchés, exercised his "function" on a very recent occasion, and claimed, and was allowed the fee of 13½*d.* under the ancient grant as **Hangman's Collages**.

ARMS.—1st and 4th, Quarterly, Argent and Sable ; in the first quarter a Gibelet of the second, noosed proper, *Callcraft*. 2nd, Sable, three Night-caps Argent, tufted Gules, 2 and 1, *Ketché*. 3rd, Or, a Nosegay *flourant*, *Kirby*.

SUPPORTERS.—*Dexter*: A Sheriff in his pride, robed Gules, chained and collared Or.—*Sinister*: An Ordinary displayed proper, wiggèd and banded Argent, nosed Gules.

MOTTO.—SIC ITUR AD ASTRA !

† The American Justinian, Compiler of the "Yankee Pandects,"

‡ A similar appropriation is said to have been made, by an eminent practitioner, of those of the late Monsieur Courvoisier.

GASPARD DE BESSE.

BY MISS LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

ABOUT the commencement of the eighteenth century there existed in Provence one of those remarkable characters who from time to time appear in a country, amaze and affright its inhabitants by their actions, become its hero, and leave behind them a name illustrious in popular tradition. Such was Robin Hood in England; Fra Diavolo in Italy; Rob Roy in Scotland; José in Andalusia; and, not less renowned in Provence was Gaspard de Besse. The sandy shores of the Durance, and the verdant mountains of the Var, were alike the scenes of his exploits: sometimes he was spoken of as engaged in daring adventures in the environs of Aix, and in the Venaissin: the possessions of the Holy Father were placed under contribution by him, as well as those under the jurisdiction of the Duke de Villars, then governor of Provence. He contrived to elude all pursuit; to escape all ambuscades; and, while he was sought in the deep gorges of Ollioules he was deep in his depredations in the woods of Esterel.

He is said to have carried his audacity so far as to venture even into the lion's mouth; and has been known to sign with his own hand descriptions of his person, which the local authorities had caused to be placarded on the inn-doors, and other places of public resort.

There was no want of superstitious dread attached to his name,—which circumstance, doubtless, was mainly instrumental in assisting his views; that he bore a charmed life, and, also, that he was capable of rendering himself invisible, were facts uncontested by most of the country people, to whom his deeds were familiar.

Often as the peasant's family crowded round the hearth at night wondrous tales were circulated of the famous robber, accompanied with all the exaggeration which fear suggested. Nevertheless there mingled with the awe he inspired but little detestation: it was true that he attacked and despoiled castles; but then the cottage was safe from his ravages; and, though he exacted heavy payments from the carriages of rich travellers passing through his territories, he permitted the humble cart or waggon of the poor farmer to pass unmolested. Gaspard de Besse was never known to shed blood, except in self-defence: no assassination had ever been charged against him; and frequently he abandoned an enterprise rather than become conqueror at the expense of human life.

The ladies of the higher classes of Aix were very far from looking upon this bold marauder with eyes of dislike or severity: not a few amongst them were content to pardon his thefts in consideration of his elegant manners, for

“He would talk—ye Gods! how he would talk!
Ask with such softness, *steal* with such a grace,
That 't was a pleasure to be robb'd by him!”

He never failed in the most gallant and complimentary manner to restore or leave some jewel when he took possession of a casket; and he pleaded with so much considerate forbearance that those fair

creatures whom his sudden appearance might have alarmed, would not oblige him to use force to open the cabinets, in which their treasures were concealed, that they never failed to present him with the keys.

When it is further added that he had the largest, softest, and most expressive blue eyes in the world, hair waving in the richest ringlets, and the whitest hands that ever were seen, the indulgence shown towards him will not appear so extraordinary. One lady, remarkable for her beauty, related an anecdote of Gaspard, which was frequently repeated: "He seemed," she said, "infinitely more gratified in having an opportunity of kissing her beautiful hand than in taking the valuable rings from her fingers;" and, on her entreating him to permit her to keep a favourite one, he had exclaimed, "Keep it, by all means—another recollection will be attached to the jewel in future!"

It was the middle of the month of July when Madame de Servaine was on her way to a château which she possessed near the banks of the Durance. At that time of the year in Provence the heat is so violent, that, except in cases of absolute necessity, no one thinks of following the great roads during the day. Madame de Servaine had, consequently, quitted Aix in the evening, and night surprised her carriage on the narrow and secluded cross-road which led to the small village of Sainte Marie de Réparade. Aware that she could not arrive at her destination by daylight, and having some fears on account of the current reports respecting Gaspard de Besse, who was suspected to be hovering with his band in the vicinity of Aix, the Marquise had ordered her people to take every precaution. The four horses were urged forward with all the speed that the rugged road permitted by postilions armed with pistols, and the two accompanying domestics kept their place on the box, each similarly provided in case of need. Their beautiful mistress, meantime, was languidly reposing within, nearly lulled to sleep by the monotonous sound of the wheels, and the soft and perfumed air which breathed upon her; while at a distance she already hailed the bright waters of the Durance dancing in the rays of the moon. Roused by this welcome sight, she looked forth, and began to trace the windings of the sparkling river, when a woody eminence suddenly concealed it from her, and at the same moment her carriage stopped abruptly, and she found herself surrounded by a band of brigands, armed to the teeth, and presenting a most formidable aspect. It was easy to judge that resistance was useless; her servants, therefore, on seeing several carbines presented at their heads, came to the conclusion that submission was the best policy. The terrified beauty, trembling with agitation, lost no time in taking off her bracelets, rings, and other ornaments, and drawing her veil over her face, she extended her hand, filled with trinkets, to the intruders.

At this instant several pistol-shots were heard; and with the rapidity of lightning two mounted cavaliers rushed amongst the band of robbers, and began a furious attack with their sabres. Madame de Servaine uttered a cry of joy, not unmingled with alarm, and threw herself back in her carriage, covering her head with the cushions. How long she remained in this position she could not tell, but was restored to her senses by a soft voice close to her ear, which in the most re-assuring accents entreated her to dismiss all

fear, for that the band of Gaspard de Besse was dispersed, and she could pursue her way in safety.

Summoning courage, she ventured to look round her, and became aware that the broad moonlight fell only on the forms of the two friendly cavaliers, who were stationed at her carriage door, their hats in their hands, and each in an attitude of the greatest respect. Madame de Serviane then learned that one of the gentlemen was Monsieur de Prieuré, a person of condition of Avignon, who, accompanied by his servant, was on his way to a small country-house, which he had lately bought, not far from Sainte Marie de Réparade. Monsieur de Prieuré escorted the beautiful Marquise to the gates of her château of Arnajon, and did not leave her till he had obtained permission to wait on her the following day.

When the morrow arrived, the Marquise, still agitated and nervous from her recent terror, but lovely in her paleness, received with every mark of grateful acknowledgment the generous man who had thrown himself into so much danger on her account, and had rendered her so important a service. She now observed that Monsieur de Prieuré, added to a remarkably handsome exterior infinite grace and refinement of manners, much elegance of discourse, and an air of good breeding, which at once told his position in society. There was a peculiar dignity, amounting almost to pride, in his demeanour, and a scar on his forehead, the faint line of which was lost amidst the profusion of his hair, proved that his courage had been put to more than one proof.

An acquaintance began under such romantic circumstances was likely to become intimate. Monsieur de Prieuré's country-house was but at a short distance from that of Madame de Serviane; at least, two leagues to a cavalier accustomed to hunting, was but an insignificant ride: his presence, therefore, at the château was continual; no day passed without his visit; and the fair Marquise would have felt extremely disappointed if his usual hour had arrived without bringing her new and agreeable companion, whose anecdotes of the gay world, and of the best society of Aix, amused her infinitely. But, though it was evident he spoke of that which was familiar to him, he acknowledged that, in his present mood, society was distasteful to him, and that it was with the purpose of avoiding it that he had retired to that neighbourhood to bury himself in woods, and roam undisturbed amongst the scenes of nature. Whenever, therefore, any of her friends happened to arrive, Monsieur de Prieuré invariably took his leave, with entreaties for her excuse of his misanthropy.

Meantime the adventure had made a great noise in the district, and it was whispered that the pretty widow was far from insensible to the good qualities of her deliverer. What gave some colour to this rumour was, that, instead of a sojourn of a few days, according to her original intention, Madame de Serviane had allowed several weeks to elapse without announcing her purpose to return to Aix. Monsieur de Prieuré appeared equally contented in his sylvan retreat; they met daily, and all day long; both were young, both attractive, and both free to choose; what, therefore, could be more likely than that a marriage should complete the romance.

It so happened that a party of friends, who no doubt were not without a certain degree of curiosity on the subject, arrived sud-

denly one morning early at the château of Arnajon. Monsieur de Prieuré, who was ignorant of this circumstance, was surprised on paying his visit at the usual time to find so much company: though evidently rather annoyed, he was too well-bred to allow his feelings to interfere with the cheerfulness of the party whom he joined: he entered gaily into conversation, partook of the *déjeuner*, and took several turns in the gardens with the young Marquise and her guests. All this time a gentleman, Monsieur le Comte de Fontenay, kept his regards constantly fixed on Monsieur de Prieuré, who on his side appeared disturbed by his observation. Scarcely had he entered the *salon*, when he started in evident astonishment; and, speaking a few words in a low voice to his *chasseur*, the latter immediately departed in some haste. Monsieur de Prieuré soon appeared to recover the embarrassment of finding himself in so marked a manner the object of a stranger's scrutiny, and was seated in one of the arbours of the garden, discoursing with much animation, when his servant—the same who had assisted him in the rescue of Madame de Servaine, approached, and whispered a few words in his ears. He rose, and, turning to the Marquise, begged her to excuse his departure, as an affair of some moment called him hence.

"Hold!" suddenly exclaimed Monsieur de Fontenay; "further concealment is useless."

"What do you mean, Count?" was the general question.

"Stop! wretch and deceiver!" cried Monsieur de Fontenay. "Assist me, friends! Secure the impostor! Is it possible that you do not recognise Gaspard de Besse!"

"If such be the case, this is somewhat a bold proceeding on your part, Count," coolly remarked the accused, snatching a pistol offered him by his servant; and, opening a passage for himself and attendant through the astonished group, whom the terror of his name had petrified with alarm, and who stood, unable to offer any impediment to his flight. They reached the garden gate, where two powerful horses were in waiting, and each mounting, they rode off at full speed, waving their hands to a body of armed police, who, led by the *chasseur* of Monsieur de Fontenay, had at the moment arrived from a considerable distance, already exhausted with their speed.

What were the feelings of the beautiful widow when she discovered the real danger to which she had been exposed, when by degrees the whole truth became apparent to her mind, and she saw how strangely she had been made the dupe of this singular and fascinating person. Although she thanked Monsieur de Fontenay very sincerely for his timely interference, she could not altogether smother a latent regret that so accomplished, so refined, so delicate, and so respectful a lover, as generous as he was bold, should be so utterly unworthy of her regards.

The next morning two letters were found, one in the boudoir of the Marquise, the other on the chimney-piece in the dining-room, addressed to the Count de Fontenay. The latter was brief, and was thus expressed:—

"We shall meet again. Gaspard de Besse neither forgets nor forgives. When the hour of vengeance is arrived, you will not escape it."

The other letter ran thus:—

“The secret which I have never dared openly to confess, in spite of the many opportunities which your confiding sweetness gave me, but which my every look and word must have revealed to you, I am now bold enough to declare. Yes, too lovely woman! I adore you, and am forced to tell my passion, not with a hope of mitigating your scorn, not with a thought of being heard with indulgence, alas! I tell it only as my excuse! Forgive the extravagance, the delirium of a passion which could make an outcast forget his position,—which could encourage one so unworthy of you to cling to hope even to the last, and nourish in his heart the fatal tenderness which could never meet with return. To be near you daily, to hear your voice, and meet the soft glances of your eyes, unconscious as you were of who he was who lived but in your presence,—this has been my happiness too long—it has been my crime!—but the temptation was too great, and I yielded. But ask your heart if I deserve no indulgence? I am a robber,—an outlaw. I am guilty of all that your friends and my enemies may charge me with; but you were sacred in my eyes. Except by my presumptuous love, which I concealed, have I deserved your reproaches? No: you were always in my power, and I took no advantage of it. A short existence of purity and happiness has dawned upon me; and, now that it is past, I can look back to the time without remorse, and with ever-springing delight, though the object of my wild imaginings is never to be mine. Receive my blessing—my sojourn near you has made me worthy to bless you—and adieu!

“GASPARD DE BESSE.”

There had been a long interregnum of hostilities on the part of the celebrated chief, and the country residents round were enjoying their security, when, immediately after the discovery at Madame de Serviane's, the depredations of Gaspard and his band became more tremendous than ever. Châteaux were pillaged, and robberies innumerable committed; but everything in the possession of Madame de Serviane was respected,—not a grape from one of her vines was taken, and she felt secure in the midst of confusion. Whatever were her secret feelings on the subject of the romantic bandit, her pride forbade all indulgence in regret, or at least all appearance but of indignation; and, whether from pique or vanity it is difficult to decide, she was induced to accept the addresses of M. de Fontenay, who had been a suitor for her hand during the greater part of her two years' widowhood.

The Count, who since the event which had banished the strange lover of the Marquise had lived constantly a guest at the château, was in the habit of spending some hours every morning in the chase in the neighbouring woods. The security which reigned in every part of Madame de Serviane's domains, and the reports of the police that Gaspard was engaged in his pursuits in Upper Provence, had lulled suspicion, and Monsieur de Fontenay, without any arms but the sword he usually wore, amused himself in his ordinary manner.

The middle of September had arrived, and one morning the young huntsman was pursuing his devious way through the middle of a wooded valley entirely solitary, when two cavaliers on a sudden darted out of a thick copse, and stood before him. He had no difficulty in recognising Gaspard and his attendant. Flight was out of

the question. The horse of the bandit had a reputation for swiftness, to which he had often proved his just claim ; besides, the natural bravery of the young man made him unwilling to withdraw from the conflict, however unequal. He drew his sword, therefore, and resolved to sell his life dearly.

"I promised you this, Count," said Gaspard. "I keep my word. You are now in my power, and you will not easily escape me."

"Have I attempted it ?" coldly replied the Count. "But if you seek my life, it will not be yours without a struggle."

"If I desired to kill you," answered Gaspard, contemptuously, "it would have cost me little trouble." At the same time he showed the pistols in his belt. "But I am no assassin ; it is a duel that I require."

"You jest," exclaimed de Fontenay. "How long is it since men of family have been in the habit of fighting duels with robbers on the highway ?"

"If noble blood is necessary on this occasion," said Gaspard, with a smile, "I can satisfy your punctilious feelings."

As he spoke, he advanced close to the Count, and seizing his arm before he was aware, bent down towards him, and rapidly pronounced a few words. The Count started.

"Is this true ?" he exclaimed. "It is very strange !"

"I attest its truth by the soul of my mother, whose tomb, covered with its armorial bearings, is to be seen in the cathedral of Aix."

"I am at your service," said Monsieur de Fontenay, dismounting from his horse at the same moment as Gaspard ; and the combat began. At the third pass Monsieur de Fontenay, wounded in the shoulder, lay extended on the grass, disarmed, and his sword broken.

The countenance of Gaspard was horribly pale ; strong emotions seemed struggling in his bosom. He bent over his fallen adversary, and had raised his arm to strike the last blow, when, drawing a deep breath, and with a violent effort, he started back.

"No !" he cried aloud,—"it shall never be said that Gaspard killed an enemy vanquished and disarmed. Rise, Count de Fontenay, and depart, but, above all, *forget me*. If we should ever meet again, you will do well," he added, smiling, "not to recognise your old acquaintance."

Gaspard sprang upon his horse, and both robbers instantly disappeared.

The Count was careful not to speak of his adventure. He invented an excuse for his wound and the broken sword, and lost no time in pressing the beautiful widow to name the day of their nuptials.

Several months had now elapsed, and preparations on an extensive scale were being made for the event at the château of Arnajon. A small select party had been invited to be present at the signature of the contract, and the most brilliant of the distinguished families of Aix were assembled in the decorated drawing-rooms of the bride elect. All was gaiety and enjoyment, and a general air of cheerfulness and happy security reigned throughout the society, when the sound of a horse's feet galloping at full speed, and making the paved court re-echo with the clattering din, caused a panic in every breast. The saloon door was thrown open violently, and a cavalier, covered

with dust, and enveloped in a large cloak, rushed into the apartment.

"Thank God!" cried he, "I am yet in time! I have come before the hour."

He took off the broad hat which concealed his features, and the bride and bridegroom recognised the features of Gaspard de Besse. Madame de Serviane threw herself, overpowered with terror, into the arms of De Fontenay, who in the first movement of his rage had drawn his sword. At this sight, all the gentlemen present followed his example; but Gaspard, with a contemptuous glance throwing open his mantle, discovered to them that his pistols were ready to his hand.

"Silence! and listen to me," cried he, in an authoritative voice; and such was the ascendancy that he possessed, that every sword's point was lowered instantly. "I come not here," he continued, "to injure, but to save. Know, also, that we do not meet on equal grounds. You, Count, who stand there impatiently playing with the hilt of your sword, can best judge. The castle is surrounded. In one moment fifty men, as determined as those before me, and better armed, will be here, and one drop of my blood shed would cost the lives of all. Believe me," he added, seeing the indecision of the gentlemen whom he addressed, "my voice would be more powerful to save you than all those swords. Sheath them, therefore, and leave me the master in this business. Remain passive, and I answer for you with my head, otherwise you are dead men."

Scarcely had he finished speaking when cries and shrieks resounded through the building; the courts and gardens were filled with banditti, whose grim faces appeared at the windows, and who had already forced the doors, armed with poniards and pistols. A fearful silence reigned in the saloon. Gaspard firmly and resolutely kept his station beside the fainting form of the Marquise. The banditti advanced to within a few paces of the terrified guests, when their chief stepped forward and presented himself. Loud acclamations hailed his presence; but at a sign from him they ceased at once, and retreated as by magic into the outer courts, where they remained silent and immovable, waiting his commands.

"You are safe," he said, turning to the company. "I learnt only this very morning the project suggested by one of my lieutenants. Twenty leagues separated me from this château, which he proposed to pillage to-night. You see how necessary my presence was, and that resistance would have been fatal."

When he had concluded, he walked up to the table on which lay the contract of marriage; he stooped down, with a smile on his lip, and taking a pen, affixed his signature to the paper beside those of the witnesses, — and who was there bold enough to say him nay? Then with the calmest aspect, as though there was nothing out of the ordinary course of things in his situation, he knelt at the feet of Madame de Serviane, and taking a ring from his girdle, he placed it on her finger, entreating her to wear it as a souvenir of his visit.

The Marquise, with a deep blush, recognised a ring which, in a moment of confidence, she had herself presented to her disguised lover.

Five minutes afterwards, the Durance separated Gaspard and his band from the château of Arnajon.

Many years after, this redoubted chief of brigands was taken, judged, and condemned to death. Many persons of rank used their utmost endeavours to obtain his pardon, and the Countess de Fontenay and her husband were not amongst the least strenuous; but, in spite of their active exertions, the result was unfavourable. The judges would hear of no extenuation; the trial was carried on with rigour. So dangerous and so fascinating a robber could not hope to meet with leniency; and Gaspard de Besse underwent the punishment of the wheel in the public square at Aix.

L. S. C.

MORN AT SEA.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

CLEARLY with mental eye,
Where the first slanted ray of sun-light springs,
I see the morn with golden-fringed wings
Up pointed to the sky.

In youth's divinest glow,
She stands upon a wandering cloud of dew,
Whose skirts are sun-illumed with every hue
Worn by God's cov'nant bow!

The child of light and air!
O'er land or wave, where'er her pinions move,
The shapes of earth are clothed in hues of love
And truth, divinely fair.

Athwart this wide abyss,
On homeward way impatiently I drift;
Oh! might she bear me now where sweet flowers lift
Their eyelids to her kiss!

Her smile hath overspread
The heaven-reflecting sea, that evermore
Is tolling solemn knells from shore to shore
For its uncoffin'd dead.

Most like an angel friend,
With noiseless footsteps, which no impress leave,
She comes in gentleness to those who grieve,
Bidding the long night end.

How joyfully will hail,
With re-enliven'd hearts, her presence fair,
The helpless shipwreck'd, patient in despair,
Watching a far off sail.

Vain all Affection's arts
To cheer the sick man through the night have been;
She to his casement goes, and looking in,
Death's shadow thence departs.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE MERCHANT'S WARD.

PROVING THE TRUTH OF THE OLD SAW, THAT WHEN ONE DOOR
SHUTS ANOTHER OPENS.

THE MERCHANT.

It is veritably reported of a certain sapient philosopher, that he one summer's day took with him a large flask of Venice glass into the sunshine, and filling it with the rays of light, corked it up, and carefully enwrapping it in the ample folds of his cloak, took it incontinently to his cell, expecting that on the arrival of night he might use it as a substitute for his lamp! Disappointment was, of course, the only result he obtained from his experiment.

As difficult have other men found it to catch and confine the subtle rays of beauty. Lattices, *jalousies*, and dark chambers have alike proved useless and unavailing, and the beams of loveliness have struggled into liberty despite every precaution.

“Early to bed, and early to rise,
Make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,”

and “Catch a weasel asleep,” were the favourite sayings of the thrifty Master Morton Hardinge, one of the luckiest traders in the city of London (for he really possessed but a very small complement of brains), and his richly-laden argosies were continually traversing the seas, bringing great gains to his growing exchequer.

Being a man of good repute and known wealth, he was above the suspicion of wrong; his ample means, like unto many another rogue in grain, placing him, fortunately for his soul's health, above temptation.

Among his friends—such friends as worldly men may claim—was one Master Robert Dormer, who in his day had been a trader of some eminence; but, having amassed a considerable fortune, retired, upon the death of his spouse, from the care and turmoil attending upon commerce, and spent the remnant of his days in the society of his only daughter Agnes.

Scarcely, however, had she attained her tenth year, when ruthless death snatched from her her indulgent parent, bequeathing her to the trust and guardianship of Hardinge, as well as the whole of his wealth, of which Agnes was not to become mistress until she arrived at the ripe age of twenty-four. In the management of the fortune, Hardinge found both pleasure and profit; but in the management of Mistress Agnes he discovered neither,—the cause whereof will be satisfactorily shown.

THE WARD.

AGNES DORMER was as wild as a young fawn, and as graceful withal. Under the eye of her indulgent parent she had grown at will, unpruned and unimproved, flourishing with all the beauty and luxuriance of an untrained vine. Nature had, fortunately, bestowed upon her such perfections both in mind and body, that even educa-

tion, or the want of it rather, could not entirely efface her good qualities. She possessed a quick and playful wit, that, like sunshine to a landscape, threw a charm over every conversation in which she joined. She acquired knowledge without an effort; and even the cold and calculating guardian avowed that she was superior to his best clerk in the attainments of reading and writing, rendering him, when in the humour, the most valuable assistance in the arrangement of his accounts.

And had he been a votary of the sea-born Venus, instead of the earth-born Plutus, he certainly would have become enamoured of his beautiful ward; but in the love of gold was concentrated all the best affections of his nature.

Being unmarried,—for the expense of a wife and family affrighted his prudence,—Agnes had no one of her own sex to commune with, except the servants of his establishment, which, in his pride, he certainly kept up with a due regard of his rank and wealth.

As Agnes grew to womanhood, Hardinge naturally conceived there was some danger of his ward's forming an attachment which might prove detrimental to, and nip the fruits of his productive guardianship in the bud; he therefore secretly resolved to take every precaution to prevent the occurrence of such a calamity.

THE NURSE.

WITH due caution Hardinge sought for and selected a matron, whose age and ugliness would have alone recommended her as the very flower of duennas to the most suspicious don in Hispania.

Under the title of nurse, he introduced this elderly female to his household, who was henceforth to be the dragon in the garden of Hesperides. Her very appearance at the first introduction seemed to have an influence upon the light-hearted Agnes; for, to the astonishment of Hardinge, she accosted her with so much gravity, and such a quiet and chastened demeanour, that the merchant was delighted.

This satisfaction, however, was speedily destined to be a little troubled. Seizing an opportunity when she was alone with him,—“Uncle,” said Agnes, for so she usually styled her guardian, “Uncle, methinks of all virtues, economy is one of the best, seeing that it is one of the most productive.”

“Well said, and wisely, child,” replied Hardinge.

“And therefore,” continued Agnes, gravely, “if I can prove you one of the most economical of men, uncle, you must consequently be one of the best.”

“In what mean you, child?” demanded Hardinge.

“In the pickling department of your housewifery,” replied Agnes. “By ’r Lady! the saving of vinegar by the introduction of Nurse Beatrice must prove enormous; for truly methinks, uncle, one sour look of hers will suffice to pickle a whole jar of cucumbers.”

Hardinge was confounded, and before he could summon up courage to parry this sportive thrust, the lively Agnes had beaten a retreat to the music of her own laughter.

THE COMPACT.

BEATRICE proved to Agnes the very shadow of beauty; for neither at home nor abroad did she stir but the lynx-eyed nurse was at

her heels. All her good humour, however, proved insufficient to shield her against the depressing effects of this annoyance; and she resolved, with that decision which was such a remarkable feature in her character, at once to express her mind upon the subject.

The old woman was industriously plying her needle, while the light-hearted Agnes was listlessly turning over her tablets.

"Sweet nurse," said she, "methinks thou hast remarkably good eyes."

"Our Lady be praised!" replied the nurse, reverently, "my sight is good."

"And thou canst, doubtless, see as far through a millstone as most folks, I trow," continued her charge.

"Sooth can I!" said the old woman, with a knowing shake of the head, and attempting what she intended, poor soul! for a smile, but which degenerated into nothing more nor less than an awful grin!

"And thou hast an eye to thy interest in the service thou hast taken of my very worthy and worshipful guardy?"

"Well, well, child," said the nurse, "I believe I *do* know on which side my bread's buttered."

"A good saying,—and I'll match it with another,—fair words butter no parsnips; and therefore, nurse, will I without phrase inform thee, that I am not only rich, but free,—nay, I love liberty as much as any little bird of the air, and feel that being caged would kill me outright. Besides, I am too great a baby to be put into leading-strings; it is now some years since I bade farewell to them and the go-cart."

"Tut, tut, sweet!" cried Beatrice; "what *art* thou driving at?"

"None are so blind as those who won't see," answered Agnes, archly; "there's another of thy favourite proverbs for thee. Now, mark me,—I would that thou shouldst practise this same wilful blindness in respect to my actions."

"Dear, sweet, good lady, what dost thou mean?"

"This,—that when we are walking abroad, and thy wary eye should chance to see some gay young cavalier kiss his hand to me—"

"Very improper!" exclaimed the nurse.

"Very," said Agnes; "and therefore shut thy virtuous eyes against the impropriety, and consequently there will be no need of reporting the naughty impertinence of these gallants to my afflicted guardy. Let me alone suffer the indignity, and, depend on 't, I'll bear it like a woman; knowing that, sooner or later, I shall meet my reward."

The heiress then proceeded to inform Beatrice that she would act as she pleased in despite of all opposition; that she was fully persuaded of the sordid reasons her guardian had for keeping her secluded; and finally, that if Beatrice did not become perfectly neuter in the struggle she would torment her continually, and lead her such a dance that she should rue the day when she had undertaken the office of a spy; on the contrary, that if she would only be conveniently blind and deaf, as became a woman of her years and discretion, she would patronize her, and told her to calculate the advantages.

The old woman was certainly staggered; but a little consideration, and certain weighty considerations offered by Agnes, made duty kick the beam.

THE PAGE.

MASTER GERARD WYNSTONE was the son of an opulent wine-merchant; in the matter of dress, an ape; and in the quantity of brains, a veritable donkey. No saunterer in Saint Paul's attracted more notice, for he was a most egregious fop.

This youth, by reason of his wealth and expectations, had been greatly favoured by Master Hardinge, who regarded him as an excellent match for his ward, and he, consequently, often sat at the board of the merchant. As for the youth, not less ordinary than vain, he was perfectly smitten with the charms of the amiable Agnes.

In allusion to his father's calling, she named her suitor the Knight of the Wooden *Cask*; complained that his *port* was very well for a wine-merchant; and, in fine, made a *butt* of him!

Her wit and her raillery, however, failed in driving her awkward suitor to despair, or from her presence. The fact is, the love of Agnes retained him, and the love of interest, Master Hardinge; for it was perfectly understood that the latter was to receive a handsome "commission" upon the delivery of his beautiful ward and her fortune into the hands of Master Wynstone.

Taking his customary stroll in the forenoon in the busy aisles of St. Paul's,—at that period serving as a kind of 'change, where the merchants and traders of the city resorted to transact their affairs,—the youth was beckoned aside by a smart page in the livery of Hardinge.

"Well, Andrew?" said Wynstone.

"Step aside, Master Wynstone," said the page; "I have that to communicate will glad thee."

"A billet, by 'r lady!" exclaimed Wynstone.

"A billet by a lady, from the hands of her page," replied Andrew, cap in hand.

"There's a *noble* for thee," said the elated suitor. "I'll e'en place it in my doublet and read it."

"Had'st thou not, fair sir, better read it first, and place it in thy doublet afterwards? There may, perchance, be some response to the missive."

Wynstone broke the seal, and read the following invitation:—

"To-night, after the hour of vespers, strike thy guitar beneath my window."

"Short—very short," said Master Gerard, turning over the laconic epistle.

"A word to the wise is sufficient," said Andrew, with a roguish leer, that contained more meaning than the other had wit to comprehend.

"True, good Andrew," replied Wynstone. "I'll not fail—I say I'll not fail."

And Andrew skipped away, his hand in his pocket, playing with the *noble*.

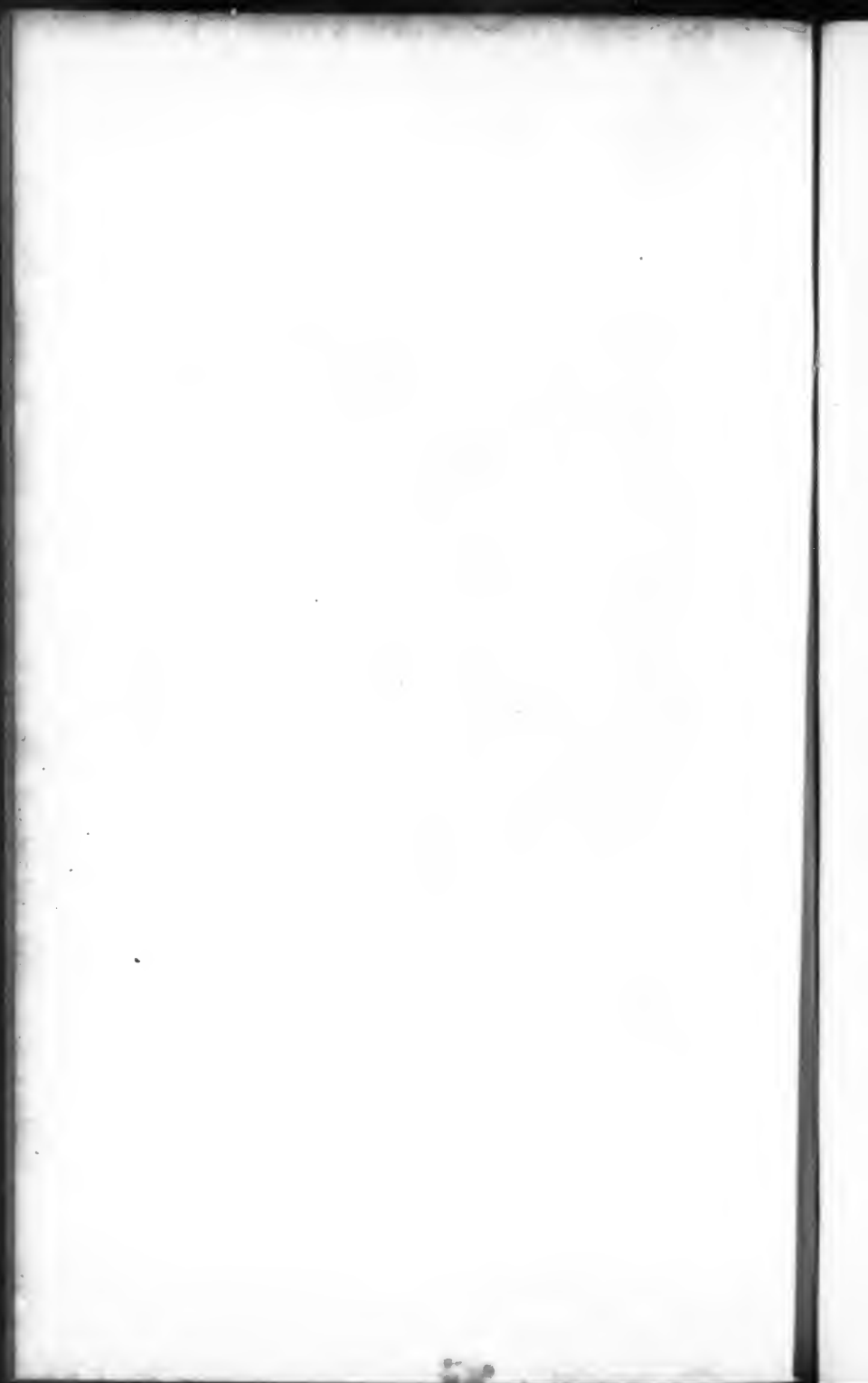
"Knave!" exclaimed a voice at his ear, while his arm was rudely grasped,—"*Thou arrant knave!*"

"Ah! what, Master Valentine!" cried Andrew. "What strange men you lovers are!"

"Rather say what great rogues you pages are," retorted Master



Adapted from the
The
MERCHANTS
WARD



Valentine, a most elegant youth, and one of those same gay "young cavaliers who kissed their hands to Agnes," when she walked abroad, and who had, moreover, very reasonable hopes that his attentions were favourably received. "Traitor! did I not see thee e'en now deliver a letter to yon dunder-headed bumpkin!—a walking popinjay!—the mark of ridicule, at whom every finger points."

"I confess — I confess," replied Andrew calmly, "that I did deliver unto his most fine worship a letter indited by the hands of my fair mistress."

"And addressed to him?" cried Master Valentine, in jealous apprehension.

"Nay, there was no address," said Andrew, "except in the delivery thereof."

"Then it must have been intended for me."

"It was—I confess it was," replied Andrew.

"And, darest thou tell me this?" cried Master Valentine, raising his walking-staff.

"Nay, spare my shoulders," said the page, "for I have spared thine, Sir Valentine, seeing that that very billet contained a thrashing. I do not allude to the up-strokes or the down-strokes in which the fair hand of my mistress hath writ the same; but, of a verity, no more nor less than a sound drubbing. Master Wynstone, depend on 't, will receive the contents in full, to his heart's discontent."

"Thou double-tongued, double-faced rogue, explain this riddle!" exclaimed Master Valentine, somewhat appeased, and sorely puzzled.

And Andrew forthwith informed him that Agnes had scarcely written her letter, when her guardian, coming suddenly in, had discovered her before she had superscribed it, and that he took the unfortunate billet, and, summoning Andrew into his presence, with mock politeness, bade him instantly deliver it to the "gallant suitor of Mistress Agnes," who, on her part strongly but vainly protested against this arbitrary proceeding. But the page on his way over-hearing Hardinge inform the sturdy porter of his establishment that he suspected "there might be an intruder in the court that night," and ordering him to prepare a couple of stout oaken staves to give him a "welcome," he had taken the liberty to peep into the unfortunate epistle, and wisely concluding from its ambiguous terms that it might suit Master Wynstone as well (or better, under the circumstances,) as Master Valentine, he had cunningly delivered it accordingly, vowing that he really knew no other gallant suitor, or as such acknowledged at the house, than the aforesaid Master Wynstone.

The lover, of course, loudly applauded, and amply rewarded the adroit and faithful Master Andrew, who, gleefully putting up the well-earned nobles, declared that "really serving two masters was not only very easy, but extremely pleasant and profitable withal."

The appointed hour at length arrived; and with it the delighted Master Wynstone and his music, quite perfect in a most bewitching serenade, as crammed with conceits as a wedding-cake with confectionary.

The door of the courtyard stood "grinning" most invitingly open, and he stepped in.

But scarcely had he struck an attitude and his guitar, and war-

bled forth the half of the first stanza of his amatory ditty, when his voice suddenly changed to a squall or shriek, which ran through several bars with shakes and variations altogether quite novel in the vocal art; for the incensed Hardinge, aided by his porter, fell so furiously upon the unfortunate Knight of the Wooden *Cask*, that his cries alarmed the watch, who rushed pell-mell into the court, with their staves and lanterns, by the light of which the astonished Master Hardinge discovered the woeful features of his most dear young friend. Terribly alarmed, he led the tender lover (tender, at least, from the drubbing he had received,) into his mansion, and loudly summoned all his household.

But, alas! it proved a night of trouble. Agnes, Beatrice, and Andrew, were all missing!

A whole week elapsed before the merchant obtained any tidings of the fugitives; and then an applicant, in the person of Master Valentine, formally waited upon the guardian in the character of his ward's husband, for an immediate arrangement of her affairs.

THE THREE EPOCHS.

A BALLAD.

I.

On! what is *the Past* but a *desolate shrine*,
 O'er whose ruins the nightshade and hemlock entwine;
 Where the wreaths that they weave are all wet with the tears
 Pale *Memory* weeps over the tombs of past years?
 Round the portals some stray wither'd flowers may be seen,
 And a few sunny spots, with their verdure still green:
 But, alas! from the dark, dreary, desolate halls,
 No echo replies to the Pilgrim who calls.

II.

And, what is *the Present*? A wilderness wide,
 Where the weed grows as fast as the flower by its side.
 Ye may pluck the sweet blossoms, poor children of clay,
 But the bloom of their beauty will soon fade away!
 Oh! the brightest of sunshine your pathway may light,
 But 'tis sure to be chequer'd by storm ere the night:
 'Tis a cold chilly clime this dull planet of ours;
 Yet we cling to it still for the sake of its flowers!

III.

And, what is *the Future*? More blest it would seem
 Than the *Heaven* which the *Patriarch* saw in his dream!
 A fair realm of enchantment—an exquisite sphere—
 Ye'll not find it *below*,—do not seek for it *here*!
 Go! weep at the shrine of the desolate *Past*—
 Go! cherish earth's loveliest flowers *while they last*;
 And *some day* ye shall reach that bright beautiful shore,
 Where the sorrows of *Time* are remembered no more!

W. EDWARDS SKAITE.

JOURNAL OF OLD BARNES, THE PANTALOOON,

ON A TRIP TO PARIS, 1830.

"AT nine '*appartements à louer garni*' out of ten they refused to take us and our tricks in; so I told Seymour to carry his windmill back to the hotel, and Ronaldson to follow him with the property swans; and presently I had the satisfaction to see Seymour blown round the corner, windmill and all.

"Harlequin now came to us, and we succeeded in hiring lodgings. Harlequin (the Jew-Frenchman) introduced me to his wife. Looked like a screw, though he informed me that she was the best of creatures. Made an agreement to lodge and board with Mr. and Mrs. Harlequin, and returned to the hotel to pay our bill. Great row with the ladies about the charges: very extravagant. Swore considerably in English, and made them take off one-third of the amount. Did the hotel-keeper, as I found he wanted to do me. I paid him in English shillings, instead of francs!—ha! ha! Off to our new apartments, 39, Rue Chaussée d'Antan. No dinner ordered. That looked rather ominous as regarded the boarding part of the business. Gave the screw a scrutinising glance, and went to Mr. Wood's to dinner. Good English dinner, bottled porter, St. Emilion wine, and grog to qualify. Stayed till evening, laughing and talking. Told them how I served Ellar, the harlequin, who came over here with me five years ago, and we lived together in the house of a Madame Bambayet. Good old creature! we were both in love with her. I believed I pretended more than I really felt, or I should never have got my stockings mended; but I found out that she liked Ellar the better of the two. She had seen his neat figure in the patched jacket, and that had tickled her fancy. I was jealous—as most pantaloons are,—and I hit upon an ingenious and diabolical expedient to disgust Madame Bambayet with Ellar. I succeeded. She looked upon him with horror ever afterwards. The pantomime in which we both played at the theatre had a great run; it was the first English pantomime that had been carried over there for many years, consequently we had no rehearsals after it was produced, and nothing to occupy our time in the morning; so sometimes we used to amuse ourselves by going to St. Cloud, and angling in the Seine, where we caught a sort of gudgeon. Our bait was a box of gentles; and this box was kept with our other tackle in the closet of our double-bedded room. One night it so happened that I came home earlier than usual. I had quarrelled with Ellar about this same Madame Bambayet. So, when I got in, out of revenge, I boldly emptied the contents of the gentle-box into Ellar's bed, underneath the sheet; got into my own bed, and pretended to go to sleep. Ellar soon came home, and retired to rest. I chuckled; for I knew that Madame Bambayet would come into our room the first thing in the morning, to see whether we wanted anything. Madame did come in; and, peering about, she saw what she did not quite understand: those gentles that found Mr. Ellar's bed too warm for them had made their way on to the shining tile-floor, and there were hundreds of them hopping and rolling in all directions. She exclaimed

'Grand Dieu! quec que c'est?' Ellar was asleep; so I quietly pointed to him, and said, 'He could not help it, but he was subject to them!' Oh! I wish you could have seen the look of horror depicted on the old lady's physiognomy! '*Ah! les vilaines bêtes!*' Ellar waking, and raising himself up, shook off another hundred, and Madame Bambayet hastened as quickly as possible out of the room.

"When I went down stairs the old lady proposed sending for a medical man; but I told her 'it was of no use; that it was all over, and Mr. Ellar was only troubled that way three or four times a year, and that it was a great relief to his constitution.

"I settled his business with Madame Bambayet, for she never paid him any attention afterwards, and did not wonder at his always looking so pale; in fact, she was glad when he was gone!

"I went home about ten o'clock to my new apartment (dog-hole), which Mrs. Jew-Frenchman-Harlequin was to get ready for me, or, more properly speaking, a clothes cupboard, into which they had crammed a bedstead, table, chair, washing-stand, so that I could hardly turn myself round. Grumbled to myself, but quite loud enough for my hostess to hear me. Got into bed grumbling, and endeavoured to go to sleep; but a sort of French ladybird, called '*punaises*,' (dictionary,) attacked me at all points, and I was obliged to get up in my own defence, and slay away as fast as possible. This amusement lasted till daylight, about three o'clock, when they sounded a retreat; and glad enough I was to observe their numbers disappear. By degrees I so far got them under that I fell into a sort of slumber till seven; when I disturbed my hostess and her spouse, and Columbine and her mamma, to breakfast. Queer breakfast for boarders: weak, watery coffee, stale bread, no eggs, not a bit of cold meat. 'How did you rest?' inquired our landlady.—'Oh,' replied Columbine's mamma, 'charmingly. I am delighted that we are out of that nasty hotel. We feel quite another thing.'—'And pray, Mr. Barnes, how did you sleep? I hope you found everything comfortable?'—'Very,' said I; 'but I wish I had stayed at the hotel, instead of coming here to be eaten up alive.'—'What?' said the hostess, 'eaten up! I am sure we slept *beautiful*;' and I did not feel or see *one*; there is not, I am sure, a single *punaise* in the place.'—'Madam,' said I gravely, 'there may not be a *single* one in the place; but I assure you that there are many *married* ones, ay, and *with very large families*.' As a proof, I requested her to inspect, and make a report of the desperate havoc I had made among such a host of nightly-marauding, blood-thirsty sleep-destroyers. I now made up my mind to be peremptory; and if things were not put into comfortable order, that I would imitate another actor,—that I would be *Mr. Decamp*. I saw by the sudden twinkle of the Jew-Frenchman's eye that he did not want to lose me as a boarder and lodger, and the screw-driver glanced at the screw! Harlequin looked at his wife. "Everything shall be quite right, depend upon it, to-night, Mr. Barnes.—'I am not to be caught,' says I.—'We will catch everything,' replied my hostess. I was still sulky; I had not been pleased with what they called breakfast. I had been offered some very shy coffee. I like tea better. I said so; but the next morning it had not improved—instead of shy coffee we had shy tea. Upon my hinting that I should take up my future quarters at Mr. Wood's house of entertainment, Mrs. Harlequin winked to her husband, (as she fancied, unperceived by me,) and with an insinuating

smile, said, 'G——, dear, let us have a very nice dinner to-day.'—'Yes, my love,' replied the Jew.—'Well, then, go to the restaurateur's, and order some of their nicest things, you know. Perhaps Mr. Barnes would walk with you; and then he will tell you what he likes best. And, dear,' (here they both winked again,) 'be sure to go to Monsieur Malasteque's, the wine-merchant, and let us have some good wine.' So harlequin patted me on the shoulder, accompanying that friendly action with the satisfactory words, 'Never mind, Jemmy, my boy! everything shall be all right to-night. I will take care of that.'—'You take care of that,' said my landlady. 'Impossible! my dear. You have got to go round to all our tradespeople. Perhaps Mr. Barnes, as I said before, will go with you. It will be a nice little walk for him. So, go you and see after the wine and the *brandy*, (and here she laid particular emphasis,) and, depend upon it, when you are at Mr. Malasteque's, and give *our ORDER*' (another wink, and I winked too, I suppose by sympathy,) 'you will both be sure to have a glass of good wine or brandy.'

"Now was I placed in the hands of these two instruments. I found one to be a *harpy*, and the other a *liar* (I'm afraid I have not spelt these words correctly); but they both knew that I had an engagement of eight pounds a week, and they meant to suck four out of it. But the proof of the pudding came in the eating. Breakfast was had enough. Now I will recapitulate the dinner—ahem!

"The cloth was laid. I began to hum a little air, for I did not like the look of it. I am much mistaken if it was not one of the sheets that some of us had slept in (not mine; *that* I could verify by the corpses of the *punaises*). I thought of Columbine's mamma! However, said I to myself, "Barnes, cut your coat according to your cloth!" Tried the iron blades of the knives; there was not one that would carve a crumpet. Presently there was placed on the table a piece of lean, boiled-to-death meat, which they dignified with the name of beef; but which looked to me more like the flesh of a Tothill-fields donkey! This was accompanied by a large mess of mashed onions. The beef pulled into strips—for the knives would not go through it; and it having previously done its best to enrich soup for somebody else, it was about as nourishing as a boiled worsted-stocking would be. Then came what they called a *fricandeau de veau, aux épinards*; but which resembled the upper part of a man's arm, with a hundred drawn teeth stuck in it, and laid in a hod of dark-green slime: when I was informed that it was veal larded with bacon, and spinach, I thought that the veal had spoiled the bacon, and the bacon had ruined the veal, and both had gammoned the spinach. They then brought something, which I imagined to be soap, but they said it was cheese; and it would have puzzled any literary *savan* to have exactly defined its quality. Then came the drinkables—*vin ordinaire*. I always before had thought the words were, *vin au diner*. It was sorry, rot-gut stuff; four glasses would make you melancholy; eight would sour you for a week. The best part of the meal was some strawberries; but I never touch them.

I began to compare myself to a ship in war-time, and thought that I was *boarded* by the enemy; at any rate I had complaints to make against the *victualling department*. Went out after this splendid fare, with grumbling gizzards. In the Tuileries Gardens accidentally met Mr. Mudpole, with his washing-book in his hand. He had been all

over Paris, as he told me, studying zoology, ophiology, ichthyology, ornithology, entomology, geology, conchology, mineralogy, although his favourite pursuit was *the-ology*. He had been inspecting the *gobelins* till he was as pale as a *ghost*. He had also inspected Versailles, and declared that, though he had been delighted with the allegorical, mythological, and historical statues, the perplexing labyrinths, the foaming cascades, and the disporting, leapingly, frolicsome gold and silver fish, yet his mind was irresistibly directed to contemplate awhile the Nebuchadnezzar-like spirit which must have prompted Louis the Fourteenth in the erection of a palace so voluptuous, and who, under the ambitious influence of a vanity analogous to that of the Eastern monarch, whenever he surveyed the greatness and extent of so mighty a project in the completion of so splendid and gorgeous a structure, with vaunting arrogance, in effect, would soliloquize, 'Is not this great Babylon which I have built, for the house of my kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?' Mudpole soon talked me off to Wood's; previously to which he asked me to take the trouble to read a part of the preface to his journal, which he had merely sketched. I begged that he would allow me to take the paper home, as I could not read in the open air without my spectacles.

"When I opened it, it ran thus:—'In the presentation of the subsequent journal, the writer humbly and deferentially craves indulgence for that deficiency which he may exhibit of grammatical correctness or syntactical propriety and precision. He is readily inclined to believe that his delineations will appear much after the same infelicitous condition with those of the unaided effusions of an uninspired and uninitiated scribbler, whose thoughts had never been impregnated by a draught from the sacred stream that laves the fabled mount of Helicon, or favoured with the requisite afflatus or impulses of the august and venerated Nine, and whom genius in fiction has ever been wont to invoke as the dispensers of wisdom, and as the beneficent and befriending patronesses of all who in this manner beseech their auspicious favour.'

"I read this over once or twice; but I confess it recalled to my recollection *the spinach!* Went home to my lodging sulkily, merely to see what sort of society I was likely to expect. Found Columbine and her mamma, Mr. and Mrs. Harlequin, and a personage I had not been introduced to before, a large white poodle dog as big as a sheep, who looked as if he took a great deal of Scotch snuff in both his eyes. He had been asleep all day, which accounted for my not seeing him. Well, home I went, in the hopes of passing an agreeable evening; but, somehow or other, there was not any conversation going on. I tried to start it once, but in vain; so I sat twiddling my thumbs. Presently the poodle, who rested his nose on the table, opened wide his jaws, and gaped awfully. This the animal did a second and third time. It became infectious; for Columbine's mamma extended her mouth almost as wide, which was sympathetically followed by her dutiful daughter. This made Mrs. Jew Frenchman gape also, which caused Harlequin to stretch his jaws and legs at the same time. This they all repeated. I became uneasy, and determined not to be guilty of the same rudeness; but, Lord! the d—d poodle looked at me wistfully in the face, and yawned again so wide, that off I went, and the whole party, dog and all, continued gaping for two hours. Now, this was what I call a pleasant evening. I tried this several other times; but

it was always the same, and the family circle yawned everlastingly. It so broke in upon my domestic comforts, that I was compelled to take regularly to Mr. Wood's *fuddley* for society.



"Soon our pantomime was ready at the theatre, and with great note of preparation out it came, 'Rôle de Pantaloon, par Monsieur Barnes, premiere artist des Theatres Royales de Londres;' and I am proud to say that we were attractive; for the manager was not a bankrupt until after we had returned to England. The audience received us with profound attention; none of that noise and whistling, and 'Hey-ho! Billy Burroughs,'—'Throw him over,'—and 'Order, order,' that salute your ears from the gentlefolks who visit our upper galleries, where the person who calls out 'Silence!' makes more noise than all the rest, and empty ginger-beer bottles are flung at the bald heads in the pit. No; the people are better behaved to both actors and authors; and if a person happens to be pertinaciously troublesome in any way, he is invited out of the theatre by a *gensd'arme*, in an uniform somewhat like that worn by the Oxford Blues, in Dighton's time. * * *

* * *
 Excitement of acting during the remainder of the month; took too much brandy and water. Ill; bilious; could not eat; but compelled to tumble about. Mr. Mudpole discovered that I was a stage-player, and cut me in abomination; got drunk out of spite. He was moved by one spirit, I by another!
 * * * * *

Did not continue my journal for many days; hand unsteady; never at any time any *great shakes* as a writer. Brandy don't agree with me. Resolve to try rum for a few days.

"Friday.—Oh! my head! It splits!

"Monday, July 26.—Everybody in a pucker, because King Charles the Tenth, Prince Polignac, and Peyronnet have taken it into their heads to stop the liberty of the press. I saw the populace go and break

the windows at the Treasury, and at Polignac's house. Barnes, my boy, here will be a row. Observe what is going on, but keep your head out of mischief. Report that the troops are ordered into Paris. 'No writing below twenty printed pages shall appear, except with the authority of the minister, Secretary of State for the Interior of Paris. Writings published without authority shall be immediately seized, the presses and types used in printing them shall be placed in a public *dépôt*, and under seals, or rendered unfit for use.' Ha! ha! ha!—here, in 1830, to issue such an order! What could Polignac and Peyronnet be thinking about? As for Charles the Tenth, the priests had driven his poor soul up into a corner.

"Tuesday, 27th July.—The National and the Temps, two principal newspapers, appeared as usual, without any license, and they had printed about five times as many as was usual. People reading them mounted on chairs in all directions. Cannon fired at Vincennes to alarm the populace early in the morning,—some said they were shooting *the reporters*. Soldiers were marching into Paris all day. The tradesmen began to shut their shops; and if Polignac and Peyronnet had shut up theirs then, much bloodshed would have been spared. Columbine's mamma asked me my opinion, whether we should be kept prisoners of war? I told her I did not think it likely that any one would *keep* her. There must have been between four and five thousand people in the Palais Royal. These were cleared out by the troops. Saw Mr. W—— W——, a London gentleman, I used to know at the Sans Pareil theatre, a friend of old Scott. He had a speculation with the diligences in Paris. He was in a terrible stew. The mob had taken three of his coaches to barricade the street. He had no resource; and when the soldiers and populace began to fight in earnest, he had the pleasure to see the balls whizzing through the panels and glasses of each of his dillys. But, Lord! they took sofas, tables, rolling-stones, wheel-barrows, anything to block up the way; they unpaired the Rue St. Honoré; they put the lamps out. The soldiers fired on the people, and killed several. Police officers went to the two newspaper offices, broke the doors open, and brought away the types and presses—several devils (printers') seized. Much firing of guns in the night. Put my bed on the floor, or I should not have had a wink of sleep. Heard a monstrous noise, peeped out of the window, and saw labourers carrying about the dead bodies of the men that had been shot. Turned sick, and wished myself at the Crown and Cushion, Little Russell Street, Covent Garden. Theatres closed. Brought home a bottle of brandy with me from Wood's, thank God! or I don't really know what would have become of me.

"Early in the morning the walls were all covered with bills and placards, put up by the press; agents of police pulling them down again. Seymour came up in a funk, and said the mob were carrying about *tripe*-coloured flags in all directions. The drums beat to arms, and I could scarcely stand on my legs, I was so nervous.

"How could the ministers have made themselves such stupid asses? When the row began, Prince Polignac said, 'This is nothing. In two hours all will be quiet.' Alack-a-day! it was quiet enough with soldiers and populace too—many hundreds of them. The students of the Polytechnic School marched to the Post Office in military order, and mounted guard there. I admired the young gentlemen's respect for *letters*.

“The battle raged in many quarters of the city. I was witness to a conflict that took place at the Pont Neuf, on the Quai des Augustins. The people drove a party of soldiers into the Marché à la Volaille,—chick-a-biddy market (dictionary),—and continued firing upon them; the soldiers defended themselves. Lord! to hear the shrieks of the old women, the cackling of the live cocks and hens, and the quacking of the ducks, and the gobbling of the turkeys, and, oh! the smashing of the crates of eggs, as the bullets went through them. Many a poor old fat poultry wife fell with her face in her own giblets; and several baskets of liberated pigeons were dashing about in all directions. And when, at the climax, the populace obtained a victory over the troops, one hearty cock gave a prodigious crow, which was responded to by fifty others in different parts of the market. I was pleased with the Gallic cocks! Napoleon’s eagles could not have behaved better. ‘Vive la Liberte! Vive la Patrie!’”

“His Majesty Charles the Tenth, perceiving the state of affairs, cut his stick, and went off with his staff to Versailles, the good folks of which hoisted the *tripe*-coloured flag in compliment to him, which he took as a hint. The Parisians entered the Royal Palace, and made free with the eatables and drinkables they found in it, also of two thousand muskets. The King bolted with his crown-jewels, and was soon back at his *head*-quarters, Holyrood House, ‘Auld Reekie,’—also, like Old Barnes, more frightened than hurt.

“Conclusion of the Journal.

“JAMES BARNES, scripsit.”

CONTRASTS IN THE LIFE OF A POET.

ONE cold afternoon in December, about the middle term of Elizabeth’s reign, a young cavalier rode across the long narrow bridge, which then all but blockaded the Thames, a little below the spot where the splendid structure of Rennie now spans its width, pierced into five arches of most magnificent sweep, and high architectural beauty. He was about thirty years of age, of fine figure, and good birth, judging from the Montero cap hanging with an appearance of studied neglect over his lofty and polished forehead, partly concealing his brows, and partly adding relief to the soft expression of a young and manly countenance, in which were easily traceable all the noble feelings of his period of life, and sentiments of the still-remaining chivalrousness of the time; for a Queen was then, as now, regnant, and the age of these glorious and ennobling sentiments, the daughters of chivalry, had not yet quite passed away.

Sighing while his rapid glance caught the towers that frowned above the bark-covered waters to his left, with a sentiment not unlike that apparently causeless feeling which we have all sometime or other experienced under similar circumstances— that fore-shadowing of the future which tells of coming evil,—he pursued his leisurely course across the trajet of old London Bridge; and, when he had reached its southern extremity, turning up the Bankside, spurred the rowels into the noble barb on which he was riding, directing his head towards the Globe theatre.

He galloped rapidly by the *bordellos*— for it was still somewhat of day— slouching his cap rather more closely than before, lest he should be seen by any of their inmates, and hailed thus early in the afternoon by his name

in the public way; he did not even deign a glance at the well-known sign of the Cardinal's Hat, — one which he was in the habit of frequenting, — but rode past it with increased rapidity; and passing the Bear Garden and the Rose, prepared to dismount beneath the Atlas supporting a Globe, under which was inscribed that motto which suggested to its greatest frequenter one of the most beautiful passages of his works:—

“Totus mundus agit histrionem.”

Alighting in the midst of a crowd of gallants led hither on the same errand with himself — the pursuit of pleasure, — he looked around for a boy to whom he should entrust the care of his horse, while he witnessed the performance of the day, which he saw, from the large announcing-paper affixed to the wall beside the entrance, was Master Heywood's then popular tragedy of “The Rape of Lucrece.” For some time, however, his search was in vain; for there was a crowd of nobles and followers of the court about the theatre, and for the space of some minutes he could not see disengaged any of the lads of the class he was seeking, so fully occupied were they. While thus delayed, he saw a second cavalier in the same predicament, who immediately approached, and addressed him.

“What! Walter! you, too, here! I thought you were one of those invited to attend her Majesty on the Greenwich party to-day. You should not so soon have forgotten your rare good fortune. A velvet cloak, and a well-shaped leg, have made you at once the royal favourite, and won a prize for which the whole court has long been vainly sighing! Why thus absent yourself from the smiles of the royal Isis?”

“Hush!” whispered he who was thus addressed: “fear you not that some of the court-gallants may hear you, and falsely report to our mistress; nay, may say that we spoke lightly and jestingly of her favours? That, you well know, with her would be nothing less than treason; for, although a queen, she is also a woman; and they are all alike sensitive when touched in the tender point.”

“What, man, would *you* have her more or less than woman?” was the carelessly hazarded reply; “think you were she either, that your slight service would have been so rewarded? Essex will improve the opportunity of your absence; for I heard of the Queen's quarrel with him the other day while you stood in the presence-chamber, and he abused you to her face. Nay, hark! fear not; I see you would interrupt me. But to me it appears not sufficient that you should have commenced, Walter: you must go on.”

“Remember you, I pray, of whom it is you speak thus, and where it is we wait.”

“Nonsense!” was the reply; “none of your wise saws for me. See you not that we are so far alone that none can overhear a word between us. Forget not the answer she made you at Whitehall when you scraped your moping on the glass with your ring:—

‘Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall;’

and she with her diamond, that some I wot of are so far gone in love as to say only shares the lustre of her eye, replied to your desponding—

‘If that thou fear, then climb thou not at all.’

What thinkest of that for encouragement, man?”

“Again I say hush!” answered Raleigh, for he it was who thus addressed the Earl of Southampton. “How soon it has transpired! I thought my gracious mistress's encouragement had not yet travelled beyond the immediate attendants of the Queen; but so it is ever. Envy, not love, no doubt, has noised it abroad thus rapidly.”

While the knights held this converse they saw approach a youth of prepossessing appearance, with a countenance inclining to the classical outline, and in whose features reposed the elements in which the soul sometimes manifests itself there, while his eye sparkled with all those evidences

of genius that poets and painters delight to detect or imagine in that speaking organ of the mind within. Lowering his cap with much gracefulness as he came up, he thus bespoke their favour :—

“Noble cavaliers, shall I have the pride to say that I have held the horses of the most gallant Raleigh, and the princely Earl of Southampton?”

“Said I not,” whispered the former, aside to his companion, “that we had need of caution in what we said here? You find that we are known even to these raggedlings.”

“We were seeking a boy to hold our horses; say, are you trustworthy?”

“Master Alleyn will speak for me,” was the youth’s brief reply.

“Thou art of Master Alleyn’s acquaintance, then?”

“Yes, most noble; he and I have passed some pleasant hours together at the Star; he laughing at my jests, I drinking his canary and hippocras: which has had the better bargain boots not me to say.”

The two horsemen gave him their steeds in charge on the strength of the acquaintance he claimed with Alleyn, then in his palmiest repute at the theatres. And when they remounted, at the close of the performances, they rewarded him with a groat, and an additional penny to drink their healths.

“There is something about that boy, wretched as is the calling he now exercises, which tells me that he possesses genius, and will some day have a name,” said Southampton to his companion, as they rattled homewards by the Cross of Chepe, on their way towards the bar nigh the Temple; not far from which, on the Strand, both resided. “I shall make inquiry after him at the Globe to-morrow; and if, as he says, he be known to Master Alleyn, why there must be something good in him, and he shall call upon me of a morning at Southampton House.”

“Right,” was Raleigh’s reply. “The lad does seem a promising and smart one, and something may probably come of him.”

Southampton kept his word, inquired of Alleyn, and the boy did visit him.



Years had since passed away at the period when we resume the broken link of our sketch. Queen Elizabeth was keeping court at her palace of Windsor, and its magnificent park was thronged with the gallants who composed it. The two cavaliers, with whom the reader has already made acquaintance, formed part of a splendid cortège of the lovely and the noble who surrounded her Majesty, as she rode through what is now called the Little Park.

There was scarcely any difference even in the minute features of the scenery through which they passed, and those which it presents at this day. Groups of oaks, already aged, cast their broad shadows on the cavalcade as it rode along, forming green umbrageous vistas, through which the eye penetrated in listless curiosity, and which are now only a little more sombre in the intensity of their shade; and the velvety turf they pranced over, pressed softly against the hoofs of their coursers.

The Queen rode nearly in front of the party, surrounded by her maids of honour, in modest array, and coiffed in a manner to shame our modern damsels, if any attack on their dearest privilege of dressing themselves, when they please, in the least becoming manner could produce a blush in them. A large oak, whose branches were beginning to show symptoms of decay, attracted her attention for a moment; and, after a brief whisper to the Lady Anne Fitton, who rode on an ambling Shetland pony beside her Grace, she motioned to her chamberlain to advance towards her. He obeyed with an alacrity that argued convincingly of his own high opinion of the dignity of the post which he occupied about her Highness’s person.

“Tell him to come hither.”

The Chamberlain obeyed; a gallop of a minute or so brought him to the centre of a group in the rear of the principal party, gathered round a gentleman, to whom all near were listening with gratified attention. He was narrating a story, how two young lovers, despite their parents’ mutual and

mortal hatred, had vowed eternal faith to each other; and how they had through fatal mistake one taken poison, supposing his lady-love dead, and she, on awaking from a trance, and finding he had done so through love of her, would not survive him. And tears glistened in the bright eyes of his lady listeners, and sighs broke resistlessly from the bosoms of the gentlemen of that entranced party.

The Chamberlain motioned to the narrator;—"Her Majesty desires your presence;"—and both galloped together forward to the Queen. Bowing lowly in his saddle as he approached the immediate circle around Elizabeth, he whom she had thus commanded near her stood waiting her further pleasure.

"Hither," said the Queen. He obeyed, and came within reach of her Majesty who, placing her hand familiarly on his left shoulder, pointed to the aged oak which had just attracted her attention. "Let that be the spot—mark well its features; but mind you do not let the fat old fool be too roughly handled."

"As your Grace pleaseth, shall it be,—even under yon oak shall be the locality." And again bowing, he was about to resume his former station in the rear, when an indication and nod from Elizabeth detained him by her side. She conversed with him for some time as they rode along together in her most affable tone, and condescended even to point out to his observation beauties in the sylvan way through the midst of which they were passing; and his converse was eloquence itself, to which the royal lady rode a delighted listener. The courtiers envied him his happiness in having so long the exclusive possession of her Highness's ear; while the eyes of the young damsels of the court seemed pleased that he should be so rewarded by their royal lady. Side by side did the Queen and her highly-favoured companion thus ride along apart from her suite, both apparently, to all within power of remarking it, equally gratified;—he with the pride which became one so highly honoured,—she with sensations of deep delight with his rich and varied conversation.

At the lodge which led towards Datchet Ford, the Queen called to her ladies to approach, after having previously commanded her companion to dine with her at the Castle, on the conclusion of his afternoon's ride; and when all her maidens had gathered round their mistress, Elizabeth thus addressed them,—

"We have managed it all:—three merry wives of our royal borough will long have reason to be proud of what we have this day done for them."

"What meaneth your Highness?" ventured the Lady Anne Fitton.

"Oh, a secret; by our royal word, a secret. But wait until we go to town to review our troops upon the Blackheath; it shall be all enacted for our amusement."

This closed the conversation. The royal party dined together at the Castle, and amongst the most highly-honoured of the guests was he who had that day had the previous honour of riding alongside Elizabeth. After dinner, again was the alert chamberlain despatched to him by his royal mistress, bearing from her own hands a goblet of choicest Malmasine, of which she had drunk to his health, and asked him even to pledge it in return, while the banquetting hall resounded with acclamations.

"Was I not right?" whispered Southampton to a cavalier seated at the board beside him, and who also during that day and at the banquet had been honoured by the Queen's notice. "Was I not right when I said he would ere long have a name?"

"A true prophet," replied Raleigh, to whom he addressed himself. "The Bankside boy well deserveth his honours; for he has got that which earned them—genius—from nature. Long may he live to wear them!"

The Queen's companion was the boy who had drunk canary with Master Alleyne, and who had held the knights' horses, and that boy was

SHAKSPEARE.

E. RALIGH MORAN.

STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

CHAPTER XX.

Describes the performance of a Phaëtonic feat, which brings Bob into temporary trouble.

At the appointed hour the following morning Stanley called upon Sir William, with a view to an arrangement of their books; and the result proved that Stanley had lost to Sir William about four thousand pounds, and had won of Major Foxe two thousand eight hundred. This to Stanley was a most unsatisfactory result. He, of course, knew before that he had lost; but he had certainly no idea of being a loser to the extent of twelve hundred pounds. He, however, appeared to care as little as possible about it; and when the honourable Baronet expressed his sorrow at having won so much of him, he entreated him not to feel at all annoyed at that circumstance, — which was perfectly supererogatory, — and begged of him to accompany him at once to the United Service, in order to assist in the settlement with Major Foxe. To this Sir William politely consented, and they repaired to the United Service, and inquired for Major Foxe of the porter. Major Foxe! Why, of course he was not there! Of course they knew nothing of him! — of course he did not, and never did belong to the Club!

"Why, surely the fellow could not have assumed that name to deceive us!" cried Stanley.

"He certainly said the United Service," observed Sir William, who affected to be greatly surprised. "Is it possible, think you, that he meant the Junior United Service?"

"Oh! very likely! I thought he could not be quite so barefaced a scamp!"

They went to the Junior Club; he was not known there. They examined the Army List minutely; he was not to be found. In short, there was no Major Foxe in the service.

On making this discovery, Stanley said indeed but little; but Sir William, who had had just as lively an anticipation of the event as if he had actually been a confederate of the Major, denounced him with unexampled energy. He was a scoundrel, a blackleg, a villain, a swindler! — he was everything, in fact, but an honourable man. Stanley, however, still preserved comparative silence; and, on returning to the Albany, left the indignant Baronet, having engaged to dine with him at seven.

Four thousand pounds! It was a large sum for him to lose, and that in one day! But the money must be paid: whether Major Foxe were or were not to be found, Sir William must have the amount he had won; and, being impressed with the necessity for an immediate settlement, Stanley proceeded to the house of the widow, whom he found in a pleasing reverie, recounting the delights she had experienced the preceding day.

"Mother," said he, after the customary greeting, "you must let me have some money."

"Very well, my love. Let me see, you had a cheque — when? However, you have not spent it unnecessarily, I dare say; but, if I give you another now, you must make it last a very long time; for you know we have both been extravagant of late."

"I am sorry," said Stanley, "to require so much at once; but I must have, mother, four thousand pounds."

"Four thousand! Why—four! Good gracious! my dear, what on earth can you want such a sum for?"

"To pay a debt of honour," replied Stanley, with great calmness.

"What, did you lose four thousand pounds at the races! My dearest boy, to whom?"

"To Sir William," said Stanley, and the countenance of the widow instantly changed.

Had it been lost to any one else, of course the thing would have been very different indeed; but as it was, why, what in her judgment did it amount to! It would be still in the family! It was not like an absolute loss — it was only like taking money out of the right pocket, and putting it into the left. This she felt, and hence her reply was, that certainly the money must be paid.

"But," she added, "how came you, my dear boy, to bet to such an extent? For goodness' sake, never bet again so largely. We shall be ruined—we shall indeed, if you continue to go on so. But I thought, my love, you won of Major — what's his name? — Foxe — ay, Major Foxe?"

"So I did. I won two thousand eight hundred pounds of him, and lost four thousand to Sir William."

"Oh! then the case is not so desperate! Then, if I give you twelve hundred pounds, that will do to settle all?"

"Is Sir William to wait till I get the money of the Major? Is he to suppose that I cannot pay him until the Major pays me?"

"Not for the world! No—he must be paid at once."

"Of course; and when the Major settles with me, I'll hand the amount over to you."

"Exactly. That will be perfectly correct and straightforward. But I have not so much at the banker's. Let me see — how can it be managed. When do you meet Sir William again?"

"I have promised to dine with him to-day."

"Dear me! Then I must run away at once into the city. I'll be back by four o'clock. Call then, and you shall have it."

"Very well. But there is one thing you must promise me, mother, and that is, that you will not name a word of this to Amelia. It can do no good, and may make her unhappy, and I am sure you have no desire to do that."

"Certainly not. But you must promise me that you'll never, never bet so much again."

"I'll promise never to lose so much again, if I can possibly avoid it. But recollect, not a syllable to Amelia."

The widow promised that she would not say a word, and they parted, and with an equal amount of satisfaction; for it must, in strict justice to the widow, be confessed that, while Stanley was pleased that he had got over it so well, she rejoiced in the opportunity of convincing Sir William that there was really about her something pecuniarily substantial,—an opportunity which she would not have failed to embrace for five times the amount. She therefore went into the city with rather

a light heart ; although she did think that Stanley ought not to suppose that he was at liberty to launch into any extravagancies he pleased.

While Stanley was at home waiting rather impatiently for the hour of four, Bob was occupied in baring his breast to Joanna, the gentle and affectionate cook. He conceived it, and very correctly, to be more regular and honourable to explain to her clearly the position in which he stood, not alone because she was his principal creditor, but because she had invariably treated him with really great kindness which he could not but feel, inasmuch as she deemed herself in duty bound to tyrannize over, if not indeed to trample upon, the rest of the servants, in order that the contrast might be rendered thereby the more striking. He therefore confided to her at once the chief features of his melancholy case ; and, when all had been explained, he observed, with much feeling,

“ Now the bottom of it is, cook, I owe you two pound. I can pay you,—just pay you,—and I feel justifiable in settling with you first ; but if I do, I shan’t have a individual copper for to pay my wet bets, which won’t look the genteel thing exactly. Now I don’t want, you see, to ask master to advance. I don’t like it—it don’t agree with my digestion. It’s a delicate thing, and looks rotten ; consequentially the point in embryo mounts to this,—do you want this here two pound, you know, before my quarter’s up ? ”

“ By no manner of means,” replied the gentle Joanna. “ But why call me cook ? You know I don’t mind you, Robert, although I don’t choose to condescend to suffer the rest to come any familiarities. But, in regard of this money, I request you’ll not name it. If you was in wants of twenty times as much, I’ve got so much confidence in somebody, that I don’t think that somebody would be very long without it. But how much do you say all these losings will come to ? ”

“ Why, I think three pound ten will about settle the lot.”

“ And you’ve only two pound ? ”

“ Oh, but I can easy borrow the rest of old misseses coachman.”

“ Borrow of nobody, Robert, but me. Don’t have too many creditors ; don’t let too many know how many secrets goes to an ounce. In the present deplorable state of the world it isn’t wise. Here’s thirty shillings ; that’ll make it up. Come !—you shall !—I insist ! If you want any more, why, you know where to make the application.”

This was kind—Bob could not but feel it to be very kind, while the confidence he had reposed in Joanna made her heart leap for joy ; for although she had had recourse to every ingenious manœuvre having a tendency in her view to convince him of the strength and virgin purity of her affection,—although she had done, indeed, all that the delicacy of her nature could sanction, to inspire him with a perfect appreciation of the character of that vital spark with which she longed to set his heart in a blaze, she had never till then felt quite sure of success. She had theretofore conceived him to be excessively dull on this interesting subject, and that dulness had indisputably outraged to a painful extent her refined sensibilities ; but then, being conscious not only that wealth induced favour, but that favour was the legitimate germ of affection, she could not, nor did she indeed wish to, disguise from herself that in the garden of his heart she had planted this germ, and hence, fancying that she had but to cultivate it tenderly, proceeded to explain to him with much poetic feeling that she had a mass of money in one of the savings’ banks to a highly respectable tune, and that she

thought most sincerely that such mass would go far towards enabling a comfortable couple to commence in the independent green grocery line, if indeed it would not, with the aid of a brewer, establish them at once in a public house of respectability, which formed at that particular period the very acme of her ambition. Of course Bob's opinions upon this subject, were bound to be strikingly coincident with her own; and although he did not understand her aim exactly, having no serious matrimonial feelings about him, he continued to converse with her on various matters which had indirect reference to those feelings, until Stanley again ordered the cab.

As the widow had been detained for some time in the city, she had but just alighted from her carriage when Stanley arrived. She seemed to have been slightly put out about something, but she instantly gave him a cheque for the amount required.

"Why do you give me this thing?" cried Stanley, throwing the cheque down as if it were valueless. "Why could you not bring me the money?"

"A cheque, my love, looks more respectable — infinitely more respectable."

"So it would, with my own name attached; but do you suppose I want the whole world to know that I have to run to you for all the money I want? Your own respectability, mother, you look at, not mine. If a cheque be an emblem of respectability, why not place me in a position to give cheques of my own? Here it's now half-past four, and I must go galloping down to the banker's to get this thing cashed."

"Surely that is unnecessary? What difference can it make?"

"What difference! Why, I would not let him see this on any account! I wish you had a little more thought for me, mother. If you had, I think your affection would be much more conspicuous."

"Stanley! — indeed this is cruel! But you do not — you cannot really mean what you say. If you did, I should be wretched. My dearest boy! why are you so passionate? You'll break my heart! — I'm sure you'll break my heart, and then you *would* be very sorry, would you not? Yes, I know you would," she added, throwing her arms round his neck, and fondly kissing him, "my boy!"

He returned the kiss coldly, and quitted the room.

Now the widow regretted all this very much: not only in consequence of Stanley's impetuosity, which she had in his childhood most culpably fostered, but because she had wished that particular cheque to pass through the hands of Sir William. However, as it was, she contented herself with the cherished conviction that he would, nevertheless, understand and duly appreciate the source whence it came.

Having obtained the cash at the banker's, Stanley in due time proceeded to dine with Sir William; to whom, immediately after dinner — they being quite alone — he cheerfully paid the amount.

Sir William affected to receive it with great reluctance.

"Upon my honour," said he, "I am ashamed to take it of you. I am, indeed."

"Ridiculous!" cried Stanley. "The sum is nothing; and you must not 'lay the flattering unction to your soul' that I am not going to have my revenge."

Sir William was pleased to hear that in Stanley's estimation the

amount was inconsiderable. He was also pleased to hear him speak of having his revenge: still he appeared to be most unwilling to receive it.

"I do not," he observed, "care a straw about winning any amount of a number of friends; but I cannot bear to win so much of one. However, as you insist upon my receiving it, I also must insist upon being allowed to make your amiable wife a present."

"Nonsense! nonsense!" cried Stanley. "I beg you will do nothing of the sort."

"Then, by Heavens! I'll not have the money at all. I may be called a curious fellow, and perhaps I am; but this isn't quite congenial with a certain sort of principle, or feeling, I have about me."

"Why, suppose I had won it of you,—do you think I would not have received it?"

"Not with pleasure. I am sure of it. I know you too well. At all events I'll do what I say. You can but call me out; and, although I'm not much of a shot, I'll back myself to fire in the air on such an occasion with any man in England."

Stanley smiled. He had now a much better opinion of Sir William than ever; and, as both were well satisfied, they kept up a spirited, merry conversation, their full flow of pleasure being interrupted only when Major Foxe happened to be named; on which occasions Sir William invariably felt himself in honour bound to swell with indignation.

At eleven o'clock precisely, Bob, according to instructions, drove up to the south entrance of the Albany, where he waited with the most exemplary patience till twelve, and then fell asleep, and dreamt of his prospects till one, when the arrival of Stanley and Sir William, both of whom were somewhat heated with wine, had the effect of making him leap out of the cab, and to rush to the horse's head, before his eyes were in a positively strict sense open.

"You may as well jump in," said Stanley, on taking the reins.

"Oh, with all my heart," returned Sir William. "The air is refreshing. I'll see you safely home, and then walk back coolly."

He accordingly at once took his seat, and they started, turning the corner as if some great principle impelled the near wheel to graze the glove of a person whose hand was on the lamp-post.

"I'll bet ten to one," said Sir William, on reaching the Circus, "that you don't drive through the Quadrant at full gallop, without touching the pillars on the one side, or the shutters on the other."

"What, on the foot-path there under the piazza, do you mean?"

"Of course."

"Safe bet," said Stanley, who continued to drive on.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do with you, safe as it is: I'll take ten to one that I do it."

"Done!" cried Stanley.

"In fifties?"

"Ay, in fifties. But the people!"

"Oh, I'll very soon clear the course. You'll see how they'll all fly before us!"

They now changed places. Stanley gave up the reins, and Sir William drove back to the Circus.

"Now, then," said he, "sit firm. Never mind the screams of the

women. Hold hard, Bob! Yo-oicks! yo-oicks! tally-ho!" he shouted, driving in by Swan and Edgar's shop. "Yoi! yoi! yoi! yoi!—toloo, toloo there!—yoi! yoi!"

And away they dashed, while the women were shrieking, and the men were groaning, and the police were running from all directions. At starting, the horse was somewhat frightened, and seemed half inclined to bolt out of the course; but as his reckless driver kept a tight rein, while continuing to shout as if Reynard had been in sight, he went on without a slip, although the flag-stones were nearly as smooth as glass. The task was nearly completed. Stanley's five hundred seemed scarcely worth a shilling's purchase. They had but to pass a few more pillars, and they were out.

"Keep on, sir! keep on!" shouted Bob. "The police!"

This sufficiently startled the hair-brained Baronet to cause him, in his efforts to turn sharp into the road, to graze the base of the last pillar, and thus to lose.

The angry exclamation which followed convinced Bob that Stanley had given up the reins. He cared, however, nothing for Sir William's anger then, but instantly pulled back the hood to give instructions. The people behind were still groaning with indignation, and the police were still running with great ferocity.

"Keep on, sir! keep on, sir!" cried Bob. "He can do more than that! We shan't beat 'em! There's one on 'em now at our heels in a cab! Take the reins—take the reins, sir!" he added, addressing Stanley, "and then the Prince won't be frightened. That's right, sir! Keep on, sir! Go right into the New Road, and then we'll dodge 'em."

"Can you see them now, Bob?" cried Stanley, on reaching the Crescent.

"Oh, yes, sir! they're just behind us, cutting away as if they hadn't another minute to live. Now to the right, sir! I know every inch of the ground."

Guided by Bob, Stanley went to the right, and in a short time turned to the right again, and then dashed through an infinite variety of streets, turning to the left and right alternately, until they reached Tottenham-court-road, although long before that Bob felt sure of having effectually eluded their official pursuer.

"Well, Bob, which way now?" inquired Stanley.

"Oh, any way you like, sir, now. You can walk the Prince, if you like, sir. They've given up the chase. But I beg pardon, sir, but, if I was you, I'd never try that there dodge again. It's a mercy we wasn't all smashed—and I'm sure we knocked some on 'em down. It's a regular miracle the Prince didn't bolt!"

Sir William laughed heartily at this, notwithstanding he had lost; but Stanley, although he had won, felt that Bob was quite right, and was about to confess that justice had nothing to do with their escape, when the horse's head was suddenly seized by a policeman.

"Stand aside!" cried Stanley. "Let go your hold!"

"Not a bit of it!" cried the policeman, who still held on, until Bob, who had leaped from behind on the instant, threw his coat into the cab, and demanded an explanation.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed. "Get away from my horse! Don't you see he don't like you? What do you want? Do you

hear? *Stand away!*" And he seized the policeman; who, finding the horse becoming unmanageable, relinquished the reins, and seized him.

Stanley was now about to leap from the cab, but Sir William restrained him, and, as at the moment Bob shouted, "Drive on, sir!—drive on! There's more of 'em coming, sir! Never mind me, sir! Drive on!" he somewhat reluctantly gave the horse his head, and dashed away.

Bob made no resistance: nor would he allow the calmness of his spirit to be ruffled; albeit two other policemen came up at the time, and handled him with something bearing the semblance of ferocity.

"Behave," said he, "a leetle near the mark, and I'll walk, like a gentleman. I don't want to cut away from you. It's no odds to me! If you wasn't to go for to hold me at all, I'd walk with you as regular as a lamb."

On this particular point the incredulity of the policemen was rather remarkable. They still held him tightly, and continued to hold him until they arrived at the station, when they placed him behind a piece of wood yclept the bar, and proceeded to introduce him to the notice of the inspector, who, while disposing of a mouthful of a cold mutton pie, looked at him with supreme official dignity.

"Well," said the inspector, having listened with peculiar attention to the merits of the case, as portrayed in the opening address, which was somewhat poetical, "and who is your master?"

Bob with great deliberation passed his hand over his chin, and said, "Why——"

"Do you hear me! Who is your master? We are not going to let you stand hatching a lot of lies. Who is he? What's his name? Where does he live?"

"Why," replied Bob, who was still unruffled, "under all the circumstantialians of the case, I don't know, you see, exact, that I should be regular justifiable——"

"None of your long speeches here. It won't do. Again I ask who is your master?"

"You see," returned Bob, with an appropriate gesture, "it's a delicate pint when you look at it deliberate! Reely I don't think it would become me to tell, do you know!"

"But you must tell! That's all about it."

"Well, if I *must*, why the fact of the matter is, I must. There can't be two opinions, anyhow, about that; but it somehow or another strikes me forcible that I've heard a old saying, which says, you can take a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. Now, that's a perdicament: and, it just occurs to my magination that, if I make up my mind that I won't tell, I won't; and, as true as I'm alive I can't see how you can make me tell legally by law, although, no doubt, such things was done in the days of sanguinary Mary."

"What are you chattering about?" demanded the inspector, who conceiving his authority to be in some degree contemned, began to be really very angry. "Do you mean to say that you'll *not* tell me who your master is?"

"Why I don't mean to say that I won't; nor I don't mean to say that I will; I was only just a-argufying the pint, which seems to me to be rayther knotty."

"It'll be all the worse for you, young fellow! Now, do you mean to tell me, or don't you?"

"I don't see how I *can* without cutting the throat of that confidence which ought——"

"Yes, or no! We've had quite enough jabbering. Will you tell me, or not?"

"Excuse me. Not to-night. I must turn the matter over in my mind."

"Lock him up!" cried the inspector,—*"lock him up!"* And, after having as quietly as a dove undergone the operation of having his pockets emptied—the necessity for which, however, he could not then exactly comprehend,—he was conducted from the bar into the yard, and introduced into one of the cells.

As far as the abstract process of locking-up was concerned this met his views precisely: he expected to be locked up, as a matter of course, he expected that; but he did not expect to be introduced into a cell crowded with persons, of whom the majority were in a state of the most bestial intoxication, yet such was the fact. Some were snoring, some were singing, and some were swearing, while the effluvia which prevailed was not remarkable for its fragrance. Bob felt that this ought not to be. He understood, of course, then, why his pockets had been emptied; but he did think the practice of thrusting all sorts of characters into a place of this kind indiscriminately, was one which never ought to have obtained. He, however, resolved to make himself as comfortable as the circumstances—of which some were peculiarly unpleasant—would permit; and, having discussed certain interesting points with his conscience, he fell asleep, and slept soundly till the clock struck nine. He was then aroused by the policeman who had charge of the cell; and who, being a decent man in his way, did, with great consideration, procure him some breakfast, which Bob enjoyed much, and then waited with patience till the hour arrived at which he and the rest were escorted to the office.

In this procession he had the precedence; and he had scarcely left the door of the station when a stranger placed a coat into his hands, and walked away without uttering a word. Bob recognised the coat in an instant. It was a frock-coat. He had brushed it he knew not how oft, nor did he care. He put it on with alacrity, and the fit was undeniable.

"Is that your own coat?" inquired the policeman who did him the honour to keep by his side.

"No; the buttons of my own coats tells tales," replied Bob.

"Your master, I suppose, sent it?"

"He who sent it is a trump, and nothing but!" cried Bob, who was proud of the coat, and felt happy. "All right!" said he to himself in a confidential whisper. "Ain't it a blessing to have a master that's grateful? He don't care about me! What a *pity* he don't!" Hereupon Bob winked with peculiar significance, and entered the office with a tranquil mind.

Nearly an hour elapsed before his case was called on; and although during the whole of that time he was perfectly self-possessed, on being placed at the bar, and called "prisoner" he certainly did feel in some slight degree confused. As the case, however, proceeded, his nerves recovered their wonted tone; and when the charge had been made he

pulled down his waistcoat, and held up his head with the air of a man conscious of having a great duty to perform.

"Now," said the magistrate, "what have you to say to all this?"

"Please your worship," said Bob, "it wasn't a hact of mine. It wasn't me that drove through the Quadrant at all."

"We know that; but what do you say to the charge of having obstructed the police in the execution of their duty?"

"Why, please your worship, what could I do? I didn't want to hurt nobody. I'm sure I'm of a peaceful dispensation enough; but, when I knew the police wanted for to collar my master, how *could* I stand that? Suppose you was my master, what *would* you think of me if I suffered you to be taken? *Would* it be at all the ticket? *Wouldn't* you think it unpopular and rotten ingratitude? I rayther think you would, your worship, reely, if you only just put it to yourself in that predicament, and argue the matter cool."

The magistrate smiled, and again consulted the police-sheet, and then said, "Let me see: what do you say your master's name is?"

"I beg your worship's pardon, but I didn't say at all."

"Well, what is his name?"

"Why, your worship, you'll obleedge me by not asking; you will, upon my word, 'cause I don't want to tell any falsity, and I ain't justifiable in speaking the truth."

"But we must know."

"Well, now, reely; I bow, of course, respectfully to your worship; but, if you look at the thing in the right light, as a pint of principle, I don't think that if I was to tell you'd believe that I'd any principality in me."

The magistrate tried to look grave, but the thing was a failure. He did, however, say, with great apparent severity,

"What if I were to send you to prison, sir, and keep you there until you did tell us?"

"I hope your worship will think better of it," said Bob. "It ain't as if I'd done a single ha'p'orth of injury; nor it ain't as if it was me, you know, as drove upon the pavement, which, if I must speak the sentiments of my mind, is a thing I wouldn't think of doing myself; and, though the law may say I didn't ought to have touched the police, but ought rayther to have assisted him in collaring of master, your worship will see that such a law is right clean against Nature; 'cause if I'd a-done that I should a-hated myself regular: I couldn't a been off it."

"You are fined five pounds," said the Magistrate; "and tell your master from me that his conduct is disgraceful."

Bob bowed; and as he left the bar a solicitor, whom Stanley had engaged to watch the case, placed in his hand the required sum, with which the fine was duly paid, and he was at once set at liberty. Sir William, who, although unperceived by him, had been in the office, now presented him a sovereign; and as on reaching home Stanley made him a present of five, he could not but feel that Fortune, smiling sweetly upon him, had designed the whole thing with no other view than that of getting him out of those pecuniary embarrassments in which he had been so deeply and so painfully involved.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RECONCILIATION.

THE efforts of General Johnson to effect a reconciliation had been so perfectly successful, that he called on the morning of the event just recorded to invite Stanley and Amelia to a quiet family dinner, gently hinting that they were not to feel in the slightest degree amazed if they met certain persons whom they honoured. The intimation was, of course, in an instant understood; and nothing ever surpassed the fervid heart-stirring eloquence with which Amelia poured forth her thanks. The General, although overjoyed at having accomplished his object, could scarcely refrain from shedding tears. Every word touched his feelings as a father; every sentence went directly to his heart. Nor was Stanley unmoved. With all his faults he loved Amelia most fondly. He could not bear to see her afflicted. He might be thoughtless; he might neglect her — and his neglect was attributable to thoughtlessness alone: but a gentle tear from her would wound him more than the most severe reproof that could be uttered. In this instance he knew that her tears were distilled from a feeling of joy; yet he could not endure them; and, as all his serious efforts to check them failed, he had recourse to that species of irony which tends to make troubles seem less by virtue of painting them greater than they are.

"My love," said he, "this is indeed a dreadful day. Can the General be really a friend to bring this great calamity upon us? What the result of his polite invitation may be one can't think; but is it not your impression that it ought to break our hearts? Come, come, you silly girl! You should smile, not weep. Tears should be tolerated only with troubles; they should never be permitted to dim a happy prospect: General, should they?"

"You are a good fellow, sir," said the General, pressing his hand. "I admire you, sir. You have an angel for a wife, and you know it."

"Yes," said Stanley playfully, "she is very fair, considering. Her government is, however, extremely tyrannous."

"That's right — quite right: keep a tight rein, my girl, and then he may do. He is a wild young dog, and requires to be looked sharply after. However, if you mind what you are about, I think it possible that the favourable opinion I have formed of his character will be lasting."

"General," said Stanley, "for the interest you have taken in Amelia accept my warmest thanks. She is a good girl; and I cannot but think that for her sake the Captain might have felt himself justified in meeting us before."

"My dear Stanley!" said Amelia.

"Do you want to spoil all?" cried the General. "Not another word on that subject. Take my advice. But I'll leave him in your hands," he added, addressing Amelia. "You must instruct him that the less he says about that the better. Adieu! Remember six. Depend upon it all will be well."

The General then left; and the moment he had done so Amelia

commenced her task of prevailing upon Stanley to say nothing displeasing to her father—a task which she accomplished with ease.

“For your sake, my dearest girl,” said he affectionately, “I will on that point be silent. I, of course, perceive that it might produce an unpleasant feeling, and will, therefore, not indulge in a single word.”

From this time until six Amelia was lost in contemplation. She endeavoured to think herself happy, but her happiness was then most imperfect. Her feelings of delight were mingled with those of apprehension, both struggling for the mastery, but neither gaining the ascendant.

When the time for their departure had arrived she became still more nervous. The blood left her cheeks, and she trembled with violence on the carriage being announced. Stanley tried with the most affectionate zeal to cheer her. He strove to convince her that her father's object was not to inflict an additional wound upon her feelings, but to heal that which his anger had already induced. Still she dreaded to meet him, and became so tremulous on reaching the General's residence that she had scarcely sufficient strength to alight.

“Courage—courage! my dear girl!” cried Stanley as he placed her arm in his, and led her gently into the house. “You are not my Amelia to-day!”

Another effort was made to assume an air of calmness, and they were received with the most cheering warmth. Miss Johnson, with the familiar love of a sister, took Amelia at once under her own especial care, and exerted her enlivening influence with some degree of success. Stanley was under the command of the General, who marched him into the library, and remained to entertain him until Captain and Mrs. Joliffe arrived, when he introduced the lady into the library, and conducted the Captain at once into the drawing-room, to which Amelia had been led by her affectionate friend.

The very moment the Captain entered, Amelia flew into his arms, which were extended to receive her; but for some moments neither had the power to speak. She sobbed convulsively, while the big tears rolled down his cheeks as he kissed her, and fondly pressed her again and again to his heart.

“My girl!” he cried at length, “my own dear girl!—for dear you are still to me, my child,—nay, dearer than ever. Look up, my love! Kiss me—no more sadness now.”

“Dear papa!” cried Amelia, in tones the most touching. “You will forgive me, papa? Pray, forgive me?”

“I do from my heart!—from my soul! Bless you!—bless you both!—be happy!”

A fresh flood of tears was the only rejoinder Amelia could make; and as her father with the most affectionate tenderness led her to the sofa, the General, who had laid his whole plan, went for Stanley and Mrs. Joliffe, with whom he speedily returned; and while Amelia was being caressed by the latter, the Captain was shaking the former cordially by the hand, thereby perfectly realizing the conception of the General, who felt that his task was complete.

Amelia was now most happy. Restored to those who from her earliest infancy had cherished and loved her most fondly, her heart was filled with that pure joy whose natural element is silence.

During dinner not a syllable was uttered having reference even remotely to the cause of their meeting that day. They appeared to be afraid to speak, lest they should happen to drop a word which could be supposed to apply to it. Miss Johnson, however, did eventually go so far as to explain how excessively disappointed she had been on ascertaining that Stanley was married, inasmuch as, in the event of his having been single, what the consequence of her rescue might have been she really could not at all pretend to tell. Upon which Stanley condoled with her in the most happy vein, and she was rallied on the subject by all but Amelia, whose heart was too full to allow her to join them.

The ladies retired early, and their retirement appeared to be the signal for silence. This part of the business seemed to have been altogether forgotten by the General; he had, at all events, omitted to include it in his plan. He now saw that the grand subject must of necessity be alluded to in some way; and while he was considering which ought to speak first, Stanley and the Captain were waiting anxiously for each other to begin. At length the General, by dint of much reasoning,—for he remembered no precedent by which he could be guided,—safely arrived at the conclusion that they both expected him to break the ice; and, as he could not clearly recognise any incorrectness in such a course, he replenished his glass, and resolved to pursue it.

“Well,” said he, having taken a deep inspiration, “you understand each other perfectly now, I presume? You consent to receive this desperate young gentleman, and he, in return, consents to act so as to render his alliance a source of pleasure to all concerned. Is it not so?”

“That seems to be implied,” said the Captain. “But I have to make one stipulation, which is, that as I have certain scruples on the subject, we must have this marriage celebrated according to the rites of the Church of England, and in an English church. You will consent to this?” he added, addressing Stanley.

“With pleasure,” replied Stanley. “I shall be happy in any way to meet your views.”

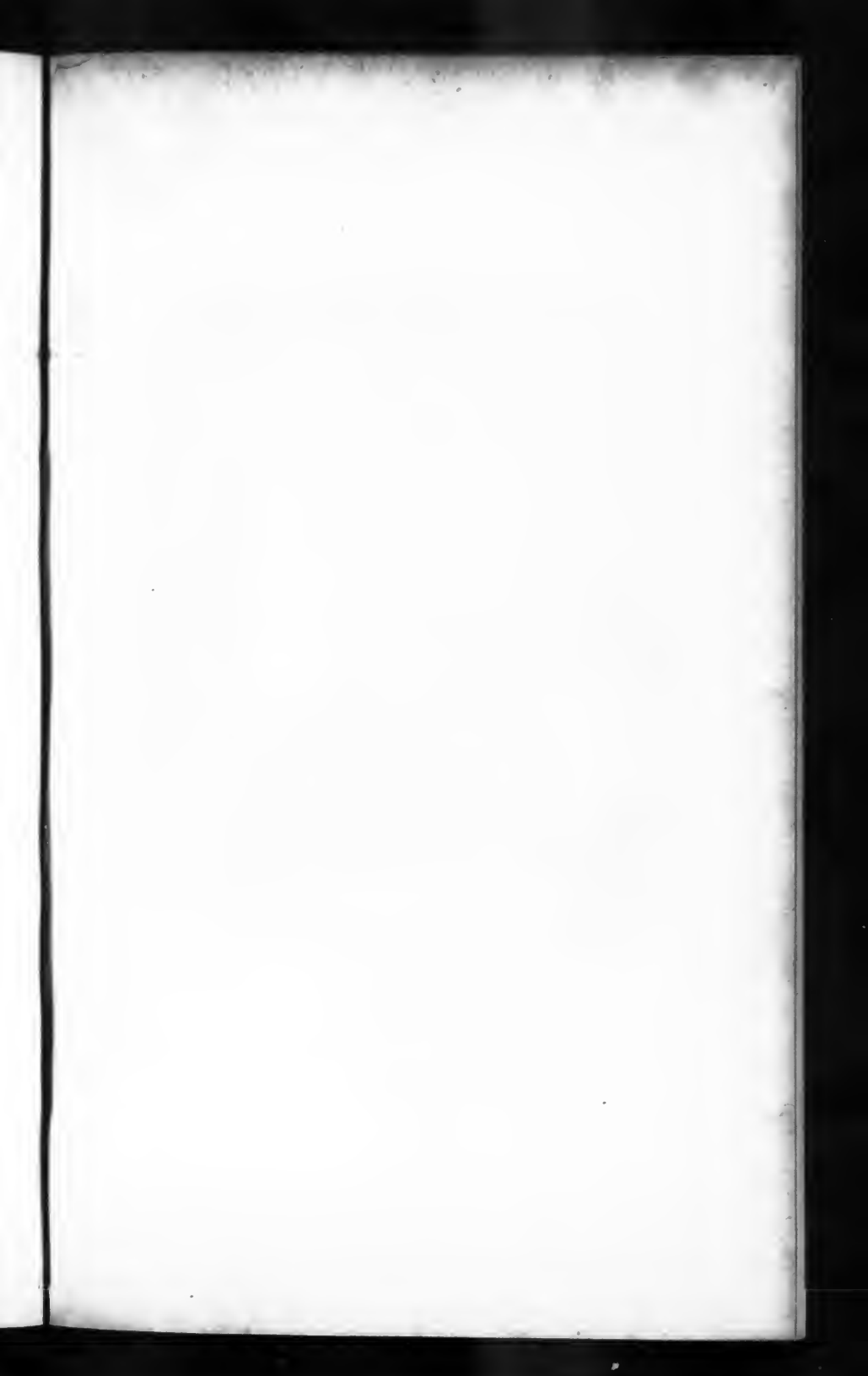
“Then from this hour not a single word on the subject which caused our estrangement shall ever escape my lips. All shall be as if I had given my consent in the first instance; and nothing that I can do to promote the happiness of you both shall be left undone.”

“Excellent!” cried the General. “When is it to be?”

“As early as you please,” replied Stanley. “Perhaps the sooner the better.”

“Well, then, let me see,” said the Captain, “to-morrow is Saturday,—the licence can be procured in the morning. Suppose we say Monday? The thing can be confined to ourselves, and we can all dine at Richmond, and be happy. Shall it be so?”

Stanley at once consented, and the preliminaries were discussed and satisfactorily arranged; and when the arrangement was communicated to Amelia, she experienced the truest, the purest delight.





*Malice explains Fair Weather to the
the conspiracy*

GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE EXPLANATION.

UTTERING an exclamation of rage, Catesby turned fiercely upon Fawkes, and for a moment appeared disposed to accept his invitation to continue the combat with him. But as he regarded the other's haggard features, and perceived in them the traces of his recent struggle with death, — as he saw he was scarcely able to wield the blade he opposed against him, — his wrath changed to compassion, and he sheathed his sword. By this time, Humphrey Chetham had sprung to his feet, and picking up his fallen weapon, stood on his defence. But finding that Catesby meditated no further hostilities, he returned it to the scabbard.

"I owe my life to you," he said to Guy Fawkes, in a tone of deep gratitude.

"You owe it to Viviana Radcliffe, not to me," returned Fawkes feebly, and leaning upon his sword for support. "Had it not been for her cries, I should have known nothing of this quarrel. And I would now gladly learn what has occasioned it?"

"And I," added Chetham; "for I am as ignorant as yourself how I have offended Mr. Catesby."

"I will tell you, then," returned Catesby, sternly. "You were a party to the snare set for us by Doctor Dee, from which I narrowly escaped with life, and Father Garnet at the expense of a broken limb."

"Is Garnet hurt?" demanded Fawkes, anxiously.

"Grievously," replied Catesby; "but he is out of the reach of his enemies, of whom," he added, pointing to Chetham, "one of the most malignant and treacherous now stands before you."

"I am quite in the dark as to what has happened," observed Fawkes, "having only a few minutes ago been roused from my slumbers by the shrieks of Viviana, who entreated me to come and separate you. But I cannot believe Humphrey Chetham so treacherous as you represent him."

"So far from having any enmity towards Father Garnet," observed Chetham, "my anxious desire was to preserve him;

and with that view, I was repairing to Doctor Dee, when I encountered Mr. Catesby in the hall, and, before I could offer any explanation, I was forced by his violence and insults into this combat."

"Is this the truth, Catesby?" asked Fawkes.

"Something near it," rejoined the latter; "but perhaps Mr. Chetham will likewise inform you by whose agency Viviana was transported hither from the Collegiate Church?"

"That inquiry ought rather to be made of the lady herself, sir," returned Chetham, coldly. "But, as I am assured she would have no objection to my answering it, I shall not hesitate to do so. She was conveyed hither by Kelley and an assistant, who departed as soon as their task was completed."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Catesby between his ground teeth. "But how chanced it, sir, that you arrived here so opportunely?"

"I might well refuse to answer a question thus insolently put," rejoined Chetham. "But, to prevent further misunderstanding, I will tell you, that I came by Viviana's invitation at midnight; and, ascertaining from my servant, Martin Heydocke, whom I found watching by the couch of Guy Fawkes, the melancholy business on which she was engaged, I determined to await her return, which occurred about an hour afterwards, in the manner I have just related."

"I was in the court-yard when Miss Radcliffe was brought back," interposed Martin Heydocke, who was standing at a respectful distance from the group; "and, after Kelley had delivered her to my charge, I heard him observe in an under tone to his companion, 'Let us ride back as fast as we can, and see what they have done with the prisoners.'"

"They made sure of their prey before it was captured," observed Catesby, bitterly. "But we have disappointed them. Dee and his associate may yet have reason to repent their perfidy."

"You will do well not to put yourself again in their power;" observed Humphrey Chetham. "If you will be counselled by me, you and Guy Fawkes will seek safety in instant flight."

"And leave you with Viviana?" rejoined Catesby, sarcastically.

"She is in no present danger," replied Chetham. "But, if it is thought fitting, or desirable, I will remain with her."

"I do not doubt it," returned Catesby, with a sneer; "but it is neither fitting, nor desirable. And, hark ye, young sir, if you have indulged any expectations with regard to Viviana Radcliffe, it is time you were undeceived. She will never wed one of your degree, nor of your faith."

"I have her own assurance she will never wed at all," replied Chetham, in an offended tone. "But had she not crushed my hopes by declaring she was vowed to a convent, no menaces of

yours, who have neither right nor title thus to interfere, should induce me to desist from my suit."

"Either resign all pretensions to her hand, or prepare to renew the combat," cried Catesby, fiercely.

"No more of this," interposed Guy Fawkes. "Let us return to the house, and adjust our differences there."

"I have no further business here," observed Humphrey Chetham. "Having taken leave of Viviana," he added, with much emotion, "I do not desire to meet her again."

"It is well, sir," rejoined Catesby: "yet stay!—you mean us no treachery?"

"If you suspect me I will remain," replied Humphrey Chetham.

"On no account," said Guy Fawkes. "I will answer for him with my life."

"Perhaps, when I tell you I have procured the liberation of Father Oldcorne," returned Chetham, "and have placed him in security in Ordsall Cave, you will admit that you have done me wrong."

"I have been greatly mistaken in you, sir, I must own," said Catesby, advancing towards him, and extending his hand. But Humphrey Chetham folded his arms upon his breast, and bowing coldly, withdrew. He was followed by Martin Heydocke, and presently afterwards the tramp of his horse's feet was heard crossing the drawbridge.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DISCOVERY.

TENDERING his arm to Fawkes, who was almost too feeble to walk unsupported, Catesby led him slowly to the hall. On reaching it, they met Viviana, in a state bordering upon distraction, but her distress was speedily relieved by their assurances that the young merchant had departed unhurt,—a statement immediately afterwards confirmed by the entrance of Martin Heydocke, charged with a message from his master to her. Without communicating his design to the others, and, indeed, almost shunning Viviana, Catesby proceeded to the outbuilding where he had deposited Garnet. He found him in great pain, and praying fervently to be released from his suffering.

"Do not despair, father," said Catesby, in as cheerful a tone as he could assume, "the worst is over. Viviana is in safety. Father Oldcorne has escaped, and is within a short distance of us, and Guy Fawkes is fully able to undertake a journey of any distance. You are our sole concern. But I am assured, if you will allow me to exercise the slight surgical skill I possess in your behalf, that you will be able to accompany us."

"Do with me what you please, my son," groaned Garnet.

"But, if my case is as desperate as I believe it, I entreat you not to bestow any further care upon me, and, above all, not to expose yourself to risk on my account. Our enemies are sure to pursue us,—and what matter if I am captured? They will wreak their vengeance on a worthless carcass,—for such I shall soon be. But it would double the anguish I now endure, if you and Fawkes were to fall into their hands. Go, then, and leave me here to perish. My dying moments will be cheered by the conviction that the great enterprise—for which alone I desire to live—will not be unaccomplished."

"There is no need to leave you, father," replied Catesby, "nor shall any consideration induce me to do so, till I have rendered you every aid that circumstances will permit."

"My son," replied Garnet, faintly, "the most efficacious balm you can apply will be the certainty that you are in safety. You say Viviana is here. Fly with Fawkes, and leave me to her care."

"She must go with us," observed Catesby, uneasily.

"Not so, my son," returned Garnet; "her presence will only endanger you. She must *not* go. And you must abandon all hopes of an union with her."

"I would as soon abandon the great design itself," returned Catesby, moodily.

"If you persist in this, you will ruin it," rejoined Garnet. "Think of her no more. Bend your thoughts exclusively on the one grand object, and be what you are chosen to be, the defender and deliverer of our holy Church."

"I would gladly act as you advise me, father," replied Catesby; "but I am spell-bound by this maiden."

"This is idle from you, my son," replied Garnet, reproachfully. "Separate yourself from her, and you will soon regain your former mastery over yourself."

"Well, well, father," rejoined Catesby, "the effort, at least, shall be made. But her large possessions, which would be so useful to our cause, and which if I wedded her would be wholly devoted to it—think of what we lose, father."

"I *have* thought of it, my son," replied Garnet; "but the consideration does not alter my opinion. And if I possess any authority over you, I strictly enjoin you not to proceed farther in the matter. Viviana never can be yours."

"She *shall* be, nevertheless," muttered Catesby, "and before many hours have elapsed,—if not by her own free will, by force. I have ever shown myself obedient to your commands, father," he added aloud, "and I shall not transgress them now."

"Heaven keep you in this disposition, my dear son!" exclaimed Garnet. "And let me recommend you to remove yourself as soon as possible out of the way of temptation."

Catesby muttered an affirmative, and taking Garnet in his arms, conveyed him carefully to his own chamber, and placing

him on a couch, examined his wounds, which were not so serious as either he or the sufferer had imagined, and with no despicable skill—for the experiences of a soldier's life had given him some practice—bandaged his broken arm, and fomented his bruises.

This done, Garnet felt so much easier, that he entreated Catesby to send Viviana to him, and to make preparations for his own immediate departure. Feigning acquiescence, Catesby quitted the room, but he had no intention of complying with the request. Not a moment he felt must be lost if he would execute his dark design, and, after revolving many wild expedients, an idea occurred to him. It was to lure Viviana to the cave where Father Oldcorne was concealed; and he knew enough of the pliant disposition of the latter to be certain he would assent to his scheme. No sooner did this plan occur to him than he hurried to the cell, and found the priest, as Chetham had stated. As he had foreseen, it required little persuasion to induce Oldcorne to lend his assistance to the forced marriage, and he only feared the decided opposition they should encounter from Viviana.

"Fear nothing, then, father," said Catesby; "in this solitary spot no one will hear her cries. Whatever resistance she may make, perform the ceremony, and leave the consequences to me."

"The plan is desperate, my son," returned Oldcorne, "but so are our fortunes. And, as Viviana will not hear reason, we have no alternative. You swear that if you are once wedded to her, all her possessions shall be devoted to the furtherance of the great cause."

"All, father—I swear it," rejoined Catesby, fervently.

"Enough," replied Oldcorne. "The sooner it is done, the better."

It was then agreed between them that the plan least likely to excite suspicion would be for Oldcorne to proceed to the hall, and under some plea prevail upon Viviana to return with him to the cave. Acting upon this arrangement, they left the cell together, shaping their course under the trees to avoid observation; and while Oldcorne repaired to the hall, Catesby proceeded to the stable, and saddling the only steed left, rode back to the cave, and concealing the animal behind the brushwood, entered the excavation. It was long before the others arrived, and as in his present feverish state of mind moments appeared ages, the suspense was almost intolerable. At length he heard footsteps approaching, and, with a beating heart, distinguished the voice of Viviana. The place was buried in profound darkness; but Oldcorne struck a light, and set fire to a candle in a lantern. The feeble glimmer diffused by this light was not sufficient to penetrate the recesses of the cavern; and Catesby, who stood at the farther extremity, was completely sheltered from observation.

"And now, father," observed Viviana, seating herself, with her back towards Catesby, upon the stone bench once used by the unfortunate prophetess, "I would learn the communication you desire to make to me. It must be something of importance since you would not disclose it at the hall."

"It is, daughter," replied Oldcorne, who could scarcely conceal his embarrassment. "I have brought you hither, where I am sure we shall be uninterrupted, to confer with you on a subject nearest my heart. Your lamented father being taken from us, I, as his spiritual adviser, aware of his secret wishes and intentions, conceive myself entitled to assume his place."

"I consider you in the light of a father, dear sir," replied Viviana, "and will follow your advice as implicitly as I would that of him I have lost."

"Since I find you so tractable, child," returned Oldcorne, reassured by her manner, "I will no longer hesitate to declare the motive I had in bringing you hither. You will recollect that I have of late strongly opposed your intention of retiring to a convent."

"I know it, father," interrupted Viviana, "but——"

"Hear me out," continued Oldcorne; "recent events have strengthened my disapproval of the step. You are now called upon to active duties, and must take your share in the business of life, — must struggle and suffer like others, — and not shrink from the burthen imposed upon you by Heaven."

"I do not shrink from it, father," replied Viviana; "and if I were equal to the active life you propose, I would not hesitate to embrace it, but I feel I should sink under it."

"Not if you had one near you who could afford you that support which feeble woman ever requires," returned Oldcorne.

"What mean you, father?" inquired Viviana, fixing her dark eyes full upon him.

"That you must marry, daughter," returned Oldcorne, "unite yourself to some worthy man, who will be to you what I have described."

"And, was it to tell me this that you brought me here?" asked Viviana, in a slightly offended tone.

"It was, daughter," replied Oldcorne; "but I have not yet done. It is not only needful you should marry, but your choice must be such as I, who represent your father, and have your welfare thoroughly at heart, can approve."

"You can find me a husband, I doubt not?" remarked Viviana, coldly.

"I have already found one," returned Oldcorne; "a gentleman suitable to you in rank, religion, years,—for *your* husband should be older than yourself, Viviana."

"I will not affect to misunderstand you, father," she replied; "you mean Mr. Catesby."

"You have guessed aright, dear daughter," rejoined Oldcorne.

"I thought I had made myself sufficiently intelligible on this point before, father," she returned.

"True," replied Oldeorne; "but you are no longer, as I have just laboured to convince you, in the same position you were when the subject was formerly discussed."

"To prevent further misunderstanding, father," said Viviana, "I now tell you, that in whatever position I may be placed, I will never, under any circumstances, wed Mr. Catesby."

"What are your objections to him, daughter?" asked Oldcorne.

"They are numberless," replied Viviana; "but it is useless to particularize them. I must pray you to change the conversation, or you will compel me to quit you."

"Nay, daughter, if you thus obstinately shut your ears to reason, I must use very different language towards you. Armed with parental authority, I shall exact obedience to my commands."

"I cannot obey you, father," replied Viviana, bursting into tears,—“indeed, indeed I cannot. My heart, I have already told you, is another's."

"He who has robbed you of it is a heretic," rejoined Oldcorne, sternly, "and therefore your union with him is out of the question. Promise me you will wed Mr. Catesby, or, in the name of your dead father I will invoke a curse upon your head: Promise me, I say."

"Never," replied Viviana, rising. "My father would never have enforced my compliance, and I dread no curse thus impiously pronounced. You are overstepping the bounds of your priestly office, sir. Farewell."

As she moved to depart, a strong grasp was laid on her arm, and turning, she beheld Catesby.

"You here, sir!" she cried, in great alarm.

"Ay," replied Catesby. "At last you are in my power, Viviana."

"I would fain misunderstand you, sir," said Viviana, trembling; "but your looks terrify me. You mean no violence."

"I mean that Father Oldeorne shall wed us,—and that without a moment's delay," replied Catesby, sternly.

"Monster!" shrieked Viviana, "you will not,—dare not commit this foul offence. And if you dare, Father Oldeorne will not assist you. Ah! what means that sign? I cannot be mistaken in you, father? You cannot be acting in concert with this wicked man? Save me from him!—save me!"

But the priest kept aloof, and taking a missal from his vest, hastily turned over the leaves. Viviana saw that her appeal to him was in vain.

"Let me go!" she shrieked, struggling with Catesby. "You cannot force me to wed you whether I will or not; and I will die rather than consent. Let me go, I say! Help! — help!" and she made the cavern ring with her screams.

"Heed her not, father," shouted Catesby, who still held her fast, "but proceed with the ceremony."

Oldcorne, however, appeared irresolute, and Viviana perceiving it, redoubled her cries.

"This will be no marriage, father," she said, "even if you proceed with it. I will protest against it to all the world, and you will be deprived of your priestly office for your share in so infamous a transaction."

"You will think otherwise anon, daughter," replied Oldcorne, advancing towards them with the missal in his hand.

"If it be no marriage," observed Catesby, significantly, "the time will come when you may desire to have the ceremony repeated."

"Mr. Catesby," cried Viviana, altering her manner, as if she had taken a sudden resolution, "one word before you proceed with your atrocious purpose, which must end in misery to us all. There are reasons why you can never wed me."

"Ha!" exclaimed Catesby, starting.

"Is it so, my son?" asked Oldcorne, uneasily.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Catesby. "She knows not what she says. Proceed, father."

"I have proofs that will confound you," cried Viviana, breaking from him. And darting towards the light, she took from her bosom the packet given her by Guy Fawkes, and tore it open. A letter was within it, and a miniature.

Opening the letter, she cast her eye rapidly over its contents, and then looking up, exclaimed in accents of delirious joy, "Saved! saved! Father Oldcorne, this man is married already!"

Catesby, who had watched her proceedings in silent astonishment, and was now advancing towards her, recoiled as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet.

"Can this be true?" cried the priest, in astonishment.

"Let your own eyes convince you," rejoined Viviana, handing him the letter.

"I am satisfied," said Oldcorne, after he had glanced at it. "We have both been spared the commission of a great crime. Mr. Catesby, it appears from this letter that you have a wife living in Spain."

"It is useless to deny it," replied Catesby. "But, as you were ignorant of the matter, the offence (if any) would have lain wholly at my door; nor should I have repented of it, if it had enabled me to achieve the object I have in view."

"Thank heaven it has gone no farther!" exclaimed Oldcorne. "Daughter, I humbly entreat your forgiveness."

"How came that packet into your possession?" demanded Catesby fiercely of Viviana.

"It was given me by Guy Fawkes," she replied.

"Guy Fawkes!" exclaimed Catesby. "Has he betrayed his friend?"

"He has proved himself your best friend, by preventing you from committing a crime, which would have entailed wretchedness on yourself and me," returned Viviana.

"I have done with him, and with all of you," cried Catesby, with a fierce glance at Oldcorne. "Henceforth, pursue your projects alone. You shall have no further assistance from me. I will serve the Spaniard. Englishmen are not to be trusted."

So saying, he rushed out of the cavern, and seeking his horse, mounted him, and rode off at full speed.

"How shall I obtain your forgiveness for my conduct in this culpable affair, dear daughter?" said Oldcorne, with an imploring look at Viviana.

"By joining me in thanksgivings to the Virgin for my deliverance," replied Viviana, prostrating herself before the stone cross.

Oldcorne knelt beside her, and they continued for some time in earnest prayer. They then arose, and quitting the cave, proceeded to the hall.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DEPARTURE FROM THE HALL.

GUY FAWKES was as much surprised to hear of the sudden departure of Catesby as he was concerned at the cause; but he still thought it probable he would return. In this expectation, however, he was disappointed. The day wore on, and no one came. The uncertainty in which Fawkes was kept, added to his unwillingness to leave Garnet, still detained him, in spite of the risk he ran, at the hall; and it was only when urged by Viviana that he began seriously to reflect whither he should bend his steps. Towards evening, Garnet was so much better, that he was able to sit up, and he passed some hours in conference with Oldcorne.

"If I do not suffer a relapse," he observed to the latter, "I will set out with Guy Fawkes to-morrow, and we will proceed by easy stages to London."

"I cannot but approve your resolution," returned Oldcorne; "for though so long a journey may be inconvenient, and retard your recovery, yet every hour you remain here is fraught with additional peril. I will accompany you. We shall both be safer in the capital; and perhaps Viviana, now she will be no longer exposed to the persecutions of Catesby, will form one of the party."

"I should not wonder," replied Garnet. "I shall be deeply concerned if Catesby has really abandoned the enterprise. But

I cannot think it. I did all I could to dissuade him from prosecuting this union, knowing how hopeless it was, and little thinking he would be rash enough to seek to accomplish it by force, or that he would find an assistant in you."

"Say no more about it, father, I entreat you," rejoined Oldcorne. "The scheme failed, as it deserved to do; and I sincerely repent the share I was induced by Catesby's artful representations to take in it. If we have lost our leader, we have still Guy Fawkes, who is a host in himself, and as true as the steel that hangs by his side."

"He is," replied Garnet; "but we cannot spare Catesby. With many faults, he has one redeeming quality, courage. I am not sorry he has been thwarted in his present scheme, as if he returns to us, as I doubt not he will, it will fix his mind steadily on the one object, which should be ever before it. Give me your arm, father. I am glad to find I can walk, though feebly. That is well," he added, as they emerged upon the gallery; "I shall be able to reach Viviana's chamber without further assistance. Do you descend, and see that Martin Heydocke is on the watch."

In obedience to the injunctions of his superior, Oldcorne went in search of Martin Heydocke, who had been stationed in the court-yard to give timely notice of any hostile approach; but, not finding him there, he proceeded towards the drawbridge. Garnet, meanwhile, had reached the door of Viviana's chamber, which was slightly ajar, and he was about to pass through it, when he perceived that she was on her knees before Guy Fawkes, whom she was addressing in the most passionate terms. The latter was seated at a table, with his head upon his hand, in a thoughtful posture. Amazed at this sight, and curious to hear what Viviana could be saying, Garnet drew back to listen.

"When you quit this house," were the first words that caught the listener's attention, "we shall never meet again; and, oh! let me have the consolation of thinking that, in return for the devoted attachment you have shown me, and the dangers from which you have preserved me, that I, in return, have preserved you from one equally imminent. Catesby, from whatever motive, has abandoned the conspiracy. Do you act likewise, and the whole dreadful scheme will fall to the ground."

"Catesby cannot abandon it," replied Fawkes. "He is bound by ties that no human power can sunder. And, however he may estrange himself from us now, when the time for action arrives, rest assured he will not be absent."

"It may be so," replied Viviana; "but I deny that the oath either he or you have taken is binding. The deed you have sworn to do is evil, and no vow, however solemnly pronounced, can compel you to commit crime. Avoid this sin—avoid further connection with those who would work your undoing,

and do not stain your soul with guilt from which it will never be cleansed."

"You seek in vain to move me," replied Guy Fawkes, firmly. "My purpose is unalterable. The pestempest that clears away the pestilence destroys many innocent lives, but it is not the less wholesome on that account. Our unhappy land is choked with the pestilence of heresy, and must be freed from it, cost what it will, and suffer who may. The wrongs of the English Catholics imperatively demand redress; and, since it is denied us, we must take it. Oppression can go no further; nor endurance hold out longer. If this blow be not struck we shall have no longer a religion. And how comes it, Viviana, that you, a zealous Catholic, whose father perished by these very oppressors, and who are yourself in danger from them, can seek to turn me from my purpose?"

"Because I know it is wrongful," replied Viviana. "I have no desire to avenge the death of my slaughtered father, still less to see our religion furthered by the dreadful means you propose. In his own due season, the Lord will redress our wrongs."

"The Lord has appointed me one of the ministers of his vengeance," cried Fawkes, in a tone of enthusiasm.

"Do not deceive yourself," returned Viviana, "it is not by heaven, but by the powers of darkness, that you are incited to this deed. Do not persevere in this fatal course," she continued, clasping her hands together, and gazing imploringly in his face, "do not—do not!"

Guy Fawkes continued in the same attitude as before, with his gaze turned upwards, and apparently lost in thought.

"Have I no power to move you?" cried Viviana, her eyes streaming with tears.

"None whatever," replied Guy Fawkes, firmly.

"Then you are lost," she rejoined.

"If it is heaven's will, I am," said Fawkes; "but at least I believe that I am acting rightly."

"And rest assured you are so, my son," cried Garnet, throwing open the door, and stepping into the room. "I have overheard your conversation, and I applaud your resolution."

"You need have no fears of me, father," replied Fawkes. "I do not lightly undertake a project; but once embarked in it, nothing can turn me aside."

"In this case your determination is wisely formed, my son," said Garnet; "and if Viviana will ever give me an opportunity of fully discussing the matter, I am sure I can satisfy her you are in the right."

"I will discuss it with you whenever you think proper," she replied. "But no arguments will ever convince me that your project is approved by heaven."

"Let it pass now, daughter," rejoined Garnet; "enough has

been said on the subject. I came hither to tell Guy Fawkes, that if our enemies permit us to pass the night without molestation, (as Heaven grant they may!) I think I shall be strong enough to set out with him to-morrow, when I propose that we should journey together to London."

"Agreed," replied Fawkes.

"Father Oldcorne will accompany us," pursued Garnet.

"And I, too, will go with you, if you will permit me," said Viviana. "I cannot remain here, and I have no further fears of Mr. Catesby. Doctor Dee told me that my future fate was strangely mixed up with that of Guy Fawkes. I know not how that may be, but I will not abandon him while there is a hope to cling to."

"Viviana Radcliffe," rejoined Guy Fawkes, coldly, "deeply as I feel the interest you take in me, I think it right to tell you that no efforts you can use will shake me from my purpose. If I live, I will execute my design."

"While I live, I will urge you to it," remarked Garnet.

"And while I live, I will dissuade you from it," added Viviana.

"We shall see who will obtain the victory."

"We shall," replied Garnet, smiling confidently.

"Hear me further," continued Viviana; "I do not doubt that your zeal is disinterested; yet still, your mode of life, and the difficulties in which you are placed, may not unnaturally influence your conduct. That this may no longer be the case, I here place part of my fortune at your disposal. I require little or nothing myself. But I would, if possible, save one to whom I owe so much, and whom I value so much, from destruction."

"I fully appreciate your generosity—to give it its lightest term—Viviana," returned Guy Fawkes, in a voice of deep emotion. "Under any circumstances I should reject it,—under the present, I do so the more positively, because the offer, kind as it is, seems to imply that my poverty leads me to act contrary to my principles. Gold has no power over me. I regard it as dross; and when I could easily have won it, I neglected the opportunity. As no reward would ever induce me to commit an action my conscience disapproved, so none will deter me from a purpose which I regard as my duty."

"Enough," replied Viviana, sadly. "I will no longer question your motives, or oppose your plan, but will pray Heaven to open your eyes to the truth."

"Your conduct is in all respects worthy of you, daughter," observed Garnet, kindly.

"You have rejected one offer," said Viviana, looking at Fawkes; "but I trust you will not decline that I am about to propose to you."

"What is it?" asked Fawkes, in some surprise.

"It is that I may be permitted to regard you as a daughter," replied Viviana. "Having lost my own father, I feel that I

need some protector, and I would gladly make choice of you, if you will accept the office."

"I willingly accede to your request, and am much flattered by it, Viviana," replied Fawkes. "I am a homeless man, and a friendless, and the affection of such a being as yourself will fill up the only void in my heart. But I am wedded to the great cause. I can never be more to you than a father."

"Nay, I asked nothing more," replied Viviana, blushing deeply.

"Having thus arranged the terms upon which we shall travel," said Garnet, with a smile, "nothing is needed but to prepare for our journey. We start early to-morrow morning."

"I shall be ready at daybreak," replied Viviana.

"And I am ready now," added Guy Fawkes. "In my opinion, we run great risk in remaining here another night. But be it as you will."

At this moment, they were interrupted by the entrance of Father Oldcorne, who with a countenance of great alarm informed them that he could nowhere find Martin Heydocke.

"Do you suspect any treachery on his part?" asked Garnet of Viviana.

"I have always found him trustworthy," she answered, "and his father was *my* father's oldest servant. I cannot think he would betray us. At the same time, I must admit his disappearance at this juncture looks suspicious."

"If my strength were equal to it," said Guy Fawkes, "I would keep watch throughout the night; but that might prevent me from accompanying you to-morrow. My advice, I repeat, is—that we should set out at once."

This opinion, however, was overruled by Garnet and Viviana, who did not think the danger so urgent, and attributed the absence of Martin Heydocke to some unimportant cause. Guy Fawkes made no further remonstrance, and it was agreed that they should start, as originally proposed, at daybreak.

The party then separated, and Viviana wandered alone over the old house, taking a farewell, which she felt would be her last, of every familiar object. Few things were as she had known them, but, even in their present forlorn state they were dear to her; and the rooms she trod, though dismantled, were the same she had occupied in childhood.

There is no pang more acute to a sensitive nature than that occasioned by quitting an abode or spot endeared by early recollections and associations, to which we feel a strong presentiment we shall never return. Viviana experienced this feeling in its full force, and she lingered in each room as if she had not the power to leave it. Her emotions, at length, became so overpowering, that to relieve them she strolled forth into the garden. Here, new objects awakened her attention, and recalled happier times with painful distinctness. Twilight was fast deep-

ening, and, viewed through this dim and softened medium, everything looked as of old, and produced a tightening and stifling sensation in her breast, that nothing but a flood of tears could remove.

The flowers yielded forth their richest scents, and the whole scene was such as she had often beheld it in times long ago, when sorrow was wholly unknown to her. Perfumes, it is well known, exercise a singular influence over the memory. A particular odour will frequently call up an event, and a long train of circumstances connected with the time when it was first inhaled. Without being aware whence it arose, Viviana felt a tide of recollections pressing upon her, which she would have willingly repressed, but which it was out of her power to control. Her tears flowed abundantly, and at length, with a heart somewhat lightened of its load, she arose from the bench on which she had thrown herself, and proceeded along a walk to gather a few flowers as memorials of the place.

In this way she reached the further end of the garden, and was stooping to pluck a spray of some fragrant shrub, when she perceived the figure of a man behind a tree at a little distance from her. From his garb, which was that of a soldier, she instantly knew he was an enemy, and, though greatly alarmed, she had the courage not to scream, but breaking off the branch, she uttered a careless exclamation, and slowly retraced her steps. She half expected to hear that the soldier was following her, and prepared to start off at full speed to the house; but, deceived by her manner, he did not stir. On reaching the end of the walk, she could not resist the inclination to look back, and glancing over her shoulder, perceived that the man was watching her. But as she moved, he instantly withdrew his head.

Her first step on reaching the house was to close and fasten the door; her next to hasten to Guy Fawkes's chamber, where she found him, together with Garnet and Oldcorne. All three were astounded at the intelligence, agreeing that an attack was intended, and that a large force was, in all probability, concealed in the garden, awaiting only the arrival of night to surprise and seize them. The disappearance of the younger Heydocke was no longer a mystery. He had been secured and carried off by the hostile party, to prevent him from giving the alarm. The emergency was a fearful one, and it excited consternation amongst all except Guy Fawkes, who preserved his calmness.

"I foresaw we would be attacked to-night," he said, "and I am therefore not wholly unprepared. Our only chance is to steal out unobserved; for resistance would be in vain, as their force is probably numerous, and I am as helpless as an infant, while Father Garnet's broken arm precludes any assistance from him. The subterranean passage leading from the oratory to the further side of the moat having been stopped up by the

pursuivant and his band, it will be necessary to cross the drawbridge, and as soon as it grows sufficiently dark, we must make the attempt. We have no horses, and must trust to our own exertions for safety. Catesby would now be invaluable. It is not like him to desert his friends at the season of their greatest need."

"Great as is my danger," observed Viviana, "I would rather, so far as I am concerned, that he were absent, than owe my preservation to him. I have no fears for myself."

"And my only fears are for you," rejoined Fawkes.

Half an hour of intense anxiety was now passed by the party. Garnet was restless and uneasy. Oldcorne betrayed his agitation by unavailing lamentations, by listening to every sound, and by constantly rushing to the windows to reconnoitre, until he was checked by Fawkes, who represented to him the folly of his conduct. Viviana, though ill at ease, did not allow her terror to appear, but endeavoured to imitate the immoveable demeanour of Guy Fawkes, who always became more collected in proportion to the danger with which he was environed.

At the expiration of the time above-mentioned, it had become quite dark, and desiring his companions to follow him, Guy Fawkes drew his sword, and, grasping the hand of Viviana, led the way down stairs. Before opening the door he listened intently, and, hearing no sound, issued cautiously forth. The party had scarcely gained the centre of the court, when a petronel was discharged at them, which, though it did no damage, served as a signal to the rest of their foes. Guy Fawkes, who had never relinquished his hold of Viviana, now pressed forward as rapidly as his strength would permit, and the two priests followed. But loud shouts were raised on the drawbridge, and it was evident it was occupied by the enemy.

Uncertain what to do, Guy Fawkes halted, and was about to return to the house, when a shout from behind told him that their retreat was intercepted. In this dilemma there was nothing for it but to attempt to force a passage across the drawbridge, or to surrender at discretion, and though Guy Fawkes would not at other seasons have hesitated to embrace the former alternative, he knew that his strength was not equal to it now.

While he was internally resolving not to yield himself with life, and supporting Viviana, who clung closely to him, the clatter of hoofs was heard rapidly approaching along the avenue, and presently afterwards two horsemen galloped at full speed toward the drawbridge. This sound had likewise attracted the attention of the enemy; who, apprehensive of a rescue, prepared to stop them. But the tremendous pace of the riders rendered this impossible. A few blows were exchanged, a few shots fired, and they had crossed the drawbridge.

"Who goes there?" shouted Guy Fawkes, as the horsemen approached him.

"It is the voice of Guy Fawkes," cried the foremost, whose tones proclaimed that it was Catesby. "They are here," he cried, reining in his steed.

"Where is Viviana?" vociferated his companion, who was no other than Humphrey Chetham.

"Here—here," replied Guy Fawkes.

With the quickness of thought, the young merchant was by her side, and in another moment she was placed on the saddle before him, and borne at a headlong pace across the drawbridge.

"Follow me," cried Catesby. "I will clear a passage for you. Once across the drawbridge, you are safe. A hundred yards down the avenue, on the right, you will find a couple of horses tied to a tree. Quick! quick!"

As he spoke, a shot whizzed past his head, and a tumultuous din in the rear told that their pursuers were close upon them. Striking spurs into his steed, Catesby dashed forward, and dealing blows right and left, cleared the drawbridge of its occupants, many of whom leaped into the moat to escape his fury. His companions were close at his heels, and got over the bridge in safety.

"Fly!—fly!" cried Catesby,—“to the horses—the horses! I will check all pursuit.”

So saying, and while the others flew towards the avenue, he faced his opponents, and making a desperate charge upon them, drove them backwards. In this conflict, though several shots were fired, and blows aimed at him on all sides, he sustained no injury, but succeeded in defending the pass sufficiently long to enable his friends to mount.

He then rode off at full speed, and found the party waiting for him at the end of the avenue. Father Oldcorne was seated on the same steed as his superior. After riding with them upwards of a mile, Humphrey Chetham dismounted, and resigning his horse to Viviana, bade her farewell, and disappeared.

"And now, to London!" cried Catesby, striking into a road on the right, and urging his steed to a rapid pace.

"Ay, to London!—to the Parliament-house!" echoed Fawkes, following him with the others.

PORTFOLIO OF MR. PETER POPKIN.

DICKY SUETT IN PAWN.

SUETT, the comedian, had one son, of whom he was very fond. The boy had just come home from school for the holidays; and walking down the Strand with his father, Suett took him into a pastry-cook's shop to treat him to some tarts. After the lad had eaten as many as he could, Suett put his hand into his pocket to pay for them, when, lo! there was no money there. Suett was much disconcerted, and said to the woman behind the counter, "Oh, la! don't you know me, my dear?"—"No, sir."—"I am Mr. Suett, the comedian." The woman replied sulkily, "She could not help that."—"Won't you trust me, marm?" said Dicky; but the lady's look was enough, and he was fain to send his son home for the money, while he remained in the shop till his return. Here he ever and anon poked his odd face out at the door, exclaiming, "O la! ha! ha! O dear! la! Here's the great Mr. Suett, the comedian, in pawn for ten penn'orth of tarts! O la! only think—ha! ha! Pawned for ten penn'orth of tarts!"

WARM FRIENDS.

Bernard, the pleasant dramatic author, was describing an evening he passed, when a large company were invited to a house of very small dimensions, in the month of July. He had attired himself in a new suit, and the visitors were so jammed together, that some of the effects of the black-hole of Calcutta were exemplified in the "perspiring heroes." "When I got home," said Bernard, "after six hours' crowding, I discovered that the 'dye was cast' all over my person."—"Ay," replied his friend Barnaby, "you found yourself party-coloured."

EARLY DINNER.

Tokely, the comic actor, although a young man, died a victim to intemperance. He drank so much ardent spirits, that the other performers were compelled to complain to Mr. Fawcett, the manager, that Tokely at the rehearsals was not bearable; he was, in fact, most offensive. Fawcett, with a kind feeling, and with real admiration of the young actor's talents (which were original and effective), undertook to give him a lecture. He pointed out to him the folly of his conduct; that it would destroy him in his profession; and expatiated so eloquently and in so parental a manner on the subject, that both parties shed tears. Fawcett, perceiving that he had produced an effect, and thinking that he had almost gone too far, told Tokely that "he did not object to a little stimulus or exhilaration *after* dinner; but that Tokely must sacredly promise him that he would not for the future drink anything prior to that meal. They parted, Fawcett convinced that Tokely would become a reformed man. Two days afterwards a rehearsal of a farce was called at eleven o'clock in the forenoon; in this farce Tokely was to sustain a prominent character; but, alas! the performers in a body came and reiterated their complaints of him. Fawcett beckoned the unfortunate Tokely aside, severely remonstrated with him, and reminded him of his vow, "that he would not touch anything drinkable until

after dinner." At this time the green-room clock was *ten minutes past eleven*. Tokely, with great modesty and simplicity, replied to Mr. Fawcett, "I have dined, sir."

SHUTER.

On January 20, 1776, Shuter, the comedian, was robbed by two footpads in Tottenham-court-road; though he told them that he thought it very hard to be robbed by others, when he had been robbing himself all his life.

JOHN REEVE, MORALISING.

John Reeve was accosted in the Kensington road by an elderly female, with a small bottle of gin in her hand. "Pray, sir, I beg your pardon, is this the way to the workhouse?" John gave her a look of clerical dignity, and, pointing to the bottle, gravely said, "No, ma'am; but *that* is."

GARRICK AND MRS. CLIVE.

Garrick having a green-room wrangle with Mrs. Clive, after listening to all she had to say, replied, "Madam, I have heard of tartar and brimstone, and know the effects of both; but you are the *cream* of one, and the *flower* of the other."

NEW APPLICATION OF WHISKEY.

At a celebrated convivial society, the Dukes of Argyle and Leinster sat together at the bottom of the table, giving it the appearance of having a pair of vice-presidents. The Knight of Kerry remarked to the gentleman who was next to him, "Behold the two *vices* of their respective countries, *Ferintosh* and *Inishone*!"

DUBLIN GALLERY AUDIENCE.

Mr. Morris Barnett, who has gained a reputation in the London theatres for his finished performance of "Monsieur Jacques," was on a visit to Dublin. Although the season was over, Mr. Calcraft, the manager, thought that a very profitable night might be produced by the engagement of Charles Kean, on his return from Cork; and Calcraft asked Barnett to act Monsieur Jacques, first time in Dublin. It was, however, impossible for Mr. Kean to arrive to play Richard until eight o'clock. There were some interludes announced between the tragedy and the farce; consequently Barnett had to walk on in the quiet character of pathos (Monsieur Jacques) at a quarter past twelve o'clock. The gallery audience, numerous, remained to a man, and determined to have their "whack" for their money; but, unluckily, it had entered their heads that Monsieur Jacques was somehow or other connected with an exhibition which had been given at the London Adelphi, and elsewhere; moreover, they confused it with the pantomime of "Jocko," in which poor Mazurier was so admirable.

Barnett began his sentimental scene, and was delivering it with all the pathos he could muster, when he heard a man in the gallery exclaim, "Holy father, it is not a monkey!" Startled at this, he proceeded to act his best, when another fellow called out, "Where's your tail, and be d—d to you?"

Barnett thought it now high time to push on as rapidly as pos-

sible, and he arrived at the part where Monsieur Jacques salutes the girls. Here the whole gallery started up, and cried out, "Ah, the ould thief!" This concluded the performance.

HARLEY, LORD OXFORD.

At Lord Oxford's seat at Wimple, there hung a fine picture of Harley in his robes as Speaker, with the roll of the bill in his hand for bringing in the House of Hanover, which was supposed to have been accomplished by his casting vote. In allusion to Harley's being afterwards sent to the Tower, Prior wrote with a pencil on the white scroll, "Bill paid, 16th July 1715."

Harley, like many an ex-minister, became hypochondriacal in the latter part of his life. His active mind, not having any pabulum to feed it, began to prey upon itself. He became deaf, or at least thought himself so. When some one asked him whether he had ever observed himself to be deaf when he was in office, "Faith," replied he, "I was then so afraid of my head, that I did not attend very much to my ears."

MONSIEUR DE VIVONNE.

Monsieur de Vivonne, who was commander of the French expedition against Messina, writing from that place to the King, closed his letter in these words, "May it please your Majesty, to finish the affair we only want ten thousand men." He gave his letter to seal to Du Terron, commissioner of the army, who was bold enough to add, "*and a general.*"

COLLEY CIBBER.

This actor was extremely haughty as a theatrical manager, and very insolent to dramatists. When he had rejected a play, if the author desired him to point out the particular parts of it which displeased him, he took a pinch of snuff, and answered in general terms, "Sir, there is nothing in it *to coerce my passions.*"

ABSENT BRIDEGROOM.

In 1787 John Philip Kemble married the widow of Breton, (she was formerly Miss P. Hopkins), Mr. and Mrs. Bannister undertook to give them a wedding-dinner. By some accidental alteration in the play-bills, Kemble was announced to perform at Drury Lane theatre on that evening. He therefore quitted his bride, and a very agreeable party at Bannister's house, to toil through five acts of Hamlet. After which, totally forgetting that he had been married in the morning, and adhering to old and constant habit, he walked from the theatre to his own house, and seated himself in his easy chair, with his lamp and his book, in his library. The bride and party waited, in due expectance of the arrival of the tragedian; but in vain. Bannister was compelled to convey the lady to her husband, who, (as Bannister informed the writer,) was rather astonished at the intrusion of visitors at that time of night.

"THE LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE."

Robert Jobling was dancing at an evening party; Jobling was almost as fat as Falstaff. A lady remarked, that for so corpulent a

person "his dancing was extremely light." "Light, madam," said Barnaby; "how can you be surprised at that, considering his *taper legs!*"

—
R. S. V. P.

An old-fashioned couple, in 1806, received a card of invitation to dinner from some much gayer folks than themselves. At the bottom of the card was the then new R. S. V. P. This puzzled the worthy pair. It might puzzle us in these days, although most of us are a little better acquainted with the French,—"*Repondez s'il vous plait.*" The old gentleman took a nap upon it, from which he was awaked by his helpmate, who said, after shaking him up, "My love, I have found it out. R. S. V. P. It means — *remember six very punctual.*"

—
TOMMY ATKIN.

Dear old Tommy! All who have had the pleasure to be acquainted with Mr. Whitbread, or Southill, during a number of years, must have known that fine old fellow, Tommy Atkin. We can tell a few tales of him. Alas, he is dead and gone! With all his fooleries, his whims, his extravagances, there was a jovial kind heart about him, that endeared him to most of the persons to whom he was introduced. His first connection with Samuel Whitbread was at college. Tommy Atkin, being an extremely entertaining companion, was afterwards invited by his friend, Samuel, to pass a week at his seat in Bedfordshire. Tom accepted the invitation gratefully, and, *to prove his gratitude*, he remained a guest of that opulent, distinguished, and worthy family, for THIRTY THREE YEARS! More of this eccentric old boy, anon.

—
HOOD-WINKED.

On the facetious Thomas Hood coming to town one day, he called on an equally facetious friend, well known in the literary world, with the intention of dining with him. The friend, however, happened to have an engagement; but, as he had reasons for not treating Hood with any want of hospitality, and knowing that he must return to Enfield early, he asked Hood to accompany him to a veterinary surgeon's, where he was compelled to go on business. The friend, knowing Hood's state of stomach, took him *to see a horse's tail cut off!* an operation which positively induced Hood to decline any idea of eating a dinner.

—
ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.

When Rousseau was banished from Geneva, he landed at Dover, January 11th, 1766, and visited Drury Lane theatre on the 23rd, to witness the performance of *Zara and Lethe*, by command of their Majesties. Upon this occasion Garrick played *Lusignan* and *Lord Chalkstone*. Rousseau was much gratified, and complimented him by saying, "Sir, you have made me cry at your tragedy, and laugh at your comedy, though I scarce understood a word of your language."

—
DR. JONES'S SHOE TAX.

This tax was proposed in January 1787. Mr. Rose had a very favourable opinion of it, and it was calculated that it would bring an addition to the revenue of about four hundred thousand pounds per

annum. Of this tax Major Topham remarked, that "Dr. Jones and his shoe-tax had already been productive of many a pinching apprehension; and for any club, in town or country, we give it as a toast to our fellow-sufferers, "May Dr. Jones's shoe be on Mr. Pitt's last!"

A SENSIBLE LITTLE BOY.

A friend of Mr. Cartwright, the celebrated dentist, took his son to have his mouth inspected by that able artist, who, with wonderful celerity, removed seven of the boy's first teeth. Upon the boy crying out with surprise, and a little pain, Cartwright said, "Never mind, Johnny, your teeth will come again."

Johnny, with tears in his eyes, inquired, "Will they come again before dinner, Mr. Cartwright?"

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

In the winter 1776, in one of the public rooms at Bath, the young Lord Chesterfield accidentally dropped his snuff-box. A gentleman, who was standing near snatched it instantly from the floor, and politely returned it to the noble owner. His lordship, with great indifference, turned away his head, and pocketed his box, without seeming to notice the favour, which conduct extorted from the finder the following severe but pertinent exclamation:—"I am positive," said he, "*that gentleman never read Lord Chesterfield's letters.*"

LOVE'S SECOND SIGHT.

I LOVED thee long before we met,
My dreams had traced thy form so well;
I heard thy name, nor could forget
The tender music of its spell.

And when at last I saw those eyes,
They seem'd no wand'ring fires unknown,
But stars, that from my native skies
Their beams o'er all my life had thrown.

When thou wert mine, I ask'd my heart
What meant its strange foreboding fear,
That whisper'd we were doom'd to part,
Even when most happy and most dear?

Although the bloom was on thy cheek,
To me it wore a hue of gloom;
The tones that would thy fondness speak
Sigh'd like the wind around a tomb.

Too much my trembling heart has known
That casts a shade on coming years;
The present never was my own,—
And, oh! how sad the past appears!

Alas! the fatal gift was vain
That taught how frail my hopes must be—
Time found me, after years of pain,
All unprepared for losing thee!

LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

IRISH INVENTION.

BY P. M'TEAGUE, ESQ.

How comes it, as we often hear it said, that we Irish people, living so near England, — *that* England, which (*according to the map*) seems to be actually hugging Ireland; or (turned another way) carrying her on her back, as our honest women here so dearly love to carry their children, — how comes it, as people *fancy*, that we are not so inventive as our neighbours, or *nurses*? That we “*don't take after the mother* ;” spin so little cotton; have such little specks of rail-roads; and don't yet build or furnish our steamers? These might be puzzling questions, and I believe frequently prove so to the uninitiated, particularly when we call to mind how *very* kind and tender-hearted, and generous, England has been to us, and what pains she has taken in our education! (“Bad manners to you, Larry, *where's your bow*?”) But to us, learned as we are in such matters at least, not at all so: and proud and happy do I feel in having this opportunity of assuring my readers that I can most agreeably undeceive them; and if I don't convince them that Ireland *is* a country of invention, and deep invention, too; and that since the world began no people have existed half so full of invention *as* the Irish, I will give them leave to look as cross at me as they please when we meet again.

The only difference, then, between English and Irish inventions consists in the following points. That English inventions are merely mechanical, while Irish inventions are amusingly hyperbolic; and if in some respects exciting to risibility, yet disclosing in others a world of wonder, with an attendant *moon of instruction*.

To illustrate my argument as an Irishman, look at the spinning-jennies, as they call them, — was there ever such sameness? No variety; all as like one another as two pins. Now *we* could not bear *that*. The very idea of such shoals of things all turning the same way would bother us out of our senses. But, if one could be made to go one way, and one another way, *that* might do; or if they would leave off having so many Jennies all together, and let some *Jemmy's* come among them, *that* might be better still. “By the powers! ther' 'ud be twisting and turning enough then!”

Also, “in regard to them steam-ships and railways,” we have heard all about *them* from the cattle-dealers and pig-drivers, and don't like them *at all*. Here's a case of hardship.

“Terry Donohoe tuk twenty pigs all the way over to Liverpool, and hurted and damaged the' wor in the big shtamer; for some av thim had the hair, and *schnouts*, an' tails burnt aff, by r'ason they 'ud be rubbing thimselves ag'in the shimmeny, which, though painted black (which desaved the pigs) was red-hot all the time. Well, as we were saying, Terry got what was left of his twenty pigs, and saw them safe put into a big box they carry them in to MANSHESS-THER, and that was on the 'thrain,' an' he taking a small glass of sperrets with a fr'ind, after all the salt water he had on the *say*, which brings an the 'druthe.’

“‘Murder!’ siz Terry, ‘where's me pigs?’ siz Terry.

“ ‘Halfways to Manshessther be this,’ siz a big, red-nosed fellow, with his two hands stuck in his two breeches-pockets.

“ ‘Will I catch thim?’ says Terry.

“ ‘To be sure you will, if you run quick enough,’ siz the man wid the big nose, siz he.

“So aff Terry started at the top of his speed, and hadn’t run five miles before he found all his pigs on the thrain, or the rails, or whatever they call them, cut into little bits, and the heads av thim *smashed* so he couldn’t tell one from another; and divil o’ bit o’ satisfaction ever he got from the ‘boord of the commet’hee of directhurs,’ only they tould him that sometimes, when the cratur is unruly, the wheels of the pig-boxes do come aff, and that whenever sich a thing happened, their rules made them cut the pigs into *soursedges*.”

After this plain, if not affecting recital, well might the pig-driver exclaim, “What soort of inventions are these, I wonder, that ’ud burn the hair, and tails, and ‘shnouts’ aff of a poor man’s pigs, and then have them cut into bits and *soursedges*?” Also, “what kind of justice from the ‘Boord of the commet’hee of Directhurs’?”

And, we might add, what would our poor people be without their wit, their humour, and invention? Nothing! absolutely nothing but a half-starved, ignorant, and shivering race, in rags and tatters, possessing, in fact, nothing in their compositions to form a study, create an interest, or raise a smile.

But, set their wits at work—their native, racy, unfathomable wits, —attend to the peculiar shrug of the shoulders, the deep twinkle of the eye, as Paddy draws “at sight” upon the overflowing stores of his invention; and first most solemnly declaring that “he would scorn to tell his honour a lie,” or “that the devil a word of lie was in it,” he will give you at a moment’s warning a string of pure inventions not to be rivalled or surpassed by all the romancers in the world.

The most common occurrence upon which poor Paddy is questioned will be ingeniously turned, or coaxed, or twisted into numerous different versions, just as he thinks he can most successfully gratify the person he is addressing, most efficiently serve his own purposes, or tickle and amuse any bystander. Should, however, his ready eye detect either suspicion or displeasure, straightway, and without the slightest embarrassment, he will recompose his narrative, and will just as readily swallow all he had previously said, as a well-cooked potato.

Of course most people, and you in particular, who are expecting nothing else, see through this flimsy kind of scheming at once; but the curiosity of the case lies in this—that Paddy himself is equally aware of probable detection; and yet, from some unaccountable desire to bother, flatter, or humbug you,—cannot for the soul of him desist.

However you may regret the want of truth and principle, such scenes as these are frequently amusing; Paddy forces you to laugh at some ridiculous tale or conceit, which has little or no foundation, and all the while is but too frequently endeavouring to divert your attention from some deeper-laid scheme of roguery, such as I have before endeavoured to represent in the history of Watty Flaherty.

To a certain extent I had a kind or a “soort” of a Watty Fla-

herty myself in my service — I don't think he humbugged quite so much, but he did his best. It was not for want of a right good will that way. He was a willing, active, handy lad; a good groom, passably honest, and one who, I never doubted (having had a trial of his readiness that way), would have risked his life in defending mine. His name was Tom Dillon. Unfortunately, however, I could rarely depend upon one word he said. He was also an inveterate smoker; and, having afterwards taken to the "dhrop" — though happy am I to do him this justice, he has since abjured it, with more than two millions of his countrymen — I was obliged to "dhrop" him. His inventions were at times rather amusing, and his lies were told with gratuitous perseverance. As for instance.

Sitting in the kitchen one cold, rainy day, close to the fire, smoking away at his "doodheen," in came an old beggar-man, one of those mendicants who stroll through the country, living it is hard exactly to say how, and nobody knows where; who deal in news, tales, jokes, and gossip; frequently, where found palatable, in scandal; welcome to the poor, and often to the richer classes, from whom odd shillings and sixpences are skilfully extracted, or garments and linen (invariably sold for whiskey); who get dinners and beds almost everywhere, often supporting, and with consummate art, the character of a "natural." Such a man was "Shauneen Baun;" and, if one of your Watts or Arkwrights of the present day were asked how this beggar contrived to keep such a multitudinous assemblage of rags on his back, each piece in its proper place, — probably the greatest projector of our age would resign the palm of invention to Shauneen Baun. My son had gone into the kitchen for his gun, and was standing at the door of the closet; but hearing from Tom Dillon that Shauneen Baun was close at hand, he had just time to sit down behind some linen, when the scene commenced, and fortunately had a good view of Shauneen Baun through the division of a pair of sheets, though Shauneen Baun could not see him, — a circumstance which, doubtless, saved his pocket, while it has added to our stock of anecdote. The *onus*, therefore, was on Tom Dillon; nor did he fail to make the most of such an opportunity for the display of his inventive powers before "the young master."

Enter SHAUNEEN BAUN.—"God save ye, Tom Dillon!"

TOM.—Welcome, Shauneen! Come in, man, I'm all alone. Sit down, and take an air of the fire.

Shauneen looked at the fire, sat down, and warmed himself. (Tom had concealed his pipe, but Shauneen had smelt the tobacco.) "Musha Tom, but this fire is a fine thing — so it is, and the *ould bones* aching with the cowlid and rumatiz." (After a fidget,) "They tell me the *tibbacy* failed entirely in *Amiricah* this year. Oh, bluran'-ouns! what 'll we do? Have *you* any *tibbacy*, Tom? Myself gev the *lasht iv'* it I had away."

"I have," said Tom.

"Where? Shew me id, till I put it in my pipe."

TOM.—I have it here, in the heel of my fisht.

SHAUNEEN.—Show me yer hand.

TOM.—Hould your own.

So Shauneen held his hand, while Tom cut up the tobacco with his knife (which is the custom among us). Shauneen quietly put all Tom had cut into his own pocket, and then, handing him his pipe,

said, "Here, Tom, now, here 's this pipe, and fill it so, as the tibbacy is so plinty wid you."

So Tom did; and having lit it as usual, handed it to Shauneen, who puffed away.

Now, then, commenced the tug of war; curiosity, food for gossip, on the side of the beggar; glorious humbug, lying, and invention, on the other.

SHAUNEEN (looking up at the ceiling, and down at the fire).—Yarrah, Tom Dillon, this is a warm, snug house; but whisper, isn't Mr. M'Teague a quare soort o' man to have suich a small little house and place here, an' he going in his carr'ge, and his son and himself shtuck up ag'in one another in it *wedin*, an' he keepin' another horse along with that ag'in, and dinin' with the quality intirely, so they are. Does he keep any other servant here with yersilf?

TOM DILLON.—Whisha! God help your ould head, now, Shauneen, for what you said. Small place, indeed! Yarrah! that man has twinty places! 'This, wher' y' are now, is only by way of a shootin'-box. He has this juist whin it plases him to come and knock down a *patteridge*, or coax the *throat* out of the loch beyant.

SHAUNEEN.—'The Lord save us! Is it twinty places, Tom, in airst, and servants in all o' thim?

TOM.—Divil a lie in it, and myself believes it is twinty-three he has in all, only he only tuk me to *fifteen*. There's servants in all o' thim, mostly on boord-wages, and he keeps me here on boord wages; an' a little weeshy woman tidying the bed-chambers above. You know her very well, Shaun, by rason she's a bit of a nun. She cooks his *throat* illegant, an' his *game*; an' has the fresh eggs and butter, and hot rowls, and griddle cakes, an' a furrin thing tossed up in the fryin'-pan, made of the yolks of maybe siventy eggs at a time — and they call this an *alminack*, — for himself and the young mather; an' a couple of fine horses I've to mind, an' a little work in the gardin, and ride up and down the counthry tin miles round with arrants and letthers, and big an' little parshils. Sure, when he's here, man alive, he has more letthers, and notes, and missages, than Dan O'Connell would in the "sason of parliment" — so he has.

SHAUNEEN.—Glory be to God! he must be a great man intirely; but, hould! what diz he give you, Tom?

TOM.—Yeh! then not so much, indeed, by rason I'm young yit. Only eight-an'-sixpence a-week myself gets, and seven shillings the cook. But, then, you see, Shauneen, when himsilf 's at home, there's wine, and cider, and Guinness' porter running about the house in all derichtions, an' he always brings a rowl of tibbacy for the neighbours; but he won't let a dthrop of whiskey inside the dure.

SHAUN.—Ow! by the laws that's illegant, boord wages and all! Oh! he must be a grand man, and a raal gentleman. I wisht he was to the fore this minuet.

TOM.—Begor! if he was he'd give you a shillin', an' yer dinner, an' a glass of porter to settle the *pl'shatics*, an' then he'd give you a bran new pipe, and a great bit of tibbacy, and a good bed to lie on at anyhow.

SHAUNEEN.—Yarrah! now, Tom; where is he this way?

TOM.—Where he is? I thought everybody knew *that*. He's at the Curragh o' Kildare this day with the Lord Leff't'nant, and all the great men of Ireland. He has three horses *inthir'd* to run, and one is to go to him from Limerick, and whin they 've ran in the Curragh, they're to go to Cork. He has five stable-boys an' a head-groom always mindin' thim, an' he gives the groom forty guineas a-year, — an' what do you say to him? — but won't let man or boy belonging to him wear a livery. Don't ye see myself has a frieze-coat an. He and the young mather always wears the County Clare frieze, and I'll engage they're not a-shy or ashamed to put it an.

SHAUN.—Bilug a bows! Is that throe? and what soort is the son?

Now was the moment of Tom's triumph, as his great object was to invent something to tickle *him*.

TOM.—By gad! all that's good. He's a *grand* young gin-telman, and very fond of the spoort—huntin', and fishin', and shootin', and divarshons entirely.

SHAUN.—And is he out wid the father?

TOM.—Not at all. He's in Cork, this ways, gettin' redly for the races, and inthirin' horses. People all siz he's more knowener than the mather himsilf, and makes the money fly like shot out of a gun. Divil take the bit o' me, but 'ud go through fire and wather for his bidden. Indeed, we had some words *vause*, but he didn't turn me aff, nor *never will*, plase God!

SHAUNEEN.—*That I may be in Heaven, sittin' upon a binch*, but I'd like to be in yer place, Tom, if I was young ag'in. Here's yer pipe. I must be aff. I've to go tin miles to a gentleman that's promised me an ould coat, and maybe I'll get a shillin', too.—Exit.

However successful Tom Dillon might be considered in the line of invention, yet in some respects I think his glory was dimmed by a quiet-looking old fellow, called Tim Curtin, who lived with a much-respected neighbour of mine, Mr. Good. Still there was this striking difference between the two. My servant's wits were diffuse and voluminous, while Tim's on the contrary, were sententious and concentrated.

Mr. Good, who is one of the kindest masters living, takes great pride in a beautiful lawn and pleasure-ground round his mansion at Derg View, shut in by thriving plantations, with walks round them, prettily laid out.

After his crop of hay had been secured and stacked, my friend, like a first-rate agriculturist, as he is admitted to be, ordered this land to be dressed *secundum artem*, and soon his ground was covered with valuable manure, deposited in heaps, which Tim had orders to spread without delay. Leaving home for a few weeks, what was Mr. Good's surprise on returning to find each heap in its first position, and Tim, who evidently expected what was to follow, leaning upon his shovel, looking at them.

MR. GOOD.—Why, Tim, what *have* you been about all this time? Are you not ashamed of yourself? Didn't I tell you to spread this manure out immediately, when it would have done great good to the land, and here, you lazy scoundrel! you have left these heaps to eat away, and rot, and damage the grass under them?

TIM.—Why, your honour, I've done my best, and worked hard

every day, and couldn't do more, (pointing to two large heaps.) Does yer honor see them two *hapes* yander?

Mr. Good.—To be sure I do; and what of that?

Tim.—Well, sir,—them two hapes, — as sure as I'm standing spakin' now to yer honor— (A pause.)

Mr. Good.—Come, now, no nonsense.

Tim.—Whisht, sir, for God's sake! Them two hapes—(mysteriously)—them two very hapes, yer honor, I spread out with my own shovel here this blessed mornin'; and, however, they come together ag'in!

Having, as it were, the spade in our hands, the following scene in a potato field, not far from my house, may be here related as nearly as possible as it took place.

Potato digging (as now and then rather pompously set forth in our newspapers) is sometimes said to be performed gratuitously, in token of admiration of some *great little* man's character, many points of which very character the people, said to be thus *adoring* it, but too frequently in their hearts despise.

The numbers thus engaged are, of course, proportioned to the extent of the ground to be dug. For instance, for the work of digging an Irish acre of potatoes (more than one-third larger than an English acre, forty Irish acres making sixty-five English),—for this acre, to dig, gather up, and pit the crop (in one day), as many as forty men and ten women and children will often be collected. These people, however, whether they really love the person for whom they are employed or not (a very hard question), will expect either their regular wages (varying from tenpence to fifteen pence per day, exclusive of allowance), or a plentiful repast of meat, drink, and vegetables; and, before tee-totalism came into vogue, each throat was actually aching for whiskey.

One lovely morning last October, I had as gay and merry a set as could well be collected anywhere. There were some fine active young men, some pretty girls too, and two or three old stagers whom I knew, and whose yarns I had heard before. I had twenty men altogether, quite sufficient for my small piece of potato-ground, one man to each ridge; and as I found them talking, which is ever the case, so I left them talking and laughing too, all hands; and yet, with all this laughing and talking, I could not but admire the regularity and dexterity of the work. One man on the right leads the rest; he is in advance a little; and so they all follow, as the military men have it, in *echelon*, forming a regularly inclined line, which seldom varies. There I found them digging away, and turning up the beautiful *murphies* (a word, by the by, unknown here. It appears to me as if they meant to call them "praties;" but this they cannot do, as they slip over the *r*, and pronounce them "pt'shaties.") Each man was plying his long-handled spade, perfectly erect at his work,—not stooping down to it, as the English clodpoles do,—and the girls and little children were following, some picking up, others filling a large basket, which one of the men took it in regular turn with the rest to carry to the pit.

And maybe there wasn't the "ra'al fun going an." It does one's very heart good to see these poor people enjoying themselves together, leaving all their cares and sorrows, as they do the "pt'shaties," behind them!

I am afraid I lost something superexcellent, as they were all roaring out at a sally of wit; and even Paddy Kinnaam himself, an old fellow who evidently laughs with difficulty, as if his cheeks would crack in the operation, — even Paddy's gravity was upset, — he was laughing, though seemingly in pain by doing so. All the others' "potato traps" were widely enough distended.

There was Billy Carmody leading the entire operation, an oldish stager, but a capital hand at the work, and a still better one at a piece of invention; next to him, however, was a real sly fellow, Jemmy Rooney, who was often more than a match for Billy; after him another of the same "soort," Rody Scanlan; and then what one may call a *butt*, Micky Culligan, who was a little deaf, or pretended to be so (the latter, most probably, as these men reap immense advantages in the way of question and answer), and thus, when a good thing was said, the joke was, "Did you hear *that*, Micky?"

"God bless ye, boys!" I said.

"Welcome, sir."

"What sort of a crop do ye call this?"

"O, illegant, yer honor. Great pt'shaties entirely. We never seen the likes, indeed, yer honor."

"Oh, it's no wonder, with the *manure* they got!" said one.

"Sure was not the ridges full av it!" said another; and so passed on the praises of my crop all down the line, like a *feu de joie*.

"Well, boys, I'm glad to see you all so well and hearty, and none of you drinking whiskey."

RODY.—In troth, yer honor, it's a good thing to be done with it, an' we're all the better. I was wanst and I never could get enough of it, and now I'd rather take the ditch-wather.

"I assure you, my friends, you could not tell me anything I am prouder to hear; and I am also as proud to add, that I have followed your example, and have left off the usual tumbler after dinner, and so, it is my firm belief, will every gentleman in this neighbourhood. And I can assure you I never felt myself better in my life, and therefore now believe that whiskey is neither conducive to health nor strength, and certainly not either to peace of mind or body."

OMNES.—Oh, long life to yer honor; that's thru indeed!

BILLY CARMODY.—An' sure, yer honor, we've the *te-bacch-y* left us!

"You have, Billy," I replied; "and I don't begrudge it you, knowing well, though not myself a smoker, what comfort the old pipe gives you in your houses, especially when you come in wet and tired; and therefore, though I should only insult you by offering whiskey (not a drop of which will enter my house again), yet I hope you will find plenty to eat and drink, and plenty of tobacco, and each of you a new pipe, when the work is done."

OMNES.—Oh, then, that yer honor may *encrease*, and that we may dig yer honor's pt'shaties agin and agin!

All this was a sort of "overture." Now began the entertainment.

BILLY CARMODY.—Oh, that whiskey war *tu'rrble* stuff, yer honor! Would yer honor believe what it did one day to myself, and two or three more av us, that went into Dunny Gorman's house there *beyant*? An' if we did, we had some *bish'ness* to settle; and we called for a half pint, and we filled out a glass, an' began settling the "bish'ness," an' we all heard a crack on the table, an' thin the glass *flewn*, and so,

begor, we lost the whiskey! "Oh, ho, ho! what's this, boys?" siz myself. "Biddy," siz I to the landlady, "come till you see what yer whiskey done to this glass," siz I. An' she *tuk* up the pieces, and siz she, "This is all wid the 'denth' of the 'sitrinh' of the liquor, boys," siz she. An' so she went to her closet, and brought out a fine *shtrong* thick owld glass, an' hirsilf fillt it for us to make up the loss; and siz she, "Here, now," siz she, and held it up close at Ned Halloran's nose, "shmeell to that now," siz she; an' if she did, that very minnet aff went the ould glass, and cut Ned's noze a'most in two! Yarra! what can they put into the whiskey that'll make it go aff that way, *like sticks a breaking*?

"Did you hear that, Micky?" said one.

"*Vith'ral*," said Micky. "Vith'ral, I tell ye!"

James Rooney was not the man to listen to this marvellous narra-tion without a reply.

"I'll wager a hat full of sixpences ould Mick is right. Mysilf has seen upwards of twinty glasses broke that same way, and the painted tables *fritzshling* up whin the sperret was spilt an them. In-deed I was toul't this often enough! But sure, boys, that's nothin' to what Patsy Mungavan, an' mysilf, an' another boy seen with our own eyes at Scariff. We wor there together on a Sunday to get mass; and after that we went to Mat Tracy's, him that keeps the shop an' public house near the market; an' Mat had tin *pwinchins* o' ra'al Dublin whiskey within in his yard, which is an the *shlope* av the hill over the river; and he call't me in to help him rowling in the *pwinchins* under cover. An' what d' ye think I seen him do, boys, when he thought I was clane gone? but I was only slipped behint the dure. Well, then, he puts his hand into his pocket, and pulls out a bottle, you see; and thin he tuk the corks out of the *pwinchins*, an' he *dhropt* two or three *dhrops* into them, taking them in turn."

RODNEY.—Micky! do you hear that?

MICKY.—Every word. That was vith'ral!

ROONEY (continuing).—Maybe so, indeed. But only think, boys! whin he came to the very last *pwinchin*, his hand began to shake, and the bottle shlipped, and ever so much, but meself does not know how much, went in, an' it began to froth like a mad bull. "Oh, murd'her!" siz Mat, "I'm ruined!" siz he. "What'll I do?" siz he. "Here, James Rooney, run to me for the bare life!" siz he, an' he screechin', "you, an' all the boys at wanst!" siz he. And with that, before there was time to say another word, the *pwinchin* beginn'd to bile, an' *shtart*, an' shake itsilf; an', the Lord save us! sarra one av it but ruz up four feet aff of the ground o' one lep, and kep' lepping down the side of the yard, and Mat bawlin' at the top of his voice to the boys to come help him! "Come, will ye, boys, and saze howld of that infernal *pwinchin*, an' help me to keep it *quite*," siz he, "or I'll be ruined!" siz he; "an' it's making for the river, an' it'll throw itself in, it's so hot and mad," siz he. An' so we had all to do our best, av coorse, and by little an' little each man got a houl't of the rim, an' it tuk FIVE strong able boys to stedy it, and hould it, an' it shtruggling for the wather all the time, until Mat tuk the head out and cooled it.

A tremendous yell of delight followed this glorious story. I now looked to Billy Carmody, full of hope that he would not yield the

triumph of invention without another *round*. Nor was I disappointed. It came out gradually in this way.

"Well," said Billy, digging away, and turning out the glories of Ireland, the lovely *cups*!—"Well, to be sure, whiskey's a turr'ble thing; and it's mysilf prays for Father Matchew every night, that tuk the *shmell* av it out of my nose. I was wanst, an' I went t' Ennis, with a car load a *whate*, a' Tom Ronnels bought the load; an' if he did, he call't me into his room, an' siz he, 'Bill,' siz he, 'you're fond of a dhrop of the good stuff,' siz he, 'an' I have it here'll shute you," siz he. Well, meself was cowl'd wid standin' all day in the market, and so siz I, 'Wid all my heart, Tom,' siz I; an' I hadn't tashted a dhrop all day. So he wint strait over to his *priss*, and fil't me out a rasonable glass. 'Now, Bill,' siz he, 'bolus *that*,' siz he, 'for that's *THRUBBLE DISHTILL'D*! An' whisper,' siz he, 'don't tashte another dhrop to-day,' siz he; 'for if you do, them *Peelers* won't let you go out of the town,' siz he, 'but'll put you in the barrack-hole,' siz he. Well, sure enough, I dhrank it every dhrop, and, by the laws! it was illegant. He ped me my money, an' I walked out, and so towards home fair an' asy. I lived at that time about three miles aff; an' whin I got about a mile, I thought the road got *narrarer* and *narrarer*, and thin what was left of the road got up o' top av the walls, an' ris up over the *threes*, and pulled the *threes* upside down over me; and thin my two eyes turned clane back in my head, and wisha! not one o' me but fell an the flat o' me back, until some of the neighbors *ruz* me, an' carr'd me home wid thimselves on a car!"

The story was pretty good, and tolerably well applauded; yet me-thought the welkin did not ring *quite* so much as before, and Bill evidently thought so too. His wits, therefore, were still at work, and, with an ardent desire, to beat James all hollow, he after a little time proceeded,—

"Well, them's illegant pt'shaties! The cups is like sods o' turf risin' up out of the ground, an' aiqual to the goold! There's a big one! James, what does that one weigh?"

"Be dad, Billy, I think nigh hand a pound, at any rate."

BILLY.—Bout a pound, is it? That's good weight, to be sure, for *this side o' the country*, to be in a pt'shatie. (A pause.) Well, well; but what is it, after all, to the one in a garden of my own, near Gort; an' when I *sowld* the rest, I tuk that be itsilf, an' the man at the *shckales* asked me, "What was it at all that I had under my arm; an' was it a *spare head* I had for my two shoulders, to put an when my own head might be broke in two?" So I tould him it was a pt'shatie. "T'under and turf!" siz he; "hand it over here," siz he, "till I *luk* at it," siz he. So he put it into the *shckales*, and weighed it, an' over sixty people lookin' *an*. An' what d'ye think it weighed? Musha, be this crass, it weighed fourteen pounds an' a *dhraw down* in the shckale! "That's fourteen pound," siz the man, siz he; and he *shtuck* a great big skiver entirely in through it, and *shtuck* it up on the shckales; and Lord Gort, and her Ladyship, and young Mr. Vereker, an' all the quality came to luk at it; and indeed it would surprise ye! (Great applause.)

Now, then, for James.

JAMES.—Oijeh! what's that? What a little thing that was over at my own place at Cooleshamarogue! I'll tell ye all about it.

There was an ould well in the garden, an' if there was, it never had any wather in it in my time, or my father's before me. But if it hadn't, it got full of turf mould, an' ould dung, an' sawdusht, and such like things that gathered in it. An' if there did, in rowling some rubbidge into it, there was some *pashnup* seeds carried into it, and one of the seeds *grewn* in the hole, an' we all let it alone to grow an as it liked. An' the mowld bein' very rich an' good, it deepened in the ground, and kep' there, growing bigger and bigger for five years. An' the branches spread out, an' got big intirely, all the same as the boughs av a *three!* An' we gathered a crop of seeds aff iv it every year, and soult them for a shilling an ounce to the neighbours. Well, one day the masther himsilf kem, and "What's this?" siz he. — "That's the big owld *pashnup*, yer honor," siz I. — "What *pashnup*?" siz he. — "That's the *pashnup*, sir," siz I, "that's been down an' growing there five years last March, an' hasn't done growing yit," siz I. — "Well, *rise* it up," siz he. "I'll not have it growing here any longer," siz he; "an' it's wather, an' not *parshnups*, I want in this well," siz he; "an' it'll bursh the well," siz he. So six or seven of us gathered around it, but dickins one bit av us could move it! An' so we called the neighbours, and got *fifteen men*, an' pult it up, *holus bolus*. An' we were *three hours* risin' it; an' the root av it measured *twenty-one feet*, and the body *jist the size of the well round*, — the Lord be praised! But, av coorse, it 'ud have *grewn* twenty-one more, *only for the hard bottom it came agin*.

I must leave the reader to determine the "*palmar qui meruit*," only observing that, if vociferation is a good criterion, I think James, upon the whole, came off victor in the game of invention.

But now indeed a scene occurred, which all at once altered the face of things, broke the boasted line of my rifle corps, put the field into unexpected confusion, and in one moment caused the mêlée of every man, woman, child, and spade, and also as suddenly roused at least a dozen dogs of various degrees.

A rat had been ousted from its hole! The rat was a goodly rat, whiskered as a dragoon, fierce, combative, nimble, quite too sagacious and active for his too numerous and disorganised foes. He ran, he jumped, he dodged, and hid by turns, while his pursuers were tumbling over one another. Even the dogs were so completely bothered, they kued not what to do, — scarcely how to bark!

"Hurr-r-r-r-s-s-s!" — "Hulla, hulla, hull-l-l-l-s-s-s!" — "Hurr-sh!" — "Hould him, hould him, Nero!" — "Saze him, Bell!" — "Now, Terry'll have him!" — "Hurr, hurr, Captain! Captain has him!" But poor Captain, instead of the *rat*, got a wipe over the ear with the edge of a spade.

"Yarrah! Micky, turn him, can't ye?"

"Musha! Tom, why didn't *you* turn him?"

"Sure I run up purty smart, but he made aff up the shore."

"Well, well, that was the greatest rot ever I seen! Ned, did you ever see such a *bigger one*? It was all as one as a *cat!*"

A girl (and a very pretty one, too) to a young fellow, tauntingly, — "Ah, Johnny, why didn't *you* catch him?"

"Sure, how 'ud I, when he hid away from me in the furrow, as yerself does *behind the turf stack*, and me looking for you?"

"Ayeh! you're welcome to your jokes. The furrer, indeed! It must be *that the weeds dazzled ye.*"

"Whisper now, asthorough. It was your own self, maybe, was dazzling me all the time."

After this gallant sally, which I thought beat rat-hunting all hollow, I followed the rat's example, and stole away, wondering whether I should be able to remember all these INVENTIONS. I am indeed doubtful whether I have done them justice; but, gentle reader, if you are amused, I am rewarded.

THE STEALING OF THE TREASURE.

"SAHIB, Sahib! kazanah loot gijah!—Sir, sir! the treasure is stolen!" screamed a breathless Bengalee, as he rushed towards my tent, or rather the stable, in which, from want of a better shelter, I had pitched my camp, to protect my head from the rays of a nearly vertical sun.

The Bengal Herald, which I was conning over by the light of a lamp well fed with cocoa-nut oil, dropped from my hand as I heard the astounding cry, and before this bearer of ill tidings made his appearance I had donned my foraging-cap, snatched up my sword, and sallied forth, telling my bearer to follow with my gun and pistols.

The house of a native banker, situated in the very centre of a town on the opposite side of the river, had been attacked by a band of dacoits, or robbers, a few nights before, and money and jewellery to a considerable amount plundered. My first impressions, therefore, on hearing the frightened Bengalee, were, that the little guard over the Government funds under my charge had been surprised and overpowered; for I had still further weakened it by detaching more than half of the few men allowed me, to escort from the nearest collectorship some extra treasure required for the use of the department to which I belonged.

I could obtain no further intelligence from this individual. He was too alarmed or too excited to tell the little he did know. I hurried past him to the office where the Government treasure was kept,—a mere step from my dwelling.

An Indian night is seldom very dark, and I could plainly see, as I approached, the bullock-cart I had despatched the day before standing at the door, with the jemadar and one of his men squatting beside it.

"Well, Bussunt Sing," I exclaimed, "have you brought the treasure?"

"Yes, sir," replied the jemadar, as he endeavoured to stand upright, but reeling in the attempt, "all is well."

"Then what have you done with it?" said I, looking into the cart, and seeing only the empty box with the lid wrenched off.

"It is there," rejoined the old fellow, pointing to the cart.

I got into the vehicle, and groped around me. There was nothing besides the lidless box.

"And where are your men?" I exclaimed.

"There," said the jemadar, motioning with his hand towards the solitary burkandaze beside him.

"Tell me, villain, where is the treasure?" I shook the old man in a paroxysm of rage.

Again and again he mumbled, "It is there," as I reiterated the question till nearly exhausted with my own vehemence. It struck me that the old creature (he was nearly seventy) might have been attacked by dacoits, and so frightened by the carrying off of the money as to have become childish. His being without jacket or trowsers, bareheaded, with only a waist-cloth, upon him, confirmed me in the idea. I determined to try what effect a milder tone would have.

"Where was it you met with the dacoits, Bussant Sing?" I asked, in as gentle a manner as my patience would allow.

"The dacoits stole the banker's treasure at B——," was the only answer I could obtain. I turned to the burkandaze, who had hitherto sat quietly on his haunches.

"Get up, and tell me," said I, giving him a pull to expedite his rising; but he hung back, and, as I thought, menaced me with his sword, which he held naked in his right hand. "Give me your sword," I added. He only looked wilder, and brandished it. I seized his arm, and after a short struggle, got possession of the weapon.

From this man I could learn nothing. To no purpose I shook, and even kicked him; he could not, or would not speak. What was to be done? I was alone, without any other European at the place except a sergeant, whose quarters were at the other end of the lines. The station was new to me, for I had just arrived. I possessed no local knowledge. I neither knew the adjacent country, nor the characters of the natives. To add to my difficulties, several hours must elapse before the day would dawn.

That the treasure was gone was too evident; and I knew full well the Government would call on me to refund the money, unless I could devise some means for its recovery. The payment of the sum would detain me a year or two longer in a country which I was most anxious to quit, besides attaching a stigma to my name, and perhaps involving the loss of my staff-appointment.

Such were the thoughts that crowded on me. I felt that something must be done, and that immediately. I sent for the European sergeant, and to the nearest police station for assistance.

A police jemadar and some peons soon made their appearance, to whose custody I made over the two burkandazes, desiring them to interrogate the prisoners respecting the lost treasure, while I sat myself down to pen an account of its strange disappearance to the magistrate of the district, whom I entreated to exert every effort in his power to recover the money.

Whilst writing my report, the sergeant walked into the office with a gun on his shoulder, which he said his wife insisted upon his bringing, as a defence against the dacoits. To my inquiries as to what it would be advisable to do to recover the Government money, I could obtain no counsel whatever. No suggestions, though I needed them greatly, could I extract from his commonplace intellect.

He was convinced, he said, that treasure ought never to be sent for without a guard of regular sepoy to escort it; and this he despatched on to the natives in Hindostanee, as well as to me in English, though I told him repeatedly I had only acted as my predecessor

sors had done before me, in employing a burkandaze guard; and that I had not taken the step till satisfied of the inutility of applying for a guard of regulars, by seeing, from letters in the office, that it had already been refused on former occasions.

To prevent his further discourse, which, under existing circumstances, was only an annoyance, I desired the sergeant to copy the letter I had just finished to the magistrate, while I concocted with the moonshee, who, with most of the office people, had by this time assembled, the form of a circular in Persian, which I intended to send to all the neighbouring thannahs, or police offices.

My object in desiring to have the letter copied was, that I might be able to show the Government, in case I did not succeed in recovering the money, that I had neglected no means within my power to accomplish the measure. But Sergeant F—— said he could not see to write by candle-light; and my Bengalee baboo, or writer, declared he could not read the letter I had penned. It was, doubtless, hastily written; but still it was legible enough, had not fright somewhat obscured the baboo's faculties.

I was consequently obliged to transcribe my own production; and, as the sergeant was anything but useful, and not a little in my way, I recommended him to return to his wife. It was not much after ten o'clock.

He took my advice; and, having sent off my despatches, I mounted, and rode hastily along the road by which the treasure-cart had come. I had not gone far before I saw the shadow of a native gliding along a field on one side of me, and immediately gave chase, it appearing to me that this person had turned off the road purposely to avoid me. On coming up with the individual, I recognised him to be the garrewan, or driver of the bullock-cart, and I determined to lodge him in the thannah before I proceeded further.

On our way, I propounded several questions respecting the treasure to my prisoner, who was a lad of eighteen or nineteen years of age. He was either drunk or pretended to be so, and I gained nothing from his answers beyond a strengthening of the suspicion I already entertained, that no dacoity had taken place, but that the treasure had either been stolen by the burkandazes of the guard themselves, or with their connivance.

Having safely incarcerated the garrewan in the stocks of the thannah, I now held a consultation with the police jemadar, by far the most intelligent person I had hitherto conversed with, respecting what steps it would be advisable to take next. He was for immediately searching the dwellings of the garrewan, and such of the burkandaze guard as resided near at hand. One or two of them were from a distant part of the country, and had formerly been sepoys in the very battalion of which I was for several years the adjutant. The houses he alluded to were not exactly within his division, or beat, Salamut Ally said; but, if I would accompany him, and give the necessary orders, or, in other words, take the responsibility on myself, he would institute a search forthwith; and expressed himself confident that we should succeed in recovering some of the treasure. Not knowing what I could do better, I agreed to his proposal, and off we set, accompanied by some six or eight police peons, armed with swords and shields, and as many more of my own servants.

We first bent our way to a village about a mile distant, and, after

stumbling through several narrow lanes redolent of mire and filth, stopped at a small doorway in a mud wall. This was the garrewan's house,—a hut inferior in size and construction to the generality of English pig-styes. It consisted of only one small apartment, about ten feet by six, formed by a slight roof of bamboos thatched with grass, suspended to the side of the mud-wall opposite the door by which we entered, the intermediate space being a sort of yard, three or four paces in breadth.

To get within this habitation was no easy matter, as the roof descended to within a foot or two of the ground. I contrived, however, to squeeze myself through the aperture used as an entrance, which also fulfilled the offices of window and chimney. By the light of our lantern I perceived that its only tenants were a little shrivelled decrepit old woman, and a young girl, apparently fourteen or fifteen years of age, thin and pale, but really pretty, and quite a contrast to her companion, who was hideously ugly. They were lying fast asleep, doubled up together on a small charpoy, — a mere frame of bamboos, not a foot high, about four in length, and half as broad, with a sacking (there was neither mattress nor bedding) formed of a net-work of grass. This, with a few half-baked pots and pans, was the only furniture. Their stock of clothes was on their backs.

The slumber of these poor creatures was so profound that we did not disturb them, and it was not till the police were dragging them unceremoniously into the little yard that they evinced any symptoms of awaking. When they did open their eyes, it was not to utter any exclamation or remonstrance. Squatting in a corner, they looked on at our proceedings in silence, with an apparent apathy which extreme poverty alone could induce.

The charpoy was soon drawn outside the hovel; the pots and pans smashed in pieces, to see if they contained rupees; and the police pricked the walls, roof, and floor of the place with the points of their swords, and even dug up the ash-heap in the rear, to ascertain if any coin were concealed within.

The search proving fruitless, we proceeded to question the women. The old crone and the girl, the mother and wife of the garrewan, protested that he had not returned home since the morning of the day before, when he went with the bullock-cart to bring the treasure, and that they had not even heard of the robbery.

My friend the jemadar, by no means satisfied with the result, was for administering a little flagellation to make them confess. To this I decidedly objected, but yielded at length to his entreaties to be allowed to make them prisoners; and we hastened on to another village, carrying the old woman and the daughter-in-law in our train. The remainder of the night was consumed in searching dwellings, somewhat superior to that of the garrewan, but all evincing an appearance of abject poverty. We found nothing; but the number of prisoners was considerably increased by the apprehension of several of the relations of the suspected parties, principally men, whom we conducted to the thannah,—a proceeding to which the parties arrested submitted as a matter of course, without offering the slightest remonstrance. Probably they had been too much accustomed to see a measure of the sort enforced on similar occasions to think of protesting against it.

It was now morning. The two burkandazes and the garrewan still were, or seemed to be, under the influence of some narcotic drug, and we could make nothing of them. The rest of our prisoners all pleaded ignorance of any robbery having taken place. I was therefore apparently no further advanced towards the recovery of the money than before I had broken into the habitations of the slumbering villagers in so arbitrary a manner. I felt not a little disheartened at my ill success.

Still anything was preferable to sitting down in despair; and, having changed my horse, I again proceeded along the road the cart must have come; but all I gained was the satisfaction of finding the four remaining burkandazes of the guard (also under the semblance of being overpowered by something narcotic) in custody at a neighbouring thannah, to which one of my circulars had been despatched. From these men it was as impossible to obtain any information as from their comrades, and I retraced my steps slowly, for I felt depressed in spirit.

As I approached the spot where I had the night before turned off the road to overtake the garrewan, my eyes fell upon a little bag, about the size of a purse, lying at the side of the footpath. I dismounted, and found the contents to be only a pice or two, and a small quantity of spice. While engaged in the examination, I noticed for the first time that a drain or water-course ran below the road at this place, which was here somewhat higher than the surrounding country, and, stooping to look into it, thought I could perceive something lying within a few yards from the mouth. It might be a log of wood; but the more I looked, the more I fancied it resembled a bag of rupees.

Not being able to get at this object myself, — for I had my horse, besides being impeded by my wooden leg, — I called for my syce, who was only a short way in the rear. Not being over-scrupulous about a little dirt, he wormed himself into the drain, and soon lugged out a large canvass bag containing two thousand rupees (two hundred pounds sterling), with the collector's seal on the mouth still unbroken.

Words cannot paint my delight: it repaid me for all I had previously endured. I felt that the recovery of this bag was but a precursor to that of the remainder; and, as I hastened back to my friend, Salamut Ally, at his thannah, with my groom by my side, carrying the money on his head, I was no longer tormented with the idea of being called on to refund the treasure, or taunted with not having observed due precautions for its protection.

I pictured to myself the whole sum as already recovered, and the offenders I had secured, — of whose guilt I no longer entertained a doubt, as convicted and punished. The Government, also, I flattered myself, would pass no slight encomiums on my conduct on an occasion in which I had, I thought, displayed some degree of zeal and activity, if not intelligence. How far my expectations were realized the sequel will disclose.

The spice-bag was recognised as the property of the garrewan, who, no doubt, had hidden the rupees, intending to carry them off as soon as I should have passed by, which my having perceived, and incarcerated him in the thannah so promptly prevented his executing.

The police jemadar was now as confident as myself with respect to the recovering of the remainder ; and insisted so strenuously on the necessity of administering a few strokes of a rattan to the haram-zadah, the cafir* of a garrewan, as he termed the bullock-driver, for the purpose of inducing the fellow to confess where the money was concealed, that I consented to the experiment.

We conducted our prisoner to the spot where I had found the money, Salamut Ally bestowing sundry blessings with true Musulman fervour on the parents of such an offspring of a pig ; such an infidel dog of a gwallah, or cowherd, who, faithless to his salt, had presumed to steal the treasure of the Company buhador.† After acquainting the garrewan with the circumstance of the discovery of the rupees he had hidden, he was recommended to point out the rest of the coin if he wished to preserve a whole skin. But he protested he had never hidden the money. He was but a poor bullock-driver, and knew nothing about the treasure which it was the burk-andazes' business to look after.

Finding I could make nothing of Lootie (that was the garrewan's name) by fair means, I rode on about a hundred yards, leaving him in the hands of the police ; one of whom began forthwith to scourge him with a stout switch, while two others held him by each ear in no gentle manner. He screamed lustily. When I thought he had received a tolerable taste of punishment, I determined to try what effect promises would have. Accordingly I rode back, and desired the police to stay their hands. Addressing myself to the garrewan, I told him there was no chance of his escaping punishment now his spice-bag and the rupees had been discovered at the very spot on which I had apprehended him, unless he informed against his comrades, and pointed out where the whole of the treasure was hidden : I added that if he did this I would give him a handsome present. No, he knew nothing about the treasure, and was quite innocent of the robbery.

Once more I took myself off, and again the police belaboured him. I took no notice of his outcries this time ; but kept my back turned towards him, with my eyes fixed on the ground, as if in search of the lost treasure. At length he roared out for the sahib to come back. This I lost no time in doing, for I felt assured he was now going to make some disclosure.

"Well, Lootie, what have you got to say to me? I am sure you intend to become a faithful subject of the Company, and discover all."

"I will speak with the sahib alone," he said ; and, knowing there was no chance of his escaping, I did not hesitate to humour him in this request. Telling the police to let him go, I took him with me a few yards on one side, when he whispered that some of the money was buried in the sand of the river at a spot he named, about a mile off. I did not now hold out to him the promise of reward ; but to keep him in good humour, caused his arms to be unbound, and the cloth that had been tied round his waist to lead him by, to be taken off, and allowed him to walk, or rather run, at large amongst the police peons, to the spot he had mentioned.

There I had soon the satisfaction of digging up another bag of rupees, of equal size with the former one : the sight of which pro-

* Rogue and infidel.

† Mighty, powerful, or valiant company.

duced many an exclamation of "*Wah! wah! khoodah hafiz!*" from the Hindoos; and "*Allah akbar!*" God is great! from the Mussulmans of the party. The greater part of both persuasions, taking the opportunity of administering a few compliments to me in the Oriental style, on the goodness of my *nuseeb* and *kismut*, — fortune and fate. I do not recollect ever conversing with a native of India, either Hindoo or Mussulman, who did not prove a confirmed fatalist.

A large portion of the treasure was still to be found, and I took the garrewan apart again. But, no; he protested that he knew nothing about the remainder. The two bags we had found, he declared, were the whole of his share. He had pointed them out, and could do no more.

Not having implicit confidence in his veracity, I called for the police, and, in spite of his entreaties, made him over to their tender mercies a third time. They commenced so roughly that I became alarmed, and thought it high time to interfere. The poor wretch repeated his declaration, but added, that if we apprehended another garrewan, whom he named, he could tell us all.

It was resolved, therefore, that we should endeavour to pounce upon this personage, who had absconded; and I departed at full gallop for a village where I was told I should probably find him. Upon my arrival I was informed by the villagers, who were, perhaps, anxious to get rid of me, that he had been there that morning, and had only left it a few minutes before. Thinking I was now on the right track, I spurred on from place to place, fancying every native I saw to be the fellow I was in pursuit of, till both my horse and self began to show symptoms of fatigue.

It then occurred to me that as I had never seen the man in question, I should not be the wiser if I happened to run against him, unless I had some one with me to point him out; for by this time I had discovered there was little reliance to be placed in the accounts I received. To proceed further was useless; and I returned to the place where I had left Salamut Ally, to report my ill success.

Amongst the people we had arrested was one man who proved to be the uncle of the individual of whom we were in quest; and this person offered to produce his nephew, provided I would give him, and some other members of his family, also in confinement at the thannah, their liberty. To this I acceded at once; and despatched him on his mission, accompanied by two policemen.

During his absence I regaled the remainder of the party, including the prisoners, with sweetmeats; confectionary — if the vile compound of grease, milk, and sugar, of an Indian bazar, come under that denomination — being the only article procurable that did not require dressing. I also sent for a fresh horse.

In less than an hour the two returned, bringing with them, rather to my surprise I confess, the man we wanted.

This gave Salamut Ally an opportunity of holding forth on the expediency of apprehending the relations of offenders; and, as I did not deem it prudent to gainsay his doctrines, he was fully persuaded that I saw the folly of having been so fastidious about the apprehension of a few villagers, merely because I had no charge against them.

We had much less trouble with our new-comer than with Lootie; one good drubbing made him discover all he knew.

As he said the money was buried at different places, at a considerable distance, no time was to be lost ; for, if not recovered before dark, there was reason to apprehend that the bags would be dug up during the night ; and, if once divided into small sums, there would be little chance of tracing them. We trotted on, therefore, as quickly as the people on foot could get along ; and by five in the afternoon had dug up the whole sum (with the exception of a few rupees) from seven different places. Only one of the bags had been cut open ; the rest were in the same state as when they issued from the collector's treasury.

As I was returning homewards, the money all safe, the magistrate's reply to my application was put into my hand. He stated his regret at hearing of the loss, and promised to use his utmost endeavours for the apprehension of the offenders ; but, with respect to the money, said he feared there was no chance of recovering it. I smiled when I read his prognostication. But, after all, there was nothing strange in his making the assertion ; for the recovery of specie, when once stolen, is, indeed, a rare occurrence in India, where the police are universally corrupt, and consequently inefficient. Added to which, there must always be a greater facility in circulating hard coin without detection, than in passing bank-notes ; and few of the latter are seen beyond the immediate neighbourhood of Calcutta. Had I not, by commencing my search on the very night of the robbery disturbed the thieves before they had time to convey the rupees to any distance, no traces of them would ever have been found.

Having locked up my recovered treasure in the office-chest, and hired fresh burkandazes for its protection, in lieu of those in confinement, I considered it was now high time to attend to my own wants, — for I had been nearly twenty hours on horseback without any refreshment but water, of which I took several draughts during the day. I first, however, released the whole of the people who had been incarcerated on account of relationship ;—a happiness they scarcely anticipated, for they were most profuse in their salaams.

The next evening the burkandaze guard, and the two garrewans, were forwarded to the district gaol, to stand their trial before the criminal court. I was not present, but understood their defence was this: the burkandazes said they had halted to refresh themselves ; and the garrewans had contrived to mix some deleterious drug with their food, by which they became stupified ; when the garrewans broke open the box, and carried off the money. The garrewans asserted that the burkandazes had plundered the cart themselves ; and that they had only assisted in carrying off the treasure. The sentence passed by the court on the burkandazes was imprisonment in the gaol for six months ; on the garrewans, labour on the roads for seven years.

But the real offender, who contrived the whole affair, escaped with impunity. Bo Baboo was the head native of that branch of the department which I had lately joined. He commenced his career in life with only a brass cota, or pot, in his hand, and the clothes he wore on his back ; and, with a salary which never at any time exceeded one hundred rupees (ten pounds) per month, had contrived, by pilfering from the Government, to amass a considerable fortune, besides living at a rate far exceeding his official stipend.

Although addicted to intoxication — a strange vice for a Brahmin

—his faculties were unimpaired ; and, in addition to good abilities, he possessed that cunning and tact for administering flattery, for which the Hindoos are proverbially celebrated. He had invariably insinuated himself into the good graces of the European officers under whom he served ; and, perhaps from indolence on their parts, had been allowed to exercise functions foreign to the nature of the situation he held under Government—that of English writer to the superintendent. At the period of my arrival he either supplied himself, or through people he employed, whatever commodities were required for the use of Government ; from gram and oats, down to a bamboo, or an earthen jar, all was furnished by Bo Baboo ; and on everything he reaped a double profit.

Had he actually furnished the whole quantum charged for, he would still have gained a handsome per centage by the price he put upon each article ; but it was the serving out of light weight and short measure to an extent scarcely credible, that formed his grand source of emolument.

These practices, which enabled him to live in a style of affluence far beyond his pay, and gave him influence over the natives, could not, he was aware, be carried on long while I was in charge of the depôt ; for I had in another part of the country put a stop to similar proceedings, and reduced the expenses of the establishment nearly one half.

To prevent a similar catastrophe, Bo Baboo was conscious that my removal was necessary. That he did not poison me I attribute to the incorruptibility of my servants, most of whom were, I believe, attached to my person. I had, besides, received a hint that I might expect an attempt of the sort if I crossed his path, and was extremely careful in my diet ; eschewing, with a religious strictness, curries, and made-dishes of all sorts.

Wanting, I presume, better means, he fixed upon the plan of having the first treasure I sent for, carried off ; by which he hoped to bring me into disrepute at head-quarters, and cause me the loss of my staff-appointment. He even went so far as to be present at the collector's office, and see the rupees made over to the guard, that he might prompt to the last moment the actors in the scene about to be performed.

However improbable this ill-told tale may appear, it is, nevertheless, an account of an actual occurrence that took place in the year 183-, not five hundred miles from C*****a.

But it is not my intention to accuse the authorities of having wilfully overlooked my poor endeavours : it is by no means improbable that the particulars of the case were never made known to them. The only report I made was to the superintendent of the department ; who, I think, was not likely to say more in my favour in his letter to head-quarters than he could possibly avoid.

A few months after the event above related I quitted India, I hope for ever. But, before I went I had the pain of witnessing the expulsion of poor Salamut Ally from his situation of police jemadar. He deserved a better fate.



MASTIFF LUBBERKIN.

“ 'Tis true, 'tis pity.”

MASTIFF LUBBERKIN was a journeyman baker, — a broad-shouldered, broad-faced, yellow-haired man; one of those *mealy*-mouthed gentry who are deemed the *flower* of gallantry by giggling girls, who run up area steps for their daily bread. And the very favourable reception he universally met with rendered him ambitious; and what with a little cash—the *legacies of dead men*, (as the super-numerary loaves charged, but not delivered, are technically termed,) — and a tolerable credit, he was enabled to assume a smart appearance on high-days and holidays.

Lubberkin, however, was not an extravagant man; for his means would not allow that, whatever his inclination might prompt.

There was one circumstance which proved of infinite service to him among a certain clique of old women in the adjoining parish, he was very punctual in his attendance at a place of “wash-up,” as a small room in a back street was designated, within the walls of which a ranting, regenerated cobbler, who by his own confession was a “hateful sinner,” weekly held forth to a chosen few. Here he soon made himself conspicuous by his loud voice, and attracted the attention of all those who regularly “*sot* under the same minister” by his extreme devotion. Among those who liberally contributed their mite to the support of the *Reverend* Jacob Last, was the Widow Cummins, the relict of a custom-house officer, who had left her a small independence, and a slender daughter, baptized Elizabeth, who in her own right enjoyed the interest of a sum of two thousand pounds, and, moreover, had the principal at her own command.

The widow was an ordinary woman, in every sense of the word;

vulgar, and illiterate, but exceedingly good-natured,—that is to say, easily imposed upon by appearances,—the prominent feature in her character being indecision.

Now money was a great object with Lubberkin, (few men, indeed, had less *principle*,) for, like the greater portion of journeymen bakers, he was terribly *in need*.

He was a shrewd, cunning fellow, and so “pushing” that, had he been brought up to the bar, instead of the kneading-trough, he would probably have “risen” like his dough, and become master of the *Rolls*, or taken his seat on a *woolsack* instead of a flour-sack. He possessed both ability and impudence for anything.

“How many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

Lubberkin soon ascertained the exact value of the widow and her daughter, and lost no opportunity of thrusting himself in their way; and one evening, favoured by a refreshing shower, he insisted upon their taking his umbrella, and politely following them to their door, got a complete soaking. The widow was overcome by his *petits soins*,—his “werry purlite behaviour,” as the good soul freely translated it,—and invited him in, which he of course modestly declined, and “could not possibly think of intruding.”

At the very next meeting Mrs. Cummins anxiously inquired after his health, being “werry sure he must ha’ cotched cold.” And even her daughter ventured so far as to “hope he had not.”

He assured them he felt no ill effects from his drenching, and was on the point of informing the ladies that he was “hard as a brick, and right as a trivet,” (his accustomed phrase,) but his watchful prudence curbed in his “vulgar tongue,” although the blood mantled in his broad cheeks with the confusion consequent upon his consciousness of having narrowly escaped committing himself; which, being remarked by both the ladies, was considerably placed to the credit of his extreme diffidence. Having thus happily broken the thin ice, like a floundering dog in the same predicament, Lubberkin went on swimmingly.

The single-hearted, simple minded Mrs. Cummins was delighted with him, and confessed “the more she knowed on the young man, the better she liked him,” and finally wound up her long eulogium upon his manners (laying, by the bye, great stress upon his “fine linen”—that woman’s pride,—which was one of “a pair of dickeys and collars” purchased for the venture,) by affirming that he was “the man for her money.”

Elizabeth, who had never received an offer, felt at first flattered by the attentions of a suitor, especially as he had received the unqualified approbation of her foolish mother.

Lubberkin soon became a constant guest at the house, and, really, if he had had no other inducement in the pursuit than a good cupboard, he must have been amply satisfied, for poor Mrs. Cummins exerted all her skill and ingenuity in the art of cookery to make him comfortable; and, if there was anything in the world upon which she particularly prided herself, it was setting out a table to advantage.

’Tis true there were no kickshaws, no tray of dry, tasteless, sandwiches, (those veneers of mahogany between two pieces of deal,) all

was solid and substantial, — for Mrs. Cummins most truthfully averred that she was a *plain* woman—a fact which no physiognomist could deny. Smoking-hot dishes invariably crowned her plenteous board, although the courtship took place in the dog-days.

He paid the most obsequious deference to the old woman, and not only praised her skill in the gastronomic art, but proved, by the flattering relish with which he devoured her dainties, how extremely palatable were her provisions. With the daughter, meanwhile, his suit progressed most favourably, as may be supposed from the fact that at the end of a short sweet month he familiarly spoke of her as “his Betsy.”

The old lady had ventured so far as to ask his “intentions,” but never inquired about his means, and the whole affair would, doubtless, have passed without a cloud intervening to gloom the sunshine of his prospects, had not a certain staid personage (introduced by the widow as the friend and executor of the dear departed soul, her late husband,) suddenly appeared at the house, and received the devoted Lubberkin with a most repulsive and disagreeable frigidity.

Oh! how detestable in his sight were the rims of those horrid tortoise-shell spectacles, and the mat-like flaxen scratch, which were “sporting” by the intrusive and unwelcome guest.

He was all eyes and ears, and silent as a statue. Lubberkin’s ardour sank below zero, and he almost lost his courage when the grim executor, in a sepulchral voice, rose one evening, after staring at the fidgety lover for a full quarter of an hour, and said, “Mrs. Cummins,” at the same time beckoning her from the room. Lubberkin had no need of the hydrosudopathic application, for he perspired profusely at every pore.

Mrs. Cummins, after the lapse of one of those terrible hours which suspense hammers out to such an interminable length as if that small portion of precious time really possessed the malleability of pure gold, returned; but she was evidently not the good, easy Mrs. Cummins who had lately left the room. She was flushed and fidgety, and complained of the evening being “oncommon close,” and then uttered sundry “nothings,” as if her mind were full of “something,” which she had not the resolution to vent.

Lubberkin at once suspected what was “in the wind.” He knew by the symptoms that her “mind had been pi’soned,” and, like a good general, determined to surprise the enemy, instead of waiting the uncertain issue of an assault.

“As Betsy and me,” said he, “have made up our minds to be man and wife,”—(Mrs. Cummins reddened)—“I think it isn’t more than quite right that you should know something about what I mean to do;”—(Mrs. Cummins brightened)—“for you’ve both been open with me, and it’s no more than I ought to—”

“For my part,” cried the widow, relieved from the weight upon her mind, “I don’t require anythink, and I’m sure Betsy don’t.”

“But it’s quite proper,” persisted Lubberkin; “and I don’t wish to do anything—”

“I’m sure o’ that,” anticipated the widow, eagerly interrupting him: and so, after a fragmentary dialogue, “meaning nothing,” the lover departed supperless (having as he said, an engagement), and promising to see them on the following evening, and come to a full, true, and particular account of what he intended to do. As for what

he would, could, or should do, he certainly had not the most distant idea.

Returning home, he called his "thoughts to council," and the result of his meditations appeared in the following original epistle:

" my dear betsy—

" theres sum peple as would go for to set you agin me i dont menshun names cos i hate words 'fore i go any furder i wish evry think to be strate and fare i love you an bleeve as you love me as man never did! i ony want to no if sobe your reddy to marry me and becum man and wif wen ive got an house an evry think comferrable to make you so ive bin miseribble all nite about it so send me a anser by the boy as takes this your afexonate lover mastiff lubberkin!"

Elizabeth received this sample of her suitor's perfect love and—orthography with trepidation, and certainly proved her affection by keeping it from the eyes of her mother. She, however, lost no time in despatching an answer to "smooth the current of true love," which had been so indirectly ruffled by the rude breath of her father's executor.

Her letter was so tender, and, what was more to the purpose, contained such an undeniable promise of marriage, upon the terms stipulated in his elegant missive, and which it was the chief object of Lubberkin to obtain, that he began to carry his scheme into execution without delay.

There was a baker's shop to be let in the neighbourhood, for which he immediately negotiated, and even obtained a lease upon the exhibition of the precious document which he had won from Elizabeth. The same talisman furnished it, and procured him credit from the miller who supplied his old "governor," in whose service he had acquired a valuable knowledge of all the customers, and, prudently rejecting the "long winded" ones, he impudently applied to all the ready-money portion for their favours, and proved so successful in his canvass, that he soon secured enough to commence, with every prospect of doing a good stroke of business.

In the mean while he continued to pay assiduous court to his intended; and, when all his preparations were completed, he led the mother and daughter to his new acquisition, and proudly showed them his name in gold letters over the window.

The mother, who had really felt some qualms arise upon the prudent hints of the old man with the wig and spectacles, experienced a perfect "frustration of joy," as she expressed it, at the appearance of such an undeniable establishment.

The next week the attentive Lubberkin led Miss Elizabeth Cummins to the altar,—an occurrence which was duly advertised, at the particular desire of Mrs. Cummins, in the "public house paper," which she "rig'larly read of a hevening."

Scarcely, however, had the honeymoon waned when the husband, who had been so admired, as the lover, for his mildness and humility, was suddenly transformed to a perfect bear.

No bashaw with three tails ever conducted himself with more tyranny towards his cringing slave than did the sordid hypocritical Lubberkin towards his amiable and deluded wife.

The "reimbursement" of the attentions he had formerly paid her was now exacted with usurious interest, and the beggar she had enriched became in every sense her lord and master. He appeared determined to avenge himself upon his innocent wife for the restraint which he had been compelled to put upon his words and actions, in order to deceive her; and, although his trade flourished, he refused to keep a servant for the present, and compelled her to do all the drudgery and menial offices of that home she had so dearly purchased.

In fine, the fawning spaniel was metamorphosed by matrimony into a surly ill-mannered dog.

With the patience of a *Griselda* she endured this harsh and ungenerous treatment; but her yielding disposition, instead of moderating only increased the severity of his imperious disposition, and from words he at length proceeded to blows.

Disgust and fear had long extinguished every spark of affection in the breast of Elizabeth. She now acted from an impulse of duty alone; but although her constitution was visibly impaired by his brutality, her spirit was not entirely crushed, and with a breaking heart she rushed from her wretched home, and sought refuge beneath her mother's roof.

In this dilemma the executor was consulted. The old man shook his head, and uttered an emphatic "Ha!"—then, urged by the widow, unwillingly sought an interview with the husband, in the hope that his mediation might bring about some arrangement; but the great man coolly referred him to his professional adviser. Now, when a man habitually refers everything to his man of law, you may take it for granted that he is either an egregious fool or a "big rogue,"—in the one case fearing to "commit himself," and in the other of being "committed."

A deed of separation was the consequence, by which the wife willingly yielded up the whole of her property, and all claim upon Lubberkin. This was exactly what he most desired.

The mother and daughter immediately quitted the neighbourhood, and retired into the country.

Lubberkin now made money like "rolls;" and his professional adviser, who was nothing better than a low pettifogging attorney, who was more frequently seen at the bar of a public house than at any other, so "wormed" himself into the confidence of the "hoppulent man," lending his money for him upon indifferent "paper," manufactured for the purpose, that in the course of two years the brutal Lubberkin found himself in difficulties, and finally in Whitecross Street, preparatory to undergoing the disagreeable operation of white-washing.

Emerging, after a tedious delay, from this asylum for the destitute, he found great difficulty in obtaining work even as a journeyman. His former temporary elevation, however, had rendered servitude unpalatable, and, in the endeavour to promote his own views in life, he was tempted to appropriate a considerable portion of his master's funds to his own uses, and being caught in the fact, was sent abroad at the expense of the Government!

We have only to add our sincere wishes that every "brute of a husband" may meet with the same appointment.

ALFRED CROWQUILL.

THE BLACK MOUSQUETAIRE.

A LEGEND OF FRANCE.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

FRANÇOIS XAVIER AUGUSTE was a gay Mousquetaire,
 The Pride of the Camp, the delight of the Fair;
 He'd a mien so *distingué*, and so *debonnaire*,
 And shrugg'd with a grace so *recherché* and rare,
 And he twirl'd his moustache with so charming an air,
 —His moustaches I should say, because he'd a pair,—
 And, in short, show'd so much of the true *sçavoir faire*,
 All the Ladies in Paris were wont to declare,
 That could any one draw
 Them from Dian's strict law,
 Into what Mrs. Ramsbottom calls a "Fox Paw,"
 It would be François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix.

Now, I'm sorry to say,
 At that time of day
 The Court of Versailles was a little too gay;
 The Courtiers were all much addicted to Play,
 To Bourdeaux, Chambertin, Frontignac, St. Peray,
 Lafitte, Chateau Margaux,
 And Sillery, (a cargo
 On which John Bull sensibly (?) lays an embargo,
 While Louis Quatorze
 Kept about him, in scores,
 What the Noblesse, in courtesy, term'd his "Jane Shores,"
 —They were call'd by a much coarser name out of doors.—
 This, we all must admit, in
 A King's not befitting!
 For such courses, when follow'd by persons of quality,
 Are apt to detract on the score of morality.

François Xavier Auguste acted much like the rest of them,
 Dress'd, drank, and fought, and *chassé'd* with the best of them;
 Took his *œil de perdrix*
 Till he scarcely could see,
 He would then sally out in the street for "a spree;"
 His rapier he'd draw,
 Pink a *Bourgeois*,
 (A word which the English translate "Johnny Raw,")
 For your thorough French Courtier, whenever the fit he's in,
 Thinks it prime fun to astonish a Citizen;
 And, perhaps it's no wonder that this kind of scrapes,
 In a nation which Voltaire, in one of his japes,

Defines "an amalgam of Tigers and Apes,"
 Should be merely considered as "Little Escapes,"
 But I'm sorry to add,
 Things are almost as bad
 A great deal nearer home, and that similar pranks,
 Amongst young men who move in the very first ranks,
 Are by no means confined to the land of the Franks.

 Be this as it will
 In the general, still,
 Though blame him we must,
 It is really but just
 To our lively young friend, François Xavier Auguste,
 To say, that howe'er
 Well known his faults were,
 At his Bacchanal parties he always drank fair,
 And, when gambling his worst, always play'd on the square,
 So that, being much more of pigeon than rook, he
 Lost large sums at faro (a game like "Blind Hookey,")
 And continued to lose,
 And to give I. O. U.'s,
 Till he lost e'en the credit he had with the Jews ;
 And, a parallel if I may venture to draw
 Between François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix,
 And his namesake, a still more distinguish'd François,
 Who wrote to his "*sœur*"*
 From Pavia, "*Mon Cœur*,"
 I have lost all I had in the world *fors l'honneur*,"
 So St. Foix might have wrote
 No dissimilar note,
 " *Vive la bagatelle !—toujours gai—idem semper—*
 I've lost all I had in the world but—my temper!"
 From the very beginning,
 Indeed, of his sinning,
 His air was so cheerful, his manners so winning,
 That once he prevailed—or his friends coin the tale for him—
 On the bailiff who "nabbed" him, himself to "go bail" for him.

 Well—we know in these cases
 Your "Crabs" and "Deuce Aces"
 Are wont to promote frequent changes of places ;
 Town doctors, indeed, are most apt to declare
 That there's nothing so good as the "pure country air,"
 Whenever exhaustion of person, or purse, in
 An invalid cramps him, and sets him a-cursing :

* Mrs. Ingoldsby, who is deeply read in Robertson, informs me that this is a mistake ; that the lady to whom this memorable *billet* was delivered by the hands of Pennalosa, was the unfortunate monarch's mamma, and not his sister. I would gladly rectify the error, but, then,—what am I to do for a rhyme ?—On the whole, I fear I must content myself, like Talleyrand, with admitting that "it is worse than a fault—it's a blunder!" for which enormity,—as honest old Pepys says when he records having kissed his cookmaid,— "I humbly beg pardon of Heaven, and Mrs. Ingoldsby!"

A habit, I'm very much grieved at divulging,
 François Xavier Auguste was too prone to indulge in.
 But what could be done?
 It's as clear as the sun,
 That, though nothing's more easy than say "Cut and run!"
 Yet a Guardsman can't live without some sort of fun—
 E'en I or you,
 If we'd nothing to do,
 Should soon find ourselves looking remarkably blue.
 And, since no one denies
 What's so plain to all eyes
 It won't, I am sure, create any surprise
 That reflections like these half reduced to despair
 François Xavier Auguste, the gay Black Mousquetaire.

Patience par force!
 He *considered*, of course,
 But in vain—he could hit on no sort of resource—
 Love?—Liquor?—Law?—Loo?
 They would each of them do,
 There's excitement enough in all four, but in none he
 Could hope to get on *sans l'argent*—i. e. money.
 Love?—no;—ladies like little *cadeaux* from a suitor.
 Liquor?—no,—that won't do, when reduced to "the Pewter."
 Then Law?—'tis the same,
 It's a very fine game,
 But the fees and delays of "the Courts" are a shame,
 As Lord Brougham says himself—who's a very great name,
 Though the *TIMES* makes it clear that he's perfectly lost in his
 Recent attempt at translating Demosthenes,
 And don't know his "particles."—
 Who wrote the articles,
 Showing his Greek up so, is not known very well;
 Many think Barnes, others Mitchell,—some Merivale;
 But it's scarce worth debate,
 Because from the date
 Of my tale one conclusion we safely may draw,
 Viz: 'twas not François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix!

Loo?—no;—that he had tried;
 'Twas, in fact, his weak side,
 But required more than any a purse well supplied.
 "Love?—Liquor?—Law?—Loo? No! 'tis all the same story.
 Stay! I have it! *Ma foi!* (that's "Odd's Bobs!") there is
 GLORY!

Away with dull care!
Vive le Roi! Vive la Guerre!
Peste! I'd almost forgot I'm a Black Mousquetaire!
 When a man is like me,
Sans six sous, sans souci,
 A bankrupt in purse,
 And in character worse,

With a shocking bad hat, and his credit at Zero,
What on earth can he hope to become,—but a Hero ?

What a famous thought this is !

I'll go as Ulysses

Of old did—like him I'll see manners, and know countries ;*
Cut Paris,—and gaming,—and throats in the Low Countries."

So said, and so done—he arranged his affairs,
And was off like a shot to his Black Mousquetaires.

Now it happen'd just then
That Field-marshal Turenne,
Was a good deal in want of "some active young men,"
To fill up the gaps
Which, through sundry mishaps,
Had been made in his ranks by a certain "Great Condé,"
A General unrivall'd—at least in his own day—
Whose valour was such,
That he did not care much
If he fought with the French,—or the Spaniards,—or Dutch,—
A fact which has stamped him a rather "Cool hand,"
Being nearly related to *Louis le Grand*.
It had been all the same had that King been his brother ;
He fought sometimes with one, and sometimes with another ;
For war, so exciting,
He took such delight in,
He did not care whom he fought, so he *was* fighting,
And, as I've just said, had amused himself then
By tickling the tail of Field Marshal Turenne ;
Since when, the Field Marshal's most pressing concern
Was to tickle some other Chief's tail in his turn.

What a fine thing a battle is !—not one of those
Which you see at "the Surry" or Mr. Ducrow's,
Where a dozen of scene-shifters, drawn up in rows,
A dozen more scene-shifters boldly oppose,
Taking great care their blows
Do not injure their foes,
And alike, save in colour and cut of their clothes,
Which are varied, to give more effect to "*Tableaux*,"—
But a real good fight, like Pultowa, or Lützen,
(Which Gustavus the Great ended all his disputes in,)
Or that which Suwarrow engaged without boots in,
Or Dettingen, Fontenoy, Blenheim, or Minden,
Or the one Mr. Campbell describes, Hohenlinden,
Where "the sun was low,"
The ground all over snow,
And dark as mid-winter the swift Iser's flow,—
Till its colour was alter'd by General Moreau ;
While the big-drum was heard in the dead of the night,

* *Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.*
Who view'd men's manners, Londons, Yorks, and Derbys.

Which rattled the Bard out of bed in a fright,
 And he ran up the steeple to look at the fight.
 'Twas in just such another one,
 (Names only bother one—
 Dutch ones, indeed, are sufficient to smother one—)
 In the Netherlands somewhere—I cannot say where—
 Suffice it that there

La Fortune de guerre

Gave a cast of her calling to our Mousquetaire.
 One fine morning, in short, François Xavier Auguste,
 After making some scores of his foes "bite the dust,"
 Got a mouthful himself of the very same crust;
 And though, as the Bard says, "No law is more just
 Than for *Necis artifices*,"—so they call'd fiery
 Soldados at Rome,—"*arte suâ perire*,"

Yet Fate did not draw

This poetical law

To its fullest extent in the case of St. Foix.
 His Good Genius most probably found out some flaw,
 And diverted the shot
 From some deadlier spot

To a bone which, I think, to the best of my memory, 's
 Call'd by Professional men the "*os femoris* ;"

And the ball being one of those named from its shape,
 And some fancied resemblance it bears to the grape,

St. Foix went down,

With a groan and a frown,

And a hole in his small-clothes the size of a crown.—

—Stagger'd a bit

By this "palpable hit,"

He turn'd on his face, and went off in a fit !

Yes !—a Battle 's a very fine thing while you 're fighting,
 These same Ups-and-Downs are so very exciting.

But a sombre sight is a Battle-field
 To the sad survivor's sorrowing eye,
 Where those, who scorn'd to fly or yield,
 In one promiscuous carnage lie ;
 When the cannon's roar
 Is heard no more,
 And the thick dun smoke has roll'd away,
 And the victor comes for a last survey
 Of the well-fought field of yesterday !

No triumphs flush that haughty brow,—
 No proud exulting look is there,—
 His eagle glance is humbled now,
 As, earth-ward bent, in anxious care
 It seeks the form whose stalwart pride
 But yester morn was by his side !

And there it lies!—on yonder bank
 Of corses, which themselves had breath
 But yester morn—now cold and dank,
 With other dews than those of death!
 Powerless as it had ne'er been born
 The hand that clasp'd his—yester morn!

And there are widows wand'ring there,
 That roam the blood-besprinkled plain,
 And listen in their dumb despair
 For sounds they ne'er may hear again!
 One word, however faint and low,—
 Ay, e'en a groan,—were music now!

And this is Glory!—Fame!—But, pshaw!
 Miss Muse, you're growing sentimental;
 Besides, such things *we* never saw;
 In fact, they're merely Continental.
 And then your Ladyship forgets
 Some widows came for—epaulettes.
 So go back to your canter; for one, I declare,
 Is now fumbling about our capsized Mousquetaire,
 A beetle-brow'd hag,
 With a knife and a bag,
 And an old tatter'd bonnet which, thrown back, discloses
 The ginger complexion, and one of those noses
 Peculiar to females named Levy and Moses,
 Such as nervous folks still when they come in their way shun,
 Old vixen-faced tramps of the Hebrew persuasion.

You remember, I trust,
 François Xavier Auguste,
 Had uncommon fine limbs, and a very fine bust.
 Now there's something—I cannot tell what it may be—
 About good-looking gentlemen turn'd twenty-three,
 Above all, when laid up with a wound in the knee,
 Which affects female hearts, in no common degree,
 With emotions in which many feelings combine,
 Very easy to fancy, though hard to define;
 Ugly or pretty,
 Stupid or witty,
 Young or old, they experience, in country or city,
 What is clearly not Love—yet it's warmer than Pity—
 And some such a feeling, no doubt, 'tis that stays
 The hand you may see that old Jezebel raise,
 Arm'd with the blade,
 So oft used in her trade,
 The horrible calling e'en now she is plying,
 Despoiling the dead, and despatching the dying!
 For these “nimble Conveyancers,” after such battles,
 Regarding as *treasure trouve* all goods and chattels,
 Think nought, in “perusing and settling” the titles,
 So safe as six inches of steel in the vitals.

Now don't make a joke of
 That feeling I spoke of ;
 For, as sure as you 're born, that same feeling,—whate'er
 It may be,—saves the life of the young Mousquetaire !—
 The knife, that was levell'd, erewhile, at his throat,
 Is employ'd now in ripping the lace from his coat,
 And from what, I suppose, I must call his *culotte* ;
 And his pockets, no doubt,
 Being turn'd inside out,
 That his *mouchoir* and gloves may be put “ up the spout,”
 (For of coin, you may well conceive, all she can do
 Fails to ferret out even a single *ecu* ;)
 As a muscular Giant would handle an elf,
 The Virago at last lifts the soldier himself,
 And, likc a She Samson, at length lays him down
 In a hospital form'd in the neighbouring town !
 I am not very sure,
 But I think 'twas Namur ;
 And there she now leaves him, expecting a cure.

There, too,—as the Frog, when he “ ask'd for a song,”
 Said, “ Miss Mouse, give us something that is not too long !”
 Even so, Mr. Bentley
 Now hints to me gently,
 With slightly elongated visage,—I must
 Leave, myself, till next month, François Xavier Auguste.

(END OF CANTO I.)

A SAILOR'S TRIP UP THE RHINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “ THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.”

“ THERE is nothing certain in this world but death and taxation, and I have just lived long enough in it to believe in the truth of the proverb. My father made the remark before me ; and my son, if ever I have one, will no doubt follow my example.

“ How comfortably,” said I, “ does the world wag now ! No wars—no revolutions—all is peace, quietness, and harmony. The Eastern question, with Syria and Mehemet Ali, gives some occupation to the usual idleness of diplomatic life, which would otherwise stagnate from the peaceful current on which it is embarked. “ France,” said I, as I cut the cards for the last rubber—(it was half past eleven o'clock on Wednesday night, the 5th of this present August)—France has overcome all her enemies, and will shortly bury the animosity of the world with the dust of Napoleon in the Invalides at Paris. How delightful it is,” said I, as I warmed upon the subject, as the slow dealer doled out our thirteen cards, “ to weigh our anchors at our pleasure,—to make sail for any port, creek, or harbour,—to run

along the roadstead of the world, and to anchor or heave-to at discretion. For instance, here am I at Boulogne; to-morrow I start for Baden, a trip up the Rhine. What care I which way the wind sets, as long as there is not, as we used to say, a southerly wind in the bread-bag.—Clubs trumps"—(all of us as silent as a set of Tartars at prayers, or Quakers before the spirit is active).

"I think, sir," said I, addressing my companion, or partner, after the deal was over, "that you might gain considerable knowledge of this game by a careful perusal of the Baron Bon de Vautray's work, called 'Le Genie du Whist.' It teaches us a good lesson for the married state; for all his doctrine is founded upon the necessity of never deceiving your partner; and his instructions might well serve for a gourmand, as he inculcates the necessity of keeping your eyes always on the board. If you had followed his advice, you would not have revoked (the opponents never found it out), and I should have been sure of your holding an honour."

"Major A——, sir," he replied, "has a remark, 'that he who scolds should be cut, and never come again.'"

"Well, then, I shall cut and run now, and certainly not come again." So saying, I pocketed my winnings, wished my hospitable host good night, and emerged into the Grande Rue.

It was a calm and beautiful night; the stars were forth, but the moon had set, and there was no brilliancy to outdo the glare of the gas-lights in the Rue de l'Ecu. I stood gazing at the quiet scene before me. All those who earned their livelihood by labour were now in repose; the careful housewife, the tired artisan, the votary of pleasure, the hunter after dissipation, were all at rest. With such thoughts, I wore ship round the corner of the Rue de l'Ecu, and got to my comfortable moorings. I soon feel asleep, for not a sound disturbed my repose.

"Hark!" said I, suddenly leaping from my bed, "what infernal sounds are these?" I rushed to the window, and caught even for a second the enthusiasm with which "Vive l'Empereur" resounded. I soon found that a second Napoleon was in the streets leading on some fifty or sixty men, all shouting and distributing proclamations. As there was evidently a mutiny in the ship of the state, I was soon on the alert. I have often dressed in a minute; but, as an Emperor was to be seen, I gave myself a privateer wash, a lick and a promise, and putting on a blouse, to be mistaken by either party, as circumstances might occur, away I went. Before I started, however, I desired my servant to get a proclamation, that I might not sail without understanding under whose orders I might be.

The Frenchman came in with a face as white as a Hertfordshire turnip clean washed for market.

"Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! voila un affaire bien grave."

"Hand it here," said I. "What is it? New naval instructions, or a new set of articles of war?"

He then read aloud, that the dynasty of Louis Philippe had ceased to reign; that M. Thiers was to be Prime Minister; Marshal Clausel, Commander of the Army; Pajol, Governor of Paris; that the Chambers were dissolved, and the National Assembly convened; and this notice of revolution was signed "Napoleon Louis."

"Nothing sure," said I, "in this world but death and taxation. I said so before, my father said so before me, my child shall say so

after me. My old acquaintance, with whom I have dined, and who used to ride about the Park, turned into an Emperor ! To be sure, he has only given himself an acting commission ; but it must be confirmed by the nation before he can wear his flag on the staff at the Tuileries. But let us see how he is prepared to unship the present Napoleon of Peace—the great and good Louis Philippe.”

I am aware that since this event occurred, as many anecdotes as would fill the pages of the *One Hundred and One Nights* have been circulated. I, however, saw everything myself. I followed the *Emperor* until he was fished up like a half-drowned rat ; and, with the exception of the first part, when he landed at Wimereux, and I was asleep, (at five o'clock in the morning,) all that I shall relate is as true—as that Napoleon Louis is a madman.

The Edinburgh Castle, commanded by one Jem Crow, who had better have “wheeled about and turned about,” brought over this cargo of imbecility and folly. After landing his forlorn hope at Wimereux, he directly proceeded to the harbour of Boulogne, and there he runs aground on the bar.

In the mean time *his Majesty the Emperor* walked along the dusty road from Wimereux to Boulogne, and made direct to the barracks of the 42nd regiment, situated in the Rue de Caserne. Before, however, he made his imperial person visible, he planted two sentinels, one at the corner of the Rue de la Lampe, and the other at the angle of the barracks which leads to the Quay. Having taken these precautions, he entered the barrack-yard, and proclaimed his mission. It so happened that only one officer was in the establishment, a Lieutenant Aladenize, who listened to the Emperor, and endeavoured to persuade the men to join him ; but one of the privates ran to inform the Captain that something was going on which did not appear to him to be quite proper. The Emperor, dressed in uniform, with a star, addressed the men, and endeavoured to persuade them to cry “Vive l'Empereur,” and to follow him. And certain it is that this regiment, the very finest in France, listened, and never attempted to act against him.

The Captain, informed of what was going on, lost no time in making his appearance, and gallantly advanced to oppose illegal measures. He was met by the sentinel, who desired him to retire. Upon this he drew his sword, and the sentinel, observing the lieutenant equally disposed to fight, then let them pass, and they entered the barrack. The *Emperor* seized the order which the Captain wore, and endeavoured to tear from his breast the highly-prized decoration. The officer behind seeing the assault, came to his aid, when the *Emperor*, it is erroneously asserted, drew a pistol and presented it at the Captain. The Lieutenant struck the pistol, which being discharged, the contents lodged in the cheek of a private. The *Emperor* now thought it prudent to go on another tack, and left the barracks unpursued.

He next visited the Sub-préfet, who gave him very little encouragement ; so little, indeed, that he was in danger of being felled to the ground by the standard-bearer. A captain of the National Guard, seeing the affray, advised the Préfet to gain time, whilst he would desire a drummer of the National Guard to beat the *générale*, and give directions for the tocsin to be sounded. These hostile measures prompted the *Emperor* to retire to Napoleon's Column, on

which the imperial colours, surmounted by an eagle, had already been displayed.

That any man could have ventured on such an expedition as this with only fifty or sixty men, and without any associates on shore, is out of the question. Some have declared that the flag on the Column was the preconcerted signal for the landing having been effected; whilst some assume it to have been an intimation for the steam-boat to keep close in shore, in order to render assistance. Certain it is that Montholon, when questioned by Monsieur Henri as to how a man of his mature age and understanding could trust himself in an enterprise so rashly conceived, and so foolishly attempted, replied, "We have been deceived." It is therefore probable that the signal was for a concentration of the forces at that point; for there the *Emperor* retreated, and there some of his misguided followers walked to and fro in sullen silence. It was particularly remarked that there was no bold daring depicted on their countenances; but that they walked disunited, without exchanging a word, and seemed alike heedless of the result, or uninterested in the affair. They were well dressed in the uniform of the 40th regiment, which regiment was stationed at Calais and Dunkirk, and armed in a proper manner. From this, one might infer that one of the two above named places was, in the first instance, selected for the disembarkation.

As the *Emperor* returned from the town he heard the drums beating to arms, the tocsin sounding, and preparations making too plain to be misunderstood. His companions, we are told, urged him to face the storm; but the *Emperor* refused, although his companions said that many were for him, as was proved by the continual cry of "Vive l'Empereur." This indeed occurred, but was owing to the handfuls of five-franc pieces liberally thrown to those who were inclined to scream for payment.

Never, perhaps, did the National Guard behave better than on this morning. On my arrival at the Mairie, where General Montholon was a prisoner, a great number of the men were under arms; some, indeed, not in their military dress, but all armed, and ready for action. I saw in an instant, that if the *Emperor* had returned, his chance was hopeless. The 42nd were likewise marched up the Grande Rue.

The Mayor and all the people in authority soon arrived, and old Montholon, with his grey hair and stout form, was led a prisoner from the Mairie to the fort. I could not help recalling to my mind the high estimation in which this once great man had been held by his countrymen, for his undeviating fidelity to his master. I could not help wondering at the perversity of human nature, which could prompt an old man, withering fast into the grave (for Montholon must be verging on seventy), and when most men, tired of the world's bustle, prepare to meet an enemy they cannot evade, and lay down the staff, like a wearied pilgrim, in peace and quietness—I could not, I say, help exclaiming to one near me, "What poor, weak, silly mortals we are! and how little do we know our own welfare!" He marched to his prison like a bold soldier, his head erect, his eye unabashed. I was not the only person who regretted that such a man could become a traitor to his country, and seek to embroil it in a civil war, for one who had not the slightest imaginary claim to the throne, and who, having received his pardon

from the Prince he sought to destroy, had broken his parole by attempting it. The rest of the tribe were adventurers, whom I pass over without comment. But for Montholon I feel as if I had witnessed the extinction of a bright character, whose name would have been always associated with that of the Exile of St. Helena.

The *Emperor*, indeed, soon found that he was in no force to cope with his eager assailants, who followed his steps so quickly, that he saw himself pursued when he arrived at the Column. It was now evident the game of King was lost. His party had separated; some fled to the fields for concealment, some were captured in the town, and some, seeing the storm about to burst, seized any horse they could obtain, and fled for safety. Only about ten remained with their chosen chief, and with these he struck across the fields to the cliff, and gained the sea-shore. I had followed towards the Column; but, seeing the flight was towards the sea, I made an hypoteneusal slant, and gained the summit of Agricola's Tower, which is situated a small distance to the right of the bathing machines, and from which I could see everything which passed. It was now a quarter past eight. I observed that the steam-boat was taken possession of by the French authorities. Three pilot-boats were alongside, and the vessel was backing her paddles, endeavouring to get off the bar. It was contrary to the French regulations for the boat to have landed her passengers at Wimereux, and on this plea the captain of the port seized the vessel. Scarcely had I taken up a commanding position, and arranged the focus of my glass, when I heard a shout on my right, and the *Emperor*, with his seven or eight followers, escorted by about fifty or sixty ragamuffin boys, appeared coming along the beach in most military disorder; whilst indistinct shouts of "Vive l'Empereur," apparently more in derision than in earnest, reached my ears. The hasty strides with which the *Emperor* sought to gain the small boat, (used during the bathing season as a precaution to prevent imprudent people from being drowned,) convinced me that the ignoble flight was the result of a conviction that all was lost, and that reaching the steam-boat was the last hope of the silly adventurer, who had perilled his fortune, fame, and life for one hour's distinction as a nominal Emperor. Close in the rear of the flying revolutionist followed some of the National Guard, who advanced without any regularity, evidently gaining ground fast.

On approaching the boat, the *Emperor* drew his sword, as if resolved to have a fight for his safety; for there was still some small chance if he could gain the boat that he might reach the steam-boat, of the capture of which he was ignorant. He had nearly reached the boat when I observed one man run on before, and take an oar out of her, with which he decamped, leaving only one in the boat. The crowd now became more vociferous; and many, attracted by the prospect of a row, ran from the pier and the bathing-place towards the sea, and some bathers, in their natural and artificial costume, mingled with the crowd. The tide was more than half-ebb, and the boat was aground. The mob—or rather some of them—lifted her clear of the sand, and Napoleon and Colonel Voisin got in; the others of his followers attempted to imitate their leader's disposition to retreat, when, either by accident or design, the boat was upset.

How long will hope remain when even the last chance is gone!

Although the National Guards were close upon them,—although the steam-boat was captured, there still appeared the madman's hope that by getting into the water they could escape. At this time there were two fishing-boats some distance at sea, and a small lugger-rigged boat far—far away; the wind was so light that the boats were obliged to resort to their oars; but, had they used their utmost endeavours, and been as enthusiastic in the cause as the would-be Emperor himself, they could not have given any assistance in less than half an hour. The National Guards were within ten yards of the flying revolutionists; they called to the mob to disperse as they were about to fire, and no second intimation was required; in a moment the seven men were alone, struggling through the water not more than knee-deep, and then, to the disgrace of *some* of the National Guards, they fired upon these defenceless men, as if they were ducks in a pond destined for a morning's sport.

Cowardice!—dastardly cowardice! Had the boat swam, and the crew disregarded the summons to surrender, then fire. It is a painful alternative to prevent escape. But in this case, with an enemy unarmed, without the possibility of escape, to fire at men not fifteen yards distance, coolly, deliberately taking aim, was a butchery which would have disgraced the shambles! The National Guards were, at least, four to one. Why did they not follow *in* the water, when their bayonets must have secured the remnant of that forlorn hope, or they might have sat down on the beach, and, wishing the Emperor a comfortable bathe, have ordered one of the machines down to receive him when he was tired: but no; they fired, and in a moment the water was stained with blood. A Pole was the first victim.

Undismayed by the rapidity of the fire, and its vicinity, the Emperor and Colonel Voisin continued to walk farther out, and we all know how slowly any one can walk in the water. The Colonel waved his hat for assistance, and was thus mistaken, I think, for the Emperor; he received three balls in him, whilst the Emperor, stooping down so as only to render his head visible, crept out into deeper water. When I say that at these seven men more than twenty shots were fired, I am within bounds. Why they ceased, unless some returning spark of humanity warmed their brutal minds, is inexplicable.

For twenty minutes, the Emperor, with Voisin close to him, remained in the water, until one of the pilot-boats hauled him in, like a half-drowned rat, and brought him to the landing-place in the harbour. This was bad enough, Heaven knows! but what have they to say to the murder of Monsieur Faure, Military Sub-intendant, by a miserable fellow, named Simeon Pringie, a mason. Faure, finding himself pursued, surrendered his sword to this man, who then coolly and deliberately shot him! It is only justice, however, to others, to state that on the evening of that day Pringie was hooted from one or two *estaminets*, to which he was accustomed to resort.

Well, the day of wonder is passed; the carriages, the horses, the live eagle, the ten thousand pounds, the brilliant star, the little cocked hat, and the green coat, have played their parts, and are now almost forgotten, saving by those who watch these strange occurrences, and remember them, "to point a moral, or adorn a tale."

"Send for my horses," said I. "I am sick of the gasconade on one side, and the proclamations and addresses on the other. How a whole populace can be said to have covered themselves with glory because they did not violate their oaths of allegiance, or turn traitors to the father of that Prince who but three weeks before they assembled to see and to cheer, I cannot understand; but, no doubt, it is a French *façon de parler*. Glory, in turning out to defeat fifty lacqueys dressed as soldiers!"

"Can't have any horses to-day, sir," said my servant; "the mayor has given orders for no post-horses to be sent."

I could not help giving the mayor a blessing for his particular care in closing the stable-door after he had secured the horse.

There was a fair at Boulogne at this time, and it lost nothing of its attractions in consequence of this *émeute*. The French are as gay as they are frivolous, and they are more easily gulled than any nation under the sun. Ask a Frenchman if he is free? he will answer you that France is the land of freedom. Pretty freedom, forsooth! If you are sick, and require a sea-water bath, you must obtain an order from the mayor before you can obtain the salt-water out of Neptune's great pond. You cannot even obtain a bottle of salt-water without danger of being insulted by one of the Coast-Guard, who believe that if you diminish the quantity there will not be enough for Boulogne harbour. A Frenchman cannot move without being questioned; cannot change his abode without notice to the police; cannot stir an inch in freedom; any *gend'arme* in the kingdom may demand his business. He cannot go out of his country without a *permit d'embarcation*? A domiciliary visit may be made at discretion; and he is made to convict himself of the crime of which he may be accused. But, under all this they laugh and sing; and the theatre does not close, although the blood may be flowing like a river in the streets. They are living contradictions; they seem enchanted with life, and yet commit suicide with a *sang froid* perfectly marvellous. When Louis Napoleon, however, had done all he could to save his life, even at the risk of drowning, and was lugged into the boat, he called out "Laissez moi plutôt mourir." If he had stood still the bungling National Guard *might* have hit him.

On the morning of the 7th the embargo on the horses was removed. The Minister of Justice had arrived from Paris, and the Préfet from Arras. Eight hundred troops had been sent from St. Omer; and the château was guarded so as to render escape or rescue impossible. I left the scene of action with delight. Every head peeped into the carriage, for every movement was supposed to have somewhat of connection with the affair. My ship's company (rather a slender crew) consisting of my wife, her maid, a man, and my invaluable dog, Scamp — the last a present from Marryat, — and myself, left Boulogne, and jolted along that cursed hilly road to Calais.

Our conversation all turned upon Napoleon Louis, as he signed himself, and his notable gang of adventurers. One of them, a regular revolution-assistant, a lazy fellow, had served half the world, and satisfied none. His name is Piconi, by birth an Italian. This fellow served under Napoleon the Great; was present, and aided and abetted the revolution of Bologna; was at Strasburg when the last foolish attempt was made; and now figures as a captain in the list of captives. I saw him taken prisoner; and I never saw a man

more indifferent to his fate. He had divested himself of his coat when he took to the water, and looked about on his landing for acquaintance, amongst whom he numbered my servant.

As we journeyed along we were the subject of much curiosity; the mounted gendarmerie looked steadily at me; and, when we changed horses, and I was shaking myself through the host of importunate beggars who throng about the *poste aux chevaux*, the *gend'arme* was examining my passport, looking to see that the name corresponded with that on the luggage, and questioning the servant as to my name, title, estate, my route, destination, place of departure. He seemed, indeed, as anxious to know my birth and pedigree, as if I were myself the Emperor.

At Calais the scrutiny was excessive; and I was asked *why* I would not go to an hotel? I answered, that I intended to sleep at Dunkirk. This was voted suspicious in this free country; and I was kept waiting at that villainous gate until every *viséc* in my passport was copied. I had lately crossed to England by Dieppe, and this was specially recorded. Indeed not one circumstance was omitted. During this time at least eight *gend'armes* came to the carriage-window to overhaul my appearance, and numerous attempts were made to induce me to speak French, in order to ascertain from the pronunciation if I was really English. I gave one good, sonorous "damn," accompanied with a mention of the *gend'arme's* "eyes," and I was released directly. It is written, "Swear not at all;" but in proper times, and under peculiar circumstances great latitude is allowed to a sailor, who would otherwise be out in his longitude.

Oh! what an everlastingly flat, straight, uninteresting route it is from Calais to Gravelines, and what a miserable pace the jaded horses seem to go! Even the second overhaul at Gravelines, more provokingly long than that at Calais was a relief from the jog-jog jumble of the carriage. I believe, at last, they were satisfied of my claim to a freer land, although my name was French; and, having another shake for two hours more, I got safe to Dunkirk, and drove to the *Hôtel de Flandres*. Here I became a regular lion. Crowds assembled to hear the true report of the Boulogne affair; and more than one asked, was there no demonstration in his favour? Did none of the soldiers of the line (no one asked about the National Guards) swerve to serve him? and when the answer "No" was given, one gentleman shrugg'd his shoulders, and said it was odd; another called Napoleon Louis a *farceur*; and another wondered he had not attempted to land at Dunkirk. It occurred to me, — being, perhaps, a very stupid fellow, — that if the *gend'armes* had followed some of my questioners they might have learnt more than in looking at my face.

I am surprised that Dunkirk is not more resorted to than it is by the English, who spread themselves out all over the world, and migrate as regularly as the storks from Holland, or the swallows from England. It is a clean town, with excellent houses, a magnificent pier, a good harbour, reasonable living, near the frontier (a great recommendation to a debtor), and not far from England. There are some English — where shall we find a place free from them? Not even the great wall of China! There they are swarming now, but not exactly as Moore says in his "Fudge Family," "taking tea and toast." There

is one drawback to Dunkirk,—and a great one it is, it is true,—the streets have a foot-pavement, but it is rendered perfectly useless by the number of main hatchways which lead down into the holds of the different houses. These holds are turned into shops, and, as the hatchways open like the shutters of a French window, they occupy the whole pavement, and force the pedestrian into the road. At night, when they are shut, it is still worse, for, as they are above the level of the pavement, a short-sighted man, or one who sees double, stands the best chance in the world of breaking both his shins and his nose. Nearly opposite the Hôtel de Flandres is a baker's hold, and Scamp, who is an inquisitive dog, being rather hasty in his discoveries, tumbled down head-over-heels into the long trough, in which a bare-footed man—by no means cleaner than was requisite,—was treading out the dough. He seemed quite to understand me when I said, that such *rolls* were symptoms of *bad-bred* dogs, and he never ventured near the regions below again. But Dunkirk is a dull town; it wants more society thrown into it; nor does its Pavilion attract much attention. There was a public concert the night of my arrival; but the room was thinly attended.

I was out in time to attend early mass at St. Eloi; and, as I looked at the belfry opposite I wondered myself that Napoleon had not landed here, for the chimes were playing the “Marseillois,” and he would have had revolutionary music ready made. I thought I observed—for, I suppose, although I am married, I may admire the beauties of Nature—a great change in the physiognomy of the women for the better. Generally speaking the French are as ugly a race as the pug-dogs in England; the old people look like squeezed frogs; and the young ones all mouth and eyes, like a young alligator. At Dunkirk I thought I remarked a better style of face altogether, getting between the French ugliness and the handsomest of the Belgian race. And be it known to all travellers—the young in particular—that “*formosis Burga puellis*” is still applicable to Bruges. It was market-day at Dunkirk, and I saw at least five hundred girls congregated together, and by way of improving *la belle France* I recommended a migration of these young ladies to the vicinity of Paris, where ugliness is triumphant. I found the charges moderate; that is, a shade and a half below those at the Hôtel de l'Europe at Abbeville. For dinner, beds, breakfast, my servants, and hotel servants, everything included, thirty-five francs.

At the barrier on the road to Furnes I found descriptions of the persons of De la Borde, Parquin, and others of the conspirators; and, after a careful examination of my countenance I was declared free of duty, and discharged from the country. The officer took off his hat, and having said “*Bon voyage, mon capitaine,*” was about to retreat into his cottage to blow a fresh cloud of tobacco.

“Avaust heaving, shipmate!” said I; “I’ll trouble you to ballast my carriage with some five franc pieces, for I’m getting very light in the silvery line.”

He stared; but I got his eyebrows down to their right places when I showed him the certificate for my carriage having paid duty on being disembarked at Boulogne a year ago. In a moment he booked up two hundred and fifty francs, and I then thanked him for his “*bon voyage,*” and continued my drive along the canal towards Ostend.

COLIN CLINK.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XX.

Something strange on the staircase, with a needful reflection or two upon it.

By this time Colin's resources had become so low that but thirteen shillings remained; and, of that about one-half would be due to his landlady in a few days. Yet he continued his kindness towards the poor singer on the second floor, and only the day previously had exchanged his last sovereign on her account. The feelings with which her appearance had first inspired him he could not wholly shake off; although between then and now he had become acquainted with circumstances which pointed out to him the necessity of setting such a connexion aside. In order to carry it the better into effect, he made up his mind to quit the house altogether — a step he could the more readily take as he had not hitherto even seen Miss Wintlebury except on the stage; and she, on the other hand, could know no more of him than his kindness might have informed her of. About twelve o'clock, as he was descending the stairs, his sight was crossed on the first landing by a vision in a white dress, which flitted from Miss Wintlebury's chamber to her sitting-room. Its hair was tightly screwed up in bits of newspaper all over its head, very strongly resembling a clumsy piece of mosaic. Its face was of a horrible cream-colour, and as dry as the hide of a rhinoceros. Its eyes dim and glazy. Its neck and shoulders — with respect to the development of tendons and sinews — not unlike an anatomical preparation. This surprising appearance no sooner heard Colin's footsteps approaching than it skipped rapidly into the sitting-room, and without turning to close the door, sat hastily down at a small table, on which stood a black teapot, and one cup and saucer, as if with the intention of taking its breakfast.

Somewhat alarmed, Colin hastened down, and was glad to find Mrs. Popple on her hands and knees at the door, applying pipe-clay to the step. Of her he inquired the nature of the apparition he had seen; and was shocked indeed when he found that he had mistaken Miss Wintlebury herself for her own ghost. Still the fact was scarcely credible. Surely it was not possible to patch up such a shadow, into the handsome figure which had first inspired him with love; and the recollection of whose beauties still attended upon his imagination.

"Ah, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Popple; "you ain't any conception what a poor creatur' she is. I can carry her about this house like a doll, she's so light and thin. She walks about more like a sperit than anything substantiv. I often think of turning her out of house altogether, for I'm afraid I shall never get my rent of her; but then, again, when I'm going to do it, a summut seems to whisper to me, and say, 'Missis Popple — Missis Popple, let her alone a bit longer.' And that is the way we go on." Saying which, with a heavy sigh, she drained another ragfull of water from her bucket, and scrubbed away at the stones. Colin stood mute.

"She's dyin', sir, as fast as she can," added the landlady. "I niver see an indiviidual in a more gallopin' consumption in my life."

Could he give up the poor creature of whom this was said? And yet, was it possible he could love the poor creature he had seen? Colin felt puzzled. Like many other gentlemen, therefore, in a similar predicament, he parted company with Mrs. Popple, without saying anything, lest he should possibly chance to say worse than nothing.

As the shock his feelings had sustained wore off, his previous resolutions grew weaker. Inclined to look on the best side, he began to reason himself into the belief that the lady was not so bad as represented. He had seen her, unluckily, under circumstances sufficiently disadvantageous to reduce to an ordinary standard even the greatest beauties living: and, as for his landlady's remarks, what did they amount to? People always magnify what they talk about. Perhaps Miss Wintlebury might soon recover, and make a fortune by that voice which now scarcely found her in bread.

Thoughts of this nature occupied his mind until his return.

Shortly afterwards a circumstance occurred, which, as it settled the question of his love for the public singer, as well as another of importance to an individual in whom we have felt some concern, I shall lose no time in relating.

CHAPTER XXI.

A most uncommon courtship, a bit of jealousy, and a very plain declaration.

NOT long had Colin been at home before a message was sent up by Miss Wintlebury, begging the favour of a few minutes' conversation. Poor Colin blushed to the eyes, and in a manner so hurried that he scarcely knew his own words, replied that he would wait upon her immediately. He took some time, nevertheless, in adjusting his dress; but at length, ashamed of hanging back any longer, he summoned a desperate resolution, and, like the leader of a forlorn hope, went on to his mistress's door.

For the fourth time he found Miss Harriet's appearance changed; though this fourth appearance seemed the true one. She was yet young, and had been handsome. Her cheeks were slightly—very slightly painted. Her countenance, naturally intelligent, had been improved in expression by indulgence in the love of literature. The proportions of her figure were comely enough, and would not have matched ill beside even our hero's.

"I am afraid you will think me very bold, Mr. Clink," observed Miss Harriet, after the first forms had been gone through; "but I wished to thank you for your exceeding kindness to one who is a mere stranger. I feel it the more, because, unfortunately, I have so rarely met with anything of the kind. I think my poor mother—and she has been gone many years—was the only creature that ever loved me!"

Her voice grew tremulous, and her utterance convulsive.

"I do not scruple to say so now, because in the condition in which I am—I know I am—I am dying;—in that condition, I say, no scruples prevent me uttering what otherwise I should be ashamed to own, because I feel secure against any imputations. But feeling under no apprehension that anybody will look upon me in any other light than as a departing guest, I am not ashamed to speak as a woman openly: for openly I must shortly speak before a far greater Being than any here."

Colin sat mute and motionless, striving to divert his feelings by

counting the flowers on the carpet ; but he could scarcely see them, his eyes were full. Miss Wintlebury continued,

“To-night I am unable to go through the exertion of pleasing those drunkards as usual. Nor is this the first warning I have had that the poor concert of my life is close upon its finale.”

Accustomed as the young woman appeared to be to contemplate her own death, she yet displayed that feminine weakness of being unable to allude to it before another without tears.

“I hope, Miss,” began Colin, but he could not get on,—“I hope—”

“It is not for myself!” she exclaimed resolutely, —“no, not for myself. That is little worth crying for, indeed.”

She smiled with a ghastly expression, and continued—

“It is, sir, because I have it not in my power to repay you for your kindness. I must die in the debt of a stranger, for all help is now going from my hands. These few dresses and trinkets—”

And, as she sobbed out the words she placed her hand upon a small heap of theatrical robes and decorations beside her.

“These are all—and a poor all they are—I have to repay you with, besides a buckle that I have here upon my band, which my mother gave me ; and that I wish you to keep when I am dead : but I cannot part with it before.”

She paused, and gazed upon the trinket of which she spoke as though the thoughts it awakened congealed her into stone ; for not a muscle of her countenance moved, and nothing showed she was alive save the rapid tears which dropped in painful noiselessness.

“No, that is not quite all,” she resumed, almost in a whisper ; “there is a necklace that was given me at school : you shall have that, too. And I should like you to give it—I know you will forgive me saying so—give it, if there be any one in the world you love, give it *her*, and ask her to wear it for my poor sake !”

Colin was unused to sorrow ; nature would have way ; he could contain his feelings no longer, and burst into an audible fit of grief. When his words came he begged her to desist ; refused to take anything as a recompense ; and, in as encouraging a tone as he could assume, bid her cheer up. He said she might yet recover, and be happy—why not ? *He* would be her friend for ever, if she would but look on things more cheerfully.

And, as he said this—he knew not how he did it, or why,—but he kissed her forehead passionately, and pressed her hand within his own.

At that moment the room door was very unceremoniously opened, and two persons stood before him.

Mrs. Popple had entered first, leading forwards Fanny Woodruff !

“Colin !” exclaimed the latter in a tone of mingled astonishment and reproach, at the same time retreating precipitately from the room, while Miss Wintlebury sharply reprovèd her landlady for this rudeness, and Mr. Clink assumed much more of the natural aspect of a fool than any person would have believed his features capable of. At length he spoke ; and, rushing out after Fanny, exclaimed,

“You shall not go ! I have done no wrong ! Come back !”

“Sir !” replied Fanny, “I have not accused you of anything, and, therefore, you need not defend yourself. But, indeed, Colin, I never expected this !”

“What—what have I done ?”

“Nothing, perhaps, that you have not a perfect right to do if you

think proper: however, I will not be troubled about it." She applied her handkerchief to her eyes. "I am sorry for having interrupted you; but, since you are so much better engaged, I will never trouble you again as long as I live!"

"Will you hear me?" demanded Colin.

"It is of no use. You have a right to do as you think proper."

"Of course I have, so long as I do right? I never told you I loved *you*—never!"

Those words startled Fanny as with an earthquake; shattering in one instant that visionary palace of Hope which her heart had been occupied for years in rearing. She looked incredulously in his face, and burst into tears.

"True," she murmured, "you never did—never! I have betrayed myself. But here, sir," and she assumed as much firmness as possible, while she held a small packet out for his acceptance. "Take this; I came to give it you. It is all your mother and I ——" Her breathing became heavy. "We read your letter, and — Oh, save me! save me!" She fell insensible into the arms of Mrs. Popple, who, at Colin's request, carried her into Miss Wintlebury's room, and placed her on the sofa.

The packet had fallen from her hand. It contained the three guineas which Colin had formerly given her, besides two from his mother, and the whole amount of Fanny's own savings, making in all between eight and nine pounds.

Her unexpected appearance is readily explained. On perusing the melancholy news contained in that letter of Colin's, to which Fanny had alluded, she and his mother instantly formed the very natural conclusion that, bad as he had described his situation to be, he would make the best of it to them; and that, therefore, it was much worse than his description. A thousand imaginary dangers thronged upon their minds, which, they concluded, nothing short of a personal visit could avert. Nothing less, indeed, could satisfy their feelings; and it was agreed that, instead of writing, Fanny should undertake the journey, carrying with her all the money for his use which their joint efforts could procure.

The attentions of Mrs. Popple and Miss Wintlebury soon brought the young woman again to herself.

"Let me go!" said she. "I will return home! I cannot stay here!"

"No, Fanny," observed Mr. Clink, "that you shall not. You have mistaken me much; if you knew all, you would be the first to applaud me for what I have done."

"I shall never be happy any more!" sighed Fanny.

"I hope, young lady," said Miss Wintlebury, addressing her, "that I have not been any cause of unhappiness to you? Because if so, perhaps it will be some comfort to you to know that I cannot continue so long. Look at me. Surely this poor frame cannot have excited either man's love, or woman's jealousy; for no one could be so weak as to dream of placing his happiness on such a broken reed, nor any one so foolish as to take alarm at a shadow, which a few days at most — perhaps a few hours—must remove for ever."

Fanny heard this discourse at first with indifference; but now she listened earnestly, and with evident surprise Miss Harriet continued—

"If you imagine that I stand between that young gentleman and yourself, be assured you are mistaken. Death, I too well know, has

betrothed me; be at peace. You and Mr. Clink are evidently acquainted: if there be anything between you,—if you love him, or he you,—all I say is, may Heaven bless you in it! With one like him you could not fail to be blessed. A nobler, or a more generous creature never looked up to heaven.”

Overcome by bodily weakness and her feelings the poor girl sat down, and sobbed bitterly. During some minutes not a word was uttered; nor until the last speaker again rose, took Fanny's hand, and led her towards Colin, who stood by the fire-place, looking as immovable as though he were cast in lead.

“Come,” said she, “forget me, and let us see you friends.”

Suiting the action to the sentiment, she placed Fanny's hand in Colin's. He gazed on her, then clasped her in his arms, and kissed her.

That night the three supped together, and were happy. And, as Fanny had not as yet any place of abode, she shared Miss Wintlebury's apartment; while Colin passed, amidst anxiety and excitement, an almost sleepless night.

Fanny did not choose to remain in town longer than the occasion rendered essential; but she related to Colin everything that could interest him respecting the home he had left.

Amongst other matters, she astonished him with the information that, shortly after his own flight from Bramleigh, her father had been removed by Doctor Rowel from Nabbfield by night, to a distant part of the country. But, as some particulars of this movement will require to be laid before the reader in some subsequent chapter, I shall not trouble him with Fanny's statement here; merely observing that Mr. Clink impressed upon her the necessity, both on her father's account, and his own, of her informing Mr. Lupton of the whole transaction as early as possible.

This Fanny promised to perform. But when the period of departure came she returned with a heavy heart. The declaration made by Colin weighed heavily upon her bosom: nor did his subsequent kindness tend to any permanent alleviation of her sorrow. While, perplexed as Colin had felt between what he thought his duty, and inclination, he so far discovered the absence of any real regret at Fanny's departure, that in the mortification consequent on her discovery of that fact she determined to banish him altogether from her mind in every shape, save as a friend.

CHAPTER XXII.

The reader is courteously introduced into a bone and bottle shop, and made acquainted with Peter Veriquear, and the family of the Veriquears. A night adventure.

In a lane leading out of Hare Street, which is situated about the middle of the parish of Bethnal Green, resided a certain tradesman, one Peter Veriquear by name; into whose service, as a man of all work, our hero may now be supposed to have entered: by the recommendation of Mistress Popple it was that he obtained this eligible situation, which found him a sort of endless employment at the rate of six shillings per week, bed and board included.

When Colin first applied about the place, Mr. Veriquear replied, “If you want a situation, young man, that is your business, and not mine. If I have a place to dispose of, I have; and if I hav'n't, why I hav'n't. That is my business, and not yours.”

Colin hinted something about what Mrs. Pople had said.

"Well!" exclaimed Veriquear, "if Mrs. Pople told you so, she did. That is Mrs. Pople's business, and neither yours nor mine."

"Then I am mistaken, sir?"

"I did not say you were mistaken. But, if you think you are, that is your own business, and not mine."

"Then what, sir," asked Colin, "am I to understand?"

"Why," replied Veriquear, "I shall say the same to you as I do to all young men,—understand your own business, if you have any, and, if you hav'n't, understand how to get one,—that is the next best thing."

"And that," rejoined our hero, "is exactly what I am desirous of doing."

"Well, if you are—you are; that is your own concern."

"You seem to be fond of joking," remarked Mr. Clink.

"No, sir," answered Veriquear, "the man is not born that ever knew me joke in my life. I have my own way, and that is no business of anybody's. Other people have theirs, and that is none of mine."

"But, can you give me any employment, sir?"

"Well, I suppose young men must live,—though that is their concern; and I must find 'em work if I can,—though that is mine."

After some further conversation, in which Mr. Veriquear's character displayed itself much as above depicted, he arrived at the conclusion, that Colin should be employed according to the terms previously stated.

Though Mr. Veriquear's premises stood nominally two stories high, and occupied a frontage some forty feet long, the roof scarcely reached to the chamber-windows of more modern erections on either side. The front wall—a composition of timber, bricks, and plaster had partially given way, and now stood in an indescribably wry position. Having forcibly pulled the whole mass of tiling along with it, the ridge of the roof resembled the half-dislocated backbone of some fossil alligator, while a weather-beaten chimney, with great gaps between the bricks, leaned sentimentally towards a dead gable, like Charlotte lamenting the sorrows of Werter. The windows, small and heavy, seemed to have been inserted according to chance; for, exactly in those places where nobody would have expected them, there they were. By the side of the door flaunted some yards of filthy drapery, which flapped in the faces of the passers-by; and old bottles, second-hand basins, bits of rag, and other "marine stores," decorated a window which might be supposed glazed with clarified cow's-horn. Above, a huge doll, clad in long-clothes of dirty dimity, swung like some criminal on a gibbet. At the edge of the causeway, which had never been paved, and directly opposite the entrance, was a board elevated on a pole, on which was painted, "Wholesale and retail Rag, Bone, and Bottle Warehouse."

Into this den Colin introduced himself one night between eight and nine o'clock. That evening he had spent with Miss Wintlebury, and had taken his adieu of her only after he had prevailed upon her to accept one of three sovereigns which he retained out of the sum brought by Fanny.

When he arrived at his new abode, there was no light, save what little found its way thither from the heavens, now scantily spotted with stars. Veriquear stood against the door-post, staring into the gloom,

and blowing through his teeth a doleful noise, compounded of singing and whistling. Colin felt low-spirited.

"It grows dark very fast, sir," said he, addressing Mr. Veriquear.

"Yes," replied that gentleman; "but I can't help that. What nature chooses to do is no business of ours."

"Certainly," rejoined Mr. Clink; "I said so only because it is customary to express some opinion."

"Well, that is your own concern; for my part, I never make it my business either to damn or praise the weather. Nature knows her own affairs without my meddling."

Peter turned and led into the shop his new assistant. Groping in the direction of a distant inner door, through which the dim remains of a fire were visible, Colin jostled against a stand, which rattled as though all the bottles in the kingdom had been jingled together; and then, in his endeavour to steer clearer on the contrary side, fell on a heap of tailors' ends.

"It's my business to get a light," said Veriquear. "Stop!"

Colin maintained his position, in accordance with the advice, lest, by making another endeavour, he should exchange for a less comfortable anchorage.

When Peter returned, Colin obtained a dim vision of the objects about him. The place was so black, that its limits seemed indefinable, save overhead, and there the proximity of his crown to the rafters reminded him that no less care would be required in humouring Mr. Veriquear's house than its master; while the quality of its contents almost led him to believe he had entered some grand national closet, in which was deposited all the unserviceable stuff of the community. The reason was, Peter Veriquear dealt in everything he could turn a penny by, and, being large in his speculations, had a vast mass of property upon his premises.

As a new emigrant to America betakes himself to a survey of his locality before he pitches his tent, so did Peter conduct Mr. Clink over the whole of his territory that night, in order that he might become acquainted early with the field of his future labours. Through a dirty unpaved yard behind, he conducted him over various shed-like warehouses, stored with every description of rags, with bottles of all degrees of extension, and into a deathly region of bones, which made the moveless air smell grave-like, and stored the imagination with as many skeleton horses as might garnish twenty German tales.

In a wide loft, accessible by a step-ladder, and open to the laths on which the tiles were hung, Colin observed a small bed and a chair, with a broken piece of looking-glass fixed on the wall with nails, in order, as it might appear, that the tenant, might contemplate a representative of himself, in lack of better company.

"Is this room occupied?" asked Colin.

"When there is anybody in it," replied Veriquear. "It is my business to keep these premises safe, as it is other people's to rob them if they could."

"Why surely, sir," objected Mr. Clink, "nobody would think of stealing such things as these!"

"What is worth buying and selling is worth stealing. I should think so, if it were my affair to rob; just as I think it worth guarding, being my business to hinder robbery."

"Then, shall I sleep here?" demanded Colin.

"I suppose you will, if you can. You want sleep, I dare say; but that you must manage yourself."

Our hero said nothing, but thought the Fates could not have been in the most amiable humour when they delivered him into the hands of Mr. Veriquear.

Returning, the merchant led his assistant into an underground kitchen, where a round mahogany-coloured cheese, three gannt sticks of celery, and a brown loaf were placed upon a small oak table, having one stem in the centre, and three crooked feet, after the fashion of a washer-woman's Italian iron. The family was here assembled. Mrs. Veriquear, a sharp-nosed pyroligneous-acid-looking woman, sat on a low chair, nursing a baby; a child of eighteen months old slept close by in a wicker basket, ingeniously contrived to fit a frame-work on four wheels, which thus served to carry the children about on a Sunday; while two other youngsters were squabbling on the hearth about a three-legged stool; and another, the eldest, was penning most villainous pot-hooks on the back of a piece of butter-paper, under the superintendence of his mother. Farthest from the fire, as well as the candle-light, sat one who was *in* the family, though not of it, a maiden of nineteen, Miss Aphra Marvel, a niece of Mr. Veriquear, who had been bequeathed to him by her father, along with a small tenement worth about fifteen pounds a-year, the income from which was considered as a set-off against the cost of her bringing up. But could her parent have foreknown the services which his daughter was destined to perform it is probable he would have acknowledged the propriety of charging fifteen pounds per annum as a compensation for her labour, rather than have left that sum in yearly requital of her cost. From twelve years of age, her duty had been to make the fires, sweep the house, wash and nurse the babies, as they successively appeared, wait on Mrs. Veriquear, prepare meals, make beds, mend clothes, and, in short, do everything which could possibly be done; yet she was regarded as an interloper, contributing to the diminution of that stock which ought to be applied to the advancement of their own prospects.

When Colin entered, Aphra cast her eyes momentarily up, and half blushed as she resumed her sewing. The children stared in wonder at him. The baby began to squeal; while Mrs. Veriquear cast an ill-tempered eye upon him, and then shook her infant into an absolute scream with the exclamation,—

"What are you crying at, you little fool! *He's* none going to hurt you, I'll take care of that. Hush—hush—hush-sh-sh!" And away went the rocking-chair.

When they sat down to supper, it was discovered that Master William had picked out the hearts of two sticks of celery, and extracted a plug, by way of taster, from the cheese. This being a case that demanded summary punishment, Colin got nothing to eat until Mr. Veriquear had risen, and applied a few inches of old cane to the lad's shoulders.

"My boy, as you have made it your business to pull that plug out, it becomes mine to plug you."

Master William howled before he was touched; his brother Ned cried because Bill did; and Mrs. Veriquear stormed at her husband, because he could not thrash the lad without making noise enough to wake the dead. Miss Marvel looked as solemn during this farce as though it had been a tragedy; while Colin squeezed his nose up in

his handkerchief to prevent Mrs. Veriquear seeing how his fancy was tickled at this exhibition.

Uninviting as his dormitory had appeared, the kitchen and its inhabitants seemed so much more so, that it was with comparative delight he heard the clock strike ten, as a signal for him to take possession of a tin lantern, and, carrying a bunch of keys wherewith to lock himself in, to stride across the yard to his comfortless chamber.

During the first few hours it was in vain he tried to coax himself to sleep; and therefore he lay with his eyes open, counting the chinks between the tiles over his head, and listening to the compliments which passed between some friendly cats, whose tails and backs were elevated in a picturesque manner outside the ridge above him.

It could not be far off one o'clock when a sound, as of something stirring below, reached his ears. Though by no means timid, the young man's heart suddenly jumped, while a degree of uncomfortable moisture oozed through his skin, like the dew upon a cold can of liquor in summer. Possibly the noise might be occasioned by rats taking advantage of this untimely hour to make free with Mr. Veriquear's bones; or cats in pursuit of the aforesaid rats; or the wind making merry amongst the bottles. Whatever the sound, however, it was repeated more distinctly. There was evidently something alive as well as himself. Was it possible that he could have got into a wrong place, and that they meditated murdering him for the sake of his body? He thought of a pitch-plaster being suddenly stuck over his mouth by some unseen hand, and the conceit aroused him to determination. He slipped out of bed, and, in his stockings and shirt, groped blindly to the ladder, which he silently descended.

Having reached the floor below, he for the first time bethought himself that he had no weapon, not even a stick. But the bone-heap was hard by, and he possessed himself of the thigh-bone of a horse, which he contrived, without disturbance, to draw from amongst a collection of similar relics. Again the noise was repeated, and carried conviction to Colin's mind that Mr. Veriquear's precautions were more needful than he had previously believed; for that there were thieves about the premises he now no more doubted than he doubted his own existence. Claspng his bony cudgel he placed himself in a good offensive attitude, and stood prepared.

Not the fighting gladiator of antiquity, nor the modern statue dubbed Achilles in Hyde Park, looks more heroic than did Colin, as, clad in his simple but classic drapery, he brandished his tremendous marrow-bone, and defied his unseen foe.

At that moment the skull of some old charger, which lay on the window-sill, seemed to become partially and mysteriously illuminated, while the shadowy form of a man hard by became indistinctly visible. Colin maintained his standing in silence, his eyes fixed upon the figure.

In a few moments it turned slowly round, and began to advance towards him, but whether with any intention of accosting him he could not yet divine. Shortly it reached within arm's length of him, when the thought flashed on the young man's mind that now was the time; so raising his bone, he took aim, and, before a protest against his measure could be entered, nearly felled the intruder to the earth.

"Don't strike!—don't strike!" cried the individual thus unexpectedly attacked. "I'm Veriquear!—I'm Veriquear!"

"Certainly," thought Colin, "you *are* very queer indeed!"—for he instantly recognised the voice of his employer. "I'm sorry—"

"All right!—quite right!" said Peter, drawing a dark-lantern from behind him, and throwing a bundle of rays on the figure of his assistant. "It was decidedly your business to do as you have done; and I'm much obliged to you— For if you had not made it your duty to defend the place, I should have turned you away to-morrow morning. I have done this to try your courage."

"But I regret having struck you," protested Mr. Clink.

"As to that," replied Peter, "that, you know, is *your* business; and if I like to run the risk, why, that, of course, is mine. Only I never yet had a man that I did not try in the same way; and many a one have I discharged because they would not turn again.

His hearer did not particularly admire Peter's method of trying the mettle of his men; but, inasmuch as it had so far ingratiated him into the favour of his employer, did not lament the occurrence. He accordingly betook himself again to his pallet; while Mr. Veriquear departed by the same way he had come, highly gratified with the courage of Mr. Clink, and rejoicing in the blow that hero had bestowed upon him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Sunday sight in London.—Colin meets with his best friend, and receives a heart-breaking epistle from Miss Wintlebury.

It was not during the six days only, but on Sundays also, that Colin found employment. As regularly as the Sabbath came, he was converted into an animal of draught, by being placed at the pole of that cradle-coach already alluded to, and engaged during stated hours in giving his employer's young family an airing amongst the delightful precincts of Hoxton New Town and the Hackney road. On one of these occasions he luckily, though accidentally, met with a gentleman whom he much wished to see, and to whom I shall have much pleasure in re-introducing the reader.

The day was uncommonly cold, considering the time of year. Colin's face, as he breasted the blast, resembled a carrot; while behind him sat four little red-and-blue looking animals, muffled and "tiled" with immense brimmed hats, which gave them much the appearance of a basket of young flap-mushrooms.

"Don't cry, my dears!" said Colin,—"don't cry, and you shall have some pudding as soon as the baker has baked it. We shall soon be at home, Georgy. See what a big dog that is!"

A tap on the shoulder with the end of a walking-cane interrupted his exclamations, and at the same moment a voice addressed him with—

"And do not you remember whose dog he is?"

Colin turned hastily, and beheld Squire Lupton standing on the curb-stone. If his cheeks were red before, they became scarlet now; and for the moment he could not utter a word.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Lupton, as he gazed on the four-wheeled basket, "so young, and such a family? Bless my soul!—surely they are not all your own?"

Colin did the best he could to clear himself of such an awful responsibility. Indeed, the Squire did not require any proof, as he had given utterance to the remark only as a piece of pleasantry.

As the streets of London do not offer peculiar facilities for conversation, especially upon such important matters as those which the Squire and Colin felt it necessary to discuss, a brief colloquy was all that passed on the present occasion, though sufficiently long to inform Mr. Lupton how poor a situation the young man had been obliged to accept, to find himself in the necessaries of life. On the other hand, Colin ascertained that the Squire's absence from Kiddal, just after his last singular interview with him there, was in consequence of a visit to the metropolis, to which was owing his meeting with him at the present moment. Before they parted, Mr. Lupton charged him, on his return, to give Mr. Veriquear immediate warning, as he had another mode of life in view for him.

In the mean time, he requested him to wait upon him the following evening at a certain hotel at the west-end of the town, where they might discuss all necessary matters at leisure.

When Colin informed his employer Peter of his adventure, and the consequence to which it had led, "Very well," said Veriquear, "if you wish to leave me, that is no business of mine. As you came, so you must go. I am sorry to part with you; though I don't know what business it is of mine to grieve about it. Only if you consider yourself right in leaving so suddenly, I shall make it my duty not to pay you this week's wages."

Colin protested that, as circumstances had altered with him, he would willingly forego any demand. Peter felt gratified at the sacrifice his man thus frankly volunteered; and, by way of requital, told him not only that he might depart on any day that he pleased, but added,

"And if at any time I can be of service to you, apply to me; but mind you, it must not be about other people's business. If it is any business of mine, I'll meddle; but your business, you know, is your own; other people's is theirs; and mine *is* mine, and nobody else's."

Colin would that evening have called at Mrs. Popple's, and communicated the intelligence to poor Miss Wintlebury, had he not been arrested, just as he was setting out, by a small packet addressed to himself, which some unknown hand had left at the door, and within which he found a trifling article or two of remembrance, and the following note:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"It is with great satisfaction I write these few lines, informing you that yesterday my father arrived from the country, bringing intelligence that a small fortune had been left him by my uncle unexpectedly, and that he has this day taken my brother and myself back to our native place to pass the rest of our lives, and in hopes that thereby my own may be prolonged. But my poor dear father will be deceived! He knows not what I have gone through, and never shall know. Nevertheless, the country will be to me like a new heaven for the short time I am permitted to enjoy it.

"I can scarcely express the delight I feel in being enabled, through this reverse in our condition, to inclose a sum which, I trust, will leave me your debtor only in that gratitude which no payment can wipe away.

"The other trifles perhaps you may keep, if not too poor for acceptance; but as I know that our continued acquaintance could end only in

misery to us both, I deem it the proper course to withhold from you all knowledge of our future abode; and if you will in one thing more oblige me, never attempt to seek it out.

“Heaven bless you and yours! And that you may be lastingly happy will be the prayer of
“HARRIET.”

A ten-pound-note, a ring, and a brooch were inclosed.

Colin immediately repaired to his late lodgings, in hopes of seeing the writer; but he was too late; neither could he obtain from the landlady any information as to what part of the country she had retired.

THE TRANSYLVANIAN ANATOMIE!

A TALE.

BY R. B. PEAKE.

Behold, our infancies in tales delight,
That bolt like hedgehog quills the hair upright!

DR. WOLCOT.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT the year 1696, a German noble, of some substance but small wit, by name Polydore Baron Von Doedel, resided in a mansion on the outskirts of the good city of Leipsic. The Baron had been twice united in the holy state of matrimony. By his first wife (who did not trouble him long) he had an only daughter, a beautiful creature, who inherited the mother's charms, without the father's softness. In truth, Polydore Von Doedel mourned his loss sincerely, engrossed himself almost entirely by devoting his attention to the little Hermione, and taking care that she had the best masters the times could produce.

After the Baron had endured the state of single blessedness until it appeared that he could endure it no longer, he took to himself another helpmate, a being as much in contrast to the former wife as a picture of Murillo to one of Morland's. How the fancy of Polydore ever took the turn, it is impossible to conjecture. We must describe the couple, seated on a garden bench, after breakfast. The Baron attired in a suit of scrupulous cut, the dress of the nobleman of the day, formal, but exact; the lady, whose taste was decidedly deficient, had ordered her habiliments in too many colours, and the tints did not harmonize in prismatic order. She wore a bright orange petticoat, trimmed with lilac; scarlet stockings, with broad green clocks; and a bodice of sky-blue velvet, with pink facings. A sort of yellow cap adorned her head, with a red and grey dyed feather in it. She had also a variety of rings on the fingers of both hands. She thus addressed the Baron:—

“Polydore, you promised that if I kept my tongue silent abroad, that at home you would treat me as a lady.”

To which the Baron replied, “Exactly so, my love; but, Baroness, you infringe on our agreement. You *will* talk, when I wish, for both

our sakes, you would be silent. In short, you are everlastingly making yourself ridiculous."

"I make myself ridiculous!" exclaimed the lady. "For shame, Baron!"

Von Doedel answered with some asperity, "You know, madam, that my marriage ennobled you. You were prior to that—excuse plain speaking—a mere brown-loaf-eating peasant; but I admit that your charms made an impression on my too susceptible heart."

"And served you right," said the Baroness.

"Pooh, pooh!" answered Von Doedel. "Remember, the first time I saw you, you were sitting on a three-legged stool, under a four-legged cow—milking, dear! I was struck by the Arcadian attitude. I became the tender lover of an unsophisticated female; but years have since passed, and you, I am sorry to say, have overstepped the barrier of innate modesty."

"I never stepped over anything of the sort," said the Baroness, pettishly.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Von Doedel, "you have imbibed the ridiculous habit of misunderstanding everything I utter, by taking it in its literal sense. Did not you expose yourself in the public street yesterday?"

"I expose myself in the public street!—I!" screamed the lady. "Oh, fie! Baron!"

"You are taking my words literally again," said Von Doedel. "But hold your tongue, for the groom of the chambers approaches." And here Beller mann, a steady-looking domestic, in the Baron's livery, announced *Mein Herr Lavamund*.

This intelligence evidently annoyed the Baron. He was framing an excuse to avoid the visitor, when Lavamund stepped down the walk, and said,

"Baron Von Doedel, I entreat, nay, I insist on addressing you."

"How, sir, insist? This language to the Baron Von Doedel!" cried the Baron.

"This language to the Baron Von Doedel!" echoed the Baroness, in a shrill key.

"Silence, my lady!" gravely said Von Doedel. "Let not your unaffected sense of my aggravated wrongs perturbate your bosom." Then, turning to Lavamund, he stated that his attentions to his daughter *Hermione* must cease.

A flash of indignation crossed the manly brow of Lavamund; but he checked himself, and merely inquired, "What part of his character had given the Baron offence?"

"Character has nothing to do with it," said Von Doedel.

"Character has nothing to do with it," reiterated the Baroness.

"Do be quiet, my lady!" growled the Baron. "Sir, character is nothing now-a-days. Your estate is desperately diminished; you have not a pound of venison left in your forest; and your whole forest would not supply a German stove with fire-wood for two days. Besides, the heiress of Doedel has received a noble offer. Count *Ney-tracht de Zarweise* is my affianced son-in-law."

"And does my *Hermione* consent?" asked Lavamund.

"She will obey her father, sir," replied the Baron.

"Charming *Hermione*!" sighed Lavamund, "though I am debarred

from your beloved presence, it adds but fresh fuel to the fire which consumes me !”

“And, considering the state of your forest, you should be careful of the fuel,” remarked Von Doedel.

“For her sake I bear with your gibes, sir,” said Lavamund.

“Then, once for all, understand,” replied the Baron, “that my doors are immutably shut against you; therefore pursue your idle passion no longer. Good morning, Mein Herr Lavamund.”

Lavamund turned on his heel. The Baroness said, “Well done, Polydore ! You have sent him off with a flea in his ear.”

“That is not an elegant metaphor, my dear,” replied Von Doedel.

Lavamund was deeply enamoured of Hermione; but he had anticipated that the loss of a portion of his estate would have its effect on the sordid Baron. Still he could not exist without daily communication with his lovely mistress; so he had, unknown to them all, hired an apartment directly opposite to the chamber of the turret in which his beloved principally resided. There, on the tapestried wall opposite the casement, he had affixed a mirror of capacious dimensions, which not only reflected the beautiful form of Hermione, but detailed almost everything that occurred in the turret chamber, and there would Lavamund sit, and gaze with intense delight at his unconscious mistress, who could not have exhibited so much graceful ease, had she been aware that she was frequently in the enraptured view of her lover. To this apartment Lavamund betook himself, much dejected. He dared not to show himself at his window; that might at once destroy the enjoyment of beholding, though but occasionally, the silent image of his adored Hermione.

As he sat anxiously watching the mirror in which the beautifully-lighted turret-chamber was distinctly reflected, he beheld Hermione enter, unlock her ebony cabinet, and—ah ! rapture !—take out a miniature portrait, which he himself had presented to her, and she gazed on it steadfastly. “Happy, happy Lavamund !” This delight was, however, somewhat damped by a sudden turn of the head of Hermione towards the door, and a hasty replacing of the miniature in the cabinet. He then observed, to his infinite mortification, that the Count Neytracht de Zarweise had most respectfully entered the chamber. The Count was of a noble carriage, regular features, VERY pale, with dark hair, and with a pair of eyes of unearthly brilliancy; a tall and slender figure, which was well set off by the graceful Hungarian dress in which he was attired, consisting of the *dollmany*, or short close-fitting jacket with sleeves, ornamented with laces, and a profusion of buttons; of tight pantaloons, braided; and of handsomely formed *caimen*, or Hungarian boots of yellow cordovan leather, with silver spurs; a belt was girded round his waist, from which depended his curved sabre; from his shoulder hung another jacket, trimmed with sable, which was only loosely fastened at the neck, and set close nowhere else. But there was a remarkable appearance about Count Neytracht: he was in features unlike one of the present era. It was the cast of countenance of the old Mongolian race,—of the Magyars, from which the real Hungarians were descended. In fact, he looked *as if he had belonged to an age at least three hundred years antecedent to the date of this tale !* Lavamund became tortured with jealousy; for the Count was of a very attractive appearance. Lavamund then had

the mortification to observe that the Count offered to Hermione a chain set with brilliants, of curious and antique workmanship. Hermione endeavoured to decline the gift, but the Count insisted. Lavamund became sorely distressed; he was on red-hot tenter-hooks, when happily Martha, an aged attendant of Hermione, entered the chamber, and presently they all three descended together.

CHAPTER II.

At this period one of the great fairs was held at Leipsic. All was bustle and activity; strangers had congregated from every part of the globe. There were merchandises of every sort; shawls from the far East; jewellery of French manufacture; English broad cloth; sword-blades from Damascus and Toledo; Dresden ware, in its infancy of perfection; Chinese porcelain; grapes from Portugal; dried fish from Norway; wine from Johannisberg; boars' heads, divinely cooked, from Vienna; rival sausages from Brunswick and Bologna, intermixed with the brocades, paper, cards, and pipes, and the manufacture of Leipsic. But the staple commodity at this fair was books. Every printed work of repute was to be found at this central mart; there were even manuscripts for sale in the Hebrew, Syriac, Armenian, and Coptic languages.

Walking from shop to stall, and from stall to shop, wherever books were displayed, might be observed the remarkable figure of Count Neytracht de Zarweise. Anxiety was depicted on his handsome countenance; he rapidly, but carelessly, investigated every bookseller's stock and catalogue; and arriving at the last stall, on which were placed a select number of aged and worm-eaten volumes, muttered to himself,

"To my certain knowledge, there is but one copy of this *Black-Letter Tract* in existence. I have been—ah! how many years!—gradually buying up the whole edition. One copy only is extant, and I have traced this last and solitary evidence to Leipsic. I will hazard another inquiry." So the Count addressed the itinerant biblioplist, who stood beside his literary treasures. "Friend, knowest thou aught of a scarce black-letter tract, entitled "*The Transylvanian Anatomie*," printed in the year 1560?" (Mark!—he did not say *anno DOMINI*.)

The book-vender replied, "Ay, master; a rare work, truly. I sold it, not an hour ago, from this very stall, and for a good price too."

The Count gnashed his teeth, and exclaimed, "Again I have lost it! Know you the purchaser?"

"Marry do I," said the bookseller. "I sold it to Master Peter Elzevir, of the library here of Leipsic."

"Thank you, friend." And the Count strode away. The main point that occurred to him was,—“The period of the compact I have formed is becoming fearfully brief! The sole remaining copy of the tract once perused, my origin, my fate, will be probably discovered, and my only hope annihilated! Another day has nearly passed, and another night I have to endure. Endure!—ha!—the familiarity of the scene breeds a contempt bordering on indifference to its accumulating horror! But a fearful epoch is near! *To-morrow will be the close of the fifth century of an unhallowed pilgrimage!*”

The Count returned to his lodging, where he found his valet in attendance, a merry, fresh-coloured, round little fellow, Karl Closter by name.

"Whither have you been loitering, sirrah?" said the Count.

"Pardon, noble sir," replied Karl; "I hope you have not wanted me. You allow me the innocent freedom of speech; but as it is fair time, that reminded me of the fair sex."

"Keep the history of your amours to yourself," said the Count.

Closter continued. "Your Countship, I know, dotes on a pretty maiden—so do I; you are gallant—so am I. Your Countship and I have secured the affections of the two most charming females in all Leipsic. You have attached yourself to the beauteous Hermione, daughter of the Baron Von Doedel; and I am over head and ears in love with the pretty Drusilla, niece of Peter Elzevir, the librarian."

The Count started, and exclaimed, "Peter Elzevir? Are you intimate with him?"

Karl replied, "I only know that he is an old book-worm, who fixes himself on a volume, and never drops off until he has devoured all the leaves."

"Have you access to him?" asked the Count.

"I have too great a regard for my clothes," said Closter. "I never associate with old Elzevir: he is full of moths. Half an hour's chat with him, and my cape and doublet are full of holes. Drusilla, his pretty niece, only contrives to exist in his presence by being a peppery little devil—she frightens the moths away."

"Go now with Count Neytracht's greeting to the Baron Von Doedel, and inquire at what hour he sups this evening."

"I hope it will be sufficiently *early* for your Countship," said Karl.

The Count fixed his glaring eyes on his valet with a menacing look. Karl trembled. The Count muttered, "Let it suffice that, at my regular and early hour of retiring to repose, you have your season of enjoyment. After a certain period of the evening, I have dispensed with your services,—your time has been your own. Beware!"

"Oh, master," said Closter, "you never had occasion to speak to me *twice* on that subject. One cut of a double-thonged whip which you once inflicted settled my opinion on the matter. Yet—excuse me, sir,—it does appear remarkable that, the instant I have pulled off your boots, and always before ten o'clock, you uniformly dismiss me." Count Neytracht produced a riding-whip from under his pelisse. Karl eyed it askance, and said, "There is no occasion for *that*," and left the room.

The Count threw himself on a sofa, and appeared lost in thought. At length he exclaimed, "It is inevitable—the gentle Hermione is the chosen victim! Her innocence—her unprotected state—the ignorance and folly of her parents—all will aid me. The time?"—and the Count produced an antique watch, which he placed upon the table—"Eight. For two hours *I am safe*. Now for the smooth speech and honeyed tones of the devoted lover! But first to visit the librarian, Elzevir."

We will now place ourselves in the magistrate's library at Leipsic, surrounded by upwards of thirty thousand volumes, in aged carved book-cases, dimly lighted by lamps on oak tables, round which were

seated students, professors, idlers, and book-worms. Some were calling for the librarian, Elzevir; but he was not forthcoming."

Drusilla bustled into the apartment, and Professor Poreliber petulantly inquired of the maiden, "Where the devil had her uncle hid himself?"

"I know not," replied Drusilla. "All I know is, that it is a shame that, instead of being at the fair, and enjoying its gaities, I am a prisoner here, surrounded by the works of dead authors, and scolded by living lumber. But yonder is my uncle—he ought to mind his business; but he is wrapped up in some nonsensical old book."

Three or four dust-coloured little moths now appeared in the gleam of light in the doorway, indicators of the approach of Peter Elzevir, who entered with his eyes staring through his spectacles on a small volume. The old librarian was attired in camlet that had once been black; over his grey hairs he wore a peaked hood of black velvet. Drusilla shook her uncle by the arm; but he did not raise his eyes from the book.

"Listen," said Drusilla; "their worships call for you."

"A pize on their worships!" replied Elzevir, "though I respect scholars; but if I attend to an atom of common affair until I have thoroughly perused this tract, may I ne'er again gloat over a black-letter page!"

"Uncle Elzevir, hear them bawling for you." He continued reading. "This is beyond my patience," added the damsel; "I will make him attend."

She took a long pin from her hair, and stuck it into the worsted stocking of Elzevir, in the place where his calf ought to have been. The old man winced, and muttered, "Those plaguy moths!" and went on reading.

At this moment Lavamund entered, and thoughtfully seated himself at a table. He took up a volume abstractedly; but it was evident that his mind was wandering elsewhere.

"What a wondrous narrative!" cried Elzevir aloud, as Count Neytracht stalked into the library. Lavamund started on perceiving the self-same form he had beheld reflected in the mirror, and gazed on him with curiosity and disgust. Professor Poreliber and another student came up to Elzevir to see what so particularly engaged the attention of the librarian.

Elzevir looked up and said, "I crave your mercy, Professor Poreliber,—ay, and good Doctor Metterville too. Ye are men of reading—I have a prize here—old gold—an ancient tract, purchased this afternoon. It is wondrous scarce, gentlemen, and entitled *The Transylvanian Anatomie*."

Lavamund observed the Count cross the library, and glance at the book with a wild and vivid glare.

Elzevir continued, "Why our country should be infested with Demons of the Hartz, Gnomes, Black Woodsmen, beyond all others in Europe, I cannot conjecture; but here is a singular description of a being, bearing mortal shape, that for horror surpasses all."

Count Neytracht imperiously inquired, "Ho, librarian, have you the works of Grotius?"

"Directly, directly, sir," replied Elzevir. Then turning to Poreliber, he said, "I will read you a page or so of my invaluable pur-

chase. 'In the year 1165, a certain Hungarian, of noble birth, addicted himself to the study of the occult sciences. This Transylvanian necromancer became master of the forbidden mysteries, and formed a league with the evil powers. Three centuries after, it was positively ascertained that this Hungarian was still in existence: he had bartered his soul to the—'

The Count here knocked a folio off the table; it fell with a noise; and Elzevir said, "Drusilla, child, what was that?"

Drusilla picked up the folio, when she encountered the gaze of the Hungarian, and shuddering, exclaimed, "Heaven! what a pair of eyes!"

Elzevir proceeded to read. "'The conditions of this league were, that the necromancer should enjoy a lengthened existence and bloom of youth for the space of five centuries.'"—

"What a nice young man!" laughingly thought Drusilla.

"'But this advantage was to be counterbalanced by a horrible tenure, that the Hungarian should at a certain hour every night become a Skeleton, and remain so until sunrise.'"—

"No longer a nice young man," thought Drusilla.

Professor Porcliber smiled; but Elzevir reproved him, and repeated, "Become a skeleton nightly!—dreadful!"

"Not at all," jestingly said the Professor; "quite a luxury in the warm summer months. I have often in July longed to jump out of my skin, and sit in my skeleton."

As the Professor was rather obese, no one found fault with his taste.

"But here is another paragraph," said Elzevir. "'The necromancer in his compact had this chance in his favour: for every virgin heart he could win and wed, he was to be rewarded with an additional year of existence!'"

Drusilla said to herself, "Now, I should just like to see that fellow," when, suddenly turning her head, she screamed as she beheld Count Neytracht staring over her shoulder. Frightened, she knew not why, she ran out of the room.

The supper-hour of Leipsic drew nigh; the professors and students repaired to their various haunts. Lavamund still watched the Count closely. Elzevir was poring over his treasure, when he was suddenly addressed by the Hungarian.

"Hark ye, librarian?"

"Don't, don't," said Elzevir; "I am just in the marrow of the mystery!"

"Listen, old man. I have a collection of scarce and curious books; I have some of the first editions that were printed by your celebrated ancestors, the Elzevirs of Amsterdam, Leyden, the Hague, and Utrecht."

"Ay, ay," replied the old librarian, for the Count had touched on an interesting topic.

"I have the edition of Eutropius, published in 1592."

"Ay, indeed!" said Peter. "Has it on the title-page a cut of a wood-pile burning—a quaint conceit of my great-grandfather, Louis Elzevir?"

"Yes," said the Count; "and also the imprint, *Ex officina Elzevirorum.*" The librarian wondered how the strange gentleman could

have become possessed of such an ancient copy. "You must sell me your bargain," abruptly said the Hungarian. "I have a particular fancy for that book; name your price."

Elzevir replied, "I have already unfolded to your worship that I prize rare tracts; they are my enjoyment. Call me credulous an you will; but I implicitly believe in the facts here related."

"Here are five hundred crowns for your pamphlet."

"Sir," said Elzevir, "I don't want money; and I do love scarce black-letter editions. I cannot part with it."

Count Neytracht was thrown off his guard, his eyes flashed, and he exclaimed, "Groveling fool! dost thou dare thwart my desire? Take this purse—resign the book, or I will scatter thy grey hairs to the winds!" And he grasped the poor old librarian, who shook like an aspen leaf, but at the same time thrust the tract within his vest for safety.

The Count was proceeding to force it from the bosom of Elzevir, when Lavamund started up and threw him off. The librarian lifted up his three-legged stool, and put himself in a posture of defence.

Lavamund looked steadfastly at the Count, and said, "Assault an aged man! This does not accord with your gallant bearing."

The Hungarian fixed a glance of hatred on his opponent, whose courage did not quail under it.

"Come, old man," said Lavamund, "the library hours are over; I will see you safely to your chamber."

Elzevir put his arm into that of his champion; he uttered with great simplicity, "I was determined not to part with the tract!—Can't get this outrageous conduct out of my head!—Drusilla, love, my posset.—Wonderful conduct!—Drusilla, dear, my night-cap.—Unaccountable conduct!—Drusilla, girl, my *robe de chambre*.—Peculiar conduct!—Shocking conduct!—Fie! fie! fie!"

And Lavamund led Elzevir down the broad staircase of the library, left him in safety in his sitting-room, where, after swallowing his posset, the old man went to sleep in his high-backed chair.

Count Neytracht was incensed with his repulse; he thought that if he waited a short time that his antagonist might depart, and there still might be a chance to secure the much-coveted book; he therefore entered one of the recesses of an oriel window. Unluckily at this moment poor little Karl Closter had arrived, by appointment, after library hours, to have a chat with the pretty Drusilla. He went peering about with his usual curiosity, wondering by which door (for there were several) his fair mistress would enter. He went up to that opposite the oriel window, and took up his favourite position, stooping to peep through the key-hole.

Count Neytracht, who had not recovered his good humour, silently walked across, produced the formidable whip, and gave Karl Closter one lengthened and loud-sounding cut, which made his victim draw up as if he had been punished with the knout.

"Idiot! shall I never overcome your curiosity?"

Karl heard the silver spurs of his master jingling down the library stairs, and, rubbing his back, cried out, "How cruel! When you use your whip, you ought to be a cut above this. But where is Drusilla? I hope she did not see that indignity inflicted on my person.

I could never look her in the face, gaze on her eyes, her lashes—*lashes!*—I trust she has not seen mine. She comes!—my beloved!—and now must I affect ease and gaiety, with a confounded great *weal* floundering on my back!”

Drusilla entered, and observing Closter grimacing, inquired what was the matter.

“Nothing,” said Karl; “a mere beating of the heart.”

“Pray, Karl, can you tell me who is that tall unaccountable Hungarian Count?”

“Oh, my master,” replied Closter. “I have served him ever since I was a boy. I was his slender-limbed page until these calves came.” And here he was throwing himself into an affected attitude, when he suddenly winced with pain, and cried out, “Oh! that *weal* on my back!”

“What do you mean by this jumble?” inquired Drusilla.

“Why,” said Karl, “there is a history and a mystery.”

“I love a mystery,” remarked Drusilla.

“Do you?” replied Closter. “Never look through a key-hole while my master is in the house. But love begets confidence, and I love *you*, Drusilla. Now see what puzzles me: I found it only yesterday.” Here Karl pulled from his pocket some old stained and worn manuscripts. “These fell out of an ancient travelling trunk. I picked them up—brown ink—antique penmanship—and yet it is Count Neytracht’s handwriting—here, look.”

“A very legible scrawl,” said Drusilla. “May I read?”

“Ye—yes, do,” replied Karl, with an inquiring glance round the apartment.

“Why,” remarked Drusilla, “you turn as anxiously as if some one was behind your back? Are you certain that these are your master’s own memoranda?”

Karl muttered “I am positive;” and, rubbing his back, he added, “I know his marks well enough.”

Drusilla approached a lamp, and read, “*This day, March 10, 1320, I saw the first experiment made with a newly-discovered inflammable matter, denominated gunpowder, the terrible invention of one Schwartz, a monk.*”

Drusilla laughed, “1320? I cannot believe that. Your master should have added, by way of corroboration, ‘*and burnt my fingers therewith.*’ Ha! ha! ha! ha!”

“Now, if you are not satisfied with that, Drusilla, I could show you in our picture-gallery, amongst a beautiful collection of the old masters, a portrait of Count Neytracht, as like him as it can stare.”

“He *can* stare,” remarked Drusilla.

“All the picture-dealers,” added Karl, (to whom I have shown it, *sub-rosa*,) avow that it is indubitably the work of Titian. Now, Titian, we all know, died anno 1576,—that is above a century ago! But I know more curious things about the Count,” and Karl drew himself closer to Drusilla, whose interest was now excited, and in a half-whisper, made the following communication:—“Dearest Drusilla, although I have served my master such a number of years, I have never set eyes on him after half-past nine o’clock at night.”

“What?” said Drusilla, “does he always sup and sleep out? At what hour does Count Neytracht retire to rest?”

"REST!" replied Karl, emphatically. "I cannot tell; nor can anybody else."

"Did you never attempt to discover?" asked Drusilla.

"A thousand times," said Closter; "but always was baffled. My master closes the keyhole after he has double-locked and bolted his chamber-door. I once crept without my shoes to listen, and I certainly did hear a low moaning noise; then, just as St. Jerome's church-clock struck ten, I distinctly heard a sound inside the room, as if a large bag of bones had fallen in a heap on the floor."

"Psha!" said Drusilla. "It must have been the fire-irons?"

"No, no, no," replied Karl; "it was not the sound of irons, it was bones—bones, and nothing else."

"Heard you anything more?" inquired Drusilla.

"No," said Karl. "All was silent as death for the remainder of the night. I told the Count what I had accidentally heard in the morning; when he affectionately informed me that if ever he caught me near his apartment after half-past nine o'clock, that he would strip my skin over my ears, like a rabbit's!"

"Dear me!" said Drusilla, "your story has given me the horrors. Uncle Elzevir has gone to sleep. Let us put the chairs and stools aside, and have a gallopade down the long library."

"Dance," thought Karl, "with the larupping I have had! My very back-bone would come out whole!" So Closter excused himself with the best apology he could, stating that his master would want him, then borrowing a kiss of Drusilla, which he begged she would return, he took his departure.

CHAPTER III.

HERMIONE had been carefully attended at her toilette, and the Baron and Baroness were in anxious expectation of the visit of the noble Count Neytracht de Zarweise; upon whom the future happiness of their daughter was to depend.

"Hermione, my love," said the Baron, "prepare for an interview with the Count: and we will leave the turtles together, Baroness."

"Just as you please," replied the Baroness. "You know, Polydore, that when we were courting we were very sorry if a third person poked his nose into the cowhouse."

"Confound the cowhouse!" exclaimed the Baron;—"and now remember two things on the Count's arrival: in the first place, do not take words in their literal sense any more, and be particular that our guest does not see any of our jars."

"Then," answered the Baroness, "I will shut the door of the china closet directly, for all the jars are there."

"You are incorrigible!" bawled the Baron.

The Count came gallantly attended. He was ushered into the turret-chamber, which was brilliantly illuminated. At the same time the watchful Lavamund had taken possession of his apartment with the mirror, and was anxiously observing the movements of his extraordinary rival. The Count here discovered that he had left his time-piece on the table at the hotel.

"The hour of dalliance must be brief," thought he. "Although another day has dawned to my misery, another day has dawned to

my hope, Hope! fallacious with the terrific curse to which I am devoted. To-morrow night will close the *fifth century*. The term for which I am bartered expires. If it were the mere cessation of life I could smile—laugh, laugh at death. Annihilation would be a blessing. It is the fulfilment of the compact that I dread.”

The lovely Hermione entered, followed by Martha. The Count uttered many compliments on her beauty. Her innocence and charms were almost enough to beguile him from his purpose; still he had sufficient recollection not to abandon his caution. He said to Hermione, “Pardon a trivial, a selfish thought, but will your attendant direct my servant to hasten to my hotel for a watch I left on my table?”

Hermione directed Martha to go on the mission. She was glad of the opportunity, as she did not wish her attendant to hear that which she had made up her mind to divulge to the Count. She was in a perplexity how to commence.

“Count Neytracht,” she began, “I take advantage of your noble demeanour, I abandon myself to your mercy, when I own that, although the wishes of the Baron——” her voice faltered, “I——”

“Calm yourself, lovely maiden, and accept my fervent adoration.”

Hermione, sighing, said, “I am beloved by another. I have promised a faithful and attached being never to become the bride of any but himself. Count,—ah! suffer me to hope that the fascinating language you have lavished on me may be employed to soften the severe commands of my father.”

The brilliant eyes of the Count flashed wildly; he seized the hand of Hermione; he breathed the most impassioned language; he knelt at her feet; when suddenly the door opened. Karl Closter put his head in, but, perceiving his master in that position, tried to make off unperceived.

The Count threw a deadly look on his valet, and, hastily rising, exclaimed, “Come hither, sirrah!”

Karl trembled, and stammered, “I crave your pardon; but I heard your Countship had demanded your watch, which was left on the table at home.” He pulled the time-piece from his pocket, and gave it to the Count, saying to himself, “I dare not tell him I had an accident with the watch, bumped it against a post, and broke the main-spring.”

Count Neytracht looked at his watch, and said, “I have yet time.” He placed the time-piece in his vest; turning to Karl, he ordered him to begone; adding, that he did not require his attendance until after sunrise.

Karl bowed, and approached a door; it was not till after he found himself in a china-closet, instead of the portal by which he had entered,—for the doors of the turret-chamber were formed and carved alike,—that he, influenced by his insatiable curiosity, resolved silently to remain. Lavamund, who knew something of the localities of the chamber, was at a loss to know why the domestic should have made his exit that way. Count Neytracht now took up a lute, which he touched with surprising skill, and with an expression of the most ardent passion, sung a verse,

“Balmý zephyrs hither waft
 Perfume from the almond-tree!
 Softest music float around,
 Turn her thoughts from all but me!”

Hermione trembled, and appeared fascinated; as the poor bird is described to be whilst the eye of the snake is fixed on it. The Count observed the impression he had made: he caught her in his embrace, and uttered, “Charming Hermione, accept the devoted homage of an adoring lover.” But his rhapsody was doomed to be again ineffectual; for the unlucky Karl Closter, craning his neck to discover what was going on, accidentally leant against a Potsdam jar, and it fell on the floor with a loud crash. Hermione started; the Count rushed to the closet, and dragged forth his miserable little valet, more dead than alive. “Wretched slave! what dost thou here, prying again?”

Karl endeavoured to apologise by telling the truth, that he had entered the door by mistake.

“A feeble and ill-imagined lie!” exclaimed the Count. “Fool! I know thee well. Go thou shalt now, and trouble me no more.” He lifted the little Karl in his Herculean grasp, thrust open the case-ment, and held him outside, struggling.

“Mercy — mercy!” piteously cried Closter. “Oh! master, it is fifty feet from the ground?”

“Ay,” replied the Count, “full fifty feet,” AND HE DROPT HIM.

“Cruel conduct!” exclaimed Hermione.

Count Neytracht looked out at the casement, and laughingly replied, “Dearest lady! insignificance is rarely in danger. The little rascal has already caught hold of the strong branches of the old vines entwined for years around the turret,—he is descending like a cat, in perfect safety.”

The Count apparently recovered his good humour, and was all gaiety and fascination. He resumed his lute, and again obtained a magic mastery over the mind of Hermione, when suddenly a clock was heard from the tower of a neighbouring church. Count Neytracht, on hearing the first stroke of the bell, drew out his time-piece hastily from his vest, looked at it distractedly, and dashed it on the floor. He staggered, and cried out, “Lost! lost! lost!”

Hermione, in alarm, rushed to the door to seek assistance, while the clock continued slowly tolling the hour of ten. The Count, writhing in agony, fell on the sofa. He instinctively rolled his large Hungarian cloak around him.

Hermione re-entered the room, loudly calling for Martha; she saw Count Neytracht reclining on the sofa; she imagined that he was ill, and in the endeavour to give him air, lifted the mantle. To her horror, instead of the handsome Hungarian noble, a hideous skull, and the upper part of a human skeleton, presented itself to her sight: she shrieked, rushed from the chamber, and fainted in the corridor.

Another eye, too, beheld — though imperfectly — this appalling scene.—Lavamund saw it.

CHAPTER IV.

ON the following morning, as Martha and old Beller mann were taking their coffee together, the groom of the chambers said, “What

could have brought Mein Herr Lavamund knocking at the gate last night between eleven and twelve. I could not disobey the Baron, so I ordered the porter not to open the wicket. He has been here again twice this morning?"

Martha thought that Bellermann should apprise the Baron.

"No," said the groom of the chambers; "it is as much as my place is worth to disturb him. The Baron abused me last night, when, by your request, I carried the key of the turret-chamber to him. And pray, Martha, why did you insist on my taking the key at that time of night?"

The old woman replied, "I cannot tell you *all* that happened, for I was sent on a message by my young mistress. The Baron and Baroness had retired, and left my Lady Hermione and the Hungarian Count together. As I returned up the stairs I heard music; shortly afterwards, just as the clock struck ten, my young mistress shrieked. I went as fast as I could towards the turret-chamber, when Hermione fell senseless into my arms, and Count Neytracht had departed."

"By what door, I wonder?" said Bellermann. "Are you sure he was not in the turret-chamber?"

"Positive," replied Martha. "That is, I did not see him there; but I was in a great agitation to support my poor young lady to her own room, after locking the turret-chamber, and bringing away the key."

"Which I gave to the Baron Von Doedel; and he, in a passion, threw it at my head."

Again there was a clatter at the gates. Baron Von Doedel made his appearance in a velvet *robe de chambre*. "What is this disturbance?" said he.

The knocking was repeated, and the porter received orders to open the gate. In rushed Lavamund, with a blanched cheek and uncombed hair. He evidently had not rested; his eyes were bloodshot, and his clothes in dishabille. He said earnestly to the Baron, "Sir, it is of vital import, — that which I have to utter must claim your immediate attention."

"You have chosen an unwarrantable time, Mein Herr," replied Von Doedel, "as this is fixed for the bridal-day of my daughter, Hermione."

"Gracious powers!" exclaimed Lavamund.

"Yes, sir," continued the Baron, "Count Neytracht de Zarweise informs me that he has received dispatches from the Queen of Hungary, commanding his instant return to the court; therefore the nuptial ceremony is to be solemnized this evening."

"I am half frantic," ejaculated Lavamund.

"Quite, I think," said Von Doedel, eyeing him.

"I assure you," said Lavamund, "that the Count is not what you suppose him to be?"

"Well," retorted the Baron, "if he is not what *I* suppose him to be, what may *you* suppose him to be?"

"He is a necromancer," solemnly said Lavamund.

The Baron tauntingly replied, "A necromancer! ha! ha! ha! Then he has the advantage of you, for I must say you are no conjuror!"

"Baron, there is a horrible story to be told."

"Pooh! pooh!" said the Baron, "get somebody else to listen to it."

The Baroness had now descended from the chamber of her step-daughter, and was surprised to see Lavamund there.

"Well, Baroness," said Von Doedel, "how did you find Hermione?"

"I found her in bed," replied his accomplished helpmate.

The Baron continued, "Did I not desire you to set a watch upon her?"

"So I did, Polydore," said she; "but I forgot to wind it up, and it didn't go!"

"Madam, you will aberrate my intellects by your conduct."

"Anything I *can* do, to oblige you, Polydore, I am sure I will; but I think that Hermione has had a terrible dream; she mutters something about 'beautiful music, fascination, and Count Neytracht.'"

"Perfectly natural," said the Baron. "A girl in love with a handsome young nobleman is likely to dream of him."

"Yes," replied the Baroness; "but it has not been a pleasant dream. She mutters, and trembles, and has said some very shocking things."

"What might they be, my dear?"

"Oh! Polydore, things that I could mention only to my confessor."

Here Lavamund burst out wildly, "I can give you a clue to them. Your daughter lifted up the mantle of the Hungarian, and beheld a SKELETON."

Von Doedel chuckled, looked at Lavamund, and said, "My good friend, you want a *new* waistcoat, and I hope your tailor will take care to cut it *straight* for you."

"Baron Von Doedel," replied Lavamund, much agitated, "I am aware that my recital must appear to be beyond credibility; but, Count Neytracht de Zarweise expired in the turret-chamber last night!"

"Go on," said the Baron.

"Not only expired," continued Lavamund, "but his very flesh fell from his bones!"

"Bravo!" said Von Doedel. "Anything else?"

"I saw it all—I saw it all!" wildly exclaimed Lavamund.

"Saw it all, Mein Herr, why, I took pretty good care that you should not intrude your mad carcass within the gates last night."

Lavamund found the incredulity of Von Doedel increasing; and he confidentially informed him, "That he saw it all in his glass."

"Oh!" said the Baron, "you saw it in your *glass*. Probably, my friend, you had taken a glass too much,—ha! ha! ha! That jest would have done for you, my lady,—ha! ha! ha!"

"And, why am I *to be done for*, pray, my lord?" replied the Baroness, with an indignant air.

Von Doedel, thoroughly convinced that he had a madman in his presence, and thinking there would be but one way to get rid of him, said kindly to Lavamund, "Come—come! we will settle this wonderful affair at once; ocular demonstration, I trust, will satisfy you. We will all ascend to the turret-chamber. It has been securely locked during the night. Here is the key, which my groom of the cham-

bers brought to me after I was in bed. Mein Herr Lavamund, you shall open the door yourself." He gave the key to Lavamund, and they proceeded to the turret.

Lavamund with some trepidation applied the key to the lock. He burst into the room, expecting to find the hideous form on the sofa, instead of which, he, to his astonishment, saw Count Neytracht de Zarweise seated, screwing up the strings of his lute. Both the Von Doedels were much surprised at seeing the Hungarian there.

"Your servant, Count," stammered the Baron.

"Good morning, my Lady Baroness and my worthy Baron. I must needs complain a little of you. I told you that I had urgent affairs, which required my presence at my hotel at ten o'clock last night; and you, or some of ye, most unaccountably have locked me up in your turret-chamber. My efforts to make my situation known were perfectly unavailing; but, aware that my noble father-in-law is a humourist, I have contented myself by reposing during the night on the couch."

"Dear me, Count," said the interesting Baroness, "what did you do without a nightcap?"

"We soldiers," replied the Hungarian, "are accustomed to many strange pillows. I WAS VERY COMFORTABLE." Lavamund shuddered. "But pray, Baron," continued the Count, "previously to locking me up, did you, or any of your household—ha! ha!—condescend to look at your poor prisoner whilst he slept?"

Lavamund was convinced by that query. Von Doedel replied, "The Baroness and I stepped into our state-bed before ten o'clock; and, without any interruption, we slept soundly until seven this morning. Therefore why, wherefore, or for what, you were confined all night, by my patent of nobility I cannot tell."

Lavamund broke in vehemently, "I denounce Count Neytracht as a subtle and malignant sorcerer."

"Good sir," replied the Hungarian, "spare your reviling. You *hate* me, but I *pity* you." Here Von Doedel touched his forehead, and said, "His friends must really take care of him. He is gone."

"Gone?" said the sapient Baroness, "Gone? No, Polydore, there he is still."

Lavamund cried out, "Ah! Baron, how bitterly will you repent your obstinacy. Nay, Count, glance not your contemptuous looks at me. I stand here the champion of the deluded Hermione. Draw your sabre, and follow me. Charmed though I know you to be, my sword shall pierce your demon heart."

Count Neytracht drew his weapon, and Lavamund attacked him energetically; but the Hungarian instantly disarmed his adversary, and smiled coldly at him. The Baron and Baroness during the conflict kept continually calling "help! help!"

"Help without!" bawled Von Doedel.

"Nonsense, Polydore: help *within*, I say: it is of no use having help without." Aroused by the din, Bellermand and several servants now appeared, and Von Doedel said, "Convey Mein Herr Lavamund quietly and civilly to his friends; present my best compliments, and particularly intreat that they will shave his head immediately. The servants laid hold of Lavamund, and he exclaimed, "One moment

hold! before you destroy your dear and only daughter by this union, read the *Black Letter Tract* in the library of Peter Elzevir."

"Away with him!" said the Baron, and the servants led Lavamund out of the room. "There is a young gentleman beside himself," remarked Von Doedel.

"Yes, Polydore; and there are three persons beside him," replied the Baroness.

The Count intimated that he would now take a ride, and on his return hoped that he should have the happiness to see the lovely Hermione. When alone he began to reflect, "Sorcerer though I am, I cannot divine by what means this champion of my victim has become acquainted with my secret. No matter, she must be mine; that I, her lover, her destroyer, may exist another year."

CHAPTER V.

THE nuptial ceremony was to take place in the castle chapel that evening, and the friends and tenants of the Baron had been especially invited to a grand feast on the occasion. Hermione had been roused from her couch, restoratives applied, but, alas! she was in a state of mental torpidity; and, in blind obedience to the commands of her father, listlessly suffered herself to be attired in a beautiful white satin manteau, trimmed with pearls; a wreath of orange flowers encircled her throbbing head, and she sat in the turret-chamber motionless as a statue. Tables had been spread on the lawn; the gorgeous plate glittered on the napery, Venetian drinking-vessels sparkled in the diamond brilliancy of a descending summer sun. Among other culinary productions, peacocks, roasted, with their brilliant feathers attached to the skins, gave a fantastic appearance to the well-covered board. The wines, mantled in their many-shaped German bottles, and (a contribution from Count Neytracht,) there was more veritable tokay than could have been supplied from the district of that scarce and remarkable wine in *fifty years*; but no one inquired how the Count came by it.

The gates were thrown open to all comers, and every appearance promised a scene of enjoyment. Count Neytracht was magnificently attired in the Hungarian costume, which, unvaried in form for so many years, has been described by Sir Walter Scott as worn by a celebrated ambassador at the coronation of George the Fourth. "When the sunshine lighted on the Prince he glimmered like a galaxy."

In the mean time Lavamund had waited on the authorities, and unfolded his tale of horror: but the worthy burgher who presided, having had an interview with the Baron Von Doedel, was easily persuaded that the story was the invention of a person of unsound mind. Lavamund, therefore, thought that the only chance of succouring Hermione was to gain access to the castle gardens in disguise. This he procured, in the shape of a peasant's coarse frock, a flapped hat, with an old tambourine in his hand. Arrived at the portal, he perceived a blind fiddler, and three other instrumental performers following; so he stepped up, and was safely introduced within the garden as a member of the band.

Drusilla had induced her uncle, Elzevir, to put on his best suit, and accompany her, to behold the festivities.

Count Neytracht had commanded Karl to act as master of the ceremonies; he was gaily dressed, with a long white wand of office in his hand. And now all heads were turned towards the grand entrance of the castle, on beholding the lovely Hermione led passively down the marble staircase into the garden by the Baron and Baroness, followed by a train of servants in rich liveries. The bride was gallantly received at the foot of the steps by Count Neytracht, who stood in advance of his attendants in their picturesque costume. The Count led Hermione to the principal table, at which the Baron and Baroness presided. When Von Doedel had taken his seat, he thus addressed his guests. "Assembled friends, I have the honour to inform you that this evening I am about to unite my only daughter to the noble Count Neytracht de Zarwise. I part with a dear and beloved child, and thus I imprint a fond father's last kiss on her virgin cheek." The Baron kissed Hermione, and wiped his eyes, exclaiming, "I am afraid I am an old fool!"

"I am afraid you are, Polydore," said the amiable Baroness.

Von Doedel looked daggers at his wife for her remark, but turned it off by observing, "Our repast waits; a slight refreshment prior to the ceremony."

"Prior to the ceremony?" said Count Neytracht, with a countenance of alarm as he anxiously glanced up at the great castle dial. He endeavoured to appear at ease; but, as he carried a goblet of tokay to his mouth, his teeth chattered, and convulsively closed on the brim of the glass. Meanwhile the guests did honour to the repast with German appetites, and the peacocks' tails wagged by the efforts of the carvers.

Now Karl, who had been walking round in search of Drusilla, suddenly saw her in converse with a stranger, shabbily attired; and, as he came up, overheard the voice of Lavamund utter, "My good girl, do not betray me."

"Oh ho!" thought Karl, "my master's rival. What the devil is he disguised for?" So he repaced his steps to the table, got close behind Count Neytracht, and whispered to him the discovery he had made.

Lavamund said to Elzevir and Drusilla, "You only, who have perused the black letter tract, can be interested, as I am now, on being told that yon plausible monster, the bridegroom, is the 'TRANSYLVANIAN ANATOMIE!'"

"Mercy on us!" said Elzevir, and he put on his spectacles.

Count Neytracht leaned towards the Baron, and said, "I shall already assume the privilege of your son-in-law, and state that the insane Lavamund is present in disguise. So please you, my trusty Hungarians shall, without injury, seize and convey him to some safe room in the castle until the ceremony has taken place."

The Baron replied, "Poor infatuated imbecile! you have my permission."

The Count motioned to his attendants. Led by Karl Closter, they suddenly laid violent hands on Lavamund, and hastily carried him up the marble staircase into the castle. In the bustle Karl dropped his wand of office, which was picked up by Drusilla, who took charge

of it. This occurrence occupied but a short time, and caused very little interruption to the festivity. Presently Drusilla perceived Lavamund looking out at a window in a tower, to which he had been carried, and locked in, by Closter and the Hungarians. Lavamund by action beseechingly implored Drusilla to approach the tower. She did so: he then, by a significant sign, made her understand that he required the long wand she held in her hand. Drusilla comprehended him, and tried to give him the white staff, but he could not reach it by several feet. She stepped on a high garden-bench, then lightly on the back of that, and Lavamund was in possession of the wand. He did not lose a moment; but, leaning out of the casement as far as he could, with the staff PUT THE HAND OF THE DIAL BACK one quarter of an hour. All this was done unperceived, and in less time than that in which it has been described. Elzevir and Drusilla now watched for events with fearful interest.

Count Neytracht began to be impatient: he glanced again at the dial. "The time is yet in my favour, though it creeps but slowly. I must be secure. Now—now the ceremony must take place; yet shudders my flesh at holy ordinance. Baron, so please you, to the chapel; but first, all goblets to the brim. The health of the lovely Hermione, my beautiful bride." Here followed a deafening shout. The Hungarian proceeded, "I have adored her. I will cherish her. Guard her with strongest affection through life. Ever dote. Ever protect——"

And at this critical moment the distant clock of the church began to strike the HOUR OF TEN.

"Ten: it strikes!" shrieked the Transylvanian. "Again deceived! ha! The fifth century closes. Torments seize me!"

The splendid habiliments fell from the body of the necromancer. A skeleton alone was to be discovered where had sat the handsome Count Neytracht de Zarweise; and even those marrowless bones were but for a short time in the view of the horrified spectators.

A strong, black, leathern-skinned, and hog-bristled arm, seized on the skull, with sharp-clawed fingers. Sinner and punisher were then launched into the atmosphere, and continue falling, falling, falling, rapidly together (probably) around the globe to all eternity.

Sometimes their figures have been imagined by careful astronomers to be spots on the sun. Again, they have been supposed by others to be the man in the moon and his dog.

We, in looking through an old telescope left behind by our brother, the sea-captain, once thought we *saw the figures plainly*; though, some time after, we found a dead spider and fly crushed against the inner glass of the telescope!

STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

CHAPTER XXII.

In which Stanley and Amelia are married again.

INSPIRED with the most joyous feelings, Amelia early the next morning began to prepare for her second marriage. Her pleasure being perfectly unalloyed with those delicate apprehensions, which, under circumstances of an ordinary character, are inseparable from the contemplation of marriage, was of the purest conceivable caste. Her spirits were high; her heart was light; while Stanley, in order to increase her joy, addressed her throughout the day as Miss Joliffe, wooed her zealously, proposed to her with playful formality, and spoke of the morrow as the day on which their connubial felicity was to commence. This, of course, could not fail to impart additional delight to her who appreciated highly every kind word and look. She felt, indeed, truly happy; and the manifestation of that happiness proved that his influence over her heart was complete.

As the widow had been the previous evening informed that Captain Joliffe and his lady considered her presence at the ceremony indispensable, she, too, was excessively busy all the morning, being firmly resolved to create a favourable first impression,—a resolution which invariably rendered the undertaking immense. By virtue of great perseverance, however, she on this occasion did achieve the preliminary object in view with comparative tranquillity and ease; and that, moreover, so early, that after having poured an additional stream of instructions into the comprehensive mind of her maid—who, when anything unusual occurred, always had a fine time of it—she entered her carriage with the view of dining with Stanley and Amelia, as proposed.

On her arrival she was introduced in due form to "Miss Joliffe," with the idea of which the widow was extremely amused, and she entered into the spirit of the thing with much pleasure, and dwelt with considerable point upon the chief characteristics of the position of the married lovers; which, she contended, was rather peculiar, and backed her views on the subject with much argumentative matter, which had the effect of inducing considerable mirth.

On dinner being announced, a small packet was delivered to Stanley; containing an elegant suite of pearls, the promised present of Sir William to Amelia. Stanley opened it; read the note by which it was accompanied, and then put them both into his pocket, where they remained till after dinner, when he rose, and, having produced them, said,

"My dear Miss Joliffe, I have the almost inexpressible pleasure to inform you that an honourable baronet, whom you hold in respect, and whom my mother very highly esteems—"

"Nay—nay," interrupted the widow, who blushed very deeply,—
"nay, that is not fair now, is it, my love?"

"I beg that I may not be interrupted," said Stanley, who then resumed, "I have, I say, the pleasure to announce that an honourable baronet has deputed me to present to you a case of pearls, your acceptance of which—"

"Oh! do let us look!" exclaimed the widow. "Pray open them! Do, there's a dear!"

"What is the use of my rising to make a brilliant speech," cried Stanley, "if my eloquence is to be murdered by these unseemly interruptions. The opposition is factious. But I pity you—I pity you both; and as I find that you cannot appreciate pure eloquence; as I find that you hold it, in the plenitude of your ignorance—which is dense—to be far less brilliant and attractive than the eloquence of jewels, I scorn to enlighten the minds of such unintellectual ingrates, and therefore at once resume my seat with an appropriate contempt for the gross character of your taste."

"What dears!" exclaimed the widow, totally deaf to the affected indignation of Stanley. "How excessively elegant! And those drops! Dear me, how sweetly pretty! Well now, really! Do pearls become you, my love? Oh! yes; I should say so. And, then, how very—very chaste and quiet! But you do not seem to think so much of them as I do?"

"Oh! indeed I admire them exceedingly," said Amelia. "But, is it not singular that Sir William should have made me a present of them?"

"Do not inquire of me," replied Stanley. "I was about to explain all, when I was disgracefully interrupted; but now, why, of course, you cannot expect——"

"Yes, please," said Amelia; "do, there's a good creature! I know you will to oblige me, will you not?"

"Why, as a favour thus specially solicited, I scarcely know how to refuse. But I protest against the exercise of this species of influence. There never was a man so much influenced by his wife as I am by mine that is to be. It really is monstrous. I have nothing like a will of my own. I am governed as completely as an absolute slave. I submit to it now for the last time. You will understand, madam, that to-morrow I revolt."

"Nay, that will be cruel," said Amelia, who always enjoyed the idea of his being governed by her. "To-morrow will be my own day."

"Another case of tyranny! Well, I'll give you to-morrow; but after to-morrow I shall assume my natural dignity as a man! Now with regard to these pearls, Sir William happened to win a little money of me at Epsom; which money he declared that he would not receive unless I allowed him to make you a present. I repudiated the notion, of course; but eventually, in order to induce him to take it, I tacitly consented, and, behold the result!"

"Well, really! Oh! how very honourable!" cried Amelia. "Do you believe that if you had not consented he would not have received this money at all?"

"I believe this," said Stanley, "that if he had received it he would have made you a present, whether my consent had been obtained, or not."

"Well it, at all events, proves him to be a man of strict principle. It is really a very elegant present! But I scarcely know how I am to thank him."

At this moment a servant entered with a packet of about the same size, addressed to Amelia, which she opened, and proceeded to read a note it contained, while the widow and Stanley re-examined the pearls.

It is probably remarkable that the widow on this occasion was not in such raptures as she might have been, considering. It is true, she

was pleased at the manifestation of that honourable principle by which she had ever supposed Sir William to be actuated; still she did feel, and strongly, that, if the pearls had been presented to *her*, it would have been a different thing altogether; and so it would.

"My dearest girl!" cried Stanley, on perceiving the tears in Amelia's eyes, "what has happened?"

Amelia handed him the note, which he read, and then exclaimed, "Well, this is truly dreadful! The Captain," he added, addressing the widow with great solemnity, has presented Amelia with a set of brilliants to wear to-morrow! Now, isn't that appalling? Return them, my love: by all means send them back. Do not keep them, on any account. I wouldn't have them for the world. It's quite shocking!"

Amelia smiled through her tears, which were those of pure affection, and having kissed the case fervently, displayed the sparkling gems. The pearls were, of course, in an instant eclipsed. Had the brilliants been but paste, they would in her view have thrown *them* at once into the shade; but, as they were in reality brilliants, her delight was unbounded, and she viewed them with pride.

And then, the widow. Oh! nothing in her judgment could surpass them in beauty. She had a set, it was true, but they were not to be compared, in point of splendour, with those. Still, she must say, that she greatly preferred sapphires herself, and announced it distinctly to be her settled conviction that, if she were ever again tempted to make a purchase of the kind, lovely sapphires would be chosen; they were so dazzling—so strikingly dazzling! they were *dears!*

Of course she and Amelia, impatient as they both were to witness the effect of these jewels, soon after this retired; and immediately they had done so, Stanley, who well knew the widow's feelings, and who had watched the emotions these presents had induced, left the house, and having purchased a suite of sapphires, and requested them to be addressed to his mother, and sent to her residence forthwith, returned with so much expedition, that neither the widow nor Amelia had the slightest knowledge of his having been out.

Now, in history, both ancient and modern, coincidences are recorded of a strange and remarkable character; but it is extremely questionable whether one can be found upon record more strange or more remarkable than this, that at the moment these sapphires were being delivered at the door of the widow's residence, a bandbox arrived at the door of Stanley's. This bandbox—to which nothing in the recognised annals of bandboxes comparable in point of dimensions exists,—did produce a most extraordinary sensation. It was addressed to Joanna, and highly ingenious and conflicting were the conjectures which sprang from her utter inability to tell who had sent it, and what it contained. She did, however, eventually raise the lid, and with joy beheld a bonnet of deep interest, and of the Tuscan order of architecture, powerfully trimmed. Oh! with what rapture she gazed at its shape; with what exalted satisfaction she guessed what, in its native nakedness, it cost,—fixed mentally the price of the ribbon per yard, and dwelt intently upon the texture of the curtain behind. But, who on earth could have sent it? *That* she naturally held to be a highly-important question; but the mystery in which it was involved was so dark, that in her view it seemed to defy all solution. She laboured to solve it zealously: she taxed her teeming memory, and racked her rich imagination to the utmost, but in vain; it appeared to be utterly impossible

to be done, and she was just about to give the thing up in despair, when she was struck with an idea that it was Bob. But then she considered that Bob had no money. She, notwithstanding, turned, and looked at him as he sat with his right elbow resting upon the back of his chair, and his forefinger placed upon his temple, while his merry eyes twinkled with pleasurable pride; and, as she looked, she saw *that* in his expression, which induced her on the impulse of the moment to exclaim, "Oh! Robert, it was you!"—when, as Bob did not deny the soft impeachment, but, on the contrary, smiled and seemed delighted, she flew to him, and thanked him, and shook his hand warmly, and could have kissed him, but didn't.

In the midst of our errors how frequently does it occur that we are correct; and when we are, how refreshing is the conviction! how pleasurable—how beautiful are the feelings of which that conviction is the germ! It is true—too true that, by virtue of some inscrutable perversion of judgment, we often delude ourselves into the belief that we are right when we are wrong; but this wasn't the case with Joanna. She was perfectly correct. Bob did buy the bonnet; and had sent it, in order to mark as strongly as possible his sense of her politeness, — a fact of which she no sooner became quite conscious than she was amazed!—overjoyed, but amazed!

"I hope," she observed, when her pulse had subsided to about eighty,— "I sincerely hope you haven't been a-borrowing of money for to make me this beautiful present?"

"Not a bit," replied Bob,—"not a bit. I'm in funds of my own."

This created another mystery in the mind of Joanna. How he had become possessed of these funds she really could not conceive. It was, in her gentle judgment, most strange. It was so sudden.

At length Bob, who had some knowledge of human nature as developed in the deep recesses of respectable kitchens, perceiving that her native curiosity had been awakened, said, "You wonder, I dare say, now, where I got this money; and it's natural. But I don't mind telling of you candid. It's presents. Sir William give me one sov., and master—which is a grateful trump—give me five."

"Indeed! Well, you know, I'm never curious, and so, of course, I'm not at all ambitious to know; but, what could they possibly have made you such handsome presents for?"

Bob's notions of honour were high; and as, by the code which he recognised, he felt himself bound to keep his master's secrets faithfully within his own breast, he replied that he trusted that she would look at the thing strictly in the right light when he informed her that the implied obligation he was under not to explain he held to be sacred.

"Well, of course," said Joanna, "I've no right to ask, nor I don't very particular wish to know; but I hope that this isn't a reward for the disguise of any clandestine intrigue? I mean, I hope there's no lady in the case?"

"Why, you don't for a minute suppose such a thing?"

"Why, no, I don't suppose that it is so; only, *if* it is, missis ought to know it. You know nothing of that kind, Robert, ought to be kept away from her!"

"Don't injure your health upon that score: there's nothing of the sort: not a bit of it. Besides, is it likely? I should like to see her which could come up to missis. I never see one, and I've seen a few in my time. Why there's more of the lady in her little finger than

there is in the whole bodies of your fine flashy dames, which depends upon di'monds and paint. Mark my words, they 'll never cut *her* out and try *all* they know. She'd be the one for my money if I was a gentleman. She's my fancy all over. Just the lady I should choose."

Joanna expressed the highest admiration of his taste, which she did not, however, in reality entertain, for the points of resemblance between her and Amelia—if any, indeed, could be said to exist—were neither numerous nor striking. Still, as Bob had thus set up his standard, she resolved to look into the matter closely, and proceeded at once to ascertain the extent to which they resembled each other; and, albeit, she could not but feel that she had in some respects the advantage over her mistress, she arrived that very night at the conclusion that she was bound, as a matter of justice to herself, to look as much like her as possible.

The next morning, at ten precisely, the widow, Captain and Mrs. Joliffe, General and Miss Johnson, and Albert, who had been summoned from Cambridge, arrived at Stanley's to breakfast; and the great feature of this meeting was the presentation of the widow to Amelia's family and friends. She had never, of course, been introduced to them before; and while to her the introduction was a source of great pleasure, they were manifestly struck by her appearance, which was singularly brilliant, if not, indeed, blazing. She had been a handsome, and was even then an extremely fine woman: her features were regular and bold; and, although she possessed not that elegance of manner which in them was so conspicuous, her presence was attractive, and even commanding. The impression which she made was most favourable: they were all highly pleased with her, and paid her great attention, which naturally caused her to be highly pleased with them. It was, in short, an extremely joyous party, and nothing but happiness prevailed.

At eleven, according to the arrangement made by the Captain, they went to church; and, as Amelia entered with her father, she burst into tears, and clung closely to him, and looked at him imploringly, as if she feared that she had been guilty of a greater offence than that involved in disobedience. He tried to cheer her; he pressed her hand and kissed her; and—understanding her feelings—sought to impress upon her mind that she had in reality been married: but his efforts to raise her spirits were but slightly successful. She was deeply affected, and continued to be so during the ceremony, the solemnity of which contrasted strongly with the highly reprehensible levity which marked its performance at Gretna, until Stanley, her soul's idol, repeated his solemn promise to love and to cherish her with an emphasis which produced a thrill of joy.

Immediately after the ceremony they started for Richmond. Stanley and Amelia were in the General's chariot alone; and while the rest were engaged in lauding him to the skies, he was endeavouring to inspire her with cheerfulness and spirit.

"I scarcely know," said he, having partially accomplished this object, "how I am to get you through the world, you sad, sensitive creature! You have no courage at all."

"I have no apprehension while with you," she replied; "because I feel, nay, I know, that you will regard my want of courage as an additional claim to your protection. O Stanley! my dearest love, I am *so* happy!—so very, very happy!—you cannot conceive *how* happy I am!"

Stanley pressed her to his heart, and held her there in silence until they arrived at the home of her infancy, when her earliest, her sweetest recollections rushed upon her, and filled her heart with rapture. It was the first time, of course, that she had been there since the elopement, and her feelings on alighting from the carriage were delightful in the extreme. Her favourite Italian greyhound, that had been pining during the absence of his gentle mistress, knew her in an instant, and bounded with joy, while the servants, by whom she had ever been beloved, welcomed her back with pure and heartfelt pleasure. She then ran about the house like a child: tried the tones of her harp; struck a few chords upon her piano; looked into all the rooms, and gave a hasty glance at everything with which she had been familiar, until she was summoned to partake of the delicious repast that had been provided, when she rejoined the happy party, but almost immediately afterwards drew Stanley into the garden, where they walked, like children, hand in hand.

The widow and Mrs. Joliffe were inseparable. They were indeed quite delighted with each other, for each met the other's views upon every point, but more especially upon that which had reference to the manly bearing and noble spirit of Stanley. They kept themselves aloof from the rest, their discourse being essentially private and confidential; and while they were engaged in establishing the fact that every mild, gentle, amiable creature ought to have a high-toned man of spirit for a husband, the General and the Captain were settling the point that an amiable, devoted, and affectionate wife, was the only thing calculated to keep a high-spirited young dog within bounds.

As for Albert, and the lively Miss Johnson, they were completely shut out from all confidence; and hence, perceiving that they were not in reality wanted, the groom was ordered to saddle the horses, and they started for a ride.

Thus appropriately paired, the party continued to be separated till seven, when they sat down to a most *recherché* dinner, but still more *recherché* was the chaste wit which gave it a zest, and which imparted to all the highest possible pleasure.

Miss Johnson was at all times brilliant, but never more so than when she happened to be assailed. She enjoyed it exceedingly; but would give no quarter: she would never allow her assailant to retreat: if unable to compete with her, she would extinguish him utterly; and to this may be attributed the fact of her being unmarried at the age of thirty-five; for, although she was beautiful, interesting, amiable, and intelligent, and could boast of having had an immense number of suitors, her irony withered the vanity of fools, while it induced wise men to pause, with the view of considering what effect it might have upon conjugal bliss. She had thus scared them all, and was then free as air; but her heart was as light as that element still. On this occasion the General commenced an attack, and most unmercifully, on the ground of her being still a spinster; but she defended her position with surpassing spirit, and was on the point of obtaining a signal triumph, when the Captain came up with his artillery, which the gallant Stanley held to be unfair, and therefore sought to enlist under her banners; but she drove him into the opposite ranks as one of the enemy, and fought them all, and that in a style which was productive of infinite mirth.

In conformity with the telegraphed wish of the Captain—who had

previously engaged the widow for the first set of quadrilles, and bade them hold themselves in readiness, as he and the General were resolved to have a dance—the ladies retired unusually early, when the Captain, without resuming his seat, proposed, “Health to the bride and bridegroom! God bless them!” He then took Stanley’s hand, and having shaken it warmly, said,

“General, this may be deemed unusual; but the circumstances which have induced it are unusual too. I am inspired with the most happy feelings, and must give vent to them in some way. I am proud, General, as a father I am proud, not only of my child, but of her husband, whom I now more than ever esteem. His conduct this day has been beyond all praise. He has proved that he possesses that excellence of heart which must command universal admiration. I have the highest confidence in him—the very highest confidence; and I feel quite sure that that confidence will never be forfeited. Treat my child,” he added, addressing Stanley, “cherish her, my boy, as a most tender plant. She has a heart which will never prove unfaithful to you, but which may be easily broken. May every earthly happiness attend you both! May Providence bless and protect you!”

The Captain was here overpowered by his feelings, and resumed his seat in tears, and shortly afterwards Stanley expressed his acknowledgments in an appropriate speech of great beauty and point, and concluded by proposing the health of the Captain. Toasts then became the order of the evening. The General proposed Mrs. Joliffe; the Captain, the widow; Albert, Miss Johnson; Stanley, the General; and the General, Albert; when they rejoined the ladies with the happiest feelings in the ascendant; and after coffee, Miss Jefferson—Amelia’s governess, who had been retained as companion to Mrs. Joliffe—went to the piano, and dancing commenced, and was kept up till four, when they all retired save the Captain and the General, who had in the early part of the evening decided upon having a bottle of mulled claret alone.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Sons of Glory.

GENERAL and Miss Johnson left Richmond the next day; but Stanley, Amelia, and the widow, remained there a week; when Mrs. Joliffe, having accepted the invitation of the widow, came up with her and Amelia, while Stanley brought Albert with him.

With this arrangement Albert was especially pleased: the prospect of passing a few days in town with Stanley met his views to a shade; for Richmond, with all its beauties, had but few charms for him. He had, moreover, at that period a great object in view. While at Cambridge he had associated with certain Sons of Glory, whose poetic accounts of their achievements in the Metropolis had fired his soul; and as some of them happened to be then in town, he resolved to obtain an introduction at head-quarters, in order that, if he did not immortalize himself, he might, at least, do something to astonish their nerves. He, therefore, lost no time in calling upon the chief Son of Glory—the chief, at least, among the Cambridge men,—the Hon. Harry Slasher, who was highly pleased to see him, and who appointed to meet him that evening at nine, with the view of showing him “a little real life.”

Accordingly at nine Albert went to the place appointed; and at



Alonquillo

The Presentation of the Pearls.

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about half-past twelve a person called upon Stanley, and requested to see him in private. The servant who took up this message delivered it with an air of deep mystery, for he did not exactly understand it.

"Oh! if you please, sir," said he, "there's a person below that wants to speak to you privately. He wouldn't send up his name, because he said you wouldn't know it."

"What kind of person? What is he like?" inquired Stanley.

"He is a policeman," replied the servant.

"A policeman!" echoed Stanley, and the blood rushed to his cheeks, for he thought of the Quadrant. "A policeman! What can he want? However, say I'll be with him directly."

"Dear Stanley!" cried Amelia as the servant left the room: "what on earth can it be?"

"Before I can tell you, my love, I must ascertain myself," replied Stanley, who went down at once, expecting, of course, that his connection with the Quadrant affair had been traced.

"Step this way, will you," said he, addressing the policeman, as he went into the parlour, that the thing might be private. "Now, what is it?"

"I've come," said the policeman, "from Mr. John Jones, a young gentleman that's now in the station. He wants you to bail him."

"Jones!" cried Stanley, who felt much relieved. "I don't know any person of that name."

"Between you and me," said the policeman, confidentially, "it strikes me it isn't his right name, but that's the name he gives."

"What sort of fellow is he?"

"Quite a young gentleman, with light curly hair."

"Oh!—I know him. What, is he tipsy?"

"No; he has been up to that rum dodge of wrenching off knockers. There was no less than eleven of 'em found upon his person, besides a whole mob of bell-pulls, and several scrapers."

"The young dog!" exclaimed Stanley. "Have a glass of wine; I'll go with you."

The wine was rung for; and while the policeman was helping himself, Stanley returned to Amelia.

"It is nothing of importance," said he, on entering the room. "I shall be back in ten minutes."

"But tell me what it is, pray, do," said Amelia, "and then my mind will be at ease. I shall conceive a thousand fears if you do not."

"Well, well; Albert, it seems, has got into some scrape, and has sent for me in order to get out of it."

"Nothing, I hope, serious?"

"Oh, no; nothing. I have but to go for him, and there will be an end of the matter. It's a ridiculous affair altogether."

"Well, return to me as soon as possible—there's a dear!"

Stanley promised to do so, and, having sent for a cab, he and the policeman proceeded to the station.

On entering the place, the first person whom he saw was the delinquent, who had, as a special favour, been allowed to remain there until his messenger returned; and while Stanley was speaking to him on the subject privately, the policeman whom he had accompanied was transacting some cabalistic business with the inspector, which had evidently reference to the matter in hand.

"You wish to become bail for this person?" said the inspector, at length.

"I do," replied Stanley.

"Are you a housekeeper?"

"Yes; but what is the amount of bail demanded?"

"The usual business—five pounds."

"Well, then, as I am not known, it will be better, perhaps, for me to deposit that amount."

"I am satisfied; but you can do so if you please," said the inspector, and Stanley at once produced the five pounds; and when a document, which touched distinctly upon the production of John Jones's body in the morning, had been read to him with appropriate solemnity, he slipped a half sovereign into the hand of the policeman, and retired with the said John Jones on his arm.

"What could have induced you," said Stanley, on leaving the station, "to commit so monstrous an act of folly?"

"Folly!" exclaimed Albert. "It's glorious! All our fellows pride themselves upon it. All do it who have a particle of pluck!"

"I have heard of its being done, certainly, by men who have been drunk; but you are perfectly sober."

"So much the *more* glorious! That's the beauty of it! Any fellow can do it when he has been drinking; when sober, very few have the courage. It is then, and then only, that the pluck is displayed. But *did* you see them in the corner? There was half a hundred weight of them at least! If it hadn't been for that, I should never have been taken. A fellow can't, you know, cut away so well with a weight like that at his tail."

"Well, but what was your object?—what did you mean to do with them?"

"Do with them!—send them as trophies to head-quarters, through Slasher. You have heard of Harry, of course—Lord Mountjove's son?"

"I don't remember."

"Oh, you must have heard of him. I'll introduce you. There's no mistake *about* him. I know where to find him—he expects me. Come now?"

"No; not to-night. I promised to return immediately."

"Oh, how about Amelia? She, of course, knows nothing of this?"

"She knows that you have got into some trifling scrape."

"Well, we'll soon set that square. But I wish you would come. He is waiting for me, I know."

"Then he prompted you to this expedition?"

"Of course,—in order to qualify myself. By the by, they are going to have a glorious meeting to-morrow! You *must* be there."

"Well, we shall see."

"Oh! you must! I'll call upon Harry directly this business is settled."

"Why, it is settled already. You mustn't appear."

"Not appear!—ridiculous! Do you imagine that *I* care what the old fool of a magistrate may say? He'll fine me a couple of pounds, perhaps, or something of that sort. And what if he does treat me to a lecture? It will, at all events, be known how many trophies I had."

"Nonsense! You must not appear."

"But you wouldn't have me act like a coward?"

"I would countenance no act of meanness or dishonour; but to expose yourself, under the circumstances, were absurd. Besides, although your name would not appear, the thing might reach the ears of the governor; and I presume you would not much like that?"

"Why, I can't conscientiously say that I should."

"Well, let the affair rest as it is. You don't appear. They have got the amount of the bail—that is forfeited of course, and the thing is settled."

But this was a mode of settlement of which Albert did not at all approve; for his associates at Cambridge, although he had been there so short a time, had metamorphosed him from a quiet, studious, gentlemanly fellow, into a hair-brained, devil-may-care, reckless young scamp. He did, however, eventually yield to the advice of Stanley, who, could he on all occasions have summoned sufficient firmness to practise the prudence he could preach, would have been far less liable to error than he was.

On reaching home, Albert was severely interrogated, of course, by Amelia; and while he was making the thing "all right and straight," as he termed it, with her, Stanley was labouring to conceive what description of pleasure that of wrenching off knockers in the abstract could be. He felt that its character was peculiar: that he felt from the first; but he could not imagine it to be great. As, however, he invariably assumed that a man must have some specific motive to stimulate him to action, he in this particular instance arrived at the conclusion, that although there might be no delight in the achievement *per se*, the most noble, the most beautiful feelings might be awakened by the applause of those who held that achievement to be glorious.

It was this consideration, and a high one it was, which induced him to consent the next day to accompany Albert in the evening. He was anxious to see what description of creatures they were by whom actions of this peculiar character were applauded; and hence, immediately after dinner, no official declaration touching the contemptuous non-appearance of Mr. John Jones having arrived, he and Albert repaired to the place appointed.

It was dusk when they reached the rendezvous; but few of the Sons of Glory had arrived. Slasher was there, and some others, who, like him, were great among the small; but none of the regularly recognised great men had made their appearance. Of course, Stanley was immediately presented to Slasher, and Slasher was graciously pleased to declare, that he wished he might die if he didn't rather like him; which was highly complimentary, and very good of him, considering.

"We shall have some crack fellows here presently, I presume?" observed Stanley.

"*Out and outers!*" replied Slasher. "Can't be a second opinion about 'em!—down to every dodge safe as a hammer!—nothing like 'em alive!"

From this Stanley was of course bound to infer that they were very superior fellows indeed, and was about to give expression to his feelings upon the point, when a stunning shout was heard,—a shout which made the air tremble, and threatened to shock the nerves of nature.

"Hark! *hark!*" cried Slasher, with an expression of ecstasy, "here they are!—here they are! Something new, I'll bet a million! The chief!" he added, on reaching the window. "Let the Earl beat that when he knows how to do it! Hurrah for ould Ireland! hurrah!"

Stanley was at the window in an instant, and saw a well-dressed powerfully-built fellow, embellished with a coalheaver's cap, and duly mounted upon a broad-backed dray-horse, preceded by a brass band playing with unexampled fury, "See! the conquering hero comes!" and followed by a travelling carriage, built in the very first style, and drawn by eight decent donkeys, mounted by eight postilions, chosen from the smallest sweeps extant. In the carriage sat six intellectual dustmen, and it was extremely interesting to mark the exalted dignity with which they sat, and the gracious condescension with which they occasionally removed the short pipes from their mouths, and spat upon the multitude by whom they were cheered.

This triumphant procession moved but slowly along; for the donkeys, not having been used to the work, would not be persuaded to stick to the collar, nor could they—albeit the postilions, with consummate tact and judgment, sat as near their tails as possible—be prevailed upon to repudiate the habit they had acquired of kicking over the traces. Their inexorable adherence to this little irregularity caused considerable delay; but although the hero, scorning to go a-head without his suite, turned and waited on every occasion with the most exemplary patience for the re-adjustment of things, the whole procession did eventually reach its destination, amidst the most deafening shouts. The hero then gracefully dismounted, by virtue of standing upon the broad flat back of his charger, calling for three times three cheers, and then leaping to the ground; and when his friends had alighted from the carriage,—the delicate rose-pink lining of which had, in consequence of the grandeur with which they had reposed, become a shade or two darker in places,—he and they entered the house with due solemnity of step, and soon appeared in the room set apart for their orgies. Here Stanley was in due form presented to the hero, who presented the half dozen dustmen to him, and then summoned three waiters, and having with a carving-knife slashed off the tails of the coat of the first, and given him a five-pound note to purchase a new one; he presented the second with a kick, and sent him down for ten pounds' worth of silver; and desired the third to bring up pots of porter, two at a time, continually, until further orders.

The demand for the silver had been obviously anticipated, for the supply was immediate; and when the required amount, *nominally*, had been poured into a hat, the hero appeared at the window, and was again hailed with cheers.

"A scramble! a scramble!" shouted the masses below, who seemed to know that a scramble was intended by instinct; for they instantly squared their arms, opened their shoulders, and elbowed each other with the most perfect freedom. Some held up their hats; but that the hero wouldn't have. "Fair play!" he exclaimed, "and no tiles!" And no edict was ever more quickly obeyed.

The scramble then commenced, and the scene which followed was delightful to behold. Prompted by the sweetest and most beautiful feelings of which the human heart is susceptible, the masses dashed after every handful of silver with a zeal which could not in any cause have been surpassed. If we check emulation, we enervate, if indeed we do not absolutely destroy, the comprehensive mind of man; and as in a scramble the spirit of emulation is most powerfully developed, it legitimately follows that, for the benefit of the species, scrambles ought to be upheld. This the hero felt strongly, and being deep in the phi-

losophy of scrambling, he on this occasion made his knowledge tell, inasmuch as, instead of strewing his favours right and left, like a man without due discrimination, he directed his attention to one particular point; and the moment he beheld a few happy individuals luxuriantly rolling in the mud, he pelted them with diligence, that the rest might roll over them, and thus impart general joy. This, however, is not to be accomplished by an inexperienced hand; it requires great judgment, and a practically-acquired knowledge of human nature. It is all very easy, when you have to deal with boys. You may get them down, because their minds are not matured; but when you have to manage a mass of full-grown men and women, with all their faculties about them, and your object is to make them form a heap, so that, in order to regain their position as first-class animals in creation, they may wriggle and twist in and out like a corresponding number of live silver eels, it is absolutely essential for you to have obtained a perfectly clear insight into the workings of the human heart.

As in this particular instance the active energies of a mighty mind were devoted exclusively to the achievement of this great desideratum, the result was the most complete success; and no sooner had the laudable efforts of the hero been triumphantly crowned,—no sooner had he brought about so happy a state of things, that a mighty mass of intelligent beings lay entangled, like the *Gordia* to be found on the banks of the Thames about low-water mark in the mud,—than a heart-stirring, ear-piercing, soul-inspiring shout, announced the near approach of him who stood second in the estimation of the Sons of Glory.

As a matter of fair play, the hero instantly retired, and down came the glorious pageant of his rival. It was headed by a talented company of twelve wooden-legged fiddlers, who had been engaged expressly for this occasion, and who scraped away at the overture to "All round my hat" with surpassing precision and beauty. The presence of mind which these professional individuals displayed was remarkable; and as, by one of their articles of agreement, each was bound to wear a shirt with the right sleeve duly tucked up to the shoulder, in order to give the wrist and elbow full play, their appearance was not only unique and picturesque, but rather solemn than not, while the expression with which each particular tone was produced was excessively delicate and true. Then followed the second Son of Glory himself, majestically seated in a peculiarly constructed triumphal car, which belonged to a hearth-stone and Flanders-brick merchant, and which was drawn by six thorough-bred bull-dogs, appropriately muzzled.* As he passed, he was hailed with the purest delight; and although, in point of physical strength, his rival had the advantage, the strength of his moral influence over the multitude was equal, if not indeed superior, to his. Of this he appeared to be perfectly conscious; and hence as he rode, strongly supported by a master-sweep at one wheel, and a member of the prize-ring, who was a highly-distinguished pickpocket in his early youth, at the other, his heart throbbed with the proudest feelings a mortal can know. The next point of attraction was his suite, in three mud-carts. This had an imposing effect. It consisted of bricklayers' labourers, with their insignia of office, scavengers, nightmen, costermongers, coach-cads, and sweeps; and if laughter, unrestrained by the

* This was, of course, antecedent to this remarkably aristocratic mode of travelling being prohibited by 2 and 3 Vic. cap. 47, sec. 56.

shackles of civilisation, be indicative of happiness, they were the most happy beings upon the face of the earth. Their joy developed itself in one continued roar. It was enchanting to hear them, and beautiful to see them with the utmost familiarity recognise their friends among the multitude. Oh! there was no paltry pride about them! Nor was there the least about the glorious and gallant Captain whom they immediately preceded, and who brought up a long line of open cabs, crowded with basket-women, street-sweepers, cobblers, and journeymen tailors, who form perhaps the most interesting class of the genus to which it is said, as a matter of courtesy, they belong. He was perfectly free from that pitiful sin, and so, indeed, were they all. They all seemed to be inspired with the spirit of independence, which prompted them to treat the conventional forms of society with the most supreme contempt. This, of course, was refreshing. All appeared to enjoy it highly; and so striking and so varied were the characteristics of this pageant, that it was on all hands acknowledged that it beat that of the hero into fits.

On arriving at headquarters, the second Son of Glory alighted from his car, when, with the utmost condescension, he proceeded to assist his suite to alight; and, while they who were in the first cart were giving him three enthusiastic cheers, he drew out the pin which secured the body of the cart to the shafts, and shot them out with great ability. The applause which followed this physical development of his moral influence unhappily gave the signal to the rest of the suite, who did *but* turn their eyes, and in an instant it was amazing the activity they displayed. They leaped out of the two other vehicles, some over the wheels, some over the tail-boards, and others over the shafts, with the alacrity of imps; while the anxiety they exhibited when they saw their noble patron approaching, clearly proved it to be a moment of deep interest to them all.

On being defeated, so far at least as the spilling of two cart-loads out of the three was concerned, the noble person philosophically took the arms of his two immediate friends, the prize-fighter and the sweep, walked with great deliberation to the bar of the tavern, and thence—having ordered all the beer his enraptured followers could drink in an hour—proceeded at once to the room of state, where he was cheered very loudly, and complimented highly on the taste, tact, and talent he had displayed.

By this time the majority of the members had arrived, and, as no other pageant was expected, the chief summoned them to the table, and ordered six dozen of champagne to begin with, and, on its being produced, gave "Success to the Sons of Glory!"

This was, of course, enthusiastically honoured; and when the applause had become in a measure subdued, one of the intellectual dustmen was called upon for a song, which he instantly gave with great feeling and point. His voice was a baritone strictly, but one of extraordinary compass. No tenor could beat him above, no bass could surpass him below; and as, in the course of nature, he unconsciously got into an infinite variety of keys, it might at the time have been rationally inferred that his organ was about a six and a half octave.

Immediately after this excellent song, the vice-president—the second Son of Glory—proposed the health of the chief; a proposition which was instantly hailed with delight, and, when the toast had been drunk, each member turned his glass down and broke it.

The noble chief then majestically rose and said, with all due so-

lemnity: "I'll tell you what it is,—you're a set of trumps, and that's all about it. (*Cheers.*) I know you're all made of the right sort of stuff, and there's no mistake about you. (*Loud cheers.*) I expect you'll beat the world. (*Renewed cheering.*) I'm not going to give you a long speech, because I hate it; so I'll drink all your jolly good healths in return, and may you always have power to floor the police!"

The conclusion of this display of eloquence was honoured with three distinct cheers, after which three deafening groans were given for the police, whom they naturally viewed with ineffable disgust.

As soon as this mighty demonstration of feeling had subsided, the glorious and gallant Captain, who stood third, proposed the health of the vice, of whose virtues he spoke highly; and when the glasses had been drained, turned, and broken, as before, the noble second Son of Glory rose and delivered himself as follows:—

"My noble friend in the chair said he hated long speeches,—so do I; and that's just why I never go down to the House. If, therefore, you expect to have a long speech from me, all I can say is, I cordially wish you may get it. (*Cheers and laughter.*) But to the point. You have drunk my health—thank you!—that's as good as cutting away for a month. 'Brevity,' as somebody says,—Milton, or Moncrief, or one of those author fellows,—'Brevity is the soul of wit.' And it's devilish good, too; for I like to be brief, and so that's all about it. (*Tremendous applause.*) But I say!—perhaps we are not getting on!—here are forty of us! It strikes me that we shall soon be enabled to boast the possession of forty tons of knockers in a spacious saloon, with the sides completely covered with door-plates, and festooned all round with double rows of hats captured from the great un-boiled. (*Immense cheering.*) What can't we do? Here's my friend, the clergyman," alluding to his right-hand supporter, the sweep, "has undertaken to stop up in one night the whole of the chimneys in Grosvenor Square—"

"*And* no mistake!" exclaimed the distinguished individual in question. "There's a mob of pots, no doubt, in that ere skweyor; but that's a no odds—they shall all be bunged up, and then *p'raps* there won't be a *leettle* smoke in the neighbourwood! *Oh!* no! It somehow or another *strikes* me there'll be about enough to make bacon of the whole bilin'!"

Here the "clergyman" gave an interesting wink, and having mixed half a bottle of champagne with a pint of beer, prepared to take a mighty draught, as his noble friend resumed.

"Well, I don't know that I've anything else to say. Chummy's broken the thread. But, however, I'll give you—success to our order, and down with the police, and a bad night's rest to Bobby Peel."

This patriotic sentiment was loudly applauded, and various others followed in rapid succession; but at length Slasher rose, and having introduced Stanley, who was sitting on his right, proposed his health, on the ground that, as their object was to make themselves as powerful as possible, they ought to hail with pleasure the accession of one whose look was sufficient to prove him to be nothing but an out and outer.

Stanley's health was accordingly drunk, and he felt, of course, flattered; but he was not *exactly* the "out and outer" they imagined. He had, however, no desire to undeceive them, and therefore rose, less with the view of acknowledging the toast than of indulging his taste for that refined subtle irony, in which he began to excel.

"You will believe," said he, "of course, that I feel highly honoured, not only by this introduction to the true Sons of Glory, but by the warm, nay, I may say the enthusiastic, manner in which my name has been received. The pleasure I have experienced in the society of those brilliant persons whom I still see around me has been great; but I candidly confess to you that it would have been greater, and far more pure, had their legitimate sphere of action been more comprehensive. I presume that this glorious institution is yet but in its infancy. I am prepared to make every allowance for that; still I must say that its members do not at present appear to be anything like the trumps I expected to find them."

"What do you mean? What do you mean?" exclaimed the younger Sons of Glory, who panted for the pleasure of calling him out.

"I mean," replied Stanley, "that you have done really nothing to immortalise yourselves. Immortality can never be secured by confining your operations to knockers and bells!"

"They have not been thus confined."

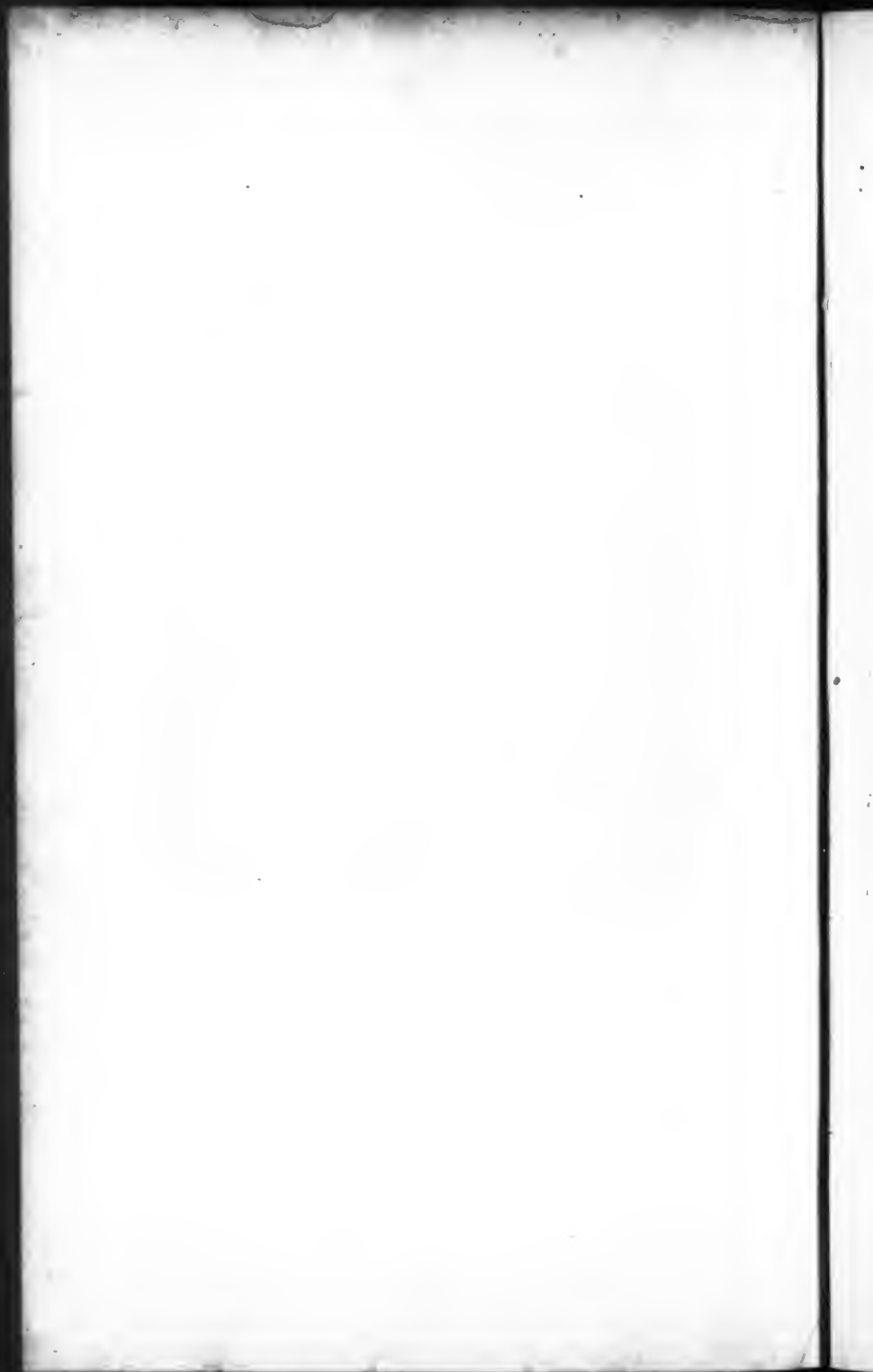
"I admit they have not strictly. You have an elegant variety of door-plates; but where are all the parochial weather-cocks? Policemen's hats and truncheons you have in abundance; but *have* you ever captured an entire suit of clothes? You have stopped up chimneys, extinguished the gas, practised beautifully with the air-gun, and wrenched off an orb; but where is the ladle of Aldgate pump?—where is the shield of Achilles? The royal pigtail still hangs down the back of the Third George; that sublime work of art, the striking statue of the Fourth, stands at King's Cross still; the sceptre of Elizabeth is still in her hand; the bust of her favourite Shakspeare is still in Wych Street; the pepper-box still adorns the Royal Academy; the Mercury of the Morning Post still stands upon the parapet; while the ball and cross are still upon the top of St. Paul's! It is to these things, and all such as these, that I am anxious to direct your attention. Let *them* be captured, and then we may establish a museum for the private exhibition of our trophies, with the names of the captors emblazoned thereon, that our children, and our children's children, nay, even the remotest posterity, may know that we were Sons of Glory indeed."

Before the conclusion of this speech, the fiery malcontents were calmed; but when Stanley resumed his seat the applause was deafening. He had won all their hearts; he was, in their view, a trump of the first water; he had opened to them a new field of glory, and had thereby created so powerful a sensation, that they immediately formed themselves into committees, with the view of discussing the practicality of the feats he had suggested.

This Stanley no sooner perceived than—it being rather late—he and Albert, without ceremony, departed, and, on leaving the house, entered at large into that broad and strongly-marked distinction which is drawn—not by the law, but by those to whom its administration is intrusted—between professional and amateur felons. Albert, of course, would not hear of the "felonious intent;" he repudiated the notion with scorn; but Stanley stuck to it with firmness, albeit he admitted that these amateur felons were men whose gentlemanly feelings and refined sensibilities were so acute, that either of them would, without the slightest remorse, shoot the dearest friend he had through the heart, if in an unguarded moment he dared to impugn his honour.



Guy Fawkes and Catesby landing the Powder.



GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

THE LANDING OF THE POWDER.

TOWARDS the close of the sixth day after their departure from Ordsall Hall, the party approached the capital. The sun was setting as they descended Highgate Hill, and the view of the ancient, and then most picturesque city, was so enchanting, that Viviana, who beheld it for the first time, entreated her companions to pause for a few minutes to allow her to contemplate it. From the spot where they halted, the country was completely open to Clerkenwell, and only a few scattered habitations lay between them and the old, grey ramparts of the city, with their gates and fortifications, which were easily discernible even at that distance. Above them rose the massive body and reverend tower of Saint Paul's cathedral, — a structure far surpassing that which has succeeded it; — while amid the innumerable gables, pointed roofs, and twisted chimneys of the houses sprang a multitude of lesser towers and spires, lending additional beauty to the scene. Viviana was enraptured, and while gazing on the prospect, almost forgot her sorrows. Guy Fawkes and Catesby, who were a little in advance of the others, turned their gaze westward, and the former observed to his companion,

“The sun is setting over the Parliament House. The sky seems stained with blood. It looks portentous of what is to follow.”

“I would gladly behold the explosion from this hill, or from yon heights,” replied Catesby, pointing towards Hampstead.

“It will be a sight such as man has seldom seen.”

“I shall never live to witness it!” exclaimed Fawkes, in a melancholy tone.

“What! still desponding?” returned Catesby, reproachfully.

“I thought, since you had fully recovered from your wound, you had shaken off your fears.”

“You misunderstand me,” replied Fawkes. “I mean that I shall perish with our foes.”

“Why so?” cried Catesby. “There will be plenty of time to escape after you have fired the train.”

“I shall not attempt it,” rejoined Fawkes, in a sombre voice, “I will abide the result in the vault. If I perish, it will be a glorious death.”

"Better live to see the regeneration of our faith, and our restoration to our rights," rejoined Catesby. "But we will speak of this hereafter. Here comes Garnet."

"Where do you propose we should lodge to-night?" asked the latter, riding up.

"At the house at Lambeth, where the powder is deposited," returned Catesby.

"Will it be safe?" asked Garnet, uneasily.

"We shall be safer there than elsewhere, father," replied Catesby. "If it is dark enough to-night, Fawkes and I will remove a portion of the powder. But we are losing time. We must pass through the city before the gates are closed."

In this suggestion Garnet acquiesced, and calling to Viviana to follow them — for, since his late atrocious attempt, Catesby had not exchanged a word or look with her, but during the whole of the journey kept sedulously aloof,—the whole party set forward, and proceeding at a brisk pace, soon reached the walls of the city. Passing through Cripplegate, they shaped their course towards London Bridge. Viviana was filled with astonishment at all she saw: the multitude and magnificence of the shops, compared with such as she had previously seen; the crowds in the streets, — for even at that hour they were thronged; the varied dresses of the passengers — the sober garb of the merchant, contrasting with the showy cloak, the preposterous ruff, swelling hose, plumed cap, and swaggering gait of the gallant or the ruffler; the brawls that were constantly occurring; the number of signs projecting from the dwellings; all she witnessed or heard surprised and amused her, and she would willingly have proceeded at a slower pace to indulge her curiosity, had not her companions urged her onward.

As they were crossing Eastcheap, in the direction of Crooked Lane, a man suddenly quitted the footpath, and rushing towards Garnet, seized his bridle, and cried,

"I arrest you. You are a Romish priest."

"It is false, knave," returned Garnet. "I am as good a Protestant as thyself, and am just arrived with my companions from a long journey."

"Your companions are all rank papists," rejoined the stranger. "You yourself are Father Garnet, superior of the Jesuits, and, if I am not deceived, the person next you is Father Oldcorne, also of that order. If I am wrong you can easily refute the charge. Come with me to the council. If you refuse, I will call assistance from the passengers."

Garnet saw he was lost if he did not make an immediate effort at self-preservation, and resolving to be beforehand with his assailant, he shouted at the top of his voice,

"Help! help! my masters. This villain would rob me of my purse."

"He is a Romish priest," vociferated the stranger. "I call upon you to assist me to arrest him."

While the passengers, scarcely knowing what to make of these contradictory statements, flocked round them, Guy Fawkes, who was a little in advance with Catesby, rode back, and, seeing how matters stood, instantly drew a petronel, and with the butt-end felled the stranger to the ground. Thus liberated, Garnet struck spurs into his steed, and the whole party dashed off at a rapid pace. Shouts were raised by the bystanders, a few of whom started in pursuit, but the speed at which the fugitives rode soon bore them out of danger.

By this time, they had reached London Bridge, and Viviana, in some degree recovered from the fright caused by the recent occurrence, ventured to look around her. She could scarcely believe she was crossing a bridge, so completely did the tall houses give it the appearance of a street; and, if it had not been for occasional glimpses of the river caught between the openings of these lofty habitations, she would have thought her companions had mistaken the road. As they approached the ancient gateway (afterwards denominated Traitor's Tower,) at the Southwark side of the bridge, she remarked with a shudder the dismal array of heads garnishing its spikes, and pointing them out to Fawkes, cried,

"Heaven grant yours may never be amongst the number!"

Fawkes made no answer, but dashed beneath the low and gloomy arch of the gate.

Striking into a street on the right, the party skirted the walls of Saint Saviour's Church and presently drew near the Globe theatre, above which floated its banner. Adjoining it was the old Bear-Garden—the savage inmates of which made themselves sufficiently audible. Garnet hastily pointed out the first-mentioned place of amusement to Viviana as they passed it, and her reading having made her well acquainted with the noble dramas produced at that unpretending establishment—little better than a barn in comparison with a modern playhouse,—she regarded it with deep interest. Another theatre—the Swan—speedily claimed her attention; and, leaving it behind, they came upon the open country.

It was now growing rapidly dark, and Catesby, turning off into a narrow lane on the right, shouted to his companions to keep near him. The tract of land they were traversing was flat and marshy. The air was damp and unwholesome—for the swamp had not been drained as in later times,—and the misty exhalations arising from it added to the obscurity. Catesby, however, did not relax his pace, and his companions imitated his example. Another turn on the right seemed to bring them still nearer the river, and involved them in a thicker fog.

All at once, Catesby stopped, and cried,

"We should be near the house. And yet this fog perplexes me. Stay here while I search for it."

"If you leave us, we shall not readily meet again," rejoined Fawkes.

But the caution was unheeded, Catesby having already disappeared. A few moments afterwards, Fawkes heard the sound of a horse's hoofs approaching him; and, thinking it was Catesby, he hailed the rider.

The horseman made no answer, but continued to advance towards them.

Just then, the voice of Catesby was heard at a little distance, shouting, "I was right. It is here."

The party then hastened in the direction of the cry, and perceived through the gloom a low building, before the door of which, Catesby, who had dismounted, was standing.

"A stranger is amongst us," observed Fawkes, in an undertone as he rode up.

"Where is he?" demanded Catesby, hastily.

"Here," replied a voice. "But, fear nothing. I am a friend."

"I must have stronger assurance than that," replied Catesby. "Who are you?"

"Robert Keyes," replied the other. "Do you not know my voice?"

"In good truth I did not," rejoined Catesby, "and you have spoken just in time. Your arrival is most opportune. But what brings you here to-night?"

"The same errand as yourself, I conclude, Catesby," replied Keyes. "I came here to see that all was in safety. But, who have you with you?"

"Let us enter the house, and you shall learn," replied Catesby.

With this, he tapped thrice at the door in a peculiar manner, and presently a light was seen through the windows, and a voice from within demanded who knocked.

"Your master," replied Catesby.

Upon this, the door was instantly unbarred. After a hasty greeting between Catesby and his servant, whom he addressed as Thomas Bates, the former inquired whether aught had occurred during his absence, and was answered that, except an occasional visit from Mr. Percy, one of the conspirators, no one had been near the house, everything being in precisely the same state he had left it.

"That is well," replied Catesby. "Now, then, to dispose of the horses."

All the party having dismounted, their steeds were led to a stable at the back of the premises by Catesby and Bates, while the others entered the house. It was a small, mean-looking habitation, standing at a short distance from the river-side, on the skirts of Lambeth Marsh, and its secluded situation and miserable appearance seldom induced any one to visit it. On one side was a deep muddy sluice communicating with the river. Within, it possessed but slight accommodation, and only numbered four

apartments. One of the best of these was assigned to Viviana, and she retired to it as soon as it could be prepared for her reception. Garnet, who still carried his arm in a sling, but who was in other respects almost recovered from his accident, tendered every assistance in his power, and would have remained with her, but she entreated to be left alone. On descending to the lower room, he found Catesby, who, having left Bates in care of the horses, produced such refreshments as they had brought with them. These were scanty enough; but a few flasks of excellent wine which they found within the house made some amends for the meagre repast. Viviana was solicited by Guy Fawkes to join them; but she declined, alleging that she was greatly fatigued, and about to retire to rest.

Their meal ended, Catesby proposed that they should ascertain the condition of the powder, as he feared it might have suffered from being so long in the vault. Before making this examination, the door was carefully barred; the shutters of the windows closed; and Guy Fawkes placed himself as sentinel at the door. A flag beneath the grate, in which a fire was never kindled, was then raised, and disclosed a flight of steps leading to a vault beneath. Catesby having placed a light in a lantern, descended with Keyes; but both Garnet and Oldcorne refused to accompany them.

The vault was arched and lofty, and, strange to say, for its situation, dry—a circumstance owing, in all probability, to the great thickness of the walls. On either side were ranged twenty barrels filled with powder; and at the further end stood a pile of arms, consisting of pikes, rapiers, demi-lances, petronels, calivers, corslets, and morions. Removing one of the barrels from its station, Catesby forced open the lid, and examined its contents, which he found perfectly dry and uninjured.

“It is fit for use,” he observed, with a significant smile, as he exhibited a handful of the powder to Keyes, who stood at a little distance with the lantern; “if it will keep as well in the cellar beneath the Parliament House, our foes will soon be nearer heaven, than they would ever be if left to themselves.”

“When do you propose to transport it across the river?” asked Keyes.

“To-night,” replied Catesby. “It is dark and foggy, and fitting for the purpose. Bates!” he shouted; and at the call his servant instantly descended. “Is the wherry at her moorings?”

“She is, your worship,” replied Bates.

“You must cross the river instantly, then,” rejoined Catesby, “and proceed to the dwelling adjoining the Parliament House, which we hired from Ferris. Here is the key. Examine the premises,—and bring word whether all is secure.”

Bates was about to depart, when Keyes volunteering to accompany him, they left the house together. Having fastened

down the lid of the cask, Catesby summoned Fawkes to his assistance, and by his help as many barrels as could be safely stowed in the boat were brought out of the vault. More than two hours elapsed before Bates returned. He was alone, and informed them that all was secure, but that Keyes had decided on remaining where he was, — it being so dark and foggy, that it was scarcely possible to cross the river.

“I had some difficulty in landing,” he added, “and got considerably out of my course. I never was out on so dark a night before.”

“It is the better for us,” rejoined Catesby. “We shall be sure to escape observation.”

In this opinion Guy Fawkes concurred, and they proceeded to transport the powder to the boat, which was brought up the sluice within a few yards of the door. This done, and the barrels covered with a piece of tarpaulin, they embarked, and Fawkes, seizing an oar, propelled the skiff along the narrow creek.

As Bates had stated, the fog was so dense, that it was wholly impossible to steer correctly, and Fawkes was therefore obliged to trust to chance as to the course he took. However, having fully regained his strength, he rowed with great swiftness, and, as far as he could judge, had gained the mid-stream, when, before he could avoid it, he came in violent contact with another boat, oversetting it, and plunging its occupants in the stream.

Disregarding the hints and even menaces of Catesby, who urged him to proceed, Fawkes immediately lay upon his oars, and, as the water was perfectly smooth, succeeded, without much difficulty, in extricating the two men from their perilous situation. Their boat having drifted down the stream, could not be recovered. The chief of these personages was profuse in his thanks to his deliverers, whom he supposed were watermen, and they took care not to undeceive him.

“You may rely upon my gratitude,” he said; “and when I tell you I am the Earl of Salisbury, you will be satisfied I have the means of evincing it.”

“The Earl of Salisbury!” exclaimed Catesby, who was seated by Fawkes, having taken one of the oars. “Is it possible?”

“I have been on secret state business,” replied the Earl, “and did not choose to employ my own barge. I was returning to Whitehall, when your boat struck against mine.”

“It is our bitterest enemy,” observed Catesby, in an undertone, to Fawkes. “Fate has delivered him into our hands.”

“What are you about to do?” demanded Fawkes, observing that his companion no longer pulled at the oar.

“Shoot him,” replied Catesby. “Keep still, while I disengage my petronel.”

“It shall not be,” returned Fawkes, laying a firm grasp upon his arm. “Let him perish with the others.”

"If we suffer him to escape now, we may never have such a chance again," rejoined Catesby. "I will shoot him."

"I say you shall not," rejoined Fawkes. "His hour is not yet come."

"What are you talking about, my masters?" demanded the Earl, who was shivering in his wet garments.

"Nothing," replied Catesby, hastily. "I will throw him overboard," he whispered to Fawkes.

"Again I say, you shall not," replied the latter.

"I see what you are afraid of," cried the Earl. "You are smugglers. You have got some casks of distilled waters on board, and are afraid I may report you. Fear nothing. Land me near the palace, and count upon my gratitude."

"Our course lies in a different direction," replied Catesby, sternly. "If your lordship lands at all, it must be where we choose."

"But I have to see the King to-night. I have some important papers to deliver to him respecting the Papists," replied Salisbury.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Catesby. "We must, at least, have those papers," he observed in a whisper to Fawkes.

"That is a different affair," replied Fawkes. "They may prove serviceable to us."

"My lord," observed Catesby, "by a strange chance you have fallen into the hands of Catholics. You will be pleased to deliver these papers to us."

"Ah! villains, would you rob me?" cried the Earl. "You shall take my life sooner."

"We will take both, if you resist," replied Catesby, in a menacing tone.

"Nay, then," returned Salisbury, attempting to draw his sword, "we will see who will obtain the mastery. We are equally matched. Come on, I fear you not."

But the waterman who had rowed the Earl was not of equal courage with his employer, and refused to take part in the conflict.

"It will be useless to contend with us," cried Catesby, relinquishing the oar to Fawkes, and springing forward. "I must have those papers," he added, seizing the Earl by the throat, "or I will throw you overboard."

"I am mistaken in you," returned Salisbury; "you are no common mariner."

"It matters not who, or what I am," rejoined Catesby, fiercely. "Your papers, or you die."

Finding it in vain to contend with his opponent, the Earl was fain to yield, and reluctantly produced a packet from his doublet, and delivered it to him.

"You will repent this outrage, villain," he said.

"Your lordship will do well to recollect you are still in my

power," rejoined Catesby. "One thrust of my sword will wipe off some of the injuries you have inflicted on our suffering party."

"I have heard your voice before," cried Salisbury; "you shall not escape me."

"Your imprudence has destroyed you," retorted Catesby, clutching the Earl's throat more tightly, and shortening his sword, with the intent to plunge it into his breast.

"Hold!" exclaimed Fawkes, grasping his arm, and preventing the blow. "I have already said you shall not slay him. You are in possession of his papers. What more would you have?"

"His life," replied Catesby, struggling to liberate his arm.

"Let him swear not to betray us," rejoined Fawkes. "If he refuses, I will not stay your hand."

"You hear what my companion says, my lord," cried Catesby. "Will you swear to keep silence as to what has just occurred?"

After a moment's hesitation, Salisbury assented, and Catesby relinquished his grasp.

During this time, the boat had drifted considerably down the stream, and, in spite of the darkness, Catesby noticed with some uneasiness that they were approaching more than one vessel. The Earl of Salisbury also perceived this, and raised a cry for help, but was instantly checked by Catesby, who took a seat beside him, and placing the point of his rapier at his breast, swore he would stab him if he made any further clamour.

The threat, and the dangerous propinquity of his enemy, effectually silenced the Earl, and Catesby directed Fawkes to make for the shore as quickly as he could. His injunctions were obeyed, and Fawkes plied the oars with so much good will, that in a few minutes the wherry struck against the steps which projected far into the water, a little to the right of the Star Chamber, precisely on the spot where Westminster Bridge now stands.

Here the Earl and his companion were allowed to disembark, and they had no sooner set foot on land than Guy Fawkes pushed off the boat, and rowed as swiftly as he could towards the centre of the stream. He then demanded of Catesby whether he should make for the Parliament House, or return.

"I scarcely know what to advise," replied Catesby. "I do not think the Earl will attempt pursuit. And yet I know not. The papers we have obtained may be important. Cease rowing for a moment, and let us listen."

Guy Fawkes complied, and they listened intently, but could only hear the rippling of the current against the sides of the skiff.

"We have nothing to fear," observed Catesby. "He will not pursue us, or he cannot find a boat."

As he spoke, the glimmer of torches was visible on the shore, and the plunge of oars into the water convinced him his opinion was erroneous.

"What course shall we take?" inquired Fawkes.

"I care not," replied Catesby, sullenly. "If I had had my own way, this would not have happened."

"Have no fears," replied Fawkes, rowing swiftly down the stream. "We shall easily escape."

"We will not be taken alive," returned Catesby, seating himself on one of the barrels, and hammering against the lid with the butt-end of his petronel. "I will sooner blow us all to perdition than he shall capture us."

"You are right," replied Fawkes. "By my patron, Saint James, he is taking the same course as ourselves."

"Well, let him board us," replied Catesby. "I am ready for him."

"Do as you think proper if the worst occurs," returned Fawkes. "But, if we make no noise, I am assured we shall not be perceived."

With this, he ceased rowing, and suffered the boat to drop down the stream. As ill-luck would have it, it seemed as if the hostile bark had struck completely into their track, and, aided by the current, and four sturdy rowers was swiftly approaching.

"The Earl will be upon us in a few minutes," replied Catesby. "If you have any prayers to offer, recite them quickly, for I swear I will be as good as my word."

"I am ever prepared for death," replied Fawkes. "Ha! we are saved!"

This last exclamation was occasioned by his remarking a large barge, towards which they were rapidly drifting.

"What are you about to do?" cried Catesby.—"Leap on board, and abandon the skiff, together with its contents?"

"No," replied Fawkes; "sit still, and leave the rest to me."

By this time, they had approached the barge, which was lying at anchor, and Guy Fawkes, grasping a boat-hook, fixed it in the vessel as they passed, and drew their own boat close to its side — so close, in fact, that it could not be distinguished from it.

The next moment, the chase came up, and they distinctly perceived the Earl of Salisbury seated in the stern of the boat, holding a torch. As he approached the barge, he held the light towards it; but the skiff being on the off-side, entirely escaped notice. When the chase had got to a sufficient distance to be out of hearing, the fugitives rowed swiftly in the contrary direction.

Not judging it prudent to land, they continued to ply the oars, until fatigue compelled them to desist, and they had placed some miles between them and their pursuers.

"Long before this, the Earl must have given up the chase," observed Catesby. "We must return before daybreak, and either land our powder near the Parliament House, or take it back to the vault at Lambeth."

"We shall run equal risk either way," replied Fawkes, "and, having ventured thus far, we may as well go through with it. I am for landing at Westminster."

"And I," rejoined Catesby. "I do not like giving up a project when I have once undertaken it."

"You speak my sentiments exactly," returned Fawkes. "Westminster be it."

After remaining stationary for about an hour, they rowed back again, and aided by the stream, in a short time reached their destination. The fog had in a great degree cleared off, and day began to break as they approached the stairs leading to the Parliament House. Though this was not what they desired, inasmuch as the light added to the risk they would have ran in landing the powder, it enabled them to ascertain that no one was on the watch.

Running swiftly in towards a sort of wharf, protected by a roofed building, Catesby leapt ashore, and tied the skiff to a ring in the steps. He then desired Fawkes to hand out the powder as quickly as he could. The order was promptly obeyed, and in a few minutes several barrels were on the strand.

"Had you not better fetch Keyes to help us, while I get out the rest?" observed Fawkes.

Catesby assented, and hurrying to the house, found Keyes, who was in great alarm about them. He instantly accompanied the other to the wharf, and by their united efforts the powder was expeditiously and safely removed.

CHAPTER II.

THE TRAITOR.

THE habitation, to which the powder was conveyed, adjoined, as has already been stated, the Parliament-house, and stood at the south-west corner of that structure. It was a small building, two stories high, with a little garden attached to it, surrounded by lofty walls, and belonged to Whinneard, the keeper of the royal wardrobe, by whom it was let to a person named Ferris. From the latter it was hired by Thomas Percy, one of the conspirators, and a relative of the Earl of Northumberland, of whom it will be necessary to speak more fully hereafter, for the purpose to which it was now put.

Having bestowed the barrels of powder carefully in the cellar, and fastened the door of the house and the garden-gate after them, the trio returned to the boat, and rowed back to Lambeth, where they arrived without being noticed. They then threw themselves upon the floor, and sought some repose after their fatigue.

It was late in the day before they awoke. Garnet and Oldcorne had been long astir; but Viviana had not quitted her chamber. Catesby's first object was to examine the packet he

had obtained from the Earl of Salisbury, and withdrawing to a corner, he read over the papers one by one carefully.

Guy Fawkes watched his countenance as he perused them, but he asked no questions. Many of the documents appeared to have little interest, for Catesby tossed them aside with an exclamation of disappointment. At length, however, a small note dropped from the bundle. Catesby picked it up, opened it, and his whole expression changed. His brow grew contracted; and, springing to his feet, he uttered an ejaculation of rage, crying, "It is as I suspected. We have traitors among us."

"Whom do you suspect?" cried Fawkes.

"Tresham!" cried Catesby, in a voice of thunder,—"the fawning, wily, lying Tresham. Fool that I was to league him with us."

"He is your own kinsman," observed Garnet.

"He is," replied Catesby; "but were he my own brother he should die. Here is a letter from him to Lord Mounteagle, which has found its way to the Earl of Salisbury, hinting that a plot is hatching against the state, and offering to give him full information of it."

"Traitor! false, perjured traitor!" cried Fawkes. "He must die."

"He shall fall by my hand," rejoined Catesby. "Stay! a plan occurs to me. He cannot be aware that this letter is in my possession. I will send Bates to bid him come hither. We will then charge him with his criminality, and put him to death."

"He deserves severe punishment, no doubt," replied Garnet; "but I am unwilling you should proceed to the last extremities with him."

"There is no alternative, father," replied Catesby. "Our safety demands his destruction."

Garnet returned no answer, but bowed his head sorrowfully upon his breast. Bates was then despatched to Tresham; and preparations were made by the three lay conspirators for executing their fell design.

It was agreed, that on his arrival Tresham should be seized and disarmed, and after being interrogated by Catesby touching the extent of his treachery, should be stabbed by Guy Fawkes. This being resolved upon, it became a question how they should act in the interim. It was possible that, after the loss of his papers, some communication might take place between the Earl of Salisbury and Lord Mounteagle, and through the latter with Tresham. Thus prepared, on the arrival of Bates, Tresham, seeing through their design, instead of accompanying him, might give information of their retreat to the officers. The contingency was by no means improbable; and it was urged so strongly by Garnet, that Catesby began to regret his precipitancy in sending the message. Still, his choler was so greatly

roused against Tresham, that he resolved to gratify his vengeance at any risk.

"If he betrays us, and brings the officers here, we shall know how to act," he remarked to Fawkes. "There is that below which will avenge us on them all."

"True," replied Fawkes. "But I trust we shall not be obliged to resort to it."

Soon after this, Bates returned with a message from Tresham, stating that he would be at the rendezvous at nightfall, and that he had important disclosures to make to them. He desired them, moreover, to observe the utmost caution, and not to stir abroad.

"He may, perhaps, be able to offer an explanation of his conduct," observed Keyes.

"Impossible," returned Catesby. "But he shall not die without a hearing."

"That is all I desire," returned Keyes.

While the others were debating upon the interrogations they should put to Tresham, and further examining the Earl of Salisbury's papers, Garnet repaired to Viviana's chamber, and informed her what was about to take place. She was filled with consternation, and entreated to be allowed to see Guy Fawkes for a few moments alone. Moved by her supplications, Garnet complied, and presently afterwards Fawkes entered the room.

"You have sent for me, Viviana," he said. "What would you?"

"I have just heard you are about to put one of your companions to death," she replied. "It must not be."

"Viviana Radcliffe," returned Fawkes, "by your own desire you have mixed yourself up with my fortunes. I will not now discuss the prudence of the step you have taken. But I deem it necessary to tell you, once for all, that any attempts to turn me from the line of conduct I have marked out to myself will fail. Tresham has betrayed us, and he must pay the penalty of his treason."

"But not with his life," replied Viviana. "Do you not now perceive into what enormities this fatal enterprise will lead you. It is not one crime alone that you are about to commit, but many. You constitute yourselves judges of your companion, and without allowing him to defend himself, take his life. Disguise it as you may, it is assassination — cold-blooded assassination."

"His life is justly forfeited," replied Guy Fawkes, sternly. "When he took the oath of secrecy and fidelity to our league, he well knew what the consequences would be if he violated it. He has done so. He has compromised our safety. Nay, he has sold us to our enemies, and nothing shall save him."

"If this is so," replied Viviana, "how much better would it be to employ the time now left in providing for your safety,

than in contriving means of vengeance upon one, who will be sufficiently punished for his baseness by his own conscience. Even if you destroy him, you will not add to your own security, while you will commit a foul and needless crime, equal, if not exceeding in atrocity that you seek to punish."

"Viviana," replied Fawkes, in an angry tone, "in an evil hour, I consented to your accompanying me. I now repent my acquiescence. But, having passed my word, I cannot retract. You waste time, and exhaust my patience and your own by these unavailing supplications. When I embarked in this enterprise, I embraced all its dangers, all its crimes if you will, and I shall not shrink from them. The extent of Tresham's treachery is not yet known to us. There may be — and God grant it! — extenuating circumstances in his conduct that may save his life. But, as the case stands at present, his offence appears of that dye that nothing can wash it out but his blood."

And he turned to depart.

"When do you expect this wretched man?" asked Viviana, arresting him.

"At nightfall," replied Fawkes.

"Oh! that there were any means of warning him of his danger!" she cried.

"There are none," rejoined Fawkes, fiercely, — "none that you can adopt. And I must lay my injunctions upon you not to quit your chamber."

So saying, he retired.

Left alone, Viviana became a prey to the most agonising reflections. Despite the strong, and almost unaccountable interest she felt in Guy Fawkes, she began to repent the step she had taken in joining him, as calculated to make her a party to his criminal conduct. But this feeling was transient, and was succeeded by a firmer determination to pursue the good work she had undertaken.

"Though slight success has hitherto attended my efforts," she thought; "that is no reason why I should relax them. The time is arrived when I may exert a beneficial influence over him; and it may be, that what occurs to-night will prove the first step towards complete triumph. In any case, nothing shall be wanting to prevent the commission of the meditated atrocity."

With this, she knelt down and prayed long and fervently, and arose confirmed and strengthened in her resolution.

Meanwhile, no alteration had taken place in the purposes of the conspirators. Night came, but with it came not Tresham. Catesby, who, up to this time, had managed to restrain his impatience, now arose, and signified his intention of going in search of him, and was with difficulty prevented from carrying his threat into execution by Guy Fawkes, who represented the folly and risk of such a course.

"If he comes not before midnight, we shall know what to

think, and how to act," he observed; "but till then let us remain tranquil."

Keyes and the others adding their persuasions to those of Fawkes, Catesby sat sullenly down, and a profound silence ensued. In this way, some hours were passed, when just at the stroke of midnight, Viviana descended from her room, and appeared amongst them. Her countenance was deathly pale, and she looked anxiously around the assemblage. All, however, with the exception of Fawkes, avoided her gaze.

"Is he come?" she exclaimed at length. "I have listened intently, but have heard nothing. You cannot have murdered him. And yet your looks alarm me. Father Garnet, answer me,—is the deed done?"

"No, daughter," replied Garnet, sternly.

"Then he has escaped!" she cried, joyfully. "You expect him at nightfall."

"It is not yet too late," replied Fawkes, in a sombre tone; "his death is only deferred."

"Oh! do not say so," she cried, in a voice of agony. "I hoped you had relented."

At this moment, a peculiar knock was heard at the door. It was thrice repeated, and the strokes vibrated, though with different effect, through every bosom.

"He is here," cried Catesby, rising.

"Viviana, go to your chamber," commanded Guy Fawkes, grasping her hand, and leading her towards the stairs.

But she resisted his efforts, and fell on her knees.

"I will not go," she cried, in a supplicating tone, "unless you will spare this man's life."

"I have already told you my fixed determination," rejoined Fawkes, fiercely. "If you will not retire of your own free will, I must force you."

"If you attempt it, I will scream, and alarm your victim," she replied. "Mr. Catesby," she added, "have my prayers, my entreaties no weight with you? Will you not grant me his life?"

"No!" replied Catesby, fiercely. "She must be silenced," he added, with a significant look at Fawkes.

"She shall," replied the latter, drawing his poniard. "Viviana!" he continued, in a voice, and with a look that left no doubt as to his intentions. "Do not compel me to be your destroyer."

As he spoke, the knocking was repeated, and Viviana uttered a prolonged and piercing cry. Guy Fawkes raised his weapon, and was about to strike, but his resolution failed him, and his arm dropped nerveless to his side.

"Your better angel has conquered!" she cried, clasping his knees.

While this was passing, the door was thrown open by Catesby, and Tresham entered the room.

"What means this outcry?" he asked, looking round in alarm. "Ah! what do I see? Viviana Radcliffe here. Did she utter the scream?"

"She did," replied Viviana, rising, "and she hoped to warn you by it. But you were led on by your fate."

"Warn me from what?" ejaculated Tresham, starting. "I am among friends."

"You are among those who have resolved upon your death," replied Viviana.

"Ah!" exclaimed Tresham, making an effort to gain the door, and draw his sword.

In both attempts, however, he was foiled, for Catesby intercepted him, while Fawkes and Keyes flung themselves upon him, and binding his arms together with a sword-belt, forced him into a chair.

"Of what am I accused?" he demanded, in a voice tremulous with rage and terror.

"You shall learn presently," replied Catesby. And he motioned to Fawkes to remove Viviana.

"Let me remain," she cried, fiercely. "My nature is changed, and is become as savage as your own. If blood must be spilt, I will tarry to look upon it."

"This is no place for you, dear daughter," interposed Garnet.

"Nor for you either, father," retorted Viviana, bitterly; "unless you will act as a minister of Christ, and prevent this violence."

"Let her remain, if she will," observed Catesby. "Her presence need not hinder our proceedings."

So saying, he seated himself opposite Tresham, while the two priests placed themselves on either side. Guy Fawkes took up a position on the left of the prisoner, with his drawn dagger in his hand, and Keyes stationed himself near the door. The unfortunate captive regarded them with terrified glances, and trembled in every limb.

"Thomas Tresham," commenced Catesby, in a stern voice, "you are a sworn brother in our plot. Before I proceed further, I will ask you what should be his punishment who violates his oath, and betrays his confederates? We await your answer?"

But Tresham remained obstinately silent.

"I will tell you, since you refuse to speak," continued Catesby. "It is death—death by the hands of his associates."

"It may be," replied Tresham; "but I have neither broken my oath, nor betrayed you."

"Your letter to Lord Mounteagle is in my possession," replied Catesby. "Behold it!"

"Perdition!" exclaimed Tresham. "But you will not slay me? I have betrayed nothing. I have revealed nothing. On my soul's salvation, I have not! Spare me! spare me! and I

will be a faithful friend in future. I have been indiscreet — I own it—but nothing more. I have mentioned no names. And Lord Mounteagle, as you well know, is as zealous a Catholic as any now present."

"Your letter has been sent to the Earl of Salisbury," pursued Catesby, coldly. "It was from him I obtained it."

"Then Lord Mounteagle has betrayed me," returned Tresham, becoming pale as death.

"Have you nothing further to allege?" demanded Catesby. As Tresham made no answer, he turned to the others, and said, "Is it your judgment he should die?"

All, except Viviana, answered in the affirmative.

"Tresham," continued Catesby, solemnly, "prepare to meet your fate like a man. And do you, father," he added to Garnet, "proceed to shrive him."

"Hold!" cried Viviana, stepping into the midst of them,—"hold!" she exclaimed, in a voice so authoritative, and with a look so commanding, that the whole assemblage were awestricken. "If you think to commit this crime with impunity you are mistaken. I swear by everything sacred, if you take this man's life, I will go forth instantly, and denounce you all to the Council. You may stare, sirs, and threaten me, but you shall find I will keep my word."

"We must put her to death too," observed Catesby, in an under tone to Fawkes, "or we shall have a worse enemy left than Tresham."

"I cannot consent to it," replied Fawkes.

"If you mistrust this person, why not place him in restraint?" pursued Viviana. "You will not mend matters by killing him."

"She says well," observed Garnet; "let us put him in some place of security."

"I am agreed," replied Fawkes.

"And I," added Keyes.

"My judgment, then, is overruled," rejoined Catesby. "But I will not oppose you. We will imprison him in the vault beneath this chamber."

"He must be without light," said Garnet.

"And without arms," added Keyes.

"And without food," muttered Catesby. "He has only exchanged one death for another."

The flag was then raised, and Tresham thrust into the vault, after which it was restored to its former position.

"I have saved you from the lesser crime," cried Viviana to Guy Fawkes; "and, with Heaven's grace, I trust to preserve you from the greater!"

HARKAWAY SKETCHES.

BY JOHN MILLS.

A DAY'S FISHING IN THE THAMES.—COCKNEY SPORTSMEN.

Who has not heard of a Cockney sportsman? — that persevering proselyte of Sir Humphrey, who is ever willing to toil for the pleasures of the "gentle art," through rain and sunshine, for any distance within the smoked atmosphere of London. He talks of the past glorious amusement; boasts of his superior knowledge and skill; anticipates a future landing of a splendid trout, which has fanned the waters of old father Thames for years; flirts his well-varnished rod; casts the silver line, hooks a tittlebat possessing the specific gravity of the alluring worm upon the hook, and exclaims, in the fulness of his heartfelt joy, "'Evens! 'ere's a vopper!"

Augustus Brown was a copying clerk in the office of one Mr. Williams, a pettifogging attorney, who for "sharp practice" was distinguished, and notorious from a piece of matchless policy,—expedient perhaps, but open to conscientious scruples in the minds of those persons who question the correctness of instigating perjury.

Augustus Brown, like most attorneys' clerks, was very fond of gin-and-water, private theatricals, and fishing. Having obtained the consent of Mr. Williams for one day's respite from his monotonous occupation of filling up writs and putting letters in the post-office, he, with three others in a similar state of unalloyed freedom and happiness, determined to have "a regular day's angling off Eel-pie Island, Twickenham. Augustus, with his three friends, Snuffles, Whifphles, and Smith, all equally desirous for the sport of hooking unsuspecting fish, placed themselves, rods, lines, nets, and a hamper of eatables and drinkables, upon the deck of the Richmond steamer "Firefly," on their way to the island.

The day was fine, and old father Thames looked bright and cheerful, as the cutters and wherries, full of merry folks, were skimming upon his bosom, on their various routes for fun and glee. The song and chorus sounded clearly and merrily from a party in a swift-oared boat, as they shot past the less ambitious for the fame of speed. The notes of a bugle rang far into the woodlands, charming the ears of the appreciating Whifphles, as he exclaimed,

"By 'evens, it's—it's—it's—evenly!"

"It is!—it is!" acquiesced Smith, in a tragedy voice.

"Shall we broach the porter?" asked the less romantic Snuffles, anxious for the commencement of a demolition of the contents of the basket.

"Certainly, if you please," replied Augustus. "With a snack of sandwich, the thing would be agreeable."

The refreshments were scarcely finished when Richmond came in view. Upon the shore leaped the friends. Ten shillings were paid into the extensive hand of a waterman for the use of his punt, and his labour to pull the fishermen to the island, some short distance off. Cigars were lighted, more porter demolished, and, since truth must be told, as Whifphles stepped upon Eel-pie Island, his gait was not perfectly steady, and his eyes appeared strangely glassy and

contracted. Augustus Brown proposed "a glass of gin-and-water round, before they commenced the sport;" and directing the waterman, an amphibious animal, to moor the punt "in a good spot," they proceeded to the bar-room of the public house adjacent.

Behind the bar was one of those enchanting creatures who, by smiling and screwing up their lips into various shapes, have peculiar attractions for gentlemen in the habit of sipping gin-and-water. Her diminutive cap, ornamented with pink and many-coloured ribands, was placed coquettishly on one side of her head, and, to the imagination of Augustus Brown, as he stirred up the sugar in his glass, never was one of the fair sex so sweetly fair. He wanted to address the divinity; but the attempted words died upon his lips, and, like many others in a similar position, Augustus Brown discovered a difficulty in approaching the magnet, although irresistibly attracted towards it.

"The day is going fast," observed Whifphles; "let us begin the sport."

"True, true," rejoined Smith.

"I 'aven't done my grog," said Snuffles.

Augustus Brown replied, "that he was ready;" and, after giving a fond melting look to the bar-maid, who was flirting with a pair of sugar-tongs, he with his friends left, to commence the diversion.

The selected spot where the punt was moored could not be exceeded in quiet beauty. The sloping banks were covered thickly with wild flowers; large willows drooped their long graceful branches into the clear stream, causing a gentle and musical ripple; a long line of tall antiquated elms upon the opposite side sent their deep and varied shade upon the surface of the water; and the bright perspective, dotted with handsome villas, ivy-clad cots, wood, field, and flood, formed as gay a scene as the eye could rest upon.

In due course of time, the anglers, with baited hooks, were attempting to catch—anything in the shape of a fish. The particular species was unthought of, and uncared for; the bait was not selected for a doomed piscatory tribe; all that was required was *any* description of the finny animal. Now this sweeping measure in fishing, as in other matters, is often found defective. It proved to be so in this case; for, notwithstanding great exertions on the part of the Messrs. Brown, Whifphles, Snuffles, and Smith, no large or small fish could be induced even to nibble. Tired with their poor fortune in piscation, the fishermen commenced a more successful amusement of a second attack upon the bottled porter and sandwiches. These concluded, somnolency began to dim the lustre of the eyes of the friends of Mr. Augustus Brown, leaving him in a few minutes the only one conscious of existence in the punt.

The quill-floats were bobbing unheeded in the ruffled water, when Augustus Brown, with a look of sudden determination, mingled with something of mischief in it, put his hand into his waistcoat-pocket, and extracted half-a-crown. The attending waterman was sitting, or more properly lounging, in the stern of his wherry, fastened to a pole that assisted in mooring the punt, drinking the extreme remains from a bottle, when his attention became rivetted from a beckon of the fingers holding the silver piece. Obeying the inviting signal, the waterman hastened from his boat to the side of Augustus Brown.

"Take out the poles, and let the punt adrift," whispered he, putting the half-crown into the hand ever ready to receive a bribe.

"And what will you do, sir?" grinned the waterman, enjoying the anticipated fun of seeing the three sleepers sent upon their voyage.

"I'll be put on shore in your wherry," replied Augustus, undecided which pleased him most, the idea of the joke he was about committing, or that of seeing the bar-maid unobserved by his friends.

A few decided pulls and pushes soon disengaged the poles, which served the purpose of anchors, and the punt glided down the stream with the slumbering Snuffles, Whifphles, and Smith, quietly, but quickly. The laughing Augustus Brown was rowed to the island by his equally amused associate, and both sat upon the grass to watch the result with mutual satisfaction.

An eddy in the current gave the punt a sudden twist; round it went, revolving like a tub, but without causing a disturbance of the sleepers' repose. Now it approached one side of the river, then whirling away, it neared the other. A slight jar against a patch of green rushes sent it straight into the middle of the stream, and on went the vessel again at a rapid rate. The rods and lines dragged in the water, the hooks occasionally snatching a luckless weed; and the punt in a short period became invisible to the two watchers round a point of the island, on its course towards Richmond bridge.

"What will become of your punt, I wonder?" said Augustus, laughing, to the boatman, as it vanished from their sight.

"I think that I had better follow them, sir, if they can't swim, to prevent any coroner's inquest," replied the waterman, deliberately.

"Goodness, gracious! they can't swim an inch; but you don't mean to say that there's any chance of their being drowned," rejoined Augustus, much agitated.

"I think it's very probable," coolly added the grim Charon.

"Oh! fly—pull—row after them, for Heaven's sake! They are the worse for porter, and if they should capsize, all would sink like—like cracked bottles," exclaimed Augustus Brown, greatly distressed at the frightful catastrophe which might ensue from the joke upon Whifphles, Snuffles, and Smith.

"Ten to one they'll get foul of the bridge; then over they go, to a certainty, in thirty feet water; but they *MAY* get run down by a steamer afore they get there," said the waterman, with as much indifference as if the lives of three kittens were in danger, instead of a trio of lawyer's clerks.

"But, my good man! why didn't you say so before you took out the poles?" asked Augustus, in an imploring voice.

"Before I took out the poles!" repeated the boatman. "Come, that's fine—that is. I should like to know whether you didn't take out one yourself, and whether you didn't bribe me to take out the other one."

"Well, but I had no idea there was any danger," replied Augustus, clasping his hands in despair, with the unpleasant prospect of a verdict for "manslaughter" flitting across his sanguine imagination.

"Nor I, either. How should I know the gentlemen couldn't

swim?" observed the boatman, in a tone of convinced rectitude of conduct.

Augustus Brown inserted his finger and thumb again into the pocket from which the halfcrown had but a few minutes since been taken. In a corner was secreted half-a-sovereign, the last, the very last coin in the possession of Augustus Brown. As if reluctant to be taken from its snug quarters, it slipped from the pinch of its rightful owner, and not until the pocket was turned "inside out" could the sly bit of gold be brought from its lurking-place.

However devoid of the love of lucre a man might be, his unequivocal regret upon the separation between him and his only remaining piece of money, would be very natural. Augustus looked at the shining coin with hesitation; its bright surface nearly tempted him to replace it; but the boatman, as if aware of the secret thoughts of the unfortunate possessor, decided his conflicting emotions by giving his opinion that "the gentlemen were not far off the bridge now, if not already drowned." This stroke of policy released the golden prize from the digits of Augustus Brown into those of the boatman, with an entreaty to him "to make all haste, and save from impending danger the unhappy destined Whifphles, Snuffles, and Smith."

The gold acted as a strong impulse to the movements of the boatman, who jumped into his wherry, and was some yards from the shore before Augustus Brown had an opportunity of joining him.

"Stop—stop. I'll go with you," he cried.

"No, you'd better not, sir," replied the boatman, pulling lustily away. "Your weight would hinder me."

"But I much prefer it," bawled Augustus.

"I'll get back before nightfall," replied the boatman, pretending not to hear.

"Come back, now," hallooed Augustus Brown, in a furious voice.

The order was unheeded by the boatman; he rowed as fast as he could until he was out of the sight of his employer, and then, resting upon his oars, he indulged in a loud roar of laughter. "I shall make a good day's work o' this," said he, at its conclusion. "I wonder where those fellows have run a-ground." Scarcely had he said this when three voices were heard loudly calling for help.

"Ha! ha! ha! there they are, as I expected!" exclaimed the boatman, pulling towards the spot from whence the sounds issued.

Upon a mud-bank, covered with tall rushes, in the middle of the river, the punt rested. The concussion woke the sleeping fishermen, and never did eyes express greater wonderment than theirs. Luxuriant water-lilies surrounded them, upon which the dragon-fly buzzed and fitted. A swan with her cygnets glided from the rushes into the water, frightened by the intrusion upon her floody home, and hissed her dissatisfaction at the interlopers. Surprise rendered them silent for some time after waking to a knowledge of their unenviable state; but at length it was decided that all should use the utmost power of their lungs to obtain assistance for an escape from vegetating upon a mud-bank.

"I wonder how the deuce we got here?" said Snuffles, in a nervous voice.

"Never mind that," said Smith, in his deep-toned notes. "What we have now to think of is, to get off."

"True, most true," coincided Whifphles, ready to agree with any one upon the subject of getting off.

The three, very pale, and much frightened, commenced a loud appeal for "help." Each thinking of his own preservation more than of his companions, the absence of Augustus Brown had not been noticed by either, until Whifphles, resting for a fresh supply of breath, saw the vacant seat which Brown had occupied.

"Heaven and earth! where's Brown?" exclaimed he, spectral white with a presentiment of death, and pointing to the empty place.

Smith and Snuffles gazed in silence upon the seat, then upon each other's eyes filling with salt tears. The former snatched the handkerchief of the latter,—not possessing one of his own,—to check the course of the briny drops now streaming from their secret springs, as offerings to the shrine of friendship for the supposed lost Augustus Brown.

That worthy member of society was at this precise moment trying to obtain a salute from the assumed reluctant rosy-lips of the flirting barmaid.

"Poor Brown!" groaned Smith. "What will his mother say?"

"Help! help!" screamed Whifphles, his excitement increasing at the idea.

Then followed a simultaneous shout for assistance, which reached the ears of the searching boatman.

"All right, gentlemen!" exclaimed he, rowing up to them unperceived in the rear, nearly screened from sight by the broad and topping flags.

Never did a countenance so ill-favoured meet with such looks of admiration as the coarse, beer-drinking-for-ever face of the boatman emerging from the rushes. Never did words gratify ears more than those just uttered in one of the least euphonious voices allotted to a member of the human family.

"Stop one moment, sirs," said he, as the ardent three were ready for a scramble into his wherry; "I'll give ye a hand, or we may all go over."

This caution acted upon their excited nerves as a material cooler; and with admirable order each was handed to the stern seat in the boat. When convinced of their own safety, each began to inquire clamorously for "his dear friend, Brown."

"All in good time you shall hear about him," replied the boatman. "Wait till I shove off the punt, and get her in tow."

Two or three vigorous and scientific pushes with a boat-hook effected a clearance from the bank, and, taking the vessel in tow, the boatman splashed his oars into the water, and said that "he was ready to scull them anywhere they pleased to go."

"Yes; but tell us what has become of poor Brown first," replied Whifphles, the most interested of the party, from the circumstance of Augustus having borrowed divers sums at divers times, varying from two shillings to three halfcrowns, from his better-conditioned exchequer.

The boatman, perceiving the extreme anxiety of the trio to learn the secret in his possession, thought it a good opportunity for obtaining an additional bribe, and, with a look worthy of a crafty diplomatist, replied, that "he had been paid ten shillings not to say a word about the gentleman, or anything of the transaction."

As a matter of course this information added to the mystery of the occurrence. A council was held by the astonished three in a low whisper, and a decision unanimously agreed upon that a sum be offered to purchase the strange and unaccountable history from the individual now asking whether "he was to pull them up or down."

"Suppose we give you five shillings a-head to tell us," said Smith.

"Then I shall split immediately; as it's a principle with me always to let the best offer regulate my market with anything," replied the boatman.

The money was doled out, and placed in the hand of the informer, whose anticipation of "making a good day's work of the affair" became realized with this additional sum.

To describe the indignation of the Messrs. Snuffles, Whifphles, and Smith; their loud expressions of contempt at Augustus Brown's mean conduct in taking advantage of their too-potterish and sleepy state, is impossible. They were somewhat consoled with the knowledge that the practical joke had occasioned the perpetrator of it some trouble, corresponding with their own fears.

"To think of being alarmed for nothing at all!" exclaimed Whifphles, "it's a shame! a 'orrible shame! It's worse than having something, because one 's consoled at knowing he ain't been made a fool of."

"That 's my opinion," added Smith.

"And so it is mine," coincided Snuffles.

"Now then, gentlemen, just say which it is to be—up to the Island, or down to the Bridge," said the boatman, wishing to get dismissed now that he had obtained all that was to be had.

"Let us go to town without Brown, and leave him in the lurch. I know that he hasn't a sixpence left," suggested the revengeful Whifphles.

"We will—we will," said Smith, rubbing his hands with delight at the soothing idea.

"Delicious thought!" from Snuffles, concluded the arrangement.

"Pull away to the bridge," ordered Whifphles, and towards it the boatmen rowed.

The last bell was ringing on board the "Firefly." On deck leaped the three friends.

"Cast off that rope!" bawled the Captain, and on paddled the steamer.

"Don't go to the Island," hallooed Smith to the boatman just as they had started.

"You may be sure I sha'n't, sir," replied he.

"How shall we be sure?" screamed Whifphles.

"Because he ain't got no more money," shouted the boatman, with a total disregard to negatives, but a special observance of the truth.

Hours past by; the sun had set, and bright Venus was glancing her fickle beam upon this dull, sublunary planet; but no news arrived to the distracted Augustus Brown of the fate of his friends. There he was, upon Eel-pie Island, pacing up and down a narrow grass-plot, with agony in his step, despair in his look. Occasionally he would stop in his hurried gait to look through the increasing misty folds upon the water for the approach of the boat. As the

shades of evening deepened he relied upon his ear for the expected arrival; his heart beat quick as the splash of a distant oar gave hope of a consummation of his wishes; but "hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and he at last determined to drown his care in gin-an'-water. Proceeding to the inn, he directed the fascinating barmaid "to mix him a glass." His spirits rose as THE spirits sunk; but the last had scarcely been drained from the glass when the thought flashed in his mind that no likeness of Her Majesty upon the meanest coin graced his purse, or chafed the lining of his pocket. Supposing his friends, Whifphles, Snuffles, and Smith, did not return, how was he to get back to London? How was the gin-an'-water to be paid for? Such were the mental queries of Augustus Brown, whose visage bore deep marks of the distress of his tortured mind.

"What am — what SHALL I do!" exclaimed he, forgetting the presence of the charming barmaid.

"What's the matter, sir?" inquired she, with a little toss of the diminutive cap. "You seem in a quandary."

"I am in a quandary," groaned Brown, slapping his forehead like a confused prime-minister.

Suddenly he withdrew his fingers from his pressed brow, and dived both hands deeply into the pockets of his trowsers, — signs of flattering hope, and deep resolve.

"Gentlemen in difficulties" have frequently applied the bonds of Hymen to pay off bonds of another description. The speculations of the present day in matrimony are, generally, of so pecuniary a description, that connubial felicity would be more correctly described by the term of "a-matter-of-money," instead of the one more generally used.

Augustus Brown thought the barmaid pretty in the morning, when he first saw her; he now was convinced that she was beautiful. He was unmarried, and so was she, evidently, from no ring encircling the finger, doomed to announce publicly the double-in-one state. He had no less a sum than eighteen shillings a-week; dinner for one is dinner for two. No doubt a sum had been saved—as barmaids invariably have accounts at savings' banks: the gin-an'-water need not be paid for. Besides, if success attended him, a small advance might be obtained, to get to the office by the appointed hour in the morning. Such were the reflections of Augustus, that determined him to pop the interrogatory immediately to the barmaid, and escape from his most pressing annoyances, if practicable.

"His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth."

The stars were propitious. Augustus Brown pleaded his case well—well, because successful.

From being as unhappy a Brown as ever breathed the pure air of Twickenham, or sipped a glass of gin-an'-water upon Eel-pie Island, Augustus became one of the happiest; all his expectations were to be realized, and, when he stretched his wearied limbs upon a cot prepared by the hands of the equally-pleased barmaid, did a thought of the fate of his friends occupy his attention for a moment—it was but for a moment. Soft slumber soon sealed his eyelids. He

dreamed of fat small boys, in a state of nudity, dancing in the air, and throwing white favours at each other's heads. The scene changed, and he saw his companions sticking in a muddy pool, up to their chins. He stretched out his hand to clutch one of them; but, missing his hold, fell out of bed.

"D—n Whifphles, Snuffles, and Smith," said he, sprawling upon the floor.

A TALE OF A CALF ;

OR, "DOING" A GENSD'ARME.

Most folks with virtuous indignation
Would "flare-up" at the imputation,

(However well-deserved the same,)
Upon their fair and honest fame,
Of trickery, and double-dealing,
And such-like covert arts of stealing,
Which don't amount to downright robbery,
At which you could "kick up a bobbery,"

But just sail near enough the wind
To leave the impression on your mind
That you've been regularly "done,"
Of which few persons see the fun.
Yet, somehow, these same honest people

Their principle in practice keep ill ;
For, though they'd talk of hostile meeting,

And mayhap treat you to a beating,
If you but hinted they were cheating,
And, rather than defraud their neighbour,

Would undergo twelvemonths' hard labour :

They think it quite a different thing
To *chouse* our Sovereign Lord the King ;

Or rather, now-a-days, I mean
Her Gracious Majesty the Queen.
That is, in fact, they reckon smuggling
A very clever kind of juggling ;
And, that they may the better do it,
aye

Exert their utmost ingenuity.
And, certes, 'tis some consolation
To soften down one's indignation
At being hurried to that *bore*
Of travellers, the custom-house,
And there watched as by cat a mouse,
While their your luggage are unpacking,

And every trunk and bag ransacking,

Turning your chattels topsy-turvy,
And treating them in way most scurvvy,
To search if 'midst the various particles

There lie hid any smuggled articles.
I say you feel a satisfaction,
As if you'd done a worthy action,
To know that, spite of all their prying,
They've missed, in some snug corner

lying,
No end of gloves, or Brussels lace,
Or satins, as may be the case,
Things which you've fetched across
the Channel,

(Whose billows often make a man ill !)
With sundry other odds and ends,
As presents to your lady friends ;
All specimens of foreign finery,
That ne'er were wrought by home
machinery,

And should, in consequence, pay duty
'Ere they adorn a native beauty.
Well, I was going to tell a story

To illustrate the case before ye,
That somehow men are all inclined,
If but occasion they can find,
To cheat the royal revenue,
Nor, as they are enjoined to do,
Give custom to whom custom's due ;
No matter whence those customs rise,
From tolls, or taxes, or excise.

"Be 't known to all men by these presents,"

That, to raise money from the peasants,
And other traders, who bring down
Their country wares to sell in town,
There stands in every road in France
A *bureau d'octroi*, in advance
Of each town's suburbs, where they
levy

A toll proportionally heavy
On every article that passes ;
On pigs, and sheep, and fowls, and
asses,

On *vin du pays*, corn, and brandy,
 And other things which they command
 ye:
 And, deuced sharp those gensd'armes
 look
 That none escape, by hook or crook,
 From "forking out" the full amount,
 For every item of the account;
 And they must sure be "artful
 dodgers"
 Who can evade such prying codgers;
 Though many "try it on," and so
 A few succeed, as I shall show.
 It happened that (no matter where
 It might be, Dieppe or St. Omer,)
 An honest butcher went one day
 A call *professional* to pay
 To some old farmer near the town,
 Whose grazing-stock held high re-
 nown,
 And purchase for his week's supply,
 Unless he found the price too high,
 A well-fed calf, or some such beast,
 On which his customers to feast.
 One was selected from the lot,
 Which Jean said was the best he 'd
 got,
 And asked, of course, a longish price,
 Which Pierre refused him in a trice,
 Saying, he asked too much by half
 For such a "*morceau*" of a calf.
 On this they set to work, and grum-
 bled,
 And haggled, "*sacré'd*," swore, and
 stumbled
 Upon some rather awkward names,
 Which added fuel to the flames,
 And might perchance have led to *mur-
 ther*,
 Had they proceeded any further.
 But luckily a Frenchman's quarrel,
 As *Johnny Crapaud* does but *spar* ill,
 After a wordy contest ends,
 In general in making friends—
 "Eh bien," the former says at last,
 After this little *brecze* was past,
 "Though on the price we can't agree,
 You're a good customer to me,
 And so for once, to make things plea-
 sant,
 I'll make you of the calf a present;
 But, mind you, Pierre, on one condi-
 tion,
 Which is, despite the prohibition,
 That, while to town the beast convey-
 ing,
 You pass the *octroi* without paying."
 "Done!" cries the butcher; "come,
 I'll take it,
 Since you are willing thus to stake it;

And that gensd'arme, or any such
 man,
 If I don't chouse him, I'm a Dutch-
 man!
 But will you be so good as lend me
 That dog of yours there to attend me?"
 His willingness did Jean express,
 Though Pierre's intent he could not
 guess;
 So, without asking his permission,
 After some growls and opposition,
 He cramm'd the dog into a sack,
 And trudged off with him on his back,
 Giving him now and then a licking,
 To stop his howling and his kicking,
 Until at last the brute lay quiet,
 And didn't dare to make a riot.
 The *octroi* reach'd, he never stay'd,
 But look'd as if he wish'd to evade
 The keeper's eye, and hasten'd onward,
 Directing still his progress toward.
 Old *Cerberus*, as he expected,
 A *something* from his look suspected,
 Which made him think all was not
 right;
 So, in a manner most polite,
 He forthwith called the *gemman* back,
 And ask'd him what was in his sack.
 "Je vous assure, Monsicur, ce n'est
 rien,"
 Says Pierre, "qu'une pauvre bête de
 chien,
 Dont un de mes amis m'a fait
 Le cadeau—voilà tout ce que c'est!"
 "Tell that to the marines," says't other;
 "So, come, let's see, without more
 bother,
 What you've got in that sack. I'll
 wager
 It's no dog. I'm too old a stager
 To humbug thus, you may depend
 on't;
 And I *must* know,—so there's an end
 on't!"
 Pierre made a well-feign'd opposition
 Before he deign'd to make submission,
 Grumbling that, if he oped the sack,
 The dog would *cut* him, and run back,
 And he should have his toil and trouble,
 By running after him, made double.
 Finding, at length, remonstrance vain,
 (Just what he wish'd, his end to gain,)
 He quietly untied the string,
 And so contrived that one good spring
 Set free the dog, who, not admiring
 His narrow berth, with speed untiring,
 And Pierre's loud voice his terror
 heightning,
 Bolted off home like "butter'd light-
 ning."

"I told you how 'twould be," says
 Pierre ;
 "It's fit to make a bishop swear!"
 So growling forth, as if in spite,
 Some words "unfit for ears polite,"
 He started off, as in pursuit
 Of his emancipated brute ;
 While *Cerberus*, thinking it good fun,
 Laugh'd at the mischief he had done.
 Returning to his friend's abode,
 A little way along the road,
 Pierre didn't stop the dog to search,
 Which thus had left him in the
 lurch,
 Because, as you may take for granted,
 The *dog* was not the thing he wanted ;

But this time, as was his intent,
 He bagg'd the *calf*, and off he went.
 The gens'd'arme seeing him once more
 With the same sack he had before,
 Of course concluded 'twas the dog,
 And onwards suffer'd Pierre to jog,
 Observing archly, as he pass'd,
 He saw he 'd caught the dog at last,
 And hoped Monsieur was none the
 worse
 After his unexpected "course."
 Pierre answer'd nothing, but within
 Himself thought, "Let them laugh that
 win ;"
 For, after cheating this old stager,
 He gain'd his calf, and won his wager.
 A. R. W.

THE DANCE OF LIFE.

"Mirth and motion prolong life."—ABERNETHY.

HUMAN life is a mere dance—the nursery a *bamb*-room! Old maids and bachelors, for want of partners, are compelled to exhibit in a *pas seul*. Knavery practises the *shuffle*, while pride, prudence, and experience are professors of the art of *cutting*. Courage teaches the "*en avant*," and discretion ("the better part of valour") the "*en arrière*." Some are happy in their choice of "partners;" while many are doomed to go through the whole "dance" with the dowerless and disagreeable Mis-Fortunes and Mis-Chances.

The ambitious and would-be-great are continually struggling to show off in a particular "set;" but, notwithstanding the pains they take in their "steps," frequently experience the mortification of a "*dos-à-dos*," when they are anxiously exerting all their efforts for a smiling "*vis-à-vis*."

These are the "ups and downs" of the "dance." The "lords of the creation" (with few exceptions) are very awkward and ungainly; while "lovely woman" is most generally perfect in the "figure."

Love is generally "master of the ceremonies;" but, being rather pur-blind, makes the most ridiculous mistakes in introducing "partners;" and, although Avarice (who officiates in the higher circles) is lynx-eyed, he commits as many errors in "coupling" the company as his coadjutor.

Hope illuminates the "festive scene," and away they bound on the "light fantastic toe,"—hands across—down the middle—up again!—till Time steps in, and throws a damp upon their merriment—the piper stops for "want of breath," and—the dance ends!

THE DYING MAN.

BY ABRAHAM ELDER, ESQ.

THE Antiquary and myself were one day walking along the shore at Ventnor, looking at the summer waves twinkling in succession upon the beach. At length the Antiquary pointed out to me a place where a piece of land, perhaps a quarter of an acre, missing its support below, had slipped several yards down the declivity.

"There, you see, Mr. Elder," said he, "it is the solid earth that keeps continually changing its position, while the restless and variable ocean alone preserves its level from age to age." The learned old gentleman then dived deeper into geology, and went on explaining how the under cliff was formed. In case the gentle reader should happen never to have visited it, it is necessary to observe that the south of the Isle of Wight consists of very high land; but a long strip of it, averaging perhaps half a mile in width, appears to have cracked off from the rest of the hill, and sunk down to the level of the sea.

"I suppose," said I, "that the great mass off the undercliff upon which yon town is built is nearly as old as the world,—as old as the flood, at any rate."

"Some part of it, indeed," he replied, "may be so; but the cause even here is in continual operation. So late as the year 1818, a considerable land-slip took place in the same part; another preceded it in the year 1810; both together are estimated to have carried away about eighty acres of land. We will walk here by and by."

While the antiquary and myself were carrying on this learned disquisition, a young man attracted my notice, as he reclined upon a rock by the shore, with a book before him; he seemed however to be rather counting the waves as they fell upon the beach, than occupied with the contents of the book. The Antiquary's dissertation upon the geology of the undercliff, which he was just near enough to hear, evidently arrested his attention. At length he rose, and approached nearer to us, apparently balancing in his mind a desire of joining our party and a fear of intruding. I therefore opened a conversation with him by one or two trivial remarks.

The Antiquary added, "I presume, sir, that, like ourselves, you are amusing yourself with touring round the island."

The young man shook his head with a kind of quiet resigned melancholy; there was even a smile upon his lips.

"No, sir," he replied. "I have come here upon the same errand with many of brighter hopes, and better worldly prospects—I have come here to die."

I here observed the paleness of his complexion, and that spot of colour upon his cheek, with a clearly defined outline, which so frequently attends consumption.

"I perceive you look delicate," answered the Antiquary, "and conclude that you have been recommended to try the warm air of this place for the recovery of your health. I am sorry that you should add despondency to your other ailments. A cheerful mind is ever the readiest path to health."

"You mistake me, sir," replied the young man; "I am neither desponding nor yet unhappy. I have even a feeling within me that the warmth of the sun, and the fresh air which comes from the sea, might restore me to health and vigour; but my better reason tells me that these are but the very symptoms of consumption. How seldom does the consumptive patient give up the hope of recovery till long, long after every chance is gone! I have seen others that were dear to me fade away month by month like this; but I have resolved not to be deceived myself. I leave the world without regret, and without repining. I love to sit here in the sun, looking at its light dancing upon the waves. There is something in the sight and sound of water, whether a lake, the sea, or a waterfall, that has, and always had, a kind of magical charm which it throws over me. Wherever I see the light glisten upon water, I seem guided by some invisible power to its brink; and there, if I sit or wander within the sight and sound of its ripple, I fall into a kind of dozy, dreamy existence,—not, however, like the heaviness of sleep. The coarse detail and circumstances of this working-day world soon fade from my view; and my mind, dropping into a gentle, pleasing, soothing melancholy, dwells upon purer objects,—upon love, with its future hopes and fears, or past disappointments. Then it would wander over the features and words of relations and friends who are gone, and have left me toiling here behind alone. But so pleasing is all this to me, that I would be continually dreading to meet some trumpery every-day acquaintance, or the recurrence of any accident that would recall my attention to the things that were passing round me. There was, however, something to me so striking in an observation that fell from you, of the solid earth crumbling away bit by bit, and being gradually swallowed up by the great ocean, that beautiful type of eternity, that, for the first time since I have been here, I felt no regret at the thread of my reverie being broken. But I am intruding myself upon you, and I wish you good day." And, bowing to us, he turned to go away.

"Not so," said the Antiquary. "An acquaintance even thus casually made, that proceeds from a union of feeling, ought not thus lightly to be broken through. I trust that you will allow us to visit you at your residence, and improve our acquaintance into friendship."

The offer was cordially and thankfully received, and we all three returned together towards the town; for so Ventnor must now be called.

Our new acquaintance at length began,— "It appears to me surprising with what complacency I have accustomed myself to watch the steady, gradual, and certain approach of death, which I had always in my earlier life pictured as a horrible and revolting spectre. Often before now I have felt melancholy thoughts creeping over me, even in the midst of the gayest revelling. I have sat me by myself in the corner of a ball-room, amidst the dazzling lights and enlivening music, and have watched the feelings and the passions, and strove to read the thoughts of the moving world around me,—the light-hearted laughing happiness of youth and beauty, and the soft and deep expression of love beaming from the eye; in others I would trace the cankering marks of jealousy and disappointment; then, with a slight smile of contempt upon my lips, I would follow the little petty

tricks and schemes of vanity and avarice; then sometimes I would see with my mind's eye a new personage come upon the scene:—Death would glide in quietly, and in silence, and select the fairest, the happiest, the most light-hearted in the room. I watched her as she was dancing, the admiration of every one; with flowers in her hair, and jewels on her neck, her light foot seemed scarcely to rest upon the floor. Her eye sparkled with joy, and her bosom seemed to heave with love. The cold hand of the intruder was softly laid upon her bosom, even while the light tresses of her long hair were playfully waving round it. She shrunk from the touch, turned pale, and fell to the ground. My attention was then turned to loathsome sores, and the glazed, fixed, stony eyes of death. Then my sickening imagination would dwell upon corruption and putrefaction, more revolting to the senses than the vilest refuse. Then I have given such a shudder as has astonished the dowagers on my right and left. But there was one other part of this day-dream to me still more painful: the gay crowd that fluttered round seemed totally heedless of the dreadful catastrophe. Her look of agony was almost hidden from my view by the petticoats and legs of the dancers; her groans and shrieks were drowned by the noise of the fiddle and the squeaking flageolet; her prayers to Heaven for mercy were smothered in observations about the last night's ball, and the next week's opera. No eye was moistened,—no smile was quenched. No one grieved, pitied, or thought about her, except one—that was her mother. And then my mind would perhaps turn back to the realities around; and then again I would relapse into musing; I would collect the fair faces and lovely forms that had been numbered with the dead since the preceding year, and I would couple them with my lost friends, or their former partners.

“But I was not always such a musing, melancholy dreamer. My early life was as gay as the liveliest flutterer of them all. But, in the midst of my brightest days my happiness received a blight from which it never recovered. I became reckless, careless alike of the present and the future, loving and caring for nobody, and feeling that nobody loved or cared for me. At length sickness overtook me; but I continued thoughtless of myself, and heeded neither the warning of the physician, nor the symptoms; and here I am at last, without the remotest chance of recovery, gliding quietly and smoothly down into eternity. And yet I am telling you the truth when I say that if the fabled fairy that presides over the Wishing Well at the top of yon hill were to offer me, for merely wishing it, health, and strength, and high spirits again, I would without hesitation reject them.

“It seems odd, but so it is, the approach of death appears sometimes to give an elevation to my spirits. I have contrived to scrape acquaintance with the sexton, and whenever I meet him I always stop to have a chat with him. I know perfectly well by sight the spade with which he will officiate for me. It is about one third worn, and has been mended in the handle. It is also evident that he has for some time had his eye upon me as a future job in prospect, with its consequent fees. I actually thought at one time that he showed some feeling upon the subject: for once, when I stopped to speak to him he put his spade behind him, under the pretence of leaning upon it, as it seemed to me, on the same principle that a

dentist conceals his instrument to the latest possible moment, that he may not unnecessarily hurt one's feelings. I was wrong, however: for he is evidently a stupid, unfeeling brute, and, in fact, it is only his occupation that has given him any dignity in my eyes. And yet, somehow or other, I cannot help thinking that when I tip him, which I do every now and then, if it were not for the anticipated loss of fees, he would drink to my better health.

"How different are my feelings with regard to death as my own approaches! I feel none of those loathsome, shrinking, shuddering sensations. It seems to me as if my soul was gradually separating itself from its coarser appendage."

Here he stooped down, and plucked a broad leaf of coltsfoot, which he began tearing slowly and gradually in two.

"Thus, bit by bit, day by day, does the separation between the spirit and body become wider. Each day my mind appears to me to become purer, and my thoughts more elevated, while my bodily strength is daily and hourly fading.

"I sit sometimes for hours and hours together, after nightfall, by the window in my room, watching the pale moon and the stars above me. It seems to me as if I have more in common with them than I have with anything upon the earth, upon whose surface I am still treading, and which I am so soon to leave."

By this time we had arrived at his dwelling. It was a pretty cottage, with a little garden before it. He pointed out to us the beauty of a number of the commoner garden-flowers that were at that time in bloom. It was evident that they occupied no inconsiderable portion of his care and attention. He sat down on a seat in front of the house, and talked with us for some time on the subject of flowers and gardens. At length I made some observation about its being just the time for sowing some particular garden-flowers—I forget what—but it does not matter.

He shook his head, and said, "No, I should be gone long before its buds had opened, and it would merely remain to be trodden down by the succeeding tenant."

We were now joined in the garden by a lady, whom our new friend introduced to us as his aunt. A more kind, amiable, benevolent expression I never beheld! How anxiously she seemed to examine his countenance, to see if it looked more faded than when they parted an hour or two before; and when he gave a little, short dry cough, how she appeared to shrink, and then kept fidgeting about, by which she tried to conceal how ill at ease was her mind!

Here two little red and white spaniels, who had probably heard their master's voice in the garden, rushed out of the house, and whined and danced and jumped upon him, and then came and played round us as if in acknowledgment of our being friends of their master. The reader may perhaps think me tedious, and that there is nothing in all this worth either writing or relating. But for myself I must confess that these little trifles raised our new acquaintance still higher in my estimation. I always have a regard for a person that is fond of flowers and animals, that loves to see everything smiling and flourishing round him, that can take pleasure in watching the frisks and gambols, the little fits of anger, and the various instincts of the inferior animals; that can take pleasure in throwing seed into

the ground, and wait for its resurrection ; that can look day by day for the formation of the buds, and smile to see them expand into flower, and spread their coloured petals to the sun.

As he appeared fatigued we took our departure, bidding him adieu for the first, and, alas ! for the last time.

About a fortnight afterwards the Antiquary and myself passed accidentally by the neighbouring church-yard. We observed the sexton busily employed digging a grave, singing merrily while he delved, as is the custom with grave-diggers. I observed that the spade he was using was old, and had been mended in the handle. A presentiment came over me that he was preparing the last resting place for our consumptive friend: for I recollected his having formerly claimed acquaintance with the spade that was to perform the last office for him. I could not resist a smile, but it was a melancholy smile.

"Pray, my good man," said I, "whom is that grave for?"

"For a gentleman who lived in Sea-view Cottage," and he mentioned the name of our friend. "He was a nice young man, sir." And then, after a pause, he added, "But we must all die one while or another," and then he set to work again with his pick-axe.

"He is an unfeeling wretch," said the Antiquary, "and thinks, after all, only about his pitiful fee."

However we gave him a shilling ; not because we considered him deserving, but because we thought our friend would have done so had he been living ; and our donation, therefore, appeared to us in the light of a last tribute to the memory of our consumptive friend.

LOVE'S GOOD NIGHT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

HUSK Nature! let no jarring sound
The drowsy air encumber,
While she, the fairest of thy works,
Is sinking into slumber.
Be silent, earth! ye winds, be still!
Let nought from sleep alarm her,
Nor midnight storm, nor sudden fire,
Nor prowling robber harm her!

Good night! and be thy pleasant rest
Unbroken till the morrow!
May all thy visions, like thyself,
Be sweet, and void of sorrow:
Good night! and o'er thy silent couch,
While darkness spreads her cover,
May guardian angels watch and pray,
And bless thee as they hover!

THE DUC DE L'OMELETTE.

And stepped at once into a cooler clime.—COWPER.

KEATS fell by a criticism. Who was it died of *The Andromache*?* Ignoble souls!—De L'Omelette perished of an ortolan. *L'histoire en est brève*—assist me, Spirit of Apicius!

A golden cage bore the little winged wanderer, enamoured, melting, indolent, to the *Chausée d'Antin*, from its home in far Peru. From its queenly possessor, La Bellissima, to the Duc de l'Omelette, six peers of the empire conveyed the happy bird. It was "All for Love."

That night the Duc was to sup alone. In the privacy of his bureau he reclined languidly on that ottoman,—for which he sacrificed his loyalty in outbidding his king—the notorious ottoman of Cadêt.

He buries his face in the pillow—the clock strikes! Unable to restrain his feelings, his Grace swallows an olive. At this moment the door gently opens to the sound of soft music, and, lo! the most delicate of birds is before the most enamoured of men! But what inexpressible dismay now overshadows the countenance of the Duc?—"Horreur!—chien!—Baptiste!—l'oiseau! ah, bon Dieu! cet oiseau modeste que tu as deshabillé de ses plumes, et que tu as servi sans papier!" It is superfluous to say more—the Duc expired in a paroxysm of disgust.

* * * * *

"Ha! ha! ha!" said his Grace on the third day after his decease.

"He! he! he!" replied the devil faintly, drawing himself up with an air of hauteur.

"Why, surely you are not serious," retorted De l'Omelette. "I have sinned—*c'est vrai*—but, my good sir, consider!—you have no actual intention of putting such—such—barbarous threats into execution."

"No *what*?" said his Majesty. "Come, sir, strip!"

"Strip, indeed! very pretty, i' faith! No, sir, I shall *not* strip, Who are you, pray, that I, Duc de l'Omelette, Prince de Foie-Gras, just come of age, author of the 'Mazurkiad,' and Member of the Academy, should divest myself at your bidding of the sweetest pantaloons ever made by Bourdon, the daintiest *robe-de-chambre* ever put together by Rombert; to say nothing of the taking my hair out of paper; not to mention the trouble I should have in drawing off my gloves?"

"Who am I? Ah! true: I am Baal-Zebub, Prince of the Fly. I took thee just now from a rosewood coffin, inlaid with ivory. Thou wast curiously scented, and labelled as per invoice. Belial sent

* Montfleury. The author of the *Parnasse Réformé* makes him thus express himself in the shades. "The man, then, who would know of what I died, let him not ask if it were of the fever, the dropsy, or the gout; but let him know that it was of *The Andromache*."

thee — my Inspector of Cemeteries. The pantaloons, which thou sayest were made by Bourdon, are an excellent pair of linen drawers, and thy *robe-de-chambre* is a shroud of no scanty dimensions."

"Sir!" replied the Duc, "I am not to be insulted with impunity! Sir, I shall take the earliest opportunity of avenging this insult! Sir, you shall hear from me! In the mean time *au revoir!*" and the Duc was bowing himself out of the Satanic presence, when he was interrupted and brought back by a gentleman in waiting. Hereupon his Grace rubbed his eyes, yawned, shrugged his shoulders, reflected. Having become satisfied of his identity, he took a bird's-eye view of his whereabouts.

The apartment was superb. Even De l'Omelette pronounced it *bien comme il faut*. It was not very long, nor very broad,—but its height—ah, that was appalling! There was no ceiling—certainly none—but a dense whirling mass of fiery-coloured clouds. His Grace's brain reeled as he glanced upwards. From above hung a chain of an unknown blood-red metal, its upper end lost, *parmi les nues*. From its nether extremity hung a large cresset. The Duc knew it to be a ruby; but from it there poured a light so intense, so still, so terrible, Persia never worshipped such—Ghebre never imagined such—Mussulman never dreamed of such when, drugged with opium, he has tottered to a bed of poppies, his back to the flowers, and his face to the god Apollo! The Duc muttered a slight oath, decidedly approbatory.

The corners of the room were rounded into niches. Three of these were filled with statues of gigantic proportions. Their beauty was Grecian, their deformity Egyptian, their *tout ensemble* French. In the fourth niche the statue was veiled—it was not colossal. But then there was a taper ankle, a sandalled foot. De l'Omelette laid his hand upon his heart, closed his eyes, raised them, and caught his Satanic Majesty—in a blush.

But the paintings!—Kupris! Astarte! Astoreth!—a thousand and the same! And Raffaele has beheld them! Yes, Raffaele has been here; for did he not paint the —? and was he not consequently damned? The paintings!—the paintings! O luxury! O love!—who, gazing on those forbidden beauties, shall have eyes for the dainty devices of the golden frames that lie imbedded and asleep against those swelling walls of eider down?

But the Duc's heart is fainting within him. He is not, however, as you suppose, dizzy with magnificence, nor drunk with the ecstatic breath of those innumerable censers. The Duc de l'Omelette is terror-stricken; for through the lurid vista which a single uncurtained window is affording, lo! gleams the most ghastly of all fires!

The poor Duke! He could not help imagining that the glorious, the voluptuous, the never-dying melodies which pervaded that hall, as they passed filtered and transmuted through the alchemy of the enchanted window-panes, were the wailings and the howlings of the hopeless and the damned! And there, too—there—upon that ottoman!—who could *he* be?—he, the *petit maitre*—no, the Deity—who sat as if carved in marble, with his pale countenance, so sneeringly.

* * * * *

But a Frenchman never faints outright. Besides, his grace hated a scene—De l'Omelette is himself again. There were some foils

upon a table—some points also. The Duc had studied under B—; he had killed his six men. He measures two points, and, with a grace inimitable, offers his Majesty the choice. *Horreur!* His Majesty does not fence!

But he plays!—what a happy thought! His Grace, however, had always an excellent memory. He had dipped in the “Diable” of the Abbé Gaultier. Therein it is said, “*Que le Diable n’ose pas refuser un jeu d’Ecarté.*”

But the chances—the chances!—True—desperate: but not more desperate than the Duc. Besides, was he not in the secret?—had he not skimmed over Père Le Brun?—was he not a member of the Club Vingt-un? “*Si je perds,*” said he, “*je serai deux fois perdu,* I shall be doubly damned—*voilà tout!*” (Here his Grace shrugged his shoulders.) “*Si je gagne je serai libre,—que les cartes soient préparées!*”

* * * * *

His Grace was all care, all attention — his Majesty all confidence. A spectator would have thought of Francis and Charles. His Grace thought of his game. His Majesty did not think—he shuffled. The Duc cut.

The cards are dealt. The trump is turned—it is—it is—the king! No: it was the queen. His Majesty cursed her masculine habiliments. De l’Omelette laid his hand upon his heart.

They play. The Duc counts. The hand is out. His Majesty counts heavily, smiles, and is taking wine. The Duc slips a card.

“*C’est à vous à faire,*” said his Majesty, cutting. His Grace bowed, dealt, and arose from the table *en présentant le Roi.*

His Majesty looked chagrined.

Had Alexander not been Alexander, he would have been Diogenes; and the Duc assured his Majesty in taking leave, “*Que s’il n’était pas De l’Omelette il n’aurait point d’objection d’être le Diable.*”

THE MOCKINGS OF THE SOLDIERS.

FROM ST. MATTHEW.

“PLANT a crown upon his head,
Royal robe around him spread;
See that his imperial hand
Grasps, as fit, the sceptral wand:
Then before him bending low,
As becomes his subjects, bow;
Fenced within our armed ring,
Hail him, hail him, as our King!”

Platted was of thorns the crown,
Trooper’s cloak was royal gown;
If his passive hand, indeed,
Grasp’d a sceptre, ’twas a reed.
He was bound to feel and hear
Deeds of shame, and words of jeer;
For he whom king in jest they call
Was a doom’d captive scoff’d by all.

But the brightest crown of gold,
Or the robe of rarest fold,
Or the sceptre which the mine
Of Golconda makes to shine,
Or the lowliest homage given
By all mankind under heaven,
Were prized by him no more than scorn,
Sceptre of reed, or crown of thorn.

Of the stars his crown is made,
In the sun he is array’d,
He the lightning of the spheres
As a flaming sceptre bears:
Bend in rapture before him
Ranks of glowing seraphim;
And we, who spurn’d him, trembling stay
The judgment of his coming day.

W. M.

MORAL ECONOMY OF LARGE TOWNS.

BY DR. W. C. TAYLOR.

—
JUVENILE LABOUR.

LORD ASHLEY has directed the attention of the government and the public to one of the most important questions in our social economy, the condition of the generation immediately rising into manhood; and though his investigations embrace only a part, and that not the most important, of so extensive a subject, his labours cannot fail to produce valuable results, if the commissioners of inquiry appointed at his suggestion direct their attention not to making a case, but to collecting information. Reports are too often the records of the opinions the writers have formed, rather than the facts they have collected. In many of them we have lectures on political economy, on domestic and foreign policy, and on various branches of science, not always thoroughly comprehended, instead of such an array of facts as should form the foundation of opinion. It is but fair to add that this censure is more applicable to old reports than to those of ancient date. Indeed there was a time when it seemed a sufficient qualification for a commissioner that he was tolerably acquainted with Adam Smith and Joe Miller, for these authors furnished the staple of his report.

Those who have taken an interest in the education of the working classes, and watched its results in the practical operations of life, are aware that there is a stage when its beneficial results are exposed to a very rude trial, namely, the period when the children leave school. The poor require that children should begin to do something towards assisting in their own support when they reach the age of eleven or twelve, which is precisely the period when the moral training, that ought to form the chief element of education, might be expected to have the most influence on their minds. In general they leave school with only some smattering of reading and writing, and perhaps a little arithmetic, nothing has been done towards expanding their minds, or forming their principles; indeed before the great majority of their teachers could inculcate the elements of morality, they would require to be instructed in them themselves. On this most important point — the selection of teachers — a culpable spirit of negligence, or a still more culpable spirit of jobbing, exists among many who profess themselves the warmest friends of national education. Their notion of a school is simply a parcel of children packed into a room, seated on forms, with books or slates before them, and some grown person sitting in the middle, with a cast-iron countenance, never ruffled by a smile, whose value in the eyes of his patrons increases in the direct proportion of his approximation to an automaton. The patrons of charity-schools too frequently endeavour to make their benevolence perform double duty; there is to be charity in the appointment of the teacher, as well as in the admission of the scholars; and hence, with intentions as good as ever formed pavement in a place unmentionable to ears polite, when the office of schoolmaster is vacant, they vote for some broken tradesman, decayed farmer, superannuated

servant, or helpless pauper, for the very sensible reason that "he wants the place, poor man!" The more-important question, "Does the place want him?" is never taken into account; and thus, by imposing double work on their charity, they make one part of it neutralize the other.

The three great blunders made in education, even by sensible men, cannot be too often exposed; they are, first, a confusion between the means and the end, a belief that reading and writing are education, which is about as wise as to suppose that a hammer and saw are an arm-chair; secondly, that the qualifications required in a teacher are of such ordinary amount that they may be found anywhere,—teaching, farming, and gig-driving, all ranking among the gifts of Nature; and, thirdly, that moral training is produced by some inexplicable chemical compound in the school atmosphere, which produces so deep a constitutional effect that it lasts for life. It requires very little reasoning to prove that where any of these errors is committed,—and in seven-eighths of the schools throughout England all three flourish gloriously,—the education conferred must be miserable in amount, and soon forgotten. That such is the fact sufficiently appears from the educational inquiries made by that invaluable institution, the Manchester Statistical Society. In their report on the township of Pendleton, we find the following anecdotes, equally amusing to the reader, and disgraceful to the nation.

"A considerable number of persons stated that they were once able to read in the Bible, but had now forgotten it. This takes place, according to some, because they have 'so mitch else to think about'; others consider that hard work drives it out of their heads; and one woman attributed her loss of learning to having had 'such a big family.' A hand-loom weaver, speaking in reference to his ability to read formerly, said, 'I could say th' catechis fro' end to end, and ne'er look at book; but I cannot read now. I can only spell out words i' th' Testament, but cannot *expenale* them, or summut o' that.' A young woman, twenty-eight years of age, said she could have read in the Testament when young, but can only tell her letters now; cannot account for it, except that she has never tried to read for years. A crofter said he was at least three years at a day-school, and could read the Bible, but has 'quite forgotten how it's done now.'

Our own private investigations have convinced us that much of the learning acquired, or supposed to be acquired in the schools for the lower ranks, is forgotten twelve months after the children have left school, and sometimes at an earlier period; the report from which we have quoted states

"1. One youth said he had been to school, but what instruction he had had was not 'gradely,' for he could not say his letters.

"2. A female, referring to her school-days, said they did not learn much, for 'the mistress used to set the scholars agate o' peeling potatoes and fetching water, 'stead of setting them to read.'

"3. A man, who had attended a free-school in Staffordshire, complained that the master took no trouble with the scholars, and hence he never learned to read properly: —'one lad taught another all that was taught.'

"4. A labourer said he well remembered going to a dame-school, where 'the mistress used to hear him say his lessons, and strap him.'

"5. A mother stated that her daughter learned to write at a Sunday-school, but believed she 'ne'er got much good at a day-school.'

"6. Another stated, respecting herself, that she went to a day-school, but got no good of it, and learned afterwards to read in a Sunday-school."

It is no wonder that under such circumstances poor parents undervalue the benefits of education, and make no exertion to send their children to school.

"1. The wife of a dyer, mother of seven children, expressed herself thus:—'We senden them to school a bit when we can afford it; but there's too many folk i' th' warld—poor folk canna live, let alone clothing and larning. I canna, for shame, to let children go out, let alone going to school. But it's a weary thing when people canna read. It's a blessed fine thing to be a good scholar.'

"2. A hand-weaver, of decent appearance and respectful deportment, remarked that he had found it impossible to send his children to day school at all regularly, work having been uncertain, and wages low. He regretted this much, but observed that he had kept them at Sunday-school as punctually as he could; but sometimes, with his utmost efforts, he had been unable to provide them with decent clothing for this purpose, and they had been detained at home in consequence.

"Many persons stated the effect of this irregularity of attendance to be, that in the periods of non-attendance the little they have learned is lost.

"3. A mother stated, respecting her boy, that he had gone to school for four years 'back'ards and for'ards,' but that he could not read in the spelling-book.

"4. A family of eight were stated to have gone to school 'by bits and snatches,' owing to the father having been frequently out of work, and the consequence was that they had learned nothing.

"5. Others were said to go to school at 'offs and ons,' or 'nows and thens;' and one went 'odd days and half days,' until the parents took the child away, being unwilling to pay full price for only half-time.

"6. A female, speaking of her own opportunities, remarked, 'I never went to schoo' so mitch as to keep me i' larning; cannot tell how it wur; think it was neglect.'

"7. Another person observed, 'she never sent her children to schoo' but when she could find *nout* better for 'em to do.'

"8. A man, who was working half time, being asked whether a child, who was assisting in the house, had finished her education, replied, 'I've had a hard farm of it, but I intend to give her a good summer's schooling, if she can be spared half-a-day.'"

Besides the plea of poverty, and the temptation to send children early to work, we find recorded many cases of neglect on the part of parents, probably arising from their own ignorance.

"1. One person, who was unable to read, being asked how it

happened, replied, 'I gaed to wark when I should ha' gaen to schoo.'

"2. Another said, 'Weaving is too poor a trade to get schooling out of it.'

"3. A third observed, 'I never had the privilege of gooin' to a war'-day-school; it's nine or ten o'clock afore I've done o' nights, or I'd soon ha' a bit o' writing in my fingers.'

"4. A hand-loom weaver being asked respecting his attainments, said he had 'no chance for learning' when he was young, and he thought there was 'as little chance for poor folk now; then there were no schools, and now there is no money.'

"5. The wife of a dyer remarked she had not time to think about schooling for her children; all she thought of was 'to bring 'em to do *summut* to get a living.'

"6. One girl was represented as 'running ar'nds, and doing jobs i' th' house,' but the mother thought of sending her to school three days a week in summer if she could be spared.

"7. Speaking to a woman respecting her son, who was at work, but could not read, and inquiring how it happened, she replied, 'He would not go to schoo' when young, so, to punish him, I let him have his own way, and he rues it now.'

"8. Another parent sent her children to school awhile, but took them away because they played truant.

"9. The mother of a large family of boys was asked why the youngest lad, eight years of age, was not at school, and answered, 'I used to send him, but these t' other hobgoblins (meaning her elder sons) 'tices him off.'

"10. One man observed with much simplicity, 'I was put to wark when I should ha' gotten my bit o' larning.'

Some worshipful pundits in the north of England have complained of the account given of their educational establishments in a former essay; it is to be hoped that they will be satisfied with pictures drawn by their own statistical societies.

In considering the condition of the labouring youth in England, including persons of both sexes between the ages of twelve and eighteen, it is necessary to pay some regard to their previous history, and see how they have been prepared for that perilous stage of life, the commencement of earning their livelihood. The anecdotes which have been quoted, and which might easily be multiplied to an indefinite extent, sufficiently prove that in many cases no preparation is made, and in a still greater number the preparation is very inadequate and imperfect.

In consequence of this deficiency the employments provided for children are such as require little or no mental exertion, and, consequently, the exercise of them adds little, if anything, to their mental improvement. Girls suffer most, in being taken early from school, partly in consequence of the vulgar error that women have less need of learning than men, but chiefly because they are so useful about a house, in running on errands, taking care of small children, cleaning, &c.; however, these employments are still of some use in the way of education, as they prepare girls for many of the occupations which they are likely to meet in the active part of their lives. It is an advantage to girls to be early initiated in the details

of household management and domestic arrangement ; they learn, as daughters, the duties they will have to perform as mothers ; and, though it is to be regretted that this branch of instruction should in too many instances prevent them from obtaining book-knowledge, still it would be equally mischievous if school deprived them entirely of the education of home. Anxious inquiries were made on this subject at some of the principal schools in our large towns, and it was generally found that the children most regular and attentive at school were those whom their parents found most useful and handy at home. A poor widow at Liverpool mentioned the case of her two daughters ; the elder, about seventeen years of age, she said, " was not fit to do a hand's turn, or to be trusted with a pin's worth ;" the younger, under eleven, " was one of the tidiest and handiest little creatures in the parish." The elder, it appeared, had never received any instruction, but the younger attended one of the corporation schools. The poor woman had discovered the connection between the school-training, and the domestic training, but was sorely perplexed to explain it. " I don't know how it is," she said, " but they're the better in everything if they have *larning*." There are reasonable grounds for hoping that a conviction of this fact is spreading in the vicinity of our few well-conducted schools, and that the poor will see that sending their daughters to *good* schools, renders them more profitable to themselves. If, however, the schools are bad, girls had better stay at home, for there they will learn something.

The employments for young boys are, in general, less obviously connected with the occupations of their future lives, and are, therefore, less valuable in the way of preparatory training. It is an error to suppose that juvenile labour is used only in the manufacturing districts ; boys in the country are set to work as early as they are in town, and their occupations are frequently very laborious, and even unwholesome ; weeding, collecting manure, picking stones, driving away birds, tending sheep or poultry, and going of messages to the nearest market-town, are common employments of the children of the peasantry at a very early age.

One of the most comical sights in the world is a chubby urchin in charge of a drove of turkeys ; it reminds one of the description of Skinner's irregular horse in Kennedy's clever account of the Afghan war. The birds, when they take a fit of obstinacy, are worse to deal with than a herd of Irish or even Scotch pigs ; they scatter in all directions ; they raise a mixed sound of cackling, gobbling, fluttering, and screaming ; the cock assumes all the set stateliness of his tribe, and struts before his childish guardian in defiance, while the little fellow runs hither and thither, at one time closing in the flanks, at another bringing up the rear, until, sometimes, finding his efforts unavailing, he sits down on the ground and cries, in sheer vexation.

Picturesque, however, as this employment is, it is far from being beneficial in the way of training ; the children so employed become, in general, very stupid ; in their own phrase they acquire *maundering* habits,—that is, their minds being unoccupied either by books or conversation, they acquire a solitary shyness, the effect of which is severely felt in after life.

Inquiries have not enabled us to determine what effect education

would have on the little turkey-drivers ; but in the somewhat analogous case of boys employed in tending sheep and cattle, the influence is decidedly beneficial. The Scotch shepherds, who are all educated, are decidedly the best in Great Britain ; and the Kerry boys, who are similarly circumstanced, are superior to the rest of their class in Ireland. Some of the Kerry boys know a little Latin, —at least as much as will enable them to serve mass ; and the species of *memoria technica* frequently employed in their instruction may be understood by the following anecdote.

A Catholic priest, whose shortest way to his chapel lay through a Kerry sheep-walk, was struck by the intelligent looks of the boy who kept the flock. On questioning him, the priest found that he was so far behind the generality of his class as not to know the Lord's prayer in Latin, and resolved to become his instructor. Taking the lad into the midst of the flock, he said, " You are to call that sheep *Pater noster*, the next to it *qui es in cælis*, the next *sanctificetur*, the next *nomen tuum*, and so on through the flock and the prayer." In a short time the boy was in his lesson, what he was before in name, Pat. On several successive occasions he repeated it without missing a word ; but one day, when summoned to display his knowledge, he began, "*Pater noster, qui es in cælis, nomen tuum*—" —" You're wrong," shouted the priest. " Oh, your reverence," he replied, "*sanctificetur* was sold to the butcher last week."

The want of education in youth, whether in town or country, has a mischievous influence on juvenile labour in two ways. It limits the employments for youth to those which are the least intellectual, and which require the lowest possible kind of mental exertion ; and it incapacitates the young from profiting by the training which employment of every kind affords, increasing the danger of their becoming mere mechanical drudges, and slaves of routine. This danger is not only moral, but physical. Many of the labours in which children are employed are of such a nature, that they would not afford means of subsistence to a grown person ; and when, on his approach to manhood, the labourer is required to make an entire change in his occupation, his constitution having been previously formed by one course of training, namely, the labour in which he had been hitherto engaged, frequently incapacitates him from acquiring manual dexterity in his new pursuit.

A great outcry was raised against this country on the Continent, and in America, after the publication of the debates on the factory question, and it was asserted in broad terms that English parents were the most hard-hearted brutes in existence. The libel was not only false, but utterly absurd. If, as everybody is ready enough to acknowledge, and few willing to act upon, there should be a perceived connection between education and the practical purposes of life, labour ought to be part of the education of those who are to live by labour. It is a social blessing to have means for the safe, virtuous, and healthful employment of the young. There is very little difficulty in regulating these means when they have been acquired ; but it would be very difficult to restore them when once abandoned.

It is an unjust libel on the English operatives to say that they send their children to work in early youth from sheer avarice. The trifle they are likely to earn is, for the most part, the least influential motive with either fathers or mothers on such occasions. Their chief

object is to keep their children out of harm's way ; and the next, to give them an education suited to their condition. Again and again we must repeat, that labour is education, and the most important form of it to a working man.

That there are abuses in juvenile labour nobody will deny. It would be very hard to point out any form of human life in which abuses will not acquire strength, unless they are checked by authority. It is a strange sort of philanthropy which reserves all its sympathy for the tender years, and withholds commiseration from the sufferings of manhood. Children are sometimes treated with harshness ; but men are more frequently treated with harshness and injustice. The rack-rented tenant with the sweat of his brow raises a scanty harvest from a sterile soil ; but the landlord steps in, " gathering where he had strawed not, and reaping where he had not sowed ;" and, because the exorbitant rent cannot be fairly paid out of the productiveness of the soil, he coolly carries off the produce of the cottier's labour, and leaves him to starve. Men have been found to defend such injustice, on the ground that the tenant made his bargain with his eyes open ; — so does the boy or girl who accepts employment in any form of manufacture, and moreover they may quit the engagement at short notice. The worst of manufacturers has at least as good an excuse as the worst of landlords. We do not make these remarks in a spirit of unkindness to anybody ; but we have lived long enough in the world to know the danger and the injustice of excited benevolence. Philanthropy discovers an abuse, and declaims against it as if it was the only social evil existing in the universe. All those who are interested in the perpetuation of other abuses join the cry,—for it diverts attention from their own delinquencies, — and an entire class of men is hooted, assailed, reviled, and excommunicated, the noisiest in the pack of its pursuers being those who are hopelessly, because wilfully, ignorant of the entire subject.

This persecution of classes has become such an evil, that we shall not follow Lord Ashley in his examination of the hardships incident to the several trades he enumerated. At the same time it is but justice to add, that the noble lord kept wholly free from the injustice to which we have alluded. His benevolence for the children never led him, in speaking of the masters, to violate that charity which "thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

Confining ourselves, then, to generalities, we may first remark, that juvenile employment is in itself advantageous, if it be so restricted as not to injure health or morals, because it affords a means of training youth for the special paths of life which they are to pursue ; and secondly, that it is at least equally valuable as a preventative to juvenile vagrancy, which is the most prolific source of juvenile delinquency. In order to examine the abuses beneficially, the merits must be kept clearly and strongly in view. It is said of some gardeners that, from their attention being too strongly fixed on the task of keeping the beds free from weeds, they lose all sense of the beauty of the flowers, and never see anything but weeds in a garden. In the controversies between hostile sects and parties in religion and politics, we find antagonists becoming so heated, that they never discover anything but defects in their opponents, and

therefore deny them all merits whatsoever. To this error the hunters out of abuses are perpetually liable; and in consequence they so overstate and exaggerate their case, that they render their cause ridiculous. Feeling thoroughly convinced that there are great abuses to be removed, and great evils to be remedied, in the social condition of the working youth of England, we are sincerely anxious that these abuses should be carefully scrutinized and sifted, and that the respective shares of blame should be fairly apportioned to society, to parents, to masters, and to the children themselves.

We are the more anxious on this subject, because there seems to be a disposition on the part of some very ardent, but not very prudent, persons to demand from the legislature a total prohibition of juvenile labour; in other words, their remedies for abuses are vagrancy and starvation. It is easy enough to turn the children out of employment; but, before taking such a decisive step, it is necessary to inquire, "What then will be done with them?" Nothing but incurable ignorance would say, "Leave them to the guardianship of their parents;" for the parents could not take care of them if they would, and in too many instances would not if they could. Society has no right to take away sources of employment, that is, means of livelihood, without providing others in their place. It has no right to take children from any workshop which the parents have selected, whether wisely or unwisely, until it is prepared to show a better place of refuge.

Juvenile employment must be preserved, because it may be the means of effecting a great good, and because it is already the means of preventing a great evil. In a former paper we noticed some of the evils of juvenile vagrancy. We may add, that in the interval since that publication, these evils have either become more aggravated or more notorious; for on every side complaints are made of the pilfering propensities displayed by those who make the vending of tapes and matches an excuse for mendicancy. Their adroitness in robbing shop-counters, and even tills, is quite marvellous; and though we are anxious to extend juvenile employment, yet to this form of it we should not be sorry to see limitations applied.

Lord Ashley complained with great justice, that certain juvenile employments were so generally condemned, that few were willing to hire lads who had been once engaged in them. It would be curious to investigate the pride of rank displayed in every class of the operatives. Each of them is no less resolute in "standing by his order" than the proudest aristocrat of the land. Every one knows, or ought to know, the story of the old sweep and his son in Portsmouth, which so singularly illustrates pride of caste. Kean and Young, who were on a provincial tour, passed them, and the sooty urchin pointed them out to his father, exclaiming, "Them be players." The father, with exquisite morality, reproved the lad, saying, "Hold your tongue, you rogue! You do not know what you may come to yourself. Do not look down upon people who are flesh and blood like you."

On examination, it will be found that the employments so stigmatised by public opinion are those in which a preparatory course of education is least requisite. The estimate formed of the respectability of any form of labour is generally in direct proportion with the amount of the qualifications required. But in the very lowest of

these employments, — trades they can scarcely be called, — though learning of any kind forms no part of the demand made by the masters, yet they are far from undervaluing it when it is offered. We have almost universally found, that in the very lowest and meanest occupations a preference is shown by the masters for boys who can read and write. Even those who have had no education themselves have a glimmering sense of its value. There were some, however, who complained that knowledge made boys conceited, and set them above their business. In the instances where this complaint was examined, it was found that the masters who thus murmured had been forced on some occasion to feel their inferiority, by being obliged to have recourse to one of their boys for assistance, when a written order or direction had been sent them.

Several of the employments in which children are engaged are very unwholesome ; but, for the most part, their noxious influences could be averted, or at least greatly diminished, by ordinary precautions. But nothing can be more obvious to those who take the trouble of examination than the fact that uneducated children set little value on their own lives. In the factories at Birminham, masters and overseers complained bitterly of the recklessness of young persons in this respect. They had made sanatory regulations, and devised remedial rules ; but their trouble was quite thrown away ; none of those for whose benefit they were intended could be persuaded to observe them steadily. It is indeed but justice to say, that throughout England the masters, as a class, take a deeper interest in the welfare of those they employ than the operatives generally do in their own. Indeed, it is so obviously the interest of employers that their work-people, whether young or old, should be healthy, intelligent, and virtuous, that it is wonderful how anybody could have supposed that the masters in any trade could have combined for their degradation.

We have endeavoured to show that a stock of school-learning is of great value to the young, in whatever occupation they may be employed ; that it is in some sort a stay against the degradation which public opinion has connected with some forms of labour, and the stupifying effects of others. Let us hasten to declare that it is still very defective and inefficient. All the laws in the world will not prevent parents from calling on their children to contribute to their own support so soon as they are able to turn their hands to anything. We may lament this ; but it is out of our power to change the fact. We must legislate for the world as it is, not as it ought to be. What we cannot prevent, we may, however, direct, regulate, control, and remedy. Evening and Sunday schools for the adult keep up the knowledge acquired in earlier life, and give it extension and application. That Sunday schools have done immense service in this respect, is a fact within our own knowledge and experience. It is indeed to be lamented that prejudices have sometimes diminished their efficiency, by rigidly prohibiting secular instruction on that day. If those branches of natural science which most directly illustrate the goodness and wisdom of God in the works of creation formed a regular part of Sunday-school instruction, secular knowledge and religious feeling would be increased together.

Everything that tends to develop taste in the minds of the young,

to awaken their perceptions of beauty, whether in the works of nature or of art, has a decided moral tendency, and a much greater influence on the heart than is generally imagined. This has been signally proved in the exhibitions at the Mechanics' Institutes in most of our large towns. Nothing could be more delightful to the philanthropist than to witness the delight and intelligence manifested by the charity children who were gratuitously admitted by the several committees. Had such an opportunity of witnessing the benefits conferred by these exhibitions, as was vouchsafed to us, been enjoyed by the patrons of national schools, they would eagerly have sought the means of procuring such advantages for the pupils they had taken under their protection, and not, as was the case in Liverpool, at least in one instance, withheld them from such a boon when it was gratuitously offered, because, forsooth, they did not altogether approve of Mechanics' Institutes. We do not accuse those who so acted of wanton cruelty, or of designedly withholding the means of virtue; but we beg most respectfully to submit to them, that such was the direct effect of their conduct.

Religion is so obviously the bond of good order, and the great conservative element of society, that we cannot pass it over even if such were our inclination. Considering the very restricted share of parental attention bestowed on the children of the operatives, and the pernicious influences to which, from the first dawn of reason, they are exposed in our large towns, we feel that the importance of bringing their minds under the influence of religion has not received all the practical attention which the importance of the case requires. A special system of religious instruction for the young is imperatively required, and it would be a task worthy of the highest form of Christian philanthropy to devise the means of establishing such an institution.

In conclusion, we shall merely direct attention to the general considerations connected with this subject. The hardships of juvenile labour are only a portion of the evils to which the children of the operatives are subjected by the crowded state of modern society; the employment of children should be regulated, and not prevented; and finally, society should make every possible compensation to those whose toil, even in their early years, contributes to its wealth and its enjoyments.

THE BLACK MOUSQUETAIRE.

A LEGEND OF FRANCE.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

CANTO II.

I ABOMINATE physic—I care not who knows
That there's nothing on earth I detest like "a dose"—
That yellowish-green-looking fluid, whose hue
I consider extremely unpleasant to view,
With its sickly appearance, that trenches so near
On what Homer defines the complexion of Fear;

Χλωρον δεος, I mean,

A nasty pale green,

Though, for want of some word that may better avail,
I presume, our translators have rendered it "pale;"

For consider the cheeks

Of those "well-booted Greeks,"

Their Egyptian descent was a question of weeks:
Their complexion, of course, like a half-decayed leek's;
And you'll see in an instant the thing that I mean in it,
A Greek face in a funk had a good deal of green in it.

I repeat, I abominate physic; but then,
If folks will go campaigning about with such men
As the Great Prince de Condé, and Marshal Turenne,

They may fairly expect

To be now and then check'd

By a bullet, or sabre-cut. Then their best solace is

Found, I admit, in green potions, and boluses;

So, of course, I don't blame

St. Foix, wounded and lame,

If he swallow'd a decent *quant. suff.* of the same;

Though I'm told, in such cases, it's not the French plan

To pour, in their drastics as fast as they can,

The practice of many an English *Savan*,

But to let off a man

With a little *ptisanne*,

And gently to chafe the *patella* (knee-pan).

"Oh, woman!" Sir Walter observes, "when the brow
's wrung with pain, what a minist'ring Angel art thou!"

Thou'rt a "minist'ring Angel" in no less degree,

I can boldly assert, when the pain's in the knee;

And medical friction

Is, past contradiction,

Much better performed by a She than a He.

A fact which, indeed, comes within my own knowledge,
For I well recollect, when a youngster at College,

And, therefore, can quote

A surgeon of note,

Mr. Grosvenor of Oxford, who not only wrote
On the subject a very fine treatise, but, still as his
Patients came in, certain soft-handed Phyllises
Were at once set to work on their legs, arms, and backs,
And rubbed out their complaints in a couple of cracks.—

Now, they say,

To this day,

When sick people can't pay

On the Continent, many of this kind of nurses
Attend, without any demand on their purses ;
And these females, some old, others still in their teens,
Some call "Sisters of Charity," some "Begouines."
They don't take the vows ; but, half Nun and half Lay,
Attend you ; and when you 've got better, they say,
"You're exceedingly welcome ! There 's nothing to pay.

Our task is now done.

You are able to run.

We never take money ; we cure you for fun ! "

Then they drop you a court'sey, and wish you good day,

And go off to cure somebody else the same way.

—A great many of these, at the date of my tale,

In Namur walked the hospitals, workhouse, and jail.

Among them was one,

A most sweet Demi-nun.

Her cheek pensive and pale ; tresses bright as the Sun,—
Not carrotty—no ; though you 'd fancy you saw burn
Such locks as the Greeks lov'd, which moderns call auburn,
These were partially seen through the veil which they wore all ;
Her teeth were of pearl, and her lips were of coral ;
Her eyelashes silken ; her eyes, fine large blue ones,
Were sapphires (I don't call these similes new ones ;
But, in metaphors, freely confess I 've a leaning
To such, new or old, as convey best one's meaning.)—
Then, for figure ! In faith it was downright barbarity

To muffle a form

Might an anchorite warm,

In the fusty stuff gown of a *Sœur de la Charité* ;
And no poet could fancy, no painter could draw
One more perfect in all points, more free from a flaw,
Than her's who now sits by the couch of St. Foix,

Chafing there,

With such care,

And so dove-like an air,

His leg, till her delicate fingers are charr'd
With the Steer's opodeldoc, joint-oil, and goulard ;
—Their Dutch appellations are really too hard
To be brought into verse by a transmarine Bard.—

Now you 'll see,
 And agree,
 I am certain, with me,
 When a young man's laid up with a wound in his knee ;
 And a Lady sits there,
 On a rush-bottom'd chair,
 To hand him the mixtures his doctors prepare,
 And a bit of lump-sugar to make matters square ;
 Above all, when the Lady's remarkably fair,
 And the wounded young man is a gay Mousquetaire,
 It's a ticklish affair, you may swear, for the pair,
 And may lead on to mischief before they're aware.

I really don't think, spite of what friends would call his
 " *Penchant* for *liaisons*," and graver men " follies,"
 (For my own part, I think planting thorns on their pillows,
 And leaving poor maidens to weep and wear willows,
 Is not to be classed among mere peccadillos.)
 His *faults*, I should say—I don't think François Xavier
 Entertain'd any thoughts of improper behaviour
 Tow'rds his nurse, or that once to induce her to sin he meant
 While superintending his draughts and his liniment.

But, as he grew stout,
 And was getting about,
 Thoughts came into his head that had better been out ;
 While Cupid's an urchin
 We know deserves birching,
 He's so prone to delude folks, and leave them the lurch in.
 'Twas doubtless his doing
 That absolute ruin

Was the end of all poor dear Therese's shampooing.—
 'Tis a subject I don't like to dwell on ; but such
 Things will happen—ay, e'en 'mongst the phlegmatic Dutch.

" When Woman," as Goldsmith declares, " stoops to folly,
 And finds out too late that false man can betray,"
 She is apt to look dismal, and grow melan-choly,
 And, in short, to be anything rather than gay.

He goes on to remark that " to punish her lover,
 Wring his bosom, and draw the tear into his eye,
 There is but one method " which he can discover
 That's likely to answer—that one is " to die ! "

He's wrong—the wan and withering cheek ;
 The thin lips, pale, and drawn apart ;
 The dim, yet tearless eyes, that speak
 The misery of the breaking heart ;

The wasted form, th' enfeebled tone
 That whispering mocks the pitying ear ;
 Th' imploring glances heaven-ward thrown,
 As heedless, helpless, hopeless here ;

These wring the false one's heart enough,
 If "made of penetrable stuff,"
 And poor Therese
 Thus pines and decays,
 Till, stung with remorse, St. Foix takes a post-chaise,
 With, for "wheelers," two bays,
 And, for "leaders," two greys,
 And soon reaches France, by the help of relays,
 Flying shabbily off from the sight of his victim,
 And driving as fast as if Old Nick had kick'd him.

She, poor sinner,
 Grows thinner and thinner,
 Leaves off eating breakfast, and luncheon, and dinner,
 Till you 'd really suppose she could have nothing in her.—
 One evening—'twas just as the clock struck eleven—
 They perceiv'd she 'd been sinking fast ever since seven,—
 She breath'd one deep sigh, threw a look up to Heaven,
 And all was o'er !—
 Poor Therese was no more—
 She was gone !—the last breath that she managed to draw
 Escaped in one half-utter'd word—'twas St. Foix ! "

* * * * *

Who can fly from himself? Bitter cares, when you feel 'em.
 Are not cured by travel—as Horace says, "*Cælum*
Non animum mutant qui currunt trans mare !"
 It's climate, not mind, that by wand'ring men vary—
 Remorse for temptation to which you have yielded, is
 A shadow you can't sell as Peter Schlemil did his;
 It haunts you for ever—in bed and at board,—
 Ay, e'en in your dreams,
 And you can't find, it seems,
 Any proof that a guilty man ever yet snored !
 It is much if he slumbers at all, which but few,
 —François Xavier Auguste was an instance—can do.
 Indeed, from the time
 He committed the crime
 Which cut off poor Sister Therese in her prime,
 He was not the same man that he had been—his plan
 Was quite changed—in wild freaks he no more led the van.
 He 'd scarce sleep a wink in
 A week; but sit thinking,
 From company shrinking—
 He quite gave up drinking.
 At the mess-table, too, where now seldom he came,
 Fish, *fricassec*, *fricandeau*, *potage*, or game,
Dindon aux truffes, or *turbot à la crème*,
 No !—he still shook his head,—it was always the same,
 Still he never complained that the cook was to blame !
 'Twas his appetite fail'd him—no matter how rare
 And *recherché* the dish, how delicious the fare,—
 What he used to like best he no longer could bear ;

But he'd there sit and stare
 With an air of despair :
 Took no care, but would wear
 Boots that wanted repair.

Such a shirt too! you'd think he'd no linen to spare.
 He omitted to shave;—he neglected his hair,
 And look'd more like a Guy than a gay Mousquetaire.

One thing, above all, most excited remark ;
 In the evening he seldom sat long after dark.
 Not that then, as of yore, he'd go out for "a lark"
 With his friends ; but when they,

After taking *café*,

Would have broiled bones and kidneys brought in on a tray,
 —Which I own I consider a very good way,
 If a man's not dyspeptic, to wind up the day,—
 No persuasion on earth could induce him to stay ;
 But he'd take up his candlestick, just nod his head
 By way of "Good evening!" and walk off to bed.
 Yet even when there he seem'd no better off,
 For he'd wheeze, and he'd sneeze, and he'd hem! and he'd

cough ;

And they'd hear him all night,
 Sometimes, sobbing outright,

While his valet, who often endeavour'd to peep,
 Declared that "his master was never asleep!
 But would sigh, and would groan, slap his forehead, and weep ;

That about ten o'clock

His door he would lock,

And then never would open it, let who would knock!—

He had heard him," he said,

"Sometimes jump out of bed,

And talk as if speaking to one who was dead!

He'd groan, and he'd moan,

In so piteous a tone,

Begging some one or other to let him alone,
 That it really would soften the heart of a stone
 To hear him exclaim so, and call upon Heaven
 Then—The bother began always *just at eleven!*"

François Xavier Auguste, as I've told you before,
 I believe, was a popular man in his *corps*,

And his comrades, not one

Of whom knew of the Nun,

Now began to consult what was best to be done.

Count Cordon Bleu

And the Sieur de la Roue

Confess'd they did *not* know at all what to do;

But the Chevalier Hippolyte Hector Achille

Alphonse Stanislaus Emile de Grandville

Made a fervent appeal

To the zeal they must feel

For their friend, so distinguish'd an officer, 's weal.

"The first thing," he said, "was to find out the matter
That bored their poor friend so, and caused all this clatter—
Mort de ma vie!"

—Here he took some rappee—

"Be the cause what it may, he shall tell it to me!"—
He was right, sure enough—in a couple of days
He worms out the whole story of Sister Therese,
Now entomb'd, poor dear soul! in some Dutch *Père la Chaise*.
—"But the worst thing of all," François Xavier declares,

"Is, whenever I've taken my candle up stairs,
There's Therese sitting there—upon one of those chairs!
Such a frown, too, she wears,
And so frightfully glares,

That I'm really prevented from saying my pray'rs,
While an odour,—the very reverse of perfume,—
More like rhubarb or senna,—pervades the whole room!"

Hector Achille

Stanislaus Emile,

When he heard him talk so felt an odd sort of feel;
Not that *he* cared for Ghosts—he was far too genteel;
Still a queerish sensation came on when he saw

Him, whom, for fun,

They'd, by way of a pun

On his person and principles, nick-named *Sans Foi*,

—A man whom they had, you see,

Mark'd as a Sadducee,—

In his horns, all at once, so completely to draw,
And to talk of a Ghost with such manifest awe!—
It excited the Chevalier Grandville's surprise;
He shrugg'd up his shoulders, he turn'd up his eyes,
And he thought with himself that he could not do less
Than lay the whole matter before the whole Mess.

Repetition's detestable;—

So, as you're best able,

Paint to yourself the effect at the Mess-table—

How the bold Brigadiers

Prick'd up their ears,

And received the account, some with fears, some with sneers;

How the *Sieur de la Roue*

Said to Count Cordon Bleu,

"*Ma foi—c'est bien drôle*—Monseigneur, what say you?"—

How Count Cordon Bleu

Declared he "thought so too;"—

How the Colonel affirm'd that "the case was quite new;"—

How the Captains and Majors

Began to lay wagers

How far the Ghost part of the story was true;—

How at last, when ask'd "what was the best thing to do?"

Everybody was silent,—for nobody knew!—

And how, in the end, they said, "No one could deal

With the matter so well, from his prudence and zeal,

As the Gentleman who was the first to reveal
This strange story—viz. Hippolyte Hector Achille
Alphonse Stanislaus Emile de Grandville !”

I need scarcely relate
The plans, little and great,
Which came into the Chevalier Hippolyte's pate
To rescue his friend from his terrible foes,
Those mischievous Imps, whom the world, I suppose
From extravagant notions respecting their hue,
Has strangely agreed to denominate “Blue,”
Inasmuch as his schemes were of no more avail
Than those he had, early in life, found to fail,
When he strove to lay salt on some little bird's tail.
In vain did he try
With strong waters to ply
His friend, on the ground that he never could spy
Such a thing as a Ghost, with a drop in his eye ;
St. Foix never would drink now unless he was dry ;
Besides, what the vulgar call “sucking the monkey”
Has much less effect on a man when he's funky.
In vain did he strive to detain him at table
Till his “dark hour” was over—he never was able,
Save once, when at Mess,
With that sort of address
Which the British call “Humbug,” and Frenchmen “*Finesse*,”
(It's “Blarney” in Irish—I don't know the Scotch,)
He fell to admiring his friend's English watch.*
He examined the face,
And the back of the case,
And the young Lady's portrait there, done on enamel, he
“Saw by the likeness was one of the family ;”
Cried “*Superbe !—Magnifique !*”
(With his tongue in his cheek)—
Then he open'd the case, just to take a peep in it, and
Seized the occasion to pop back the minute-hand.
With a demi-*congé*, and a shrug, and grin, he
Returns the *bijou* and—*c'est une affaire finie*—
“I've done him,” thinks he, “now, I'll wager a guinea !”

It happen'd that day
They were all very gay,
'Twas the *Grand Monarque's* birthday—that is, 'twas St. Louis's,
Which in Catholic countries, of course, they would view as his—
So when Hippolyte saw
Him about to withdraw,
He cried, “Come—that won't do, my fine fellow, St. Foix,—
Give us five minutes longer and drink *Vive le Roi*.”

François Xavier Auguste,
Without any mistrust

* “Tompion's, I presume ?”—FARQUHAR.

Of the trick that was play'd, drew his watch from his fob,
Just glanced at the hour, then agreed to "hob-nob,"

Fill'd a bumper, and rose
With "Messieurs, I propose—"

He paused—his blanch'd lips fail'd to utter the toast !
'Twas *eleven* !—he thought it half-past ten at most—
Ev'ry limb, nerve, and muscle grew stiff as a post,—

His jaw dropp'd—his eyes
Swell'd to twice their own size—

And he stood as a pointer would stand—at a Ghost !
—Then shriek'd, as he fell on the floor like a stone,
"Ah ! Sister Therese ! now—do let me alone !"

* * * * *

It's amazing by sheer perseverance what men do,—
As water wears stone by the "*Sape cadendo*,"
If they stick to Lord Somebody's motto, "*Agendo* !"—
Was it not Robert Bruce ?—I declare I've forgot,
But I think it was Robert—you'll find it in Scott—
Who, when cursing Dame Fortune, was taught by a Spider,
"She's sure to come round, if you will but abide her."

Then another great Rob,
Call'd "White-headed Bob,"

Whom I once saw receive such a thump on the "nob,"
From a fist which might almost an elephant brain,
That I really believed, at the first, he was slain,
For he lay like a log on his back on the plain,
Till a gentleman present, accusom'd to train,
Drew out a small lancet, and open'd a vein
Just below his left eye, which relieving the pain,
He stood up, like a trump, with an air of disdain,

While his "backer" was fain,
—For he could not refrain—

(He was dress'd in pea-green, with a pin and gold chain,
And I think I heard somebody call him "Squire Hayne,")
To whisper *ten words* one should always retain,
—"TAKE A SUCK AT THE LEMON, AND AT HIM AGAIN!!!"—
A hint ne'er surpass'd, though thus spoken at random,
Since Teucer's apostrophe—*Nil desperandum* !—
—De Grandville acted on it, and order'd his Tandem.

He had heard St. Foix say,
That no very great way

From Namur was a snug little town call'd Grandpré,
Near which, a few miles from the banks of the Maese,
Dwelt a pretty twin sister of poor dear Therése,
Of the same age, of course, the same father, same mother,
And as like to Therese as one pea to another ;

She liv'd with her Mamma,
Having lost her Papa,

Late of contraband *schnaps* an unlicensed distiller,
And her name was Des Moulins (in English, Miss Miller).

Now, though Hippolyte Hector
 Could hardly expect her
 To feel much regard for her sister's protector,
 When she'd seen him so shamefully leave and neglect her;
 Still, he very well knew
 In this world there are few
 But are ready much Christian forgiveness to shew
 For other folk's wrongs—if well paid so to do—
 And he'd seen to what acts "*Res angustæ*" compel *beaux*
 And *belles*, whose affairs have got once out at elbows,
 With the magic effect of a handful of crowns
 Upon people whose pockets boast nothing but "browns;"
 A few *francs* well applied
 He'd no doubt would decide

Miss Agnes Des Moulins to jump up and ride
 As far as head-quarters next day by his side;
 For the distance was nothing, to speak by comparison,
 To the town where the Mousquetaires now lay in garrison;
 Then he thought, by the aid
 Of a veil, and gown made

Like those worn by the lady his friend had betray'd,
 They might dress up Miss Agnes so like to the Shade,
 Which he fancied he saw, of that poor injured maid,
 Come each night with her pale face his guilt to upbraid;
 That if once introduced to his room, thus array'd,
 And then unmask'd as soon as she'd long enough stay'd,
 'Twould be no very difficult task to persuade
 Him the whole was a scurvy trick, cleverly play'd,
 Out of spite and revenge, by a mischievous jade!

With respect to the scheme—though I do not call that a gem—
 Still I've known soldiers adopt a worse stratagem,
 And that, too, among the decided approvers
 Of General Sir David Dundas's "*Manœuvres*."

There's a proverb, however,
 I've always thought clever,
 Which my Grandmother never was tired of repeating,
 "The proof of the Pudding is found in the eating!"
 We shall see, in the sequel, how Hector Achille
 Had mix'd up the suet and plums for *his* meal.

The night had set in;—'twas a dark and a gloomy one;—
 Off went St. Foix to his chamber; a roomy one,
 Five stories high,
 The first floor from the sky,
 And lofty enough to afford great facility
 For playing a game, with the youthful nobility
 Of "*crack corps*" a deal in
 Request, when they're feeling,
 In dull country quarters, *ennui* on them stealing;
 A wet wafer's applied
 To a sixpence's side,
 Then it's spun with the thumb up to stick on the ceiling;

Intellectual amusement, which custom allows old troops,—
 I've seen it here practised at home by our Household troops.—
 He'd a table, and bed,
 And three chairs; and all's said.—
 A bachelor's barrack, where'er you discern it, you're
 Sure to find not overburthen'd with furniture.

François Xavier Auguste lock'd and bolted his door
 With just the same caution he'd practised before.
 Little he knew
 That the Count Cordon Bleu,
 With Hector Achille, and the Sieur de la Roue,
 Had been up there before him, and drawn ev'ry screw!

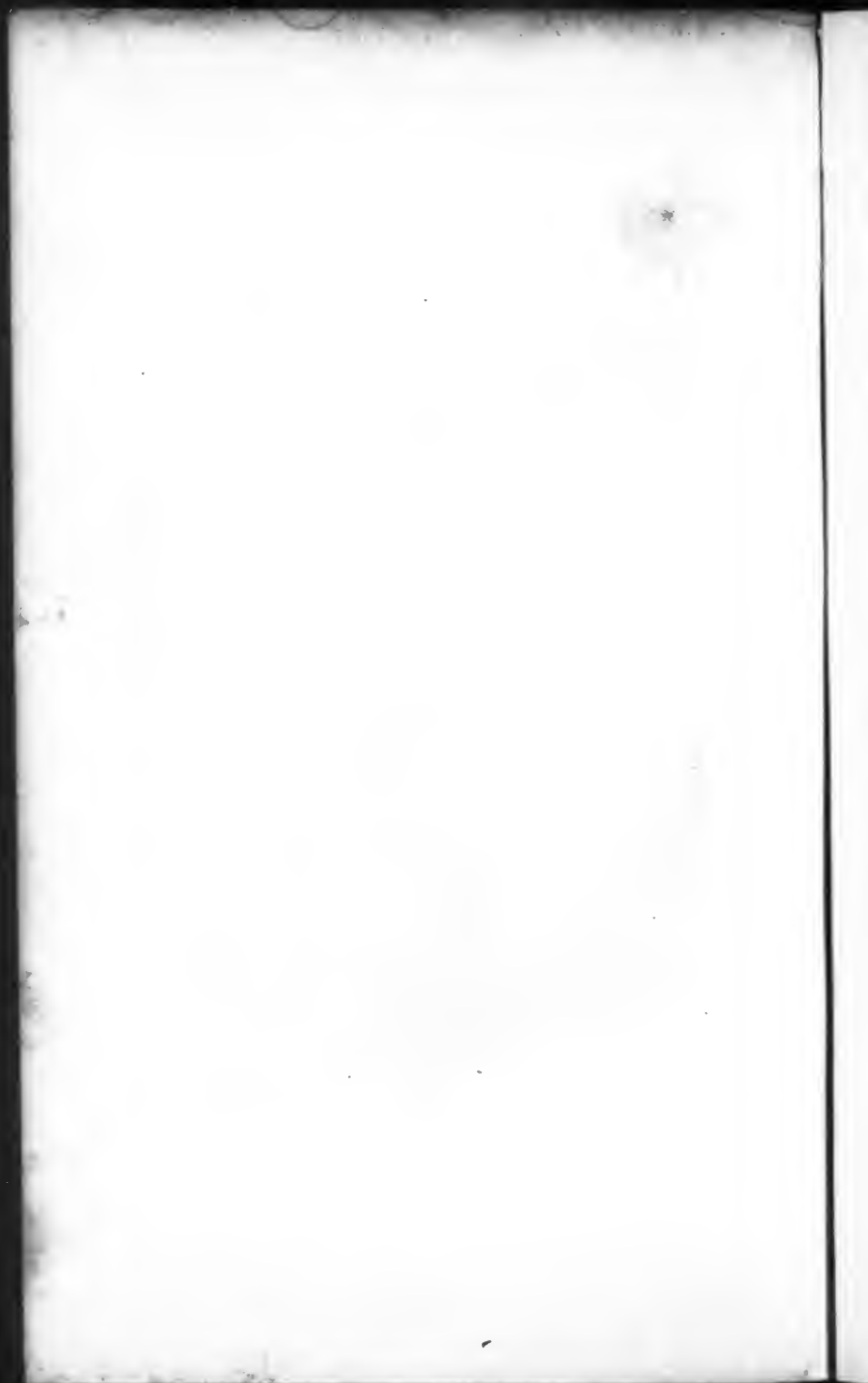
And now comes the moment—the watches and clocks
 All point to *eleven*!—the bolts and the locks
 Give way—and the party turn out their bag-fox!—
 With step noiseless and light,
 Though half in a fright,
 “A cup in her left hand, a draught in her right,”
 In her robe long and black, and her veil long and white,
 Ma'amselle Agnes des Moulins walks in as a Sprite!—
 She approaches the bed
 With the same silent tread
 Just as though she had been at least half a year dead!
 Then seating herself on the “rush-bottom'd chair,”
 Throws a cold stony glance on the Black Mousquetaire.

If you're one of the “play-going public,” kind reader,
 And not a Moravian or rigid Seceder,
 You've seen Mr. Kean,
 I mean in that scene
 Of Macbeth,—by some thought the crack one of the piece,
 Which has been so well painted by Mr. M'Clise,—
 When he wants, after having stood up to say grace,*
 To sit down to his haggis, and can't find a place;
 You remember his stare
 At the high-back'd arm-chair,
 Where the Ghost sits that nobody else knows is there,
 And how, after saying “What man dares I dare!”
 He proceeds to declare
 He should not so much care
 If it came in the shape of a “tiger” or “bear,”
 But he don't like it's shaking it's long gory hair!
 While the obstinate Ghost, as determined to brave him,
 With a horrible grin,
 Sits and cocks up his chin,
 Just as though he was asking the tyrant to shave him.
 And Lenox and Rosse
 Seem quite at a loss

* May good digestion wait on appetite,
 And health on both.—*Macbeth*.



The Duke's Courtship



If they ought to go on with their sheep's head and sauce;
And Lady Macbeth looks uncommonly cross,

And says in a huff

It's all "Proper stuff!"—

All this you'll have seen, Reader, often enough;
So, perhaps 't will assist you in forming some notion
Of what must have been François Xavier's emotion

If you fancy what troubled

Macbeth to be *doubled*,

And, instead of *one* Banquo to stare in his face
Without "speculation," suppose it a *brace!*

I wish I'd poor Fuseli's pencil, who ne'er I believe
was exceeded in painting the terrible,

Or that of Sir Joshua

Reynolds, who was so a-

droit in depicting it—*vide* his piece

Descriptive of Cardinal Beaufort's decease,

Where that prelate is lying

Decidedly dying,

With the King and his *suite*,

Standing just at his feet,

And his hands, as Dame Quickly says, fumbling the sheet;

While, close at his ear, with the air of a scorner,

"Busy, meddling," Old Nick's grinning up in the corner.

But painting's an art I confess I am raw in,

The fact is, I never took lessons in drawing,

Had I done so, instead

Of the lines you have read,

I'd have giv'n you a sketch should have fill'd you with dread;

François Xavier Auguste squatting up in his bed,

His hands widely spread,

His complexion like lead,

Ev'ry hair that he had standing up on his head,

As when, Agnes des Moulins first catching his view

Now right, and now left, rapid glances he threw,

Then shriek'd with a wild and unearthly halloo,

"*Mon Dieu! v'la deux!!*"

BY THE POPE THERE ARE TWO!!!"

He fell back—one long aspiration he drew.

In flew De la Roue,

And Count Cordon Bleu,

Pommade, Pomme-de-terre, and the rest of their crew.

He stirr'd not,—he spoke not,—he none of them knew!

And Achille cried "Odzooks!

I fear, by his looks,

Our poor friend, François Xavier, has popp'd off the hooks!"

"Twas too true!

Malheureux!!

It was done!—he had ended his earthly career,

He had gone off at once with a flea in his ear;

The Black Mousquetaire was as dead as Small-beer!!

L'Enbop.

A moral more in point I scarce could hope
Than this, from Mr. Alexander Pope.

If ever chance should bring some Cornet gay,
And pious Maid—as, possibly, it may,—
From Knightsbridge Barracks, and the shades serene
Of Clapham Rise, as far as Kensal Green;
O'er some pale marble when they join their heads
To kiss the falling tears each other sheds;
Oh! may they pause!—and think, in silent awe,
He, that he reads the words, "*Ci git St. Foix!*"
She, that the tombstone which her eye surveys
Bears this sad line,—"*Hic jacet Sœur Therese!*"—
Then shall they sigh and weep, and murmuring say,
"Oh! may we never play such tricks as they!"—
And if at such a time some Bard there be,
Some sober Bard, addicted much to tea
And sentimental song—like Ingoldsby—
If such there be—who sings and sips so well,
Let him, from Bentley's page, this story tell!
Warn'd by the tale, the gentle pair shall boast,
"I've 'scaped the Broken Heart!"—"and I the Ghost!"

T. I.

Tappington Everard.

COLIN CLINK.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Colin's interview with Squire Lupton, and what it led to.—A bait to catch the Doctor.

ON reaching the hotel Colin found Mr. Lupton seated in a room up stairs, with a table spread for two; dinner was brought up shortly after his arrival. During their repast, the young man could not avoid being continually reminded with what familiarity he was treated by his entertainer, — a familiarity the more unaccountable because all his previous ideas of the higher classes had been derived solely from casual observation of that high bearing and seeming austerity which usually exist in their intercourse with the inhabitants of a country district. To be sure, he had done him an essential service, by saving him from severe injury, if not from death; but that he thought might be well rewarded without all this personal condescension. But Mr. Lupton seemed to take pains to render him easy—to make him at home, as it were, and cause him to feel upon a level with himself.

Though Colin could not account for all this, it had its effect. By the time the meal was over, and at the Squire's solicitations he had imbibed various glasses of sherry, he found himself as much at liberty as in Miss Sowersoft's kitchen.

As Mr. Lupton evinced considerable anxiety to know what had brought him to London; and Colin himself felt no less desirous to explain, two long hours scarcely sufficed for a narrative, which caused in the mind of Mr. Lupton the utmost astonishment. The freedom with which Mr. Clink expressed his sentiments respecting the death of the lawyer, and the hand which he believed Doctor Rowel had had in that event, raised doubts of the young man's prudence, though at the same time it went far to convince him of the propriety of placing the Doctor himself in security, until a full investigation could be gone into. That he was open to a serious charge was evident; and the Squire could come to no other conclusion than that it was his duty as a magistrate to have the Doctor apprehended.

While Colin related in unassuming language his own attempt to set Woodruff at liberty, together with the disasters which had pursued him in consequence, Mr. Lupton's countenance grew now grave, now expressive of admiration, and anon involuntarily convulsed with emotions which he could not conceal. In truth, the *father's* heart was touched. *He* felt and admired as the height of magnanimity what other men might have commended merely as a good action.

When Colin had concluded, the Squire looked earnestly in his face during a few moments; he filled his glass, and Colin's too, but his hand trembled as he did it; again he looked at him, and again his eyes were earthwards.

"My boy!" said he, but faltered, — "my boy! I am proud of you; but your presence makes me ashamed. I bitterly regret it, and yet I ought not, when it has given me such a noble mind as this!"

He paused, and then, as though with some sudden determination to shake off unwelcome reflections, observed—

"But, come, — drink your wine. Let us to business. I told you I should do something for you. What I have heard to-night has not lessened that determination. First, have you left that vagabond place you were living in?"

Colin replied, that he had informed Veriquear of his intention to leave, and was at liberty to depart at any hour.

"Then leave to-morrow," observed Mr. Lupton. "I will find you fitting apartments elsewhere. Do you like reading?"

"Much more," replied the young man, "than my opportunities have enabled me to gratify."

"I am glad to hear it. You shall have books, and fit yourself for better things than you seemed to be born to. But never mind that. And money? I suppose the bottle-merchant has not filled your pockets."

Colin observed that he had ten pounds, though not through Peter Veriquear. At the same time he related to the Squire in what manner he had come by it, and how Miss Wintlebury's conduct had convinced him she was a worthy young woman.

"Have nothing to do with a girl like that," said Mr. Lupton. "I have seen similar things before now. No, my boy; think nothing more about her. As to her being in want, and dying, why, the thing is so common, that the widest stretch of benevolence could not cover more than a span in comparison with the world. I like charity; but the world renders it needful for people to hold their heads on their own level. There is more in store for you than you can anticipate. I have no other than—Well, never mind. But the law knows me, my

boy, as the last of my family ; for, unluckily, my marriage has been like no marriage. Did you ever see Mrs. Lupton at Kiddal ?”

“ Never, that I am aware of,” answered Colin.

The Squire fell into a fit of musing, during which he beat his foot upon the ground abstractedly.

“ Well !” he exclaimed, as if starting afresh to life, “ there is that Doctor. We must catch him somehow. He is a scoundrel, I am afraid ; though it seems a pity to hang the poor devil, too. I’ll tell you how we will do it. I will write to him in a day or two, inviting him here on business. He will suspect nothing, and come of course. You shall have an opportunity of meeting him. We will hear what he has to say ; and if I find him guilty, means shall be provided beforehand to seize him.”

This proposition for entrapping the wily Doctor having been finally decided upon, with the understanding that Colin should early be apprized of his arrival, he received a hearty shake of the hand, and took his leave.

In accordance with the Squire’s wishes, he took leave next day of the Veriquear family, and repaired to comfortable apartments in the neighbourhood of Bedford Square, which Mr. Lupton had engaged for him. Neither did that gentleman forget to despatch Colin to a fashionable tailor, for the purpose of being thoroughly new-rigged ; so that before the time arrived for his interview with the doctor, he made as gentlemanly an appearance as any beau about town.

Some few days afterwards, a note from the Squire informed him that Rowel had taken the bait, and would be at his hotel at seven.

Elated with the hope not only of securing Woodruff’s liberation, but also of getting the Doctor punished, Colin set out at an early hour, and arrived some twenty minutes before the time fixed for Rowel’s appearance.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Doctor caught, and caged.—Woodruff’s removal, and where to.

SCARCELY had the clock struck seven before the gentleman of whom they were in expectation was introduced.

He addressed himself familiarly to the Squire, but scarcely cast a look upon Colin, whom, “ disguised as a gentleman,” he did not seem to know, until Mr. Lupton introduced him by name. Then, indeed, he started, and looked perplexed in what manner to regard the young man.

“ Happy to see you, Mr. Clink,” said he. “ I have been anxious to meet with you now for some time. If I am not mistaken, you are the same gentleman who did me the honour to climb the wall of my premises, a while ago ?”

“ The same, sir,” replied Colin.

“ Ah !—indeed ! You hear that, Mr. Lupton ?”

The Squire assumed an air of astonishment, in order to encourage the Doctor. It was evident he fancied he had got Colin “ on the hip,” and was drawing from him a confession before the very face of a magistrate ; while Mr. Lupton’s countenance tended to confirm the notion.

“ But, sir,” said the Doctor, blandly addressing the last-named gentleman, “ you have business with me. Only, as I have a serious charge to make against this young gentleman, and most unexpectedly met with him here —”

"I beg you will proceed," objected the Squire; "and be assured, if you have any charge to make against him, I shall gladly hear it; for I have taken him into my confidence. And if I am deceived—"

"Sir," said the Doctor, gravely, "I fear you are. You know who he is, of course?"

"Why, sir, who is he?" demanded Mr. Lupton.

"Who is he, sir! I'll tell you, sir, who he is. That young man, sir,—he, sir,—he is neither more nor less, sir, than the son of a little huckster woman in your own village, sir."

"And what then, doctor?"

"Besides that, Mr. Lupton, he is an incipient housebreaker. I charge him with having made a burglarious attempt on my premises at Nabbfield, for which he was obliged to fly the country; and you, sir, will see the propriety of putting his person in a position of security."

"You feel convinced his intention was to rob you?" asked the Squire.

"Sir," replied the Doctor, "the thing speaks for itself. A young man forms a plan to enter my premises: comes at ten o'clock at night,—a burglarious hour; climbs my outer wall by a rope-ladder—"

"It seems more like a love affair," interrupted the Squire.

"So I thought," answered Rowel, "at first; because I found some fragments of a letter; but I could make nothing of them."

"Have you those fragments by you?"

"I have a copy, which I kept in case of need," said the Doctor.

"Perhaps you will read it, Mr. Rowel," observed Mr. Lupton.

"Certainly," replied he; and drawing from his pocket-book a paper containing some scattered portions of the letter which Colin Clink had addressed to James Woodruff, the torn fragments of which Rowel had detected after James had buried them, he handed it to the Squire:—

"The young woman ----- is necessary ----- in your yard until ten o'clock at night. ----- If you should ----- try ----- until you do succeed ----- stand ----- thickest ----- in the corner. Colin Clink ---- will do his best to get ----- Fanny will be able --- any night --- at ten o'clock."

No sooner had Mr. Lupton perused this fragment than he pronounced the whole to have been unequivocally a love affair. There could be no doubt about the matter.

Rowel objected to this interpretation, and persisted in expressing his opinion that the young man harboured no good motives.

"Perhaps," said he, addressing Mr. Clink, "you will so far oblige Mr. Lupton as to explain what really were your motives?"

"He need not be at that trouble," observed Mr. Lupton, "until I have asked you, Doctor, a few questions which, I dare say, you can readily answer."

"Oh, certainly, sir. Ask anything. I shall have great pleasure in affording you every information. And allow me to add, how deeply I feel the honour you have done me in demanding my attendance, while you are surrounded by so much of the first talent and experience that the profession can boast of. I trust the case is not a serious one. Allow me, sir."

The Doctor drew his chair near that of Mr. Lupton, and extended his fingers to feel his pulse. The last-named gentleman pretended not to observe this invitation, as he remarked.

"I am afraid, Mr. Rowel, the case is a very serious one indeed."

"Indeed! Let us hope the best. Explain the symptoms, if you please."

"The first," replied the Squire, "is this:—that youth with whom you have been talking appears to have reasons for believing, that for many years you have kept imprisoned as a lunatic a man of sound mind."

The Doctor's countenance underwent a sudden change.

"Sir!" he exclaimed, "you are not serious?"

"I certainly am not joking," replied Mr. Lupton.

"Then am I to believe it possible," rejoined the Doctor, "that you, sir, can have *descended* so far as to listen to the idle tales which such a boy may have picked up amongst the gossips of a village? It surely, sir, cannot be needful for me to disabuse your mind of prejudices of this kind,—to inform you how the suspicions of the vulgar are apt to attach to any professional man, associated, as I am, with a very unfortunate class of patients."

"I anticipate all you would say," observed the Squire, "and appreciate the force of your remarks. At the same time I should be glad to know whether you have not a patient named Woodruff?"

"Emphatically, then, sir," replied the Doctor, "I HAVE NOT."

"And never had?"

"That I will not say."

"You have removed him?"

"There is no such individual in my care."

"Is he at liberty?"

"I think, Mr. Lupton," replied the Doctor, smoothly, "you will allow that, without offence, I may decline, after what has been said, to give farther explanation of a purely professional affair, for which I do not hold myself responsible, save as a matter of courtesy, to any man."

"Sir," replied the Squire, seriously, "where reason exists for even the slightest suspicion—I do not say that wrong *has* been done,—the responsibility you disclaim cannot be set aside; and that some suspicion I *do* entertain, it is needless to scruple avowing."

"Did I not feel assured," answered Rowel, "from the many years I have enjoyed Mr. Lupton's acquaintance, that he can scarcely intend to offer me insult, the course I ought to adopt—"

"Whatever course you may adopt," interrupted the Squire, "will not alter mine. A remarkable disclosure has been made to me respecting a patient in your keeping, as well as regarding the death of the late lawyer of Bramleigh."

Those words startled the Doctor in an extreme degree. They seemed to strike him as might a sudden sickness that turns the brain giddy; starting from his chair, with his eyes fixed fiercely on Colin, he advanced towards him, exclaiming,

"What other falsehoods, villain, have you dared to utter? If there be law in the land for such infamous defamation, I'll punish you for it, though it cost me my life! Have you dared to say that I had anything to do with Skinwell's death, sir?"

"I have said to Mr. Lupton, what I believe to be true," replied Colin, "that you helped to kill him."

"It's a lie!—a lie!—a d—d lie! you slanderous vagabond!"

The Doctor would inevitably have committed a personal assault upon Mr. Clink, had he not in the midst of his rage been restrained by certain reasons, arising from the evident capability of the young man to turn again, and convert the chastiser into the chastised. He therefore

contented himself with fretting about the room as might some irritated cur, haunted with the spectre of a tin-pan appended to his tail. In the midst of the "very whirlwind of his passion," he snatched up his hat, as though unexpectedly seized with an idea of the propriety of taking leave; but Mr. Lupton kept an eye upon him.

"Not yet, sir, if you please," observed the Squire, interposing. "I must perform an unpleasant office; but nevertheless, Mr. Rowel, it is my duty to tell you that, for the present, you are my prisoner."

"I deny it!" exclaimed the Doctor. "I am no prisoner!"

"That we will ascertain," replied Mr. Lupton, as he rapped on the table, while the Doctor used his endeavours to force his way out.

Before he could effect this object, the door was thrown back, and two servants of the law entered. A warrant, which Mr. Lupton had prepared beforehand, was produced, and in a very comfortable space of time the Doctor was placed in a coach, and driven to certain appropriate lodgings, which the country has provided for gentlemen who have been so unlucky as to be inveigled into the commission of criminal offences.

The removal of Woodruff from the doctor's establishment has been before alluded to; while the declaration made by that worthy to Mr. Lupton that he had no such person on his premises, has borne evidence to the fact.

It was quite true. For, after the attempt which Colin had so unsuccessfully made to effect Mr. Woodruff's escape, Rowel became convinced — as the secret was out — that his charge would no longer be safe within the asylum at Bramleigh. He therefore seized the earliest opportunity to convey him by night to the residence of the Doctor's own brother, — an old-fashioned brick mansion upon the borders of a heathy waste, which formerly constituted one of the finest portions of the old forest of Sherwood.

It was even now studded with the remains of ancient oaks, which had sheltered many a bold archer in times gone by, but now sufficed only to give additional dreariness to the solitary landscape.

The removal, however, of James Woodruff to this place had not been effected without Fanny's knowledge: and, for the possession of this fact, it is believed, she was indebted to Mrs. Rowel. Not knowing what step to take, Fanny was no sooner made acquainted with the removal which Rowel contemplated, than she communicated it to her master, the young man who had succeeded the deceased Mr. Skinwell, one Sylvester by name; and a man who, though but a crest-fallen-looking affair outside, had, when occasion needed, considerable pluck within. No sooner was he informed of the affair than he volunteered his assistance. In accordance with the plan he proposed, himself and Fanny were prepared on the intended night of Woodruff's removal, quietly to follow the vehicle that contained him until it should arrive at its destination; having ascertained which, they would take the most prompt steps within their power to insure his restoration to his friends. In accordance with this arrangement they acted, and at a convenient distance followed in a gig, as they thought, unobserved. On Sylvester's subsequently making application at the house described, and to which he had seen Woodruff driven, he found Doctor Rowel, who expressed surprise at seeing him, and on being informed of the nature of his mission, declared that Mr. Sylvester was mistaken. In proof whereof, he conducted him into a chamber where lay a gentle-

man sick in bed, who, the doctor averred, was the person he had brought in the night before, for the benefit of the purer air of the forest. Beyond this Sylvester saw nothing to warrant Fanny's suspicions; while the girl herself declared that that man certainly was not the father of whom they were in search. In fact, so admirably had the doctor managed, that Fanny began to think herself that she was labouring under mistake; more especially when the sick man concurred in the statement made by the doctor, and averred that he had been brought from Nabbfield the preceding night. And he spoke the truth; for, in fact, the sick man was no other than Robson, the doctor's assistant, fitted with a very consumptive-looking nightcap, a bedgown over his shirt, and a bottle of hot water at his heels to make him look like an invalid; while Woodruff himself, shortly after his arrival, had been again removed—in consequence of the doctor's suspicions that he was followed,—to a more secret place in the heart of the waste, where, it was trusted, he might be safely kept the remainder of his days, or even put to death, if such a step should be deemed advisable.

In consequence of the doctor's stratagem, Fanny and Mr. Sylvester returned disappointed to their home.

Such, in substance, was the story related by Fanny to Colin on her visit to town: and which he again had communicated to Mr. Lupton.

Whether the arrest of Doctor Rowel, when it became known to the brother, of whom we have spoken, might not have precipitated some tragical conclusion of Woodruff's life,—is doubtful, had not a singular communication concerning him been subsequently made to Colin.

CHAPTER XXVI.

London Bridge, and an unexpected scene upon it.

It was about four o'clock—sometime before daylight—one morning, nearly a month after the events described, that Mr. Lupton and Colin might have been seen wending their way along the chilly streets, in the direction of London-Bridge. Saving the footfalls of the watch, the rattle of some early carriage over the pavement, or now and then the asthmatical cough of some poor old creature turned out thus early, in cloak and covered chair, to sit with charcoal fire and coffee in the streets, there were no audible signs that any soul existed there besides themselves. London was asleep. This Goliath of cities had lain down wearied, and for a time lost itself in forgetfulness.

"Five," said Colin, "is, I think, the time, and the city side."

As he said this he drew from his pocket the communication to which allusion was made in the last chapter, and again perused it.

The reader must here be informed that the letter now in Colin's hand had been addressed to him in the first instance at Mr. Veriquear's, and thence had been forwarded to his present residence. It came from some anonymous correspondent, evidently residing not far from the place to which Woodruff had been carried: but its contents will best explain themselves.

"Sir,—I understand that you feel some interest in the fate of a Mr. James Woodruff. That man is now in my power, either to liberate or to detain for life, according as you may answer this. YOU HAVE AN

OBJECT TO CARRY OUT, SO HAVE I. If you are prepared to serve me I will put this Woodruff into your hands: if not, neither you nor his daughter may ever see him more. Meet me *alone* at the north end of London Bridge, at five on the morning of the —th, and I will explain particulars. At that time it will be as secret there as in a desert, and you will feel more secure. You will know the writer of this when you see a man make a cross with his finger in the air."

This strange communication Colin had laid before Mr. Lupton; and the only conjecture they could form was, that it had been written by Rowel's brother, who—having heard of the imprisonment of that gentleman,—had resorted to this expedient in the hope of compromising the matter by, as it were, exchanging prisoners, and perhaps stipulating for farther proceedings being stayed. There were objections to this interpretation, but it seemed the only plausible one they could hit on.

However, as Mr. Lupton suspected that possibly some treachery might be concealed, and that it was a plot to be revenged on Colin,—he determined to accompany him; but, on their arrival near the place appointed, to fall back, though still keeping sufficiently near to distinguish a signal which Colin was to give in case of need.

The bridge was at hand. Over the parapet to the left, and considerably below them, long rows of lights, illuminating the walls of life-deserted warehouses, pointed out the site of that noisy gully, Thames Street. Before them, farther on, lost in mist, and yet lingering smoke, rose beyond the water one solitary tower, looming darker than all around it, but relieved still farther back by a flush of dull, mysterious light, which, though it showed nothing distinctly, emphatically marked the existence beyond of many an unseen mass of building like that by which they were immediately surrounded. And now they are on the bridge alone. It is not yet five. The sight is magnificent. Behold these two sides of a mighty city, separated by a scarcely-seen gulf, on which streams of light, reflected from night-lamps afar off, ripple as though so many of the pillars of fire that lighted the Israelites of old were on the waves. Up the great stream, or down it,—the uprearing of men's hands,—house, church, and palace, appear alike illimitable. All those mean and minor details, which confound the eye and distract the attention during daylight, are now swallowed up and resolved into one broad whole. The dense and unmeasured mass of building which meets the sight every way, seems resolved into a solid. Line on line and height on height extending away till lost utterly in the far obscurity of the void horizon. Without any great strain of the imagination this scene might be mistaken for a splendid dream of Tyre, Palmyra, or Babylon,—cities whose giant memories loom in the mind as images that cannot be fully compassed from their very vastness. While under our feet flows the dull, deceptive stream, that has borne on its bosom the wealth of kingdoms; that has found in its bed a thousand last resting-places for human misery; and that in its stormy wrath has swallowed happiness, when jollity forgot in temporary delirium that boats are frail, and that but a slender plank stood between itself and a deep grave.

As Colin cast a scrutinizing eye around, in the hope of meeting his correspondent, the clocks far and near chimed five. Almost with the last stroke of the bell footsteps were heard on the city side of the

bridge. A bricklayer's labourer, with a short pipe in his mouth, passed; then a woman—if woman she could be called,—torn, dirty, and deplorable to look upon, staggering under the influence of last night's excess: but neither made a sign. Behind them followed an old man, roughly clad in the costume of the poorer classes of our country villages, saving that a long coat supplied the place of smock-frock, while his nether extremities were finished off with quarter boots, laced up to the ancles.

A feeling, which displayed itself in his flushed features, shot through Colin's veins as the first sight of this man came across him. Had he seen him before? It seemed so; but when? where?

The old man hesitated as he gazed on Colin, and then cast a searching glance around. The figure of Mr. Lupton was dimly visible at some distance. Colin leaned idly against the wall, his eyes fixed intently on the old man, who now again was approaching him. The sign was made—the cross in the air—and our hero accosted him.

"I believe you wish to speak to me: you sent a letter to me a short time ago."

"Nay, now!" replied the old man, "what occasion have you to tell me that. If I wrote I know it without explanation; and your appearance here is a sufficient assurance that you have received it. Do you know who I am?"

"I do not," said Colin, "though it seems as I had seen you before."

"Humph! well—well!" exclaimed the old man, "then you are now talking to old Jerry Clink, your own grandfather."

"Clink!" ejaculated the young man. "My grandfather!"

"Now, why ask them queshtons again? Hav'n't I answered 'em?"

"But, is it possible? I never knew I had a grandfather."

"Ay, ay, I see how it is," replied Jerry; "I'm a poor man, and you are apeing the gentleman. But I risked my life once to be revenged for you, only some meddler came across and balked me. I'll do it yet, though; and I want you to help me. The cause is yours as well as mine; for the injury is of a mother to you, though of a daughter to me: and the man who will not defend his mother, or revenge her disgrace, ought to be cast into the bottomless pit."

Colin stood astonished at this speech. He scarcely knew what he said, but faltered out,

"Who, sir, has dared to say anything to my mother's dishonour, or to bring her into any disgrace?"

Old Jerry tapped him with serious significance on the shoulder.

"Your father, boy,—your father!"

"How!" exclaimed the young man in a tone of deep excitement: "who is he? for I never knew who was my father."

"You—" replied Jerry bitterly, "ought never to have been born!"

"What can you mean, man, by all this?" demanded Colin.

"I tell you," answered the man, "your father is a villain, and you—but never mind. Since you *are* alive, show that you are worthy to live by resenting your mother's injuries. *My* vengeance has been untiring, but it has not succeeded. Together we can do anything. True, the man must be called as he is, your father. What then? The punishment of such fathers cannot come from better hands than their sons. They that sow the wind, let them reap the whirlwind."

"What is it?" demanded Colin, "that you would propose?"

"See you," said Jerry, drawing closer, "you are in love with a girl, Fanny Woodruff. Nay, do not interrupt me. I tell you you love her, and can never marry any one else. Her father is confined as a madman. I am his keeper. You want to liberate him, and rightly too. *He* has told me all about it. Now, let me see the spirit of a man in you; take up your mother's cause, and he shall by me be set at liberty. Join hand and heart with me against the villain your father."

"Who is he?" again demanded Colin.

"Lupton of Kiddal," answered Jerry.

"Mr. Lupton my father!"

"The same. I shot at him once."

"You?"

"I, with this same right hand."

"And I," added Colin, "prevented it, and saved you from the gallows."

Old Jerry stood confounded. His countenance changed with deadly fury, and in the next moment he rushed upon Colin with apparently the intention of forcing him over the balustrades.

A moment sufficed for his signal, which brought Mr. Lupton to the spot. The recognition between Jerry and himself was the process of a moment; and, while the latter strove to secure the former without violence, Jerry desperately aimed to bury in his bosom a long knife, which he held open in his hand. The combined exertions of Mr. Lupton and Colin were, however, too much for him, and would eventually have achieved his capture, had not Jerry, with a reckless desperation and agility, which struck both his assailants with horror and astonishment, leapt the wall of the bridge on finding himself at the point of being taken, and casting his knife and coat from him, plunged headlong into the Thames.

It was a wild leap, an insane flight into the arms of death. There was no splash in the water, but a dull, leaden sound came up, as when a heavy weight is plunged into a deep gulf. It was as though the water made no aperture, and threw up no spray; but gulfed him sullenly, as though such prey was not worth rejoicing over.

Father and son seemed petrified; not more from what they had seen than—in the case of the latter, at least—had heard also from the suicide. For that a suicide he was who could doubt? Who might take that leap, and live?

During a brief space they dared not even cast their eyes down the fearful height; the deed had paralyzed them. But, as Colin's eyes were fixed intently on the waves, a something seemed to struggle across a ripple of light. Could it be the old man?

Boats were got out, the river was traversed, and both banks were searched, in hopes of finding him, providing that he had escaped; but all efforts proved ineffectual.

The cause of Mr. Lupton's kindness was a secret to Colin no longer. But in how different a position did he seem to stand to that gentleman now, to what he had done even one brief hour ago! Within that space what painful truths had been cleared up; what difficulties and embarrassments thrown around his future conduct towards nearly every person in whose fate his heart was interested! But the case of old Jerry, his grandfather, so resolutely bent on spilling the blood of his own father, out of a stern principle of mistaken justice, seemed to him the worst. He foresaw that, unless Jerry was drowned, all his address

would be required to settle the hostility between that man and his father without that bitter and ignominious consequence which would doom him to behold his mother's parent expiate upon a scaffold his crime of having twice attempted the assassination of Mr. Lupton ; more especially as the last-named gentleman was with the utmost difficulty dissuaded from instantaneously setting on foot such measures as could scarcely have failed in producing the apprehension of old Clink. In this, however, he for the present succeeded ; but so deeply was he overwhelmed with the fearful transactions of the morning that he begged the Squire to allow him a day or two's reflection ere he undertook the duty of explaining to him what had passed between the old man and himself, as well as his reasons for earnestly desiring that an intended murderer should be left unmolested. It was on one condition only that Mr. Lupton consented to acquiesce in this request. That condition was—to be told who his fierce assailant could possibly be. Colin hesitated and at length burst into tears as he uttered—" My mother's father ! "

The Squire turned pale as ashes, while a sensible tremor shook his whole frame. He grasped Colin's hand, but said nothing. Those words called up something in each mind, which now made both dumb. They shook hands, and parted.

THE DUKE OF KENT'S LODGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CLOCKMAKER ; OR, THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF SAM SLICK OF SLICKVILLE."*

THE communication by steam between Nova Scotia and England will form a new era in colonial history. It will draw closer the bonds of affection between the two countries, afford a new and extended field for English capital, and develop the resources of that valuable but neglected province. Mr. Slick, with his usual vanity, claims the honour of suggesting it, as well as the merit of having by argument and ridicule reasoned and shamed the Government into its adoption. His remarks upon the cruelty of employing the unsafe and unfortunate gun-brigs that constituted the line of Falmouth packets, until they severally foundered and disappeared with their gallant crews, are too personal and too severe to be recorded in this place, and the credit he claims for having attracted the attention, and directed the indignation of the public to this disgraceful sacrifice of human life, is so extravagant, that one would suppose this obvious and palpable error had escaped the observation of all the world but himself, and was altogether a new discovery. But, whatever praise he may deserve for his calculations and suggestions, or whatever blame is to be attached to the Admiralty for their obstinate adherence to the memorable "coffinships," I prefer looking forward to dwelling on a painful retrospect, and indulging in pleasing anticipations of the future, to commenting on the errors of the past.

This route, by its connexion with that of New York, will afford an agreeable tour, commencing at Halifax, passing through the colonies, and terminating at the Hudson. It will offer a delightful substitute

* We are happy to present our readers in the present number with the above contribution, and another under the title of "Too knowing by half," from the forthcoming volume of the "Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick of Slickville," *third series*.

for that of the Rhine, and the beaten tracks on the Continent. As soon as it was announced that Government had decided upon adopting Mr. Slick's designs, I wrote to him informing him of the fact, and of my intention to proceed to St. John, the State of Maine, New England, and New York, and requested him to meet me as soon as possible, and accompany me on this journey, as I proposed taking passage at the latter place in a steamer for Great Britain. I left Halifax on the 10th of May last, and embarked on board of the Great Western in July. It was the third, and will probably be the last tour on this continent performed in company with this eccentric individual. During the journey there were few incidents of sufficient novelty to interest the reader, but his conversation partook of the same originality, the same knowledge of human nature, and the same humour as formerly; and, whenever he developed any new traits of character or peculiarity of feeling, not exhibited in our previous travels, I carefully noted them as before, and have now the pleasure of giving them to the public. As a whole they form a very tolerable portrait of an erratic Yankee trader, which, whatever may be the merit of the execution, has, at least, the advantage, and deserves the praise of fidelity.

The morning I left Halifax was one of those brilliant ones that in this climate distinguish this season of the year; and as I ascended the citadel hill, and paused to look for the last time upon the noble and secure harbour, the sloping fields and wooded hills of Dartmouth, and the tranquil waters and graceful course of the North West Arm, which, embosomed in wood, insinuates itself around the peninsula, and embraces the town, I thought with pleasure that the time had now arrived when this exquisite scenery would not only be accessible to European travellers, but form one of the termini of the great American tour. Hitherto it has been known only to the officers of the army and navy, the former of whom are but too apt to have their first pleasurable impressions effaced by a sense of exile, which a long unvaried round of garrison duty in a distant land so naturally induces, and the latter, to regard good shelter and safe anchorage as the greatest natural beauties of a harbour.

After leaving Halifax the road to Windsor winds for ten miles round the margin of Bedford Basin, which is connected with the harbour by a narrow passage at the dockyard. It is an extensive and magnificent sheet of water; the shores of which are deeply indented with numerous coves, and well-sheltered inlets of great beauty.

At the distance of seven miles from the town is a ruined lodge, built by his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, when commander-in-chief of the forces in this colony, once his favourite summer residence, and the scene of his munificent hospitalities. It is impossible to visit this spot without the most melancholy feelings. The tottering fences, the prostrate gates, the ruined grottos, the long and winding avenues, cut out of the forest, overgrown by rank grass and occasional shrubs, and the silence and desolation that pervade everything around, all bespeak a rapid and premature decay, recall to mind the untimely fate of its noble and lamented owner, and tell of fleeting pleasures, and the transitory nature of all earthly things. I stopped at a small inn in the neighbourhood for the purpose of strolling over it for the last time ere I left the country, and for the indulgence of those moralising musings which at times harmonize with our nerves, and awaken what may be called the pleasurable sensations of melancholy.

A modern wooden ruin is of itself the least interesting, and at the same time the most depressing object imaginable. The massive structures of antiquity that are everywhere to be met with in Europe, exhibit the remains of great strength, and, though injured and defaced by the slow and almost imperceptible agency of time, promise to continue thus mutilated for ages to come. They awaken the images of departed generations, and are sanctified by legend and by tale. But a wooden ruin shows rank and rapid decay, concentrates its interest on one family, or one man, and resembles a mangled corpse, rather than the monument that covers it. It has no historical importance, no ancestral record. It awakens not the imagination. The poet finds no inspiration in it; and the antiquary no interest. It speaks only of death and decay, of recent calamity, and vegetable decomposition. The very air about it is close, dank, and unwholesome. It has no grace, no strength, no beauty, but looks deformed, gross, and repulsive. Even the faded colour of a painted wooden house, the tarnished gilding of its decorations, the corroded iron of its fastenings, and its crumbling materials, all indicate recent use and temporary habitation. It is but a short time since this mansion was tenanted by its royal master, and in that brief space how great has been the devastation of the elements. A few years more, and all trace of it will have disappeared for ever. Its very site will soon become a matter of doubt. The forest is fast retaining its own, and the lawns and ornamented gardens, annually sown with seeds scattered by the winds from the surrounding woods, are relapsing into a state of nature, and exhibiting in detached patches a young growth of such trees as are common to the country.

As I approached the house I noticed that the windows were broken out, or shut up with rough boards to exclude the rain and snow; the doors supported by wooden props instead of hinges, which hung loosely on the panels; and that long, luxuriant clover grew in the eaves, which had been originally designed to conduct the water from the roof, but becoming choked with dust and decayed leaves, had afforded sufficient food for the nourishment of coarse grasses. The portico, like the house, had been formed of wood, and the flat surface of its top imbibing and retaining moisture, presented a mass of vegetable matter, from which had sprung up a young and vigorous birch-tree, whose strength and freshness seemed to mock the helpless weakness that nourished it.* I had no desire to enter the apartments, and, indeed, the aged ranger, whose occupation was to watch over its decay, and to prevent its premature destruction by the plunder of its fixtures and more durable materials, informed me that the floors were unsafe. Altogether the scene was one of a most depressing kind.

A small brook, which had by a skilful hand been led over several precipitous descents, performed its feats alone and unobserved, and seemed to murmur out its complaints, as it hurried over its rocky channel to mingle with the sea; while the wind, sighing through the umbrageous wood, appeared to assume a louder and more melancholy wail, as it swept through the long vacant passages and deserted saloons, and escaped in plaintive tones from the broken casements. The offices, as well as the ornamental buildings, had shared the same fate as the house. The roofs of all had fallen in, and mouldered into dust; the doors, sashes, and floors had disappeared; and the walls only, which

* This was the case when I was there in 1828. Since then porch and tree have both disappeared.

were in part built of stone, remained to attest their existence and use. The grounds exhibited similar effects of neglect, in a climate where the living wood grows so rapidly, and the dead decays so soon, as in Nova Scotia. An arbour, which had been constructed of lattice-work, for the support of a flowering vine, had fallen, and was covered with vegetation; while its roof alone remained, supported aloft by limbs of trees, that growing up near it, had become entangled in its net-work. A Chinese temple, once a favourite retreat of its owner, as if in conscious pride of its preference, had offered a more successful resistance to the weather, and appeared in tolerable preservation; while one small surviving bell, of the numerous ones that once ornamented it, gave out its solitary and melancholy tinkling as it waned to the wind. How sad was its mimic knell over pleasures that were fled for ever!

The contemplation of this deserted house is not without its beneficial effect on the mind; for it inculcates humility to the rich, and resignation to the poor. However elevated man may be, there is much in his condition that reminds him of the infirmities of his nature, and reconciles him to the decrees of Providence. "May it please your Majesty," said Euclid to his royal pupil, "there is no regal road to science. You must travel in the same path with others, if you would attain the same end." These forsaken grounds teach us in similar terms this consolatory truth, that there is no exclusive way to happiness reserved even for those of the most exalted rank. The smiles of fortune are capricious, and sunshine and shade are unequally distributed; but though the surface of life is thus diversified, the end is uniform to all, and invariably terminates in the grave.

"Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres."

Ruins, like death, of which they are at once the emblem and the evidence, are apt to lose their effect from their frequency. The mind becomes accustomed to them, and the moral is lost. The picturesque alone remains predominant, and criticism supplies the place of reflection. But this is the only ruin of any extent in Nova Scotia, and the only spot either associated with royalty, or set apart and consecrated to solitude and decay. The stranger pauses at a sight so unusual, and inquires the cause; he learns with surprise that this place was devoted exclusively to pleasure; that care and sorrow never entered here; and that the voice of mirth and music was alone heard within its gates. It was the temporary abode of a prince,—of one, too, had he lived, that would have inherited the first and fairest empire in the world. All that man can give or rank enjoy awaited him; but an overruling and inscrutable Providence decreed, at the very time when his succession seemed most certain, that the sceptre should pass into the hands of another. This intelligence interests and excites his feelings. He enters, and hears at every step the voice of nature proclaiming the doom that awaits alike the prince and the peasant. The desolation he sees appals him. The swallow nestles in the empty chamber, and the sheep find a noon-day shelter in the banquetting-room, while the ill-omened bat rejoices in the dampness of the mouldering ruins. Everything recalls a recollection of the dead; every spot has its record of the past; every path its footstep; every tree its legend; and even the universal silence that reigns here has an awful eloquence that overpowers the heart. Death is written everywhere. Sad and dejected, he turns and

seeks some little relic, some small memorial of his deceased prince, and a solitary neglected garden-flower, struggling for existence among the rank grasses, presents a fitting type of the brief existence and transitory nature of all around him. As he gathers it, he pays the silent but touching tribute of a votive tear to the memory of him who has departed, and leaves the place with a mind softened and subdued, but improved and purified, by what he has seen. The affectionate remembrance we retain of its lamented owner may have added to my regret, and increased the interest I felt in this lonely and peculiar ruin. In the Duke of Kent the Nova Scotians lost a kind patron and a generous friend. The loyalty of the people, which, when all America was revolting, remained firm and unshaken, and the numerous proofs he received of their attachment to their King and to himself, made an impression upon his mind that was neither effaced or weakened by time or distance. Should these pages happily meet the eye of a Colonial Minister, who has other objects in view than the security of place or the interests of a party, may they remind him of a duty that has never been performed but by the illustrious individual, whose former residence among us gave rise to these reflections. This paper is designed for the cottage, and not for the palace; and the author has not the presumption even to hope that it can ever be honoured by the perusal of his sovereign. Had he any ground for anticipating such a distinction for it, he would avail himself of this opportunity of mentioning that, in addition to the dutiful affection the Nova Scotians have always borne to their monarch, they feel a more lively interest in, and a more devoted attachment to, the present occupant of the throne, from the circumstance of the long and close connexion that subsisted between them and her illustrious parent. He was their patron, benefactor, and friend. To be a Nova Scotian was of itself a sufficient passport to his notice, and to possess merit a sufficient guarantee for his favour. Her Majesty reigns, therefore, in this little province in the hearts of her subjects, — a dominion of love inherited from her father. Great as their loss was in being thus deprived of their only protector, her faithful people of Nova Scotia still cling to the hope that Providence has vouchsafed to raise up one more powerful and equally kind in her Majesty, who, following this paternal example, will be graciously pleased to extend to them a patronage that courtiers cannot, and statesmen will not, give. While, therefore, as protegés of her royal house, they claim the right to honour and to serve the Sovereign of the empire as "*their own Queen*," they flatter themselves her Majesty, for a similar reason, will condescend to regard them as "*the Queen's own*."

LINES TOUCHING THE LINE.

A YANKEE of genius, by no means a lubber,
 Invented some ships built of tough India rubber,
 Which would walk in half no time all over creation;
 So, thinking he 'd found out a boon for his nation,
 To Congress he offer'd his Macintosh fleet,
 Which he guess'd would all other craft very soon beat;
 But Congress his vessels thought fit to decline,
 Lest, in sailing across, they should *rub out the line!*

J. S.

COURTING IN BRETAGNE ;

OR, THE BAZVALAN.

BY MISS LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

AMONGST the many singular and antique customs of Brittany, one of the most remarkable is the ceremony used on occasion of a wedding, or rather, a *courting*. It is not sufficient for the young man who pretends to the hand of a maiden to exert his own eloquence in order to express all his devotion, and to show by every action how greatly he is enamoured ; an influential person must be employed, without whose offices his courtship would be considered out of all etiquette, and he would be looked upon as a contemptible suitor. This personage is called in Breton language, "The Bazvalan," his title being derived from the *wand of broom*, which he carries as his caduceus, a symbol of love and union, considered indispensable. The lover, then, having fixed his affections on a certain damsel, applies to the Bazvalan, and places his case in his hands. In general this important and somewhat romantic character is no other than the tailor of the village. This may sound rather undignified ; but the Breton tailor is always above his fellows in wit and talent ; he seems to hold a place similar to the barber in most primitive communities, but his calling is in every way superior, and he must combine a great variety of accomplishments before he is fitted to undertake the duties imposed upon him as a *messenger of love*. In the first place, he must possess the gift of eloquence in a superior degree, be exceedingly and imperturbably good-humoured, and of inexhaustible gaiety. He must be intimately acquainted with every particular relative to the families of those between whom he negotiates, and have collected a store of anecdotes concerning them which his business is to turn to the best advantage, so as to exhibit the characters of all in the most honourable and agreeable light, and particularly that of his immediate employer. He must know the precise extent of his possessions, the value of his flocks and herds, his granaries and granges, his pastures and his lands. In particular, he must be able to represent his personal advantages in the most favourable light, and, above all, must constantly have a ready reply to any objections which may be raised on the opposite side. The respect in which the Bazvalan was formerly held was so great that he could pass through the most disturbed places, and in the midst of contending armies, totally scathless, his flowering wand of broom being a sign which commanded respect from all. So highly appreciated was the art of carrying on an embassy of love that it was considered as an indispensable part of a young man's establishment who had pretensions to dignity that the Bazvalan should form one of his suite.

As soon as the Bazvalan presents himself at a house, and stands on the threshold of the door, saluting those within, should it happen that no one immediately invites him to enter ; if the brands of the fire are standing upright in the chimney when he does enter ; or if the mistress, taking a *crêpe* (the species of pancake which is their ordinary food,) begins to toast it before the fire *at the end of her fingers*, turning her back to the guest, as may be imagined, it is a bad augury,

and the Bazvalan has nothing to do but to retire as he came. He should be cautious, also, never to continue his journey if at setting out he meets a crow, or a magpie. But should he hear a turtle-dove coo in the trees as he advances, and, as soon as he reaches the house, if before he has finished his salutation at the threshold he is interrupted by friendly greetings, entreated to enter, and take part in the entertainments within, he is in a fair way of success. He then begins to exercise his art, addressing the mother in a low tone, who shortly retires with him apart, listens to his eloquent pleadings, and then returns to communicate with her daughter, whose consent is thus gained. The wedding is then decided to take place in a month from that time; meanwhile every kind of preparation is made to prepare the house and household furniture for the young couple, and their dresses for the occasion.

When the bridesmaids and bridesmen are chosen, they all assemble at the priest's domicile on a Saturday evening, when the betrothment takes place, followed by a supper. The next morning, at high mass, the publication of the banns takes place, after which invitations are sent for the bridal. These are generally in verse; and here again the talent of the Bazvalan is called into play, as such compositions are from his muse. Accompanied by the nearest relations of the young pair, he makes the tour of the country, taking care always to arrive just as the families he visits are about to sit down to table. To announce his presence he strikes three times on the door, and salutes them with, "Joy and happiness in this house: here is the wedding-messenger." He enters and explains the motive of his attendance, explains all, names the day and hour of the fête, and takes his place at the board.

On the appointed day, at sunrise, the court-yard of the bride's house is filled with a joyous group on horseback, who come to seek her to conduct her to church. The bridegroom is at their head, with his *garçon d'honneur* by his side. At a given signal the Bazvalan descends from his horse, goes up the steps of the house, and declaims at the door of the bride on a theme, from which he draws metaphors and tropes, as far as his imagination will carry him, singing his verses to an improvised air, to which another minstrel of the house, employed by the bride, should reply. This minstrel is called the Brotaer. Each of these bards receives as a wedding present a belt of red wool and a pair of white stockings, marked with a yellow corner.

The following dialogue may give an idea of these rustic effusions. It is in the dialect of Cornouailles.

THE DEMAND.

DIALECT OF HAUTE-CORNOUAILLE.

The Bazvalan sings,

BLESSINGS in the name of Heaven
Be upon this house, and joy
Greater than to me is given,
Whom new-springing cares annoy!

The Brotaer answers,

Wherefore, friend, so sad art thou?
Why does sorrow cloud thy brow?

The Bazvalan.

I had in my dovecote late,
 Nestled by my pigeon's side,
 One fair dove, his gentle mate,
 Till a hawk in tow'ring pride,
 Like a thunder-cloud came near,
 And my bird grew wild with fear.
 Since that day I seek in vain,
 Nor can find my dove again!

The Brotaer.

Strange thy grief wears such a mien!
 Curl'd thy locks, thy garb how gay—
 Seldom sorrow thus is seen,
 Meet for joy such brave array.

The Bazvalan.

Cruel friend! reproach me not,
 Pity my deserted lot,
 Answer to my question straight,—
 Is my dove within thy gate?
 In my heart is ceaseless pain,
 Till I find my dove again.

The Brotaer.

How should I relieve thy woe,
 Who nor dove nor pigeon know?

The Bazvalan.

Faithless youth! my dove was seen
 In thy courts, and on thy green.
 And its mate of grief will die
 If he lose her. I will try
 Thro' the op'ning of thy door
 To behold her.

The Brotaer.

Hold! no more.
 I will seek my garden o'er.

The Brotaer then enters the house, and after the delay of a few minutes returns singing,

No: I search'd my garden through,
 Flow'rs of every scent and hue
 There I found, but dove was none.
 See, I bring a little rose,
 Thou shalt have the lovely one
 As a balm to soothe thy woes.

He goes back again, and re-appears, leading by the hand a little girl, whom he presents to the Bazvalan, who courtously regards her, and then exclaims,

Lovely flow'r! charms ever new
 Do those ruddy leaves disclose:
 If my pigeon were the dew
 He should in thy breast repose!*

* The similarity is very remarkable of this stanza to that in the beautiful Scotch ballad quoted by Burns, in a letter to Mr. Thomson.

“O gin my love were yon red rose,
 That grows upon the castle wa',
 And I mysel' a drap o' dew
 Into her bonnie breast to fa'!”

After a pause the Bazvalan seems struck with a new thought, and cries,

Ah! my dove perchance might fly
To thy sheltering granary.

The Brotaer stops him as he appears going, and says,
I will seek it all around.

He returns immediately with the mistress of the house, singing,

See, this ear of corn I found,
Left from greater store—'tis thine :
Take it, and no more repine.

The Bazvalan.

Many as the grains that swell
In this ear, my dove shall tell
Snowy eggs beneath her wing,
In the blithesome time of spring,
Snowy eggs within her nest,
'Neath her feathers closely prest!

Pauses.

In the fields she yet may be.

The Brotaer.

Hold! thy gear is all too fine :
I will go myself to see
For this roving bird of thine.

He makes another exit, and enters once more with the grandmother of the fair lady for whom there is all "this coil," and sings as he presents her,

Vain my wand'rings; but I found,
Lying wither'd on the ground,
'Midst sear leaves the winds had shed,
This fair apple, once so red :
For thy pigeon let it be,
To console both him and thee.

The Bazvalan.

Thanks. Good fruit still worthy shows,
Though some wrinkles mark its face ;
But nor fruit, nor corn, nor rose,
Seeks my pigeon in this place.
Give my dove—'tis all I ask,
Mine shall be the pleasing task
These to find her—

The Brotaer interrupts.

Wilt thou still
Urge me thus with art and skill !
Come, then, and thy dove behold—
I have kept her safe and warm ;
Ivory cage, with bars of gold,
Held thy fav'rite free from harm.
See, she comes, young, gay, and free,
Full of smiles, and deck'd for thee !

The Bazvalan is then introduced into the house, where the bride appears in her gala costume: he seats himself at table, and then claims her. The father of the family leads her to him, and gives a bridle, which the Bazvalan passes through her girdle, while the Brotaer sings

THE GIRDLE SONG.

In a meadow green and gay
Roam'd a fair young colt at play,

Sporting in the sunny beam,
 Drinking in the crystal stream,
 Dreaming only of delight,
 Joyous ever, noon and night,
 When a blithesome cavalier
 Came that flow'ry meadow near,
 Deck'd with gold and silver sheen,
 Bright of eye, and fair of mien,
 And the pretty colt stood still,
 Gazing on his face her fill,
 Bending close her graceful head,
 Pleased to please him, and be led,
 Flatter'd by his fond caressing,
 Till his love became her blessing.

This curious ceremony over, the poet calls down on the bride the blessing of all the saints in the calendar. Her right hand is then placed in that of the bridegroom, they exchange rings, the Bazvalan repeats several prayers, and eternal constancy is sworn by the contracted pair. The bride then retires, and presently after re-appears, led by the *garçon d'honneur*, whose arms are adorned with as many bands of silver as she receives thousands (of livres) as her dower. The bridegroom forthwith approaches with the *filie d'honneur*, and then the relations. The Bazvalan leads forward the horse of the bridegroom to the threshold, and holds the rein while he mounts; the Brotæer takes the bride in his arms, and places her behind her husband. All the horses of the company are then brought, the gates are opened, and the whole party set off at full gallop for the parish church,—the first who arrives in a given time having a right to claim a sheep, and the second some ribbons.

In some cantons, when the priest quits the altar to go into the sacristy, the married pair and the relations follow him, the *garçon d'honneur* carrying a basket on his arm covered with a white cloth. The priest takes from this basket a white loaf, on which he makes the sign of the cross with a knife, cuts a piece, and breaking the remainder, divides it between the couple. He takes out after this a bottle of wine, pours out a few drops in a cup, which he gives to the husband, who passes it to his wife.

On leaving the church, the party is greeted by a salute of a hundred guns, and a concert of rural instruments, the music of which accompanies them to the bride's house, where a gala is prepared for them. White draperies, ornamented with bouquets and garlands, are hung round the chambers of ceremony; and numerous tables are placed in various parts,—at the head of one the bride is set in a sort of arbour of verdure and flowers. As the guests arrange themselves at the festive board, the *Benedicite* is recited by an old man, and between each service airs are played by the minstrels present, and each is followed by a dance. When the dessert appears, the guests rise no more and remain *all night at table*.

The day after the wedding is called *le jour des pauvres*, and presents a curious feature in the spectacle of an immense concourse of beggars, who arrive from far and near, and are received with great honour, being served and attended by the new-married pair at a feast of which they partake, and after which they dance with their hosts, and conclude with prayers, songs, and benedictions.

TOO KNOWING BY HALF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CLOCKMAKER; OR, THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF SAM SLICK OF SLICKVILLE."

INSTEAD of embarking at Windsor in the steamer for New Brunswick, as we had originally designed, Mr. Slick proposed driving me in his waggon to Horton, by the Mount Denson route, that I might have an opportunity of seeing what he pronounced to be some of the most beautiful scenery in the province. Having arranged with the commander of the boat to call for us at the Bluff, we set out accordingly a few hours before high water, and proceeded at our leisure through the lower part of Falmouth.

Mr. Slick, as the reader, no doubt, has observed, had a good deal of extravagance of manner about him, and was not less remarkable for his exaggeration of language, and therefore I was by no means prepared to find a scene of such exquisite beauty as now lay before me. I had seen, at different periods of my life, a good deal of Europe, and much of America; but I have seldom seen anything to be compared to the view of the Basin of Minas, and its adjacent landscape, as it presents itself to you on your ascent of Mount Denson; and yet, strange to say, so little is it known or appreciated here, that I never recollect to have heard it spoken of before as anything remarkable. I am not writing a book of travels, and shall not attempt, therefore, to describe it. I am sketching character, and not scenery, and shall content myself by recommending all American tourists to visit Mount Denson. It is an old saying of the French, that he who has not seen Paris has seen nothing. In like manner, he who travels on this continent, and does not spend a few days on the shores of this beautiful and extraordinary basin, may be said to have missed one of the greatest attractions on this side of the water. Here, too, may be studied the phenomena of tides, that are only presented to the same extent in one other part of the world; while the mineralogist and geologist will find much to employ and interest him. It possesses also the charm of novelty; it lies out of the beaten track, and is new. In these days of steam, how long will this be the case anywhere? While musing on this subject, my attention was directed by Mr. Slick, who suddenly reined up his horse, to a scene of a different description.

There, said he, there is a picture for you, squire. Now, that's what minister would call love in a cottage, or rural felicity; for he was fond of fine names was the old man.—A neat and pretty little cottage stood before us as we emerged from a wood, having an air of comfort about it not often found in the forest, where the necessaries of life demand and engross all the attention of the settler.—Look at that crittur, said he, Bill Dill Mill. There he sits on the gate, with his go-to-meetin' clothes on, a-doin' of nothin', with a pocket full of potatoes, cuttin' them up into small pieces with his jackknife, and teachin' a pig to jump up and catch 'em in his mouth. It's the schoolmaster to home, that. And there sets his young wife, a-balancin' of herself on the top-rail of the fence opposite, and a-swingin' her foot backward and forward, and a-watchin' of him. Ain't she a heavenly splice that! By Jacob's spotted cattle, what an ankle she has! Jist look! A rael corn-fed heifer that, ain't she? She is so plump, she 'd shed rain like

a duck. Them blue noses do beat all in galls, I must say; for they raise some desperate handsome ones. But then there is nothin' in that crittur; she is nothin' but wax-work; no life there; and he looks tired of his bargain already, what you call fairly onswaggled. Now don't speak loud; for if she sees us, she'll cut and run like a weasel. She has got her hair all covered over with paper curls, and stuck through with pins like a porcupine's back. She's for a tea-squall to-night; and nothin' vexes women like bein' taken of a nonplush this way by strangers. That's matrimony, squire, and nothin' to do; a honey-moon in the woods, or young love growed ten days old. Oh, dear! if it was me, I should yawn so afore a week, I should be skeerd lest my wife should jump down my throat. To be left alone that way idle, with a wife that has nothin' to do, and nothin' to say, if she was as pretty as an angel, would drive me melancholy mad. I should either get up a quarrel for vanity sake, or go hang myself to get out of the scrape. A tame, vacant, doll-faced, idle gall! O Lord! what a fate for a man who knows what's what, and is up to snuff! Who the plague can live on sugar-candy? I am sure I couldn't. Nothin' does for me like honey; arter a while I get to hate it like sin; the very sight of it is enough for me. Vinegar ain't half so bad; for that stimulates, and you can't take more nor enough of it if you would. Sense is better nor looks any time; but when sense and looks go together, why then a woman is worth havin', that's a fact. But the best of the joke is, that crittur Bill Dill Mill has found out he "knows too much," and is most frettin' himself to death about it. He is actilly pinin' away so, that it will soon take two such men put together to make a shadow; and this I will say, that he is the first feller ever I met that actilly was "*too knowin' by half.*" But time progresses, and so must we, I guess.

The noise of the waggon, as Mr. Slick anticipated, soon put the young bride of the woods to flight, and a few hasty and agile bounds carried her to the house; but her curiosity proved quite as strong as her vanity, for the paper head was again visible peeping over the window-blind. The bridegroom put up his knife with an air of confusion, as if he was half ashamed of his employment, and, having given a nod of recognition to Mr. Slick, turned and followed his wife into the cottage.

That is the effect, said Mr. Slick, of a want of steady habits of industry. That man lives by tradin', and bein' a cute chap, and always gitting the right eend of the bargain, folks don't think it a profitable business to sell always to a loss; so he says he is ruined by *knowin' too much*. Ah! said he to me the other day, I don't know what on airth I shall do, Mr. Slick; but I am up a tree, you may depend. It's gone goose with me, I tell you. People have such a high opinion of my judgment, and think I *know so much*, they won't buy nor sell with me. If I go to an auction and bid, people say, Oh, if Bill Dill Mill bids, then it must be cheap, and it goes beyond its valy right away. If I go to sell anything, every one thinks I wouldn't sell it if I hadn't a very good reason for it, for I am *too knowin'* for that. If I offer to swap, I only stamp a valy on the thing I want, and put it right out of my reach; for the owner wouldn't let *me* have it at no rate, but doubles his price, and goes and says, Bill Dill Mill offered me so much for it, and everybody knows he only offers half a thing is worth. I can't hire a help for what anybody else can, for the same reason; and I had to marry before I was ready, or had quite made up my mind to it; for I

knew folks would think twice as much of my gall, as soon as they knew I was after her. Darn it! said he, if they said I was a fool, I wouldn't a minded it a bit; or said it was luck, or anything. Indeed, I don't know as I wouldn't as lif they'd call me a rogue, as say for ever and ever, *Oh, he is too knowin' by half.* It's the devil, that's a fact. Before this misfortin came, I used to do a considerable smart chance of business; but now it's time for me to cut dirt, and leave the country. I believe I must hang out the G. T. T. sign. — Why, what the plague is that, says I.—Gone to Texas, said he. What else on airth shall I do. I have nothin' to see to, and the day seems twice as long as it used to did. — Ah, says I, I have heern folks say so afore, when they was jist new married. But I see what you want; you want excitement. How would politics do? It's a wide field, and some considerable sport in it, too. Agitate the country; swear the Church is a-goin' to levy tythes, or dissenters to be taxed to support them, or that the Governor is a-goin' to have martial law. Call office-holders by the cant tarms of compact cliques and official gang, and they will have to gag you with a seat in the council, or something' or another, see if they don't.—No, said he, a-shakin' of his head; poor business that, there is nothin' to be made by it, as far as I see, but inimies; and, besides, people are fond of a change; they get tired of professions at last, and, jist as you are agoin' to reap the advantage, another feller outbids you, and carries off the prize. No that won't do. — Well, preachin', says I, how would that answer? Take up some new pinte, and you will have lots of folks to hear you, and the more extravagant the better. Go the whole figur' for "religious liberty," it has no meanin' here, where all are free; but it's a catchword, and sounds well. You don't want ordination now-a-days; it's out of fashion; give yourself a call; it's as good as any other man's call. A man that can't make himself a preacher is a poor tool, that's a fact, and not fit to make convarts.—Hem! says he, I was a-thinkin' of that, for ministers fare well in a giniral way, that's sartin; and a-travellin' about, and a-livin' on the best, and sleepin' in the spare bed always, ain't a bad move nother; but I hante the gift of the gab, I am afeered, and I couldn't come in no how I could fix it.—Well, 'tis awkward, says I, to be thought *too knowing by half too*; did any one ever accuse you of bein' *too indifferent by half*. — What do you mean by that, said he, a little grumpy like? — Nothin', says I, but what I say. Get a spinnin' wheel for your wife, and a plough for yourself; work more, and trade less; live by your labour, and not by your wits; and the day, instead of being so 'tarnal long, won't be long enough by a jug-full. Instead of bein' "*too knowin' by half*," you don't "*know half enough*," or you'd know that. Fact, I assure you, squire; if that crittur had really been a knowin' one, the name of it wouldn't a-fixed his fluit for him, for there is always a why for every wherefore in this world. There is a thousand ways for managing that. Now I got the name myself. Them tricks in the clock-trade I told you. I didn't think you would go right away, and publish, but you did, and it put people on their guard, so there was no doin' nothin' with them for some time hardly; and if I went to say a civil thing, people looked shy at me, and called out, "Soft Sawder." Well, what does I do? Instead of goin' about mopin' and complainin' that I was "*too knowin' by half*," I sot myself about repairin' damage, and gitten up something new; so I took to phrenology. "Soft Sawder" by itself requires a knowledge of paintin', of light and

shade, and drawin' too. You must know character. Some people will take a coat put on by a white-wash brush as thick as porridge; and others won't stand it if it ain't laid on thin, like copal, and that takes twenty coats to look complete; and others, again, are more delicater still, so that you must lay it on like gold leaf, and that you have to take up with a camel's hair brush, with a little pomatum on the tip of it, and hold your breath while you are a-spreadin' of it out, or the leastest grain of air from your nose will blow it away. But still, whether laid on thick or thin, a 'cute person can tell what you are at, though it tickles him so while you are a-doin' of it, he can't help shewin' how pleased he is. But your books played the divil with me; folks wouldn't let me do it at all arter they came out, at no rate; first civil word always brought out the same answer. Ah! now, that's your "Soft Sawder;" that won't do.—Won't it tho', says I. I'll give you the same ingredients in a new shape, and you will swaller it without knowin' it, or else I am mistakend, that's all. So now, when I enter a location, arter a little talk about this, that, or the other, I looks at one of the young grow'd up galls airnest like, till she says, Mr. Slick, what on airth are you a-lookin' at? — Nothin', says I, my dear, but a most remarkable developement. — A what? says she. — A remarkable developement, says I, the most remarkable, too, I ever seed since I was raised. — Why, what in Natur's that, says she? — Excuse me, Miss, says I, and I gets up, and puts my finger on her crown. What benevolence! says I, and firmness of character! did you ever! — and then, says I, a-passin' my finger over the eye-brow, you ought to sing well *positively*; it's your own fault if you don't, for you have uncommon petikilar powers that way. Your time is large, and tune great; yes, and composition is strong. — Well, how strange! says she; you *have* guessed right, I sware, for I do sing, and am allowed to have the best ear for music in all these clearin's. How on airth can you tell? If that don't pass! — Tell, says I, why it's what they call phrenology, and a most beautiful study it is. I can read a head as plain as a book; and this I will say, a finer head than yourn I never *did* see, *positively*. What a splendid forehead you have! it's a sight to behold. If you was to take pains you could do anything a'most. Would you like to have it read, Miss? Well, arter hearin' me pronounce aforehand at that rate, she is sure to want it read, and then I say I won't read it aloud, Miss; I'll whisper it in your ear, and you shall say if I am right. — Do, says she; I should like to see what mistakes you'll make, for I can't believe it possible you can tell; it don't convene to reason, does it? Nothin', squire, never stops a woman when her curiosity is once up, especially if she be curous to know somethin' about herself. Only hold a secret out in your hand to her, and it's like a bunch of catnip to a cat; she'll jump, and frisk, and frolic round you like anything, and never give over purrin' and coaxin' of you till she gets it. They'll do anything for you a'most for it. So I slides out my knee for a seat, and says, it's no harm, Miss, you know, for Ma is here, and I must look near to tell you; so I draws her on my knee, without waiting for an answer. Then gradually one arm goes round the waist, and t'other hand goes to the head, bumpologizin', and I whispers—wit, paintin', judgment, fancy, order, music, and every good thing a'most. And she keeps a-sayin', — Well, he's a witch! well, how strange! lawful heart! Well, I want to know! — now I never! — do tell! as pleased all the time as anything. Lord! squire, you never see anything

like it; it's Jerusalem fine fun. Well, then, I wind up by touchin' the back of her head hard, (you know, squire, what they call the *amate* bumps are located there,) and then whisper a bit of a joke to her about her makin' a very very lovin' wife, and soon, and she jumps up a-colourin', and a-sayin' it's no such a thing. You missed that guess, anyhow. 'Take that for not guessin' better! and pretendin' to slap me, and all that; but actilly ready to jump over the moon for delight. Don't my clocks get fust admired and then boughten arter this readin' of heads, that's all? Yes; that's the beauty of phrenology. You can put a clock into their heads when you are a-puttin' other fine things in, too, as easy as kiss my hand. I have sold a nation lot of them by it.

The only thing ag'in phrenology is, it's a little bit dangerous. It's only fit for an old hand like me, that's up to trap, for a raw one is amazin' apt to get spooney. Taking a gall on your knee, that way, with one hand on her heart, that goes pity-pat, like a watch tickin', and the other a-rovin' about her head a-discovering of bumps, is plaguy, apt to make a fool of you without your knowing of it. Many a bird has got fascinated so afore now, that, do what it would, it couldn't get away. It might flutter and struggle a little; but at last it would fall as helpless as anything, right down. But then a fool is a fool all the world over. For my part I am not afeerd of none of them. This, squire, is what I call reason, and knowin' the world. A wise man is never taken at a nonplush. But Bill Dill Mill is a noodle, and such a one too as it would take seven fools and a philosopher to make, and even then they wouldn't make no part of a primin' to him. He has got everything to larn yet, that feller, for a crittur that is "*too knowin' by half*" may know too much for other folks' good, but he don't know "*half enough*" for his own, that's a fact.

DUMALTON, THE CHELSEA VETERAN.*

BY THE REV. G. R. GLEIG.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1793, UNDER THE DUKE OF YORK.

THE Austrian corps, with which we were associated, though not very numerous, seemed to me to be singularly compact and well-arranged. I do not recollect the precise number of companies which composed a battalion,—I think that in each there were not more than four; but I remember that a company consisted of one hundred and eighty rank and file; so that, assuming my supposition to be a right one, they had seven hundred and twenty men to a battalion. We, on the other hand, consisted of two brigades of infantry, the Guards,—and the 14th, 37th, and 53rd foot, of which General Fox was at the head. We had, besides, some cavalry detachments from the 11th, the 15th, and the 16th, with General, afterwards Lord Harcourt, at their head; while over all was the Duke of York,—not, I believe, as commander-in-chief of the allied armies, but himself

* The Editor regrets to have been obliged to postpone so long this interesting narrative. It will now appear regularly until completed.

controlled by the Prince of Cobourg ; and, as the result proved, by the Prussian General Knobelsdorf also. These, however, were matters which very little concerned us, whose mere business it was to execute the orders that might be issued to us, and to live as well and as gaily as the state of the country would permit. Accordingly, when we received instructions early on the 7th to pack our baggage, and prepare for an immediate advance, we obeyed them without once pausing to inquire whither they might hurry us ; and, long before sunset, were ready to move in any direction which the commander-in-chief might point out.

It was close upon midnight when the march began. No intimation, of course, had reached us touching either the object of the movement, or the point to which it was directed, yet we guessed that now, at length, we were going to measure ourselves with the enemy, and the anticipation produced its natural effect on the spirits of the boldest. He who has never come under fire may rely upon it that the game for life or death is a very serious one ; and that the most careless never addresses himself to play it without being conscious of sensations different from those which generally affect him. And if, as chanced to be the case with us that night, he make his advances towards the seat of danger under the influence of a glorious moonlight, his spirit must be dull and sombre indeed, if it fail to be stirred within him. I plead guilty to the charge of having performed that night-march in a state of excitement, which, though abundantly comprehensible by him who may have experienced similar agitation, I should find it very difficult to describe ; and, though weariness and the desire to sleep would from time to time interfere with it, I cannot say that the feeling had entirely evaporated when we made our first halt, long after daybreak.

The movement of which I am speaking was made for the purpose of dislodging the enemy from St. Amand, and driving them out of the woods which surround that place. It was to be a combined operation on the part of ourselves, of the Prussians and the Austrians ; and, as the allies were understood to have concentrated more rapidly, and in greater force than the French, little doubt was entertained of its success. We were not, therefore, surprised an hour or two after dawn to find ourselves approaching a considerable encampment. It was formed with great regularity along the position of Maulde, and consisted of tents similar in their shape to our own, arranged, too, like ours, in regular streets, with cooking places at intervals in the rear of each. As we drew near, the inhabitants of these tents crowded forth to look at us. They were Prussians ; and the reception which they gave us was exceedingly kind ; for we no sooner halted, which we did in communication with their line, than they set about lighting fires for us, and helped us to dress our provisions. I am not sure that in point of appearance they were equal to our friends the Austrians, but they were smart fellows notwithstanding, bore themselves with a very soldier-like air, and appeared to possess, what is essential to the efficiency of an armed body, a full degree of confidence in themselves.

We came to our ground about seven or eight o'clock in the morning, and rested till noon ; when, having eaten our meal in comfort, we were ordered to fall in. We formed accordingly, and the Duke of York putting himself at our head, we moved forward. St. Amand,

we found, had already been carried, though not without a desperate resistance; for the houses were all perforated with cannon-shot, and the streets choked up with the bodies of the slain. Through these we picked our steps,—not, as may well be imagined, gathering any accession to our valour from the spectacle, yet more inclined to lament the fall of our comrades than to calculate the chances of a similar fate befalling ourselves.

We pushed on, leaving the town behind, and came by and by to a thick wood, through the middle of which a carriage-road appeared to have been cut, in its course too tortuous for the eye to trace it many yards beyond the outskirts. Here we halted, that a Prussian general, who had accompanied the Duke of York on the march, might give to his Royal Highness his final instructions. Meanwhile the forest rang to the sharp reports of some Austrian and Dutch skirmishers, who were scattered through its recesses. They did not, indeed, appear to be making any progress; for the sound wavered very little; and when it did, the French, not they, appeared to have the advantage; but that was a point which we had little leisure to investigate, inasmuch as our own turn for playing the game had arrived. The Prussian having ended his conference with the Duke of York, lifted his hat, and went away; while his Royal Highness turned to us and said, “Now, Coldstreams, it is for you to show them what the King of England’s guards are made of. There is a four-gun battery in that wood, which we have been desired to carry; and I give you, as my own regiment, the privilege of doing so. Forward, and win honour for yourselves and for me.” We answered with a shout, and Colonel Pennington putting himself in front, away we went in column, and at double-quick, along the *chaussée*.

For a while we carried everything before us. The French endeavoured to stop us; but we beat them back at a rush, and a gun or two which they brought to bear upon the road did us no damage. In this manner we penetrated half through the wood, when all at once we found ourselves in an extensive open, or glade, the upper extremity of which was covered with field-works, among which was the four-gun battery. There was a wide ditch likewise, or canal, between us and the enemy’s lines, which was spanned by a single wooden bridge, and towards it the right wing, which led the attack, instantly hurried. They had not rightly weighed the sort of reception which awaited them, otherwise the attack, if made at all, would have been less precipitate. Of the round and grape which fell among us we thought little; but the bridge was within point-blank range of musketry, and a long breastwork, well lined with French grenadiers, faced it. No sooner were our leading files across, than they threw upon us such a tempest of bullets, that the single ground of amazement is, how anybody escaped to speak of it. We could not face that leaden storm. We fairly recoiled, and, leaving a prodigious number of our comrades dead, or dying, where they fell, retreated in little order within the cover of the wood.

Though our attack had failed, the diversion which we made enabled the Austrians and Prussians to carry their respective posts, and the French were worsted. We did not, however, follow them immediately; for that night we slept on our arms; and next morning, by a different route, began our march back to the Oak Barns. I

have already spoken of the absence of all system which characterized in those days our commissariat arrangements, and left us, on every change of position, to the mercy well nigh of chance for our daily food. Up to the present moment the evil had been one rather of theory than practice; now we were made to feel that the connection between practice and theory is in such cases as this exceedingly close. Not a morsel of food had been issued to us from the moment we quitted Maulde, and a bivouac was, in consequence, unsatisfactory enough. Yet the circumstance, if it produced no other and more fortunate result, had at least the effect of weaning us from some of our prejudices; it caused us to accept thankfully the rations of black bread with which the Prussian commissaries next morning were prevailed upon to supply us. I need scarcely add, that the bread made use of by Continental troops in general was, at the period of which I am speaking, composed altogether of rye; and rye,—as everybody knows,—however wholesome it may be, is not quite the sort of material out of which an Englishman would choose to fabricate his rolls for breakfast.

We returned to our quarters at Orque, where for some time we continued in a state of inaction. The war, meanwhile, was carried on elsewhere with vigour; for Condé was blockaded by the Prince of Cobourg; and the enemy, in order to cover Valenciennes, intrenched themselves strongly on the hill of Famars. At the same time there arrived from England large reinforcements, so as to place our contingent, in point of numbers, on a respectable footing towards its allies; and his Royal Highness was in consequence intrusted with the conduct of a separate and very important operation. He was directed to push with his own people, supported by two brigades of Hanoverians and Austrians, upon Famars,—to drive the enemy from his intrenched camp, and forcing him back into Valenciennes, to lay siege to the place. Accordingly, on the 23rd of May we moved once more from our quarters, and, after a sharp skirmish, carried our point. The enemy retreating from Famars, left us in possession of their works, and the investment was completed. Not then, however, nor for some days afterwards, was ground broken. On the contrary, we were satisfied to watch one another, while the Prince of Cobourg executed certain movements, of which I know nothing more than that they had for their object the more effectual severance of the garrison from all such supplies as the open country might have afforded. Yet were we not without certain petty adventures, if such they deserve to be called, which hindered us from absolutely forgetting that ours was something more than a mere game of war. Once or twice the French attacked our outposts, though never in such force as seriously to disturb them; while we in our turn would from time to time make a demonstration, as if we intended to confine them within the circle of their defences. All this, however, was mere pastime; and I am bound to add that, in carrying it forward, the best and most generous temper was exhibited on both sides.

We lay all this while in the intrenched camp at Famars, the highest ridge of which in some degree commanded the town. It was surmounted by an obelisk, which the French had erected to the memory of General Dampierre,—a brave officer, whose leg was shot away at St. Amand, and who died soon afterwards. Whatever our

faults may be, it cannot be charged against us as a nation that we ever seek to exhibit our hostility to the living by waging war against the tombs of the dead. To preserve this monument, therefore, from violence became a point of honour with the British contingent ; and their care was the more needed, that the Austrians appeared to harbour a design towards it diametrically the reverse. The very first day an Austrian picquet mounted there, the men began to chip and deface the pillar. It was to no purpose that the act was condemned as unmanly and barbarous in general orders ; the same results followed on the next occasion, when the Duke found it expedient to commit the post to the guardianship of his allies, till, in the end, the very existence of the monument seemed to be endangered. This was too much for the good-nature even of our good-natured commander-in-chief. He placed the obelisk under the protection of a British guard, and neither Austrians, nor Hanoverians, nor the soldiers of any other nation, were permitted, except under surveillance, to approach the hill.

At length, on the 2nd of June, at ten o'clock at night, ground was formally broken. The operation was performed by a working-party of about three hundred men, which a second party, accoutred and ready for action, covered ; and as the men preserved a strict silence, and there was no moon in the heavens, considerable progress was made ere the enemy caught the alarm. No sooner, however, was our purpose made manifest than they opened a fire from every gun that bore upon the point, and night and day, till the parallel was finished, were our men exposed to its fury ; yet the casualties were much fewer than from such a cannonade might have been expected. I do not recollect that anybody belonging to our regiment was killed, except one man ; and I am mistaken if the wounded comprised more than the Earl of Cavan, whom the splinter of a shell struck on the head when he was standing in the trenches.

It is not worth while to give a minute and particular account of the progress of the siege, which lasted from the 2d of June to the 29th of July. In all essential points the details of one such operation will be found to resemble those of another,—that is to say, working parties are out for ever ; and the greatest precautions are used, sometimes to no purpose, to guard against the risk of sorties, or to repel them when hazarded. Into the mysteries of these matters we were fully initiated. We worked, we watched, we patrolled,—we gave as well as received alarms, and became by degrees so accustomed to the whistle of shot and shells, as scarcely to regard it. Yet we had our little varieties too, of which the following may be received as specimens. About a week after the siege had fairly begun, there came from the town an officer with a flag of truce, to report that an English lady was just then taken with the pains of labour, and to beg an armistice of six hours, that she might be removed to a place of safety. The request was acceded to, of course, and out the lady came ; but I am sorry to be obliged to add, that the French totally forgot the nature of the engagement into which they had entered. Round the town, and in front of our lines, there were some magnificent gardens, the cherry-trees in which were at this season laden with fruit, and often had they been gazed at by us with longing eyes, such as men generally turn upon the good things which they may not even hope to possess. We were no sooner informed of the

six hours' armistice than we resolved to turn it to account. In large numbers we flocked to the orchards, and happy men were we while branch after branch gave up its treasures. But we had counted, more than the event proved that we were justified in doing, on French honour as well as French generosity. The enemy no sooner beheld us in this exposed state than they opened a fire from the battery opposite, and slew in cold blood three or four individuals, who imagined that they were safe, because of the armistice scarce one hour had elapsed. There was much indignation both experienced and expressed at so wanton an outrage; but what could we do? We made all the haste possible back to the lines, and our guns soon made answer to the guns of the enemy.

Another circumstance occurred somewhat later in the siege, which operated for a while a good deal to our hurt, but of which we soon contrived to elude the worst consequences. An Austrian officer of engineers deserted; and, as he carried with him a perfect knowledge of the situation of our mines, and of the routes which we followed in carrying relief to the trenches, we had every right to expect that in both the garrison would disturb us. We were not mistaken in this anticipation. Regularly as the hour of relief came round the enemy used to fire with extreme precision towards certain exposed points on the line which it was our custom to follow; while more than one of their shells lodged in the very mouth of the mine at the precise moment when our people had been appointed to charge it. Our obvious policy, of course, was to set aside the old arrangements, and we adopted it; yet a few casualties occurred, which, but for the double treachery of that individual, never would have happened.

My third anecdote has reference to a battery, which Major Wright of the British artillery erected on Famars hill; and from which he inflicted a great deal of damage on the town. Among other things he set fire to a church which the governor had filled with forage, and totally consumed it. In mere wantonness, too, he battered the steeple of the cathedral, till he had fairly knocked it out of the perpendicular; and it still, I am told, in its tottering and insecure position, bears witness to the accuracy with which his shots were directed. But this was not all. We had our sortie likewise, and a little storming; the former of which ended very much in the discomfiture of the assailants, while the latter was attended on our parts with the most complete success.

I alluded just now to the siege of Condé, in which the Prince of Cobourg was engaged. It went on slowly,—for the means of attack were inadequate, and the garrison had been provided with every requisite for defence; yet it ended, after three months, in a capitulation, by which the allies became masters of the place. To mark our satisfaction, and that of our chiefs, at a result so earnestly desired, we received orders on a certain day to parade in rear of the lines, and fire a *feu de joie*. Now it so happened that the governor of Valenciennes was at this time in expectation of being relieved; and the firing which he heard naturally struck him as proceeding from the relieving army. Forth, therefore, he sallied at the head of a considerable column, in order to make a diversion in its favour; and between him and the guards of our trenches there was a smart encounter. But it did not last long. From our parade ground we marched back, having no French army in our rear, and the mistake

into which the garrison had fallen became immediately apparent. They retreated in great confusion, after sustaining a heavy loss, and never again, till the close of the siege, ventured to show themselves beyond the crest of the glacis.

By this time our batteries were far advanced, and our approaches pushed to the utmost limits that were attainable, so long as certain outworks, which intervened between us and the body of the place, should remain in the enemy's possession. These it was accordingly determined to storm, and on the night of the 29th of July the assault took place. I was not myself personally engaged in this affair, which was entrusted to detachments from several regiments; but, like the rest of the army, I was a spectator of it; and a very remarkable military show it was. We had run a mine under the ditch of one of the outworks, the explosion of which would, it was assumed, throw down both the scarp and the counterscarp; and the directions given to the storming party were to wait till that should be effected, and then to rush on. No operation of the kind could have been executed more regularly, or with more perfect success. A little before midnight we beheld the mine explode; and then the columns of attack, which had already been formed in the trenches, sprang forward, and bore down all opposition. A sharp firing there was for a time, with a hand-to-hand fight over the breach; but the enemy did not long maintain it. They retreated into the town, and the very next day exhibited manifest symptoms of having had enough, or more than enough, of the siege.

The fall of this outwork appeared to operate upon the courage of the French governor with an effect which greatly surprised us. He sent an aid-de-camp, without loss of time, to propose terms of capitulation, and was glad, when others more favourable were refused, to stipulate only for the honours of war as a salve to his own vanity and that of his troops. The request was, of course, granted readily, and the 29th was selected as the day on which the garrison should march out, and lay down their arms in a particular field that was set apart for the purpose. There was, however, another matter to be arranged ere we could give up our attention exclusively to this business. Several deserters had passed from our army into the town, and it was necessary for the sake of example that they should not escape punishment. Not, therefore, till the evening of the 28th was the blockade in the slightest degree relaxed, and then the vigilance of our picquets seemed only to increase. It had been arranged between the chiefs that at daybreak on the morning of the 29th detachments from the allied army should occupy the several gates, and that one and no more should continue in charge of the garrison, through which at the stipulated hour they were to pass to the place of surrender. All this was done accordingly. As soon as the day broke our people got under arms, and moved from their respective encampments to the posts that had been allotted to them. For ourselves we lined the road from the Cambray gate to Briquet, the place where the arms of the prisoners were to be deposited, — while between our ranks certain intelligent persons from each of the nations took post, for the purpose of examining the countenances of those who should pass, and otherwise providing that the deserters were not smuggled out in the confusion.

Such was the order in which we stood till the clocks of the town

struck six, when the word attention was given, and the Cambray gate being thrown open, multitudes of country people issued forth. They came with horses and waggons, and household stuff, as if about to emigrate to a distant country; and the lamentations of not a few of them were as loud and vehement as the mirth of others was unbecoming. Not a group was permitted to pass, however, till the individuals comprising it had been examined,—not a cart or vehicle of any description escaped the vigilance of the searchers. For a while all this care seemed to be applied in vain; and we began to suspect, in some sort even to hope, that the unhappy deserters might have fallen upon a better plan of escape; but the event showed that no such good fortune attended them. First one and then another was dragged from beneath a truss of straw, or seized, in defiance of the change of costume with which he had endeavoured to disguise himself; and a *prévôt* from each nation being at hand, to him his own people were immediately delivered. I am sorry to say that there was one Englishman, of the name of Cogle, in the list. He was taken out of a waggon more dead than alive, and placed in confinement; there to remain till a court martial should assemble before which his case might be fully heard. The foreigners were not so nice in their proceedings. Four Austrians, including the officer of engineers, one or two Hanoverians, and as many Dutchmen, were all hung up to the nearest trees; the fact of their having been detected in an endeavour to smuggle themselves out of the place being regarded as proof enough that they were not carried into it as prisoners of war.

Before I conclude my account of the siege of Valenciennes I may as well state, that his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge was present during the progress of the operation, and that both he and his regiment, a corps of Hanoverian grenadiers, were especial favourites with the British army. The grenadiers in question constituted nominally the same battalion which had served under General Elliot in the defence of Gibraltar; and, though time had accomplished among them his customary operation of weeding them out, well nigh to extinction, several of the old hands still remained to speak of the exploits of other days. It was curious to see how they attached themselves to the Coldstreams, both officers and men so arranging matters that we should take all manner of duties together; and I am bound to add that the feeling was mutual. We were the best friends possible, and spent many a joyous hour in each others' company, even when our conversation was of necessity carried on by signs only.

STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

CHAPTER XXIV.

In which Sir William's designs are more clearly developed.

WHEN Sir William originally felt that he might compass the fall of Stanley,—when he conceived the design of enriching himself by virtue of reducing him, by "honourable" means, to a state of comparative destitution, he was actuated solely by the vile passion of avarice; but after having seen and conversed with Amelia,—after having been received as a friend, and allowed the privileges of a friend,—he was inspired with a stronger passion even than that.

He had proved that Stanley really loved Amelia, and that Amelia most fondly loved him; but he did not despair of being able eventually to bring about a mutual revulsion of feeling, by inducing and cherishing inconstancy on the one hand, and a conviction of wrong on the other.

He possessed much subtlety; he had seen much of the world; he had no inconsiderable knowledge of the workings of the human heart, and more especially conversant was he with the evil passions of which it is susceptible. He knew how powerful an instrument the sense of deep injury was in effecting the destruction of virtue by promoting that terrible feeling of revenge, of which the gratification teems with frightful misery; and this instrument he resolved to make available, and to use.

While studying the character of Amelia, while gazing upon her beauty,—that beauty which intellect and purity of soul when conjoined never fail to impart — with an eye whose expression, to one less pure than she, would have plainly portrayed the guilty mind, he felt, he could not but feel that the attainment of the base object he had proposed would require all the villanous ingenuity at his command; but this feeling only tended to urge him on the more; as in the view of the world gold is more valuable than other metals, only because it can be with less facility procured, so in his estimation was Amelia to him.

The passion by which he was prompted could not be called love. Love is not an essentially selfish passion. It embraces the peace of the object beloved. Who that loves seeks to compass the ruin of that object? Will he, with a view to the gratification of any feeling of self, involve her in moral destruction? No: he will guard her, he will cherish her; her virtue is his pride; the promotion of her happiness forms the strongest, the dearest wish of his heart; her honour is as dear to him as his own; he will lay down his life to preserve it. It was not love. It was nothing like love. It was a grovelling, morbid, sensual passion, springing from baseness, to which love never can be allied. What cared he for the feelings of Amelia? The eternal destruction of her happiness was his aim; he sought to wean her affections from Stanley, and Stanley's affections from her, by inducing him to form such connections as those which undermine domestic peace, and thereby causing her to feel that she was indeed neglected.

His immediate object, therefore, was not alone to enrich himself by impoverishing Stanley, but to draw him into the vortex of vice; and, in pursuance of this object, he determined on losing no time.

"I think I shall cut you," said he, soon after Albert's departure for Cambridge. "It strikes me that you and I must cease to associate; for upon my honour you are making me as bad as yourself."

"What's the matter?" inquired Stanley. "Anything wrong?"

"Wrong!—why, *you* may not deem it essentially wrong to drag a strictly virtuous man into scenes of dissipation; but it is, notwithstanding, wrong in the abstract. I admit that my natural disposition is not that of a recluse; but I used to have a little discretion."

"And do you ascribe the loss of it to me?"

"To whom else can I ascribe it? 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.' I am not like the same man."

"I feel flattered, of course," said Stanley. "I scarcely could have supposed that I possessed so much influence."

"It is a disease," rejoined Sir William, "and that disease is contagious. It creeps and grows upon a virtuous man almost imperceptibly; it prostrates his energies for business; it renders study a bore. It may be, and is, doubtless, all very well for you, who have no pursuit save that of pleasure; but for a man like me, having the interests of the nation in general, and those of his constituents in particular, to promote, it becomes a very serious affair."

"So it does," said Stanley, smiling, "and more especially serious to a man who has those interests so deeply at heart as you have. But how have I effected this change? What scenes have I ever drawn you into?"

"I scarcely can tell how the change has been effected, nor need I enumerate the scenes into which I have been drawn. It is sufficient for me to know that I never go into any one of them without you, and that were it not for you, I should never go at all. Now, there's a masquerade, or a fancy ball, or something of that sort, to-night; I suppose you have made up your mind to go to that?"

"I have not even given it a thought."

"Nor should I, had it not been for you. But, of course, you will be there?"

"I have no objection to go."

"I knew that. And you would drag me with you?"

"Why, as I should not think of going alone, and as your society is at all times so very agreeable —"

"Exactly. You need say no more. But if I go, however dazzling may be the scene,—and I expect that it will be rather brilliant,—I leave precisely at one; remember that."

"With all my heart. I have no desire to stop late."

"Of course you have not. You never have. But let us make up our minds to leave at one, or half-past at the very latest."

"Whenever you are ready I'll be ready too. But, are we to dress?"

"Why it is more of a fancy ball, I believe, than anything else. But we can soon get dresses. Will you call for me at ten?"

"I will; but recollect we leave at one."

Sir William smiled, and having observed that it was really too bad to draw him into such scenes, took his leave, with the understanding that they were to start from the Albany at ten.

He had proved that this ironical style was that which told best with Stanley: he had proved that the highest point of his ambition was to be regarded as a fellow of infinite spirit; and that, although he seemed to view the idea of his leading as an excellent jest, he in reality felt flattered. He therefore resolved to adhere to this style: his first object being to induce the belief that he was fascinated by Stanley, and that he and not Stanley was the victim.

And nothing in his judgment could be more easily created than such a belief. He argued thus: every man has vanity; every man is vain of the real or fancied possession of some particular quality, and his vanity forms his weak point: assail that point by feeding his vanity, and the man is all your own. He had discovered the weak point of Stanley. He well knew the particular quality of which he was vain, and hence felt quite sure of effecting his ruin, which he held to be essential to the achievement of the grand object he had in view.

Having passed the day with Amelia—who now felt inspired with gaiety and joy, for the reconciliation seemed to have perfected her happiness.—Stanley at the appointed hour called upon Sir William, and they soon after started, first to procure their fancy-dresses, and then for the gay and dazzling scene.

On entering the spacious and brilliant saloon, which was crowded with persons who appeared to have been attracted from every civilized part of the globe, Sir William, in the costume of a red-cross knight, was recognised by several "foreigners of distinction," whom he greeted, and in due form presented to Stanley.

There was not, however, nearly so much spirit displayed as Stanley expected to witness. The scene was certainly splendid and imposing; but the characters seemed to have assembled not so much for any present enjoyment as with a view to some prospective advantage. They all appeared to have an ulterior object: the expression of every countenance was indicative of design, which Stanley at first thought strange, but attributing this comparative dulness to the fact of its being yet early, he entered into the business of the scene, and joined the dance with as much gaiety as if the task of re-animating the spirits of the whole assembly had devolved upon him alone.

While he was thus zealously engaged, Sir William was not inactive: he was looking for one who he fancied would be a far more suitable partner for his friend than the lady with whom he was dancing, and having found her, and conversed with her privately for a time, he introduced her in the most friendly manner to Stanley, of whom she at once became desperately enamoured. Her first object was to fix him as a partner; and in this she succeeded, when, as Stanley felt flattered by the preference she displayed, and as, by virtue of having a constant flow of spirits she made herself extremely agreeable, he had no wish to change, and they continued to be partners during the whole of the evening.

Sir William perceived this with pleasure. It gave him immense satisfaction to see Stanley thus playing his game. He knew that he had placed him in accomplished hands, and felt sure that his seduction from the path of honour had been thereby secured.

"Now," said he, as Stanley and his partner were chatting gaily in the promenade, "you remember: one o'clock."

"I am ready," replied Stanley, "when you are."

"Why—why!" exclaimed his partner, in amazement, "you do not intend to leave yet! You must not dream of such a thing. I could not possibly part with you. Besides it would be cruel. If you leave, I am resolved to leave with you. But come, pray take me in to supper? You *will* let me sup with you? Will you not? Come! It is a pleasure I have been anticipating the whole of the evening: you will not deprive me of that."

"There is my guide and governor," said Stanley. "I shall be happy to do so if he will grant permission."

"I knew precisely how it would be," observed Sir William. "I knew that *we* should never get away at one o'clock. However, if we are to have supper, we had better have it now. My partner and I will follow; but recollect, immediately after we leave."

They accordingly repaired to the supper-room at once, and the champagne passed round with great rapidity. The ladies drank with characteristic freedom, and Sir William was constantly filling his glass; but Stanley, notwithstanding the repeated challenges he received, was unusually cautious.

Of course, after supper the ladies insisted upon having another dance: one more—only one; they really could not think of leaving without: it was actually indispensable, and as such was assumed to be the case, the consent of their partners was obtained, and they returned to the ball-room, and danced the next set, and the next: in short, they continued to dance until half-past four, when Stanley resolved to quit the scene,—a resolution which could not be shaken.

It was then that Sir William discovered that the project of the evening had failed, for it was then that he ascertained that the partner whom he had selected for Stanley had been unable to prevail upon him to make an appointment, or even to promise that he would see her again. He was, notwithstanding, pleased that he had taken him there: indeed, having on the instant conceived the design of causing a tale to reach the ears of Amelia based upon the fact of his having been present, he fancied that his purpose might be answered as well, although he would most decidedly have preferred Stanley's absolute fall.

CHAPTER XXV.

Venerable Joe promulgates his matrimonial views.

As Bob very early in the evening on which Sir William designed to lay the foundation of Stanley's ruin, ascertained that he should not be again wanted, he put up his horses, made himself truly tidy, and then went to have a few hours' confidential conversation with Venerable Joe, whom he held in high esteem.

Bob scarcely could tell how it was that he respected that venerable gentleman so highly, although it may with perfect safety be attributed to the fact of his morality being strictly correct, while his deportment was perfectly gentleman-like and free; but he certainly did regard him as a very superior sort of an individual, one from whom much valuable knowledge might be gleaned, and with whom a man of honour might associate without having his reputation either tarnished or impugned.

On the other hand, Venerable Joe had inspired an exalted appreciation of Bob's integrity. He *knew* that his moral principles were sound, inasmuch as he had paid like a peer of the realm for the brandy-and-water he lost on the Derby. But, independently of this — although this was the cement, for if Bob could not have paid for that brandy-and-water, their friendship, of course, must have been at an end,—he admired his intellectual acquirements as he had witnessed their developement in the tap, where Bob once actually put a man down who was canvassing the conduct of Alexander the Great; and hence, whenever they met they met as friends — bosom friends — friends bound to each other for life.

On this occasion, to show the strength and virgin purity of the friendship which had sprung up between them, Bob no sooner beheld Venerable Joe than he struck a very highly-approved pugilistic attitude, and the venerable gentleman struck another, and they sparred with great science for more than ten minutes in really the most affectionate manner possible.

"Vell, my leetle lily!" exclaimed the venerable gentleman, who was the first to drop his arms, "and wot is the werdict? Hay! 'ow do you bring it in now?"

"Never better," replied Bob. "How's yourself?"

"Hif it warn't for them roomatiz! Them's the on'y things as wexes my sentiments. But ve're all on us safe to 'ave somethink! The best vay's to look at things fillysophocle, and then they don't seem nothink like wot they are."

"That's somewhere about the average, I believe," observed Bob. "But, how long will it be afore you're done?"

"Not the space of an instant. Go over to the tap, and I'll be with you in a leetle less than no time."

Bob did so, and was soon after joined by his venerable friend, when they entered deeply into the discussion of various subjects, and eventually touched upon that of matrimony as it stands.

"Are you a Benediction?" inquired Bob.

The venerable gentleman scratched his head, and looked as if a slight explanation would be pleasant.

"A Benediction! You know what I mean, you know. Was you ever married?"

"Not if I know it," said Venerable Joe, — "not a ha'porth of it! No, no; I never vos guilty of that. But why didn't you put it in the right p'int of wiew? Why didn't you arst if I ever vos mad? I shood then a hunderstood it; 'cos to be married is to be mad!"

"Under all circumstantialis?" inquired Bob.

"Why, hif you've enough, you know, for to keep a missis, and to bring up a whole mob of leetle individuals respectable, it mayn't be so bad; but, unless a man is gifted with a hindependent business he don't ought to do it. He'd better p'ison hissself out-and-out. But *you* never dream of marrying?"

"Why, I don't know; I do sometimes think it would be pleasant."

"Pleasant!" cried the venerable gentleman. "But, in course, you're on'y joking?"

"No; as true as I'm alive I'm quite serious."

"You are? Then jist let me give you a leetle adwice. Turn the hidcar clean out of your 'ed. Don't have it! Marriage is a swin-

dle: it's a reg'lar himposition. It's all verry well, p'raps, for gentlemen to marry, 'cos, in course, they can verry well stand the hexpence, and it makes good for servants; but for us to think of doing sich a thing! it's no go:—mark my words, it's no go. The gals, in course, have a nat'ral right to ketch us, if they can; but we don't ought to be cotched. It's a dead take in! Besides, marriage spiles the gals. Vile you're a-courtin' on 'em, butter von't melt in their mouths: they dress nice, and speak nice, and know how to behave: but, directly you get 'em home they let you know vot's o'clock. That's the p'int. Then, instead of sweet vords, smiles, and suttterer, you've nothink but blowin's up, black looks, and bounce. Then's ven they lets their tongues loose. It's then ven they show off, and let's you see the difference. They know they're all right. You can't help yourself then. They sets you at defiance. You may take your change out of it, and go and do your best and your vust: try *all* you know, there's no gettin' rid on 'em. Vot is it, then, but a dead take in? Vot is it but a reg'lar out-and-out himposition? If I buy an 'oss to go quiet in 'arness, and ven I gets him home I finds the warmant full of wice, is it anythink but a swindle? And, vot is it but a swindle ven I marries a gal vich varrants herself to be a good un, and she turns out a bad un?"

"But they are not all alike?" suggested Bob.

"I don't know. They're pooty much of a muchness, take em out of the kitchen. If you're always flush o' money, you may manage to get along with a few on 'em, *praps*; but the moment you happen to be short, they begin to let out. Cooks, however, them's the warmant! I'll back 'em to beat the vorld. There! if I had my time to come over agin, and a cook and a bottle of pison vos putt afore me, if I vos obligated for to take either the one or the tother, I'd svaller the p'ison with joy."

"But there's some cooks a decentish sort," urged Bob.

"Not a single individual one among 'em. They're a verry queer lot, and has a lot they do make the most warmantist of vives upon the face of the earth. But s'pose a man does get a decentish one,—not a cook, for that's clean out of natur',—but s'pose he *happens* to get hold of a fairish piece o' goods, vot's his 'appiness? Hindependence—the joy of his life's gone. He can't go out arout ketchin' it ven he gets back. If he meets vith a friend, he mustn't stop vith that friend; nayther must he bring him home, onless he vonts for to have him hinsulted. He may call hissself master of his own crib if he likes; but vot a man calls hissself under them there circumstantial is a verry different thing from vot he is. It's the cruellest specie of slavery in natur'. Tork o' the black Africans!—And then the expense: that's another himposition. They tell yer, in course, vere one can live a couple can live! It's a reg'lar do—a cruel do. The expenses is safe to increase. You can't go out arout a doublin' on 'em, no how. On'y try Gravesend jist for 'instance. Hindependent of the expense of riggin' out,—and there's safe to be somethink or 'nother vonted,—there's a couple o' shillin's there; that's got to be doubled; a couple o' shillin's back; that's got to be doubled; a couple o' dinners, a couple o' teas,—in short, a couple of every hindividual thing. Call for a glass of gin-and-water: why, it's gone afore you know vere you are! They can't drink afore marriage. Oh, no! they can on'y jist breathe upon the hedge o' the

glass; but *von't* they dip into it after! And then it's 'Lor! how uncommon fast you do drink! I ain't scarce putt my lips to it ray-ley!' 'Vot are you to do? You can't help yourself! You call for another, vich goes the same road!'

"Is that a fact?" inquired Bob, who was very incredulous.

"The fact, and nothink but," replied the venerable gentleman. "And then comes the kids. P'raps they don't cost nothink! Why, the layin's in alone 'll eat you up. And it's hodds that they turn out young warmant after all. And if yer don't have none on 'em, then yer not 'appy; yer allus a-vishin' for 'em, allus yarnin' after 'em. And then,"—he continued with a most mysterious aspect,— "then comes the grand p'int! Yer not sure—yer can't be sure—there's nothink to make yer sure! That's vere you feels it. But even if you feels sure, vich is the same thing in the long run, there yer live together piggin' all yer life up in an a loft! And hif you should chance to be throwed out o' place, vot a pooty perdicament yer in! And a married servant's allus treated vuss, cos he's tied. He's safe to be imposed upon, cos he can't help hisself. They know they've got him under their thumb. But ven a man's *single*, vot a different man he is! Then's the time he feels hisself independent. He can get a place any vere; and if he's even hout for a time, why, he's only got his own self to look to. Besides, look at the pleasures of a single individual! He gits inwited out. Married men never gits inwited out. And why? Why, in course, cos they're married. It ain't o' no sort o' use to inwite them. They're not to be taken in, cos they have been taken in; and ven they vos, there vos a end of their walue. In my time, I've heered many a married man say, 'So and so's been inwited to sich and sich a party; they might have arst me.' They haven't recollected at the time that they vos married, and that that vos the cause. No: they've thought themselves as heligible as they vos afore; but they werry soon find their mistake. Verehas a single man's allus out; he's allus inwited; they can't get on arout him!—ontil he gets married, ven they find that they can get on arout him werry well. And this ain't confined on'y to servants, although they're the vust; ve see it hevery day, and in hevery class; from the highest spere of society down to the werry lowest it's jist hall the same; they inwite men ontill they have passed that p'int, and then they inwite 'em no more. It vexes me ven I see single men suppose that they're inwited cos they're decentish lookin', or cos they're good company. Nothink of the sort!—let 'em marry, and they'll soon find that that vosn't it."

"Still," said Bob, "there must be something in this marriage, after all. There must be something in it more than we know on."

"The married life's loaded with cusses," rejoined his venerable friend.

"But arst them that are married. What do they say about it?"

"Say! They ought to be ashamed of themselves to go for to try to swindle people into the belief that they're 'appy. They ought to know better. That's another himposition. They none on 'em speak the real sentiments of their minds. They on'y do it out of a specie of rewenge. It's on'y cos they're in the mud themselves, and vant heverybody else to tumble in over head an' ears arter them,—that's all."

"But you don't mean to say that there's none on 'em happy? Look at my master and missis, for instance!"

"Vell, look at your master—ve'll leave out the missis, cos marriage vas 'er game, and she vun it—but look at your master—it's different with genelmen, as I said afore—but look at 'im! Ain't he a hobject of suspicion?—ain't the old general been set on to keep a eye upon 'im?—ain't hevery move on 'im votted?"

"Is it though really?" inquired Bob.

"I know it!—I know it from our butler, vich is a good feller, and never keeps anythink from us. The werry last time the Captain dined there they vos torkin' about 'im; but they allus are torkin' about 'im; they're allus a-sayin' vot a rackety buffer he'll be, if he ain't looked werry sharp arter. So vot's become of *his* independence, with a spy upon all 'is hactions!"

"I don't at all like that," said Bob; "in my mind it ain't the ticket; and I'll just put him up to it. It's a delicate p'int; but I'll do it."

"He ought to be put up to it. It ain't by no manner o' means the thing. But don't you think he'd better a been as he vos?"

"Why, you see, there's a p'int," replied Bob. "You see master loves missis, which makes all the odds."

"Love!" rejoined Venerable Joe, sarcastically. "Love's a himposition. There's been more people imposed upon by that air vord than by all the perfessional swindlers in natur'. It's a gross, a universal himposition; and it's on'y werry wonderful to me that it ain't long ago been hexpunged. A gal says she loves yer. Werry well; but are you consequentially obligated for to make a fool o' yerself? No: you've only got her hipsy-dixy, and vot's the good o' that. Marry her; and you'll werry soon see 'ow sweet's the love as meets return.' But arout that, look 'ear on'y jist for hinstance: a gal loves a soger—vich they all do; it's reg'lar: he's a private; still she loves 'im—oh! hout an' hout! Werry well; don't yer think she'd give 'im up for a hofficer? In course she vood! And why? Why, cos it 'ud be a better chance. Has for love, it's the vickedest, the swindlinest himposition as is. The chances is vot gals looks out for. The on'y qvestion with them is, 'Is it a good chance?' If it is, they'll have it; if it ain't, they von't—onless they can't get nothink better. It's the deadest take in is that love ever heered on: a deader do never vos hinvented. You take my advice, and don't be fozzled. Venever you 'ear the vord love always wiew it as a gross himposition. Hif yer don't you'll be done, and on'y find out the difference ven it's too late. Look at me jist for hinstance. I was sixty-two in Jannerwerry last: look at that! Sixty-two, and I ain't done yet. I'm inwited to all the parties. I'm never forgot! There's the old uns as is single a-hoglin' on me reg'lar; and the old uns as is married a-settin' their darters upon me; it 'ud be sich a chance! and all, in course, cos I'm single. Why, d' yer think they'd care about my company perwided I vos married? Does it stand at all to reason they'd invite me as they do hif they didn't believe I vos yet to be done? Not a bit of it! not if I vos vorth a matter o' fifty times as much as I ham. But, as it is—as I've allus escaped the himposition—there am I, never missed. allus thought on, looked up to, and respected; vich, let me tell you, is a werry great advantage. By the by, I'll introduce you; you must go to one of our conwersayshoneys."

"What's that?" inquired Bob.

"Vot? a conwersayshoney? A slap sort of a supper, in course. They're a-going to have another at Sir Hamilton Hideaways, vich is gone abroad ontill things comes a leetle round. He's a mean un hisself, but his servants is trumps. None but single men 's admitted. Will you go?"

Bob promised that he would; and at the same time announced that nothing could give him greater pleasure; but the arguments of the venerable gentleman—powerful and pointed though they were,—failed to convince him that marriage was a thing to be despised. But that which made a far deeper impression upon his mind than anything else which had transpired during the discussion of this generally interesting subject, was the fact of his having been informed that his master was subjected to a system of espionage, which was in his private judgment excessively wrong, and therefore he held it to be incumbent upon him, as a true and faithful servant, to acquaint his master with it the very first opportunity, in order that he might thenceforward be upon his guard. He felt it, of course, to be rather a nice point for him to mention; but conceiving it to be strictly a thing which ought to be known, he firmly made up his mind to impart that knowledge; and, with many expressions of high consideration, took leave of his venerable friend for the night.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Stanley's elevation in the social scale proposed.

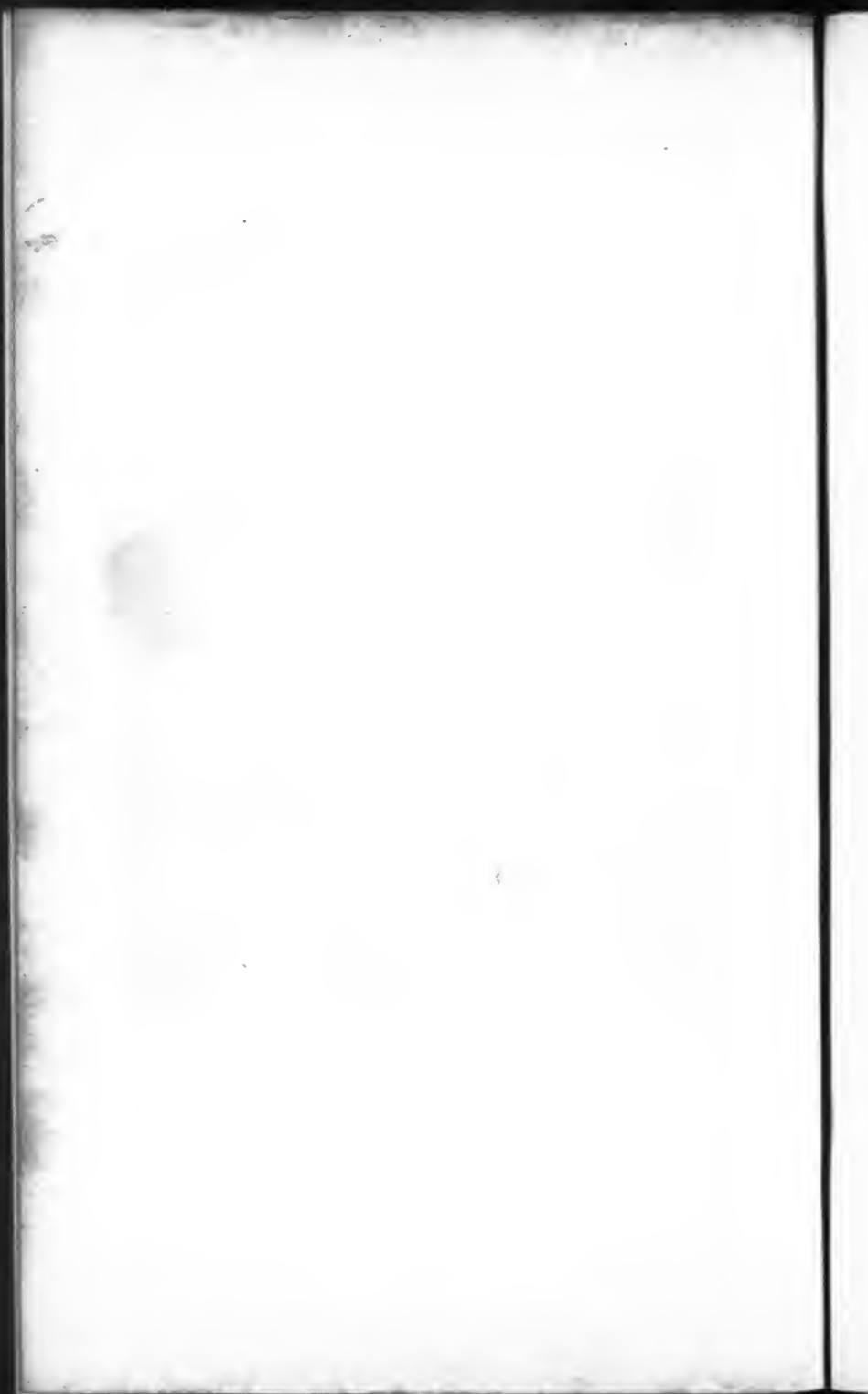
As Sir William's game was to have recourse to everything tending to promote Stanley's absence from Amelia, he now flew to billiards, at which he had been an adept for years, and by which he knew that Stanley could not fail to be attracted. Stanley knew nothing of the game; but Sir William, in the most friendly manner of course, undertook to teach him; and the immediate result of that teaching was, that the pupil became fascinated. Night after night he was at it till daybreak. He thought of nothing, dreamt of nothing but laying out, cannoning, and pocketing the red; he was never, indeed, happy without a queue in his hand. Whether Sir William were with him or not,—and he frequently was not; for, embracing the opportunity which his absence afforded, he would call for him at home, with the view of conversing with Amelia,—he was every evening to be found at the table. He had continually some match on hand with the specious and highly accomplished persons whom he met,—and few scoundrels are more accomplished than the higher order of billiard sharps,—and who, by virtue of flattery and "tender" treatment, fleeced him of large sums of money. Still he would play. The more he lost, the more capable he felt himself of winning; and with so much ingenuity and judgment was it managed, that he not only never entertained a moment's thought of being victimised, but proposed increased stakes every game, to which they invariably, but of course with great reluctance, consented.

When this had gone on for some time, Amelia felt very unhappy, and more especially in consequence of having received an anonymous letter, which contained intimations prejudicial to Stanley's reputation as a fond and faithful husband, and of which she could not help thinking, although at the time she destroyed it with con-



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tempt. Still she never reproached him. Evening after evening was he absent, while she, in tears, was tortured by the thousand apprehensions with which, under the circumstances, solitude teems; but on his return she invariably flew to him, and blessed him, and welcomed him home with a smile of joy. No tear was ever visible then; no word which could indicate doubt was ever breathed. If he offered to apologise, she would stop him with a kiss, while her eyes beamed with confidence and love.

Weeks passed, and Bob had not had what *he* deemed a fair opportunity of imparting to Stanley the information he had obtained touching the watch that had been set upon his actions. At length, however, an excellent one offered, and he embraced it. They were returning from a shooting-match at the time, and he certainly did think, as he sat in the cab, that his master, who had spoken to him familiarly several times on the road, was in the true state of mind to entertain a grateful sense of his kindness.

"I beg pardon, sir," said he, after calling up all the moral courage he had in him. "I beg pardon—I hope you won't think it a liberty; but I've got something, sir, on my sentiments which I think it my duty to let you know on."

"Well, Bob," said Stanley, "what is it?"

"Why, sir, it's—I know it's a delicate p'int, and one which, possible, I don't ought to name; but I think it a duty as I owe—"

"Out with it!" cried Stanley. "Let's have it at once."

"Well, sir; you see General Johnson—which is a genelman;—but I hope you won't name it again, 'cause I'm bound as a matter of honour."

"Well! and what of General Johnson?"

"Why, sir,—it's only that you may be awares I only do it to put you on your guard."

"Put me on my guard! What do you mean?"

"Why, sir, as I hear from the servants which told me, that General Johnson and the Captain is spies upon all you do."

Stanley looked at him fiercely, and in an instant Bob saw that he had made a mistake.

"How dare you," cried Stanley, "name a subject of this kind to me?"

"I beg pardon, sir, I hope you won't—"

"Silence, sir! Never let me hear another syllable upon this or upon any other subject, in which you are not concerned, pass your lips."

Bob shrank instinctively into the most remote corner of the cab, and scarcely breathed; but of all the base and glaring acts of ingratitude he had ever heard, or read of in history either ancient or modern, he held this to be, beyond all dispute, the most glaring, and the most base.

"What!" thought he, privately, and in the strictest possible confidence,—for he felt that any public expression of his sentiments would be, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, inexpedient,—*"What! Is it a dream, or is it a boney-fide wide-awake fact that a master can be found on the face of the blessed earth to behave so reg'lar ongrateful? Warn't it all for his own good? Was it anything to me? Didn't I name it for his own blessed self? And, does he think, does he hope, does he expect that I'll ever, while*

I've breath in my body tell him anything again? Not if I know it; *not* if I was to live on and on in his service until I was as old as Jerusalem!"

He was amazed! It was so monstrous! Nothing in the similitude of indignation could exceed his in strength; but he kept it down tightly. He scorned to give it vent; for, whenever he looked at the monster of ingratitude out of the off corner of his eye, he perceived that his aspect was strikingly ferocious.

On reaching home, Stanley, —whom Bob's information, for more than one reason, had angered, — was met by Amelia, who with dancing eyes joyfully explained to him that during his absence the Captain had sent him as a present the most elegant billiard-table she had ever beheld.

"A billiard-table!" cried Stanley, with a scowl. "How did *he* know that I ever play at billiards?"

"My dearest love!" said Amelia, "I really do not know; but I suppose papa fancied you were fond of the game, as many gentlemen are!"

"He *knew* that I was fond of the game," cried Stanley.

"Then, was it not, my love, the more kind of him to send it?"

"Amelia, I have no wish to quarrel with your father; but I would have both him and the General understand that I hold in abhorrence the character of a spy!"

"My Stanley!" cried Amelia, who violently trembled. "What is it you mean?"

"That table shall go back! I'll not have it."

"Oh! do not return it! pray—pray do not return it! You will not? My dearest!—my Stanley! You will let me have *some* influence over you? I know you will. Consider how terrible it will be if this present be not accepted. Consider it was an act of pure kindness, and ought not to be spurned. Come, you will not—for my sake you will not return it?"

"I will not submit to be treated like a child. I will not in silence be subjected to the pitiful system of which your father and his friend seem to be so much enamoured."

"My love, you have been misinformed on some point, I am sure of it! I know my dear father to be incapable—ay, my Stanley!—incapable of any act of meanness or dishonour. But come, my love, be calm. Be sure that you have been misinformed. Be sure of it, my Stanley. I am as conscious of his integrity as I am, my dear, of yours; and I feel that I could answer for either with my life. But you will not, you will not even think of returning the table?"

Stanley was silent. He suffered himself to be caressed and reasoned with calmly, and the result was, that the table remained; but he was still highly indignant with the Captain, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to refrain from sending him what *he* deemed a proper, but which would have been in reality a most insulting, letter.

Sir William watched the progress of these events — the whole of which became known to him as they occurred — with delight; but the nearer his infamous design upon the honour of Amelia approached, in his view, perfection, the more strongly did he feel that his advances must be not only gradual but imperceptible, to succeed. He still had frequent opportunities of conversing with her alone,—for

Stanley's matches with the sharps still went on, and he was constantly absent : but his studied distance increased with each visit, his respect for her apparently became more and more profound.

At length he decided upon taking another specious step, which, while it directly tended to ensure Amelia's applause, would have the effect, in a pecuniary sense, of materially accelerating Stanley's ruin.

He, of course, knew the character of Stanley well ; for the promotion of his own purposes he had studied it deeply. He therefore knew that any proposition calculated to enable him to gain caste in society, would be seized with avidity, and carried out as far as it could be carried out by him with gladness. His plans were accordingly laid ; and, when perfected, he opened his views to Amelia, as far, at least, as he desired them to appear.

"I wish," said he, "that Stanley,"—of whose absence from home they had been speaking,—"had something more to occupy his mind : some study, some honourable pursuit. I am sure that he would feel much more settled than he does. Do you not think that if he had some object in view besides the mere pleasure of the day, it would be better ? For instance, suppose he were in Parliament ? For my own part, I should like much to see him in the House."

"Is that practicable ?" inquired Amelia.

"Most certainly ; and not only practicable, but easily to be accomplished."

"Dear me, I should like it above all things. Have you ever named the subject to him ?"

"Never. I scarcely knew whether it would be agreeable to you."

"Oh ! I should be delighted !"

"Then, of course, I will name it."

"Pray do, and urge it strongly ; but I am sure that he will be overjoyed ! I feel convinced that the idea is one which he never entertained."

"Well, then, let me see—to-morrow."

"Oh, to-morrow you will dine with us at his mamma's."

"Of course. I'll bring the subject forward then. It will be an excellent opportunity. His mother, I should say, will have but little objection ?"

"Oh ! she will be in raptures ! I am sure of it. Pray do not forget it."

"I will not. Nor will I forget to ascertain in the mean time what places are likely to be open. There are two new writs about to be moved for, I know ; but I'll inquire farther into the matter, and come to-morrow prepared with every necessary information."

Amelia thanked him again and again. She indeed felt grateful to him for the interest which he apparently took in Stanley's welfare, and not only during the day, but throughout the night, dwelt with ecstasy upon the prospect which opened to her view. She was sure that her Stanley would distinguish himself in Parliament ; she was certain that his speeches would be brilliant in the extreme ! And then the delight she should experience in reading those speeches, interspersed with "cheers," "loud cheers," "enthusiastic cheering !"—and then, "the honourable member resumed his seat amidst thunders of applause !" Oh ! it would be so delightful ! She shed tears of rapture. Her woman's heart swelled with joy and pride. And then, after a time, he would be in the Cabinet—a Right Ho-

nourable!—the Right Honourable Gentleman—the Right Honourable Member—the Right Honourable Stanley Thorn! And then the Prime Minister!—the Premier of England!—the right hand of Royalty!—loaded with honours, dining daily at the palace! Could anything surpass it? And if talent could win them, these honours would be won; for who possessed the talent of her Stanley? It was a noble prospect!—a glorious prospect!—a prospect on which she delighted to dwell. But on the following day, when the subject was renewed, her views were altogether eclipsed by the widow, who saw with unparalleled distinctness that Stanley would in less than six months be created a Peer.

“And what,” inquired Stanley, when the subject had been explained, “do you suppose would be about the expense of my election?”

“The expenses,” replied Sir William, “are in all cases governed in the first place by the nature of the opposition, and in the next by the character of the electors. Some constituencies are comparatively pure, while others are grossly corrupt, and require an immense deal of management, treating, and so on.”

“Oh! treat them by all means!” cried the widow. “Do not think about the cost. ‘Let them have anything they like. Let them eat, and drink, and shout! I think I hear them! And then, when Stanley is chaired through the town, followed by the crowd of devoted electors, and bowing to all around, while from every window hats and handkerchiefs are waving, and in every street bands of music are playing, and the cannon roaring, and the people shouting, and—Oh! will it not be a joyous scene! And then, my love,” she added, addressing Amelia, “we’ll have the chair covered with ribbons; and favours in the hats and the bosoms of the people, and banners, and streamers, and triumphal arches, and wreaths extending from house to house; and then we’ll have twelve virgins dressed all in white, strewing flowers in the road; and then the balls, and then—”

“That is,” said Stanley, “in the event of my gaining the election.”

“Exactly, my love; but these things must be previously settled and prepared. It will never do at all to drive them off till the last. Besides, I feel as certain as I am of my own existence that you have but to start to succeed. Amelia and I will go and canvas ourselves, which *will* be so glorious! ‘For whom do you vote, my good man?’ Some may reply, ‘Mr. Smith,’ or whatever the name of the opposition candidate may be. ‘Oh! dear me, no,’ we shall say; ‘you must vote for Mr. Thorn; he’s such a dear!—such an extremely nice person!’ And then we’ll make the children a present, and kiss them, and—oh! we’ll manage it, my love. But you must give us our instructions.”

“Yes, yes, mother, yes,” said Stanley, checking the enthusiastic widow; “you shall have every instruction,—everything shall be as you wish; but there are certain preliminary matters, which had better be settled first.”

He and Sir William then entered into those matters seriously; but as they were immensely too dull for the widow, she and Amelia retired, with the view of making such arrangements as were in their judgment eminently calculated to give eclat to Stanley’s return.



PUGNACITY.

MR. KER SNAP.

WE are certainly deeply indebted to the science of phrenology for the unravelling and elucidation of many mysteries. A petty larceny peccadillo, or an atrocious murder, are now alike traced to their natural causes in the cranium of the culprit. Yes; in those developements—those ivory tablets—any man of feeling may digitally decipher the peculiar bent of the disposition, and reduce it to a demonstration as clear and convincing as any in Euclid to all those who grant the truth of the proposition that the science is infallible.

For my own part I must confess I have entertained strong doubts; and although my friend Glib has exercised his eloquence with all the unwearying patience and perseverance of a warm devotee in the cause, energetically shaking his own head, and affectionately patting the “mapped” head on his library table, until I was really induced at the time to believe that two heads *were* better than one, and was in a manner compelled by force of argument, “dashed” with politeness, to express my conviction; but I was no sooner liberated from the warm atmosphere of his enthusiasm than I gradually grew cool again, and imperceptibly resumed my heretical notions.

Never before was the truth of the couplet,

“A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still,”

so forcibly thrust upon me.

I repeated these rambling discursions of my mind to Glib, and told him this was

“The head and front of my offending.”

He liked my quotation exceedingly. It was apt and phrenological, he said, but at the same time reproved my secession: then placing his forefinger on my forehead, he smilingly declared that he had discovered the organ of ideality largely developed.

“Man is a ruminating animal,” said I.

“So is a sheep,” replied Glib, smiling sarcastically.

Glib is a very amiable fellow, however, notwithstanding his phrenological bias; and whether that is occasioned, like the bias of a bowl by an infusion of lead in his caput, I will not assert; but I am certain on any other topic he is not only intelligent but intelligible.

To oblige him I once even went so far as the London Institution at the time that renowned phrenologist, Spurzheim, was delivering his lectures. Both the man and the matter, I must confess, amused, if they did not enlighten me, and I enjoyed the evening exceedingly. The ladies tittered, and the gentlemen laughed at the lecturer's illustrations.

It must be allowed that no Thames waterman, who plies above bridge or below, in his trim-built wherry, ever handled a *skull* with greater dexterity!

His broken English was very droll, “Take a like shild sebben year old, and feel his pumps,” and so forth; and then he folded his arms, and discoursed so placidly, appearing so completely a master of his subject that it was really pleasant to look upon such a type of a true philosopher.

His exhibition of a skull with an *os frontis* about an inch in thickness, and the unction with which he declared that such was the exact counterpart of the head of an Edinburgh reviewer (for he had been rather roughly handled in that erudite work), was the only occasion throughout the lecture in which he displayed any real warmth or excitement; and he, or his satirical allusion, was loudly applauded,—for most people are tickled by satire when not directed *against themselves*.

I was led into this ramble by an acknowledgment from my friend, Ker Snap, that he had submitted his “knowledge-box” to the inspection of an adept in the science.

“I am quite satisfied there is something in it,” said he.

“In your knowledge-box, as you call it?” said I.

“No—no, the system,” replied he. “What d’ye think? He didn’t know me, I’m positive; but he had no sooner ran his fingers through my hair than he declared that I had the organ of combativeness largely developed. Is not that a conclusive argument in favour of the science?—for you know my propensity,—I *am* fightable. Besides, it corroborates the assertion of the Frenchman, who said that there was a nerve, or something, in the heads of all Englishmen, which caused them to double their fist and box upon the least provocation. I say, old fellow,” continued he, aware of my obtuseness on the subject, “does not this fact take the shine out of your pretended incredulity?”

“One swallow does not make a summer, my dear Snap,” said I; “and if I remember aright, that left eye of yours was rather black from a contusion received across the mahogany at the ‘Rainbow,’ the other night, or rather morning. That was a clue.”

“My left ‘peeper’ *was* in mourning; but I deny that that was sufficient for him to draw a conclusion of my combativeness. On the con-

trary, it might have led him to suppose that I was a coward, or at least could not 'take care of myself,' and you know I can, and no mistake. Ask Cribb, Spring, Ward, or the pet of the fancy—that 's all."

In fact no one doubted the pugilistic powers of Master Ker Snap, and I had seen sundry displays of it, to my great annoyance, perhaps envy, for it was an amusement in which I could not partake, either from the insignificant development of the said organ of combativeness, or from lack of muscle.

Snap was one of the kindest-hearted men I ever knew; and yet, strange to say, he was so pugnacious, that, like some of the newly-invented lucifers, it was only necessary to rub him briskly against a wall, or use the slightest friction in the world, and he was in a blaze in a moment. Fight he must, and fight he would.

It must be confessed that he invariably took the right side, and generally stripped to resent the insult of a blackguard, or to take the part of the helpless; but still his Quixotic feeling carried him to an unreasonable extent in righting the wrongs of the oppressed, and he was consequently in a continual broil.

He certainly was a perfect master of the art of self-defence, and would have shone in the ring—like a diamond of the first water!

That he took a great delight in the sport is indubitable; for his very language became infected with the phrase of the "Fives' Court,"—and even upon the most ordinary occasions these ugly words would peep out,—

"Are you going to take the air in Hyde Park this afternoon?" a friend inquired.

"Yes," replied Snap; "I'm going to have a *blow!*"

Of course, with him every joke was a "capital *hit.*"

Having vainly endeavoured to persuade him to sign a petition to Parliament upon a political subject to which he was actually an opponent, I had exhausted all my rhetoric, and had nearly given him up, when I at last tickled him into submission by unintentionally saying,

"Come, Snap, I shall really feel it a personal obligation if you will *put your fist to it.*"

This was what he termed a "settler," and he gave in incontinently.

Observing one day that his hair looked rather darker than usual, I accused him of dyeing it.

"No—honour," said he. "The fact is, my crop died of its own accord, and so—"

"You've taken to a wig?"

"Yes," answered he, laughing; "come to the *scratch* at last!"

I encountered him one morning early, just coming out of Storr and Mortimer's. He appeared very much flushed and ill at ease, and was some seconds before he could resume his usual nonchalance. He was evidently "thrown off his guard."

"I have been to that jeweller's," said he.

"I inferred as much, from seeing you come out of that jeweller's," I replied, smiling.

"You're a wag, and I know you will say—"

"What?"

"Why, probably, that I have been fighting a—*jewel.*"

"Excuse me from the paternity of such an illegitimate pun."

"Well, then, to tell the truth, I have a serious engagement on my hands, and I have been to those gentlemen to order them to *make a ring.*"

"Indeed!" said I. "And pray when and where does the encounter come off?"

"My dear fellow," cried he, "you mistake me. I'm not going to engage in a bout of fisticuffs; I'm on the point of marriage."

"Oh! indeed!"

"You remember," continued he, "that pretty little creature in black satin, that I saluted the other day in the Park?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, the affair has been on the tapis for the last three months. Mothers and cousins have all agreed,—and—I shall be a Benedict in a fortnight."

"She is certainly a beautiful creature."

"Is she not? I am glad to have your favourable opinion—I am flattered by it. She is a beautiful creature; she struck me when coming out of chapel."

"How very improper!" I remarked.

"Pshaw! you know what I mean. I was attracted by her graceful figure."

"That's more poetical. But," said I, "joking apart, Snap, I wish you joy. Of course you will henceforth exchange the mawleys for kid-gloves?"

"Certainly," replied he. "I have bought a pretty little estate in—"

"In Derbyshire?"

"What induces you to pitch upon that county of all others in the United Kingdom?" demanded he.

"Why, for its being the place *par excellence* for a *spar*."

"Very good," said he. "But suppose Mrs. Snap, that is to be, should become a mother—"

"What then?"

"Why talking of Derbyshire naturally reminds one of the *Mam Tor*, or the mother *hill*,—and I should not like to see that."

"Spare me!" said I. "My dear Snap, you have perpetrated a most wretched pun. You know I hate those verbal equivocations."

"Come, that's a good one," cried he. "Why, you live by it!"

"*Hard* by it, you should have said. But the estate?"

"It consists of about one hundred acres," replied my pugnacious friend, "comprising arable, pasture, and park-like grounds, with a mansion and offices fit for the occupation of a man of fortune retiring from the noise and bustle of the world, that is, according to the advertisement of the renowned Robins. But in sober earnest, it is a pleasant little freehold, and situate about an hour's ride from the metropolis, *per* railroad. You look incredulous! Upon my honour it's true!"

"Nay, how can I accuse you of any deviation from the truth, when you have just assured me that you have given over *fibbing*?" said I.

Mr. Ker Snap then entered into a communication "private and confidential," and gave me a peep at his views and prospects, which, like Turner's, were of course, under the circumstances, rather *couleur de rose*, concluding by assuring me that he had really cut the Fives' Court, and never intended to show fight again.

"But," said I, "you forget you have not yet told me where you are going."

"I am going," replied the pugilist, "to **BOXMOOR!**"

ALFRED CROWQUILL.





*Guy Fawkes and the other Conspirators alarmed
while digging the mine.*

GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER III.

THE ESCAPE PREVENTED.

VIVIANA having retired to her chamber, apparently to rest, a long and anxious consultation was held by the conspirators as to the next steps to be pursued. Garnet was of opinion that, as the Earl of Salisbury was aware of a conspiracy against the state being on foot among the Catholics, their project ought to be deferred, if not altogether abandoned.

"We are sure to be discovered," he said. "Arrests without end will take place. And such rigorous measures will be adopted by the Earl, such inquiries instituted, that all will infallibly be brought to light. Besides, we know not what Tresham may have revealed. He denies having betrayed our secret, but no credit can be attached to his assertions."

"Shall we examine him again, father," cried Catesby, "and wring the truth from him by threats or torture?"

"No, my son," replied Garnet; "let him remain where he is till morning. A night of solitary confinement, added to the stings of his own guilty conscience, is likely to produce a stronger effect upon him than any torments we could inflict. He shall be interrogated strictly to-morrow, and I will answer for it, will make a full confession. But even if he has revealed nothing material, there exists another and equally serious ground of alarm. I allude to your meeting with the Earl on the river. I should be the last to counsel bloodshed. But if ever it could be justified, it might have been so in this case."

"I would have slain him if I had had my own way," returned Catesby, with a fierce and reproachful look at Fawkes.

"If I have done wrong, I will speedily repair my error," observed the latter. "Do you desire his death, father? and will you absolve me from the deed?" he added, turning to Garnet.

"It is better as it is," replied Garnet, making a gesture in the negative. "I would not have our high and holy purpose stained by common slaughter. The Power that delivered him into your hands, and stayed them, no doubt preserved him for the general sacrifice. My first fear was lest, having noticed the barrels of powder within the boat, he might have suspected your design. But I am satisfied his eyes were blinded, and his reason benighted, so that he could discern nothing."

"Such was my own opinion, father," replied Fawkes. "Let us observe the utmost caution, but proceed at all hazards with the enterprise. If we delay, we fail."

"Right," returned Catesby, "and for that counsel I forgive you for standing between me and our enemy."

Upon this, it was agreed that if nothing occurred in the interim, more powder should be transported to the habitation in Westminster on the following night,—that Fawkes and Catesby, who might be recognized by Salisbury's description, should keep close house during the day, — and that the rest of the conspirators should be summoned to assist in digging the mine. Prayers were then offered up by the two priests for their preservation from peril, and for success in their enterprise; after which, they threw themselves on benches or seats, and courted slumber. All slept soundly except Fawkes, who, not being able to close his eyes, from an undefinable apprehension of danger, arose, and cautiously opening the door, kept watch outside.

Shortly afterwards, Viviana, who had waited till all was quiet, softly descended the stairs, and, shading her light, gazed timorously round. Satisfied she was not observed, she glided swiftly and noiselessly to the fire-place, and endeavoured to raise the flag. But it resisted all her efforts, and she was about to abandon the attempt in despair, when she perceived a bolt on one side, that had escaped her notice. Hastily withdrawing it, she experienced no further difficulty. The stone revolved on hinges like a trap-door, and lifting it, she hurried down the steps.

Alarmed by her approach, Tresham had retreated to the further end of the vault, and snatching up a halbert from the pile of weapons, cried, in a voice of desperation,

"Stand off! I am armed, and have severed my bonds. Off, I say! You shall not take me with life."

"Hush!" cried Viviana, putting her finger to her lips, "I am come to set you free."

"Do I behold an inhabitant of this world?" cried Tresham, crossing himself, and dropping the halbert, "or some blessed saint? Ah!" he exclaimed, as she advanced towards him, "it is Viviana Radcliffe — my preserver. Pardon, sweet lady. My eyes were dazzled by the light, and your sudden appearance and speech, — and I might almost say looks, — made me think you were some supernatural being come to deliver me from these bloody-minded men. Where are they?"

"In the room above," she replied, in a whisper,—"asleep, — and if you speak so loud you will arouse them."

"Let us fly without a moment's delay," returned Tresham in the same tone, and hastily picking up a rapier and a dagger.

"Stay!" cried Viviana, arresting him. "Before you go, you must tell me what you are about to do."

"We will talk of that when we are out of this accursed place," he replied.

"You shall not stir a footstep," she rejoined, placing herself resolutely between him and the outlet, "till you have sworn neither to betray your confederates, nor to do them injury."

"May heaven requite me, if I forgive them!" cried Tresham between his ground teeth.

"Remember!—you are yet in their power," she rejoined. "One word from me, and they are at your side. Swear!—and swear solemnly, or you do not quit this spot."

Tresham gazed at her fiercely, and griped his dagger, as if determined to free himself at any cost.

"Ah!" she ejaculated, noticing the movement, "you are indeed a traitor. You have neither sense of honour nor gratitude, and I leave you to your fate. Attempt to follow me, and I give the alarm."

"Forgive me, Viviana," he cried, abjectly prostrating himself at her feet, and clinging to the hem of her dress. "I meant only to terrify you; I would not injure you for worlds. Do not leave me with these ruthless cut-throats. They will assuredly murder me. Do not remain with them yourself, or you will come to some dreadful end. Fly with me, and I will place you beyond their reach—will watch over your safety. Or, if you are resolved to brave their fury let me go, and I will take any oath you propose. As I hope for salvation I will not betray them."

"Peace!" cried Viviana, contemptuously. "If I set you free, it is not to save you, but them."

"What mean you?" asked Tresham, hesitating.

"Question me not, but follow," she rejoined, "and tread softly, as you value your life."

Tresham needed no caution on this head, and as they emerged from the trap-door in breathless silence, and he beheld the figures of his sleeping foes, he could scarcely muster sufficient courage to pass through them. Motioning him to proceed quickly, Viviana moved towards the door, and to her surprise found it unfastened. Without pausing to consider whence this neglect could arise, she opened it, and Tresham, who trembled in every limb, and walked upon the points of his feet, stepped forth. As he crossed the threshold, however, a powerful grasp was laid upon his shoulder, and a drawn sword presented to his breast, while the voice of Fawkes thundered in his ear, "Who goes there? Speak, or I strike."

While the fugitive, not daring to answer, lest his accents should betray him, endeavoured vainly to break away, Viviana, hearing the struggle, threw open the door, and exclaimed, "It is Tresham. I set him free."

"You!" cried Fawkes, in astonishment. "Wherefore?"

"In the hope that his escape would induce you to abandon your design, and seek safety in flight," she rejoined. "But you have thwarted my purpose."

Fawkes made no reply, but thrust Tresham forcibly into the house, and called to Catesby, who by this time had been roused with the others, to close and bar the door. The command was instantly obeyed, and as Catesby turned, a strange and fearful group met his view. In the midst stood Tresham, his haggard features and palsied frame bespeaking the extremity of his terror. His sword having been beaten from his grasp by Fawkes, and his dagger wrested from him by Keyes, he was utterly defenceless. Viviana had placed herself between him and his assailants, and screening him from their attack, cried,

“Despatch me. The fault is mine — mine only — and I am ready to pay the penalty. Had I not released him, he would not have attempted to escape. I am the rightful victim.”

“She speaks the truth,” gasped Tresham. “If she had not offered to liberate me, I should never have thought of flying. Would to heaven I had never yielded to her solicitations!”

“Peace, craven hound!” exclaimed Fawkes, furiously, “you deserve to die for your meanness and ingratitude, if not for your treachery. And it is for this miserable wretch, Viviana,” he added, turning to her, “that you would have placed your friends in such fearful jeopardy — it is for him, who would sacrifice you without scruple to save himself, that you now offer your own life?”

“I deserve your reproaches,” she rejoined, in confusion.

“Had I not fortunately intercepted him,” pursued Fawkes, “an hour would not have elapsed ere he would have returned with the officers; and we should have changed this dwelling for a dungeon in the Tower,—these benches for the rack.”

“In pity stab me!” cried Viviana, falling at his feet. “But oh! do not wound me with your words. I have committed a grievous wrong; but I was ignorant of the consequences; and, as I hope for mercy hereafter, my sole motive, beyond compassion for this wretched man, was to terrify you into relinquishing your dreadful project.”

“You have acted wrongfully, — very wrongfully, Viviana,” interposed Garnet; “but since you are fully convinced of your error, no more need be said. There are seasons when the heart must be closed against compassion, and when mercy becomes injustice. Go to your chamber, and leave us to deal with this unhappy man.”

“To-morrow you must quit us,” observed Fawkes, as she passed him.

“Quit you!” she exclaimed. “I will never offend again.”

“I will not trust you,” replied Fawkes, “unless — but it is useless to impose restrictions upon you, which you will not — perhaps, cannot observe.”

“Impose any restrictions you please,” replied Viviana. “But do not bid me leave you.”

“The time is come when we *must* separate,” rejoined Fawkes.

"See you not that the course we are taking is slippery with blood, and beset with perils which the firmest of your sex could not encounter?"

"I will encounter them nevertheless," replied Viviana. "Be merciful," she added, pointing to Tresham, "and mercy shall be shown you in your hour of need." And she slowly withdrew.

While this was passing, Catesby addressed a few words aside to Keyes and Oldcorne, and now stepping forward, and fixing his eye steadily upon the prisoner to note the effect of his speech upon him, said,

"I have devised a plan by which the full extent of Tresham's treachery can be ascertained."

"You do not mean to torture him, I trust?" exclaimed Garnet, uneasily.

"No, father," replied Catesby. "If torture is inflicted at all, it will be upon the mind, not the body."

"Then it will be no torture," observed Garnet. "State your plan, my son."

"It is this," returned Catesby. "He shall write a letter to Lord Mounteagle, stating that he has important revelations to make to him, and entreating him to come hither unattended."

"Here!" exclaimed Fawkes.

"Here," repeated Catesby; "and alone. We will conceal ourselves in such manner that we may overhear what passes between them, and if any attempt is made by the villain to betray our presence, he shall be immediately shot. By this means we cannot fail to elicit the truth."

"I approve your plan, my son," replied Garnet, "but who will convey the letter to Lord Mounteagle?"

"I will," replied Fawkes. "Let it be prepared at once, and the case will be thought the more urgent. I will watch him, and see that he comes unattended, or give you timely warning."

"Enough," rejoined Garnet. "Let writing-materials be procured, and I will dictate the letter."

Tresham, meanwhile, exhibited no misgiving; but, on the contrary, his countenance brightened up as the plan was approved.

"My life will be spared if you find I have not deceived you, will it not?" he asked, in a supplicating voice.

"Assuredly," replied Garnet.

"Give me pen and ink, then," he cried, "and I will write whatever you desire."

"Our secret is safe," whispered Catesby to Garnet. "It is useless to test him further."

"I think so," replied Garnet. "Would we had made this experiment sooner!"

"Do not delay, I intreat you," implored Tresham. "I am eager to prove my innocence."

"We are satisfied with the proof we have already obtained," returned Garnet.

Tresham dropped on his knees in speechless gratitude.

"We are spared the necessity of being your executioner, my son," pursued Garnet, "and I rejoice at it. But I cannot acquit you of the design to betray us; and till you have unburthened your whole soul to me, and proved by severe and self-inflicted penance that you are really penitent, you must remain a captive within these walls."

"I will disguise nothing from you, father," replied Tresham, "and will strive to expiate my offence by the severest penance you choose to inflict."

"Do this, my son," rejoined Garnet; "leave no doubt of your sincerity, and you may be yet restored to the place you have forfeited, and become a sharer in our great enterprise."

"I will never trust him more," observed Fawkes.

"Nor I," added Keyes.

"I will," rejoined Catesby: "not that I have more faith in him than either of you, but I will so watch him that he shall not dare to betray us. Nay, more," he added, in an undertone to Garnet, "I will turn his treachery to account. He will be a useful spy upon our enemies."

"If he can be relied on," observed Garnet.

"After this, you need have no fears," rejoined Catesby, with a significant smile.

"The first part of your penance, my son," said Garnet, addressing Tresham, "shall be to pass the night in solitary vigil and prayer within the vault. Number your transgressions, and reflect upon their enormity. Consider not only the injury your conduct might have done us, but the holy church of which you are so sinful a member. Weigh over all this, and to-morrow I will hear your confession; when, if I find you in a state of grace, absolution shall not be refused."

Tresham humbly bowed his head in token of acquiescence. He was then led to the vault, and the flag closed over him, as before. This done, after a brief conversation the others again stretched themselves on the floor, and sought repose.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MINE.

SOME days elapsed before the conspirators ventured forth from their present abode. They had intended to remove the rest of the powder without loss of time, but were induced to defer their purpose on the representations of Tresham, who stated to Garnet that in his opinion they would run a great and needless risk. Before the expiration of a week, Tresham's apparent remorse for his perfidy, added to his seeming zeal, had so far reinstated him in the confidence of his associates, that he was fully absolved of his offence by Garnet; and, after taking fresh oaths of even greater solemnity than the former, was again admitted to the league. Catesby, however, who placed little faith in his

protestations, never lost sight of him for an instant, and, even if he meditated an escape, he had no opportunity of effecting it.

A coldness, stronger on his side than hers, seemed to have arisen between Viviana and Guy Fawkes. Whenever she descended to the lower room he withdrew on some excuse; and, though he never urged her departure by words, his looks plainly bespoke that he desired it. Upon one occasion, she found him alone,—the others being at the time within the vault. He was whetting the point of his dagger, and did not hear her approach, until she stood beside him. He was slightly confused, and a deep ruddy stain flushed his swarthy cheeks and brow; but he averted his gaze, and continued his occupation in silence.

“Why do you shun me?” asked Viviana, laying her hand gently upon his shoulder. And, as he did not answer, she repeated the question in a broken voice. Guy Fawkes then looked up, and perceived that her eyes were filled with tears.

“I shun you, Viviana, for two reasons,” he replied gravely, but kindly; “first, because I would have no ties of sympathy to make me cling to the world, or care for it; and I feel that if I suffer myself to be interested about you, this will not long be the case: secondly, and chiefly, because you are constantly striving to turn me from my fixed purpose; and, though your efforts have been, and will be unavailing, yet I would not be exposed to them further.”

“You fear me, because you think I shall shake your resolution,” she rejoined, with a forced smile. “But I will trouble you no more. Nay, if you wish it, I will go.”

“It were better,” replied Fawkes, in accents of deep emotion, and taking her hand. “Painful as will be the parting with you, I shall feel more easy when it is over. It grieves me to the soul to see you—the daughter of the proud, the wealthy Sir William Radcliffe,—an inmate of this wretched abode, surrounded by desperate men, whose actions you disapprove, and whose danger you are compelled to share. Think how it would add to my suffering if our plot—which Heaven avert—should be discovered, and you be involved in it.”

“Do not think of it,” replied Viviana.

“I cannot banish it from my thoughts,” continued Fawkes. “I cannot reconcile it to my feelings that one so young, so beautiful, should be thus treated. Dwelling on this idea unmans me—unfits me for sterner duties. The great crisis is at hand, and I must live only for it.”

“Live for it, then,” rejoined Viviana; “but oh! let me remain with you till the blow is struck. Something tells me I may yet be useful to you—may save you.”

“No more of this, if you would indeed remain,” rejoined Guy Fawkes, sternly. “Regard me as a sword in the hand of fate, which cannot be turned aside,—as a bolt launched from the cloud, and shattering all in its course, which may not be stopped,

— as something terrible, exterminating, immoveable. Regard me as this, and say whether I am not to be shunned.”

“No,” replied Viviana; “I am as steadfast as yourself. I will remain.”

Guy Fawkes gazed at her in surprise mixed with admiration, and pressing her hand affectionately, said,

“I applaud your resolution. If I had a daughter, I should wish her to be like you.”

“You promised to be a father to me,” she rejoined. “How can you be so if I leave you?”

“How *can* I be so if you stay?” returned Fawkes, mournfully. “No; you must indulge no filial tenderness for one so utterly unable to requite it as myself. Fix your thoughts wholly on heaven. Pray for the restoration of our holy religion — for the success of the great enterprise—and haply your prayers may prevail.”

“I cannot pray for that,” she replied; “for I do not wish it success. But I will pray—and fervently—that all danger may be averted from your head.”

At this moment, Catesby and Keyes emerged from the vault, and Viviana hurried to her chamber.

As soon as it grew dark, the remaining barrels of powder were brought out of the cellar, and carefully placed in the boat. Straw was then heaped upon them, and the whole covered with a piece of tarpaulin, as upon the former occasion. It being necessary to cross the river more than once, the conduct of the first and most hazardous passage was intrusted to Fawkes, and accompanied by Keyes and Bates, both of whom were well armed, he set out a little before midnight. It was a clear starlight night; but, as the moon had not yet risen, they were under no apprehension of discovery. The few craft they encountered, bent probably on some suspicious errand like themselves, paid no attention to them; and plying their oars swiftly, they shot under the low parapet edging the gardens of the Parliament House, just as the deep bell of the Abbey tolled forth the hour of twelve. Keeping in the shade, they silently approached the stairs. No one was there, not even a waterman to attend to the numerous wherries moored to the steps; and, without losing a moment, they sprang ashore, and concealing the barrels beneath their cloaks, glided like phantoms summoned by the witching hour along the passage formed by two high walls, leading to Old Palace Yard, and speedily reached the gate of the habitation. In this way, and with the utmost rapidity, the whole of the fearful cargo was safely deposited in the garden; and leaving the others to carry it into the house, Guy Fawkes returned to the boat. As he was about to push off, two persons rushed to the stair-head, and the foremost, evidently mistaking him for a waterman, called to him to take them across the river.

"I am no waterman, friend," replied Fawkes; "and an engaged on business of my own. Seek a wherry elsewhere."

"By heaven!" exclaimed the new-comer, in accents of surprise, "it is Guy Fawkes. Do you not know me?"

"Can it be Humphrey Chetham?" cried Fawkes, equally astonished.

"It is," replied the other. "This meeting is most fortunate. I was in search of you, having somewhat of importance to communicate to Viviana."

"State it quickly, then," returned Fawkes; "I cannot tarry here much longer."

"I will go with you," rejoined Chetham, springing into the boat, and followed by his companion. "You must take me to her."

"Impossible," cried Fawkes, rising angrily, "neither can I permit you to accompany me. I am busied about my own concerns, and will not be interrupted."

"At least, tell me where I can find Viviana," persisted Chetham.

"Not now—not now," rejoined Fawkes, impatiently. "Meet me to-morrow night, at this hour, in the Great Sanctuary, at the farther side of the Abbey, and you shall learn all you desire to know."

"Why not now?" rejoined Chetham, earnestly. "You need not fear me. I am no spy, and will reveal nothing."

"But your companion?" hesitated Fawkes.

"It is only Martin Heydocke," answered Chetham. "He can keep a close tongue as well as his master."

"Well, sit down, then," returned Fawkes, sullenly. "There will be less risk in taking them to Lambeth," he muttered, "than in loitering here." And rowing with great swiftness, he soon gained the centre of the stream.

"And so," he observed, resting for a moment on his oars, "you still cherish your attachment to Viviana, I see. Nay, never start, man. I am no enemy to your suit, though others may be. And if she would place herself at my disposal, I would give her to you, — certain that it would be to one upon whom her affections are fixed."

"Do you think any change likely to take place in her sentiments towards me?" faltered Chetham. "May I indulge a hope?"

"I would not have you despair," replied Fawkes. "Because, as far as I have noticed, women are not apt to adhere to their resolutions in matters of the heart; and because, as I have just said, she loves you, and I see no reasonable bar to your union."

"You give me new life," cried Chetham, transported with joy. "Oh! that you, who have so much influence with her, would speak in my behalf."

"Nay, you must plead your own cause," replied Fawkes. "I cannot hold out much hope at present, for recent events have cast a deep gloom over her spirit, and she appears to be a prey to melancholy. Let this wear off,—and with one so young and so firm-minded, it is sure to do so,—and then your suit may be renewed. Urge it when you may, you have my best wishes for success, and shall have my warmest efforts to second you."

Humphrey Chetham murmured his thanks in accents almost unintelligible from emotion, and Guy Fawkes continued,

"It would be dangerous for you to disembark with me; but when I put you ashore, I will point out the dwelling at present occupied by Viviana. You can visit it as early as you please to-morrow. You will find no one with her but Father Oldcorne, and I need scarcely add, it will gladden me to the heart to find on my return that she has yielded to your entreaties."

"I cannot thank you," cried Chetham, warmly grasping his hand; "but I hope to find some means of evincing my gratitude."

"Prove it by maintaining the strictest secrecy as to all you may see or hear,—or even suspect,—within the dwelling you are about to visit," returned Guy Fawkes. "Knowing that I am dealing with a man of honour, I require no stronger obligation than your word."

"You have it," replied Chetham, solemnly.

"Your worship shall have my oath, if you desire it," remarked Martin Heydocke.

"No," rejoined Fawkes; "your master will answer for your fidelity."

Shortly after this, Guy Fawkes pulled ashore, and his companions landed. After pointing out the solitary habitation, which possessed greater interest in Humphrey Chetham's eyes than the proud structures he had just quitted, and extracting a promise that the young merchant would not approach it till the morrow, he rowed off, and while the others proceeded to Lambeth in search of a lodging for the night, made the best of his way to the little creek, and entered the house.

He found the other conspirators anxiously awaiting his arrival, and the certainty afforded by his presence that the powder had been landed in safety gave general satisfaction. Preparations were immediately made for another voyage. A large supply of provisions, consisting of baked meat of various kinds, hard-boiled eggs, pasties, bread, and other viands, calculated to serve for a week's consumption, without the necessity of having recourse to any culinary process, and, which had been previously procured with that view, together with a few flasks of wine, occupied the place in the boat lately assigned to the powder. At the risk of overloading the vessel, they likewise increased its burthen by a quantity of mining implements — spades, pick-

axes, augers, and wrenching irons. To these were added as many swords, calivers, pikes, and petronels, as the space left would accommodate. Garnet and Catesby then embarked,—the former having taken an affectionate farewell of Viviana, whom he committed, with the strictest injunction to watch over her, to the care of Father Oldcorne. Guy Fawkes lingered for a moment, doubting whether he should mention his rencounter with Humphrey Chetham. He was the more undecided from the deep affliction in which she was plunged. At last, he determined upon slightly hinting at the subject, and to be guided as to what he said further by the manner in which the allusion was received.

“And you decide upon remaining here till we return, Viviana?” he said.

She made a sign in the affirmative.

“And you will see no one?”

“No one,” she answered.

“But, should any old friend find his way hither—Humphrey Chetham, for instance—will you not receive him?”

“Why do you single out *him*?” demanded Viviana, inquiringly. “Is he in London? Have you seen him?”

“I have,” replied Guy Fawkes; “I accidentally met him to-night, and have shown him this dwelling. He will come hither to-morrow.”

“I wanted only this to make me thoroughly wretched,” cried Viviana, clasping her hands with anguish. “Oh! what unhappy chance threw him across your path? Why did you tell him I was here? Why give him a hope that I would see him? But I will *not* see him. I will quit this house rather than be exposed to the meeting.”

“What means this sudden excitement, Viviana?” cried Guy Fawkes, greatly surprised by her agitation. “Why should a visit from Humphrey Chetham occasion you uneasiness?”

“I know not,” she answered, blushing deeply; “but I will not hazard it.”

“I thought you superior to your sex,” rejoined Fawkes, “and should never have suspected you of waywardness or caprice.”

“You charge me with failings that do not belong to me,” she answered. “I am neither wayward nor capricious, but I would be willingly spared the pain of an interview with one whom I thought I loved.”

“Thought you loved!” echoed Fawkes, in increased astonishment.

“Ay, *thought*,” repeated Viviana, “for I have since examined my heart, and find he has no place in it.”

“You might be happy with him, Viviana,” rejoined Fawkes, reproachfully.

“I *might* have been,” she replied, “had circumstances favoured our union. But I should not be so now. Recent events

have wrought an entire change in my feelings. Were I to abandon my resolution of retiring to a cloister, — were I to return to the world,—and were such an event possible as that Humphrey Chetham should conform to the faith of Rome,—still, I would not—could not wed him.”

“I grieve to hear it,” replied Fawkes.

“Would *you* have me wed him?” she cried, in a slightly-mortified tone.

“In good sooth would I,” replied Fawkes; “and I repeat my firm conviction you would be happier with him than with one more highly born, and of less real worth.”

Viviana made no reply, and her head declined upon her bosom.

“You will see him,” pursued Fawkes, taking her hand; “if only to tell him what you have just told me.”

“Since you desire it, I will,” she replied, fixing a look of melancholy tenderness upon him; “but it will cost me a bitter pang.”

“I would not tax you with it, if I did not think it needful,” returned Fawkes. “And now, farewell.”

“Farewell,—it may be, for ever,” replied Viviana, sadly.

“The boat is ready, and the tide ebbing,” cried Catesby, impatiently, at the door. “We shall be aground if you tarry longer.”

“I come,” replied Fawkes. And, waving an adieu to Viviana, he departed.

“Strange!” he muttered to himself, as he took his way to the creek. “I could have sworn she was in love with Humphrey Chetham. Who can have superseded him in her regard? Not Catesby, of a surety. ’Tis a perplexing sex. The best are fickle. Heaven be praised! I have long been proof against their wiles.”

Thus musing, he sprang into the skiff, and assisting Catesby to push it into deep water, seized an oar, and exerted himself stoutly to make up for lost time. The second voyage was as prosperous as the first. A thick veil of cloud had curtained the stars; the steps were deserted as before; and the provisions, arms, and implements, were securely conveyed to their destination.

Thus far fortune seemed to favour their undertaking, and Garnet, falling on his knees, offered up the most fervent thanksgivings. Prayers over, they descended to the cellar, and their first care was to seek out a place as free from damp as possible, where the powder could be deposited till the excavation, which it was foreseen would be a work of time and great labour, was completed. A dry corner being found, the barrels were placed in it, and carefully concealed with billets of wood and coals, so as to avert suspicion in case of search. This, with other arrangements, occupied the greater part of the night, and the commencement

of the important undertaking was deferred till the morrow, when an increase of their party was anticipated.

Throughout the whole of the day no one stirred forth. The windows were kept closed; the doors locked; and, as no fires were lighted, the house had the appearance of being uninhabited. In the course of the morning they underwent considerable alarm. Some mischievous urchins having scaled the garden wall, one of them fell within it, and his cries so terrified his playmates that they dropped on the other side, and left him. The conspirators reconnoitred the unhappy urchin, who continued his vociferations in a loud key, through the holes in the shutters, uncertain what to do, and fearing that this trifling mischance might lead to serious consequences, when the subject of their uneasiness relieved them by scrambling up the wall near the door, and so effecting a retreat. With this exception, nothing material occurred till evening, when their expected associates arrived.

The utmost caution was observed in admitting them. The new-comers were provided with a key of the garden-gate, but a signal was given and repeated before the house-door was opened by Bates, to whom the office of porter was intrusted. As soon as the latter had satisfied himself that all was right by unmasking a dark lantern, and throwing its radiance upon the faces of the elder Wright, Rookwood, and Percy, he stamped his foot thrice, and the conspirators emerged from their hiding-places. A warm greeting passed between the confederates, and they adjourned to a lower chamber, adjoining the vault, where the sound of their voices could not be overheard, and where, while partaking of a frugal meal — for they desired to eke out their store of provisions as long as possible, — they discoursed upon their plans, and all that had occurred since their last meeting. Nothing was said of the treachery of Tresham,—his recent conduct, as already observed, having been such as to restore him in a great degree to the confidence of his companions. Percy, whose office as a gentleman pensioner gave him the best opportunities of hearing court-whispers and secrets, informed them it was rumoured that the Earl of Salisbury had obtained a clue to some Catholic plot, whether their own he could not say; but it would seem from all that could be gathered, that his endeavours to trace it out had been frustrated.

“Where is Lord Mouteagle?” demanded Catesby.

“At his mansion near Hoxton,” replied Percy.

“Have you observed him much about the court of late, or with the Earl of Salisbury?” pursued Catesby.

“No,” replied Percy. “Yet now, I bethink me, I did observe them together, and in earnest conversation about a week ago. But Lord Mouteagle knows nothing of *our* plot.”

“Hum!” exclaimed Catesby, shrugging his shoulders, while significant looks were exchanged by the others, and Tresham hung his head. “Lord Mouteagle may not know that you or

I, or Fawkes, or Rookwood, are conspiring against the state, but he knows that a plot is hatching amongst our party. It is from him that the Earl of Salisbury derived his information."

"Amazement!" exclaimed Percy.

"A good Catholic, and betray his fellows!" cried Rookwood.

"This passes my comprehension. Are you sure of it?"

"Unhappily we are so, my son," replied Garnet, gravely.

"We will speak of this hereafter," interposed Catesby. "I have a plan to get his lordship into our power, and make him serve our purposes in spite of himself. We will outwit the crafty Salisbury. Can any one tell if Tresham's sudden disappearance has been noticed?"

"His household report that he is on a visit to Sir Everard Digby, at Gothurst," replied Rookwood. "I called at his residence yesterday, and was informed that a letter had just been received from him dated from that place. His departure, they said, was sudden, but his letter fully accounted for it."

"The messenger who bore that letter had only to travel from Lambeth," observed Catesby, smiling.

"So I conclude," returned Rookwood.

"And, now that our meal is ended, let us to work," cried Fawkes, who had taken no part in the foregoing conversation. "I will strike the first blow," he added, rising and seizing a mattock.

"Hold, my son!" exclaimed Garnet, arresting him. "The work upon which the redemption of our holy church hangs must be commenced with due solemnity."

"You are right, father," replied Fawkes, humbly.

Headed by Garnet, bearing a crucifix, they then repaired to the vault. A silver chalice, filled with holy water, was carried by Fawkes, and two lighted tapers by Catesby. Kneeling down before that part of the wall against which operations were about to be directed, and holding the crucifix towards it, Garnet commenced praying in a low but earnest tone, gradually raising his voice, and increasing in fervour as he proceeded. The others knelt around him, and the whole formed a strange and deeply-interesting group. The vault itself harmonized with its occupants. It was of great antiquity; and its solid stone masonry had acquired a time-worn, hoary tint. In width it was about nine feet, and of corresponding height, supported by a semicircular arch, and its length was more than twenty feet.

The countenances of the conspirators showed that they were powerfully moved by what was passing; but next to Garnet, Guy Fawkes exhibited the greatest enthusiasm. His extatic looks and gestures evinced the strong effect produced upon his superstitious character by the scene. Garnet concluded his prayer as follows:—

"Thus far, O Lord, we have toiled in darkness and in difficulty; but we have now arrived at a point where all thy support

is needed. Do not desert us, we beseech thee, but let thy light guide us through these gloomy paths. Nerve our arms, — sharpen our weapons, — and crumble these hard and flinty stones, so that they may yield to our efforts. Aid our enterprise, if thou approvest it, and it be really, as in our ignorance we believe it to be, for the welfare of thy holy Church, and the confusion of its enemies. Bear witness, O Lord, that we devote ourselves wholly and entirely to this one end,—and that we implore success only for thy glory and honour.”

With this, he arose, and the following strains were chaunted by the whole assemblage :—

HYMN OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

The heretic and heathen, Lord,
Consume with fire, cut down with sword ;
The spoilers from thy temples thrust,
Their altars trample in the dust.

False princes and false priests lay low,
Their habitations fill with woe.
Scatter them, Lord, with sword and flame,
And bring them utterly to shame.

Thy vengeful arm no longer stay,
Arise ! exterminate, and slay.
So shall thy fallen worship be
Restored to its prosperity !

This hymn raised the enthusiasm of the conspirators to the highest pitch, and such was the effect produced by it, as it rolled in sullen echoes along the arched roof of the vault, that several of them drew their swords, and crossed the blades, with looks of the most determined devotion to their cause. When it was ended, Garnet recited other prayers, and sprinkled holy water upon the wall, and upon every implement about to be used, bestowing a separate benediction on each. As he delivered the pick-axe to Guy Fawkes, he cried in a solemn voice,

“Strike, my son, in the name of the Most High, and in behalf of our holy religion,—strike !”

Guy Fawkes raised the weapon, and stimulated by excitement, threw the whole strength of his arm into the blow. A large piece of the granite was chipped off, but the mattock snapped in twain. Guy Fawkes looked deeply disconcerted, and Garnet, though he concealed his emotion, was filled with dismay.

“Let me take your place,” cried Keyes, advancing, as Guy Fawkes retired.

Keyes was a powerful man, and exerting his energies, he buried the point of the pick-axe so deeply in the mortar, that he could not remove it unassisted. These untoward circumstances cast a slight damp upon their ardour ; but Catesby, who perceived it, went more cautiously to work, and in a short time succeeded with great labour in getting out the large stone, upon which the others had expended so much useless exertion. The sight restored their confidence, and as many as could work

in the narrow space joined him. But they found that their task was much more arduous than they had anticipated. More than an hour elapsed before they could loosen another stone, and though they laboured with the utmost perseverance, relieving each other by turns, they had made but a small breach when morning arrived. The stones were as hard and unyielding as iron, and the mortar in some places harder than the stones.

After a few hours' rest, they resumed their task. Still, they made but small progress; and it was not until the third day that they had excavated a hole sufficiently wide and deep to admit one man within it. They were now arrived at a compost of gravel and flint stones; and if they had found their previous task difficult, what they had now to encounter was infinitely more so. Their implements made little or no impression on this unyielding substance, and though they toiled incessantly, the work proceeded with disheartening slowness. The stones and rubbish were conveyed at dead of night in hampers into the garden, and buried.

One night, when they were labouring as usual, Guy Fawkes, who was foremost in the excavation, thought he heard the tolling of a bell within the wall. He instantly suspended his task, and being convinced that he was not deceived, crept out of the hole, and made a sign to the others to listen. Each had heard the awful sound before; but as it was partially drowned by the noise of the pick-axe, it had not produced much impression upon them, as they attributed it to some vibration in the wall, caused by the echo of the blows. But it was now distinctly audible,—deep, clear, slow,—like a passing bell,—but so solemn, so unearthly, that its tones froze the blood in their veins.

They listened for a while in speechless astonishment, scarcely daring to look at each other, and expecting each moment that the building would fall upon them, and bury them alive. The light of a single lantern placed upon an upturned basket fell upon figures rigid as statues, and countenances charged with awe.

"My arm is paralyzed," said Guy Fawkes, breaking silence; "I can work no more."

"Try holy water, father," cried Catesby. "If it proceeds from aught of evil, that will quell it."

The chalice containing the sacred lymph was brought, and pronouncing a solemn exorcism, Garnet sprinkled the wall.

The sound immediately ceased.

"It is as I thought, father," observed Catesby; "it is the delusion of an evil spirit."

As he spoke, the tolling of the mysterious bell was again heard, and more solemnly,—more slowly than before.

"Sprinkle the wall again, in heaven's name, father," cried Fawkes, crossing himself devoutly. "Avoid thee, Sathanas!"

Garnet complied, and throwing holy water upon the stones the same result followed.

Merrie England in the olden Time ;

OR, PEREGRINATIONS WITH UNCLE TIM AND MR. BOSKY, OF
LITTLE BRITAIN, DRYSALTER.

BY GEORGE DANIEL.

“Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?”—SHAKESPEARE.

INTRODUCTION.

YOUTH is the season of ingenuousness and enjoyment, when we desire to please, and blush not to own ourselves pleased. At that happy period there is no affectation of wisdom ; we look only to the bright and beautiful ; we inquire not whether it be an illusion ; it is sufficient that fairy land, with its flowers of every hue, is the path on which we tread. To youth succeeds manhood, with its worldly prudence : then we are taught to take nothing, not even happiness, upon trust ; to investigate until we are lost in the intricacies of detail ; and to credit our judgment for what is due only to our coldness and apathy. We lose all sympathy for the past ; the future is the subject of our anxious speculation ; caution and reserve are our guardian angels ; and if the heart still throb with a fond emotion, we stifle it with what speed we may, as detrimental to our interests, and unworthy our new-born intelligence and philosophy. A short acquaintance with the world will convince the most sanguine that this stage is not the happiest ; that ambition and mercenary cares make up the tumultuous scene ; and though necessity compel a temporary submission, it is good to escape from the toils, and breathe a purer air. This brings us to another period, when reflection has taught us self-knowledge, and we are no longer over-wise in our own esteem. Then returns something of the simplicity that characterised our early days. We welcome old friends ; have recourse to old amusements, and the fictions that enchained our youthful fancy resume their wonted spell.

We remember the time when, just emerging from boyhood, we affected a disdain for the past. We had put on the man, and no urchin that put on for the first time his holiday suit, felt more inexpressible self-complacency. We had roared at pantomime, and gaped with delight at the mysteries of melodrame—but we now became too sober to be amused, and “*puerile!*” “*ridiculous!*” were the critical anathemas that fulminated from our newly-imbibed absolute wisdom ! It might be presumption to say that we have since grown wiser ; certain it is, we are become less pleased with ourselves, and consequently more willing to be pleased.

Gentle Reader, we are old enough to have enjoyed, and young enough to remember many of the amusements, wakes, and popular drolleries of Merrie England that have long since submitted to “the tooth of time and razure of oblivion.” Like Parson Adams, we have also been a great traveller—in our books ! Reversing the well-known epigram,

“Give me the thing that’s pretty, smart, and new :
All ugly, old, odd things, I leave to you,”

we have all our life been a hunter after oddities. We have studied attentively the past. For the future we have been moderately solicitous; there being so many busy economists to take the unthankful task off our hands. We have lost our friend rather than our joke, when the joke has been the better of the two; and have been free of discourse where it has been courteously received, preferring (in the cant of pompous ignorance, which is dear at any price!) to make ourselves "cheap," rather than be set down as exclusive and unkind. Disappointments we have had, and sorrows, with ample experience of the world's ingratitude. But life is too short to harbour enmities, and to be resentful is to be unhappy. This may have cast a transient shade over our lucubrations, which let thy happier humour shine upon and dispel! Wilt thou accept us for thy Cicerone through a journey of strange sights? the curiosities of nature, and the whimsicalities of art. We promise thee faster speed than steam-boat and railroad: for thou shalt traverse the ground of two centuries in two hours! With pleasant companions by the way, free from the perils of fire and flood,

"Fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home."

CHAPTER I.

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?" was the admirable reply of Sir Toby Belch to Malvolio when he would have marred his Christmas¹ merry-making

¹ Christmas being the season when Jack Frost commonly takes us by the nose, the diversions are within doors, either in exercise, or by the fire-side. A game at blind-man's-buff, puss-in-the-corner, questions and commands, hoop-and-hide; stories of hobgoblins, Tom-pokers, bull-beggars, witches, wizards, conjurers, Doctor Faustus, Friar Bacon, Doctor Partridge, and such-like horrible bodies, that terrify and delight!

"O you merry, merry souls,
Christmas is a-coming;
We shall have flowing bowls,
Dancing, piping, drumming.
Delicate minced pies,
To feast every virgin;
Capon and goose likewise,
Brawn, and dish of sturgeon.
Then for Christmas-box,
Sweet plum-cake and money;
Delicate holland smocks,
Kisses sweet as honey.
Hey for Christmas ball,
Where we will be jolly;
Coupling short and tall,
Kate, Dick, Ralph, and Molly.
To the hop we go,
Where we 'll jig and caper;
Cuckolds all a-row—
Will shall pay the scraper:
Tom must dance with Sue,
Keeping time with kisses;
We 'll have a jolly crew
Of sweet smirking Misses!"—*Old Song.*

with Sir Andrew and the Clown. And how beautiful is Olivia's reply to the self-same precisian when the searching apophthegms of the "foolish wise man, or wise foolish man," sounded like discords in his ear. "O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste all with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove."

We hate to be everlastingly bewailing the follies and vices of mankind; and gladly turn to the pleasanter side of the picture, to contemplate something that we can love and emulate. We know there are such things as opaque wits and perverse minds, as there are squinting eyes and crooked legs; but we desire not to entertain such guests either as companions or foils. We come not to the conclusion that the world is split into two classes, *viz.* those who are, and those who ought to be hanged; that we should believe every man to be a rogue till we find him honest. There is quite virtue enough in human life to make our journey moderately happy. We are of the hopeful order of beings, and think this world a very beautiful world, if man would not mar it with his pride, selfishness, and gloom.

It has been a maxim among all great and wise nations to promote and encourage public sports and diversions. The advantages that arise from them to a state; the benefit they are to all degrees of the people; the right purposes they may be made to serve in dangerous and troublesome times, have generally been so well understood by the ruling powers that they have seldom permitted them to suffer from the assaults of narrow-minded and ignorant reformers.

Our ancestors were wise when they appointed amusements for the people. And as religious services (which are the means, not the end—the road to London is not London) were never intended for a painful duty, the "drum ecclesiastic," which in latter times called its recruits to pillage and bloodshed, often summoned Punch, Robin Hood, and their merry crew, to close the motley ceremonies of a holy-appointed day! Then was the calendar Devotion's diary and Mirth's manual! Rational pleasure is heightened by participation; solitary enjoyment is always selfish. Who ever inquires after a sour recluse, except his creditors and next heir? Nobody misses him when there are so many more agreeable people to supply his place. Of what use is such a negative, "crawling betwixt earth and heaven?" If he hint that Diogenes,¹ dying of the dumps, may be found at home in his tub, who cares to disinter him? Oh, the deep solitude of a great city to a morose and selfish spirit! The Hall of Eblis is not more terrible. Away, then, with supercilious exclusiveness! 'Tis the grave of the affections! the charnel-house of the heart! What to us is the world, if to the world we are nothing?

We delight to see a fool² administer to his brethren. If merri-

¹ Diogenes, when he trod with his dirty cobbled shoes on the beautiful carpets of Plato, exclaimed triumphantly, "I tread upon the pride of Plato!" — "Yes," replied Plato, "but with a greater pride!"

² "A material fool," as Jacques describes Touchstone. Of these was Dr. Andrew Borde, the well-known progenitor of Merry Andrews; and the presumed author of the "Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham," composed in the early

ment sometimes ran riot, it never exhibited itself in those deep-laid villainies so rife among the pretenders to sanctity and mortification. An appeal to "clubs" among the London apprentices; the pulling down of certain mansions of iniquity, of which Mrs. Cole,¹ in after days, was the devout proprietress; a few broken heads at the Bear-Garden; and the somewhat opposite sounds of the "belles tolling for the lecturer, and the trumpets sounding to the stages,"² and sundry minor enormities, were the only terrible results of this national license. Mark what followed, when masking, morrice-dancing,³ May-games, stage-plays,⁴ fairs, and the various pastimes that delighted the commonalty, were sternly prohibited. The heart sickens at the cant and cruelty of these monstrous times, when fanaticism, with a dagger in one hand, and "Hooks and Eyes for an Unbeliever's Breeches" in the other, revelled in the destruction of all that was

part of the sixteenth century. "In the time of Henry VIII. and after," (says Anthony à Wood,) "it was accounted a book full of wit and mirth by the scholars and gentlemen." It is thus referred to in an old play of 1560:—

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! I must needs laughe in my slefe. The wise men of Gotham are risen againe."

¹ Foote's "Minor," Act i. scene 1.

² Harleian MSS. No. 286.

³ The morrice-dance was one of the most applauded merriments of Old England. Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, the Queen or Lady of the May, the fool, the piper, to which were afterwards added a dragon, and a hobby-horse, were the characters that figured away in that truly ancient and grotesque movement. Will Kempe, "the comical and conceited jest-monger, and vicegerent to the ghost of Dicke Tarleton," who "raised many a roar by making faces and mouths of all sorts," danced the morris with his men of Gotham, in his "Nine Daies' wonder from London to Norwich." Kempe's "new jig" rivalled in popularity his Peter in Romeo and Juliet; Dogberry, in "Much ado about nothing;" and Justice Shallow, of which he was the original performer. In "Jacke Drum's Entertainment," 4to. 1601, is the following song

ON THE INTRODUCTION OF A WHITSUN MORRIS-DANCE.

"Skip it and trip it nimbly, nimbly,
Tickle it, tickle it lustily,
Strike up the tabor for the wenches' favour,
Tickle it, tickle it, lustily.

Let us be seene on Hygate Greene,
To dance for the honour of Holloway.
Sing we are come hither, let us spare for no leather,
To dance for the honour of Holloway."

⁴ Plays were suppressed by the Puritans in 1633. The actors were driven off the stage by the soldiers; and the only pleasantry that Messrs. "Praise-God-Barebones" and "Fight-the-good-fight," indulged in, was "Enter red coat, exit hat and cloak;" a cant phrase in reference to this devout tyranny. Randolph, in "The Muses' Looking-glass," makes a fanatic utter this charitable prayer:

"That the Globe,
Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,
Had been consum'd, the Phoenix burnt to ashes;
The Fortune whipp'd for a blind—Blackfriars!
He wonders how it 'scap'd demolishing
I' the time of Reformation: lastly, he wished
The Bull might cross the Thames to the Bear Gardens,
And there be soundly baited."

In 1599 was published "The overthrow of Stage Playes, by way of controversie betwixt D. Gager and D. Rainolde, wherein all the Reasons that can be made for them are notably refuted, the objections answered, and the case so clear and resolved as that the judgment of any man that is not froward and perverse may easilie be satisfied; wherein is manifestly proved that it is not onely unlawfull to be an actor, but a beholder of those vanities, &c. &c."

intellectual in the land. When the lute, the virginals, the viol-de-gambo, were hushed for the inharmonious bray of their miserable conventicles,¹ and the quaintly appropriate signs² of the ancient taverns and music shops were pulled down to make room for some such horrible effigy as we see dedicated to their high priest, John Knox, on a wall in the odoriferous Canongate of Modern Athens.³

Deep was the gloom of those dismal days! The kitchens were cool; the spits motionless.⁴ The green holly and the mystic mistletoe⁵ were blooming abominations. The once rosy cheeks of John Bull looked as lean as a Shrove-Tuesday pancake, and every rib like the tooth of a saw. Rampant were those times, when crop-ear'd Jack Presbyter was as blythe as shepherd at a wake.⁶ Down tumbled the Maypoles—no more music and dancing!⁷ Nor was the "precise villain" less industrious in confiscation and sacri-

¹ "What a poor pipping business is a Presbyterian place of worship; dirty, narrow, and squalid: stuck in the corner of an old Popish garden such as Lintlithgow, and much more, Melrose."—ROBERT BURNS.

² Two wooden heads, with this inscription under it: "We three loggerheads be." The *third* was the *spectator*. The tabor was the ancient sign of a music shop. The celebrated Tarleton kept an eating-house with this sign. *Appropos* of signs—Two Irishmen beholding a hatchment fixed against a house, the one inquired what it was? "It's a bad sign!" replied the other mysteriously. Paddy being still at fault as to the meaning, asked for further explanation.—"It's a sign," cried his companion with a look of immeasurable superiority, "that somebody is dead!"

³ Those who would be convinced of the profaneness of the Cameronians and Covenanters have only to read "Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence displayed, or the Folly of their teaching discovered from their Books, Sermons, and Prayers," 1738, —a volume full of ludicrous impieties. We select one specimen.

Mr. William Vetch, preaching at Linton, in Tiviotdale, said, "Our Bishops thought they were very secure this long time.

"Like Willie Willie Wastel,
I am in my castel,
All the dogs in the town
Dare not ding me down.

"Yea, but there is a doggie in Heaven that has dung them all down."

⁴ "The Lamentable Complaints of Nick Froth the Tapster, and Ruloast the Cook," 4to. 1641.

⁵ The magical properties of the mistletoe are mentioned both by Virgil and Ovid; and Apuleius has preserved some verses of the poet Lelius, in which he mentions the mistletoe as one of the things necessary to make a magician. In the dark ages a similar belief prevailed, and even to the present day the peasants of Holstein, and some other countries, call the mistletoe the "Spectre's Wand," from a supposition that holding a branch of mistletoe in the hand will not only enable a man to see ghosts, but to force them to speak to him! The mistletoe is peculiar to Christmas.

⁶ "We'll break the windows which the whore
Of Babylon hath planted,
And when the Popish saints are down,
Then Burges shall be sainted;
We'll burn the fathers' learned books,
And make the schoolmen flee;
We'll down with all that smells of wit,
And hey, then, up go we!"

⁷ "Good fellowes must go learne to daunce
The brydeal is full near a:
There is a brall come out of Franunce,
The fyrst ye harde this yeare a.

lege.¹ Painted windows — Lucifer's Missal drawings! — he took infinite pains to destroy; and with his long pike did the devil's work diligently. He could endure no cross² but that on silver; hence the demolition of those sacred edifices that once adorned Cheapside, and other remarkable sites in ancient times. The sleek rogue read his Bible³ upside down, and hated his neighbour: his piety was pelf; his godliness gluttony. His grace⁴ was as long as

For I must leape, and thou must hoppe,
And we must turne all three a;
The fourth must bounce it like a toppe,
And so we shall agree a.
I praye the mynstrell make no stoppe,
For we wyll merye be a."

From an unique black letter ballad, printed in 1569, "Intytuled, 'Good Fellowes must go learne to Daunce.'"

¹ Sir Robert Howard has drawn an excellent picture of a Puritan family, in his comedy of "The Committee." The personages are Mr. Day, chairman to the committee of sequestrations; Mrs. Day, "the committee-man's utensil," with "curled hair, white gloves, and Sabbath-day's cinnamon waistcoat;" Abel, their booby son, a fellow "whose heart is down in his breeches at every turn;" and Obadiah, chief clerk, dull, drawing, and heinously given to strong waters. We are admitted into the *sanctum sanctorum* of pious fraud, where are seated certain honourable members, whose names cannot fail to enforce respect. Nehemiah Catch, Joseph Blemish, Jonathan Headstrong, and Ezekiel Scrape! The work of plunder goes bravely on. The robbing of widows and orphans is "building up the new Zion." A parcel of notched rascals laying their heads together to cheat is "the cause of the righteous prospering when brethren dwell together in unity;" and when a canting brother gives up lying and the ghost, Mr. Day remarks that "Zachariah went off full of exhortation!"

It was at the sacking of Basing House, the seat of the venerable Marquis of Winchester, that Harrison, the regicide and butcher's son, shot Major Robinson, exclaiming as he did the deed, "Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently." Hugh Peters, the buffooning priest, was of the party.

² The erection of upright stone crosses is generally supposed to have dated its origin from the custom which the first Christians in this island adopted of inscribing the Druid stones with a cross, that the worship of the converted idolator might be transferred from the idol to the emblem of his faith; and afterwards the Saxon kings frequently erected crosses previously to a battle, at which public prayers were offered up for victory. After the Norman conquest crosses became common, and were erected in market-places, to induce honesty by the sanctions of religion: in churchyards, to inspire devout and pious feelings; in streets, for the deposit of a corpse when borne to its last home; and for various other purposes. Here the beggar stationed himself, and asked alms in the name of HIM who suffered on the cross. They were used for landmarks, that men might learn to respect and hold sacred the boundaries of another's property. Du Cange says that crosses were erected in the 14th Richard II. as landmarks to define the boundaries between Kesteven and Holland. They were placed on public roads as a check to thieves, and to regulate processions. At the Reformation (?!) most of the crosses throughout the kingdom were destroyed, when the sweeping injunction of Bishop Horne was formally promulgated at his Visitation in 1571, that all images of the Trinity in glass windows, or other places of the church, be put out and extinguished, together with the stone cross in the churchyard! We devoutly hope, as Dr. Johnson hoped of John Knox, that Bishop Horne was buried in a cross-road.

³ "They like none but sanctified and shuttle-headed weavers, long-winded box-makers, and thorough-stitching cobblers, thumping felt-makers, jerkin coachmen, and round-headed button-makers, which spoyle Bibles while they thumb over the leaves with their greasie fingers, and sit by the fireside scumming their porridge-pot, while their zeal seethes over in applications and interpretations of Scripture delivered to their ignorant wives and handmaids, with the name and title of deare brethren, and especially beloved sisters."— *The dolefull Lamentation of Cheapside Crosse, or Old England sick of the Staggers*, 1641.

⁴ One Lady D'arcy, a well-jointured, puritanical widow, having invited the next

his face. The gnat, like Macbeth's "Amen," stuck in his throat; but the camel slid down merrily. What a weary, working-day world would this have been under his unhospitable dominion! ¹ How unlovely and lachrymose! how sectarian and sinister! A bumper of bitters, to be swallowed with a rising gorge, and a wry face! All literature would have resolved itself into "The plain Pathway to Penuriousness;" "Peacham's Worth of a Penny, or a caution to keep Money;" and the "Key to unknowne Knowledge, or a Shop of Five Windows,"

"Which if you do open, to cheapen and copen,
You will be unwilling, for many a shilling,
To part with the profit that you shall have of it;"

and the drama, which, whether considered as a school of eloquence or a popular entertainment, is entitled to national regard, would have been proscribed, because—having neither soul for sentiment, eye for beauty, nor ear for poetry, it was his pleasure to be displeased. His humanity may be summed up in one short sentence, "I will take care, my dear brother, you shall not keep your bed in sickness, for I will take it from under you." There are two reasons why we don't trust a man—one, because we don't know him, and the other because we do. Such a man would have shouted "Hosannah!" when the Saviour entered Jerusalem in triumph; and cried "Crucify him!" when he went up the mountain to die.

Seeing how little party spirit, religious controversy, and money-grubbing have contributed to the general stock of human happiness—that pre-eminence in knowledge is

"Only to know how little can be known,
To see all others' faults, and feel our own,"

we cry, with St. Patrick's dean, "*Vive la bagatelle!*" Democritus lived to an hundred. Death shook, not his dart, but his sides, at the laughing philosopher, and "delay'd to strike" till his lungs had crowed their second jubilee: while Heraclitus was Charon's passenger at threescore. But the night wanes apace; to-morrow we must rise with the lark. Fill we a cup to Mercury, *à bon repos!*

heir in the entail to dine with her, asked him to say grace. The young gentleman, thinking that her ladyship had lived quite long enough, assumed a starched attitude and a nasal twang, and expressed his wishes thus graciously:—

"Good Lord of thy mercy,
Take my good Lady D'arcy
Unto her heavenly throne;
That I, little Frank,
May sit in my rank,
And keep a good house of my own!"

¹ "John Knox proclaimed the mild sentence, which was loudly re-echoed by his disciples, that the idolator should *die the death*, in plain English (or rather, God be thanked! in plain *Scotch*) that every Catholic should be hanged. The bare toleration of prelacy—of the *Protestant* prelacy!—was the guilt of soul-murder. These were the merciful Christians! the sainted martyrs! who conducted the inquisitorial tyranny of the high commission, and imposed the test of that piece of impious buffoonery, the "Holy League and Covenant!!" who visited the west of Scotland with the free quarters of the military, and triumphed so brutally over the unfortunate, patriotic, and gallant Montrose. The Scotch Presbyterians enacted that each episcopalian was liable to transportation who should baptize a child, or officiate as a clergyman to more than *four* persons, besides the members of his own family!

A bumper at parting! a bumper so bright,
 Though the clock points to morning, by way of good night!
 Time, scandal, and cards, are for tea-drinking souls;
 Let them play their rubbers, while we ply the bowls!
 O who are so jocund, so happy as we?
 Our skins full of wine, and our hearts full of glee!
 Not buxom Dame Nature, a provident lass!
 Abhors more a vacuum, than Bacchus's glass,
 Where blue-devils drown, and where merry thoughts swim—
 As deep as a Quaker, as broad as his brim!
 Like rosy fat friars, again and again
 Our beads we have told, boys!—in sparkling champagne!
 Our gravity's centre is good vin de grave,
 Pour'd out to replenish the goblet concave;
 And tell me what rubies so glisten and shine,
 Like the deep-blushing ruby of Burgundy wine?
 His face in the glass Bibbo smiles when he sees;
 For Fancy takes flight on no wing like the bee's!
 If truth in a well lie,—ah! truth, well-a-day!—
 I'll seek it in "*vino*,"—the pleasantest way!
 Let temperance, twankay, teetotallers trump;
 Your sad, sober swiggers at "*veritas*" pump!
 If water flow hither, so crystal and clear,
 To mix with our wine,—'tis humanity's tear.
 When Venus is crusty, and Mars in a miff,
 Their tittle is prime nectar-toddy and stiff,—
 And shall we not toast, like their godships above,
 The lad we esteem, and the lady we love?
 Be goblets as sparkling, and spirits as light,
 Our next merry meeting! A bumper—good night!

CHAPTER II.

"The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

'Tis Flora's holiday, and in ancient times the fair goddess kept it with joyous festivity. Ah! those ancient times, they are food for melancholy. Yet may melancholy be made to "discourse most eloquent music:"—

"O why was England 'merrie' call'd, I pray you tell me why?—
 Because Old England merry was in merry times gone by!
 She knew no dearth of honest mirth to cheer both son and sire,
 But kept it up o'er wassail cup around the Christmas fire.

When fields were dight with blossoms white, and leaves of lively green,
 The May-pole rear'd its flow'ry head, and dancing round were seen
 A youthful band, join'd hand in hand, with shoon and kirtle trim,
 And softly rose the melody of Flora's morning hymn.

Her garlands, too, of varied hue the merry milkmaid wove,
 And Jack the Piper caprioled within his dancing grove;
 Will, Friar Tuck, and Little John, with Robin Hood their king,
 Bold foresters! blythe choristers! made vale and mountain ring.

On every spray blooms lovely May, and balmy zephyrs breathe—
 Ethereal splendour all above! and beauty all beneath!
 The cuckoo's song the woods among sounds sweetly as of old;
 As bright and warm the sunbeams shine,—and why should hearts grow
 cold?"

"A sad theme to a merry tune! But had not May another holiday maker? when the compassionate Mrs. Montague walked forth from her hall and bower to greet with a smile of welcome her grotesque visitor, the poor little sweep."

Thy hand, Eugenio, for those gentle words! Elia would have taken thee to his heart. Be the turf that lies lightly on his breast as verdant as the bank whereon we sit. On a cold, dark, wintry morning, he had too often been disturbed out of a peaceful slumber by his shrill, mournful cry; and contrasting his own warm bed of down with the hard pallet from which the sooty little chorister had been driven at that untimely hour, he vented his generous indignation; and when a heart so tender as Elia's could feel indignation, bitter must have been the provocation and the crime! But the sweep, with his brilliant white teeth, and Sunday washed face, is for the most part a cheerful, healthy-looking being. Not so the squalid, decrepit factory lad, broken-spirited, overworked, and half-starved! The little sweep, in process of time, may become a master "chum-mie," and have (without being obliged to sweep it,) a chimney of his own: but the factory lad sees no prospect of ever emerging from his heart-sickening toil and hopeless dependance; he feels the curse of Cain press heavily upon him. The little sweep has still his merry May-day, with its jigs, rough music, gingling money-box, gilt-paper cocked-hat, and gay patchwork paraphernalia. All days are alike to the factory lad,—“E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to him.” *His rest will be the Sabbath of the tomb!*

Nothing is better calculated to brace the nerves and diffuse a healthful glow over body and mind than outdoor recreations. What is *ennui*? Fogs, and over-feeding, content grown plethoric, the lethargy of superabundance, the want of some rational pursuit, and the indisposition to seek one. What its cure?

“’Tis health, ’tis air, ’tis exercise—
Fling but a stone, the giant dies!”

The money-grubber, pent up in a close city, eating the bread of carefulness, and with the fear of the shop always before his eyes, is not industrious. He is the droning, horse-in-a-mill creature of habit,—like a certain old lady of our acquaintance, who every morning was the first up in the house, and good-for-nothing afterwards. A century ago the advantages of early rising to the citizen were far more numerous than at present. A brisk walk of ten minutes brought him into the fields from almost any part of the town; and after luxuriating three or four miles amidst clover, sorrel, buttercups, aye, and corn to boot! the fresh breeze of morn, the fragrance of the flowers, and the pleasant prospect, would inspire happy thoughts: and, as nothing better sharpens the appetite than these delightful companions, what was wanting but a substantial breakfast to prepare him for the business of the day? For this certain frugal houses of entertainment were established in the rural outskirts of the Metropolis,¹ where every morning, “except Sundays, fine tea,

¹ “This is to give notice to all Ladies and Gentlemen, at Spencer’s original Breakfasting-Hut, between Sir Hugh Middleton’s Head and St. John Street Road, by the New River side, fronting Sadler’s Wells, may be had every morning, except Sundays, fine tea, sugar, bread, butter, and milk, at fourpence per head; coffee at threepence a dish. And in the afternoon, tea, sugar, and milk, at threepence per head, with good attendance. Coaches may come up to the farthest garden-door

sugar, bread, butter, and milk," might be had at fourpence per head, and coffee "at three halfpence a dish." And as a walk in summer was an excellent recruit to the spirits after reasonable toil, the friendly hand that lifted the latch in the morning repeated the kind office at evening tide, and spread before him those refreshing elements that "cheer, but not inebriate;" with the harmless addition of music and dancing. Ale, wine, and punch, were subsequently included in the bill of fare, and dramatic representations. But of latter years the town has walked into the country, and the citizen can just espy at a considerable distance a patch of flowery turf, and a green hill, when his leisure and strength are exhausted, and it is time to turn homeward.

The north side of London was famous for suburban houses of entertainment. Midway down Gray's Inn Lane stands Town's End Lane (so called in the old maps), or Elm Street, which takes its name from some elms that once grew there. To the right is Mount Pleasant, and on its summit is planted a little hostelry, which commanded a delightful prospect of fields, that are now annihilated; their site, and our sight, being profaned by the House of Correction and the Treadmill! Farther on, to the right, is Warner Street, which the lover of old English ballad poetry and music will never pass without a sigh; for there, while the town were applauding his dramatic drolleries, and his beautiful songs charmed alike the humble and the refined, their author, Henry Carey, in a fit of melancholy, destroyed himself.¹ Close by stood the old Bath House, which was built over a *Cold Spring* by one Walter Baynes, in 1697.² The house is razed to the ground, but the spring remains. A few paces forward is the Lord Cobham's Head,³ transmogrified into a modern

next to the bridge in St. John Street Road, near Sadler's Wells back gate.—Note. Ladies, &c. are desired to take notice that there is another person set up in opposition to me, the next door, which is a brick-house, and faces the little gate by the Sir Hugh Middleton's, and therefore mistaken for mine; but mine is the *little boarded place* by the river side, and my backdoor faces the same as usual: for

I am not dead, I am not gone,
Nor liquors do I sell;
But, as at first, I still go on,
Ladies, to use you well.
No passage to my hut I have,
The river runs before;
Therefore your care I humbly crave,
Pray don't mistake my door.

Yours to serve,
S. SPENCER."

Daily Advertiser, May 6, 1745.

¹ October 4, 1743.

² According to tradition, this was once the bath of Nell Gwynn. In Baynes's Row, close by, lived for many years the celebrated clown Joe Grimaldi.

³ "SIR,—Coming to my lodging in Islington, I called at the Lord Cobham's Head, in Cold Bath Fields, to drink some of their beer, which I had often heard to be the finest, strongest, and most pleasant in London, where I found a very handsome house, good accommodation, and pleasantly situated. I afterwards walked in the garden, where I was greatly surprised to find a very handsome grove of trees, with gravel walks, and finely illuminated, to please the company that should honour them with drinking a tankard of beer, which is threepence. There will be good attendance, and music of all sorts, both vocal and instrumental, and will begin this day, being the 10th of August.

"Note. In seeing this great preparation, I thought it a duty incumbent upon me to inform my fellow-citizens and others, that they may distinguish this place

temple for tripping; its shady gravel walks, handsome grove of trees, and green bowling alleys, are long since destroyed. Its opposite neighbour *was* (for not a vestige of the ancient building remains) the Sir John Oldcastle,¹ where the weary wayfarer was invited to regale upon moderate terms. Show-booths were erected in this immediate neighbourhood for Merry-Andrews and morrice-dancers. Onward was the Ducking Pond;² and, proceeding in almost a straight line towards "Old Iseldon," were the London Spa, originally built in 1206; Phillips's New Wells;³ the New Red Lion

from many pretended concerts, which are nothing but noise and nonsense, in particular one that is rightly styled the *Hog-Concert*.

"I am yours,
Daily Advertiser, 9th August 1742. "TOM FREEMAN."

August 1742, and August 1840! "Look here upon *this* picture, and on *that*" dusty, densely-populated district, which is now presented to the view!

¹ "SIR,—A few days ago I was invited by the calmness and serenity of the evening to make a little excursion into the fields. As I was returning home, being in a gay humour, I stopt a little at a booth near Sir John Oldcastle's, to hear the rhetoric of Mr. Andrew. He used so much eloquence to persuade his auditors to walk in, that I (with many others) went to see the entertainment he mentioned; and I assure you, sir, I never was more agreeably amused than with the performances of three men, who call themselves the Bath *Morrice-Dancers*. They showed so many astonishing feats of strength and activity, so many amazing transformations (if I may be allowed to use the expression), that it is impossible for the most lively imagination to form an adequate idea thereof. As the *Fairs* are coming on, I presume these admirable artists will be engaged by somebody to entertain the town; and I assure your readers they can't spend an hour more agreeably than in seeing the performances of these wonderful men.

Daily Advertiser, 27th July 1743.

"I am, &c."

² See a very rare print, entitled "A new and exact prospect of the North side of the City of London, taken from the Upper Pond near Islington. Printed and sold by Thomas Bakewell, Print and Map-seller, over against Birching Lane, Cornhill, August 5, 1730."—"Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finsbury, or the citizens that come a-ducking to Islington Ponds."—*Master Stephen, Every Man in his Humour*.

³ "By a company of English, French, and Germans, at Phillips's New Wells, near the London Spa, Clerkenwell, 20th August 1743.

"This evening, and during the Summer Season, will be performed several new exercises of Rope-dancing, Tumbling, Vaulting, Equilibres, Ladder-dancing, and Balancing, by Madame Kerman, Sampson Rogetzi, Monsieur German, and Monsieur Dominique; with a new Grand Dance, called Apollo and Daphne, by Mr. Phillips, Mrs. Lebrune, Mr. Shawford, Mrs. Morris, and others; singing by Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. Jackson; likewise the extraordinary performance of Herr Von Eeckenberg, who imitates the lark, thrush, blackbird, goldfinch, canary-bird, flagolet, and German flute; a Sailor's Dance by Mr. Phillips; and Monsieur Dominique flies through a hog'shead, and forces both heads out. To which, by particular desire, The Harlot's Progress. The character of Harlequin by Mr. Phillips; Miss Kitty, by Mrs. Phillips. Also, an exact representation of the late glorious battle and victory gained over the French by the English at the battle of Dettingen, with the taking of the White Household Standard by the Scots Greys, and blowing up the bridge, and destroying and drowning most part of the French army. To begin every evening at five o'clock. Every one will be admitted for a pint of wine, as usual."

Mahommed Caratha, the Grand Turk, performed here his "Surprising Equilibres on the Slack Rope."

In after years, the imitations of Herr Von Eeckenberg were emulated by James Boswell. (Bozzy!)

"A great many years ago, when Dr. Blair and I (Boswell) were sitting together in the pit of Drury Lane Playhouse, in a wild freak of youthful extravagance,

Cockpit;¹ the Mulberry Gardens;² the Shakspeare's Head Tavern and Jubilee Gardens;³ the New Tunbridge Wells,⁴ a fashionable morning lounge of the nobility and gentry during the early part of the eighteenth century; the Sir Hugh Myddleton's Head; the Farthing Pie House;⁵ and Sadler's Music House and "Sweet Wells."⁶

I entertained the audience prodigiously by imitating the lowings of a cow. The universal cry of the galleries was, 'Encore the cow!' In the pride of my heart I attempted imitations of some other animals, but with very inferior effect. My revered friend, anxious for my fame, with an air of the utmost gravity and earnestness, addressed me thus, 'My dear sir, I would confine myself to the cow!'"

¹ "At the New Red Lion Cockpit, near the Old London Spaw, Clerkenwell, this present Monday, being the 12th July 1731, will be seen the Royal Sport of Cock-fighting, for two guineas a-battle. To-morrow begins the match for four guineas a-battle, and twenty guineas the old battle, and continues all the week, beginning at four o'clock."

² "Mulberry Gardens, Clerkenwell.—The gloomy clouds that obscured the season, it is to be hoped, are vanished, and nature once more shines with a benign and cheerful influence. The proprietor, therefore, has exerted his utmost skill and endeavour to entertain those who will do him the favour to pay him a visit, and, charmed by your smiles, equally as by the serenity of the weather, invites all whose business will not permit them to partake of any other further from town to share of his diversions, the most genuine and innocent of themselves. Come, then, ye honest sons of trade and industry, after the fatigues of a well-spent day, and taste of our rural pleasures! Ye sons of care, here throw aside your burden! Ye jolly Bacchanalians, here regale, and toast your rosy god beneath the verdant branches! Ye gentle lovers, here, to soft sounds of harmony, breathe out your sighs, till the cruel fair one listens to the voice of love! Ye who delight in feats of war, and are anxious for our heroes abroad, in mimic fires here see their ardour displayed! The pleasing variety will afford some diversion to persons of every kind.

"*Note.* The proprietor being informed that it is a general complaint against others who offer the like entertainments, that if the gentle zephyrs blow ever so little, the company are in danger of having their viands fanned away, through the thinness of their consistence, promises that his shall be of such a solidity as to resist the air!"—*Daily Advertiser*, July 8, 1745.

The latter part of this picturesque and poetical advertisement is a sly hit at what, *par excellence*, are called "Vauxhall slices."

³ In 1742, the public were entertained at the "Shakspeare's Head, near the New Wells, Clerkenwell," with refreshments of all sorts, and music; "the harpsichord being placed in so judicious a situation, that the whole company cannot fail of equally receiving the benefit." In 1770, Mr. Tomas exhibited "a great and pleasing variety of performances, in a commodious apartment," up one pair.

⁴ These once beautiful tea-gardens (we remember them as such) were formerly in high repute. In 1733, their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Amelia and Caroline frequented them in the summer time, for the purpose of drinking the waters. They have furnished a subject for pamphlets, poems, plays, songs, and medical treatises, by Ned Ward, George Colman the elder, Bickham, Dr. Hugh Smith, &c. Nothing now remains of them but the original chalybeate spring, which is still preserved in an obscure nook, amidst a poverty-struck and squalid rookery of misery and vice.

⁵ Farthing Pie Houses were common in the outskirts of London a century ago. Their fragrance caught the sharp set citizen by the nose, and led him in by that prominent member to feast on their savoury fare. One solitary Farthing Pie House (the Green Man) still stands near Portland Road, on the way to Paddington.

⁶ Originally a chalybeate spring, then a music-house, and afterwards a "theatre-royal!" Cheesecakes, pipes, wine, and punch, were formerly part of the entertainment.

"If at Sadler's sweet Wells the wine should be thick,
The cheesecakes be sour, or Miss Wilkinson sick,
If the fume of the pipe should prove pow'rful in June,
Or the tumblers be lame, or the bells out of tune,
We hope you will call at our warehouse at Drury,—
We've a curious assortment of goods, I assure you."

FOOTE'S *Prologue to All in the Wrong*, 1761.

Its

A little to the left were Merlin's Cave, Bagnigge Wells,¹ the English Grotto (which stood near the New River Water-works in the fields), and, farther in advance, White Conduit House.² Passing by the Old Red Lion, bearing the date of 1415, and since brightened up with some regard to the taste of ancient times; and the Angel, — now a fallen one! — a huge structure, the architecture of which is anything but angelic, having risen on its ruins, — we enter Islington, described by Goldsmith as "a pretty and neat town." In ancient times it was not unknown to fame.

"What village can boast like fair Islington town
Such time-honour'd worthies, such ancient renown?
Here jolly Queen Bess, after flirting with Leicester,
'Undumpish'd' herself with Dick Tarleton her jester.

Here gallant gay Essex, and burly Lord Burleigh,
Sat late at their revels, and came to them early;
Here honest Sir John took his ease at his inn —
Bardolph's proboscis, and Jack's double chin!

Here Finsbury archers disported and quaff'd,
Here Raleigh the brave took his pipe and his draught;
Here the Knight of St. John pledged the Highbury Monk,
Till both to their pallets reel'd piously drunk."³

Its rural vicinity made it a great favourite with the play-going and punch-drinking citizens. See Hogarth's print of "Evening."

"A New Song on Sadler's Wells, set by Mr. Brett, 1740.

At eve, when Sylvan's shady scene
Is clad with spreading branches green,
And varied sweets all round display'd,
To grace the pleasant flow'ry meads,
For those who're willing joys to taste,
Where pleasures flow, and blessings last,
And God of Health with transport dwells,
Must all repair to Sadler's Wells.

The pleasant streams of Middleton
In gentle murmurs glide along,
In which the sporting fishes play,
To close each weary summer's day;
And music's charms in lulling sounds
Of mirth and harmony abounds:
While nymphs and swains, with beaus and belles,
All praise the joys of Sadler's Wells."

¹ Once the reputed residence of Nell Gwynn, which makes the tradition of her visiting the "Old Bath House" more than probable. For upwards of a century it has been a noted place of entertainment. 'Tis now almost a ruin! Pass we to its brighter days, as sung in the "Sunday Ramble," 1778:—

"Salubrious waters, tea, and wine,
Here you may have, and also dine;
But as ye through the gardens rove,
Beware, fond youths, the darts of love!"

² So called after an ancient conduit that once stood hard by. Goldsmith, in the "Citizen of the World," celebrates the "hot rolls and butter" of White Conduit House. Thither himself and a few friends would repair to tea, after having dined at Highbury Barn. A supper at the Grecian, or Temple Exchange Coffeehouses, closed the "Shoemaker's Holiday" of this exquisite English Classic,—this gentle and benignant spirit!

³ "The Islington Garland."

In "The Walks of Islington and Hogsdon, with the Humours of Wood Street Compter," a comedy, by Thomas Jordan, 1641, the scene is laid at the Saracen's Head, Islington; and the prologue celebrates its "bottle-beer, cream, and (gooseberry) fools;" and the "Merry Milkmaid of Islington, or the Rambling Gallant defeated," a comedy, 1680, is another proof of its popularity. Poor Robin, in his almanac, 1676, says,

" At *Islington*
 A Fair they hold,
 Where cakes and ale
 Are to be sold.
 At Highgate and
 At Holloway
 The like is kept
 Here every day.
 At Totnam Court
 And Kentish Town,
 And all those places
 Up and down."

Drunken Barnaby notices some of its inns. Sir William d'Avenant, describing the amusements of the citizens during the long vacation, makes a "husband gray" ask,

"Where's Dame? (quoth he.) Quoth son of shop,
 She's gone her cake in milk to sop,—
 Ho! ho!—to *Islington*—enough!"

Bonnel Thornton, in "The Connoisseur," speaks of the citizens smoking their pipes and drinking their ale at Islington; and Sir William Wealthy exclaims to his money-getting brother, "What, old boy, times are changed since the date of thy indentures, when the sleek crop-eared 'prentice used to dangle after his mistress, with the great Bible under his arm, to St. Bride's on a Sunday, bring home the text, repeat the divisions of the discourse, dine at twelve, and regale upon a gaudy day with buns and beer at *Islington* or *Mile-end*."¹

Among its many by-gone houses of entertainment, the Three Hats has a double claim upon our notice. It was the arena where those celebrated masters, Johnson,² Price, Sampson,³ and Coningham exhibited their feats of horsemanship, and the scene of Mr. Mawworm's early backslidings. "I used to go," (says that regenerated ranter to old Lady Lambert,) "every Sunday evening to the Three Hats at Islington; it's a public house; mayhap your Ladyship may know it. I was a great lover of skittles, too; but now I can't bear them." At Dobney's Jubilee Gardens (now entirely covered with mean ho-

¹ "The Minor," Act I.

² Johnson exhibited in 1758, and Price at about the same time,—Coningham in 1772. Price amassed upwards of fourteen thousand pounds by his engagements at home and abroad.

³ "Horsemanship, April 29, 1767.

Mr. Sampson will begin his famous feats of horsemanship next Monday, at a commodious place built for that purpose in a field adjoining the Three Hats at Islington, where he intends to continue his performance during the summer season. The doors to be opened at four, and Mr. Sampson will mount at five. Admittance, one shilling each. A proper band of music is engaged for the entertainment of those ladies and gentlemen who are pleased to honour him with their company."

vels), Daniel Wildman¹ performed equestrian exercises ; and, that no lack of entertainment might be found in this once merry village, "a new booth, near Islington Turnpike," for tricks and mummery, was erected in September 1767 ; "an insignificant erection, calculated totally for the lowest classes, inferior artisans, superb apprentices, and journeymen."² It may not be out of place to mention, that "the Pantheon³ in Spa Fields,⁴ near Islington," was opened in 1770 for the sale of tea, coffee, wine, punch, &c., a "tester" being the price of admission to the promenade and galleries. It was eventually turned to a very different use, and converted into a lay chapel by the late Countess of Huntingdon.

But by far the most interesting ancient hostelrie that has submitted to the demolishing mania for improvement is the Old Queen's Head, formerly situate in the Lower Street, Islington. This stately edifice was one of the most perfect specimens of ancient domestic architecture in England. Under its venerable roof Sir Walter Raleigh, it is said, "puffed his pipe ;" and might not Jack Falstaff have

¹ "The Bees on Horseback !" At the Jubilee Gardens, Dobney's, 1772. "Daniel Wildman rides, standing upright, one foot on the saddle, and the other on the horse's neck, with a curious mask of bees on his face. He also rides, standing upright on the saddle, with the bridle in his mouth, and, by firing a pistol, makes one part of the bees march over a table, and the other part swarm in the air, and return to their proper places again."

² Animadverto's Letter to the Printer of the Daily Advertiser, 21st September 1767.

³ August 22nd, 1770, Mr. Craven stated in an advertisement, that he had "established rules for the strictest maintenance of order" at the Pantheon. How far this was true, the following letter "To the Printer of the St. James's Chronicle" will show :—

"SIR,—Happening to dine last Sunday with a friend in the city, after coming from church, the weather being very inviting, we took a walk as far as Islington. In our return home towards Cold Bath Fields, we stepped in, out of mere curiosity, to view the Pantheon there ; but such a scene of disorder, riot, and confusion presented itself to me on my entrance, that I was just turning on my heel in order to quit it, when my friend observing to me that we might as well have something for our money (for the doorkeeper obliged each of us to deposit a *tester* before he granted us admittance), I acquiesced in his proposal, and became one of the giddy multitude. I soon, however, repented of my choice ; for, besides having our sides almost squeezed together, we were in danger every minute of being scalded by the boiling water which the officious Mercuries were circulating with the utmost expedition through their respective districts. We therefore began to look out for some place to sit down in, which with the greatest difficulty we at length procured, and producing our tickets, were served with twelve-penny worth of punch. Being seated towards the front of one of the galleries, I had now a better opportunity of viewing this dissipated scene. The male part of the company seemed to consist chiefly of city apprentices, and the lower class of tradesmen. The ladies, who constituted by far the greater part of the assembly, seemed most of them to be pupils of the Cyprian goddess, and I was sometimes accosted with, 'Pray, sir, will you treat me with a dish of tea ?' Of all the tea-houses in the environs of London, the most exceptionable that I have had occasion to be in is the Pantheon.

"I am, sir, your constant reader,

"Chiswick, May 5, 1772."

"SPECULATOR."

The above is a very curious picture of a tea-house, of which little or nothing is known.

⁴ Spa-Fields (like "Jack Plackett's Common," the site of Dalby Terrace, Islington) was famous for duck-hunting, bull-baiting, and other low sports. "On Wednesday last, two women fought for a new shift valued at half-a-guinea, in the Spaw-Fields near Islington. The battle was won by a woman called *Bruising Peg*, who beat her antagonist in a terrible manner."—22nd June 1768.

taken his ease there, when he journeyed to string a bow with the Finsbury archers? For many years it was a pleasant retreat for retired citizens, who quaffed their nut-brown beneath its primitive porch, and indulged in reminiscences of the olden time. Thither would little Quick, King George the Third's favourite actor, resort, to drink cold punch, and "babble" of his theatrical contemporaries. Plays¹ were formerly acted there. On Monday, October 19, 1829, it was razed to the ground, to make room for a misshapen mass of modern masonry. The oak parlour has been preserved from the wreck, and is well worth a visit from the antiquary. Canonbury Tavern and Highbury Barn still maintain their festive honours. Farther a-field are the Sluice, or Eel-pie House; Copenhagen House; Hornsey-wood House, formerly the hunting seat of Queen Elizabeth; Chalk Farm; Jack Straw's Castle; the Spaniards, &c. as yet undefiled by pitiful prettinesses of bricks and mortar, and affording a delightful opportunity of enjoying pure air and pastime. The canonised Bishop of Lichfield and Mademoiselle St. Agnes have each their wells. What perambulator of the suburbs but knows St. Chad, in Gray's Inn Lane, and St. Agnes le Clair,² at Hoxton? Pancras³ and Hampstead Wells, renowned for their salubrious waters, are dried up. Though the two latter were professed marts for *aqua pura*, liquids more exhilarating were provided for those who relished stronger stimulants. We may therefore fairly assume that John Bull anciently travelled northward ho! when he rambled abroad for recreation.

As population increased, houses of entertainment multiplied to

¹ The following curious "Old Queen's Head" play-bill, temp. George the Second, is presumed to be unique:—

"G. II. R.

By a Company of Comedians, at the Queen's Head, in the Lower Street, Islington.

This present evening will be acted a Tragedy, called the Fair Penitent.

Sciolto, Mr. Malone.—Horatio, Mr. Johnson.

Altamont, Mr. Jones.—Lothario, Mr. Dunn.

Rosano, Mr. Harris.—Calista, Mrs. Harman.

Lavinia, Mrs. Malone.—Lucilla, Miss Platt.

To which will be added, a Farce called The Lying Valet.

Prices—Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. To begin at 7 o'clock."

² Whit, in Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, promises his company with a clean glass, washed with the water of *Agnes le Clare*.

³ "At Edward Martin's, at the Hornes at Pancrass, is that most excellent water, highly approved of by the most eminent physitian, and found by long experience to be a powerful antidote against rising of the vapours, also against the stone and gravel. It likewise cleanses the body, purifies and sweetens the blood, and is a general and sovereign help to nature. I shall open on Whitson-Monday, the 24th of May 1697; and there will be likewise *dancing* every Tuesday and Thursday all the summer season at the place aforesaid. The poor may drink the waters gratis." Then follow sixteen lines of rhyme in praise of "this noble water," and inviting ladies and gentlemen to drink of it. Of this rare hand-bill no other copy is known.

"And although this place (Pancras) be as it were forsaken of all, and true men seldome frequent the same but upon devryne occasions, yet is it visyted and usually haunted of roages, vagabondes, harlettes and theeves, who assemble not ther to pray, but to wayte for praye, and manie fall into their handes clothed, that are glad when they are escaped naked. Walke not ther too late."—*Speculi Britannia Pars*. by John Norden, MS. 1594.

meet the demand. South, east, and west they rose at convenient distances, within the reach of a short stage, and a long pair of legs. Apollo Gardens, St. George's Fields; Bohemia's Head, Turnham Green; Cuper's Gardens, Lambeth; China Hall, Rotherhithe; Dog and Duck, St. George's Fields; Cherry Gardens Bowling-green, Rotherhithe; Cumberland Gardens, Vauxhall; Spa Gardens, Bermondsey; Finch's Grotto Gardens, St. George's Fields; Smith's Tea Gardens, Vauxhall; Kendal House, Isleworth; New Wells, Goodman's Fields; Marble Hall, Vauxhall; Staton's Tea-House, opposite Mary-le-bone Gardens; the Queen's Head and Artichoke, Mary-le-bone Fields; Ruckholt House, in Essex, of which facetious Jemmy Worsdale was the Apollo; Old Chelsea Bun-house; Queen Elizabeth's Cheese-cake House, in Hyde Park; the Star and Garter Tavern,¹ and Don Saltero's Coffeehouse,² Chelsea; Mary-le-bone and Ranelagh Gardens; and the illuminated saloons and groves of Vauxhall. These, and many others, bear testimony to the growing spirit of national jollity during a considerable part of the eighteenth century. How few now remain, "the sad historians of the pensive tale," of their bygone merriments!

¹ "Star and Garter Tavern, Chelsea, 1763. Mr. Lowe will display his uncommon abilities with watches, letters, rings, swords, cards, and enchanted clock, which absolutely tells the thoughts of any person in the company. The astonishing Little Man, only four inches high, pays his respects to the company, and vanishes in a flash of fire. Mr. Lowe commands nine lighted candles to fly from the table to the top of the ceiling! Added, a grand entertainment, with musick and dancing, &c. &c."

² The great attraction of Don Saltero's Coffeehouse was its collection of rarities, a catalogue of which was published as a guide to the visitors. It comprehends almost every description of curiosity, natural and artificial. "Tigers' tusks; the Pope's candle; the skeleton of a Guinea-pig; a fly-cap monkey; a piece of the true Cross; the Four Evangelists' heads cut on a cherry-stone; the King of Morocco's tobacco-pipe; Mary Queen of Scot's pincushion; Queen Elizabeth's prayer-book; a pair of Nun's stockings; Job's ears, which grew on a tree; a frog in a tobacco stopper," and five hundred more odd relics! The Don had a rival, as appears by "A Catalogue of the Rarities to be seen at Adams's, at the Royal Swan, in Kingsland Road, leading from Shoreditch Church, 1756." Mr. Adams exhibited, for the entertainment of the curious, "Miss Jenny Cameron's shoes; Adam's eldest daughter's hat; the heart of the famous Bess Adams, that was hanged at Tyburn with Lawyer Carr, January 18, 1736-7; Sir Walter Raleigh's tobacco-pipe; Vicar of Bray's clogs; engine to shell green pease with; teeth that grew in a fish's belly; Black Jack's ribs; the very comb that Abraham combed his son Isaac and Jacob's head with; Wat Tyler's spurs; rope that cured Captain Lowry of the head-ach, tooth-ach, ear-ach, and belly-ach; Adam's key of the fore and back door of the Garden of Eden, &c. &c." These are only a few out of five hundred others equally marvellous. Is this strange catalogue a quiz on Don Saltero?

EPIGRAM.

(From the German.)

ON OLD AGE.

OLD age annoys me, youth's fair spring-time grieves me;
The one approaches, and the other leaves me.

MARTIN OPITZ VON BOBERFELD.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CLOCKMAKER;"

OR, THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF SAM SLICK OF SLICKVILLE.

AH, squire, said Mr. Slick, with the air of a man who felt he had a right to boast, I have larned to "look behind the scenes." Major Bradford taught me that airy in life. It was him put that wrinkle on my horn. He was the gentleman that traded in calves and punkins for the Boston market, him that you've got down in your first series, that took me to the Tremont House, the time the gall lost her runnin'-riggin' in the crowd. Well, one arternoon, havin' nothin' above pitikilar to do, I goes and dresses myself up full fig, and was a-posten away as hard as I could leg it, full chisel down by the Mall in Boston to a tea and turn-out to Sy Tupper's. Sy had an only darter called Desire; she warn't a bad-lookin' piece of farniture neither; folks said she would have fifty thousand dollars, and to tell you the truth, I was a-thinking of spekelating there, and was a-scooterin' away as hard as I could leg it to the party. Who should I meet on the road but the Major a-pokin' along with his cocoanut down, a-studyin' over somethin' or another quite deep, and a-workin' up the baccy in great style, for nothin' a'most will make a man chav like cypherin' in his head to himself. — Hullo, Major, said I, who's dead, and what's to pay now? why, what's the matter of you? you look as if you had lost every freend you had on airth.—H'are you, boy? said he: give us your fin, and then tell us which way you are a-sailin' of this fine day, will you? —But, jist as I was a-goin' to take hold of his hand, he drew back the matter of a yard or so, and eyed me all over from head to foot, as if he was a-measurin' me for a wrastlin' bout.

Says he, I'll bet you a five-dollar piece, Sam, I know where you are a-goin' to-night. — Done, said I, it's a bargain: now, where? — A-whalin', says he.—A what! says I.—On a whalin' voyage, said he. — Hand out your five dollars, says I, for you missed your guess this hitch anyhow. I am a-goin' down to Sy Tupper's to tea and spend the evenin'.—Exactly, said he, goin' a-gallin'; I know'd it, for you are considerably large print, and it don't take spectacles to read you. She is rich in iles, that gall; her father made his money a-whalin', and folks call her "Sy Tupper's spermaceti." Bah! she smells of blubber that greasy-faced heifer; let her bide where she be, Sam. You hante been "*behind the scenes* yet," I see; and that screech-owl in petticoats, Mother Tupper, is an old hand. She will harpoon you yet, if you don't mind your eye; now mark what I tell you. Come with me to the the-*atre*, and I'll show you a gall of the right sort, I know. Helen Bush comes on in tights to-night. She is a beautiful-made crittur that, clean limbed, and as well made as if she was turned in a mould. She is worth lookin' at, that's a fact; and you don't often get such a chance as that are. Dear, dear, said I, in tights! well, if that don't beat all! I must say that don't seem kinder nateral now, does it, Major?—Nateral! said he, what the devil has natur' got to do with it? If she followed natur' she wouldn't wear nothin' at all. Custom has given woman petticoats, and men pantaloons, but it would be jist as nateral for woman to wear the breeches, and men the

apronstring, and there is a plaguy sight of them do it too. Say it ain't modest, and I won't non-concur you; but don't talk about natur', for natur' has no hand in it at all. It has neither art nor part in it, at no rate. But take my advice, my greenhorn, and study natur' a bit. Folks may talk of their Latin and Greek till they are tired, but give me natur'. But to study it right you must get "behind the scenes;" so come along with me to the house.

Well, I never was to a theatre afore in all my life, for minister didn't approbate them at no rate, and he wouldn't never let me go to 'em to Slickville; so thinks I to myself, I don't care if I do go this once; it can't do me no great harm I do suppose, and a gall in tights is something new; so here goes, and I turns and walks lock-and-lock with him down to the play-house. Well, I must say it was a splendid sight, too. The house was chock full of company, all drest out to the very nines, and the lamps was as bright as day, and the musick was splendid, that's a fact, for it was the black band of the militia, (and them blacks have most elegant ears for musick too, I *tell* you), and when they struck up our blood-stirrin' national air, it made me feel all over in a twitteration as if I was on wires a'most, considerable martial.

But what gave me the gapes was the scenes. Lord! squire, when the curtain drew up there was Genesee Falls as nateral as life, and the beautiful four-story grist-mills taken off as plain as anything, and Sam Patch jist ready to take a jump in the basin below. It was all but rael; it was so like life. The action, too, was equal to the scenes; it was dreadful pretty, I *do* assure you. Well, arter a while, Helen Bush came on in tights; but I can't say I liked it; it didn't seem kinder right for a gall to dress up in men's clothes that way, and I sorter thort that nothin' a'most would tempt me to let Sister Sall show shapes arter that fashion for money. But somehow or somehow-else, folks hurrawed, and clapped, and cheered like anything. It was so excitin' I hurrawed too, at last, as if I was as well pleased as any of them, for hollerin' is catchin', like barkin' among dogs, and you can't help it no how you can fix it. Well, arter legs lost their novelty, a whole lot o' dancin' galls came forward, and danced *quod*-drils, gallop-pards, hornpipes, and what not, the most beautiful critturs, I think, I ever laid my eyes on,—all young and bloomin', and graceful and light as spirits a'most. They seemed as if they e'en a'most belonged to another guess world from ourn, only the rosy cheeks and bare necks, and naked arms, and dear little ankles, all smacked of rael life.

What do you think of *them*? said the Major; hante they fine glass-spun heels, them critturs? I guess you don't often see such fetlocks in Slickville as them; for your galls, if I don't mis-remember, are rather beefy about the instep: what do you think of them, my boy, eh? — Think? says I, why I never seed the equal of it. Where the plague did they pick up such a lot of elegant galls? they are horrid pretty, I must say: are they foreigners or *natives*? — *Natives*, said he, *genuine* Jonatheenas, all raised in Conne'ticut, and silver-skinned inions every soul of them.—Would you like to be introduced to them? —Well, says I, I would, that's a fact, for it's enough to set a feller crazy a'most, actilly ravin' distracted mad with pleasure, the sight of so many splendid little fillies, ain't it?—Well, come along with me then, said he, jist foller me, and I'll take you round there. So out we goes into the entry, and follers along into a dark passage, a

pretty difficult navigation it was too, among trap-doors, and boxes, and broken steps, and what not; and arter a while we enters a great onfurnished barn of a room alongside of the stage, and there was the players, and dancers, and singers, and ever so many actin' people. Well, it was a wonderful sight too; p'raps in all my born days I never see anything to equal it. I never was so staggered. I don't think all *my* starin' put together, would come up to the great big endurin' stare I then gave. I was onfakilled, that's a fact. I stood for the whole blessed space of five minutes without movin' or speakin'. At last one of the dancin' galls came a-figerin' up to me a-hornpipin', and a-singin', and dropt me a low curtshee.—Well, my old rooster, said she, the next time you see me, I hope you will know me; where did you larn manners, starin' so like all possess. — Well, I warn't much used to town-bred galls, and it took me all aback that, and struck me up all of a heap, so I couldn't stir or speak.—Oh fie, Julia, said another, how can you! and then comin' up and tappin' me on the shoulder with her fan, to wake me up like, said she,—Pray, my good fellar, "Does your mother know you're out?"—The whole room burst out a-larfin' at me; but no, move or speak I couldn't, for I was spell-bound, I do believe. There I stood, as stiff as a frozen nigger, and all I could say to myself was, "Heavens and airth!"

At last another gall, the best and lightest dancer of them all, and one that I rather took a leetle fancy to on the stage, she was so uncommon spry and ac-tive, took a flyin' lep right into the middle of the room, and lit down on one foot; and then, balancin' herself as she did on the stage, with her hands, stretched the other foot away out ever so far behind her. Well, arter perchin' that way a minit or so, as a bird does on a sprig of a tree, she sprung agin, right forrard, and brought herself bolt upright on both feet jist afore me.—What will you give me, my young coon, said she, if I show you the way?—What way? said I, at last, a-scratchin' of my head, and a-plucking up spunk enough to find my tongue.—The way out, said she, for you seem as if you sorter lost your road when you came in here. I thought every one in the room would have gone into fits, they larfed so; they fairly screeched till they most loosen'd their teeth, all but her, and *she* looked as quiet as a baby.

Well done, Angelica, said the Major; what a wicked little devil you be! and he put his arm round her waist and kissed her; and then said he, waiter, half-a-dozen of iced champagne here to pay for Mr. Slick's footin'; and if he and them galls didn't tuck in the wine in great style it's a pity, that's all. Well, a glass or two of liquor onloosed the hinges of my tongue, and sot me all right agin, and I jined in the joke and enjoyed the larf as well as the best of them; for it won't do to get cross when fellers are running of their rigs; it only makes them wus.

Arter a while we left the theatre to go home, and as we progressed down street, says the Major to me, well, Slick, says he, how did you like them little angels, the dancin' galls? You seem as amazed as if you was jist born into the world, and looked rather struck with them, I thought, pitikilarly Angelica; a neat little article that, ain't she? There's no nonsense about her; she is as straight as a shingle in her talk, right up and down, and no pretence. I guess she has put "Sy Tupper's spermaceti" quite out, haute she?—It puts all creation out, said I; I never was so stumpt afore since I was raised from a seedlin'.

Heavens and airth! only to think them nasty, tawdry, faded, yaller, jaded, painted drabs was the beautiful dancin' galls of the theatre! and them old, forrerd, impudent heifers was the modest, graceful, elegant little cherubs that was on the stage an hour afore; and then to think them nasty daubs was like Genesee Falls! Lord! I could paint them pictur' scenes better myself, with a nigger wench's house-mop, I could, I snore.—Exactly, says the Major; you have been "behind the scenes," you see, Sam, and you have got a lesson not to trust to appearances altogether.—Rael life is one thing, and stage representation is another. The world "behind the scenes," and what is exhibited on the board, is as different as day is from night. It tante all gold that glitters in this life, I can tell you. Jist so it is with "Sy Tupper's young spermaceti," for I see you want to spikilate in iles there.

When you double Cape Horn, as yer in hopes for to do,
There 's a-plenty of sparm whale on the coast of *Peru*.

What a life for a man, to be the wick of an ile lamp, ain't it? and have your wife snuffing you with her fingers. It 's as bad as having your unquestionable ugly nose pulled.—Oh yes, take her by all means, only get "behind the scenes" first; you have only seed her yet of an evenin', and then she was actin' rigged out for a party, a-smilin' and a'doin' sweet and pretty, and a-wearin' of her company-face, and singin' like a canary-bird. But go into "the green-room," see her of a mornin', get a peep at a family scene, drop in on 'em of a sudden, unexpected like, and see the old cat and her kitten a-caterwaulin' and clapper-clawin' each other till they make the fur fly, and you will be jist as much dumfounded as you was at the dancin' galls: you won't know her, that 's a fact; you 'll find that your beautiful "spermaceti" has turned out nothin' but tallow, and damn bad tallow too. Such critturs run more nor half away to waste, and give more grease than light, by a long chalk. But come, said he, s'posin' you and me settle our little account, for short reckonings make long friends, as the sayin' is. First, there is your five-dollar bet; then six bottles of iced champagne, at three dollars each, is eighteen dollars more; and then two dollars for tickets, makes a total of twenty-five dollars; do you undercumstand? Come into the iseter shop here, and plank the pewter, and I will go sheers with you for a supper of iseters. It 's a considerable of a dear lesson that; but it 's the best you ever got, I know.—Dear! said I, a countin' out of the money to him, I guess it is dear. If all my schoolin' in town-ways is to cost at that rate, I guess I 'll have more larin' than capital when I get thro' my trainin'. Twenty-five dollars for bein' made a fool on' for them dancin' galls to laugh at for two hours, what a pretty go that is, ain't it? I must say, I don't thank you a bit, Major; it warn't pretty at all.—Who the devil axed you for thanks! said he; you have done better, you have paid for it, man, and boughten wit is always the best; but you *will* thank one for it some o' these days, see if you don't. It 's better to be made a fool on for two hours than for life. I have known a feller silly enough to marry a dancin' gall afore now; but then he 'd never been "behind the scenes," as you have; yes, it 's a valuable lesson that. Your old fogey of a parson that you are always a-talkin' of, old Hop, Hope, something or other, may preach away to you till he is blind, but he can't larn you anything equal to that. It 's a lesson from life, and a lesson from life is worth a hundred sarmons. In everything a'most, Sam, in this

world, consider you are either deceived or liable to be deceived, and that you can't trust even the evidence of your own senses, unless you "look behind the scenes." But come, said he, preachin' is not my trade; let us walk into half a bushel of these iseters; they are rael salts, they come from Nova Scotia, and better than any we have, or the British either; and we sot to and did justice to them, at least *he* did, you may depend. He walked 'em into him as a duck does a June bug. He could open, pepper, and swaller a dozen to my one, for somehow I never could get my knife into the jinte of one until arter half an hour's bunglin'—I hadn't got the knack. — You don't seem to like them, said he at last, a-drawin' breath and a-swallerin' a gill of pure whiskey; p'raps you are too patriotic to eat Blue-nose's iseters, and perfer the free citizens of our own beds? — No, said I, it tante that; I can't open them, they are so uncommon tight about the jaws. — Hem! said he, I forgot that. You never seed an iseter, I do suppose, or a dancin' gall nother afore to-night. Do as I do, younker; this is the way, freeze down solid to it, square up to it, as if you was a-goin' to have an all out-door fight of it, and he slipped 'em out o' the shells into his mouth as fast as a man dealin' cards, until he fairly finished all we had. You don't drink, said he, now that's not wholesome; you ought to take enough of the neat liquer to make 'em float light on the stomach; and he jist tipt off the balance of the whiskey without winkin'. Ah! said he, making a wry face, that's no go; that last iseter was not good, it's upst me a-most; call for some more, and I'll be in agin in a minit; I must go into the air, for I feel dizzy.— Well, I called for some more iseters and some more whiskey, and I sot and worked away at my leisure, and waited for him to come back and pay his share of the shot. Well, I waited and waited for ever so long, till I e'en a'most fell asleep, and still no Major. At last I began to get tired, so I knocks on the table with the handle of a knife for the nigger help. Snowball, says I, have you seen anything of the Major? where on airth is he? I'm waitin' for him to settle the bill.— Massa hab to wait den one berry long time, sar: de last iseter, sar, he always fix Major's flint, sar, and make him cut his stick. You won't see him no more, sar, and he grinned from ear to ear like a chessy-cat. De bill is four dollar, massa, and a quarter-dollar for Snowball. — Hem! says I to myself, a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse: I see it now, I'm bilked; so I paid it, and said no more on the subject. That was another "peep behind the scenes," that "he who incurs jinte expenses should look to the honesty and solvency of his partners."

I didn't grudge the money for what I larned that night, altho' it came to a horrid sum, too—twenty-nine dollars and a quarter—for it's worth every cent of it, that's a fact. But what did touch me to the quick was this: he drew the wool over my eyes so about Desire Tupper, that I gin up a-going there, and then he cut in there and got the prize hisself—he did upon my soul! All that talk about her temper was made out of whole cloth, and got up a-purpose, along with her nick-name of "Spermaceti," to put me out of consait of her, and it answered the purpose most beautiful. Yes, he did me most properly all the way through the chapter; but, p'raps, it will all turn out right in the long run, for I was too young then to marry, or to handle so much money, for light come is plaguy apt to turn out "light go;" but, at the time, I was most peskily ryled, I tell you; and if I had a-seed him while I was so oncommon wrathy, I do believe, in my soul, I

should have tanned his jacket for him, so that he would have been a caution to behold. I am a good-nater'd man, and can bear spittin' on ; but hang me if I can stand and have it rubbed in that way. I didn't know what to do when I got home, whether to tell the story or not ; but I knew it would leak out, and thought my own varson of it would be the best, so I jist ups and tells father all about it, from first to last.—He is a nasty, dirty, low-lived, mean feller, says father, and a disgrace to the commission, though one comfort is, he ain't a reglar, and never seed sarvice, and I dispise an officer that has never smelt powder. No man in the country but a veteran desarves the name of soldier, and them, it ain't no vanity to say, are the first troops in the univarse,—for the British have whipped all the world, and *we* whipped them.—Yes, he is a scoundrel, said the old man ; but still the information you got is worth havin'. It is a knowledge of the world, and that is invaluable ; although, from what I've seed in the wars, I am most afeerd a man of the world ain't a man of much heart in a general way. Still the knowin' it is worth the larnin' it. Acquire it, Sam, if you can ; but you mustn't pay too dear for it. Now the Major gin more for his wit than you.—Possible ? said I ; why, how is that ?—Why, says father, he bought his at the expense of his character, and the leastest morsel of character in the world is worth more nor all that is to be larnt "*behind the scenes.*"

 THE SEASONS.

BY JUST. GEORGE SCHOTTEL.*

In fair Spring's fresh-budding hours
 What adorns our garden-bowers ?
 Little flowers.

When departing Spring we mourn,
 What is shed from Summer's horn ?
 Hay and corn.

What is Autumn's bounteous sign,
 Mark of Providence divine ?
 Fruit and wine.

When old Winter, hobbling slow,
 Comes, what do we gain, d'ye know ?
 Ice and snow.

Hay and corn, and little flowers,
 Ice, snow, fruit, and wine are ours,
 Given to us ev'ry year,
 By Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter,
 As they each in turn appear.

Spring gives treasure, Summer pleasure,
 Autumn gladdens, Winter saddens ;
 Spring revives, Summer thrives,
 Autumn pleases, Winter freezes.

Therefore, friends, we all have reason
 To extol each coming season,
 Spring and Summer, Autumn, Winter.
 Honour, counsel, deeds sublime,
 Are the precious gifts of Time.

* Born at Eimbeck, 1612 ; died 1676.

COLIN CLINK.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

Reappearance of an unexpected customer ; together with what passed at a certain interview.

DAY had pretty well broken as our hero trudged back homewards alone. It was one of those dull, leaden, misty, and chilly mornings, by no means calculated to raise the spirits of any one situated as was poor Colin.

Scarcely knowing what to do, he turned off at the top of Cheapside, walked into a well-known coffeehouse in the vicinity of the Post-office, and ordered breakfast. Two or three tables occupied the room, at which a few early risers were sitting quaffing coffee from cups that held half a pint each, and which, from their shape, might readily have been mistaken for so many half-pint pots of ale. Well-fingered books were scattered about, and magazines, fitted into temporary covers, lay in piles upon the broad chimney-piece. Shortly, the morning papers were brought in by a lad with a bundle of them under his arm, a circumstance productive of a momentary scramble on the part of those who were anxious to possess themselves of the intelligence of the day, before departing to their occupations. Colin's breakfast was introduced by a little active boy ; and scarcely had our hero begun stirring the mysterious-looking fluid before him with an old dingy pewter spoon, than he involuntarily started, as though he had received the shock of an overcharged battery. The spoon dropped from his hand, and his hand upon his coffee-cup, and upset it. He had heard the voice of Jerry Clink in another part of the room, savagely demanding more toast, and another pint of very hot coffee, as he had had enough *cold* water already !

Were voices from the dead in the habit of calling for hot coffee in early breakfast houses, Colin would have felt assured that he heard one on the present occasion ; since it appeared, if not absolutely impossible, at least the height of improbability, that the veritable Jerry Clink himself could be there in his own proper person. There, however, he assuredly was ; a fact which his grandson soon confirmed, when he peeped round a projecting corner, and beheld the man with whom he had recently had so fierce a struggle sitting in his wet clothes, and minus his coat, within a very short distance of him.

For reasons sufficiently obvious, Colin suffered him to take his meal, and afterwards his departure, without making his own presence known to him. Anxious, however, not wholly to lose sight of him again, as the liberation of Mr. Woodruff appeared to depend upon him, though in a manner yet unaccounted for, our hero quietly dodged him, until he observed him enter an old clothes shop in the Goswell road, from which, after a time, he again emerged with a coat on,—new to the present possessor, though old in the opinion of the gentleman whose shoulders it had last adorned.

In this manner he followed unperceived in the old man's wake, but did not venture to accost him until, after a considerable walk, he pulled up at a small deserted-looking public-house at the rear of Islington, which appeared to offer the privacy requisite for their second meeting.

As Jerry had no particular desire, under present circumstances, to mingle with all such chance customers as might come in, he avoided the common drinking-room, and walked into a parlour, the air of which smelled like that of a well some time since fumigated with tobacco smoke. The table was dull, as though accustomed to be cleaned with a dishcloth; the floor spread with coarse sand; while the window looked out upon a back-yard nearly as large as an ordinary closet.

As Jerry seemed inclined to stop a while, a fat unwashed girl, with her hair half out of her cap, and her countenance curiously smeared with ashes and black-lead, came in to light a fire already "built" in the grate, and composed of the worn-out fibres of a superannuated besom.

"Glass of ale?" demanded the girl, as she blew out her candle, and nipped the snuff with her fingers.

Jerry fixed his eyes upon her with a degree of sternness amounting almost to ferocity.

"What master taught you, young woman," said he, "to ask a gentleman coming into your house to take ale, before it is ascertained that he drinks malt-liquor? Learn your business better, miss, and go and bring me some hot water, and half a quartern of rum in it."

Scarcely had the girl departed ere Colin entered the room. Jerry looked at him during a space of some moments, and then turned to the fire-place, without uttering a word.

"It is more than might have been expected," observed Colin, taking a chair, and speaking in an assumed tone of careless surprise, "that I should have the good fortune to meet with you so early again this morning. But I am thankful indeed to find you alive and unharmed, after expecting nothing less than that you must have met your death in a dozen different dangers."

"You thankful!" exclaimed Jerry. "Nay, nay, now!—What! hypocritical, like all the rest of the world? You care nothing for me, so don't pretend it,—no, nor for your mother either. Though a poor old man, sir, I am proud to be honest; and from this day forwards shall disown *you*. You are too great a coward, sir."

"To be induced to lift my hand against the life of a man who has befriended me, and is my own father, too, most certainly I am," replied Colin.

"What—bribery!" exclaimed Jerry; "purchased with fine clothes, I see! I say, you are too much of the worm."

"To injure my father, I am."

"Or to revenge your mother's wrongs."

"No, sir; I deny it. But I will not do it as you wish."

"And any other way it is impossible."

"I hope not," replied Colin. "An injury may be great; but there is such a thing as restitution. Mr. Lupton is kind to *me*."

"To *you*? But what is that to your mother, or to me, her

father? Ay, ay, I see, young man, it is all self, self! *Mr. Lupton is very kind to me—true—to me*, and that is enough.”

“No, it is not enough,” answered our hero. “A great deal more must be done, and may be done, if, to begin with, I can but make you and Mr. Lupton friends.”

“FRIENDS!” exclaimed Jerry—“FRIENDS! Utter that word again, sir—”

“I do; I repeat it,” he continued; “and I am not such a coward as to fear that you will attempt to harm me, because I say that, both for my mother’s sake and your own, for Mr. Lupton’s and mine, you must be friends. Remember, if you have something to forgive him, he has a great deal to forgive you also.”

“He something to forgive *me*! What is it? I suppose for having spared him so long. But if I spare him much longer, may I never be forgiven where I shall better want it!”

“It is but this hour or two ago,” Colin replied, “that I prevailed on him not to raise the hue and cry after you until things could be explained, although you have twice attempted his life.”

“Is that it? Is that his forgiveness? Then I hurl it back in his face, and in yours, and tell him I want none of it! If he wants to take me, let him, and I will sit here till he comes. Fetch him, and let him try; and then, if the third time does not do for all, I shall well deserve a gallows for being such a bungler at my business.”

“He has no desire to injure you at all,” said Colin.

“How kind of him!” retorted Jerry, “seeing how good he has been to my daughter, and how badly I have rewarded him for it!”

“But you must know how much the law puts in his power.”

“I care neither for the law nor his power. My law is my own, and that I shall abide by.”

Not to prolong this dialogue, I shall merely observe, that Jerry Clink concluded it by emphatically declaring, that never to the end of his life should he give up this the great object for which he lived, and this asseveration he ratified by all such infernal powers as could conveniently be summed up into one long oath-like sentence.

Finding all his efforts to mollify the determination of a bloody vengeance, which Jerry still so violently entertained, altogether vain, Colin could not at the moment form any other conclusion than that which pointed out the propriety of securing Jerry, in order to insure Mr. Lupton’s safety. This, however, from the consequences which must follow, was a step from which he turned with horror. Was there no way by which to avoid the dreadful necessity of involving his own mother’s parent in the pains of a fearful criminal law? How devoutly did he wish that he could be a reconciler of those whose own evils had brought them into this depth of trouble! Then, indeed, all might be at least so far well, as any ending may be which comes of so sad a beginning; for he felt that, after the disclosures which had that morning been made, the brightest light of his future life was dimmed.

Still he clung to the hope that the old man’s violence might be mitigated, as he became more familiar with the thoughts of atonement being made to his daughter, and as the kindness of Mr. Lupton to himself should be rendered more evident.

The agitation consequent on these reflections, caused him almost to forget the object he had in view with respect to Woodruff.

Before, however, their interview terminated, Colin again alluded to the subject, and requested at least to be informed by what chance it could have happened that the gentleman alluded to could have been confided to the keeping of Jerry Clink.

"Why, as to that," replied Jerry, "I've no particular objection to tell you; but mind, I shall go no farther. Don't inquire whether he is likely to be dead or alive next week,—where he is,—or anything else about him. You remember that night I jumped out o' the window at Kiddal Hall, when, but for *your* meddling, I should have brought down my game without twice loading. Well, I got into the woods safe enough; but, knowing the place would be too hot to hold me for a while, I went off into a different part of the country. I changed my dress and name, and at last pitched my tent in a solitary part of Sherwood Forest, where I never saw man, and no man saw me, for weeks together. However, as I gathered ling for making besoms, and carried them about the country, I got to be known; and, amongst the rest, I fell in with a Mr. Rowel, who lived on the edge of the waste, and who behaved very well to me. Well, one day he came down to my rock-hole, and told me as how he wanted me to take a madman under my keeping, who had been brought to his house by his brother, and whom they wanted, for particular reasons, to get out of the way. 'Well, well,' said I to him, 'bring him down: I care for neither a madman nor the devil.' They accordingly brought him, tied hand and foot, and blindfolded, pitched him into my place, and there I have had him ever since, and been well paid for my trouble, or else I should not have been here. However, when the man himself told me his story, I found he was not more mad than them that sent him; and so, as your mother had told me all about your part of the affair besides,—for *she* knew where I was gone to,—I thought it a fair chance for making you do as a son ought, when, perhaps, it did not lie so conveniently in my power. But I am deceived in you; and sooner than I'll ask anybody else again to do my business, may I be sunk to the lowest pit of perdition!"

"Say no more," observed Colin, interrupting him, "but just answer me this—"

"Mind," said Jerry, "I clapped an injunction on you."

"Very well," remarked our hero; "I'll ask no questions."

But he reflected that Jerry's abode would now be no difficult thing to discover, and that, with management, it might readily be surprised, and Woodruff's liberation effected.

One thing more only did he now wish to be made acquainted with, for on that depended the course he should adopt with respect to Jerry himself. He wished to ascertain whether it was the old man's intention to remain, seeking opportunities for gratifying his revenge, or to return at once to the country.

"I shall not stay here," replied Jerry, "for I can trust none of you; but when least expected, Mr. Lupton will find me by his side."

Trusting to put Mr. Lupton on his guard, and hoping to avert danger altogether, without appeal to legal protection, Colin concluded not to molest the old man.

Thus, then, he parted with Jerry, forming, as he returned townwards, a very ingenious scheme for countermining the plans of which Rowel and his brother had made Jerry Clink the instrument.

CHAPTER II.

In which Mr. Lupton explains to Colin the story of himself and his lady.

WHEN next Colin met the Squire, it was under the influence of such feelings as scarcely left him at liberty to speak; while Mr. Lupton, on his part, received him with that quiet melancholy, though unembarrassed air, which marked emphatically a man upon whom the force of circumstances has produced a lasting sense of dejection.

"For some time past," said he, taking Colin's hand, — "for some time past, my boy, I have felt that it must come to this. Ever since the time when Providence so singularly threw it in your power to save me from a violent end, — and from *such* a hand too! — I have been as a changed man. By that event Heaven seemed to lay, as it were, a palpable finger upon my soul, the dint of which is everlasting. That I should have been so saved appears to me a lesson, in which Providence intended at once to admonish me of my criminality, and to remind me of its mercy."

Mr. Lupton covered his eyes with his hand. In a few minutes he continued, —

"From that moment I foresaw that, sooner or later, you must know all. *Now* you do know all; and that in such a shape, as to render any farther allusion to it needless. The subject is at best a painful one. I now acknowledge you as my son; and I confess that a proud, though painful, time it is. Save in yours and my own, the blood of an ancient and honourable family runs in no human veins. You are grown to manhood, and the circumstances which Providence has brought about enable me to address you thus without impropriety. But you must be told, my boy, that I was the very last of my race. My father knew it; he lamented over it; but he cherished and guarded me because of it. I knew it too. With our ideas of descent, it is the bitterest thought in a man's breast to think that here the stream must stop. Anxiety for my life helped to bring my father to the grave earlier than nature would have called him; — he died while yet I was young. But before he died he bound me, to marry one of the members of an opulent family. I did so, and the lady he had selected became my wife. There were circumstances between Mrs. Lupton and myself which, while they made her deem herself most unhappy in her fate, left me no less so in opinion of mine. Years passed on, and I was still THE LAST. Beyond this I need not go. Only this I will say, that, under circumstances which the world may deem criminal, there may be hidden feelings, and springs of action, which no heart knows but his that contains them, and which, through the force of perhaps erroneous notions, have become equally strong with right principles, and may therefore be received in palliation."

"With regard to Mrs. Lupton," continued the Squire, "as I intend shortly to introduce you to her, it may be as well to inform you that the satisfaction your presence in my house will give must not be judged from *her* reception of you. What it may be I cannot foresee. But it is needful you should be introduced to her as *the heir of Kiddal*, before she dies. Had she acceded to my wishes years ago, — had we, as I desired, been divorced before you were born,

this present trouble would never have come upon us ; but that proceeding she wholly resisted. And though there are circumstances, which might place the power of adopting such an alternative in my own hands ; yet, rather than so deeply wound the feelings of a woman who loved me, and whom I had loved, I have rather chosen to pass years of unavailing regret, and come to this at last. I have neglected her, it is true, partly in hopes of inducing her to give way, and partly because I had no heart to be a hypocrite. But her fault was in loving me, when she should have forgotten me. She *was* my wife, and such she determined to live and die."

Mr. Lupton subsequently informed Colin, that although the lady had, during some years past, lived apart from him, yet that recently she had expressed her intention to return to the old hall, and to pass the following winter there. On that occasion it was purposed that Colin should meet her.

I should be doing injustice to my hero were I to disguise the satisfaction which he could not fail to feel from the prospects that Mr. Lupton opened before him. To think that, from a poor farmer's boy, he should thus suddenly have risen to the rank of a squire's son, with the certainty of a great fortune, and such a fine old house as Kiddal Hall. What a triumph did it not give him over all the paltry and tyrannical souls who had made his life miserable.

These matters disposed of, Colin seized his opportunity to re-introduce the question regarding old Jerry Clink.

"With respect to him," replied Mr. Lupton, "I am too sensible of his feelings, and the cause of them, to entertain against him any ideas of retaliation. My own security I must provide for ; and, so long as that can be insured, I shall take no farther notice of the past. We had better on both sides avoid wronging each other any farther."

Colin expressed his hopes that everything might yet be accommodated in a manner which would leave all parties the happier for their forgiveness, and the wiser from the troubles they had undergone.

"It is hopeless," answered Mr. Lupton. "The man whose determination to have revenge, can so vividly outlive the wear of so many years, is not, I am afraid, of a sufficiently ductile metal to be ever formed into a kinder shape. Unless some unforeseen circumstance should come between to reverse the present tendency of events, it is to me an evident truth, that either that old man or I will eventually prove the death of the other."

This opinion he uttered in such a prophetic tone, as left upon the mind of his hearer an impression which all his own hopes to the contrary were insufficient to eradicate.

CHAPTER III.

Wherein Peter Veriquear makes love to Miss Sowersoft, and becomes involved in trouble.—Mr. Palethorpe's reconciliation with his mistress.

IN pursuance of a design which our hero had secretly formed, involving a journey to Sherwood Forest, and the carrying off of James Woodruff, he one afternoon might have been seen wending his way towards his old quarters in Bethnal Green. The co-operation of some one, a stranger to Jerry, and in whom entire confidence could

be placed, was imperatively required in its execution ; and, in lack of a better man, Colin selected his old employer, Mr. Peter Veriquear.

On arriving at his domicile, our hero found that Peter was from home, having taken advantage of a fine day to convey his small family in the cradle-coach to a favourite suburban retreat, for the enjoyment of tea and toying, not far from the tower at Canonbury.

In this, and similar places about the environs of the metropolis, it is that on fine warm summer afternoons, especially on Sundays, the shop-tired and *counter-sunk* inhabitants of the respectable working classes assemble, ostensibly for the purpose of imbibing what by courtesy is dignified with the title of fresh air, though with equally as settled an intention of mixing the said fresh air with bottled stout, three X ales, and a pipe or two of bird's-eye.

As our hero entered the tea-gardens in question, he passed beneath a low and long colonnade, the top of which was formed by the projection of the second story of the building. Several miniature conveyances for the small aristocracy of the baby generation stood about, and amongst them that identical one on which Colin had himself once exercised his abilities.

To the left lay a lawn, on which some score or two of youngsters were disporting themselves in the twilight, while the "parents and guardians" of these small gentry were lolling in certain arbours, made waterproof with pitch, which bounded the sides of the green.

In one of these Colin found the individual of whom he was in search. Having communicated to Peter some general idea that his assistance was required in a very important enterprise,

"True," replied Veriquear, "it may be of great consequence to you ; but that, you know, is no business of mine."

"But you will be well rewarded afterwards," replied Colin.

"Oh, in that case, it begins to look more like my own affair than I thought. Good pay makes a thing a man's business directly."

And hereupon the matter was discussed in a manner which proved that, upon sufficient reason, Peter could take as much interest in other people's business as ever he had taken in his own.

While Colin sat in discourse with his old employer, his attention had several times been attracted by a voice in the next arbour, but which now elevated itself to a distinctly audible pitch.

"Upon my word, those little dears are delightful to look on ! The satisfaction of having children to bring up — ay, dear ! — the delight, Mr. Palethorpe, of doing exactly as one likes with them, — leading them as it were by the nose, symbolically speaking, — washing their little backs every morning, and feeding them all day like a nest of sparrows — oh ! the delight of it must be — I hardly know what to call it — but something which, in an unmarried state, the imagination can scarcely soar up to. And then their tiny voices — ill-tempered people may call it squealing if they please — but to a father, I should think, it must be welcome night and day. It is astonishing how happy some people might be, if they did but take something of a determination at some time or other of their lives to adopt some course with respect to somebody or other, which might — what shall I say ? — I mean, which might lead to something decisive."

"Sartinly, meesis," replied the individual thus addressed, "I don't dispoort all that ; only, when a man has a good appetite his-

self, and can eat most of what's put before him, it seems natteral enough that his children would go and do the same, and that would take a little more mainteaning than some of us can exactly afford. I can't see myself how *we* could go all that length, with a proper eye to our own old age."

"I don't mean that!" exclaimed the lady; "you don't understand me. I can only say it for myself, that it would be no trouble to me, not a bit of it, to sink the whole of myself in the endeavour to raise a prodigy of children, that should prove a complete honour to any farm-yard in the riding. The pretty dears! how I should spoil them! Ugh! I could squeeze their little hearts to pieces, I could!"

This rhapsody left Colin no longer in the dark. Mr. Palethorpe was again in London, accompanied by the loving and amiable Miss Sowersoft.

A capital idea at this moment struck our hero. Mr. Peter Veriquear was already acquainted with the story of Palethorpe's previous visit to town, and had applauded Colin for the part he had taken in punishing that poor booby as he deserved. He therefore only required to be informed that Palethorpe and his mistress were in the next box, in order, as Colin hoped, to be induced to join him in a lark upon the worthy couple. His proposition was this,—that Peter should walk into their arbour, sit down next to Miss Sowersoft, call for drink, as though he had just arrived, and then proceed, according to the best of his ability, in making love to that lady, no less to her own eventual disappointment, than to the annoyance of the redoubtable Samuel. Veriquear laughed at the notion, but objected that to make love to a lady could not possibly be any business of his.

"Besides," he added, "what will Mrs. Veriquear say if she should happen to catch me, for I expect her up to tea very soon; and if she *should* come before the joke is completed, I am afraid she would turn it into a regular Whitechapel tragedy."

"Oh, never heed that!" replied Colin. "I'll be bound to see you safe. Go directly, and do it before the chance be lost. Here, waiter!" and he whispered to him to carry a bottle of stout into the next box for his friend.

In a few minutes Veriquear was sitting beside Miss Sowersoft, while Colin peeped through a nick in the boards, and observed all that passed.

"A fine evening, ma'am," said Peter.

"Delightful evening, indeed, sir!" echoed Miss Maria.

"Yees, it's pleasant," added Sammy, who remembered his former exploits, and began to fear a thief; at the same time that he thought it most advisable to speak civilly.

"Admirable places these," continued Peter, "for the enjoyment of the working-people, who are confined in shops from week's end to week's end."

"They are, indeed," said Miss Sowersoft.

"I should think so," added Palethorpe.

"And, really," continued the lady, "I had not the most remote conception that such places existed."

"Then you are strangers here, ma'am?" asked Peter.

"Quite so, sir!" answered the lady. "We have only been up a few days."

"I arn't a stranger, though," protested Palethorpe; "I've bin

afore, and know what's what as well as most folks. He'd be a sharper chap than somebody that I see to drop on us."

Miss Sowersoft here gave Sammy a nudge, and squeezed her mouth into a severe expression of reprehension. In the mean time Peter looked very graciously at the lady, who seemed by no means displeased with his attentions, and continued a conversation, in which he prognosticated how many sights she would see in London, and how much she would be delighted before her return: concluding with an obscure hint that it would give him much pleasure to point out the objects best worthy attention. Miss Sowersoft smirked benignantly, and glanced at Palethorpe with an expression which seemed to say that "somebody might now see that everybody did not think so little of somebody else, as some people were apt to imagine." While Palethorpe himself grew paler, and began to think that his "meesis" was going to be taken, without farther ceremony, altogether out of his hands.

Encouraged by his success, Peter so far increased his attentions as fairly to arouse the jealousy of Mr. Palethorpe, who resented the insult by declaring that as that lady was keeping company with himself, nobody else should speak to her so long as he was by, or else his name was not Palethorpe. To which valiant speech Miss Sowersoft herself replied by informing Sammy that he was one of those people who seemed as if they could neither make up their own minds to come to a central and decisive point themselves, nor endure to see anybody else do the same. A sentiment which Mr. Veriquear rendered still more illustrative by declaring that the gentleman was like one of those ill-tempered curs that turn up their own noses at a bone, but snarl at every other dog that attempts to touch it.

Finding even his own "meesis" against him, Sammy's mettle began to rise, and he demanded to know whether Mr. Veriquear meant to call him a cur? To which Veriquear replied, that he would look still more like one if he went upon all-fours. Hereupon Mr. Palethorpe challenged his antagonist to a boxing-match upon the green, swearing that he would lick him as clean as ever any man was licked in this world. Peter ridiculed this threat, and begged the gentleman who made it to recollect that he was not now in Yorkshire; informing him still further that if he did not take particular care, he would lay himself under the unpleasant necessity of making another appearance at the police-office, as he had done upon a former occasion. Sammy turned pale; while Miss Maria seemed astounded, as she demanded in a shrill and faint, but earnest voice, "whether he (Mr. Veriquear) *knew* Mr. Palethorpe and his calamity."

"Everybody in London knows him," replied Veriquear; "and I assure you, ma'am, that it is no credit to a respectable female to be seen with a man who has rendered himself so notorious."

Afraid that she had committed herself in the eyes of the metropolis, Miss Sowersoft looked upon the unlucky Samuel with momentary horror, and at the same time unconsciously clung for support to the strange hand of that poor man's supposed rival. At this interesting part of the scene, Mrs. Veriquear, (directed by Master William, whom she had picked up on the lawn,) bounced into the box.

Colin, whose business it was to have prevented this surprise, had been so engaged in spying through a hole, which he had made by pushing a knot out of one of the boards, that the appearance of Mrs. Veriquear confounded him, especially when he beheld that lady, who instantly detected her husband's situation, dart like a fury at Miss Sowersoft, and pommel away with her fists as might some belated baker, who has the largest amount of dough to knead up within the least possible length of time. Sammy and Veriquear were instantly in arms—the latter endeavouring to restrain his wife, the former, with a chivalrous feeling peculiar to himself, striking her upon the face; while Master William, seeing the danger of his parents, struck up a solo in the highest possible key.

No sooner did Colin perceive the conduct of Sammy than he forsook his situation at the peep-hole, and hurrying into the field, laid his old foe flat with a well-directed blow. The latter looked up from his inglorious situation; and if ever man felt convinced that he was haunted by an evil genius, Mr. Palethorpe felt so on this occasion, and that *his* evil genius was Colin Clink.

A regular *mêlée* now ensued, during which Mrs. Veriquear's cap was sent into the air, like a balloon. The back of the arbour was driven out, and Mr. Veriquear, locked in the arms of Miss Sowersoft, fell through the opening into that beautiful piece of water which has its local habitation opposite the west side of Canonbury Tower.

The sudden appearance of several policemen put an end to the sport. Colin and Sammy were seized, and attempted to be hurried off; but as neither had any particular reasons for desiring a situation in the watch-house, they contrived so far to accommodate matters as to be allowed to go each his separate way.

Our hero's first step was to see to the safety of his friend. He and Miss Sowersoft had already been fished out by the spectators. The latter-named of the two was conveyed into the tavern, and put to bed, while the former was induced, at the representation of Colin, to walk rapidly home with the enraged Mrs. Veriquear on his arm, our hero himself undertaking charge of the young Veriquears, and drawing them in the basket-coach behind.

Peter Veriquear naturally enough employed the whole time occupied in their journey by explaining the adventure; a statement which Colin so far corroborated, as to leave Mrs. Veriquear convinced of her husband's innocence.

As to the appearance of the worthy couple in town within so short a time of Mr. Palethorpe's former expedition, it is to be accounted for upon the same principle as are many other matters of equal importance: that is, according to a certain principle of curiosity, which is supposed to exist pretty largely in every human breast, but especially in the bosoms of the fair.

During the first day or two after her discovery of Sammy's frail nature, she betook herself, as far as the duties of the farm would allow, to the solitude of her own bed-chamber; where, in all probability, she wept regretfully over the depravity of human nature. For some weeks Mr. Palethorpe lived as though he lived not. To her, at least, he was dead: she saw him not, heard him not, knew him not. When he spoke his voice passed her by like the wind: when he whistled she heeded it no more than the whistling of a keyhole.

Meantime Samuel ate and drank unheeded, and with a degree of violence which seemed to say that by these means he meditated a novel species of suicide. If so, however, the thing failed in its effect. So far from entering at death's door, he seemed every day to get farther off. While Miss Maria pined, he grew fatter, redder, and more robustious. The contrast, at length, became unendurable: and from mere spite she at last began to speak to him again.

From a sulky exchange of words, this happy pair at length proceeded to a certain reluctant but animated discourse, in which explanation, reproaches, and deprecation, were abundantly resorted to. She accused; he apologized and regretted, and at length, she forgave, and Mr. Palethorpe had the satisfaction of finding himself restored to favour, and his mistress's arms.

I have said that Miss Sowersoft's curiosity was extreme. When Sammy detailed to her all the wonders of his expedition, her propensity could not be restrained. She, too, must see London. Accordingly, the tour was agreed upon, and hence their appearance at the time and place in question.

Returning to our hero, it may now be stated that before Mr. Clink took his departure from Mr. Veriquear's, a plan was arranged between himself and Peter for carrying his important design into immediate execution.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO CHINA JARS.

BY HAL WILLIS.

These are mere family *jars*, madam,
Which end in—nothing.
The Blue Stocking.

A. A STRANGE family this we have got into. And what a change!—from a sober clergyman's study to the drawing-room of a fashionable fool.

B. And yet is it what we must have anticipated. Have I not heard the Reverend Mr. Q—— say a thousand times, "We are but things of *clay*, and so are doomed to continual vicissitudes?"

A. True. But really I felt rather alarmed when that auctioneer talked so vehemently of "knocking us down,"—for the pastor so often cautioned his children from doing so,—and so repeatedly declared we should be utterly destroyed, that I really trembled for our fate.

B. I assure you my equanimity was not disturbed in the least; for this is the second sale we have gone through uninjured.

A. The second sale?

B. To be sure. Had we not a *sail* from China?

A. The auctioneer appeared to have a very great opinion of his eloquence.

B. And yet I heard our present master whisper to his friend, "This fellow's encomiums on these jars is mere jar-gon, and his delivery as discordant as the jarring elements. Look at him—his eyes a-gog—his mouth's a-jar!"

A. You are merry. For my part, I confess I felt the deepest sorrow in our change.

B. For the matter of that, I think we were both equally *moved* on the occasion; and, however dissimilar our sentiments might have been, we were both—*carried away with our feelings*.

A. Ah! you may jeer, but I was filled with grief—

B. And I with—water, as the man can testify who lifted me; for he had just raised me with an exclamation that “he would have a *lark*,”—when the poor fellow unexpectedly got a—*duck!*—which he acknowledged with a grimace, declaring he found the—*water foul!* You may call our new master a fool if you will; but he has at least discernment; for did he not bring a couple of his friends to look at us this morning, and finish our praises by singing,

“Sure such a pair were never seen?”

A. How lightly you talk! Cease this shallow discourse, I pray.

B. Shallow, forsooth! At any rate I am as deep as you. The fact is, you are out of spirits, and I am *elevated*. I am on a tripod, and you at present on the Turkey-carpet. Stop till your three-legged stand comes home, and then we'll *run on* together. At all events let us be friends, though all the world besides should go together by the ears; for I sincerely believe we shall not long enjoy the elegancies we see around us; and (not being a horse-shoe) I really feel some apprehensions in going to the hammer again.

A. Very true. But my self-love tells me we are of too much importance to be lightly cared for. Didn't they write on our packing-cases, “Keep this side uppermost?”

B. Don't mention it! I was pitched on my neck during the whole journey, and by the jerking and jolting was obliged to play a *rubber* with the deal partition. I don't know which suffered most on the occasion; for I was much troubled, and my partner—a *great deal board!*

A. Well, I was better off; for they placed me upright, and filled me with rich tumblers,—some dozen at least.

B. Fie!—what would the Temperance Society say to the friend of my youth, who can talk seriously of taking a dozen glasses upon such a short journey?

A. You know my habits better. I have indeed the greatest contempt—

B. Of course!—for all those that possessed the advantages of a clear vision could have discovered at a glance, that the company so impertinently intruded upon you was—*cut!* But then only think of my dear chum and crony going through the streets with a company of strolling tumblers!

A. You go on at a pretty rate.

B. Don't grumble; for at whatever rate I go on, you will certainly be up with me when you come to a stand. And though I am merry at your expense, the most our enemies can say is, that I am *above* laughing at you.—I wish those flowers would come; for here we stand with our mouths wide open, like a couple of rustics at a village fair wondering at the tricks of a conjuror.—Hark!—there 's a knock!

DUMALTON, THE CHELSEA VETERAN.

BY THE REV. G. R. GLEIG, AUTHOR OF "THE SUBALTERN."

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1793, UNDER THE DUKE OF YORK.

WE marched into Valenciennes the same day that the French marched out of it, and during four days more continued in occupation of the place. It was in this interval that Cogle, the wretched deserter, was brought to trial, when, the evidence being decisive against him, he was condemned to suffer. I do not know that any good purpose would be served were I to describe the particulars of the execution at length; I therefore content myself with stating that the whole of the British force paraded to see him die; that he was hanged to one of the branches of a tree which stood in front of the centre of our encampment; and that the tree received in consequence a designation which, if it survive, associates it to this hour with the name of the late excellent commander-in-chief of the British army. We called that living gallows The Duke of York's Tree, and the country people catching the sound, translated it into their own language, and retained it.

Our next move was upon Cambray, before which the allied army made preparations to sit down; but whatever might be the nature of its operations, we took no part in them. On the 14th of August we got the route for Dunkirk; and, accompanied by a corps of Hessians, some Prussians, Austrians, and Hanoverians, proceeded by Tournay, Lannay, and Ghelins, towards the proposed field of action. The 18th saw us pass through Menin, and encamp about ten in the morning in the fields beyond, where preparations were made to spend the remainder of the day, so as in some measure to recruit after four days' severe travel. But they who anticipated rest were quite in fault. The tents were just pitched, the fires lighted, the kettles put on, with a good stock of vegetables prepared; a bullock was just killed, and the raw meat served out, when suddenly the drums beat to arms. There was much hurry and bustle everywhere, as may be imagined. Of the officers very many had returned to the town, where they were refreshing themselves in the different hotels, while the men were all stripped of their accoutrements, and not a few engaged in fatigue duties. But the drum and the bugle has each a voice which nobody thinks of misunderstanding; and in two minutes we were accoutred, and in our ranks, waiting for orders. They soon came. Two men from each company were directed to remain as guards of the camp, and the wounded and the weak were, of course, selected for that duty; after which the rest of us, leaving the tents pitched, and all things in the same order as if we had gone out for an ordinary parade, formed the line of march right in front, and moved forward.

The town or village of Lincelles is situated upon a plain, with some rising ground a mile or two in rear of it. Generally speaking, the country round is open,—that is to say, it is not wooded, except on the side which looks towards Menin, but is a good deal intersected with marshes, canals, and sheets of water, which afford great facilities to those who, in a military point of view, may desire to render it secure. The French, having driven a corps of Dutch troops from the place, took possession, and intrenched themselves in it. They erected bat-

teries at every point, which seemed to be peculiarly assailable. These they connected one with another by means of breast-works, and leaving in the place a garrison of five thousand men, believed that it was secure. We learned while on the march that to our three weak battalions the business was committed of recovering that post; for the Dutch, we found, had retreated by a different road, and were not within reach, had we been directed to communicate with them. But the flight of our allies, whatever effect it might have on the officers in command, was treated by us in the ranks as a mere subject of railery. What did we care for the *Meinheers*? We would show them that the English Guards were able to retrieve even their blunders; and I am bound to add, that we kept our word. Yet we had a sharp brush for it too; and ought not, had the French done their duty, to have made any progress.

The drums beat, and we fell in, and were in line of march, all within the space of five minutes. Many officers, therefore, and several sergeants' parties, who had gone to town on business, public or private, were left behind; that is to say, they continued to overtake us singly or in groups during the whole of the first two or three miles which we accomplished. Among the officers, Colonel Bosville, a remarkably fine fellow, an especial favourite with the troops, and a man of great stature, came up; and such had been his haste, that he appeared at the head of his company with a sword on to be sure, but having no sash. One of the sergeants, noticing the circumstance, pointed it out, on which Colonel Bosville looked down, and exclaimed, "Ah! so I have. But I can do without that. It is better to leave a sash behind than a sword." Now there was nothing in all this, I freely grant, which seems to deserve that it should be noticed; yet I well remember that we remarked upon the circumstance at the moment as prognosticating no good to the colonel; and when we saw him fall within an hour afterwards, it seemed to us as if our foreboding had been just.

In this manner we pushed on, till between twelve and one o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy's batteries suddenly opened upon us, and we were saluted with some round shot. They did us little damage, and we never called a halt; but, throwing out a company to clear the wood, the column held its course as heretofore. Thus it was till the thickets were cleared, and then section after section, as we gained the open space, ran up into line, and delivered its fire in return for that which the French gave from behind the shelter of their breast-works. A battle of volleys is not, however, suited to the temper of British troops under any circumstances, and, with men circumstanced as we were at that moment, it would have been ruinous. "Give them the steel, my lads," was Colonel Pennington's short address, to which we made answer with a hearty cheer; and one more fire having been thrown in, away we went against the intrenchments at double-quick. A round or two of grape, with a single discharge of musketry, thinned our ranks a little, but did not arrest the progress of the survivors one moment. We sprang into the ditch, scrambled up the face of the parapet, leaped into the batteries, and chased the enemy, with considerable loss to them, fairly out of the cover. Never, surely, was success more complete, or more rapidly achieved; for I do not believe that between the firing of the first shot and our unceremonious entrance into the French lines more than an hour, if indeed so much, could have possibly elapsed.

It was evident from everything that we saw around us that we had come upon the French by surprise. No preparations whatever were made for a retreat. The horses belonging to the artillery were not harnessed,—the guns were in battery, but the limbers were out of their places, and on numerous fires which had been lighted beneath the parapet, camp-kettles filled with provisions were boiling. Of these we, as was natural, took possession; and it consoled us for the loss of our own breakfasts, when we found that we had been able to scare the enemy from their dinners. But the work of the day was not yet over. The French fled with precipitation through the town, our people hotly pursuing; but, when they got to the heights a strong support met them, and they rallied, and again showed a front. Three companies from the Coldstreams were immediately detached for the purpose of turning them on the right; while the remainder of the battalion, leaving the 3rd regiment in reserve, should assail their front: yet we could not, in spite of our best exertions, carry the plan into effect. After making a wide *détour*, so as to throw a farm-house with its offices between us and the enemy, we found that their flank was secured by a large sheet of water; and that any attempt on our part to pass round it must be made in the face of all their fire. Accordingly, after one or two feints, which cost some valuable lives, Colonel Pennington saw that the thing was not to be done; and the detached companies were directed, in consequence, to rejoin the main body. We did so without delay, and the brigade having once more re-assembled, halted among some orchards till dark, and then marched back to a position just outside the intrenchments.

In moving to our ground we passed for the second time through the town, and not having our thoughts engrossed now, as they were when we first entered it, with other matters, we found leisure to look about us. There was not a house in the place of which the doors and windows were not carefully closed. Some of the inhabitants appeared to have deserted it, the remainder kept close within their dwellings, and to the applications of us, their deliverers, for food, they paid no attention. It seemed, however, as if they had not adhered to this plan of seclusion all day long, for the dead which lay in the streets were plundered, and in several instances stripped naked. One fair, delicate-looking youth, an officer, as I understood, of artillery, with light-brown hair, and a skin as white as alabaster, had been thus served; and a more piteous spectacle than he presented it would be difficult to conceive. Poor boy! a musket-shot had passed quite through his head, and there he lay, his smooth and pure cheek stained with his own blood, instead of resting, as it ought to have done, on his mother's bosom. War is a fearful calamity at the best, which we cease to regard, except with horror, when we look upon its effects as they show themselves on the mangled remains of full-grown men; but when such a child as this has become its victim, our horror deepens well nigh into agony. I declare that the vision of that slight fair corpse haunted me for many a day after; and that not unfrequently I have started from my sleep, so vivid was the impression of its very presence near me. We marched through the town in good order, and halting just outside the works, made arrangements to spend the night in the open air. Piquets were stationed, and guards planted, as well to observe the motions of the enemy, as to hinder our own people from returning after dark, into the place; for General Lake was most com-

mentably resolute that the inhabitants should not be molested, nor we tarnish our laurels with the crime of pillage. In the latter of these righteous determinations he entirely succeeded; in reference to the former he was not quite so fortunate. *We* got no booty, it is true; but about eleven o'clock there arrived a brigade of Austrians, whom General Clairfait had sent to relieve us, and they, as we afterwards ascertained, were not quite so fastidious. The town was sacked ere dawn of next day as thoroughly as if it had been carried by assault. Meanwhile we were on our march back to the encampment near Menin, where we arrived about two in the morning; and in the tents which we had left standing previous to the advance, we slept for some hours very soundly.

Our loss in the affair of Lincelles had been considerable; out of a battalion which took into the field little more than three hundred men, nine, including Colonel Bosville, were killed, and forty-five wounded. Among the latter was my comrade, who had given me his watch when he received his hurt; and to visit him I got a pass, and proceeded into Menin. I believe that in what were called the general hospitals the sick and wounded of the army received every attention; neither had they a right to complain, even in such a situation as this, of any neglect on the part of the medical attendants: but the comforts provided for them were very meagre, and their sufferings, in consequence, appeared to be great. I found my comrade lying, with many others, in a barn, along the floor of which some straw had been spread; but without a mattress, or a blanket, or a sheet, or any other covering, except the soiled and bloody clothes in which he had fought. Like all the rest, however, he seemed resolved not to complain: and to my inquiries as to how he felt, he answered cheerfully. Poor fellow! he had already suffered amputation of his right arm, and looked pale and feeble, as was to be expected; but he soon recovered, and went home to England, where he was discharged, of course, upon a pension. I returned him his watch ere he departed, but have not since heard what ultimately became of him.

The dead that die in battle are, as everybody knows, dealt with summarily, and with very little parade. A few trenches, not over deep, for the most part, contain them all; nor is much distinction made between the corpse of an officer and that of a private: but if there chance to have fallen one of superior rank, or an individual who may have won in a marked degree the respect and affection of his brother soldiers, then it is customary to honour his insensible remains with the distinction, if such it deserve to be accounted, of a separate funeral. The body of Colonel Bosville, for example, we carried back with us from Lincelles to the camp in front of Menin, and we dug his grave in the very centre of the line, near the spot on which the colours were planted.

This was in the morning; and about three in the afternoon the whole battalion stood to its arms to witness the interment of one whom we greatly esteemed when living, and now sincerely mourned when dead. They wrapped him in his cloak, and laid him to rest—a noble specimen of manhood—for he did not measure less than six feet four inches in height; and the adjutant, having read the burial service with great solemnity, the firing party were ordered to salute him where he lay. Fifty men, of whom I was one, discharged their pieces into his grave, and the parade broke up.

We returned to our tents, somewhat solemnized by the duty in which we had been engaged, and, after speculating a little on the probable results of our yesterday's battle, went early to bed ; but we had scarcely begun to drop asleep when the drums beat to arms. We sprang to our feet on the instant, and a good deal to our annoyance, found that another night-march awaited us. I dare say these night-marches were necessary ; I hope, at least, they were, for of all that a soldier is doomed to undergo, there is nothing which so much as this destruction of his natural rest puts both health and temper in jeopardy. Indeed it is certain that, except in the very last extremity, troops ought to be moved only by day, because you cannot get men to compose themselves to sleep under a bright summer's sun ; and, if the case were otherwise, sleep so obtained is neither so sweet nor so refreshing as when darkness has drawn her curtain over the sleeper. However, these are truths which either did not occur to our leaders, or which the pressure of some stern, though to us unknown necessity, kept them from regarding. Accordingly, at half-past ten o'clock we stood to our arms, and at eleven the brigade was in march.

We anticipated, of course, a repetition of some such scene as that at Lincelles ; but we were mistaken. On we trudged, meeting no enemy, hearing of no sound of alarm, nor being once put to our mettle ; till, after passing through Ypres, we halted near Tournay, and enjoyed in our camp some hours of the rest which we sorely wanted. The fact, indeed, is, that the British and Hanoverian contingents were then separating themselves from the allied army, and proceeding to undertake the siege of Dunkirk with means quite inadequate ; and thus a campaign, opened with every prospect of success, had already been doomed by Him in whose hands the events of war are kept, to end unfortunately.

We halted near Furnes till the 22nd ; when a general advance took place, for the purpose of dislodging the enemy from a position which they were understood to have taken up at a place called Ghieveelde. They did not, however, abide our onslaught ; but, retreating as we drew near, left us free to reconnoitre their works, and to complete our arrangements for the siege which was to follow. Some little skirmishing did indeed occur between their rear and our advanced guard ; which was not serious while it lasted, and led to nothing ; but on the 24th we were more warmly engaged. On that day dispositions were made to cut off the garrison from all communication with the open country, and driving them within their line of defence, to render the investment complete. Our regiment was little, if at all, engaged in this battle, of which the brunt fell on the light battalion, composed of the flank companies ; yet I am bound to state that nothing could have been done more effectually, or in better style. There were numerous hedges and ditches, behind which the enemy endeavoured to maintain themselves, but from all of these, one after another, they were driven, and the very same night saw us busy in the trenches.

There are few events in my military career on which I look back with less satisfaction than on the siege of Dunkirk. In the first place our numbers were never adequate to reduce a place which was not only held by a garrison little, if at all, inferior to the besieging force, but which the enemy were determined at all hazards to succour. In the next place, the naval co-operation of which we had been assured did not come ; and, lastly, we were not then sufficiently masters of the art

of engineering to undertake any such service as that for which we were set apart. Then, again, the nature of the country was all against us. It was a low, flat, marshy plain, which the enemy had it in their power to inundate at any moment, and which they did inundate to such a degree, that at last we could hardly find dry spots sufficiently capacious to hold our tents. I admit that as often as the garrison attempted a sortie we beat them back. On the 3rd of September, for example, they came out in great force two hours before daybreak, and succeeded at first in driving in our piquets, and making themselves masters of one or two of our advanced redoubts. But their triumph was of short duration, for no sooner were the troops in reserve formed and brought into play, than they recovered all the ground that had been lost, and made many prisoners. Nevertheless, my recollection of this ill-fated siege is altogether a painful one, inasmuch as, from the very outset, it seems to me never to have given promise of any other result than that which actually occurred. For example, we heard from time to time that the enemy were collecting a large army wherewith to attack us; and that the Austrians and Prussians, instead of being in a condition to march to our support, were losing ground every day. At the same time the French, so far from sustaining a blockade from the sea, sent out gun-boats, which enfiladed our lines, and by their fire occasioned us a serious loss in lives, as well as in comfort. And over and above all this, the garrison, which amounted to not less than twenty thousand men, showed itself quite capable of giving us employment single-handed. An affair at the outposts was a thing of almost daily occurrence, and though these ended invariably in the repulse of the assailants, the annoyance and vexation occasioned to us were incalculable.

Things continued in this state till the 10th of September, when intelligence suddenly reached us that General Freytag, who commanded an army of Hanoverians, and in some degree covered the siege, had sustained a signal defeat. It appeared, also, that General Walmoden, in an endeavour to support him, had nearly shared the same fate; and that the enemy were in every respect so superior to anything which we could oppose to them, that an immediate retreat was become necessary. I need hardly stop to explain how movements of this kind are conducted. First the sick and wounded, then the moveable artillery, next the baggage, and as much of ammunition as we had means to transport, were sent to the rear, and finally, after darkness had set in, the different regiments and brigades quitted their ground, and marched off, without beat of drum, whither we knew not. The piquets, indeed, were left behind as a sort of mask upon the movement, and as they were always numerically strong, they proved a powerful rear-guard; but they also drew off long before dawn, and our lines were entirely abandoned. I regret to be obliged to add, that in the batteries we left, for lack of means to transport them, fifty pieces of heavy ordnance, with a large supply of powder and shot, and other military stores; a very legitimate ground of triumph to an enemy with whom, up to the present moment, we had never come in contact without threshing them soundly.

The retreat lasted three or four days, and was not, I am sorry to say, conducted with much order. The corps, indeed, got so completely mixed together that we had attached to our battalion more than eighty men from some regiments of the line, not one of whom could rejoin his

proper colours till the army halted. There was skirmishing, too, with the cavalry which covered the rear, in which once or twice the light infantry took part; but no decisive blow was struck, and we repassed Menin without sustaining any serious loss. This was on the 15th, and as General Houchard did not seem inclined to press us, we there pitched our tents. But we had not occupied them long ere fresh orders reached us, and we proceeded by way of Courtray to Pecke, a village not far from Tournay; and by and by through St. Amand, to the great plain between Quesnoy and Landrecy. It was while we lay here that the 15th Light Dragoons, supported by the third regiment of Guards, performed one of the most dashing exploits which had been executed since the commencement of the war. Having ascertained that in the open town of Lannoy a superior body of the French were quartered, they suddenly marched against them, and taking them quite by surprise, defeated them with prodigious loss. I am really afraid to specify the exact number of prisoners whom they brought into the camp, though I am sure they could not fall short of fifteen hundred; and among them were many officers, from whom neither horses, nor accoutrements, nor private baggage, were taken away; but I have the best reason in the world for recollecting that they came in the very midst of a furious storm of rain. The truth indeed is, that I was one of the party to whose care they were then entrusted, and that I performed my journey back to Tournay and Oudenard in a state of such perfect discomfort, as it would not be easy for even a fertile imagination to conceive.

When I quitted the camp the tents had ceased to afford any adequate shelter to their inmates against the violence of the weather. When I returned to the plain of Gascogne, on which they used to stand, I found that not a vestige of them remained. The army, indeed, had broken up on the 9th of November, that the troops might be put into quarters, and the Guards were in consequence marched first to Tournay, and ultimately to Ghent. There, in St. Peter's barracks, well-housed, well-fed, and well-cared for, we spent the winter of 1793-4 in peace. The garrison duty, which we shared with some corps of Austrians, was very light; the inhabitants showed themselves disposed to treat us kindly, and we, in our turn, did our best to assimilate our habits to those of the people among whom we were thrown. And when to all this I add, that little or no sickness prevailed among us, the testimony which I bear to the pleasant routine of our existence will not, I dare say, be called in question.

The campaign of 1793 had ended, if not triumphantly, at all events not discreditably to the allied arms. Great preparations were, I believe, made for the purpose of opening the next with increased means; while in our case certain changes were effected, every one of which operated for good. In lieu of the small tents, the labour of transporting which had proved very serious, a number of round, or bell-tents, arrived from England, of which I need not pause to give a description, because they resembled in all essential points those which have ever since continued in use with the British army. At the same time, great coats, of which, as I have elsewhere explained, we had often found cause to lament the absence, were served out, I cannot say, indeed, that they were of very superior quality: on the contrary, having been supplied, as usual, by contract, many of them proved when brought to trial, quite worthless; indeed, that which was given to me

went to pieces ere the first six weeks of active operations expired. Still the motive which induced the Home authorities to supply them was good, and we were grateful for it: yet I question whether to us any of the changes gave greater satisfaction than the substitution of a new species of camp-kettle for that which we had heretofore been condemned to carry. When a man is loaded with his knapsack, his arms, ammunition, and provisions, the annoyance caused by requiring that he shall lug a great kettle too about with him, is indescribable. From this the new device freed us; inasmuch as the kettles now sent out were all so formed as to fit on to the pack-saddles of the bat-horse; and we were too happy in getting rid of them to inquire whether the consequences would not be, that we should sometimes go without the means of cooking altogether.

On the 15th of April 1794, we received orders to pack up our baggage; and on the 16th, at an early hour in the morning, quitted our comfortable barracks in Ghent. We marched to the plains of Cateau, where was exhibited one of the most magnificent military spectacles which in modern times has occurred in Europe. The whole of the allied army was there, including British, Hanoverians, Dutch, Hessians; and all, to the amount, as was computed, of one hundred and eighty thousand men, were passed in review by the Emperor and his staff. Among others, the Archduke Charles and the Prince of Cobourg rode along our line, a brilliant retinue of mounted officers following them; while everywhere throughout the plain, as far as the eye could reach, masses both of horse and foot stood to be similarly inspected. There was no manœuvring, to be sure,—how, indeed, could there be? for, prodigious as the extent of the heath was, it would not have sufficed for the handling of such a multitude, if the purpose had been, which it was not, a parade of manœuvres. We had come together only that our chiefs might be satisfied of the general efficiency of our equipments; and to accomplish that, including an inspection of the line and the bat-horses, occupied a large portion of the day. But the business, important as it was, came to an end at last, and then the several columns began to file off, each to the station in the enormous line which it was intended to occupy. For ourselves, we had assembled on our proper ground, and there we stood fast. The tents had followed us to Ghent; and now having pitched them, we received orders to pile our arms, lay aside our accoutrements, and make ourselves comfortable.

I well remember that, in spite of the newly-issued great-coats, this was a night when the last of these orders could be very imperfectly obeyed. No straw was to be procured for the purposes of bedding; and to lie upon the ground, even with a great-coat under you, during a sharp white frost, such as set in after nightfall, is not exactly the position which he would assume who desired to be comfortable. We did not, however, mind a little pinching; and had the contrary been the case, no leisure was afforded to brood over it; for at dawn next day we were under arms, and at six o'clock began to move towards the front. What the object of the move might be, we, of course, neither knew nor inquired; though the mode in which it was conducted seemed to imply that active work would arise out of it: for we loitered over our ground, made frequent halts, and saw that a considerable force of heavy cavalry was in support of us. At last, however, the mystery was explained. From a star-fort which crowned an eminence, and over which the republican flag was waving, there opened upon us,

about three in the afternoon, a heavy fire of cannon ; the balls from which striking among the cavalry in our rear, did them some damage, and galled them exceedingly. Meanwhile we manœuvred to turn the redoubt. We filed off to the left, got the hill between us and the enemy's guns, and then, closing gradually in upon them, won the ridge without having sustained any loss. There, however, their fire reached us again ; upon which we were directed to throw off our knapsacks, and passing round at double quick time, to attack the battery in rear. All this we did, but in the honour of achieving that conquest we could claim no share. Before we reached our point of assault, the flank battalion had anticipated us, and we found both the redoubt and the pieces with which it was crowned in their possession.

Having secured this advantage, we pushed on, and the enemy retreating from the village of Vaux, our people entered it. We did not, however, stop to ascertain whether it contained anything of which we might be in need, but pressed forward above a mile farther, and there halted. Fires were immediately lighted, and arms piled, tolerably sure indications that our quarters for the night were taken up ; and no tents having arrived, nor, as far as I ever knew, being sent for, it became a question how we might dispose of ourselves to the best advantage ; for the clouds, which had been gathering all day, now broke, and such rain fell as would have rendered better coats than ours useless as a protection against its violence. Accordingly, seeing that the outer man bade fair to be but scurvily treated, we made up our minds to deal as generously as circumstances would allow with the inner man. Away to the rear, therefore, stole parties of twos and threes, which, penetrating into Vaux, soon came back, some laden with flour, others with bread, others with lumps of bacon, or lard, or butter, and one or two with excellent Scheidam. Then followed a series of culinary operations, which few, except soldiers and gipsies, ever undertake, by which cakes are kneaded and baked without the aid either of kneading-trough or ovens, and bacon is broiled upon the coals, yet none of the gravy permitted to go to waste. I perfectly remember I was one of the cooks that night ; and, unless my vanity misled me at the moment, or my memory be in error now, the bread which I made was pronounced to be admirable.

Two officers of the company to which I belonged, Captain Ross and Mr. Millbank, were especial favourites in the corps. They were great friends too, and shared that night a bearskin between them ; which, after desiring us to keep up a good fire, they stretched upon the ground and drew over them. I had laboured at my vocation till I became very sleepy, and espying, as I imagined, a fragment of the bear-skin which was not in use, I ventured to creep under it. In this position I went soon as completely into the land of forgetfulness as ever was infant on its mother's breast. Not less sound, and deep, and unbroken, I make no doubt, was the sleep of my companions also ; but, when we were roused by the general stir among the people round us, a scene laughable enough, at least to me, presented itself. Whether it was I or my officers that had fidgeted too much in our sleep I cannot tell ; but the bear-skin had entirely departed from its destined uses. It covered me over from neck to heel, and left them quite exposed to the weather. They were both wet to the skin, of course ; and Captain Ross, starting up in a considerable fury, seemed inclined at first to deal roughly by me. But ere his anger came to any head, he looked

down on Mr. Millbank, and the attitude and drenched condition of his friend converted all his anger into mirth. He burst into a peal of laughter, which he could scarcely control so far as to bestow upon me a few words of good-humoured malediction. As may be imagined, I was no way disposed to quarrel with a reproof so bestowed; and a peace-offering of some of my cakes was on their parts accepted as ample compensation for the wrong I had done them.

Captain Ross and Mr. Millbank were not, however, the only persons whom the events of that night had seriously incommoded. The Duke of York, it appeared, after establishing his head-quarters in Vaux, was fairly burned out; for a corps of Anstrians made their way into the town, and it almost immediately took fire. His Royal Highness was, in consequence, obliged to remove to a wind-mill which adjoined to the ground of our bivouac. But to him, as well as to us, the night wore away, and the morrow brought with it its own occupations. We were under arms, as usual, before break of day, and rejoiced not a little when we found that the storm was abated; yet we did not form the line of march till eight o'clock, and it was nine ere the movement began. It turned out that the object of this move was to cover the siege of Landrecy; of which place the Prince of Orange was directed to make himself master; and that while our allies should have so disposed of themselves as to keep the enemy in check in other quarters, to us was to be committed the charge of masking Cambray, and cutting off all communication between it and the beleaguered fortress.

Our knapsacks having been all collected before the bivouac was formed, there needed only the presence of the tents to render us complete, and these having been already sent for, our march was conducted with perfect regularity. We passed through Cateau, compelled the enemy to withdraw from an advanced position which they had taken, and establishing ourselves on the great road, about a league from Cambray, began to throw up redoubts for our own security. For a day or two we seemed to have matters all our own way; but an hour before dawn, on the morning of the 22nd, the piquets were fiercely attacked, and after a sharp resistance driven in. We, of course, got under arms immediately, and the cavalry, which lay for the convenience of forage a couple of miles in our rear, came hastily to the front, but no general action ensued. The French appeared either unwilling or unable to commit themselves, and we had nothing to gain by acting on the offensive. Still the cavalry on both sides came to blows, and the cannonade was warm. Towards evening, however, things resumed their old position. The enemy drew off; our horsemen returned to their quarters; the piquets took up the ground of which they had been dispossessed, and we slept in our tents.

I have heard that on this occasion one of the most distinguished cavalry regiments in the British service was badly commanded, and therefore misconducted itself. The Blues, somehow or another, did not charge when they ought to have done so, and General Mainard received a sharp reproof at head-quarters; but, as I cannot speak except on the authority of public rumour, it would be unbecoming in me to enter more into particulars. One thing, however, is certain, that if the Blues did fall that day into the shade, they soon found an opportunity of escaping from it again; for the skirmishing on the 22nd was but the commencement of a series of operations, throughout the whole of which both the courage and the endurance of the British army were

well tried. The 23rd was a day of rest. The enemy did not show so much as a patrol beyond their lines, and we were quiet; but on the 24th they renewed the attack upon our piquets, with a result similar in all essential points to that which had occurred the day previously. In like manner, on the 25th there occurred nothing worthy of notice; but the 26th found work, especially for the cavalry and artillery, warmer, closer, and more effectual than had yet been submitted to them. Again the enemy came on an hour before daybreak, and forcing back the outposts, established themselves in a village, a narrow space in front of one of the redoubts which we had erected.

Immediately on the alarm being given, our horsemen came up, as on former occasions, from the rear. They passed us where we stood in column, just as the grey dawn was coming in; and in the obscure light which fell upon them, appeared to peculiar advantage; for the horses were in excellent condition, the men young and active, and their numbers greater by far than we had supposed them to be. Yet among the infantry no move was made. We continued, on the contrary, in occupation of the high road, with arms piled, and our battalion guns beside us, waiting, no doubt, till things should take such a turn as might give to us and to our dismounted comrades an opportunity of acting with effect.

The morning of the 26th came in fair and bright, and the spectacle which it gradually opened out to us was very imposing. Over the enormous plain by which Cambray is surrounded, innumerable columns of infantry and cavalry were scattered; the latter, both on our side and on that of the French, being to the rear; the former well advanced, so as to be in readiness for action; yet all in a state of quiescence. Meanwhile, an occasional discharge from the field-batteries on both sides indicated that this was no parade of mere show; while the skirmishers lay—ours in and about the redoubt, with here and there a few files in the open field—those of the enemy near the village and among the gardens and little enclosures that environed it. By degrees, however, the figures on this mighty chess-board began to move. The enemy's cavalry gathered into larger masses, and advanced. Ours adopted formations so as to correspond with theirs, and the artillery on both sides fired smartly. Then followed a good deal of scampering hither and thither, with an occasional rattle of carabines and pistols; and once or twice a partial charge, out of which no important consequences resulted; till suddenly a wild yell burst from the village, and a heavy column of French infantry sprang forward. They bore down in a moment the trifling opposition which our skirmishers could offer. They received, but were not checked by the round shot which our gunners threw among them; and, pressing on, took possession of the redoubt which covered the front of our position. Instantly the word was given to stand to our arms, and we were in momentary expectation of a brush, when suddenly some regiments of cavalry, among which the Blues were conspicuous, crossed us at a trot. They went straight for the redoubt; they swept round it, and falling upon the enemy's column, of which the head only had got within the works, committed terrible havoc, and broke it into shreds. We were now hurried on, and in five minutes both redoubt and village were in our possession.

From that time till late in the day the battle continued; not interruptedly, like an action which is to decide the fate of a campaign, but by fits and starts, as the enemy judged it expedient to come on again; and we found our energies taxed to meet and to repel them;

for, as I have already stated, we had nothing to gain by advancing far beyond the line which we already occupied. Cambray was fully masked, and beyond this nothing was desired of us; whereas the enemy fought like men who would have been glad to steal a victory, had such been attainable, but who were not inclined to put everything to hazard for the purpose of insuring it. The consequence was, that after repeated charges of cavalry, — after the village had been won and lost several times, — after a good deal of ammunition had been expended on both sides, and by us at least a good many prisoners taken, the French retreated, and were followed up by the whole of our army a distance of nearly two miles. There the pursuit ended; after which the piquets were placed so as to secure the trenches, and we of the main body returned to our tents. As may be imagined, our sleep was sound and refreshing.

Such was the posture of affairs with us for some time, till late one day a sudden order came out, and the same evening the tents were struck, and the line of march was formed. Of what nature the intelligence might be which occasioned this change of attitude, we of course could not tell. Some said one thing, some another; though the prevalent notion was that General Clairfait had sustained a defeat, and that we had been called upon to support him. But, however this might be, I know that we moved in extreme haste, and that the operation was conducted with very little regard to order. We quitted our ground just as it began to grow dark, and marched all night; and, as there had been a good deal of rain during that and the preceding days, the roads were terrible. Confusion ensued as a matter of course; for where men sink at every step to the ankles in mud, I defy you to keep them in their places; and as section after section broke off, in the hope of finding surer footing, all semblance to a column was lost. In fact, long before we had proceeded a dozen miles there was not a single subdivision in such a state as that it could be relied upon for prompt action in case of an attack.

We floundered on all night, neither knowing nor caring whither we might be going, till absolute fatigue, and the assurance that half the people were in the rear, caused a halt to be ordered. Down we threw ourselves in the mud, and with accoutrements buckled on, and knapsacks placed as pillows for our heads, we slept soundly. But the drums soon beat to arms again, and, without having had time to cook a morsel, we were once more hurried forward. No doubt the officers succeeded for a while in restoring some semblance of order; that is to say, those in front were made to stand still till the rear should have partially closed up, and, though regiments continued to be strangely mixed, something like the appearance of a regular column was restored. This lasted only for a time, inasmuch as the return of darkness put an end to it; for we had another night-march to encounter; and if the first had tried us sorely, the second proved a thousand degrees more distressing. I really do not know how it fared with my comrades, farther than that we all seemed to fall off one from another, — that no human being looked round to ascertain whether anybody was near him, but each picked his own steps as well as he could. Accordingly about midnight it turned out that there were just twelve of us together, — and that where the regiment was nobody could tell. One of the standards was in our keeping. We held a sort of a council of war together, and observing a large house near the road-side, we determined to take shelter there, and wait till daybreak. It was no sooner said than done.

Away we went towards the house, knocked at the front door, told the people who we were, and what we wanted, and were admitted. They were very civil, and gave us all we asked,—a little straw on which to lie down; so having spread it on the floor of one of the large rooms, we composed ourselves to sleep.

We had not begun to forget ourselves when a furious knocking at the gate roused us. We started up, and, hiding the standard under the straw, made ready to defend it and ourselves, at all events so long as our ammunition lasted. I cannot say, however, that there was any lamentation among us when the intruders proved to be not Frenchmen, but Austrians, who, like ourselves, had straggled from their corps, and were come to seek shelter. They too were admitted; and truly they seemed determined to deal with the *Padron* in a very different spirit from that which we had exhibited. What had he in the house that was eatable and drinkable? Nothing. Oh, then they would look round the premises. And round they did look to such excellent purpose, that in a few minutes they returned with a number of fowls, which clamoured loudly enough when first surprised on their perches, but were very soon put to silence by the Austrians. Then followed a plucking of feathers, a lighting of fires, and a scene of universal cookery, which we did not enjoy the less that we were made sure of being part-takers in its results. In a word, we had a capital supper that night, which we washed down right merrily with some of our host's excellent beer, and a modicum of his gin; and the best of the joke was, that we not only never got into trouble through it, but that the Fleming failed not to compliment us for our moderation and good conduct, at the very time he brought a charge against our less scrupulous allies. Whether their officers paid any regard to the charge I never heard: from ours we got nothing but commendation.

Supper ended, we all lay down again, and slept till daylight. I then rose and went out; but not a trace or vestige of the regiment could I discover. The road both to the front and rear was empty, and, except that there were many marks of feet upon its surface, it might have been mistaken for some bye-way, in which little or no traffic ever occurred. Under these circumstances, I was about to return to my comrades, when all at once a solitary horseman showed himself in the distance, and as he approached I recognised the adjutant, Captain Wood. He made up to me, and asked with a good deal of anxiety whether I knew what had become of the regimental colour; for the other was safe with the battalion, but this had gone astray. I told him, and he expressed himself greatly relieved. "But you have got too far a-head," continued he. "The battalion is a great way in the rear, so you must wait till it comes up." We were not, as may be supposed, reluctant to obey these instructions, especially when the Austrians departed, and left us to reap the exclusive benefit of our host's kindness; for it is no more than an act of justice to record that our original modesty had not been wasted upon him; and that if the supper which we ate at his expense can scarce be reckoned among his acts of hospitality, our breakfast—and a very good one it was—came from his free and unfettered bounty.

In about an hour after we had eaten our morning meal the battalion came up, and the order which it had recovered was in a great measure preserved throughout the remainder of the march. Our speed, indeed, was slackened, and a whisper went through the ranks that some change

of plan had occurred; but I cannot answer for its accuracy. I only know that we entered St. Amand the same afternoon, and took possession of a large nunnery, where for several days we enjoyed a state of rest, of which we stood very much in need. I remember, too, that on other grounds than this we greatly relished our week's halt in St. Amand. It was here that we had first come into collision with the French, and, under circumstances of great disadvantage, showed ourselves at least their equals; and very pleasant it was to wander over the scene of our by-gone glory, and trace out each spot which the memory of a comrade slain, or a narrow escape experienced by ourselves, might have consecrated. Of the relics of the battle, too, we picked up here and there specimens, some of them nowise creditable to the humanity of our opponents; for we found balls sticking in trees into which fish-hooks had been introduced, for the purpose of rendering the operation of extracting them from the wounded next to impossible. We lost in the battle of Lincelles our sergeant-major, a brave and good man, called Darley, and his life fell a sacrifice to this rascally device; for the wound that slew him was in itself a trifle. A musket-ball lodged in the fleshy part of his arm; but the hook attached to it so cankered the hurt, and caused so wide an incision to be made for the purpose of removing it, that the poor fellow could not bear up, and sickened and died.

It was a frequent practice with us, after the morning parade was ended, to wander away in groups to the battle-field; and one of these excursions I am bound to notice, because it gives me an opportunity of recording one of the many acts of kindness which the Duke of York was always doing to his soldiers. We were on the ground, a party of six or eight, when the Duke with his staff rode up, and began to question us as to whether we had been present on the same ground a year ago. We told him that we had, on which he desired one of his attendants to give us a ducat to drink, and rode on. Now even a ducat was valuable to persons to whom, be it observed, no regular issues of liquor were made, who had no rations served out, as was the case in the Peninsular army, nor indeed anything to look to beyond each man's sixpence a-day. We were therefore very much obliged to his Royal Highness. And indeed I may take this opportunity of recording, that though the Duke had no authority for the practice, he never failed, as often as a plausible excuse could be discovered, of ordering spirits to be issued to the troops from the public stores. The Duke of York might not possess the skill or the experience of other generals by whom the British armies have been commanded; but a better friend to the soldier never lived; and I verily believe there was not a man under his orders that would have hesitated a moment to give his life for such a chief.

We remained at St. Amand till the 3rd of May, when at an early hour in the morning we marched upon Tournay, and the same afternoon were warmly, though partially, engaged with the enemy. The Coldstreams did not, indeed, come under fire; but we witnessed the gallant exertions of our comrades, and to sharper fighting, so long as the struggle lasted, men are not often exposed. The cannonade, in particular, was tremendous, and the cavalry acquitted itself with its wonted spirit; but the affair was not very protracted. The French, finding that they could make no impression, retired; and for nearly a fortnight longer we occupied our encampment in peace.



MR. CHIMPANZEE.

THE DISAPPOINTED TRAVELLER.

MR. CHIMPANZEE was born with a silver spoon in his mouth,—thanks to the foresight of his maternal grandfather, who had “tied down” the bulk of an immense fortune, accumulated in the East Indies, in the hands of trustees, for the sole use and benefit of the “little monkey,” as he familiarly, and not inappropriately, termed his infant grandson; for his father had prodigally dissipated the fortune he had received with his wife, and was compelled in the decline of life to live upon his wits, — a stern necessity indeed for one to whom nature had been so niggardly in her gifts; for if there ever were a head that might be advertised to be “let unfurnished,” the upper story of Mr. Chimpanzee, senior, certainly came within the unflattering description. Young Chimpanzee inherited this vacuum, and that was all; for the rest, he exhibited the same tenacity for money as his prudent grandfather; and the sire being fortunately gathered to his fathers while the son was in his minority, his principal, as well as his principles, escaped the deterioration which they would otherwise have inevitably sustained.

Having finished his education, or rather left school, where the knowledge of his wealth induced the masters to treat him with every indulgence, he had all the world before him where to choose; and being locomotively inclined, resolved to travel.

Like all those who possess no brains, he required the stimulus of action to supply the want of thought. He knew nothing of geography, — the only *globes* he had ever studied being those pretty prismatic ones blown through a tobacco-pipe, billiard-balls, and bowls. In the study of history he had got through those standard works, “The Seven

Champions of Christendom," "Jack the Giant-killer," and the other "Jack who had Eleven Brothers." Stored with this classical knowledge, he set forth to see the world.

But how many go to *sea*, and see nothing! Chimpanzee was the very man to travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say, "'Tis all barren." There appeared to be neither speculum nor speculation in his dull unreflecting optics; and to his matter-of-fact mind a ruin *was* a ruin, and nothing more; for his reading afforded no pleasant association of by-gone spirits with the object before him.

The Bey of Tripoli or the Bay of Naples were both alike in sound and significance to him, until having seen both, he declared they were both "deep 'uns," and that it was as dangerous to try your *craft* upon one as the other. When told that he would find *rein-deer* in Lapland, where snow and ice abound, he replied with the utmost importance, as if pronouncing a logical deduction, "Of course where water freezes it is always scarce, and that accounts for the rain being dear. Any fool could see that with half an eye!"

In answer to one querist, who was amiably employed in "drawing him out" before a large party, he said, that when he "threaded" the "Needles," he was "sewed up" by sea-sickness, and was unable to discover whether they had *eyes* as well as *points*.

Of his travels in the East, all that could be gleaned from his gatherings, or gathered from his gleanings, was that some of the tribes had troubled him by their extortions; that he had once found the *Kurds* in his way; and that, notwithstanding the notorious fidelity and attachment of the menials in India, he had been *Coolie* served; and that his groom could curry his rice and his horse with equal skill.

In Africa, he vowed that his *chops* were broiled; but as for the Coast being Gold, it was a complete hoax; that the evening dews were heavy, but speedily evaporated before the morning sun, and ventured to remark, what an agreeable thing it would be for some folks if, when their bills and debts became *due*, they should be "taken up," and evaporate as readily.

Having somewhere read or heard that there were "tongues in the running brooks," he was grievously disappointed when he saw the *mouth* of the Nile, and found—no *tongue* in it!

Visiting Naples, of course he climbed Vesuvius, and looking into the crater, declared he saw nothing in it. As he descended, the "dew was on the spray," and he observed that he had often heard talk of "mountain dew," and that his Irish servant had informed him that it was a "drop o' the crater," of the truth of which he appeared now quite convinced!

Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope he regarded in the same light as he did his Macintosh cape, and declared that they were invented solely for the purpose of keeping out the water.

Norway he did not touch upon, because he was informed it was only famous for its trade in deals,—and he very ingeniously concluded that he could see a *Deal* of Norway at home, without the trouble of a long voyage.

Venice he visited, not from any association in his mind with any interesting historical reminiscences connected with the place, for reading had supplied his memory with none; but a pleasant party, with whom he had accidentally met, was going thither, and he was pleased with

anything or anybody that supplied him entertainment without the cost of thinking.

One of the ladies, a romantic lass of nineteen, had sung,

"Row gently here,
My gondolier!"

and accompanied herself on the guitar with so much skill, that even to his unpractised ears it was really agreeable, and he longed to see the gondolas.

His disappointment, however, was great when he beheld those fleet vehicles darting through canals, so black, and dingy, and unadorned. They were contemptible in his eyes compared with the smart wherries of his native Thames; and, indeed, he looked upon them as no better than so many juvenile coal-barges starved to the genteelest proportions. He stood upon the "Bridge of Sighs," and declared it was no size at all,—not much bigger than the bridge of a bass viol. A base violation of the truth, according to most travellers, and for which Mr. Chimpanzee ought to have been made to answer in the Court of *Arches*.

In Canton he found the tea very strong, (while in Scotland he discovered that their "*Tay*" was all water.) As for the men of China, he was surprised to find them composed of common clay. He expressed great curiosity to pass the gates and view the wonders beyond, but neither his wealth nor his influence could obtain the desired boon. He never passed the mystic barrier; although, as he paradoxically observed, some of the natives *did* "take him in" before his departure.

He had a peep at Holland, where the King is the Baroness D'Aul-tremont's "*leman*," and the Prince of *Orange's* father. He thought that they must be good soldiers, as he was told they had been long famous for having "mounted" more "breeches" than any other nation under the sun!

When asked about their fine arts, he confessed that he had seen an immense number of those celebrated paintings in blue and white, termed "*Dutch tiles*," and that he purchased a *hat* there! As for the country, it was flat as a bowling-green; the cheese and women round as bowls. He wondered much from whom such a race had sprung, declaring that he had never heard them speak of their *sires*, although they eulogised their *dams* continually.

One observation he did make, which really had some degree of sense in it,—he said that he thought it would be a vast improvement, in an agricultural point of view, if they could pull the Boot of Italy on the Calf of Man! And uttered a truism, which was incontrovertible, namely, that when speaking of the beauties of the East, he asserted that Arabia "*bore the palm!*"

He laughed at the idea of the world being round as a gross absurdity, and assured everybody that he had been in all parts, and found it flat—very flat! He had sailed on the White, the Red, and the Black Sea, only to discover the accuracy of his school-grammar in stating, "*the sea is green*," and the errors of the hydrographers, who had really no *colourable* pretext for calling them names which they do not deserve.

Of course, like most English travellers, he had seen but a small portion of his own country; although, like Cook, he had made a voyage round the world. In fact, Chimpanzee's voyage might not inappro-

privately be termed a cook's,—for, being much inclined to good eating, (the only thing in which he evinced any real *taste*,)—he estimated the qualities of the countries he visited by the number of good dishes wherewith he was entertained. He was indeed a perfect *gourmand*, and, like a goose, was “indifferent” unless well stuffed.

Even his speech was tinctured by his heliogabalic foible. And his ordinary phrase when he threatened to punish a varlet of a waiter was that he would *dress* him, or “settle his hash.”

When a friend—such friends as he could boast—took him in his yacht to the Isle of Wight, all the admiration he expressed was for the *shrimps*. As for the beauties of Shanklin Chine, or any other chine, unaccompanied by turkey, he regarded with the most ineffable contempt; and *New-port* could not by any means be palatable to a *bon-vivant*, and a man of his way of drinking.

The ladies, of course, no sooner heard of his prandial propensities than they regarded him with contempt, notwithstanding the fame of his wealth; but still, to his fortune, and this very inclination to the good things of the world combined, he was ultimately indebted for a wife.

In a certain fox-hunting country there dwelt, in all the pride and bloom of five-and-twenty, a squire's daughter, whose personal charms and vanity were much upon a par; and whose *pa* was very much reduced in worldly circumstances by keeping a stud and kennel far above his means; in fine, when he first fell in with Mr. Chimpanzee, he was mounted on a fine hunter, going to cover, and going to the dogs.

He certainly extended his optics when he beheld the youth in the field, comparing him to a monkey bestriding a pitchfork; but being flattered by his purchasing a horse at his recommendation (one of his own stud, by the by), he not only invited him to his house, but returned the visit to his splendid residence at “Chimpanzee Folly.” The acute fox-hunter saw at a glance, as he afterwards declared, that he had started the game, and was determined to bag it. For, although he could not admire his “seat,” he was extravagant in the praise of his mansion.

“His Poll and this youngster,” he declared, “would make a most excellent ‘couple.’” And he took care to improve the acquaintance by inviting Mr. Chimpanzee to spend a week at his “box,” where an excellent dinner baited the trap into which it was intended he should run. “His Poll,” he proudly proclaimed, “was the best cook in the country, and had superintended the whole dinner. A bland smile spread over the dull countenance of Chimpanzee; and when he beheld the *belle* he certainly thought she was very handsome, especially after a confederate of the fox-hunters had clenched the nail he had so dexterously driven, by informing Chimpanzee that she was a great *toast*, and happy would that young man be who had her for his wife.” Of course he nibbled the inviting bait, and was caught.

There are more Chimpanzees in the world than people wot of, albeit they are cried up as such rarities! The matter-of-fact critics may, after all, perhaps chuckle, and declare this to be only the disjointed *tales* of a Chimpanzee, and laugh at the *wag*.

ALFRED CROWQUILL.

LOUIS PHILIPPE :

A NEW CHAPTER IN THE ROMANCE OF MODERN HISTORY.

THE following narrative, which is attributed to General Cass,* will be read with peculiar interest at the present moment, in consequence of the late attempt on the life of Louis Philippe.—EDIT.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, it is well known, travelled through the United States in early life. He did not, like the princes of the elder branch of the House of Bourbon, join the enemy. He never bore arms against his country. But he travelled into Switzerland, where he concealed himself some time, while performing the functions of Professor at an institution of education at Reichenau,—and there is now at the Palais Royal a picture of this interesting event of his life. He remained at this establishment eight months, teaching geography, history, the French and English languages, and mathematics. Previously to admission he underwent a severe and satisfactory examination, and when he quitted his *Chair* he received a certificate, acknowledging the useful services he had rendered to the institution. Let his descendants preserve this precious document. It may be long before the House of Orleans receives, in the person of one of its members, a reward more worthy the regard of every man interested in the true dignity of human nature. The young Professor was then twenty-two years of age ; and he not only preserved his incognito, but his conduct was so discreet that he was elected a deputy to the assembly at Coire.

Even in the disastrous circumstances of his personal position he was still anxious to serve his country ; and General Montesquiou having agreed to accept him as his aide-de-camp, he left his peaceful retreat at Reichenau, and joined the General, with whom he remained till 1794, under the name of Corby. Suspicions having, however, been excited respecting his true character, he abandoned the family of General Montesquiou, and determined to remove himself farther from France. There was not wanting a party even then which hoped to see a constitutional monarchy established, with the Duke of Orleans at its head ; and the weight of character he had acquired rendered him an object of hatred and suspicion to the terrible and ever-changing rulers who at that era of desperate energy governed and died in blood. His own wish was to seek refuge in the United States ; but the heir of the House of Orleans, and the descendant of Henry the Fourth, was too poor to undertake so distant an expedition. He was obliged, therefore, to postpone the realization of this project, until he could procure the means of defraying its expense ; but, as he commenced at this period the pilgrimage which ultimately conducted him to America, a general outline of the King's adventures till he left the United States will not be uninteresting. The facts here communicated may be relied on.

From Switzerland Louis Philippe repaired to Hamburg, and

* The work to which we allude was published in the United States during the present year, and is called, " France, its King, Court, and Government."

thence through Jutland to Copenhagen and Elsinour. From the last city, peculiarly interesting to an Englishman by its association with one of the proudest monuments of the genius of Shakspeare, he crossed the Sound, and landed upon the Scandinavian Peninsula. After visiting Gottenburg and a part of Sweden, he entered Norway, and stopped a short time at Frederickshall, the scene of the last occurrence in the eventful life of Charles the Twelfth, one of the most impressive illustrations which history has left of the vanity of human glory.

Hence the King continued his route to Christiana, where he remained some time, tranquil and unsuspected, enjoying the primitive kindness of Norwegian hospitality. A curious incident happened one day to disturb his equanimity, and which at first led him to fear he was discovered. It is the habit of society in that city at the proper season, after having breakfasted, to go into the country, and there pass the residue of the day. After one of these excursions, when the family where the stranger had been received was preparing to return to town, he heard the son exclaim with a loud voice,—"The carriage of the Duke of Orleans!" He was recognized without doubt—but how could it be? Preserving his self-possession, however, and perceiving that the young man did not regard him, he was anxious to learn the cause of this singular annunciation. "Why," said he, smiling, "did you call the carriage of the Duke of Orleans, and what relations have you with the Prince?"—"None, indeed," answered his Norwegian friend; "but while at Paris, whenever we issued from the Opera, I heard repeated from all quarters, 'The carriage of the Duke of Orleans!' I have been more than once stunned with the noise, and I just took it into my head to make the same exclamation."

The King continued his tour to Drontheim, and thence to Hamersfeldt, the most northern town in Europe. He even continued his journey to the North Cape, the *Ultima Thule* of Europe, where he arrived the 24th of August, 1795. Here he found himself among a new race of men; and accompanied by the Laplanders and their reindeer, and on foot, he traversed the country extending to the Gulf of Bothnia, and arrived at Tornea, a little port situated at its northern extremity. He advanced into Finland, as far as the Russian frontier, but the Gallophobia of the Northern Semiramis was too well known to allow him to run the risk of Siberia and the knout, and he crossed the Gulf of Finland to Stockholm.

If the political events in France had overturned the throne of Capet, and sent forth his descendants to wander in foreign lands, it must be confessed that this young member of the exiled family had turned his misfortunes to the most profitable account. He was studying human nature in the best of all schools, the school of experience and adversity; and by bringing himself into contact with every variety of life, and by adding the treasures of personal observation to the stores of learning with which his mind was fraught, he was preparing himself for that course of events which has given him such a powerful influence over the destinies of his own country and of Europe.

After completing the examination of these ancient kingdoms, and after having been recognized at Stockholm, he proceeded to Denmark,

and under an assumed name withdrew himself from observation. During his expedition no amelioration had taken place in his pecuniary resources or political prospects. No reverses, however, could shake the determination which he had formed not to bear arms against France, and he declined the invitation of Louis XVIII. to join the army under the Prince of Condé.

His father had perished upon the scaffold, his mother had been imprisoned at Paris, and his two brothers, the Duc de Montpensier and the Count de Beaujolais, had been shut up in the Castle of St. Jean, at Marseilles, where these young men, without any other crime but that of their birth, were treated with great cruelty. Gradually, however, the condition of the Duchess of Orleans became ameliorated, and she was released from prison, though still she was subjected to a rigorous surveillance. Her great moral worth may have had its effect in procuring this relaxation of severity, for all accounts represent her as adorning the high position she filled in society.

Louis Philippe had taken his measures with such prudence that the French government had lost all traces of him. But the mystery in which he had enveloped himself probably increased their suspicion of his designs, and their desire to discover him. French political agents exerted themselves to discover, if possible, his place of refuge. Attention was particularly directed to Prussia and Poland, in one or other of which countries he was thought to be. These efforts were, however, baffled, and were finally succeeded by an attempt of a different character, making such an appeal to the feelings of the son and brother, as left him no hesitation in accepting the offer of a more distant expatriation, which was made to him. A communication was opened between the Directory and the Duchess of Orleans; and she was informed that if she would prevail upon her eldest son to repair to the United States, her own position should be rendered more tolerable, and the sequestration removed from her property; and that her two youngest sons, moreover, should be released, and permitted to join their brother in America. To this proposition the Duchess assented, and wrote a letter to her son, recommending a compliance with the terms proposed, and adding—"May the prospect of relieving the sufferings of your poor mother, of rendering the situation of your brothers less painful, and of contributing to give quiet to your country, recompense your generosity!"

The Government charged itself with the transmission of this letter to the exile, and again renewed its search for his discovery. These still proving fruitless, recourse was had to a Mr. Westford, a merchant of Hamburg, who, from some circumstances, was supposed to be in correspondence with the Prince. This suspicion was well founded; but this faithful friend received with proper incredulity the declaration of the French *Chargé d'Affaires* at Hamburg, that his object in opening a communication with the King was to convey to him a letter from his mother, on the part of the Government; and disclaimed all knowledge of his actual residence. He, however, immediately communicated to Louis Philippe a statement of what had taken place, and the latter determined to risk the exposure in the hope of receiving a letter directly from his mother. He was at that time in the neighbourhood of Hamburg, though in the Danish States, where he had changed his residence from time to

time, as a due regard to secrecy required. An interview was arranged by Mr. Westford, at his own house, between the King and the French Chargé, where they met in the evening, and where, after the receipt of his mother's letter, he signified at once his acceptance of the terms proposed, and his determination to embark for the United States without delay. "When my dear mother shall receive this letter," he immediately replied, "her orders will have been executed, and I shall have sailed for the United States."

The ship "American," Captain Ewing, a trader between Philadelphia and Hamburg, was then lying in the Elbe, preparing for departure. The King, passing for a Dane, applied to the Captain, and engaged his passage for thirty-five guineas. He had with him a faithful servant, long attached to his person, whom he was anxious to take; but the Captain for some reason seemed unwilling to receive him, and told his importunate passenger, that the services of this man would be useless to him upon the voyage; and that when he reached the United States his servant would certainly desert him. He was, however, finally persuaded to yield, and the servant was received for seventeen guineas and a half.

Late in the night preceding the departure of the ship from the Elbe, when the King was in his berth, an elderly French gentleman, destined to be his only fellow cabin passenger, came on board. He understood English badly, and spoke it worse; and perceiving the accommodations far inferior to those he had anticipated, he set himself to find fault with much vehemence, but with a garrulity wonderfully checked by the difficulty he encountered in giving vent to his excited feelings in English. He called for an interpreter; and, not finding one, he gradually wore away, if not his discontent, the expression of it, and retired to rest. In the morning, seeing the King, his first inquiry was if he spoke French; and perceiving that he did, he expressed his gratification, and said, "You speak very well for a Dane, and you will be able to get along without my instruction. You are a young, and I am an old man, and you must serve as my interpreter." To this the King assented.

The ship left the Elbe the 24th of September, 1796, and after a pleasant passage of twenty-seven days arrived at Philadelphia. Shortly before entering the Capes of the Delaware, the King, unwilling that the Captain should learn his true character from public report after reaching his destination, disclosed to him who he was. The Captain expressed his gratification at the communication, and frankly stated to him that the circumstances under which he had come on board had produced an impression upon his mind unfavourable to his young passenger; that he had come to the conclusion indeed that he was a gambler, who had committed himself in some gaming speculations, and that he was seeking secrecy and refuge in the new world.

After reaching Philadelphia, the King occupied the lower part of a house belonging to the Rev. Mr. Marshal, and adjoining a church in Walnut Street, where he remained anxiously awaiting the arrival of his two brothers. They had embarked at Marseilles, on board a Swedish ship, the *Jupiter*; and had a tedious passage of ninety-three days. This delay led the King to fear, either that some accident had befallen them at sea, or that the French Government had failed to fulfil the promise made to himself and his mother. Their

arrival, however, put a stop to his sad forebodings ; and after their union, the three brothers removed to a house belonging to the Spanish Consul in Sixth Street. Here they passed the winter, mingling in the society of Philadelphia. Philadelphia was then the seat of the Federal Government, and Washington was at the head of the administration. The three young strangers were presented to him, and were invited to visit Mount Vernon after the expiration of his term of service.

During the season, accordingly, the King and his brothers visited Mount Vernon, passing through Baltimore, where he renewed an acquaintance previously formed in Philadelphia with General Smith ; and crossing Georgetown, the site of the present city of Washington, where he was hospitably received by the late Mr. Law. Thence the party passed through Alexandria, to Mount Vernon. Here they were most kindly received, and resided some days. The King's reminiscences of Washington coincide with the statements generally given by his contemporaries of his private life and personal habits. While at Mount Vernon, Washington prepared an itinerary of a journey to the Western Country, for the exiled princes, and furnished them with letters of introduction. They made the necessary preparations for a long tour, which they performed on horseback, each of them carrying, in a pair of saddle-bags, (after the fashion of that period,) whatever he might require in clothes and other articles for his personal comfort. Thus furnished, the travellers took the road to Winchester, where they dismounted at a house kept by Mr. Bush. The landlord was from Manheim ; and the King having recently visited that city, and speaking German moreover as well as French or English, a bond of communication was established between them, and the landlord and the traveller were soon engaged in an interesting conversation.

Our adventurers thence proceeded to Knoxville and Nashville. From the latter place they took their departure for Pittsburg. When traversing the Barrens in Kentucky, they stopped at a cabin, where was to be found "*entertainment for man and horse,*" and where the landlord was very solicitous to ascertain the business of the travellers. It was in vain that the King protested they were travelling to look at the country, and without any views of purchase or settlement. Such a motive for encountering the trouble and expense of a long journey appeared to him incredible. In the night all the travellers were *stowed away* upon the floor of the cabin, with their feet to a prodigious fire. This Green River cabin had but one room ; and while the guests were stretched upon the floor, the landlord and his wife occupied their *punchcon* bedstead, which was pinned to the logs forming the side of the *mansion*. In the night the King overheard the good man expressing to his wife his regret that three such promising young men were running uselessly over the country, and wondering that they did not purchase land there, and establish themselves creditably.

At Bairdstown the King was indisposed, and was obliged to stop. Unfortunately the place was in commotion, and the whole family at the inn, father, mother, children, and servants, left their sick guest without attention. When the landlady made her appearance, the latter, a little impatient, asked why she had not left a servant to wait upon him. She answered with great animation, that there was a

show there, the first that had ever been seen in Bairdstown, and she could not think of staying away herself, nor of withholding any of her family. Since the King has been upon the throne, he has presented to the venerable Bishop Flaget a clock for his cathedral in this very Bairdstown.

At Chilocothe the King found a public house kept by a Mr. McDonald, a name well known to the early settlers of that place; and he was a witness of a scene which the progress of morals and manners has since rendered rare in that place, or indeed throughout the well-regulated State of Ohio. He saw a fight between the landlord and some one who frequented his house, in which the former would have suffered, if the King had not interfered to separate the combatants.

At Pittsburg the travellers rested several days, and formed an acquaintance with some of the inhabitants. Thence the party travelled to Erie, and then down the lake shore to Buffalo. At Cattaraugus they found a band of Seneca Indians, to whom they were indebted for a night's hospitality; for there were then few habitations except Indian wigwams upon the borders of the internal seas of America, and still fewer vessels, except birch canoes, which sailed over their waves. Among this band was an old woman, taken prisoner many years before, and now habituated to her fate, and contented with it. She was a native of Germany, and still retained some recollection of her native language and country; and the faint, though still abiding, feeling which connected her present condition with her past, led her to take an interest in the three young strangers, who talked to her in that language, and of that country. She exerted herself therefore to render their short residence among her friends as comfortable as possible. The chief assured the travellers that he would be personally responsible for every article they might intrust to his care; but that he would not answer for his people, unless this precaution was used. Accordingly everything was deposited with the chief, saddles, bridles, blankets, clothes, and money; all which being faithfully produced in the morning, the day's journey was commenced. But the party had not proceeded far upon their route when they missed a favourite dog, which they had not supposed to be included in the list of contraband articles requiring a deposit in this aboriginal custom-house, and had therefore left at liberty. This was a singularly beautiful animal, and having been the companion in imprisonment of the two younger brothers at the Castle of St. Jean, they were much attached to him. The King immediately returned to seek and reclaim the dog, and the chief, without the slightest embarrassment, said to him, in answer to his representations, "If you had intrusted the dog to me last night, he would have been ready for you this morning, but we will find him." He immediately went to a kind of closet, shut in by a board, and on his removing this, the faithful animal leaped out upon his masters.

The travellers pursued their way to Buffalo, and there crossed over to Fort Erie, and then repaired to the Falls of Niagara on the Canadian side, the state of the country on the American side intercepting all direct communication between Buffalo and the Cataract. From Buffalo they proceeded to Canandaigua, through a country almost in a state of nature, and by paths, rather than roads, which to this day seem to furnish the King with his *beau idéal* of all that is

marshy and difficult, and even dangerous, in travelling. In one of the worst parts of this worst of roads they met Mr. Alexander Baring, the present Lord Ashburton, whom the King had known at Philadelphia, where he had married a daughter of Mr. Bingham. Mr. Baring was on a visit to the Falls of Niagara, and having almost exhausted his patience at the state of the roads, and the difficulties he had encountered, he expressed a doubt whether Niagara itself would furnish an adequate recompense for the fatigue and privation necessary to reach it. The travellers, after a few moments' conversation in the swamp, pursued their respective routes; Mr. Baring telling the King that he had left an almost impassable road behind him, and the King answering by the comfortable assurance that Mr. Baring would find no better one before him.

They continued their route to Geneva, where they procured a boat, and embarked upon the Seneca Lake, which they ascended to its head; and hence they made their way to Tioga Point upon the Susquehannah, each of the travellers carrying his baggage for the last twenty-five miles upon his back. The load was no doubt heavy, and the task laborious; but perhaps the burden which the King now bears (luckily for his own country and for Europe) is more oppressive than the weight which the Duke of Orleans carried through the forest and over the hills of the Susquehannah. From Tioga the party descended the river in a boat to Wilkesbarre, and thence they crossed the country to Philadelphia.

In the following letter, dated from Philadelphia, the 14th of August 1797, written by Duc de Montpensier to his sister, the Princess Adelaide of Orleans, he describes the incidents and impressions of this journey:

"I hope you received the letter which we wrote you from Pittsburg, two months since. We were then in the midst of a great journey, that we finished fifteen days ago. It took us four months. We travelled during that time a thousand leagues, and always upon the same horses, except the last hundred leagues, which we performed partly by water, partly on foot, partly upon hired horses, and partly in the *stage*, or public conveyance. We have seen many Indians, and we remained several days in their country. They received us with great kindness; and our national character contributed not a little to this good reception, for they love the French. After them, we found the Falls of Niagara, which I wrote you from Pittsburg we were about to visit, the most interesting object upon our journey. It is the most surprising and majestic spectacle I have ever seen. It is a hundred and thirty-seven (French) feet high; and the volume of water is immense, since it is the whole river St. Lawrence which precipitates itself at this place. I have taken a sketch of it, and I intend to paint a *gouache* from it, which my dear little sister will certainly see at our tender mother's; but it is not yet commenced, and will take me much time, for truly it is no small work.

"To give you an idea of the agreeable manner in which they travel in this country, I will tell you, my dear sister, that we passed fourteen nights in the woods, devoured by all kinds of insects, after being wet to the bone, without being able to dry ourselves, and eating pork, and sometimes a little salt beef and corn-bread."

On their return to Philadelphia, the brothers found their finances so exhausted, that they could not quit the city during the prevalence

of the yellow fever. Their mother, however, having recovered a part of the property of the family, hastened to send them the necessary resources; and in September they undertook another excursion, which this time led them to the eastern part of the United States. They proceeded to New York, and thence by the Sound to Providence and Boston. In this metropolis of New England they remained some time. They continued their journey, by the way of Newburyport and Portsmouth, to Portland; and from this last place they returned to Boston, and thence took the route to New York.

While at New York, the brothers learned from the public papers that a new law had lately decreed the expulsion of all the members of the Bourbon family yet remaining in France from that country, and that their mother had been deported to Spain. Their object was now to join her; but owing to their peculiar circumstances, and to the war between England and Spain, this object was not easily attainable. To avoid the French cruisers upon the coast, they determined to repair to New Orleans, and there to find a conveyance for Havana, whence they thought they could reach the mother country. They set out, therefore, for Pittsburg, on the 10th December 1797, and upon the road, fatigued with travelling on horseback, they purchased a wagon, and harnessing their horses to it, placed their luggage within, and were thus enabled to continue their route more comfortably. They arrived at Carlisle on Saturday, when the inhabitants of the neighbouring country appeared to have entered the town for some purposes of business or pleasure, and drove up to a public house, near which was a trough for the reception of the oats which travellers might be disposed to give their horses, without putting them into the stable. A quantity of oats was procured by the party, and poured into the trough, and the bits were taken from the horses' mouths, to enable them to eat freely. The King then took his position in the wagon, when the horses being suddenly frightened, ran away with the wagon, and passing over a stump, it was upset. The King was thrown out, and somewhat injured. Luckily, in early life he had been taught a little of everything; and, among other acquirements, he was able to open a vein with the skill of a surgeon. He immediately perceived that his situation required that he should be bled; and then, first making his way as he best could to the tavern, he requested permission of the landlord to be furnished with linen and water. The family was kind, and supplied him with everything he required, and he soon relieved himself by losing a quantity of blood. The circumstances, however, had attracted general attention, in consequence of the accident to the wagon, and of the injury to the traveller, and still more from the extraordinary occurrence of auto-phlebotomy; and a large crowd had collected in the tavern to watch the result of the operation. Louis Philippe speaks English as well as an Englishman, and no accent would betray that he was a Frenchman. It is probable that the curious spectators thought he was a Yankee doctor, going to the West to establish himself, and to vend medical skill and galenicals. Apparently well satisfied with the surgical ability which the new Esculapius had just displayed, they proposed to him to remain at Carlisle, and to commence there his professional career, promising to employ him, and assuring him that his prospect of success would be much more favourable than in the regions beyond the mountains.

When the party reached Pittsburg, they found the Monongahela frozen, but the Alleghany open. Here they purchased a keel-boat, then lying in the ice, and with much labour and difficulty transported it to the point, and thence embarked, with three persons to aid them in their navigation, and descended the Ohio. Before arriving at Wheeling, the river became entirely obstructed by the ice, and they were compelled to land and remain some days. At the same place they found an officer of the army detained, charged with despatches for the posts below. On examining the river from the neighbouring hills, they ascertained that the region of ice extended only about three miles, and kept themselves prepared to take advantage of the first opening which should appear. This soon came, and they passed through, and continued their voyage; but the officer, who had not been equally alert, missed the opportunity, and remained blockaded. He did not reach the lower part of the river till three weeks after the travellers. At Marietta, the party stopped and landed; and, from a circumstance connected with the King's recollection of this town, it may not be out of place to allude to the faculty of memory which he possesses in a most extraordinary degree. The reader may have remarked, in the course of this narrative, the names of the various places which the King visited, and of the many persons with whom he was brought into contact. Recollect that these journeys were performed forty years ago, and that many of these towns had been then recently laid out, and consisted only of a few cabins. Recollect also, that some of the persons whose names are here given were without any particular claims to remembrance;* and add to these facts, that you have not a title of the names of men and places which the King has preserved in his recollections of America; and then consider that, in recounting what he had seen and done in the United States, the King never hesitated a moment, but spoke with as much accuracy as if he had had a written memorandum before him. And when, among other questions, the King was asked, "At what time did you arrive at Hamburg?" and he answered, "On the 24th of September 1796, on board the 'American,' Captain Ewing, and I was twenty-seven days on the passage," our informant confesses he listened with surprise.

The princes reached New Orleans in safety on the 17th of February 1798. From this city they embarked on board an American vessel for Havana, and upon their passage they were boarded by an English frigate under French colours. Until the character of the cruiser was ascertained, the three brothers were apprehensive that they might be known and conducted to France. When it was discovered, however, on one side that the visitor was an English ship, and on the other that the three young passengers were the princes of the House of Orleans, confidence was restored, and the captain hastened to receive them on board his vessel, where he treated them with distinction, and then conducted them to Havana.

* Many of these names of persons not possessing, as the writer observes, any particular claims to remembrance, have not been given by us.—EDIT.

FACING A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CLOCKMAKER;"

OR, THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF SAM SLICK OF SLICKVILLE.

THIS was the day fixed for our departure, and I must say I never felt so much regret at leaving any family I had known for so short a time as I experienced on the present occasion. Mr. Slick, I am inclined to think, was aware of my feelings, and to prevent the formality of bidding adieu, commenced a rhodomontade conversation with aunt Hetty. As soon as we rose from the breakfast-table he led her to one of the windows and said, with a solemnity that was quite ludicrous,—He is very ill, very ill indeed; he looks as sick as death in the primer: I guess it's gone goose with him.

Who is ill? said aunt Hetty, in great alarm.—He is up a tree; his flint is fixed, you may depend.—Who, Sam? tell me, dear, who it is.—And he so far from home! ain't it horrid? and pysoned, too, and that in minister's house.—Lord, Sam, how you frighten a body! who is pysoned?—The squire, aunty; don't you see how pale he looks.—Pysoned, O for ever! Well, I want to know! Lawful heart alive, how could he be pysoned? O Sam! I'll tell you: I've got it now. How stupid it was of me not to ask him if he could eat them; it's them presarved strawberries,—yes, yes, it's the strawberries. They do pyson some folks. There was sister Woodbridge's son's wife's youngest darter that she had by the first marriage, Prudence. Well, Prudence never could eat them: they always brought on——.—Oh! it's worse nor that, aunty; it ain't strawberries, tho' I know they ain't good eatin' for them that don't like them. It's——.—And a mustard emetic was the onliest thing in natur' to relieve her. It made her——.—Oh! it tante them, it's love: you've killed him.—Me, Sam! why how you talk! what on airth do you mean?—You've killed him: as dead as a herring. I told you your eyes would cut right into him, for he was as soft as a pig fed on beech-nuts and raw potatoes; but you wouldn't believe me. Oh! you've done the job for him: he told me so hisself. Says he, Mr. Slick, (for he always calls me Mr. he is so formal,) says he, Mr. Slick, you may talk of lovely women, but I know a gall that is a heavenly splice. What eyes she has, and what feet, and what a neck, and what a——.—Why, Sam, the man is mad: he has taken leave of his senses.—Mad! I guess he is—ravin', distracted. Your eyes have pysoned him. He says of all the affectionate sisters and charming women he ever seed, you do beat all.—Oh! he means what I once was, Sam, for I was considered a likely gall in my day, that's a fact; but, dear o' me, only to think times is altered.—Yes; but you ain't altered; for, says he,—for a woman of her great age, aunt Hetty is——.—Well, he hadn't much to do, then, to talk of my advanced age, for I am not so old as all that comes to nother. He is no gentleman to talk that way, and you may tell him so.—No, I am wrong, he didn't say great age, he said great beauty: she is very unaffected.—Well, I thought he wouldn't be so rude as to remark on a lady's age.—Says he, her grey hairs suit her complexion.—Well, I don't thank him for his impudence, nor you nother for re-

peatin' it.—No, I mean grey eyes. He said he admired the eyes : grey was his colour.—Well, I thought he wouldn't be so vulgar, for he is a very pretty man, and a very polite man too ; and I don't see the blue nose you spoke of nother.—And, says he, if I could muster courage, I would propose——.—But, Sam, it's so sudden. Oh, dear ! I am in such a fluster, I shall faint. — I shall propose for her to——.—Oh ! I never could on such short notice. I have nothing but black made up ; and there is poor Joshua——.— I should propose for her to accompany her brother——.—Well, if Joshua would consent to go with us, — but, poor soul ! he couldn't travel, I don't think. — To accompany her brother as far as New York, for his infirmities require a kind nurse. — Oh, dear ! is that all ? How mighty narvous he is. I guess the crittur is pysoned, sure enough, but then it's with affectation. — Come, aunty, a kiss at partin'. We are off, good-b'ye ; but that was an awful big hole you made in his heart too. You broke the pane clean out, and only left the sash. He's a caution to behold. Good-by'e !—And away we went from Slickville.

During our morning's drive the probability of a war with England was talked of, and in the course of conversation Mr. Slick said, with a grave face, — Squire, you say we Yankees boast too much : and it ain't improbable we do, seein' that we have whipped the Ingians, the French, the British, the Spaniards, the Algerines, the Malays, and every created crittur a'most that dared to stand afore us, and try his hand at it. So much success is e'en a'most enough to turn folks' heads, and make 'em a little consaited, ain't it ? Now give me your candid opinion, I won't be the leastest morsel offended if you do give it agin' us ; but speak onresarved, Who do you think is the bravest people, the Yankees or the British ? I should like to hear your mind upon it.—They are the same people, I said, differing as little, perhaps, from each other as the inhabitants of any two counties in England, and it is deeply to be deplored that two such gallant nations, having a common origin and a common language, and so intimately connected by the ties of consanguinity and mutual interest, should ever imbrue their hands in each other's blood. A war between people thus peculiarly related is an unnatural spectacle, that no rational man can contemplate without horror. In the event of any future contest the issue will be as heretofore, sometimes in favour of one, and sometimes of the other. Superior discipline will decide some engagements, and numbers others, while accidental circumstances will turn the scale in many a well-fought field. If you ask me, therefore, which I conceive to be the braver people of the two, I should unquestionably say neither can claim pre-eminence. All people of the same stock, living in a similar climate, and having nearly the same diet and habits, must, as a matter of course, possess animal courage as nearly as possible in the same degree. I say habits. because we know that in individuals habits have a great deal to do with it. For instance, a soldier will exhibit great fear if ordered to reef a topsail, and a sailor if mounted on the——.—Well, well, said he, p'raps you are right ; but boast... does some good too. Only get people to think they can do a thing, and they can do it. The British boasted that one Englishman could whip three Frenchmen, and it warn't without its effect in the wars, as Buonaparte know'd to his cost. Now, our folks boast that one

Yankee can walk into three Englishmen; and, some how or another, I kinder guess they will—try to do it at any rate. For my part I am pretty much like father, and he used to say, he never was afeerd of any thing on the face of the airth but a woman. Did I ever tell you the story of father's courtship?—No, I replied, never; your stock of anecdotes is inexhaustible, and your memory so good, you never fall into the common error of great talkers, of telling your stories a second time. I should like to hear it.—Well, said he, it ain't an easy story to tell, for father always told it with variations, accordin' to what he had on board at the time, for it was only on the anniversary of his weddin' he used to tell it, and as there was considerable brag about father, he used to introduce new flourishes every time, what our singin' master in sacred melody, Doldrum Dykins, used to call grace notes. Sam, he'd say, I have been married this day,—let me see, how many years is it? Do you recollect, Polly dear?—Why, says mother, I can't say rightly, for I never kept a tally, but it's a considerable sum tho', I estimate. (She never would answer that question, poor dear old soul! for women don't like to count arter that if they can help it, that's a fact.)—Well, says father, it's either eight or nine-and-twenty years ago, I forget which.—It's no such thing, says mother, quite snappishly; Sam is only twenty-one last Thanksgiving-day, and he was born jist nine months and one day arter we was married; so there now. (Father gives me a wink, as much as to say, that's woman now, Sam, all over, ain't it?)—Well, your mother was eighteen when we was married, and twenty-one years and nine months and one day added to that makes her near hand to fort——. —Never mind what it makes, says mother, but go on with your story, whatever it is, and sumtotalize it. You are like Doldrum Dykins, he sings the words of each verse over three times.—Well, said he, this *I will* say, a younger-lookin' bloominer woman of her age there ain't this day in all Slickville, no, nor in Conne'ticut nother.—Why, Mr. Slick, says mother, layin' down her knittin' and fixin' her cap—how you talk!—Fact, upon my soul! Polly, said he; but, Sam, said he, if you'd a-seed her when I first know'd her, she was a most super-superior gall, and worth lookin' at, I tell you. She was a whole team, and a horse to spare, a rael screamer, that's a fact. She was a-most a beautiful piece of woman-flesh, fine corn-fed, and showed her keep. Light on the foot as a fox, cheeks as fair as a peach and hard as an apple, lips like cherries—Lick! you wouldn't see such a gall if you was to sarch all the factories to Lowell, for she looked as if she could e'en a-most jump over her own shadow, she was so tarnal wirey. Heavins! how springy she was to a wrastle when we was first married. She always throw'd me three or four times at first hand runnin'; in course I was stronger, and it generally ended in my throwin' her at last; but then that was nateral, seein' she was the weakest. Oh! she was a rael doll! she was the dandy, that's a fact.—Well, I want to know, said mother, did you ever? a-tryin' to look cross, but as pleased as anything, and her eyes fairly twinklin' agin to hear the old man's soft-sawder: Why the man is tipsy to talk that way afore the boy; do, for gracious sake! behave, or I'll go right out; and then turnin' to me, and fillin' my glass, do drink, dear, says she, you seem kinder dull.—Well, she was the only created crittur, says he, I ever seed I was darnted afore.—

You got bravely over it, anyhow, says mother.—Courtin', says he, Sam, is about the hardest work I know on; fightin' is nothin' to it. Facin' ball, grape, or bullet, or baganut, as we did at Bunker's Hill, is easy when a man is used to it, but face-in' a woman is—it's the devil, that's a fact. When I first seed her she filled my eye chock full; her pints were all good; short back, good rate to the shoulder, neat pastern, full about the——.—There you go agin, says mother; I don't thank you one bit for talkin' of me as if I was a filly, and I won't stay to hear it, so there now: I believe, in my soul, you are onfakilized.—Well, I reconnoitred and reconnoitred for ever so long, a-considerin' how I was to lay siege to her,—stormin' a battery or escaladin' a redoubt is nothin' to it, I have done it fifty times.—Fifty times! says mother, lookin' arch to him, for she was kinder sorted wrathly at bein' talked of as a horse.—Well, says father, forty times, at any rate.—Forty times! says mother; that's a powerful number.—Well, d—n it! twenty times, then, and more too.—Twenty times! said she; did our folks storm twenty batteries all together?—Why, tarnation! says father, I suppose at last you'll say I warn't at Bunker's Hill at all, or Mud Creek, or the battle atween the outposts at Peach Orchard——?—Or chargin' Elder Solomon Longstaff's sheep, says mother.—Well, by the ternal! says father, who hopped with rage like a ravin' distracted parched pea; if that bean't pitikilar I am a punkin, and the pigs may do their prettiest with me. Didn't I tell you, Sam, nothin' could come up to a woman?—Except a filly, says mother; now don't compare me to a hoss, and talk of p'intes that ain't to be thought of, much less talked of, and I won't jibe you about your campaigns, for one thing is sartin, no man ever doubted your courage, and General Gates told me so himself. Polly, says the General, if you take Sargeant Slick, you take a hero.—Well, says father, quite mollified by that are title of hero, Gates was a good judge, and a good feller too. Fill your glass, Sam, for I always calculate to be merry on this night; and, Polly dear, you must take a drop too: if we do get warm sometimes, makin' up seems all the sweeter for it.

Well, as I was a-sayin', I studied every sort of way how I should begin; so at last, thinks I, a faint heart never won a fair lady; so one Sabbath-day I brushed up my regimentals and hung old Bunker by my side, and ironed out my hat anew, and washed the feather in milk till it looked as well as one jist boughten, and off I goes to meetin'. Well, I won't say I heerd much of the sarmon, because I didn't; but I know it was a little the longest I ever sot out; and when we was dismissed, I was e'en a'most sorry it was over, I was so discomboborated, and I breathed as short as if I had a-been chasin' of the British all day; but at last I moved out with the crowd, and movin' sot me all to rights agin. So I marches up to Polly Styles,—that was your mother that is,—Mornin', says I, Miss Styles, and I gave her a salute.—Why, Slick, says she, how you talk! you never did no such a thing; jist as if I would let you salute me before all the folks that way.—I did tho', upon my soul, says father.—I'll take my Bible-oath, says mother, there is not a word of truth in it.—Why, Polly, says father, how can you say so? I brought both feet to the first position this way (and he got upon the floor and indicated), then I came attention this way (and he stood up as stiff as a poker, he held his arms down by his side quite

straight, and his head as erect as a flagstaff), then I brought up my right arm with a graceful sweep, and without bendin' the body or movin' the head the least mite or morsel in the world, I brought the back of my hand against the front of my regimental hat (and he indicated again).—Oh! says mother, that salute, indeed! I detract, I recollect you did.—*That* salute! says father: why what salute did *you* mean?—Why, says mother, colorin' up, I thought you meant that—that—that—never mind what I meant.—Oh, ho! says father, I take, I take; talk of a salute, and a woman can't think of anything else but a kiss. It's the first thing they think of in the mornin' and the last at night.—Go on with your story, and cut it short, if you please, says mother, for it's gettin' rather tedious.—Mornin', says I, Miss Styles, how do you do?—Reasonable well, I give you thanks, says she, how be you?—Considerable, says I. When that was done, the froth was gone, and the beer flat; I couldn't think of another word to say for mindin' of her, and how beautiful she was, and I walked on as silent as if I was at the head of my guard.—At last, says your mother, Is that splendid regimental you have on, Mr. Slick, the same you wore at Bunker's Hill?—Oh, dear! what a load that word took off my heart; it gave me somethin' to say, tho' none of the clearest.—Yes, Miss, says I, it is; and it was a glorious day for this great republic,—it was the cradle of our liberty.—Well done, Slick! says her father, as he rode by jist at that moment; you are gittin' on bravely, talkin' of cradles already.—Well, that knocked me all up of a heap, and sot your mother a-colorin' as red as anything. I hardly know what I said arter that, and used one word for another like a fool. We had twenty thousand as fine gallant young galls there, says I, that day as ever I laid eyes on.—Twenty thousand! said Polly: do tell! Why, what on airth was they a-doin' of there?—In arms, says I, a-strugglin' for their liberty.—And did they get away? said she, a-laughin'.—Poor things! said I, many of them, whose bosoms beat high with ardor, were levelled there that day, I guess.—Why, Mr. Slick, said she, how you talk!—Yes, says I, nine of them from Charlestown accompanied me there, and we spent the night afore the engagement in the trenches without a blanket to cover us.—They had little to do to be there at such hours with you, said Polly.—Little to do! said I; you wouldn't have said so, Miss, if you had a-been there. You'd a-found that lyn' exposed.—I don't want to hear no more about it, said she; let's join mother, and I'll axe her about it.—Do, said I, and she'll tell you they fell on a bed of glory.—Mother, says Polly, Sargeant Slick says there were twenty thousand galls at Bunker's Hill; did you ever heer tell of it afore?—Men, says I.—No, galls, said she.—No, men, says I.—Twenty thousand galls, they all repeated; and then they laughed ready to kill themselves, and said, what onder the sun could put such a crotchet as that are into your head?—Miss, says I, if I did say so.—Oh! you did, said she, and you know it.—If I did say so, it was a mistake; but *that* put it into my head that put everything else out.—And what was that? said she.—Why, as pretty a gall, said I, as.—Oh! then, said she, they was all galls in the trenches, after all? I won't hear no more about them at no rate. Good-b'ye!—Well, there I stood lookin' like a fool, and feelin' a proper sight bigger fool than I looked.—Dear heart! says mother, gittin' up and goin' behind him, and pattin' him on the cheek,—did

she make a fool of him then?—and she put her arm round his neck and kissed him, and then filling up his tumbler, said—go on, dear.—Well, it was some time, said father, afore I recovered that misstep; and whenever I looked at her arterwards she larfed, and that confused me more; so that I began to think at last it would be jist about as well for me to give it up as a bad bargain, when one Sabbath-day I observed all the Styles's a-comin' to meetin' except Polly, who staid to home; so I waits till they all goes in, and then cuts off hot foot for the river, and knocks at the door of the house, tho' I actilly believe my heart beat the loudest of the two. Well, when I goes in, there sot Polly Styles that was, your mother that is, by the fire a-readin' of a book. Goin' to meetin'? says I.—I guess not, said she; are you?—I guess not, said I. Then there was a pause. We both looked into the fire. I don't know what she was a-thinkin' on; but I know what I was, and that was what to say next. Polly, said I.—Did you speak? said she.—I—I—I—it stuck in my throat.—Oh! said she, I thought you spoke.—Then we sot and looked into the coals agin. At last she said,—What couple was that was called last Lord's-day?—I don't mind, said I; but I know who I wish it was.—Who? said she.—Why, me and somebody else.—Then why don't you and somebody else get called then? said she.—I—I—I—it stuck agin in my throat. If I hadn't a-been so bothered advisin' of myself, I could have got it out, I do suppose; but jist as I was a-goin' to speak, I couldn't think of any words; but now 's your time, it's a grand chance. Arter a while, says she,—Father will be to home soon, I am a-thinkin'; meetin' must be near out now.—Likes as not, says I. Presently up jumps Polly, and says,—Entertainin' this, ain't it? s'posen' you read me a sarmon, it will give us somethin' to talk about.—And afore I could say a word agin' it, she put a book into my hand, and said,—Begin, and threw herself down on the settle.—Well, I hadn't read a page hardly afore she was asleep, and then I laid down the book, and says I to myself, says I, what shall I do next? and I had jist got a speech ready for her, when she woke up, and rubbin' her eyes, said,—I am 'most afeerd I gave you a chance of a forfeit by nappin' arter that fashion; but, as luck would have it, you was too busy reading. I'll take care not to do so agin. Go on, if you please, sir.—Well, I began to read a second time, and hadn't gone on above a few minutes afore a little wee snore showed me she was asleep agin. Now, says I to myself, arter such an invitation as she gin me about the gloves, I am darned if I don't try for the forfeit while she is asleep.—I didn't give no such invitation at all about the gloves, says mother; don't believe one word of it; it's jist an invention of his own. Men like to boast, and your father is the greatest bragger livin' out of the twenty thousand galls that was at Bunker's Hill.—Polly, says father, it's nateral to deny it, but it's true for all that.—Well, says I to myself, says I, suppose it was the devil or a Britisher that was there, Sergeant Slick, what would you do? Why, says I to myself, for answer, says I, I would jist shut my eyes and rush right at it; and with that I plucked up courage and run right at the settee full split. Oh, dear! the settee warn't strong enough.—Lawful heart! says mother, what a fib! did you ever? well, I never did hear the beat of that; it's all made out of whole cloth, I declare.—The settee warn't strong enough, said father. It broke down with an awful smash, your mother, Polly Styles that

was, kickin' and screamin' till all was blue agin. Her comb broke, and out came her hair, and she looked as wild as a hawk.—Gloves! says I.—You shan't, says she.—I will, says I.—In arms a-strugglin' for their liberty, says her father, who jist then come in from meetin'.—Polly squeeled like a rat in a trap, and cut and run out of the room full chisel.—Dear, dear, said mother, what will he say next, I wonder?—And then the old man and me stood facin' one another like two strange cats in a garret.

An accident, says I; so I perceeve, says he.—Nothin' but lookin' for a pair of gloves, says I.—As you and the nine galls did at the trenches, at Bunker's Hill, said he, for the blanket.—Now friend Styles, said I.—Now friend Slick, said he.—It warn't my fault, says I.—Certainly not, says he; a pretty gall at home, family out; used to twenty thousand galls in war, it's nateral to make love in peace: do you take?—Well, says I, it does look awkward, I confess.—Very, says he. Well, Slick, says he, the long and short of the matter is, you must either marry or fight.—Says I, friend Styles, as for fightin', Bunker's Hill, Mud Creek, and Peach Orchard are enough for any one man, in all conscience; but I'll marry as soon as you please, and the sooner the better.—So I should think, said he.—No, no, neighbour Styles, said I, you don't do me justice, you don't indeed; I never had the courage to put the question yet.—Well, if that don't cap all! says mother; that beats the bugs; it does fairly take the rag off.—A man, says Mr. Styles, that has nine ladies in the trenches with him all night, in arms a-strugglin' for liberty, without a blanket to cover them, to talk of not havin' courage to put the question, is rather too good. Will you marry?—I will, says I, and only jist too happy to——.—You shall be called then this blessed arternoon, said he, so stay dine, son Slick.—Well, to make a long story short, the thing turned out better than I expected, and we were spliced in little better than half no time. That was the first and last kiss I ever had afore we was married, Polly was so everlastin' coy; but arterwards she nev——.—Not one word more, says mother, to your peril, not one word more, and she got up and shook her knittin' at him quite spunky. Most o' that are story was an invention of your own, jist a mere brag, and I won't hear no more. I don't mind a joke when we are alone, but I won't hear nothin' said afore that are boy that lessens his respect for his mother the leastest grain, so there now.—Well, well, says father, have it your own way, Polly, dear; I have had my say, and I wouldn't ryle you for the world, for this I will say, a most an excellent wife, dependable friend, and whiskin' housekeeper you have made to me, that's sertain. No man don't want no better, that's a fact. She hadn't no *ear for musick*, Sam, but she had a capital *eye for dirt*, and for poor folks that's much better. No one never seed as much dirt in my house as a fly couldn't brush off with his wings. Boston galls may boast of their spinnetts, and their *gytars*, and their eyetalian airs, and their *ears for musick*; but give me the gall, I say, that has an *eye for dirt*, for she is the gall for my money. But to eventuate my story,—when the weddin' was over, Mr. Styles, that was your grandfather that is, come up to me, and tappin' me on the shoulder, says he, Slick, says he, everybody knew you was a hero in the field, but I actilly did not think you was such a devil among the galls. Nine of them in the trenches at one time, in arms, a-strugglin' for their liberty, and so on. You must give over them pranks now

you are married. This is all very well as a joke, says father; but Sam, my son, says he, them that have seed sarvice, and I flatter myself I have seed as much as most men, at Bunker's Hill, Mud Creek, and Peach Orchard, et sarterar, as the Boston marchants say,—veterans I mean,—will tell you, that to face an inimy is nothin'; but it is better to face the devil than to *face—a woman.*

THE ORIGIN OF THE BUCENTAUR.*

A MAN yet young, but clad in garments tatter'd,
 A man of evident griefs—(for suffering
 Looks from his hollow cheek, and from his shatter'd
 Yet noble form, and dimm'd, yet threatening
 Glances, whose haughtiness might quail a king)—
 Before the Doge Ciani's palace gate
 Hath sat for days—motionless as a thing
 Of marble!—Suppliants, officers of state,
 Guards, gorgeous dames, the servitors who wait,
 Pass and repass, and yet he heeds them not!—
 His soul sits brooding on his dreary fate!—
 "The Doge Ciani comes!"—He moves no jot—
 No homage yields—scarce hears the crowd's acclaim—
 Nay scarce the Doge's shout, "Ha!—art thou not?—Thy name?"
 "Name? I had *two!*—one titular, one my own—
 Roland Ranucci was my name by birth;
 But Alexander is the one more known.
 Sienna was my birth-place, the wide earth
 Has been my kingdom, and my will sent forth
 Mandates, which monarchs, slave-like, have obey'd.—
 I'm now a mark for mockery and mirth!—
 The Kaiser hath despoil'd me, and hath made
 The Holder of the Keys, his arts betray'd,
 A houseless vagabond!—yea, so that Rome,
 The three-crown'd seven hills whereon I sway'd,
 Hath yell'd me from her! Friend, nor food, nor home
 Have I, nor hope! I would that I were dead!—
 Strike!—Barbarossa's gold will pay you for my head!"
 The Prince Ciani sinks upon his knee
 Before the beggar'd Pontiff, and around
 The City of the Islands of the Sea
 Behold the nobles grovelling on the ground
 In homage, like their noblest. A wild sound
 Of welcome multitudinous shakes the sky,
 Startling like thunder! And the clouds which frown'd
 On the unthron'd Alexander's destiny
 Are swept away! Visions, long, long past by,
 Resume existence in his brain again:
 For She of the Lion lifts her hand on high,
 Swearing to seek the Kaiser in his den,

* A melancholy interest surrounds the above production. The clever author, who had been for some time a contributor to our Miscellany, besides being the author of several popular ballads, placed it in our hands only a few days before, in a moment of mental aberration, he terminated his existence. Mr. Inman had been subject to occasional fits of mental excitement, induced principally by too much study. To this clever young man a medal was awarded by the Melodists' Club in 1837, for the words of a song entitled "The days of yore," set to music by John Parry, jun., and also gained the prize of the value of ten guineas in 1838. Mr. Inman was also the writer of the national song, "St. George's flag of England," composed by Mr. Blewett, to whom the same club awarded its prize of fifteen guineas on the 25th of June last. He also wrote the song, "Sweet Mary mine," which Madame Stockhausen and Miss Birch rendered so popular last season by singing it at numerous concerts.

By words to calm, or sheathed in steel to cope
With him whose impious soul defies the anointed Pope.

* * * *

Frederick the Swabian sits in state, and lo!
The Adrian envoys front him. He, the Greek,
Emanuel, blinded, Henry Dandolo, †
He, that was after Doge, stands forth to speak
Peace 'twixt the Pontiff and the Prince to seek.
" Venice doth Frederick Barbarossa greet—
Long may he reign, protector of the weak,
And queller of the strong!—Lo, you! the heat
Of furious feud, most impious and unmeet
In Christian clime, between thee and the Pope
Rages, which humbly Venice doth entreat
May now be quenched for ever; in which hope
She, for the Pope, her guest, doth peace demand.
Say, will the Kaiser take the Pontiff's proffer'd hand?"—

"No, by the blood of God!" the Swabian roar'd.
"Hence to your marshy hovels by the sea,
And leave the shaveling to my threatening sword!
What boots our quarrel unto yours or ye?
Nay, mark, moreover, meddlers that ye be,
If ye would *not* have his fate be your own,
Send me his head,—or you will hear from me!—
And thank your insignificance alone
I keep not yours for hostages. Begone!"
Then Dandolo, "For these thy words, proud King,
The Planter of the Lion to thy throne
Hurls down her gage, and brands thee as a thing
Most miscreant and leprous! and stands forth
As champion to the death for Heaven, 'gainst thee and earth!"

* * * *

At dawn the Istrian waves were calm and clear,
And ruddy with the morn-blush—but at night
Ruddier with blood, and studded with the gear
Of shatter'd galleys! The wan moon's soft light
Stream'd o'er the fragments of a fearful fight,
Corpses, and mangled limbs! and mast and oar
Hither and thither drifting. In fierce might
Venice hath grappled with the Emperor,
And grappled, as her custom was of yore,
Daringly! Eighty galleys did she meet
With thirty. Yea, and came off conqueror!
With prizes which outnumbered her own fleet!
Home went her warriors chaunting o'er the sea,
"Not unto us, O Lord! be glory given, but Thee!"

Yea, eighty galleys were the armament
Of her whose impress in her after-pride
Was the five vowels! 'Gainst the which were sent
But thirty of th' Italians; but their tried
And val'rous seamanship so well replied
To Austria's boasting, that o' the eighty sail
They captured forty; eight beneath the tide
They sunk. They also took the admiral,

† This was Byron's "octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe." Sabellicus recounts the perfidy of Emanuel the Emperor of Constantinople thus: "Mos-trando adunque egli di voler di segreto parlare ad Henrico Dandolo, uno degli ambasciatori, menatolo in luogo occulto, con ferro ardente lo privo di vista."

Otho, fierce Redbeard's nephew. A brisk gale
 Ransomed the rest, or Almaine had not had
 A galley left to carry home the tale.
 Think ye how each Venetian heart beat glad
 To view such booty, gained against such odds.
 "A miracle!" they cried. "Not man's hand fought, but God's!"*

The admiral, Otho, had a sort of sneaking
 Love for the Pope, or haply his own fame,
 And wisely owned this vengeance as Heaven's wreaking,
 Since, thereby, certes, neither shame or blame
 Could fall on his or any other name!
 With this consoling subterfuge imprest,
 One morning to his grace, the Doge, he came,
 And, gaining audience, ventured to suggest
 That with the family influence he possesseth,
 If he were sent to expound this miracle
 To Frederick, all would shortly be redrest.
 The Doge assented; Otho's scheme took well.
 Worried by words, by superstition cowed,
 Bold Frederick lost all heart, and to the Pontiff bowed

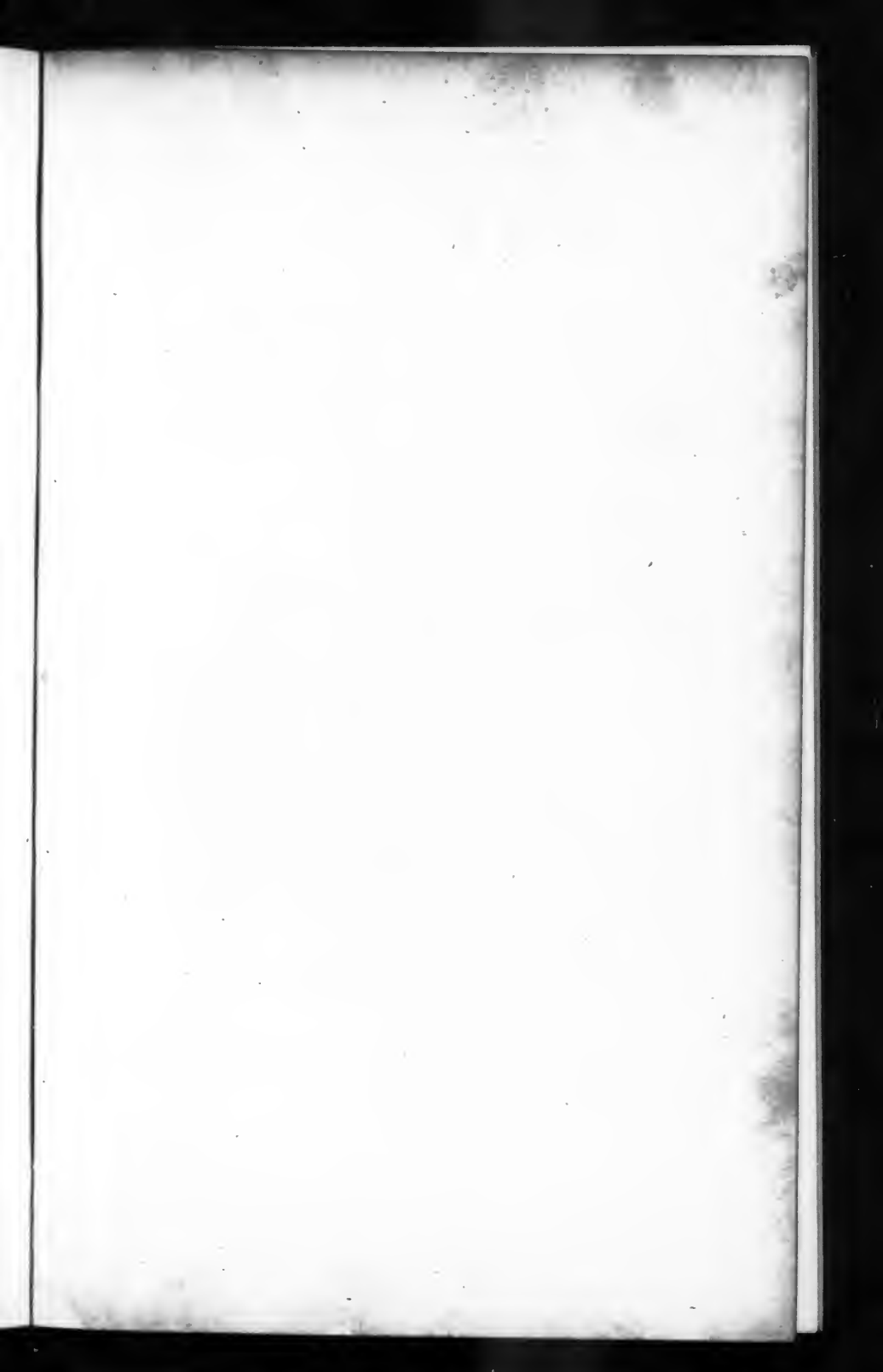
Abject! Before the altar of Saint Mark
 The Pope, in full pontificals arrayed,
 Stood, smiles illumining his visage dark!
 For, at his feet the despot kneels, who laid
 Such anguish on his soul, that life was made
 A curse! This strange success so fat had fed
 His ancient pride, that, all results unweighed,
 He placed his foot on Frederick's neck, and said
 In the great Psalmist's words, "Thus do I tread
 "On the young lion, and the venomous snake!"
 Whereat the Kaiser raised his bended head,
 And cried, "Not thou, but Peter!" Then thus spake
 The Pontiff, flashing anger from his eye,
 "Peace, impious dog! Not Peter only, also I!"

Then to the Ciani he addressed these words,—
 "In memory of *this* day, and *that* when ye
 Had God to aid the prowess of your swords,
 Take ye this ring, and know that we decree
 Venice is henceforth sovereign of the sea;
 It is her lordship, heritage, and fief.
 We, God's vicegerent, will it. It shall be
 To Venice as a wife! In joy and grief
 Handmaid and comforter. To thee, the chief
 Of the Republic, we entrust this ring,
 In token of the covenant; which our brief
 At full shall certify! For revelling
 Be this day marked amid the calendar,
 And kept each year!"† It was. 'Twas called the Bucentaur!

J. E. INMAN.

* "The famous device of Austria, A, E, I, O, U, was first used by Frederic III. who adopted it on his plate, books, and buildings. These initials stand for 'Austria Est Imperare Orbi Universo;' or, in German, 'Alles Erdreich Ist Osterreich Unterthan.'"—HALLAM'S *Middle Ages*.

† The words which Sabellicus puts into Alexander's mouth are, "Ricevi questo anello d'oro, o Ciani, e per mia autorità, con questo pegno ti farai il mare soggetto, la qual cosa tu e tuoi successori ogni anno in tal giorno osservate, accio quelle che haveranno a seguire intendano la signoria del mare per ragion de guerra esser vostra, e come la moglie al huomo, cosi il mare al vostro dominio essere sottoposto."





Caricature

STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

CHAPTER XXVII.

In which Stanley prepares to become the successor of a peculiarly honourable M.P.

THE project of getting Stanley into parliament, involving, as it did, such high considerations, and opening a prospect so brilliant, was of course soon communicated by Amelia to the captain and the general, both of whom at once resolved to call into action all their energies, with the view of ensuring success. They naturally regarded it as a thing well calculated to fix the principles and to enlarge the views of him whom they held in high esteem, and for whom they were ardently anxious to do all in their power. They saw and conversed with him frequently on the subject, and were delighted with the talent he displayed; for while he explained his political predilections with great clearness and point, his mode of expression was peculiarly forcible and suasive.

Still he preserved a certain coldness, a distance, which neither the captain nor the general could understand. They applied to Amelia; but all the information they could obtain from her was that he had been on some point misinformed. She at the same time begged of them earnestly to take no farther notice of the matter, assuring them that the impression would soon wear off, and be thought of no more.

Conscious, however, of the integrity of his motives, the captain could not allow a false impression to exist: he therefore resolved to embrace the first opportunity for having the point cleared up, which opportunity almost immediately offered.

"My good fellow," said he, addressing Stanley in the presence of the General, "I may be mistaken; but there does not appear to be that warmth of feeling, that unqualified friendship, existing between us which I am anxious to cultivate. If I am mistaken I shall be happy: if not, state at once and unreservedly what it is, that the thing may be explained."

"Captain," said Stanley, "as you wish me to state what it is without reserve, I will do so. I have understood that you and the General have assumed to yourselves the office of spies upon ——"

"Spies!" exclaimed the General: "employ some other term."

"I know of no other term so applicable."

"Sir, I will not allow any man breathing to apply a term so opprobrious to me."

"I am glad," rejoined Stanley with the most perfect coolness, "that you consider it opprobrious, although it simply proves that men can bear to *do* that of which they cannot bear to be told."

"I beg that you will instantly explain," said the General. "I do not understand this language: it is not the tone to which I have been accustomed."

"It may not be, and yet I know of no other tone which, under the circumstances, ought to be assumed. Do you look upon me as a child?"

"I look upon you, sir, as a hot-brained, impetuous, insulting young dog, who one of these days will be called out and shot through the head. Why, my father had his eye upon me until I was fifty! He—"

Here the General suddenly paused: he recollected that Stanley had no father, and on the instant extended his hand, and assured him that he had spoken without a thought, and that he would not wantonly wound his feelings for the world. He conceived that he had touched that chord which commonly vibrates with a pang through the heart, and therefore felt it acutely, being perfectly unconscious of the fact that the feelings of Stanley had not been touched at all.

"My dear fellow," said the captain, as Stanley looked as frowningly as if the General's conjecture had been correct, "you must not misinterpret our motives. We are anxious for your welfare: you will readily believe that. On my part that anxiety may appear to be not only natural, but interested, seeing that the happiness of my child is involved; but on the part of the General it springs from a feeling of friendship, the disinterested purity of which cannot be impugned. You must not suppose that because we manifest that anxiety, we come under the harsh denomination of spies."

"That is all very well," replied Stanley; "but I hate to have my actions watched: not, I would have you understand, that I am ashamed of those actions, but because it not only displays a want of confidence, but places me at once in the position of a fool. That which I detest is its going forth to the world that I require to be sharply looked after, as if I were, forsooth! an idiot or a child. It is the publication of that to the world of which I more especially complain."

"But we have never published this to the world."

"It has been published. It is the common talk even of the servants."

"The servants!" said the Captain with a smile. "I'll not for a moment suppose that you attach the least importance, or even pay the slightest attention, to the common talk of servants. But come, come, don't let us pursue this subject. I beg of you to believe that our object is not to annoy you by any unnecessary display of anxiety, but, on the contrary, to cultivate a friendly, an affectionate feeling, and to promote your happiness by all the means at our command."

The proposal to drop the subject at the time met Stanley's views, for he had certainly no desire to have it known that he had derived his information from Bob. Not another word was therefore said about the matter: the Captain at once turned to the task he had proposed, that of convincing Stanley of the expediency of adopting those political principles to which he and the General adhered. But Stanley experienced great difficulty in making up his mind. His bias was decidedly in favour of those principles; but Sir William, by whom he was disposed to be guided, was on the opposite side. Circumstances, however, by which political decisions are invariably governed, led him to decide at once against his own bias, and therefore in favour of Sir William's views.

Mr. Trueman, a friend of Sir William, wishing to retire from public life altogether, was about to apply for the very last office which M.P.'s in general are disposed to accept, and the very first which ministers, if they have any patriotic feeling or generosity in them, are anxious

to confer upon a political opponent. This office, which is one of those sinecures that have not even yet been abolished, is called the Chiltern Hundreds. It is not in itself very lucrative, but it has been nevertheless the foundation of many fortunes: many have in consequence been raised to the baronetage of England, and many moreover to the peerage. Promotion, however it must as a matter of common justice be stated, was not the object of Mr. Trueman. He was a gentleman whose party had treated him with the most glaring ingratitude; indeed so extremely base was their conduct, that all virtuous persons will admit that it ought to be held up to public execration.

For two and twenty years he had been a member of the Imperial Parliament. He had never been known to take an active part in any debate, or to be absent from any important division; nor during the whole of his brilliant career did he ever give the slightest offence to his constituents,—there being the most perfect unanimity of principle and feeling amongst them,—an extraordinary fact, which was probably attributable, in some slight degree, to the circumstance of the constituency of the highly-gifted borough he had had for six consecutive parliaments the honour to represent, consisted of a peculiarly thick set hedge, and two barns of remarkable antiquity. But even when his constituents became somewhat more numerous, by virtue of a memorable act, he might have defied them to charge him with any desertion of principle, consistency being a thing upon which he prided himself especially, and which was indeed quite incapable of being assailed. He invariably voted with his party. If even any remarkably rich vein of reasoning happened to seduce him into the belief that his political friends must be wrong, he would stick to them still with the most admirable tenacity, repudiating all faith in the soundness of his own judgment, rather than consent on any point to desert them. He was indeed in this respect immutable: he felt, and very naturally, that he had but one course to pursue, that of following his leader through thick and thin; and from that neither arguments, fears, nor entreaties, could ever induce him to swerve. At the period of his marriage he was wedded to his political principles, and his faithful adherence to them was probably attributable more to a fond regard for the memory of her from whom he had imbibed them, than to any very powerful conviction of their purity and practical virtue. The fruit of this marriage was a son; but his principles yielded no fruit: they were at all events barren to him. They might, had he trimmed but a trifle, have been productive; but he was far too firm a supporter of his party to render it necessary for the slightest attention to be paid to his claims. His estate was barely sufficient for his support in the style to which he had ever been accustomed, and he therefore had a highly correct paternal anxiety about a handsome provision for his son; but there were always at that interesting period of British history so many patriots whose adherence had in some way or other to be secured, that there was never a particle of patronage left for those upon whom the most perfect reliance could be placed. His son had been waiting for years for an appointment; but it regularly enough happened that whenever a vacancy occurred which would have suited him in every particular to a hair, it was filled up at once by some other young gentleman having a prior claim, of course, while he remained at home living in idleness and hope, “pro-

mise-crammed," indeed, but with as sombre a prospect of an appointment as it is, perhaps, possible for the human imagination to conceive.

This was the ingratitude of which Mr. Trueman complained; and it certainly was very flagrant and very base; it was this which eventually tired him out; and as he indignantly communicated to Sir William his firm determination to throw up his seat in disgust, it was arranged between them that the fact should not be publicly known until Stanley was ready to start.

"Well, now really," exclaimed the widow, when Sir William, who dined with her now almost daily, had at table explained the whole affair, "how very admirable! Why, we have the game in our own hands! Not a creature will know a word about it till all our arrangements are complete! What could have been more fortunate or more delightful!"

"There is one slight difficulty to surmount," observed Sir William, "which is, that in order to secure your return, you must be on the popular side."

"Will that be essential to success?" inquired Stanley, "seeing that we have the start?"

"Why, it may not be positively essential, it is true; but by taking that side you will be much more safe."

"Oh, be on the safe side, my dear!" cried the widow, inspired with a patriotic spirit. "Whatever you do, my love, be on the safe side."

"But," said Amelia, "will he not thereby violate his principles?"

"Dear me, of what possible importance is that! I have heard it asserted again and again that in politics persons never dream of allowing principle to stand in the way of interest! It is really quite ridiculous to think of such a thing. It is not to be expected. I am sure I have heard that nobody does it, or at least that they who do are perfect idiots, and Stanley is not an idiot, my love: no, thank Heaven, he is not an idiot."

This, of course, was unanswerable: it settled the point at once, and Amelia, whom it effectually silenced, listened most attentively to the reasoning by which Sir William sought to prove the expediency of adopting the course he had suggested.

"Besides, my dear," interposed the widow, when Stanley was on the point of yielding; "what is the great object proposed? Is it not to obtain a seat in Parliament? Of course. Ought you not then to adopt those principles by which alone that object is certain to be secured? Why beyond all dispute. The safe side, my love, is the side for me. None can rationally hope to succeed who are not on the safe side."

"Well," said Stanley, when an infinite variety of equally sound and substantial arguments had induced him to determine in favour of that which was deemed the safe side; "and how about the qualification?"

"Oh that," replied Sir William, "can be easily managed."

"But—three hundred a-year landed property, is it not?—I possess no landed property!"

"Well, but you can you know, my love," said the widow. "There will be no real difficulty at all about that."

"That will be quite unnecessary," said Sir William; "you can possess it as others do, nominally."

"Oh!" exclaimed the widow; "but I should like him to be in the actual possession of it."

"Well, that certainly would be more correct and straightforward."

"Of course," cried Stanley, who wished that three thousand a-year had been required, "and then they *can* raise no objection."

"It is always better," said Sir William, "when it can be conveniently managed."

"Oh," cried the widow, "it can be done without the slightest inconvenience in the world!"

"Very well. Then when will you start?"

"At once," replied Stanley. "The sooner the better. We'll settle the whole of the preliminaries, arrange everything likely to give us an advantage, and then the thing can be publicly announced."

This was agreed to, and the remainder of the evening was passed, on the one hand, by Stanley and Sir William in marking out the details of the course to be pursued; and on the other, by Amelia and the widow in perfecting the plans they had previously conceived, and which were now about to be carried into actual execution.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Canvass.

ALL were now on the *qui vive*. Stanley was cramming for his political debut; Sir William was in constant communication with Mr. Trueman and the agents; the Captain and the General were making all the interest in their power, while Amelia and the widow were deriving from all quarters all sorts of information touching the task they themselves had undertaken to perform.

Their first object was to purchase an estate for Stanley near the borough in question; but as that was at the time impracticable, they engaged a furnished mansion for six months in the immediate vicinity, and lived in magnificent style. The ladies were indefatigable. There was scarcely a tradesman in the place to whom they failed to extend their patronage, while to almost every charitable institution in the county they sent munificent donations in the name of Stanley Thorn, until "Stanley Thorn" was in the mouth of every man, woman, and child. The name became extremely popular: every one was inquiring about Stanley Thorn, and poetically descanting upon his manifest wealth and unbounded benevolence; for, of course, they had no conception of his object, that having been kept wisely a most profound secret.

At length the time for open action arrived: the writ was moved for, and the canvass commenced; and on the following day an opponent was in the field canvassing with corresponding energy.

Both candidates were unknown to the constituency, and hence their characters as portrayed by their respective supporters were, of course, extremely striking. Two more distinctly astonishing men never breathed. Their talents were of the highest order possible, while their hearts were so good, their principles so sound, their motives so particularly disinterested, their aspirations so excessively

pure, that it seemed to be almost a pity to place them in a position to be contaminated by the ordinary people of this sublunary sphere. But, on the other hand, there never were, in the view of their respective opponents, two such hideous monsters crawling upon the face of the great globe. They were by far the most atrocious, the most corrupt, the most venal, the most unprincipled persons in nature; they were political villains, liars, swindlers, assassins; there never were such wretches; there never were such brutes! in short, as everything was left to the imagination, which revelled delightfully, and with the most perfect freedom, it soon became utterly impossible for the mind of man to conceive the legitimate extent of their political delinquencies; albeit, they had both about as much real knowledge of politics as might have been attributed to the children in the wood.

The character of a candidate, however, was a thing to which the majority of the electors attached no importance. The constituency of this enlightened borough was divided into two distinct classes: the dependent electors, who were compelled to vote to order, and those who were so really independent that they felt themselves at liberty to vote for him who promised the most, and paid the best. In both cases principle was merged in interest; which is certainly one of the most beautiful characteristics of the popular mode of exercising electoral privileges, seeing that it renders it perfectly unnecessary for electors in the aggregate to trouble their heads about politics at all. Nor is it merely unnecessary; it is even worse than useless, inasmuch as they who do think for themselves,—which is a great deal of trouble, and people really ought to appreciate more highly than they do the unequivocal politeness of those who are at all times willing to relieve them of that trouble,—cannot act upon their own judgment, which renders its formation mere labour in vain, and hence in all such cases it is manifest that the people ought to look at the thing as a matter with which they have no more to do than to be guided by those who have infinitely more time than they have or can have to view the conflicting ramifications of State policy, the study of which forms the chief business of their perfectly patriotic lives.

Here, however, the independent electors were in the ascendant: they formed by far the stronger body, and constituted, therefore, the more interesting class: and, oh, how sweet are the feelings of an independent man! how clear are his views, how noble his aspirations! who will dare to coerce *him*! He is a man; he strongly feels that he is a man, a really free man,—a Briton! He takes his vote to the best market. He is not basely bound to give it to this man or to that. No! it is his own property; he feels it to be so; he knows it, and he makes the most of it. And who shall impugn his right? Who shall attack the rights of property? They must be held inviolable. As the sacred character of property forms the very basis of civilisation, down tumbles civilisation pell mell if this, its legitimate base, be removed. Perish the principles which tend to subvert the rights of property! They are the most pernicious that can spread. If once they are permitted to stalk through the land unmuzzled, away will go our social system, mingled—in the vilest and most sanguinary manner mingled,—with chaotic heaps of revolutionary dust. But for the inviolable character of property, England,

the land of the free, the envy of surrounding empires, the wonder of the world,—for the integrity of whose glorious institutions so many thousands of aspiring and noble hearts have bled, and so many thousands more are now ready to bleed, would be one of the most rascally nations upon earth. The security of property is the palladium of our liberties. It is the great, the glorious thing!—the very thing!—the thing to which more real importance should be attached than to any other thing under Heaven; for, unless it be universally recognised and upheld, the British empire must crumble like touchwood into dust. And who that perceives how essential to the due preservation of our rights and privileges as Britons it is that property should be held inviolable,—who that perceives that if it be not, ruin, grim ruin, will stride through the land, kicking everything down right and left in its progress,—can fail to perceive that to impugn the right of men who possess that property which is involved in the franchise,—more especially as in thousands upon thousands of instances a vote is the only property a man does possess,—is directly to assail the sacred character of that which forms the real foundation of England's glory? Of course, many superficial persons will contend that a vote is a species of property which ought not to be sold; but in the view of these really independent electors how absurdly untenable did this position appear! how ridiculously rotten! They argued thus:—A vote either is property or it is not. That is perfectly clear; and equally clear is it that according to the Constitution, a man either is master of that property or he is not. If then a vote is property, and a man be the master of that property, it legitimately follows that he is at liberty to sell it if he likes; if, on the other hand, it be not property *bonâ fide*, but merely property in trust, of what intrinsic value is a vote to its possessor? But is it not monstrous to talk about its being a property in trust in a great commercial country like this! Is it not given to a man expressly in order that he may do what he likes with it? Very well then: when he sells it, he does do what he likes with it; and thereby performs his part of the contract. The whole thing resolved itself to this; and, although it is not even yet universally admitted or understood, it was understood and highly appreciated by the independent electors of the borough in question. They held votes to be their own personal property; and in order that they might sell it to the best possible advantage, they formed themselves into independent associations, and, working in a body, held back till the last, which was a highly correct and most excellent plan, because parties were then so equally divided, that towards the close of the poll the value of votes increased immensely; indeed, it then became a question with each candidate how much it would be worth his while to give for the purpose of securing his return, which could then be secured beyond all doubt by purchasing the personal property of this enlightened lot.

Under these refreshing circumstances it at once became manifest that the independent part of the constituency need not be canvassed at all; that they might safely be left to the management of an agent by whom they were all known, to be treated with in the event of their patriotic services being absolutely essential to Stanley's success.

The canvass, therefore, embraced the dependent electors chiefly,

and it was amazing how unanimous they were in favour of Stanley, according to the ingenious gentlemen whom his committee employed. Oh, there could be no doubt at all about his return. That was placed beyond the pale of dispute. They never before met with so much enthusiasm. Their success was beyond all conception. The anxiety of the electors to record their votes in his favour, was, indeed, truly marvellous!

Amelia and the widow took the principal tradesmen. They were canvassing daily, from ten till four, and by virtue of extravagant purchases and promises of future patronage—which could not by any means come under the denomination of bribery,—they were very successful.

Having gone satisfactorily through this list, they took up one which was deemed the most hopeless: it was that of mechanics who were known to be coerced by the opposition, and whose support could not, therefore, be reasonably expected. Success, however, had made the widow bold. She felt sure of surmounting every obstacle then: she would not hear of the possibility, in any case, of failure, but contended, that if even she and Amelia could not induce them to vote for Stanley, they could, at all events, prevail upon them not to vote at all.

The morning they started on this expedition, they repudiated the carriage: not with the view of assuming an air of humility; on the contrary, they were dressed with unusual elegance, and had their purses unusually well filled, having a high appreciation of that beautiful maxim: *Amour fait beaucoup mais argent fait tout.*

The first place at which they called was a cottage, in the occupation of a mechanic named Sims, and as they approached, three children, who were sitting upon the threshold,—the eldest of whom was performing the character of governess to her brother and sister, who represented scholars,—started up with the most perfect expression of surprise within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

“Is your father at home, my little dears?” inquired the widow.

“Mother! mother! mother!” exclaimed the children in a breath, their eyes and mouths being still very widely extended, and their mother, who had been preparing her husband’s meal, was in an instant at the door.

“Mr. Sims,” said the widow, with a fascinating smile, “is he within?”

“N—no, ma’am,” replied the poor woman, curtsying very respectfully, and feeling very nervous. “He’s at work, ma’am; but he’ll be home to his dinner, ma’am, in about ten minutes.”

“We’ll wait till he returns, if you’ll allow us.”

Mrs. Sims again curtsyed, placed two wooden chairs in an eligible position, and tremblingly dusted them with her apron, while the children, with the utmost caution, glided into a corner, where they stood in a group with their fingers in their mouths, glancing timidly at the ladies.

“Those are *your* sweet children, I presume?” observed the widow.

“Come here, my little dears: come! do not be afraid!”

The children looked as if they really could not help it: they did, however, eventually approach, and the widow fondled them all with great affection.

“Why,” said Amelia, “you must be very happy in this sweet little place, and with so fine a little family?”

"Yes, ma'am, thank Heaven, we're pretty comfortable, considering the place is rather too large for our things, ma'am, but that we can't help. My husband's obliged to live here for a vote."

"Then you anticipate the object of our visit?" said the widow. "You are aware that it is to solicit that vote? Do you know on which side Mr. Sims means to go?"

"I don't exactly know, ma'am, but I think he is to vote for Mr. Swansdown."

"Oh! but Mr. Thorn is the popular candidate?"

"Is he, ma'am?"

"Oh, dear me! yes: he's so charming a person, so elegant, so talented, and means to do so much good, you can't think! You'll be delighted to see him. He is so excessively clever. Mr. Sims really must vote for him."

"I'm afraid he must go on the other side, ma'am."

"Good gracious! You astonish me! Why?"

"Because the gentleman he works for will be on that side."

"That cannot possibly be of the least importance: it cannot possibly follow, that, because the employer of Mr. Sims will vote for Mr. Swansdown, Mr. Sims should therefore vote for Mr. Swansdown too!"

"I don't understand much about it, ma'am, of course, but he has always been obliged to do so."

"Oh! but you know that's excessively wrong: it is very wrong indeed for employers thus to influence the employed; because, you see, it destroys all freedom of election! which is dreadful, you know: besides the practice is expressly forbidden by law. I must talk to him on this great point, and you must talk to him too: we must show him that he is not a free agent if he permits himself thus to be coerced and led away."

"Here he is, ma'am," observed Mrs. Sims, as her husband, with a thoughtful aspect, entered.

The widow turned and bowed to him, as Sims removed his cap and informed her that he was her servant.

"Mr. Sims," said the widow, "we have called to solicit your vote for Mr. Thorn."

"I am sorry," replied Sims, respectfully. "I would give it with pleasure, but I must vote on the other side."

"Indeed! Well, you are a good creature to be sorry: it proves that in heart you are in favour of Mr. Thorn."

"I don't know the gentleman, but I agree with his principles."

"How is it, then, that you must not vote for him, Mr. Sims?"

"Because, to speak plain, ma'am, my interest won't let me."

"Dear me, how very odd! But is it correct, Mr. Sims, either morally or politically, to sacrifice principle to interest?"

"Why, it mayn't be, ma'am, certainly it mayn't; but I've got a young family, ma'am, and in justice to them I mayn't act upon any fine notions."

"But you will thereby benefit your family. We will make it worth your while, Mr. Sims."

Sims shook his head doubtfully.

"You do not question our sincerity, Mr. Sims?"

"Not the least, but what's to recompense me for being thrown out of work, which I should be, as sure as you're there, ma'am, directly."

"That would be very sad; it certainly would, very very sad indeed; but then, you see, Mr. Sims, we ought always to act upon our principles."

"Perhaps we ought, ma'am; but we mayn't not always do it."

"Oh, but virtue, you know, always meets its reward!"

"And in cases like mine, that reward is starvation."

"Not so, Mr. Sims. We would not only immediately remunerate you for your services, but in the event of your being in consequence dismissed, I am sure that Mr. Thorn, who is one of the best and kindest persons breathing, would feel himself in honour bound to do something for you."

"The promises of gentlemen is one thing, ma'am, and the keeping of them promises is another. About four years ago I depended on promises, and voted on your side, and what was the consequence? Why, I was out of work the whole of the winter, and a bitter winter it was. I didn't earn a shilling till they wanted my vote again, and then they took me on."

"But could you not have procured employment elsewhere?"

"I might, perhaps, if I'd left the town; but I was born here, and so was my father before me: I couldn't bear the thought of leaving."

"Of course not; the feeling is very natural; but I must say that it is an extremely shocking thing that your vote, which is to all intents and purposes your own, should not be exercised freely. Don't you see, Mr. Sims?"

"I do, ma'am: I do see, and have felt it to my cost. I wish that I had no vote at all."

"Why then do you register?"

"I am compelled to register by the same power as that which compels me to vote. By giving votes to poor men like me, you only give those votes to their masters: you only increase their political influence: you only give them additional power over the men they employ."

"Well, Mr. Sims, I of course regret exceedingly that you are thus situated, but I hope, still, that you will think better of it. Besides, you have not yet heard my proposal."

"Whatever you propose, ma'am, on this score, will be a proposal to ruin my family, which I can't of course agree to. I say this with respect, ma'am; I mean no offence. I don't believe that you'd do it if you knew it, but ruin would come for all that."

"Pray urge him no farther," whispered Amelia, earnestly. "It will be dreadful if we persuade him to injure himself and family for us!"

"Oh, but my dear, that is not the way to canvass! We must not consider these things now! If we do we shall never get on!"

"While these memorable observations were being delivered in a whisper, Sims correctly retired to the extreme corner of the room, which the widow no sooner perceived than she drew his wife aside, and said, "My dear Mrs. Sims, I am sure that so amiable a person as you appear to be, must have very considerable influence. Try what you can do to persuade your good husband to give us his vote. I will place in your hands twenty pounds if you can induce him to promise, as I have the utmost confidence in you; and be assured, that

if, after the election, anything unpleasant should occur, you shall not be forgotten."

Twenty pounds! Fascination floated upon the very sound of such a sum. What might it not procure! It might even enable them to commence in a small way of business, and thus to be comparatively independent. Twenty pounds! The sum seemed so very immense that the poor woman drew towards her husband at once with rapture in her eyes and temptation on her tongue.

The widow now felt quite sure of success, and while the daughter of Eve, whom she had charmed, was endeavouring to prove the inexpediency of refusing the immense amount of money that had been offered, and placing the strongest possible emphasis upon the fact that it might be received without the slightest violation of either principle or honour, the fair canvassers were engaged in caressing the children; and when they had adorned with satin sashes the waists of the two girls, who strutted about the room with the most exalted pride, and turning constantly as they strutted to admire the long ends which reached the ground, the widow placed a sovereign in the hands of the boy, who looked alternately at her and the wealth she had bestowed with an expression of the most intense amazement.

The conference between Sims and his wife, both of whom, while enforcing their respective views, were extremely energetic, was soon at an end, and the result was that Sims refused to yield.

"I am sorry," said he, "I am very sorry, ladies, that I am compelled to vote against my inclination; but I know what the consequence will be so well, that I dare not do it. I hope Mr. Thorn will succeed; I hope he will, ladies, sincerely; but as far as I, myself, am concerned, it is of no use—I *must* vote against him."

This was conclusive. The firmness with which this decision was pronounced, convinced the widow that nothing could shake his resolution, and, therefore, after many expressions of regret on both sides, she prepared to take leave. Amelia, however, before she quitted the place, drew the poor woman aside, and generously presented her with five sovereigns, which she accepted and acknowledged with tears of gratitude.

"God bless you, lady!" she exclaimed. "I will teach my children to pray for you. May He protect you for ever!"

This was a very poor beginning. It tended to daunt the enthusiasm of both. Amelia began to consider whether any possible circumstances could justify the practice of tempting poor persons to entail wretchedness and ruin upon themselves, and soon arrived at the conclusion, that no justification could be found. This conclusion she immediately communicated to the widow, who contested it warmly, on the ground of its adoption being utterly inexpedient; but Amelia urged it so zealously, and with so much force and feeling, that she eventually so far prevailed as to induce a suspension of operations until the point had been deliberately settled at home.

As they passed through the town on their return, they met Bob and his venerable friend, by whom they were informed that the Captain, accompanied by General and Miss Johnson, had arrived, which delighted them both, and they hastened to join them.

Bob had been extremely useful. He had ferreted out the deep designs of the independent electors, and had felt their pulse with

really admirable tact. He knew the whole of their movements, attended all their meetings, and reported progress with great discrimination; and while he felt that his services were highly appreciated, he had not the slightest doubt they would be handsomely rewarded.

The hope of reward, however,—although truth induces the confession, that that was very lively and strong,—was not the spur to which his zeal and activity were principally attributable. He gloried in the task. He felt flattered by the confidence reposed in him, and though in the garb of a mechanic, his heart swelled with pride, for he knew that as much depended upon the judgment he displayed, his position was one of high importance.

But although he had been in great spirits, although he had succeeded to his heart's content, in the performance of the task he had undertaken, he had no one to converse with confidentially, no one to accompany him, no one to whom he could open his whole soul. He had a thousand times wished for his venerable friend, and hence, when he arrived, not only was he overjoyed to see him, but he instantly made a representation at head quarters, which secured him as an auxiliary, and was conducting him, when he met his mistress, to a celebrated slop-shop in the town, to purchase a jacket and an apron for the venerable gentleman, that he might accompany him also incog.

"They look rayther spicey down here, I say, don't they?" said Bob, when Amelia and the widow had passed on.

"Werry slap," replied the venerable gentleman. "Vot are they been arter?"

"Oh! canvassing."

"Canvassing! vot! they canwass! Vell, vimmin is devils!"

"It only shows you vot they'll do for their husbands."

"That's reg'lar: so it does: they'll do a deal for 'em, ven they're a tidyish sort; ony, yer see, they make 'em pay werry dear for their dewotion."

"But vot I look at most, is, they don't stick at nothing: they'll go through fire and water to serve you."

"So they vill, ven you get 'em to bite: but even then, you know, there's allus two sides to a penny: look at both and you're safe to find one of 'em a voman. That's the pint: cos a voman is a voman all over the world. Still I agrees vith you reg'lar, that ven they do take they sticks like lobsters to business; but that ain't the pint: many on 'em looks arter number vun, which leads them as is tied to 'em, werry rum lives. They're safe to sarve you out, you know, in someway or 'nother."

"Ah, but I like to see a woman, you know, as 'll go through anything for her husband."

"So do I! It's a interesting sight, and that's vere they gets over you! But if you look at the thing fillysophocle, you'll find that their charges for this is werry heavy."

They now reached the slop-shop, and when the proprietor had suited the venerable gentleman to a hair, Bob took him to the head quarters of the independents, where they had a pint of ale and ascertained that there was to be a grand meeting that evening at seven.

"Vot sort of buffers is them hindependents?" inquired venerable Joe.

"They're swells," replied Bob, "which votes for them as pays the best."

"Werry reg'lar" said the venerable gentleman ironically. "Then in course they hare warmant."

"You'll say so, when you see 'em."

"I says so now! No woter as sells his wote ought to have a wote to sell. They ought all to be hexpunged, cos it's wenal corruption."

"But s'pose it's reg'lar?"

"So much the vusser. It don't ought to be! Vot is votes for? That's the p'int. Ain't they for to be guv to the best man? And how can that be, if they are sold like red herrings?"

"But in a place like this here, where it's done, you know, so reg'lar and deliberate, it makes all the odds!"

"Not a ha'perth. It only shows yer that rotten wenality is ketching. D'yer think now, if I was a genelman I'd buy up the wotes of the wagabones?"

"If you didn't, the t'other buffer would, mind yer, that's where you'd feel it. S'pose you was a genelman which wanted to get into parliament. Very well. Here's a mob of swells here, which can do the trick for you, and if you don't buy 'em up you don't get in at all. Now, then, wouldn't you do it, providin' it was reg'lar?"

"Not a bit of it! I'll tell you vot I'd do: I'd go to the t'other genelman comforble and quiet, and I'd say, Mr. Vot's-yer-name, ve're a conflicting together in this here business. Werry well, that's no hods; may the best man vin. Now look here: there's a squaddy of wagabones, vich vonts to sell their wotes, vich is werry onreg'lar, and don't ought to be. Werry vell. Now, I'll tell yer vot I'll do vith yer; I'll give yer my verd, vich in course is as good as my bond, that if you don't buy up these here warmant, I von't. Vot's the sconsequence? Vy, in course, they'd hold back till the last, a expectin', an' expectin', an' expectin' to be bought at their own walleation, an' at the close of the poll the whole b'ilin' ud be done just as brown as a berry."

"That wouldn't be a bad move, mind you!"

"It's the only vay to sarve 'em. They'd be so blessed vild they 'd be fit to punch their heads off."

"Blowed, if I don't name it to master!" cried Bob. "It's a out and out move."

And so it was in the abstract: nothing could be better. The conception did the venerable gentleman great credit. But he thought of the conduct of the principals only. He overlooked the fact that each candidate had a committee whose object was to ensure success, and who were not very scrupulous as to the means. It was possible that the candidates themselves would agree to a proposition of the kind and would feel themselves bound to adhere to the compact; but the probability was that towards the close of the poll the committee, in the plenitude of their enthusiasm, would violate that compact in order to make all sure.

It was precisely in this light that Stanley and his immediate friends viewed the proposition when suggested by Bob, in the full conviction of its being hailed with loud applause. Their view of the case, however, was not explained to him. Unwilling to diminish his value by reducing his manifest self-importance, they told him that he was an

extremely clever fellow ; that the thing should be considered in committee ; and that it was highly essential still to watch the movements of the patriots, and to report the very moment he heard of any offer having been made by the opposite side ; the whole of which had great weight with Bob, who still imagined that the suggestion would of course be adopted.

During this conference, Venerable Joe was arraying himself in his masquerade dress ; and, as he blackened his beard with burnt cork, and soiled his jacket and apron with soot, he looked, when his toilet was complete, like a highly-respectable tinker.

Bob, whose habiliments were somewhat more tidy, did not quite approve of the *tout ensemble* of his venerable friend, and he said so, and in terms which could not be mistaken ; but with all that delicacy of expression and tone, by which his delivery was distinguished in common.

The venerable gentleman, however, contested the point with great eloquence.

"I study natur'" said he. "The dress is nat'ral : verehas it voodn't be no how nat'ral if it looked as if I'd dressed for the part ! that's the p'int. Look ear : you go to the play and you see a willage scene. Werry well. The pheasants is all dressed reg'lar, vith werry tight smalls, leettle jackets, and pumps, cuttin' away like ingey rubber, and sportin' werry well developed calves. Is this nat'ral ? Ain't it heven, as far as the dress is consarned, a werry bad imitation of natur' ? Is pheasants got calves ? Not a hindividual one upon the face of the blessed earth. They've got no calves at all—not the men : their calves all runs down right away into their boots ; and as for dancin' ! they do dance like helephants ; they're werry heavy coaches ; the music, mind yer, must be cruel slow : they seem built hexpress to go along with the Old Hunderth : all vich proves werry clear to me that ven people attempts for to dress for a part they ought to study natur'."

Bob, perceiving the force of this analogy, yielded ; and, at the appointed hour they went forth to meet the Independents.

On their arrival they found the room crowded, and all seemed exceedingly anxious to ascertain if any offer from either side had been made. The business of the evening had not yet commenced : they were waiting with great impatience for Mr. Jonathan Boggles, a respectable blacksmith, and a member of the committee, who, conscious of his importance, was invariably late. He did, however, eventually arrive, and his presence was hailed with enthusiastic cheering.

"Chair ! chair ! chair ! Mr. Boggles in the chair !" shouted the Independents simultaneously.

Mr. Boggles, however, sat with great humility near the door, until the question had been put and unanimsously carried, when with a show of reluctance, which did him great credit, for it seemed to proceed from a knowledge of his own unworthiness, he took possession of the chair amidst shouts of applause.

Every eye was now upon him : the anxiety which prevailed was most intense ; and Mr. Boggles having, with due deliberation passed his blue cotton handkerchief three distinct times across his highly-intellectual brow, called with infinite presence of mind for a pint and a pipe and a screw.

Another wild exclamation of "Chair!" burst from the impatient patriots; but Boggles sat with appropriate tranquillity until the pint, and the pipe and the screw had been produced, when he majestically rose; and as the most breathless silence pervaded the room, he was heard by all to say,

"Gents, we arn't heered noth'n."

This important announcement seemed to remove from the minds of all a load of suspense, albeit beyond that it clearly afforded no pleasure; but as Mr. Boggles subsequently intimated, with all his characteristic conciseness, that he should be happy to hear any gentleman deliver his sentiments on the all-absorbing point, a patriot of some importance rose, and let the following eloquence loose.

"Brother townsmen: You've heered what the cheerman has said together, and yow knoo what to think on't as well as I can tell 'ee; but if aither party thinks we shall move from our ground, they never was greater mistaken. [*Loud cheers.*] We beant a-goin' to do noth'n' of the sourt. [*Renewed cheering.*] I knoo what they are a-waitin' for together; they're a-waitin' to see which side we shall lane on; but we beant a-goin' to lane on noo side. [*Applause.*] What's it matter to us which gets in? What'll aither on'em do for us? Noth'n'. Why should we put ourselves out o' the way then for them? If they have us they must drop someth'n' handsome: if they won't, they don't have us. [*Much cheering.*] We're not unreasonable togeth'er. We only want as much as we can get: we want noth'n' more. If we can have more from one than we can from the other, should not we be fools not to take it? Why should we make any sacrifice for them? Would they make a mite o' sacrifice for us? Wouldn't they see us rot first? They're sure to have us. We've the power in our own hands, and we beant to be done. If naither offers noth'n', then comes our turn: we'll offer ourselves to Thorn, who's a-rollin' in riches, and if he doon't give what we want, he's the one to be punished: we'll wait till just the last, and then we'll go up together and swamp him."

While the loud applause which honoured the conclusion of this oration was floating through the air, Bob and Venerable Joe held a confidential conference touching the scheme, which they had previously deemed excellent, but which they now clearly perceived would be utterly ineffectual. He was therefore impatient to communicate this highly important fact to his master, and in the glow of his zeal was about to leave at once for that purpose; but his venerable friend detained him by suggesting the extreme probability of other points of importance being started; and several speeches followed, tending to illustrate the justice as well as the expediency of making Stanley the victim in the event of any "swindle" being attempted.

When this point had been carried *nem. con.* a rough red-headed genius rose to direct attention to a general view of the matter.

"It has been stated," said he, "in the coorse of this discussion, that it doon't matter a boot'n to *us* as individuals which party gets in. I go furd'er, and say it doon't matter a boot'n to the country at large, cause there's just six o' one, and half a dozen o' the other. This country is goin' right under the table, [*hear! hear!*] and noth'n can save it boot a roarin' revolution! [*Loud cheering.*] And what 'ud be the consequence of sooch a revolution, which soom weak-minded pibble dread? What 'ud be the consequence, I say? Suppose the

whole country wor in flames, and every thing in it burnt to ashes! Is plenty of work good for the country? Is good wages good for the country? If so, a revolution would be good for the country! And why? See what general employ it 'ud cause!—see what work there'd be to build it all up again!—see what wages poor men would have then! I'll tell you what together, I'm for making all level, and beginnin' again fresh!"

This generous sentiment was most enthusiastically applauded by all present, with the exception of Venerable Joe, who was the proprietor of sundry small houses, and with whose private interests the adoption of so sweeping a measure of reform would in consequence seriously interfere. He therefore intimated to Bob—who made it a point of discretion to applaud every speech—that he was about to reply to the red-headed gentleman; and although Bob endeavoured to dissuade him, by pointing out distinctly that such a proceeding would not be safe under the circumstances, he would not be turned from his purpose. He therefore rose, and the moment he had done so, there was a general whisper of "Who's he? D'you know him? Who's he?"

"I've riz," said the venerable gentleman with great deliberation, "to hanser a hobserwation wot dropped from the hindividual vich 'ad the honour to speak last. My hobject is for to say but a werry few vords; and fustly, I vish to arst him how, if he 'ad property, he'd like to have it knocked o' th' head in that there soort o' vay as he speaks on?"

"D' you think," cried the red-headed patriot, "I wouldn't sell it afore the glory began?"

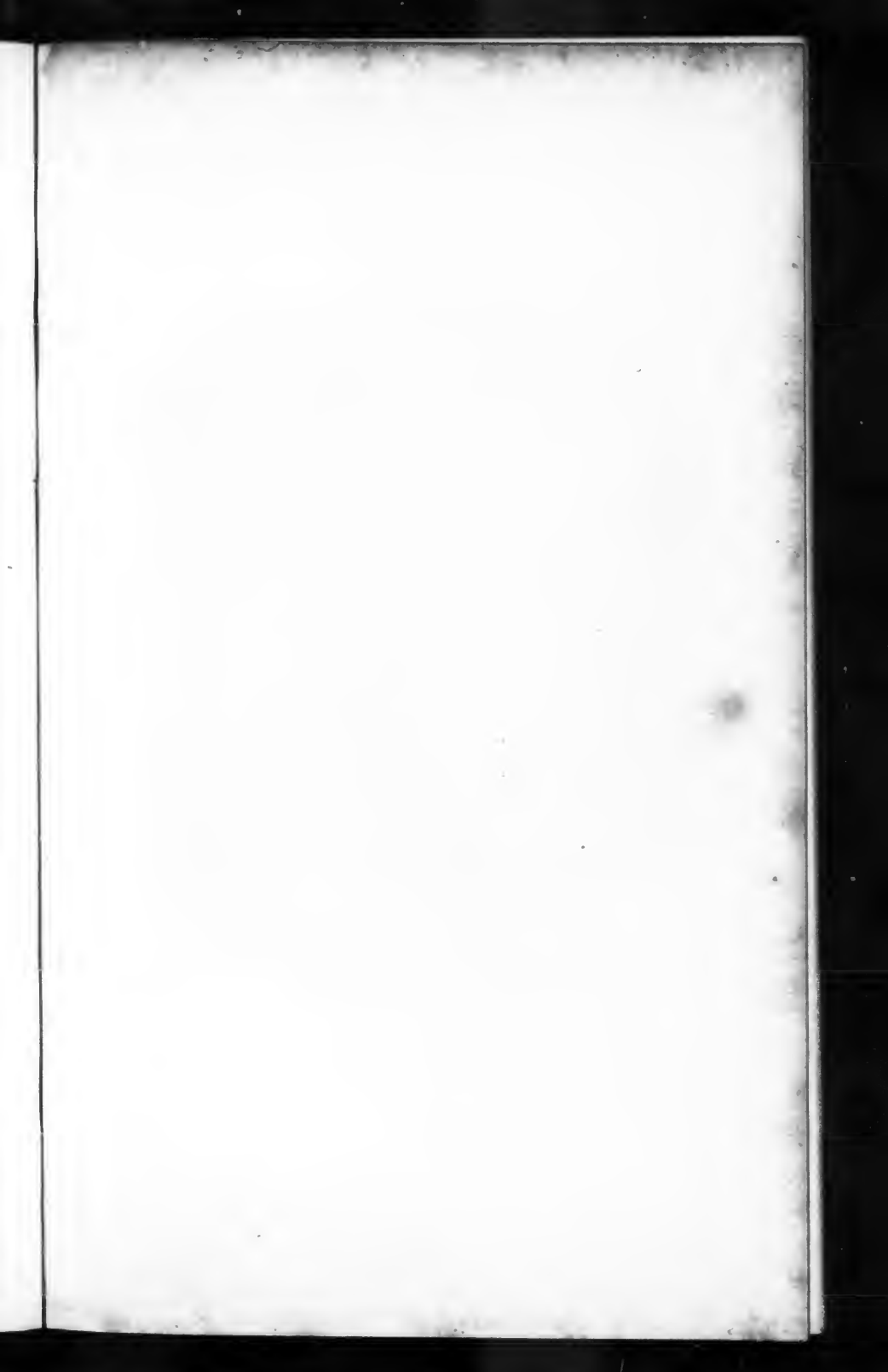
"But s'pose," pursued the venerable gentleman, "s'pose——"

"Down! down! down!" exclaimed twenty of the Independents in a breath. "Turn him out! Turn him out! He is not one of us! He's a traitor!—a spy! Turn him out!"

In an instant the room was in an uproar. Bob scarcely knew whether to withdraw his friend at once, or to fight through it, seeing that a strong disposition to fight was becoming very manifest. The venerable gentleman wished to explain: he was very energetic in the expression of this wish; but no! nothing could induce them to hear him. He was a traitor!—they would have him out!—and were just on the point of proceeding to violence, when Bob, who would have struck down the first man that touched him, started up, and cried, "Leave him to me!" with an air of so much desperation, that they who were about to assail him stood off.

"Now, old genelman," said Bob, winking slightly at his venerable friend, who understood it, "your conduct is very onregular. March,—afore I take you by the scruff of the neck."

The venerable gentleman deemed it highly correct to make a show of resistance, when Bob at once seized him by the collar, and with great apparent violence forced him from the room amidst thunders of applause.





Die Frank'sche Kigung nach dem Tresten am 2. 11. 1841.

GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER V.

THE CAPTURE OF VIVIANA.

ON the morning after his encounter with Guy Fawkes, Humphrey Chetham, accompanied by Martin Heydocke, took his way to Lambeth Marsh. With a throbbing heart he approached the miserable dwelling he knew to be inhabited by Viviana, and could scarcely summon courage to knock at the door. His first summons not being answered, he repeated it more loudly, and he then perceived the face of Father Oldcorne at the window, who, having satisfied himself that it was a friend, admitted him and his attendant.

"You were expected, my son," said the priest, after a friendly greeting. "Guy Fawkes has prepared Viviana for your coming."

"Will she not see me?" demanded the young merchant, uneasily.

"I believe so," replied Oldcorne. "But I will apprise her of your arrival. Be seated, my son."

He then carefully fastened the door, and repaired to Viviana's chamber, leaving Chetham in that state of tremor and anxiety which a lover, hoping to behold his mistress, only knows.

It was some time before Viviana appeared; and the young merchant, whose heart beat violently at the sound of her footstep, was startled by the alteration in her looks, and the extreme coldness of her manner. Oldcorne was with her, and motioning Martin Heydocke to follow him, the youthful pair were left alone.

"You desire to see me, I am given to understand, sir," observed Viviana, in a freezing tone.

"I have journeyed to London for that express purpose," replied Humphrey Chetham, tremulously.

"I am much beholden to you, sir," returned Viviana, in the same repelling tone as before; "but I regret you should have taken so much trouble on my account."

"To serve you is happiness, not trouble, Viviana," replied Humphrey Chetham, ardently; "and I am overjoyed at finding an opportunity of proving my devotion."

"I have yet to learn what service I must thank you for," she returned.

"I can scarcely say that I am warranted in thus intruding upon you," replied Chetham, greatly abashed; "but, having learnt from my servant, Martin Heydocke, that Doctor Dee had set out for London, with the view of seeking you out, and withdrawing you from your present associates, I was determined to be beforehand with him, and to acquaint you, if possible, with his intentions."

"What you say surprises me," replied Viviana. "Doctor Dee has no right to interfere with my actions. Nor should I obey him were he to counsel me, as is scarcely probable, to quit my companions."

"I know not what connection there may be between you to justify the interposition of his authority," replied Chetham; "neither did I tarry to inquire. But, presuming from what I heard, that he *would* attempt to exercise some control over you, I set out at once, and, without guide to your retreat, or the slightest knowledge of it, was fortunate enough, on the very night of my arrival in London, to chance upon Guy Fawkes, who directed me to you."

"I am aware of it," was the chilling answer.

"I will not avouch," pursued Chetham, passionately, "that I have not been actuated as much by an irrepressible desire to see you again, as by anxiety to apprise you of Doctor Dee's coming. I wanted only a slight excuse to myself to induce me to yield to my inclinations. Your departure made me wretched. I thought I had more control over myself. But I find I cannot live without you."

"Alas! alas!" cried Viviana, in a troubled tone, and losing all her self-command. "I expected this. Why—why did you come?"

"I have told you my motive," replied Chetham; "but, oh! do not reproach me!"

"I do not desire to do so," returned Viviana, with a look of agony. "I bitterly reproach myself that I cannot meet you as of old. But I would rather—far rather have encountered Doctor Dee, had he come hither resolved to exert all his magical power to force me away, than have met you."

"Have I unwittingly offended you, Viviana?" asked Chetham, in astonishment.

"Oh! no—no—no!" she replied, "you have not offended me; but——"

"But what?" he cried, anxiously.

"I would rather have died than see you," she answered.

"I will not inquire wherefore," rejoined Chetham, "because I too well divine the cause. I am no longer what I was to you."

"Press this matter no further, I pray of you," returned Viviana, in much confusion, and blushing deeply. "I shall ever esteem you,—ever feel the warmest gratitude to you. And what

matters it whether my heart is estranged from you or not, since I can never wed you?"

"What matters it?" repeated the young merchant in accents of despair,—“it matters much. Drowning love will cling to straws. The thought that I was beloved by you, though I could never hope to possess your hand, reconciled me in some degree to my fate. But now,” he added, covering his face with his hands,—“now, my heart is crushed.”

“Nay, say not so,” cried Viviana, in a voice of the deepest emotion. “I *do* love you—as a sister.”

“That is small comfort,” rejoined Chetham, bitterly. “I echo your own wish. Would we had never met again! I might, at least, have deluded myself into the belief that you loved me.”

“It would have been better so,” she returned. “I would inflict pain on no one—far less on you, whom I regard so much, and to whom I owe so much.”

“You owe me nothing, Viviana,” rejoined Chetham. “All I desired was to serve you. In the midst of the dangers we have shared together, I felt no alarm except for your sake. I have done nothing—nothing. Would I had died for you!”

“Calm yourself, sir, I entreat,” she returned.

“You did love me *once*?” demanded Chetham, suddenly.

“I thought so,” she answered.

The young merchant uttered an exclamation of anguish, and a mournful pause ensued, broken only by his groans.

“Answer me, Viviana,” he said, turning abruptly upon her,—“answer me, and, in mercy, answer truly—do you love another?”

“It is a question I cannot answer,” she replied, becoming ashy pale.

“Your looks speak for you!” he vociferated, in a terrible tone—“you do! His name?—his name?—that I may wreak my vengeance upon him.”

“Your violence terrifies me,” returned Viviana, withdrawing the hand he had seized. “I must put an end to this interview.”

“Pardon me, Viviana!” cried Chetham, falling on his knees before her—“in pity pardon me! I am not myself. I shall be calmer presently. But if you knew the anguish of the wound you have inflicted, you would not add to it.”

“Heaven knows I would not!” she returned, motioning him to rise. “And, if it will lighten your suffering, know that the love I feel for another—if love, indeed, it be,—is as hopeless as your own. But it is not a love of which even *you* could be jealous. It is a higher and a holier passion. It is affection mixed with admiration, and purified from all its grossness. It is more, perhaps, than the love of a daughter for her father—but it is nothing more. I shall never wed him I love—could not

if I would. Nay, I would shun him, if I did not feel, that the hour will soon come when the extent of my affection must be proved."

"This is strange sophistry," returned Chetham; "and you may deceive yourself by it, but you cannot deceive me. You love as all ardent natures do love. But in what way do you mean to prove your affection?"

"Perhaps, by the sacrifice of my life," she answered.

"I can tell you who is the object of your affections!" said Chetham. "It is Guy Fawkes."

"I will not deny it," replied Viviana; "he is."

"Hear me, then," exclaimed Chetham, who appeared inexpressibly relieved by the discovery he had made; "in my passage across the river with him last night, our conversation turned on the one subject ever nearest my heart, yourself,—and Guy Fawkes not only bade me not despair, but promised to aid my suit."

"And he kept his word," replied Viviana, "for, while announcing your proposed visit, he urged me strongly in your behalf."

"Then he knows not of your love for him?" demanded Chetham.

"He not only knows it not, but never shall know it from me, —nor must he know it from you, sir," rejoined Viviana, energetically.

"Fear it not," said Chetham, sighing. "It is a secret I shall carefully preserve."

"And now that you are in possession of it," she answered, "I no longer feel your presence as a restraint. Let me still regard you as a friend."

"Be it so," replied Humphrey Chetham, mournfully; "and as a friend let me entreat you to quit this place, and abandon your present associates. I will not seek to turn your heart from Fawkes — nor will I try to regain the love I have lost. But let me implore you to pause ere you irretrievably mix yourself up with the fortunes of one so desperate. I am too well aware that he is engaged in a fearful plot against the state, — though I know not its precise nature."

"You will not betray him?" she cried.

"I will not, though he is my rival," returned Chetham. "But others may—nay, perhaps have done so already."

"Whom do you suspect?" demanded Viviana, in the greatest alarm.

"I fear Doctor Dee," replied the young merchant; "but I know nothing certainly. My servant, Martin Heydocke, who is in the Doctor's confidence, intimated as much to me, and I have reason to think that his journey to town, under the pretext of searching for you, is undertaken for the purpose of tracing out the conspirators, and delivering them to the Government."

"Is he arrived in London?" inquired Viviana, eagerly.

"I should think not," returned Chetham. "I passed him, four days ago, on this side Leicester, in company with Kelley and Topcliffe."

"If the wretch, Topcliffe, was with him, your conjectures are too well founded," she replied. "I must warn Guy Fawkes instantly of his danger."

"Command my services in any way," said Chetham.

"I know not what to do," cried Viviana, after a pause, during which she betrayed the greatest agitation. "I dare not seek him out;—and yet, if I do not, he may fall into the hands of the enemy. I must see him at all hazards."

"Suffer me to go with you," implored Chetham. "You may rely upon my secrecy. And now I have a double motive for desiring to preserve Fawkes."

"You are, indeed, truly noble-hearted and generous," replied Viviana; "and I would fully confide in you. But, if you were to be seen by the others, you would be certainly put to death. Not even Fawkes could save you."

"I will risk it, if you desire it, and it will save *him*," replied the young merchant, devotedly. "Nay, I will go alone."

"That were to insure your destruction," she answered. "No—no—it must not be. I will consult with Father Oldcorne."

With this, she hurried out of the room, and returned in a short time with the priest.

"Father Oldcorne is of opinion that our friends must be apprised of their danger," she said. "And he thinks it needful we should both go to their retreat, that no hindrance may be offered to our flight, in case such a measure should be resolved upon."

"You cannot accompany us, my son," added Oldcorne, "for though I am as fully assured of your fidelity as Viviana, and would confide my life to you, there are those who will not so trust you, and who might rejoice in the opportunity of removing you."

"Viviana!" exclaimed Chetham, looking intreatingly at her.

"For my sake, — if not for your own, — do not urge this further," she returned. "There are already dangers and difficulties enow without adding to them. You would be safer amid a horde of robbers than amidst these men."

"And it is to such persons you commit yourself?" cried Chetham, reproachfully. "Oh! be warned by me, ere it is too late! Abandon them!"

"It is too late already," replied Viviana. "The die is cast."

"Then I can only lament it," returned Chetham, sadly. "Suffer me, at least, to accompany you to some place near their retreat, that you may summon me in case of need."

"There can be no objection to that, Viviana," observed Oldcorne; "provided Humphrey Chetham will promise not to follow us."

"Readily," replied the young merchant.

"I am unwilling to expose him to further risk on my account," said Viviana. "But be it as you will."

It was then agreed, that they should not set out till nightfall, but proceed, as soon as it grew dark, to Lambeth, where Humphrey Chetham undertook to procure a boat for their conveyance across the river.

The hour of departure at length arrived. Viviana, who had withdrawn to her own room, appeared in her travelling habit, and was about to set forth with her companions, when they were all startled by a sudden and loud knocking at the door.

"We are discovered," she cried. "Doctor Dee has found out our retreat."

"Fear nothing," rejoined Chetham, drawing his sword, while his example was imitated by Martin Heydocke; "they shall not capture you while I live."

As he spoke, the knocking was repeated, and the door shaken so violently as to threaten to burst its fastenings.

"Extinguish the light," whispered Chetham, "and let Father Oldcorne conceal himself. We have nothing to fear."

"Where shall I fly?" cried Oldcorne, despairingly. "It will be impossible to raise the flag, and seek refuge in the vault."

"Fly to my room," cried Viviana. And finding he stood irresolute, and as if paralysed with terror, she took his arm, and dragged him away. The next moment the door was burst open with a loud crash, and several armed men, with their swords drawn, followed by Topcliffe, and another middle-aged man, of slight stature, and rather under-sized, but richly dressed, and bearing all the marks of exalted rank, rushed into the room.

"You are my prisoner!" cried Topcliffe, rushing up to Chetham, who had planted himself, with Martin Heydocke, at the foot of the stairs. "I arrest you in the King's name!"

"You are mistaken in your man, sir," cried Chetham, fiercely. "I have committed no offence. Lay a hand upon me, at your peril!"

"How is this?" cried Topcliffe. "Humphrey Chetham here!"

"Ay," returned the young merchant; "you have fallen upon the wrong house."

"Not so, sir," replied Topcliffe. "I am satisfied from your presence that I am right. Where *you* are, Viviana Radcliffe is not far off. Throw down your arms. You can offer no resistance to my force, and your zeal will not benefit your friends, while it will place your own safety in jeopardy."

But Chetham fiercely refused compliance, and after a few minutes' further parley, the soldiers were about to attack him,

when Viviana opened a door above, and slowly descended the stairs. At her appearance, the young merchant, seeing that further resistance would be useless, sheathed his sword, and she passed between him and Heydocke, and advanced towards the leaders of the band.

"What means this intrusion?" she asked.

"We are come in search of two Jesuit priests, whom we have obtained information are hidden here," replied Topcliffe;—"as well as of certain other Papists, disaffected against the state, for whose apprehension I hold a warrant."

"You are welcome to search the house," replied Viviana. "But there is no one within it except those you see."

As she said this, Chetham, who gazed earnestly at her, caught her eye, and from a scarcely-perceptible glance, felt certain that the priest, through her agency, had effected his escape. But the soldiers had not waited for her permission to make the search. Rushing up stairs, they examined the different chambers—there were two small rooms besides that occupied by Viviana,—and found several of the priests' habiliments; but though they examined every corner with the minutest attention, sounded the walls, peered up the chimneys, underneath the bed, and into every place, likely and unlikely, they could find no other traces of those they sought, and were compelled to return to their leader with tidings of their ill success. Topcliffe, with another party, continued his scrutiny below, and discovering the moveable flag in the hearth, descended into the vault, where he made certain of discovering his prey. But no one was there; and, the powder and arms having been removed, he gained nothing by his investigations.

Meanwhile, his companion,—and evidently from his garb, and the deference paid him, though he was addressed by no title, which could lead to the absolute knowledge of his rank, his superior,—seated himself, and put many questions in a courteous but authoritative tone to Viviana respecting her residence in this solitary abode,—the names of her companions,—where they were,—and upon what scheme they were engaged. To none of these questions would she return an answer, and her interrogator, at last, losing patience, said,

"I hold it my duty, to inform you that you will be carried before the Council, and if you continue thus obstinate, means will be taken—and those none of the gentlest,—to extort the truth from you."

"You may apply the torture to me," replied Viviana, firmly; "but it will wrest nothing from me."

"That remains to be seen," replied the other; "I only trust you will not compel me to put my threat into execution."

At this moment, Topcliffe emerged from the vault, and the soldiers returned from their unsuccessful search above.

"They have escaped us now," remarked Topcliffe to his superior. "But I will conceal a party of men on the premises, who will be certain to capture them on their return."

Viviana uttered an exclamation of irrepressible uneasiness, which did not escape her auditors.

"I am right, you see," observed Topcliffe, significantly to his companion.

"You are so," replied the other.

As this was said, Viviana hazarded a look at Humphrey Chetham, the meaning of which he was not slow to comprehend. He saw that she wished him to make an effort to escape, that he might warn her companions, and, regardless of the consequence, he prepared to obey her. While those around were engaged in a last fruitless search, he whispered his intentions to Martin Heydocke, and only awaited a favourable opportunity to put them in execution. It occurred sooner than he expected. Before quitting the premises, Topcliffe determined to visit the upper rooms himself, and he took several of the men with him.

Chetham would have made an attempt to liberate Viviana, but, feeling certain it would be unsuccessful, he preferred obeying her wishes to his own inclinations. Topcliffe gone, he suddenly drew his sword,—for neither he nor Heydocke had been disarmed,—and rushing towards the door, struck down the man next it, and followed by his servant, passed through it before he could be intercepted. They both then flew at a swift pace towards the marshy fields, and, owing to the darkness and unstable nature of the ground, speedily distanced their pursuers.

Hearing the disturbance below, and guessing its cause, Topcliffe immediately descended. But he was too late; and though he joined in the pursuit, he was baffled like his attendants. Half an hour afterwards, he returned to the house with an angry and disappointed look.

"He has given us the slip," he observed to his superior, who appeared exceedingly provoked by the young merchant's flight; "but we will soon have him again."

After giving directions to his men how to conceal themselves, Topcliffe informed his companion that he was ready to attend him. Viviana, who had remained motionless and silent during the foregoing scene, was taken out of the house, and conducted towards the creek, in which lay a large wherry manned by four rowers. She was placed within it, and as soon as his superior was seated, Topcliffe inquired,

"Where will your lordship go first?"

"To the Star-Chamber," was the answer.

At this reply, in spite of herself, Viviana could not repress a shudder.

"All is lost!" she mentally ejaculated.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CELLAR.

It was long before the conspirators gained sufficient courage to re-commence digging the mine. Whenever holy water was thrown upon the stones, the mysterious bell ceased tolling, but it presently began anew, and such was the appalling effect of the sound that it completely paralysed the listeners. Prayers were said by Garnet; hymns sung by the others; but all was of no avail. It continued to toll on with increased solemnity, unless checked by the same potent application as before.

The effect became speedily manifest in the altered looks and demeanour of the conspirators, and it was evident that if something was not done to rouse them, the enterprise would be abandoned. Catesby, equally superstitious with his confederates, but having nerves more firmly strung, was the first to conquer his terror. Crossing himself, he muttered a secret prayer, and, snatching up a pick-axe, entered the cavity, and resumed his labour.

The noise of the heavy blows dealt by him against the wall drowned the tolling of the bell. The charm was broken. And stimulated by his conduct, the others followed his example, and though the awful tolling continued at intervals during the whole of their operations, it offered no further interruption to them.

Another, and more serious cause of anxiety, however, arose. As the work advanced, without being aware of it, they approached the bank of the river, and the water began to ooze through the sides of the excavation,—at first, slightly, but by degrees to such an extent as to convince them that their labour would be entirely thrown away. Large portions of the clay, loosened by the damp, fell in upon them, nearly burying those nearest the tumbling mass; and the floor was now in some places more than a foot deep in water, clearly proving it would be utterly impossible to keep the powder fit for use in such a spot.

Catesby bore these untoward circumstances with ill-concealed mortification. For a time, he struggled against them; and though he felt that it was hopeless, worked on like a desperate military leader conducting a forlorn hope to certain destruction. At length, however, the water began to make such incursions that he could no longer disguise from himself or his companions that they were contending against unsurmountable difficulties, and that to proceed further would be madness. He, therefore, with a heavy heart, desisted, and throwing down his pick-axe, said it was clear that Heaven did not approve their design, and that it must be relinquished.

“We ought to have been warned by that doleful bell,” he observed in conclusion. “I now perceive its meaning. And

as I was the first to act in direct opposition to the declared will of the Supreme Being, so now I am the first to admit my error."

"I cannot account for that dread and mysterious sound, my son," replied Garnet, "and can only attribute it, as you do, to divine interference. But whether it was intended as a warning or a guidance, I confess I am unable to say."

"Can you longer doubt, father," returned Catesby, bitterly; "when you look at yon excavation? It took us more than a week's incessant labour to get through the first wall; and our toil was no sooner lightened than these fatal consequences ensued. If we proceed, we shall drown ourselves, instead of blowing up our foes. And even if we should escape, were the powder stowed for one day in that damp place, it would never explode. We have failed, and must take measures accordingly."

"I entirely concur with you, my son," replied Garnet; "we must abandon our present plan. But do not let us be disheartened. Perhaps, at this very moment, Heaven is preparing for us a victory by some unlooked-for means."

"It may be so," replied Catesby, with a look of incredulity.

As he spoke, an extraordinary noise, like a shower of falling stones, was heard overhead. And coupling the sound with their fears of the encroachment of the damp, the conspirators glanced at each other in dismay, thinking the building was falling in upon them.

"All blessed saints protect us!" cried Garnet, as the sound ceased. "What was that?"

But no one was able to account for it, and each regarded his neighbour with apprehension. After a short interval of silence, the sound was heard again. There was then another pause—and again the same rushing and inexplicable noise.

"What can it be?" cried Catesby. "I am so enfeebled by this underground life, that trifles alarm me. Are our enemies pulling down the structure over our heads?—or are they earthing us up like vermin?" he added to Fawkes. "What is it?"

"I will go and see," replied the other.

"Do not expose yourself, my son," cried Garnet. "Let us abide the result here."

"No, father," replied Fawkes. "Having failed in our scheme, what befalls me is of little consequence. I will go. If I return not, you will understand what has happened."

Pausing for a moment to receive Garnet's benediction, he then strode away.

Half an hour elapsed before Fawkes returned, and the interval appeared thrice its duration in the eyes of the conspirators. When he re-appeared, a smile sat upon his countenance, and his looks instantly dispelled the alarm that had been previously felt.

"You bring us good news, my son?" cried Garnet.

"Excellent, father," replied Fawkes: "and you were right

in saying that at the very moment we were indulging in mis-giving, Heaven was preparing for us a victory by unforeseen and mysterious means."

Garnet raised his hands gratefully and reverentially upwards. And the other conspirators crowded round Fawkes to listen to his relation.

"The noise we heard," he said, "arose from a very simple circumstance,—and when you hear it, you will smile at your fears. But you will not smile at the result to which it has led. Exactly overhead, it appears, a cellar is situated belonging to a person named Bright, and the sound was occasioned by the removal of his coals, which he has been selling off."

"Is that all?" cried Catesby. "We are indeed grown childish, to be alarmed by such a cause."

"It appears slight, now it is explained," observed Keyes, gravely; "but how were we to know whence it arose?"

"True," returned Fawkes; "and I will now show you how the hand of Heaven has been manifested in the matter. The noise which led me to this investigation, and which I regard as a signal from on high, brought me to a cellar I had never seen before, and knew not existed. *That cellar lies immediately beneath the House of Lords.*"

"Ah! I see!" exclaimed Catesby. "You think it would form a good depository for the powder."

"If it had been built for the express purpose, it could not be better," returned Fawkes. "It is commodious and dry, and in an out-of-the-way place, as you may judge, when we ourselves have never hitherto noticed it."

"But what is all this to us, if we cannot use it?" returned Catesby.

"We can use it," replied Fawkes. "It is ours."

There was a general exclamation of surprise.

"Finding, on inquiry, that Bright was about to quit the neighbourhood," continued Fawkes, "and did not require the place longer, I instantly proposed to take it from him, and to create no suspicion, engaged it in Percy's name, stating that he wanted it for his own fuel."

"You have done admirably," cried Catesby, in a tone of exultation. "The success of the enterprise will now be entirely owing to you."

"Not to me, but to the Providence that directed me," replied Fawkes, solemnly.

"Right, my son," returned Garnet. "And let this teach us never to despair again."

The next day, Percy having taken possession of the cellar, it was carefully examined, and proved, as Fawkes had stated, admirably adapted to their purpose. Their fears were now at an end, and they looked on the success of their project as certain. The mysterious bell no longer tolled, and their sole re-

maining task was to fill up the excavation so far as to prevent any damage from the wet.

This was soon done, and their next step was to transport the powder during the night to the cellar. Concealing the barrels as before with faggots and coals, they gave the place the appearance of a mere receptacle for lumber, by filling it with old hampers, boxes without lids, broken bottles, stone jars, and other rubbish.

They now began to think of separating, and Fawkes expressed his intention of returning that night to the house at Lambeth. No intelligence had reached them of Viviana's captivity, and they supposed her still an inmate of the miserable dwelling with Father Oldcorne.

Fawkes had often thought of her, and with uneasiness, during his toilsome labours; but they had so much engrossed him that her image was banished almost as soon as it arose. Now that grand obstacle was surmounted, and nothing was wanting, however, except a favourable moment to strike the blow, he began to feel the greatest anxiety respecting her.

Still, he thought it prudent to postpone his return to a late hour, and it was not until near midnight that he and Catesby ventured to their boat. As he was about to descend the steps, he heard his name pronounced by some one at a little distance; and the next moment, a man, whom he immediately recognised as Humphrey Chetham, rushed up to him.

"You here again!" cried Fawkes, angrily, and not unsuspectingly. "Do you play the spy upon me?"

"I have watched for you for the last ten nights," replied Chetham, hastily. "I knew not where you were. But I found your boat here, and I hoped you would not cross the water in any other."

"Why all this care?" demanded Fawkes. "Has aught happened? Is Viviana safe? Speak, man! do not keep me longer in suspense!"

"Alas!" rejoined Chetham. "She is a prisoner."

"A prisoner!" ejaculated Fawkes, in a hollow voice. "Then my forebodings were not without cause."

"How has this happened?" cried Catesby, who had listened to what was said in silent wonder.

Chetham then hastily related all that had taken place.

"I know not what has become of her," he said, in conclusion; "but I have heard that she was taken to the Star-Chamber by the Earl of Salisbury, — for he, it appears, was the companion of Topcliffe, — and, refusing to answer the interrogations of the Council, was conveyed to the Tower, and I fear subjected to the torture."

"Tortured!" exclaimed Fawkes, horror-stricken; "Viviana tortured! And I have brought her to this! Oh, God! Oh, God!"

"It is indeed an agonising reflection," replied Humphrey Chetham, in a sombre tone, "and enough to drive you to despair. Her last wishes, expressed only in looks, for she did not dare to give utterance to them, were that I should warn you not to approach the house at Lambeth, your enemies being concealed within it. I have now fulfilled them. Farewell!"

And he turned to depart.

"Stay!" cried Catesby, arresting him. "Where is Father Oldcorne?"

"I know not," replied Humphrey Chetham. "As I have told you, Viviana by some means contrived his escape. I have seen nothing of him."

And, hurrying away, he was lost beneath the shadow of the wall.

"Is this a troubled dream, or dread reality?" cried Fawkes to Catesby.

"I fear it is too true," returned the other, in a voice of much emotion. "Poor Viviana!"

"Something must be done to set her free," cried Fawkes. "I will purchase her liberty by delivering up myself."

"Your oath—remember your oath!" rejoined Catesby.

"You may destroy yourself, but not your associates."

"True—true," replied Fawkes, distractedly—"I *do* remember it. I am sold to perdition."

"Anger not Heaven by these idle lamentations,—and at a time, too, when all is so prosperous," rejoined Catesby.

"What!" cried Fawkes, fiercely, "would you have me calm, when she who called me father, and was dear to me as a child, is taken from me by these remorseless butchers,—subjected to their terrible examinations,—plunged in a dismal dungeon,—and stretched upon the rack,—and all for me—for me! I shall go mad if I think upon it!"

"You must *not* think upon it," returned Catesby,—“at least, not here. We shall be observed. Let us return to the house; and perhaps—though I scarcely dare indulge the hope—some plan may be devised for her liberation.”

With this, he dragged Fawkes, who was almost frenzied with anguish, forcibly along, and they returned to the house.

Nothing more was said that night. Catesby judged it prudent to let the first violence of his friend's emotions expend itself before he attempted to soothe him; and when he communicated the sad event to Garnet, the latter strongly approved the plan. Garnet was greatly distressed at the intelligence, and his affliction was shared by the other conspirators. No fears were entertained by any of them that Viviana would reveal aught of the plot, but this circumstance only added to their regrets.

"I will stake my life for her constancy," said Catesby.

"And so will I," returned Garnet. "She will die a martyr for us."

He then proposed that they should pray for her deliverance. And all instantly assenting, they knelt down, while Garnet poured forth the most earnest supplications to the Virgin in her behalf.

The next morning, Guy Fawkes set forth, and ascertained that Humphrey Chetham's statement was correct, and that Viviana was indeed a prisoner in the Tower. He repaired thither, and tried to ascertain in what part of the fortress she was confined, in the hope of gaining admittance to her. But as he could obtain no information, and his inquiries excited suspicion, he was compelled to return without accomplishing his object.

Crossing Tower Hill on his way back, he turned to cast a glance at the stern pile he had just quitted, and which was fraught with the most fearful interest to him, when he perceived Chetham issue from the Bulwark Gate. He would have made up to him; but the young merchant, who had evidently seen him, though he looked sedulously another way, set off in the direction of the river, and was quickly lost to view. Filled with the gloomiest thoughts, Guy Fawkes proceeded to Westminster, where he arrived without further adventure of any kind.

In the latter part of the same day, as the conspirators were conferring together, they were alarmed by a knocking at the outer gate; and sending Bates to reconnoitre, he instantly returned with the intelligence that it was Lord Mounteagle. At the mention of this name, Tresham, who was one of the party, turned pale as death, and trembled so violently that he could scarcely support himself. Having been allowed to go forth on that day, the visit of Lord Mounteagle at this juncture, coupled with the agitation it occasioned him, seemed to proclaim him guilty of treachery for the second time.

"You have betrayed us, villain!" cried Catesby, drawing his dagger; "but you shall not escape. I will poniard you on the spot."

"As you hope for mercy, do not strike!" cried Tresham. "On my soul, I have not seen Lord Mounteagle, and know not, any more than yourselves, what brings him hither. Put it to the proof. Let him come in. Conceal yourselves, and you will hear what passes between us."

"Let it be so," interposed Fawkes. "I will step within this closet, the door of which shall remain ajar. From it I can watch him without being observed, and if aught occurs to confirm our suspicions, he dies."

"Bates shall station himself in the passage, and stab him if he attempts to fly," added Catesby. "Your sword, sir."

"It is here," replied Tresham, delivering it to Catesby, who handed it to Bates. "Are you satisfied?"

"Is Lord Mounteagle alone?" inquired Catesby, without noticing the question.

"He appears to be so," replied Bates.

"Admit him, then," rejoined Catesby.

Entering the closet with Keyes, he was followed by Fawkes, who drew his dagger, and kept the door slightly ajar, while Garnet and the rest retired to other hiding-places. A few moments afterwards, Bates returned with Lord Mounteagle, and, having ushered him into the room, took his station in the passage, as directed by Catesby. The room was very dark, the shutters being closed, and light only finding its way through the chinks in them; and it appeared totally so to Lord Mounteagle, who, groping his way, stumbled forward, and exclaimed, in accents of some alarm,

"Where am I? Where is Mr. Tresham?"

"I am here," replied Tresham, advancing towards him. "How did your lordship find me out?" he added, after the customary salutations were exchanged.

"My servant saw you enter this house," replied Mounteagle, "and, knowing I was anxious to see you, waited for some hours without, in the expectation of your coming forth. But as this did not occur, he mentioned the circumstance to me on his return, and I immediately came in quest of you. When I knocked at the gate, I scarcely knew what to think of the place, and began to fear you must have fallen into the hands of cut-throats; and, now that I have gained admittance, my wonder—and I may add my uneasiness—is not diminished. Why do you hide yourself in this wretched place?"

"Be seated," replied Tresham, placing a chair for Lord Mounteagle, with its back to the closet, while he took one opposite him, and near a table, on which some papers were laid. "Your lordship may remember," he continued, scarcely knowing what answer to make to the question, "that I wrote to you some time ago, to say that a conspiracy was hatching among certain of our party against the state."

"I have reason to remember it," replied Mounteagle. "The letter was laid before the Earl of Salisbury, and inquiries instituted in consequence. But, owing to your disappearance, nothing could be elicited. What plot had you discovered?"

At this moment, Tresham, who kept his eye fixed on the closet, perceived the door noiselessly open, and behind it the figure of Guy Fawkes, with the dagger in his hand:

"I was misinformed as to the nature of the plot," he stammered.

"Was it against the King's life?" demanded Mounteagle.

"No," rejoined Tresham; "as far as I could learn, it was an insurrection."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mounteagle, sceptically. "My information, then, differed from yours. Who were the parties you suspected?"

"As I *wrongfully* suspected them," replied Tresham, evasively, "your lordship must excuse my naming them."

"Was Catesby—or Winter—or Wright—or Rookwood—or Sir Everard Digby concerned in it?" demanded Mounteagle.

"Not one of them," asseverated Tresham.

"They are the persons I suspect," replied Mounteagle; "and they are suspected by the Earl of Salisbury. But you have not told me what you are doing in this strange habitation. Are you ferreting out a plot, or contriving one?"

"Both," replied Tresham.

"How?" cried Mounteagle.

"I am plotting for myself, and counterplotting the designs of others," replied Tresham, mysteriously.

"Is this place, then, the rendezvous of a band of conspirators?" asked Mounteagle, uneasily.

Tresham nodded in the affirmative.

"Who are they?" continued Mounteagle. "There is no need of concealment with me."

As this was said, Tresham raised his eyes, and saw that Guy Fawkes had stepped silently forward, and placed himself behind Mounteagle's chair. His hand grasped his dagger, and his gaze never moved from the object of his suspicion.

"Who are they?" repeated Mounteagle. "Is Guy Fawkes one of them?"

"Assuredly not," replied Tresham. "Why should you name him? I never mentioned him to your lordship."

"I think you did," replied Mounteagle. "But I am certain you spoke of Catesby."

And Tresham's regards involuntarily wandered to the closet, when he beheld the stern glance of the person alluded to fixed upon him.

"You have heard of Viviana Radcliffe's imprisonment, I suppose?" pursued Mounteagle, unconscious of what was passing.

"I have," replied Tresham.

"The Earl of Salisbury expected he would be able to wring all from her, but he has failed," observed Mounteagle.

"I am glad of it," replied Tresham.

"I thought you were disposed to serve him?" remarked Mounteagle.

"So I am," replied Tresham. "But, if secrets are to be revealed, I had rather be the bearer of them than any one else. I am sorry for Viviana."

"I could procure her liberation, if I chose," observed Mounteagle.

"Say you so?" cried Fawkes, clapping him on the shoulder; "then you stir not hence till you have procured it!"

Merric England in the olden Time;

OR, PEREGRINATIONS WITH UNCLE TIM AND MR. BOSKY, OF
LITTLE BRITAIN, DRY-SALTER.

BY GEORGE DANIEL.

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"—SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER III.

THE Genius of Mirth never hit upon a happier subject than the humours of Cockneyland. "Man made the town;" and a pretty sample it is of the maker! Behind or before the counter, at home and abroad, the man of business or the beau, the Cockney is the same whimsical original, baffling imitation, and keeping description in full cry. See him sally forth on a fine Sunday to inhale his weekly mouthful of fresh air,¹ the world all before him, where to choose occupying his meditations, till he finds himself elevated on Highgate Hill or Hampstead Heath. From those magnificent summits he beholds in panorama, woods, valleys, lofty trees, and stately turrets, not forgetting that glorious cupola dedicated to the metropolitan saint, which points out the locality where, six days out of the seven, his orisons are paid to a deity not contemplated by the apostle. He lays himself out for enjoyment, and seeks good entertainment for man and (if mounted, or in his cruelty-van) for horse. Having taken possession of a window that commands the best prospect, the waiter is summoned, the larder called over, the ceremony of lunch commenced, and, with that habitual foresight which marks his character, the all-important meal that is to follow, duly catered for. The interval for rural adventure arrives; he takes a stroll; if a culler of simples, the modest heath-bell and the violet turn up their dark blue eyes to him; if an intermediate wilderness tempt him, he will find blackberries enough (as Falstaff's men did *linen*!) on every hedge. Dinner served up, and to his mind, he warms and waxes cosey, jokes with the waiter, talks anything, and to anybody,

"Drinks a glass
To his favourite lass!"

pleased with himself, and willing to please. If his phraseology provoke a laugh, he puts it to the account of his smart sayings, and is loudest in the chorus; for when the ball of ridicule is flying about, he ups with his racket and strikes it off to his neighbour.

He is the worst mortal in the world to be put out of his way. The slightest inconvenience, the most trifling departure from his wonted habits, he magnifies into a serious evil. His well-stocked larder and cheerful fireside are ever present to his view: beef and pudding have taken fast hold of him; and, in default of these, his spirits flag; he is hipped and melancholy. Foreign travel exhibits him in his natural light; his peculiarities break forth with whimsical effect, and, though not always the most amiable, are nevertheless entertaining. He longs to see the world; and having with due ceremony arranged

Moorfields, Pimlico Path, and the Exchange, were the fashionable parades of the citizens in the days of Elizabeth and James I.

his wardrobe, put money in his purse, and procured his passport to strange lands, he sets forward, buttoned up in his native consequence, to the capital of the *grand monarque*, to rattle dice, and drink champagne. His expectations are not the most reasonable. Without considering the different manners and customs of foreign parts, he bends to nobody, yet takes it as an affront if everybody bend not to him! His baggage is subjected to rigorous search. The infernal *parlez-vous!*—nothing like *this* ever happens in Old England! His passport is inspected, and his person identified. The inquisitors!—to take the length and breadth of a man, his complexion and calling! The barriers are closed, and he must *bivouac* the live-long night. Monstrous tyranny! Every rogue enjoys free ingress and egress in a land of liberty! He calls for the bill of fare, the “*carte*,” and in his selection puts the cart before the horse! Of course there is a horrible conspiracy to poison him! The wines, too, are sophisticated. The champagne is gooseberry; the Burgundy, Pontac; and the *vin ordinaire* neither better nor worse than a dose of “Braithwait’s Intermediate.” The houses are dirty and dark; the streets muddy and gay; the madames and mademoiselles pretty well, I thank’e; and the Mounseers a pack of chattering mountebanks, stuck over with little bits of red ribbon, and blinded with snuff and whiskers! Even the air is too thin: he misses his London smoke! And but one drunken dog has he encountered (and *he* was his countryman!) to bring to fond remembrance the land we live in! What wonder, then, if he sigh for luxurious bachelorship in a Brighton boarding-house? Beds made, dinner provided, the cook scolded by proxy, and all the agreeable et-ceteras incidental to good living set before him, without the annoyance of idle servants, and the trouble of ordering, leaving him to the delightful abandonment of every care, save that of feasting and pleasure-taking! With moderate gastronomic and soporific powers, he may manage to eat, drink, and sleep out three guineas a-week; for the sea is a rare provocative to feeding and repose. Besides, a Brighton boarding-house is a change both of air and condition; bachelors become Benedicks, and widows wives, for three guineas a-week, more or less! It furnishes an extensive assortment of acquaintance, such as nowhere else can be found domiciled under the same roof. Each finds it necessary to make himself and herself agreeable. Pride, *mauvaise honte*, modesty, that keep people apart in general society, all give way. The inmates are like one family; and when they break up for the season, ’tis often in pairs!

“Uncle Timothy to a T! Pardon me, sir, but he must have sat to you for the portrait. If you unbutton his native consequence a little, and throw a jocular light over his whim-whams and caprices, the likeness would be perfect.”

This was addressed to us by a lively, well-to-do-in-the-world-looking little gentleman, marvellously buckish and *bonhomme*, who lolled in an arm-chair opposite to an adjoining window, taking things in an easy pick-tooth way, and coquetting with a pint of old port.

“The picture, sir, that you are pleased to identify is not an individual, but a species,—a slight off-hand sketch, taken from general observation.”

“Indeed! That’s odd.”

“Even so.”

"Never knew Uncle Tim was like all the world. Would, for all the world's sake, that all the world were like Uncle Tim!"

"A worthy character."

"Sir, he holds in his heart all the four honours, Truth, Honesty, Affection, and Benevolence, in the great game of humanity, and plays not for lucre, but love! I fear you think me strangely familiar,—impertinent too, perhaps. But that portrait, so graphical and complete, was a spell as powerful as Odin's to break silence. Besides, I detest your exclusives,—sentimentalising! soliloquising!—Their shirt-collars, affectedly turned down, puts my choler up! Give me the human face divine, the busy haunts of men, the full tide of human existence."

The little gentleman translated the "full tide" into a full glass to our good healths and better acquaintance, at the same time drawing his chair nearer, and presenting a handsomely embossed card, on which was inscribed, in delicate Italian calligraphy, "Mr. Benjamin Bosky, Dry-salter, Little Britain." Drysalter,—he look'd like a thirsty soul!

"Pleasant prospect from this window; you may count every steeple in London. There's the 'tall bully,'—how gloriously his flaming top-knot glistens in the setting sun! Wouldn't give a fig for the best view in the world, if it didn't take in the dome of St. Paul's! Beshrew the Vandal architect that cut down those beautiful elms—

'The rogue the gallows as his fate foresees,
And bears the like antipathy to trees,'—

and run up the wigwam pavilions, the Tom-foolery baby-houses, the run mad, shabby-genteel, I-would-if-I-could-but-I-can't cottages *ornée—ornée?*—horney!—the cows popping in their heads at the parlour windows, frightening the portly proprietors from their propriety and port!"

It was clear that Mr. Bosky was not to be so frightened; for he drew another draught on his pint decanter, though sitting beneath the umbrage of a huge pair of antlers that were fixed against the wall, under which innumerable Johnny Newcomes had been sworn, according to ancient custom, at the Horns at Highgate. It was equally clear, too, that Mr. Bosky *himself* might have sat for the portrait that he had so kindly appropriated to Uncle Timothy.

A fine manly voice without was heard to troll with joyous melody,—

"The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—
With hey! with hey! the thrush and the jay,—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay."

"Uncle Tim! Uncle Tim!" shouted the mercurial little Dry-salter, and up he started as if he had been galvanised, scampered out of the room, made but one leap from the top of the stairs to the bottom, descended *à la plomb*, was up again before we had recovered from our surprise, and introduced a middle-aged, rosy-faced gentleman, "more fat than bard beseems," with a perforating eye, and a most satirical nose. "Uncle Timothy, gentlemen,—God bless him!" grasping his hand with a fervent shake. "A friend or two, (if I

may presume to call them so,) Uncle Timothy, that I have fallen in with most unexpectedly and agreeably."

There is a certain "I no *not* like thee, Doctor Fell," feeling, and an "I *do*," that have rarely deceived us. With the latter, the satirical-nosed gentleman inspired us at first sight. There was the humorist, with a dash of the antiquary, heightened with a legible expression that nature sometimes stamps on her higher order of intelligences. What a companion, we thought, for "Round about our coal fire" on a winter's evening, or "Under the green-wood tree" on a summer's day!

We were all soon very good company; and half a dozen tee-totalers, who had called for a pint of ale and six glasses, having discussed their long division and departed, we had the room to ourselves.

"Know you, Uncle Timothy," cried Mr. Bosky, with a serio-comic air, "that the law against vagabonds and sturdy beggars is in full force, seeing that you carol in broad daylight, and on the King's highway, a loose-catch appertaining to one of the most ragged and graceless of their fraternity?"

"Beggars! varlet! I beg nothing of thee but silence, which is gold, if speech be silver.¹ Is there aught unseemly in my henting the stile with the merry Autolykus? Vagabonds, quotha! The order is both ancient and honourable. Collect they not tribute for the *crown*? Take heed, Benjamin, lest thine be scored on! Are they not solicitors as old as Adam?"

"And thieves too, from Mercury downwards, Uncle Timothy."

"Conveyancers, sirrah! sworn under the Horns never to beg when they can steal. Better lose my purse than my patience. Thou, scapegrace! robbest me of my patience, and beggest nought but the question."

"Were not the beggars once a jovial crew, sir?" addressing ourselves to the middle-aged gentleman with the satirical nose.

"Right merry! Gentlemen—

'Sweeter than honey
Is other men's money!

"The joys of to-day were never marred by the cares of to-morrow; for to-morrow was left to take care of itself; and its sun seldom went down upon disappointment. The beggar,² though his pockets

¹ A precept of the Koran.

² "Cast our nabs and cares away,—
This is Beggars' Holiday;
In the world look out and see
Who's so happy a king as he?
At the crowning of our king,
Thus we ever dance and sing,
Where 's the nation lives so free
And so merry as do we?
Be it peace, or be it war,
Here at liberty we are.
Hang all Harmanbecks! we cry,
And the Cuffinquier, too, by.
We enjoy our ease and rest,
To the fields we are not press'd;
When the subsidy's increas'd,
We are not a penny cest;

be so low, that you might dance a jig in one of them without breaking your shins against a halfpenny ; while from the other you might be puzzled to extract as much coin as would pay turnpike for a walking-stick, sings with a light heart ; his fingers, no less light ! playing administrator to the farmer's poultry, and the good housewife's sheets, that whiten every hedge ! Mendicity is a monarchy ; it is governed by peculiar laws, and has a language of its own. Reform has waged war to the knife with it. The *soap-eater*, whose ingenious calling was practised in the streets of London as far back as Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth, is admonished to apply the raw material of his trade to an exterior use ;¹ and the tatterdemalions of the *Beggar's Opera* no longer enjoy the privileges that belonged to their ancestors three centuries ago, when the Barbican, Turnmill Street, and Houndsditch, rang with their nocturnal orgies ; and where not unfrequently "an alderman hung in chains" gratified their delicate appetites ; as in more recent times, the happy, but bygone days of *Dusty Bob* and *Billy Waters*.² The well-known mendicants of *St. Paul's churchyard*, *Waithman's crossing*, and *Parliament-Street* have, by a sweeping act of the legislature, been compelled to brush ; their brooms are laid up in ordinary, to make rods

Nor are we call'd into town
To be troubled with a gown ;
Nor will any go to law
With a beggar for a straw.
All which happiness he brags
He doth owe unto his rags !"

Of all the mad rascals that belong to this fraternity, the *Abraham-Man* is the most fantastic. He calls himself by the name of *Poor Tom*, and coming near to any one, cries out " *Poor Tom's a-cold !* " Some are exceedingly merry, and do nothing but sing songs, fashioned out of their own brains ; some will dance ; others will do nothing but laugh, or weep ; others are dogged, and so sullen, both in look and speech, that, spying but small company in a house, they boldly enter, compelling the servants, through fear, to give them what they demand, which is commonly something that will yield ready money. The "*Upright Man*," (who in ancient times was, after the king and those "o' th' blood," next in dignity,) is not a more terrible enemy to the farmer's poultry than is *Poor Tom*.

How finely has Shakspeare spiritualized this strange character in the part of *Edgar* in *King Lear* !

¹ Like the Dutchman, who being desired to rub his rheumatic limb with brandy, improved upon the prescription. " *I dosh better as dat,*" roared *Mynbeer*, " *I drinks de prandy, and den I rubs mine leg wit de pottle !* "

² " *The Sons of Carew
Made a mighty ado,—
The news was a terrible damper ;
The blind, in their fright,
Soon recover'd their sight,
And the lame thought it prudent to scamper.
They summon'd the nob's of their nation,
St. Giles's was all consternation ;
The street they call Dyott
Portended a riot,
Belligerents all botheration !
Mendicity Bill,
Who for prowess and skill
Was dubb'd the bold Ajax of Drury,
With a whistle and stride
Flung his fiddle aside,
And his sky-scraper cock'd in a fury !*

for their backs, till the very stones they once swept are ready to rise and mutiny. Well might Epicurus say, 'Poverty, when cheerful, ceases to be poverty.'

"Suppose, gentlemen, as the day is closing in, we each of us take our wallet and staff, trudge forth, and levy contribution! I am in a true valiant humour to cry 'Stand!' to a too-powerfully refreshed citizen of light weight and heavy purse." And Mr. Bosky suited the action to the word.

"Sit down, soul of a grasshopper! The very ghost of his wife's tweezers would snuff out thy small courage! Thou hast slandered the beggars' venerable craft, and, like greater rogues, shalt be condemned to live by thine own! Thou '*gibier de potence!*' Thou a prig! Why thou art only a simple prig, turned out by thy tailor! Steal if thou canst into our good graces; redeem thy turpitude by emulating at least one part of the beggars' calling, ballad singing. Manifest thy deep contrition by a song."

"A bargain, Uncle Timothy. If thou wilt rake from a sly corner of that old curiosity shop, thy brain, some ludicrous pageant of the ancient brethren of Bull-Feathers-Hall. What place more fitting for such pleasant chronicle, than the Horns at Highgate?"

This proposal, which received our cordial approbation, being assented to by the middle-aged gentleman, Mr. Bosky "rosined," (swallowed a bumper) and sounded a very musical flourish as a *preludio*.

"But, gentlemen, you have not said what I shall sing."

"*Beggars*, Mr. Bosky, must not be choosers!"

Uncle Timothy smiled at the allusion.

"Something heroic?"

Wonderful General Wolfe,
Uncommon brave; partic'lar!
Swam over the Persian Gulf,
And climb'd rocks perpendic'lar!

Scutimental and tender?

'The mealy potato it grows
In your garden,' Miss Maddison cries;
'So I cannot walk there, for I knows,
Like love—that potatoes have *eyes!*'"

"No buffoonery, if you please, Benjamin Bosky," cried Uncle Tim.

"Or furiously funny—eh?"

"My good friends," sighed the middle-aged gentleman, "this unhappy nephew of mine hath as many ballads in his budget as San-

'While a drop 's to be had to get queer-a,
I'll ne'er go a-begging for beer-a:
Our ducks and green peas
Shall the constable seize,—
Our sherry, our port, and Madeira?'

* * * * *
But Law the bold heroes did floor, O!
On dainty fine morsels no more, O!
They merrily snp:
Dusty Bob's doubled up,—
Poor Bill's occupation is o'er, O!"

cho Panza had proverbs in his belly. And yet—but he seems determined to break my heart.”

Mr. Bosky appeared much more bent upon cruelly cracking Uncle Timothy's sides.

“ Now I bethink me of a ditty of true love, full of mirth and pastime.” And Mr. Bosky began, in a droll falsetto, and with mock gravity,

THE LAST OF THE PIGTAILS.

“ When I heard she was married, thinks I to myself,
I'm now an old bachelor laid on the shelf ;
The last of the Pigtailes that smok'd at the Sun,
My Dora has done me, and I am undone !
I call'd at her lodgings in Dean Street, Soho ;
My love 's gone for ever ! alas ! she 's no go.
A nip of prime Burton shall warm my cold blood,
Since all my enjoyments are nipp'd in the bud !
The picture of famine, my frame half reduced ;
I can't eat a quarter the vittles I us'd !
O dear ! what can ail me ? I once was so hale—
When my head 's under ground let this verse tell my tale.
I sought the Old Bailey, despairing and lank,
To take my last cut of boil'd buttock and flank,
To sniff my last sniff in those savoury scenes,
And sigh my last sigh over carrots and greens !
' A pot of mild porter, and take off the chill.'
A damsel came smirking, in curls, cap, and frill.
I started ! she scream'd ! 'twas my Dora ! off flew
Flank, buttock, greens, carrots, and peas-pudding too !
' Yes, I am your true love ! ' she curtsey'd, and said,
' At home I'm a widow, but here I'm a maid !
My spouse kick'd the bucket last Sunday at Leeds,
And left me, a rose-bud, all cover'd with weeds.'
' For all your fine speeches, a widow, in fine,
Is an article, madam, I mean to decline !
Though wedlock 's a bolus to physic and fright,
A black draught—a widow ! would finish me quite.”

Mr. Bosky accompanied his song with sundry knowing nods and significant winks, that seemed to imply some similitude between the “ last of the pigtailes ” and Uncle Timothy. In vain did the middle-aged gentleman contract his brows, purse his mouth, bite his lips, and do his very best to muster up an exceedingly grave face ; in his fiercest endeavours he looked but ludicrously grim ; and it needed no vast depth of comprehension to discover that while he frowned with all his might at the mischievous little drysalter ; he loved him dearly.

“ A vile stave ! Commend me to “ fonde Elderton,”¹ and the

¹ The following is a description of Elderton by a contemporary writer in 1582. See “ Reporte of the Death and Martyrdome of M. Campion, Jesuit, &c.”

“ Fonde Elderton call in thy foolish rhyme.
Thy scurill balates are to bad to sell,
Let good men rest, and mende thy self in time,
Confesse in prose thou hast not meetred well ;
Or if thy folly cannot chuse but fayue
Write alehouse toys, blaspheme not in thy vain.”

whole troop of 'metre ballad-mongers' that sleep among the dull of ancient days; but save me from that doleful doggerel of which, I shrewdly suspect, thou, Benjamin Bosky, art the perpetrator. It smells woundily of thy peculiar locality,¹ and might have befringed the walls of Bedlam and Soho.' Henceforth be the Magnus Apollo of thy native Little Britain, and divide the crown with Thomas Delony, of huckster-fame! Jack of Newbery, the Gentle Craft, garlands, strange histories, penny merriments,

" 'And such small deer,
Had been *Tom's* food for many a year.'

And may serve for thine, Benjamin; for in poetical matters thou hast the maw of a kite, and the digestion of an ostrich."

"A sprat to catch a herring!"

"A tittlebat! thou triton of the minnows!"

"But the Bull-Feather! Uncle Timothy, the Bull-Feather

'Must not be forgotten
Until the world's rotten.'

Let me refresh thy memory. Once upon a time——"

"Peace, babbler! If I must take the bull by the horns, it shall be without thy jockeyship. I will not ride double. 'Tis an idle tale, gentlemen; but there are charms in association that may render it interesting."

Uncle Tim here gave token of immediate revelation; he regaled with the aroma of a fragrant pinch his satirical nose, and began

"A MIRTHFUL PAGEANT OF THE BULL-FEATHERS TO THE HORNS
AT HIGHGATE.

"The ancient brethren of Bull-Feathers-Hall were a club of warm citizens; 'rich fellows enough! fellows that have had losses, with everything handsome about them.' Their place of rendezvous was the Chequer-Yard in Whitechapel, every Tuesday and Thursday at seven o'clock. The intent of their meeting was to solace themselves with harmless merriment, and promote good fellowship² among neighbours. The president, arrayed in his crimson satin gown, with his cap furred, and surmounted by a pair of antlers, and seated in a chair of state, beneath a canopy, commanded (by the crier of the court) every member to be covered; and in the twinkling of an eye their horns were exalted. On a velvet cushion be-

¹ The Ring, in Little Britain; the Three Bibles, and the Black Boy, on Old London Bridge; and the Golden Ball in Pye Corner, were famous book repositories in ancient times. There dwelt some of the principal booksellers, or, as they were then called, "stationers."

² How good fellowship had declined a century before this will be seen by the following extract from a black-letter ballad, intitled, "A balade declaryng how neybourhed loue, and trew dealyng is gone. Imprinted at London by Richard Lant." (Circa, 1560.)

"Where shall one fynde a man to trust,
Alwaye to stande in tyme of neede;
Thee most parte now, they are unjust,
Fayre in wordes, but false in deede:
Neybourhed, nor loue is none,
True dealyng now is fled and gone."

fore him lay the cornuted sceptre and sword. The brethren drank out of horn-cups, and made oath upon a book of statutes bound in horn. Their revenues were derived from a toll upon all the gravel carried up Highgate Hill and Hornsey. Cow-Lane; and beyond sea, Crook-horn; Leg-horn; and Ox-mantown paying them yearly tribute! On Monday, the 2nd May, 1664, a deputation of the fraternity met at Busby's Folly,¹ near Sadler's Wells,² Islington,³ from whence, after due consultation, they marched in grand order, headed by their Captain of Pioneers, with between thirty and forty of his men, with pick-axes and spades to level the hill, and baskets withal to carry the gravel; after which followed the standard, an enormous pair of horns mounted on a lofty pole, borne by three officers, and attended by the master of the ceremonies, the mace-bearer, the herald-at-arms, the sword-bearer and the crier, their footsteps keeping time to a flourish of trumpets and horns. Arriving near the Gate-house—(gentlemen, we are within a few yards of the very spot!)—the viceroy of the gravel-pits marched forth to meet them, presenting the horn of plenty as a token of hearty welcome; and passing through the gate, they made a circuit round the old

¹ A print of this curious ancient house of entertainment occurs in a rare volume, called "Views of divers noted places near London, 1731," of which Gough, the antiquary, never saw but one copy. Its site is particularly pointed out in Ogilby's map of London to Holyhead.

² "Sadler's Wells being lately opened, there is likely to be a great resort of strolling damsels, half-pay officers, peripatetic tradesmen, tars, butchers, and others, musically inclined."—*Weekly Journal*, 15th March 1718.

It is curious to read at the bottom of the old bills and advertisements of Sadler's Wells the following *alarming* announcements:—"A horse patrol will be sent in the New Road that night for the protection of the nobility and gentry who go from the squares and that end of the town. The road also towards the city will be properly guarded."

"June 1783. *Patroles of horse and foot* are stationed from Sadler's Wells' gate along the New Road to Tottenham-Court turnpike; likewise the City Road to Moorfields; also to St. John Street, and across the Spafields to Rosoman Row, from the hours of eight to eleven."

³ "On Tuesday next, being Shrove Tuesday, will be a fine *hog barbyqu'd* whole, at the house of Peter Brett, at the Rising Sun, in Islington Road, with other diversions.—Note. It is the house where the ox was roasted whole at Christmas last."—*Mist's Journal*, Feb. 9, 1726.

A hog barbecu'd is a West Indian term, and means a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madeira wine. Oldfield, an eminent glutton of former days, gormandised away a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a-year. Pope thus alludes to him,—

"Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endu'd,
Cries, 'Send me, gods, a whole hog barbecu'd!'"

"On Thursday next, being 13th March 1718, the Bowling-Greens will be opened at the Prospect House, Islington, where there will be accommodation for all gentleman bowlers."

Bowling-greens were among the many amusements of Merrie England. The author of "Night Thoughts" established a bowling-green in the village confided to his pastoral care, for innocent and healthful recreation.

"True piety is cheerful as the day."

"May 1757. To be bowl'd for on Monday next, at the Red Cow, in St. George's Fields, a pair of Silver Buckles, value fourteen shillings, at five pins, each pin a yard apart. He that brings most pins at three bowls has the buckles, if the money is in; if not, the money each man has put in. Three bowls for sixpence, and a pint of beer out of it, for the good of the house."

pond, and returning to their starting-post, one of the brethren delivered himself of a poetical oration, humorously descriptive of Bull-Feathers-Hall, and expatiating on the antiquity and dignity of horns. The speech being ended, they paraded to the dinner-table, which groaned under every luxury of the season. There they regaled themselves, amidst the sounding of trumpets and the winding of horns. Between dinner and dessert, those of the officers who had singing faces volunteered a festive chant, in which the whole company joined chorus.

The shortest, the tallest, the foulest, the fairest,
The fattest, the leanest, the commonest, rarest,
When they and their cronies are merry together,
Will all do their best to advance the Bull's Feather!

A king and a cobbler, a lord and a loon,
A prince and a pedlar, a courtier, a clown;
Put all their degrees and conditions together,
Are liable always to wear the Bull's Feather.

Any candidate desirous of being admitted a member of the fraternity was proposed by the sword-bearer; and the master of the ceremonies placing him in the adopting chair, the comptroller made three ejaculations, upon which the brethren doffed their hats. Then the master of the ceremonies exchanged his own cornuted castor for a cap, and administered to his newly elected brother, on a book horned on all sides, an oath in rhyme, recapitulating a long string of duties belonging to their very peculiar art and mystery, and enjoining their strict performance.

Lastly, observe thou shalt esteem none other
Equal to this our club;—so welcome, brother!"¹

"Thus ends my story, gentlemen; and if you have found it tedious, visit the offence on the Laureat of Little Britain by enjoining him the penance of a bumper of salt and water."

But mine host of the Horns, very prim about the wig, his coat marked with his apron strings, which left a seam all round, as if he had been cut in two, and afterwards stitched together again, having been slyly telegraphed, that obedient functionary, who was as neat as his wines, entered at the critical moment, bearing before him what Mr. Bosky facetiously called "a good afternoon," to wit, a brimming balmy bowl, in which *whiskey* had been judiciously substituted for *salt*. Uncle Timothy rose, and so did the voice of Mr. Bosky, and to such an altitude as to drown his expostulations in contumacious carolling, which, truth obliges us to add, received laughing impunity from the company.

Come merrily push round the toddy,
The cold winter nights are set in;
To a roquelaire wrapp'd round the body
Add a lining of lamb's-wool within!

¹ Bull-Feathers-Hall; or, The Antiquity and Dignity of Horns amply shown. Also a Description of the Manners, Rites, Customs, and Revenues belonging to that ingenious and numerous society of *Bull-Feathers-Hall*. London: Printed for the Society of Bull-Feathers-Hall. 1664.

A copy of this rare tract produced at Bindley's sale five pounds ten shillings, and at Strettel's five pounds.

This liquor was brew'd by my grandam,
 In a snug quiet still of her own ;
 'Tis fit for my Lord in his tandem,
 And royal King Will on his throne.

In the glass, see it sparkles and ripples,
 And how it runs merrily down !
 The absolute monarch of tipples,
 And richly deserving a crown !

Of mirth 'tis the spring and the fountain,
 And Helicon's stream to the Muse ;
 The pleasantest dew of the mountain—
 So give it, good fellows, its dues.

It opens the heart of the miser,
 And conjures up truth from the knave ;
 It makes my Lord Bishop look wiser,—
 More frisky the curate, his slave.

It makes the glad spirit still gladder,
 And moistens the splenetic vein ;
 When I can't see a hole through a ladder,
 It mounts on the sly to my brain.

Then push round the glasses, be cosey,
 Fill bumpers to whiskey and whim ;
 Good luck to each man, while his nose he
 Hangs pleasantly over the brim !

There's nothing remarkably odd in
 A gent who to nap is inclined ;
 He can't want a blanket while noddin',
 When he's two or three sheets in the wind.

"Sirs," exclaimed the satirical-nosed gentleman, when the cheering had subsided, "I alone am to blame for this audacious vivacity of my sister's son. I turned it on, and lo ! it hath inundated us with buffoonery. Sirrah !" shaking the identical plant that Dr. Johnson travelled with through the Hebrides, Tom Davies's shilling's worth for the broad shoulders of Macpherson, "thou shalt find in future that I joke with my cudgel!"¹

But it was labour in vain ; the "laughing devil," so peculiar to the eye of the middle-aged gentleman, leered ludicrous defiance to his half-smiling half-sulky mouth. As a last determined effort, he shook his head at Mr. Bosky, whereupon Mr. Bosky shook his hand. The mutual grasp was electrical, and thus ended the brief farce of Uncle Timothy's furor.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Bosky, in a subdued tone, "if I could believe that Uncle Timothy had been really in earnest, my penitential punch should be turned into bitter aloes, sweetened with assefætida, to expiate an offence against the earliest, best, and dearest friend I ever knew ! But I owed Uncle Timothy a revenge. Of late he has worn a serious brow, a mournful smile. There has been melancholy in his mirth, and sadness in his song ; this, he well knows, cuts me to the quick ; and it is not until he is angry, — or rather" (smiling affectionately at Uncle Tim) "until he *thinks* himself so," — (here

¹ " *Hombre burlo yo con mi escopeta !* " was the characteristic saying of the celebrated Spanish bandit Josse Maria.

Uncle Tim gave Mr. Bosky one of his blindest looks) "that he is 'cockered and spirited up,' and the cloud passes away. What do I not owe to my more than father?"

Uncle Timothy got enormously fidgetty; he beat Lucifer's tattoo with his right leg, and began fumbling in both waistcoat pockets for his snuff-box.

"A precocious young urchin, gentlemen, in every sort of mischief!" interrupted Uncle Timothy with nervous impetuosity, "on whose birch-provoking little body as many besoms were bestowed as would set up the best chandler in Christendom!"

"An orphan, too—"

"Benjamin Bosky! Benjamin Bosky! don't—*don't* be a block-head!"

"He reared, educated, and made me what I am."

"I deserve to be well whipped for it, Benjamin!" softening exceedingly.

"Did his riches abound? No! for he has been cruelly despoiled.—Or his influence? Certainly not; for though granting many favours, Uncle Timothy asks none in return. Solve then the mystery. For many lonely years the midnight oil lighted his studious vigils; and with none to assist, or even to cheer his labours, he went on uncomplaining, till he has earned an independence and a reputation that may make envy writhe, and bid defiance to fortune. And, though sometimes I may too far presume upon his good nature, and foolishly, fondly fancy myself a boy again—"

"Putting hot parched peas and cherry-stones into my boots, Benjamin, as being good for chilblains,¹ and strewing the inside of my bed with horse-hair to send me to sleep, after a fortnight's dancing round my room with the toothache!"

"Three strokes from the club of Caliban would not so effectually break my head, as the reflection would break my heart that I had done aught to displease him! Now, gentlemen, the murder's out; and if for blabbing family secrets Uncle Timothy in his wrath *will* insist upon fining me — an extra glass of punch! in truth I must submit, and sip."

"You see, my good friends," said Uncle Timothy, after a short pause, "that the rogue is incorrigible! But, Benjamin Bosky"—(here Uncle Tim tried to look sententious, and adopted the bow-wow style)—"I cannot but blush, deeply blush for thy morals, or rather, Benjamin Bosky, for thy no-morals, when thou canst thus blurt thy flattery in my face, because I simply did a duty that kindred imposed upon me, and the sweet consciousness of performing made light and pleasant. What I have done was at the whisper of a higher monitor than man; and from Him alone—even if I could suppose myself worthy, which I do not—I hope for reward. He who is capable of ingratitude is incapable of any virtue. But gratitude, the most dignified return we can lavish on our benefactor, is the silent aspiration of the heart, and must not, good Benjamin, be posted and placarded on every wall, like a play-bill, a lottery puff, or thy rigmarole ballads, three yards for a penny! You have alluded to my limited means and influence. There is not a being,

¹ When the dreadful earthquake at Lisbon had frightened the English people into an apprehension of the like calamity at home, a celebrated quack advertised his pills as "being good for earthquakes."

however humble his station, but that may find some deserving object to awake his friendship and share his benevolence. And be assured, dear Benjamin, that a judicious and timely distribution of fortune's good gifts is the best preparation for that final moment when we must resign them altogether.

And when life's sweet fable ends,
 May soul and body part like friends;
 No quarrels, murmurs, no delay,—
 A kiss, a sigh, and so away."

"As Cicero said of Plato, I say of Uncle Timothy,—I would rather be wrong with *him* than right with anybody else. One more volunteer from the Laureat's 'three yards for a penny,' and then my nest of nightingales—"

"Tom-tits! Benjamin Bosky, tom-tits!"

"Well, then, tom-tits! dear Uncle Timothy, shall go to roost for the night."

MR. BOSKY'S L'ENVOY.

From childhood he rear'd me, how fondly my heart
 Forgets not, nor lets not my tongue silent be;
 But whispers, while sweet tears of gratitude start,
 A blessing and pray'r for his kindness to me!

I'll breathe not his name, though its record is deep
 In my warm beating bosom, for fear he should frown.
 Go read it where angels their register keep
 Of the gifted and good, for 'tis there written down.

The conversation now took a more lively turn. Mr. Bosky fired off his jokes right and left; and if there be truth in physiognomy, the animated countenance of Uncle Timothy beamed with complacency and joy. He was in full song, and showered forth his wit and eloquence in glorious profusion, beauty following upon beauty. Thus another Attic hour glided imperceptibly away. The midnight chimes at length admonished us to depart. A galaxy of stars had risen in the unclouded firmament, and a refreshing air breathed around. And as we had many times during the evening filled *our* horns, the harvest moon had filled *hers* also to light us home.

VENUS AND LOVE.

(FROM THE ITALIAN OF MARINI.)

VENUS, thou hast lost thy boy,
 With the truant gone is joy,
 But if I may taste the bliss
 Of thy sweet, ambrosial kiss,
 (For they say you've promised one
 To him who may restore thy son,)
 I will tell thee where thy child,
 Little Love full long hath smiled.
 Mine, the rich, the promised joy—
 In my heart I hold the boy.

H. W. H.

MORAL ECONOMY OF LARGE TOWNS.

BY DR. W. C. TAYLOR.

GLASGOW.

THERE is, probably, no steam-excursion attainable within the seas of Britain which presents to the lover of the picturesque a more varied and beautiful panorama than the close of the voyage between Liverpool and Glasgow. From the moment of entering the Frith of Clyde, island after island, each possessing its peculiar charm, rushes on the view, while the dark and distant outline of the Western Highlands forms a back-ground to the moving picture. Anan, "the geological gem," as it is fancifully termed by philosophers, is an object of not less interest to the painter than the geologist; beyond it are the two Cumbræ, immortalized by their patriotic minister, who prayed for Divine protection on "The Muckle and Little Cumbræ, and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland." As the voyager advances, the contrast between the mountains of Bute and the flatter shores of Ayrshire enables him to catch the most prominent features of mountain scenery; if a geologist, he speculates on the mysterious agency by which these mighty masses were upheaved; if an historian, he sees many an eyrie which might well have been the abode of these robber-chieftains whom poetry and romance have absurdly raised to the dignity of heroes; but if a philanthropist, he is led to reflect on the amount of ignorance, misery, and destitution, which the patriotic researches of Messrs. Fullarton and Baird have shown to be hidden behind this deceptive veil of romantic scenery.

The views on the river are far inferior to those on the Frith; there is, however, Dumbarton Castle, on an islet hill which Nature seems to have cut from the mountains, and dropped by the water-side in a sportive freak; there is Dumbuck, the last spur of the Highlands, standing like a barrier between barrenness and cultivation; and there is the mouth of the Kelvin river flowing from a grove renowned in song, but rendered abominable, in fact, by every sort of nuisance and uncleanness. The river itself is a very animating spectacle; no stream in the world, not even Father Thames himself, displays, in proportion to its size, a greater number of steaming and sailing vessels. The Clyde was the cradle of steam-navigation: an obelisk on the rock of Dunglas commemorates the memory of Mr. Henry Bell of Glasgow, the first person in Europe who successfully propelled a vessel by steam on a navigable river. A more interesting memorial of his enterprise and ingenuity is the engine belonging to his first vessel, the Comet; she was lost at sea, but her engine, after having long lain in a watery bed, has been recently recovered by Mr. Charles Atherton, civil engineer, and it is one of the most interesting antiquities connected with Glasgow.

The Brummielaw, or quay of Glasgow, is better regulated than the landing-places in London and Liverpool; the stranger is not exposed to the insolence and extortion practised by the Thames watermen, or those still-greater nuisances the porters on the Mersey. The league for joint-plunder between cabmen and porters, which

has been ratified at the expense of visitors in Liverpool, does not exist in Glasgow; the charges of both are moderate, and payment is received with civility and thankfulness.

No town or city in England, not even Grainger's beautiful erections in Newcastle, exceeds Glasgow in architectural effect; the streets are wide, the houses lofty, and built of cut-stone; the shops, though not equal to those of Regent Street, display great taste and elegance; but, above all, every public building is placed in the locality which affords the best view of its proportions. From these circumstances a casual visitor would be led to conclude that the social condition of Glasgow was superior to that of every city in the empire, and that it alone had succeeded in escaping the evils incident both to a commercial and a manufacturing population. A close inquiry will show that this is too hasty a conclusion, and, indeed, the very contrary of fact. The higher and middle classes of Glasgow, in general intelligence, refinement, and integrity, fully equal the average of any place in the British Empire; the superior part of the operatives surpasses the same class elsewhere in education and power of thought; but the inferior working-class, and the order of casual labourers below them, are more miserable and degraded in the city of Glasgow than in any other part of the universe.

According to Dr. Cleland, one of the most eminent statisticians of the age, the number of shops in Glasgow at the census of 1831 was 3,184; at the present moment they probably do not exceed 4,000; the number of licensed public-houses, and other places for the sale of exciseable liquors in the city and suburbs, appears, from a report presented by Captain Millar, the superintendent of the city police, to the Statistical Section of the British Association, is no less than 2,300! probably equal to half the number of shops in the city, and, making every allowance for the increase of shops since 1831, certainly exceeding, one third of the whole. There are some difficulties in the way of forming an accurate estimate of the amount of ardent spirits consumed by the population, but the very lowest we have seen exceeds three gallons annually for every individual, including men, women, and children! the highest reached double that amount.

Accident brought before us a statement respecting intoxication in another part of Scotland, which, until we had visited Glasgow, we regarded as a gross exaggeration. We have since consulted police-officers, district physicians and clergymen, and they unanimously declare that the following frightful picture would be too favourable a representation of the state of intoxication in Glasgow.

"Many of the heads of families, male and female, are most abandoned drunkards, suffering in themselves degradation and many forms of disease, and plunging their miserable offspring into abject and hopeless destitution. Many of them get drunk daily, and remain in that condition for days and days. This continuous intoxication takes place at all times throughout the year, and stops only when the funds or credit are brought to a close. *Saturday night usually begins the orgies, which continue uninterrupted throughout Sunday and Monday*, and often for the two next days. But the ordinary drunkenness is greatly increased at the beginning of the year. Work is, in general, dropped for a fortnight, and the whole time is spent in riot and debauchery. Many people who are not in the

habit of getting often intoxicated, indulge in a constant practice of tipping, or drinking whiskey in quantities sufficient to excite, but not to intoxicate, which drains the pocket of the working man, and undermines his health.

"The practice of drinking whiskey is begun at a very early age. Many mothers give their children toddy—a compound of whiskey, warm water, and sugar,—as soon as they are born. Toddy is with the women a specific for gripes, and, indeed, in the great majority of children's diseases and complaints. Nothing is done without whiskey. The infant's head, the moment it is born, is washed with whiskey,—as soon as it begins to cry, whiskey is poured down its throat. At weddings, births, christenings, deaths, and funerals, whiskey is present, and indispensable on all these occasions.

"Boys and girls acquire a taste for this deleterious agent when very young, and I have known boys about the age of ten or twelve years in the habit of getting intoxicated occasionally."*

From the admirable bill of mortality published by Dr. A. Watt—which ought to be taken as a model for all such documents,—it appears that the proportion of deaths under five years of age in 1839 was 50·19 per cent. of the whole deaths, or rather more than one-half. The registration of births in Scotland is so defective that they cannot be made available for statistical purpose, but the fact we have quoted is sufficient to show that there is a fearful waste of infant life in Glasgow; and the extract we have quoted establishes a probability that this is owing to the immoderate use and improper application of whiskey.

The absence of drunken men from the principal streets leads many to suppose that the amount of intoxication in Glasgow must have been exaggerated; but the difficulty is easily explained, the drinking is not so much in public as in private-houses. The peculiarity of Glasgow is, that its vice is "a pestilence which walketh in darkness," not "an arrow which flieth at noon-day." The cleanliness of the leading thoroughfares would lead to a still greater delusion. In the very centre of the city there is an accumulation of filth, vice, and misery, to which it is firmly believed that no parallel could be found in the civilized world.

In the debate on the extension of the Sanatory Inquiry to Scotland, on the 2nd of July, 1840, Lord Haddington is reported to have said, "that the known cleanliness of the Scotch character rendered such an inquiry less necessary in that country than in many others!" Let us compare his lordship's account with that presented by Captain Millar to the Statistical Section of the British Association. "In the interior part of the square bounded on the east by the Saltmarket, on the west by Stockwell Street, on the north by Irongate, and on the south by the river, and also in certain parts of the east side of High Street, including the Vennels, Havannah, and Burnside, there is concentrated everything that is wretched, dissolute, loathsome, and pestilential. These places are filled by a population of many thousands of miserable creatures. The houses are unfit even for styes, and every apartment is filled with a promiscuous crowd of men, women, and children, all in the most revolting state of filth and squalor. In many of the houses there is scarcely any ventilation, dunghills lie in the vicinity of the dwellings, and

* Dr. Scott Alison's Sanatory Report on the town of Tranent (unpublished).

from the extremely defective sewerage, filth of every kind constantly accumulates. In these horrid dens the most abandoned characters of the city are collected, and from thence they nightly issue to disseminate disease, and to pour upon the town every species of vice and abomination."

Let us now look at the report of Mr. J. C. Symons, respecting the Wynds of Glasgow, (as the lanes and closes are called,) while conducting the inquiry into the condition of the hand-loom weavers, as assistant commissioner for the Glasgow district. "The Wynds of Glasgow comprise a fluctuating population of from 15,000 to 20,000 persons. This quarter consists of a labyrinth of lanes, out of which numberless entrances lead into small courts, each with a dunghill reeking in the centre. Revolting as was the outside appearance of these places, I was little prepared for the filth and destitution within. In some of these lodging-rooms (visited at night) we found a whole lair of human beings littered along the floor, sometimes fifteen and twenty, some clothed and some naked, men, women, and children, huddled promiscuously together. Their bed consisted of a lair of musty straw intermixed with rags. There was generally no furniture in these places. The sole article of comfort was a fire. Thieving and prostitution constituted the main source of the revenue of this population. *No pains* seem to be taken to purge this Augean pandemonium, this nucleus of crime, filth, and pestilence, existing in the centre of the second city of the empire. These Wynds constitute the St. Giles' of Glasgow, but I owe an apology to the metropolitan pandemonium for the comparison. A very extensive inspection of the lowest districts of other places, both here and on the Continent, never presented anything one half so bad, either in intensity of pestilence, physical and moral, or in extent proportioned to the population."

To this statement, which, from personal inspection we can aver to be very far below the truth, the defenders of Glasgow insinuate sundry objections, which we shall consider *seriatim*. In the first place they say that Mr. Symons has waived all delicacy. It seems that some grave statisticians have the same notions of delicacy which Sam Slick found among the factory-girls in Lowell; the name, not the object, offends their fastidiousness. But, in truth, so far is Mr. Symons from waiving delicacy that he has gone into the contrary extreme, and passed over without notice the nameless abominations which render these lanes and closes utterly impassable save to those who possess the thickest of shoes and the strongest of stomachs.

It is next denied that the Wynds are a fair specimen of the habitations of the poor in Glasgow. Let us ask the superintendent of police, Captain Millar, if the Vennels, and the miserable closes off the Saltmarket are one whit better? Dr. Cowan has constructed a fever-map of Glasgow, and a most valuable guide it is for those who have both the philanthropic desire, and the constitutional strength to investigate the condition of the poor. We have followed the tracks to which it pointed so far as our powers of endurance would permit, and we can aver that in accumulations of filth, in outrages on decency, in all the physical abominations that necessitate vice, misery, and disease, the Wynds are not an unfair specimen of the lanes and closes of Glasgow. During the recent meeting of the British Association, it was deemed expedient to conceal the febrile

condition of the Vennels, which are in the immediate vicinity of the College, lest the sections should be deterred from meeting in so pestilential a neighbourhood.

It is next asserted that the Wynds are inhabited by "squatters," who live there rent-free. But we have personally interrogated the denizens of those horrible abodes; we have inquired from those who have had the best opportunity of being acquainted with their conditions, and the result of our investigations is that the unfortunate beings, in proportion to the accommodations they obtain, pay heavier rents than the shopkeepers of Regent Street, or the aristocracy of Belgrave Square!

Dr. Cowan has very ably shown that contagious fever, though not always generated by dirt and destitution, is, when it extends rapidly, an indication and test of privation and suffering. He also presented returns from the Fever Hospital, by which it appeared that the number of Irish admitted as patients bore a less proportion to the total amount of admissions than the estimated number of Irish in Glasgow to the whole amount of the population.

In a return printed by the Secretary of the Glasgow Statistical Society, respecting the state of the poorest class of operatives in Glasgow during the year 1837, we find that, out of every thousand supplied with food at the soup-kitchens, 712 were Scotch and 266 Irish, that is, the Irish were little more than a fourth. Out of 3,072 applicants for work to the Relief Committee 1,920 were Scotchmen, and 1,103 Irishmen; that is, the Irish were rather more than one-third. And, combining these facts, it appears that the destitute Irish showed one-twelfth more willingness to work than the destitute Scotch. The author of the return adds "this statement will go far to disabuse the minds of many of the community of an idea too prevalent, that at least a majority (it has been repeatedly stated, two-thirds) of the persons relieved by charity in Glasgow are Irish."

We should form a very low estimate either of the head or the heart of that man, who, when called upon to remove a mass of physical and moral evil, unparalleled within the seas of Britain, should content himself with casting a glance of scorn at the sufferers and saying, "Oh! they are only Irish!" So far as our experience goes there are no such narrow-minded persons among the citizens of Glasgow; those whom we have met are equal to the best of the same class throughout England in enlightened sentiment, in large and liberal philanthropy, and in detestation of that better spirit which can only find indulgence in pointing the finger of scorn at some proscribed caste, creed, colour, or country.

Let it be thoroughly understood that the destitution of Glasgow is Glasgow's own, and that, if all the Irish in the city were swept down the Clyde into St. George's Channel, the mass of physical and moral evil in the city would not be sensibly abated. Let us now see some of the consequences of the fearful state of things which we have very tenderly described. "Glasgow," says Dr. Cowan, "exhibits a frightful rate of mortality, unequalled, probably, in any city of Britain." Since 1830 the average mortality there has been one in 30,—in 1832 it was one in 21·67, and in 1837 it was one in 24·63; the average annual mortality in London being probably below one in 35, and certainly over England below one in 45. "In the last three years," says Dr. Alison, "the whole number

of fever-cases in Glasgow is computed at nearly 40,000; and the deaths from it are stated in the mortality bills to have been 3835, of which 2180 were in the year 1837 alone, constituting more than one-fifth of the whole mortality, and exceeding by about one-fourth the deaths by "decline in that year, which were 1562." Now, in the year 1837, there was a greater extension of fever in England than had been known for many previous years, and yet the deaths from that cause were only one-sixteenth of the whole mortality, and not one-third of the mortality from "decline," or consumption. In Liverpool, where fever is higher than in any part of England, deaths from that cause formed only one-tenth of the entire mortality, and hardly more than one-half of the deaths from consumption.

Dr. Cowan stated also that fever in Glasgow runs in a cycle; recently it had fallen to its minimum, but he believed that it was now again on the increase, and he shuddered to contemplate the amount of misery it would inflict ere it reached its maximum. He concluded his terrific statement by declaring that destitution in Glasgow "had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished."

It has become the fashion with some modern moralists to throw the blame of the increase of pauperism on the towns, and on the manufacturing system. It is possible that the commercial and industrial enterprize of Glasgow might be blamed by such reasoners for the dreadful state of things which we have attempted to describe; and it is therefore necessary to say a few words to show that neither manufactures nor commerce can be justly held responsible for the abominations of the Wynds and Vennels. In the first place these dens are situated in the oldest part of the city; some of the dung-heaps may, probably, vie in antiquity with the cathedral; the crowds in them may be new, but the buildings, their deficiencies in drainage, sewerage, and the ordinary conveniences for cleanliness and decency, belong to a period when the Clyde was only navigable by small boats, and when spinning-jennies were unknown. Secondly, the houses in the immediate vicinity of factories, and erected in consequence of the employment there given, though not all that we could wish, are palaces compared with the nests of the filthy rookery established for centuries in the heart of the city. Finally, we have seen reason to believe, from our own inquiries, and from the investigations of the most eminent statisticians, that the destitution of Glasgow is chiefly alimanted from the Highlands, and the rural districts adjoining them.

"The description," says Dr. Alison, "given by Messrs. Fullarton and Baird of the Highland cottier turned houseless and homeless into the wilderness, is applicable to what I have myself seen of many families from all parts of Scotland. Ten to one but, after having been long driven from place to place, the poor man is finally compelled to take refuge in some manufacturing town, where he sinks into the condition of a common labourer, or something worse, his family becomes corrupted and vicious, and the scene not unfrequently closes by his dying in prison of a broken heart."

This immigration from the country into the city is rendered inevitable by the miserable reward for labour in the agricultural districts, and the atrocious mockery of the pittance granted for the relief of the destitute poor. In no other part of the world would a pauper be mocked by such an allowance for his support as one

penny or twopence per week. But in Scotland a less appreciable sum is granted for his maintenance. In the parish of Kilmuir we find, from the report of Messrs. Fullarton and Baird, that sixty paupers on the roll have three pounds annually between them; that is to say, a penny per month each; and in Lochmaree, each pauper has two shillings and sixpence annually, or twopence-halfpenny per month, to provide food, lodging, and clothing. Finally, from the report made to the General Assembly, it appears that the average allowance to each pauper on the permanent roll is nine shillings and fourpence annually, being rather less than twopence farthing per week! We must not, however, here discuss the question of pauperism in relation to the large towns of Scotland; the subject is sufficiently important for a separate paper; but we have said enough to show that a source has been pointed out sufficiently prolific to account for the continued immigration of misery and destitution into Glasgow.

But the influx from the Highland districts is not only an immigration of misery, but of ignorance. We are aware that this will appear a strange assertion to those who are accustomed to hear of Bible-reading and educated Scotland; but we turn to the report of Messrs. Fullarton and Baird (p. 62), where we find that, out of a population of 126,685, in the year 1837, there were 53,649 unable to read,—that is to say, above forty per cent of this vast mass of human beings were totally ignorant of the slightest and most ordinary means of intellectual or moral improvement. In a paper read by Professor Ramsay, at the late meeting of the British Association, it was stated, “the poor in the Highlands have been grossly neglected by the parochial clergy; the pastors neglected their flocks, and were so far from doing their duty in examining the qualifications of teachers, as they were bound to do by law, that for many years, and in many places, they neglected to have teachers appointed at all.”

In a general glance at Glasgow, the two circumstances which are most likely to strike an English visitor are the number of persons, otherwise well dressed, without shoes or stockings; and the very disproportionate amount of juvenile vagrants. The former, being a matter of taste, requires no observation; but the latter is one of the most dreadful and growing scourges in the city. Some notion of the evils generated by juvenile vagrancy may be formed from a return made by Captain Millar, the Superintendent of Police, at the request of Dr. Cleland, and published by the latter gentleman.

“At the time of opening the House of Refuge for males,” says the Captain, “it was particularly noticed that many vagrant boys and girls were prowling about the streets. I have known girls of from ten to twelve years of age certified by the office surgeon as diseased. I account for the fact of such girls going astray at so early an age, by their being put out by profligate parents to beg, and who, if not successful in begging, had to steal, or do worse, as they durst not return to their worthless parents without something. Boys have been found diseased at twelve years of age. They become vitiated in this way at so early an age, by their mixing daily with vagrant girls of their own age, sleeping on stairs, and congregating in the low lodging-houses of the city. Twenty or thirty of such young persons have been seen on an evening, in the immediate vicinity of the office, and putting themselves in the way of the police, to be taken in for protection.”

This evil is increasing. The character of the Glasgow weavers, which once stood deservedly high, has been sadly deteriorated.

"From personal experience," says the Secretary to the Glasgow Statistical Society, "as well as from the information of others intimately acquainted with the subject, the writer is able to state, that the religious, moral, and intellectual condition of the weavers was long of a very high grade; and even yet the writer is of opinion that the elder portion of them ranks higher in these respects than any other class of tradesmen. But as poverty prevents many of them from attending public worship, and still more from educating their children, there can be little doubt that their character is fast deteriorating, and that their children will be in a still more deplorable condition."

Nothing is more fallacious than an attempt to estimate the amount of crime in a given community or locality from the number of committals. Such a return is more frequently a test of the strictness or vigilance of the police, than of the real number of offences committed. There is no case to which the old rhyme is more applicable,

"What is hit is history,
But what is miss'd is mystery."

This is admirably illustrated by a paper presented by Captain Millar to the Statistical Section of the British Association, in which London, Liverpool, Dublin, and Glasgow are compared, in the proportion of number of offenders to the population, and in the proportion of number of inhabitants to each police-office.

In London, the number of offenders is one out of twenty-four and one-fourth of the population, and there is one police-officer for every 355 inhabitants.

In Liverpool, the proportion of offenders is one in sixteen, and there is one police-officer to 442 inhabitants.

In Dublin, offenders, one in seven, and one police-officer to 256 inhabitants.

In Glasgow, offenders, one in twenty-two and three-fourths, and one police-officer to 784 inhabitants.

Were we to adopt Mr. Guerry's logic, we should at once infer from the example of Dublin, that the increase of a police force increases crime; but it would be a waste of words to show that it only increases facility of detection. In Dublin, moreover, the rules respecting what may be called minor police offences are very rigorous, and very strictly enforced, particularly those relating to nuisances, to intoxication, to brawling, and rioting, &c. Were these eliminated, the Irish metropolis would stand above Liverpool, and closely approach London. Nuisances are utterly disregarded by the Glasgow police, save in the leading streets; cases of intoxication are not noticed, save when they have a tendency to breach of the peace; and, in the case of street brawls, the Glasgow police exhibit a forbearance and moderation, which their brethren in Ireland might beneficially imitate. But there are other deductions to be made, of still greater importance. Each suburb of Glasgow has an independent police jurisdiction of its own. Calton, the Gorbals, and Anderston are under separate commissions; and we find it stated by a most intelligent magistrate, Mr. Rutherglen, that "the commissioners, from absurd and stupid qualifications, are too frequently selected from among parties who have sometimes an interest in making the

executive less efficient than it should be." Some elucidations of this significant hint will appear as we proceed.

That some jealousy exists between the heads of these establishments, is sufficiently probable from the circumstances of their position. Indeed, during the recent discussions at the British Association, the latent feeling was manifested in an anxiety to show that, on the one hand, the suburbs afforded shelter to the criminals of the city, and on the other, that the city was a refuge for the sinners of the suburbs. The truth is, that, from the independence of jurisdictions, there must be a floating mass of crime, eluding the vigilance of the police at the very moment when it appears within their grasp. But this is not all: none of these jurisdictions extend into the county, and the county is virtually destitute of any police protection whatever. Sheriff Alison declared, that the mass of undetected, and consequently of unpunished, criminality in the county was incalculable. As an illustration, he stated that a burglary had recently been committed on his own demesne, which he had allowed to pass without notice, because, in the absence of a police force, he was thoroughly convinced of the inutility of instituting investigation. He concluded by asking, "If these things be done in the green wood, what shall be done in the dry? If the Sheriff's property be thus unsafe, what must be the condition of his neighbours?"

In the admirable report on the state of the suburban burgh of Calton, presented to the British Association by Mr. Rutherglen, a magistrate of that burgh, we find the following remarks, under the head of "Crimes which, from the state of the law, and the want of identification, the police are unable to suppress."

"There is a series of crimes, or, as they are more gently called, embezzlements, carried on both in the city of Glasgow and suburban districts to an alarming extent, and which are attended with very baneful effects; and indeed it is impossible to form an idea of the amount of property in pig and scrap iron, nails, brass, &c. stolen in this way. A gentleman, who has had much experience in the tracing of these cases, has given it as his opinion, that at the Broomielaw, and on its way for shipment, five hundred tons of pig-iron alone are pilfered; and he calculates that in the above articles upwards of four thousand pounds' value passes into the hands of these delinquents yearly, without even a chance of their being punished. Another of this class of embezzlements is, that well known under the name of the *bowl woft* system, generally carried on by weavers, winders, and others employed by manufacturers, and consists of the embezzlement of cotton yarns, silks, &c. which are sold to a small class of manufacturers, who, in consequence of purchasing this material at a greatly reduced price, get up their stuffs at a cost that enables them to undersell the honest manufacturer; and, indeed, in hundreds of cases he has to compete with the low-priced goods, made from the material pilfered from his own warehouse, or embezzled by his own out-door workers; and it is to be regretted that this class of *corks* should always find, even among respectable merchants, a ready market for their goods. A gentleman, who employs somewhere about two thousand out-door workers, admits that his calculation is moderate, allows one penny each man per day as his loss from this system; and it is believed from fifty thousand to sixty thousand pounds per annum would not cover the value of articles pilfered in this way within the Parliamentary bounds of this city."

This statement is further confirmed by the secretary to the Glasgow Statistical Society in his valuable report, from which we have previously quoted. He says,

“The manufacturers allege that weft is stolen by the weavers and winders to an extent approaching to from six to seven per cent, and is purchased at a cheap rate by ‘bowl corks,’ who work it up into plain goods, which they can afford to sell at rates from ten to twenty per cent below the regular manufacturers, since they give lower wages to the weavers than those given by the regular houses.”

It is probable that many of our readers will be as much perplexed by the phrase “bowl-weft” as we were when first we heard it; we therefore give the explanation we received. When weavers used to work in their own houses, hawkers of earthenware watched the opportunity when the operative was abroad to tempt his good woman by the exhibition of a handsome bowl, or some similar ornament of the shelf, into stealing a portion of the weft for the purchase of the article. In process of time this peculation became as recognised a perquisite of the weaver’s wife as pin-money is among ladies of rank, and, though not formally recognised in marriage-articles, was not less perfectly understood than if it had been authenticated by sign and seal. The species of embezzlement still retains its name, though the profit is now transferred from the wife to the husband.

Before quitting this part of the subject, we are bound to state that the burgh of Calton is not exposed to the same degree of animadversion as the city of Glasgow. The magistrates of that burgh allow no persons to keep lodging-houses without a license. The license limits the number of lodgers to the extent of accommodations, and is liable to be forfeited if more be admitted. Sanatory regulations for cleanliness are laid down, and rigidly enforced. For instance, floors must be washed twice a-week, walls whitewashed on four specified days in the year, and persons seized with fever must be immediately removed to the hospital. Mr. Rutherglen also stated that “the streets are intersected with common sewers of the best description, some of them fifteen feet in depth, which are well adapted for carrying off all surface-water. They are kept very clean, the large quantity of hot water flowing into them from public works.

Glasgow is the headquarters of what is called Sabbatarianism,—that is, the observance of Sunday with the same rigidity that characterised the Jewish Sabbath. Without at all entering into the controversy how far this portion of Judaism belongs to the Christian creed, it may be cheerfully conceded that the consecration of every seventh day as a respite from labour is a blessed ordinance, and one capable of being made the source not only of spiritual but of temporal blessings to the entire community. But we hold it demonstrable that the Judaic, or rather Pharisaic, system established in Glasgow, leads to a worse desecration of the Sunday than is to be found in any part of Britain or the Continent.

The worst evil pressing on the operatives of Glasgow is, that they are crowded into limited, and often filthy, spaces; that they are accumulated on a tainted spot, where physical and moral corruptions generate as in a hot-bed, and, consequently, where the health both of soul and body requires occasional dispersion and separation of the mass. But Sunday is the only opportunity afforded to the poor man for temporarily removing himself and his family from the crowd into which they are not merely packed, and wedged. How does the

Pharisaic system act on such an occasion? It says to the operative, "For you the sun shall shine, the breeze shall breathe, and the flowers shall blow in vain; you shall remain imbedded for ever, without hope or change, until your heart has had time to fester and dissolve,—until you retain nothing of humanity but its form." Does any man deem this language too strong? Let him visit, as we have done, the wynds and closes of Glasgow on the Sunday morning,—let him enter the dens and styes, which it would be an abuse of language to call dwellings,—and temperate indeed must he be if indignation at a system which confines thousands of human beings to those catacombs of living death, on the only day when a chance of temporary deliverance is opened, does not lead him to vent his feelings in stronger terms. Christianity and its ordinances, to use the sublime language of the prophet, were sent "to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison-door to them that are bound."—"No," says the Pharisaic system; "one of its ordinances at least shall be applied to drive the wound deeper into the heart, to add fresh chains to the captive, and to place firmer barriers against his prison." This, moreover, is done with the professed design of improving his morality, when it is notorious that, from the prohibition of locomotion, the closing of every place where innocent recreation can be obtained, and the enforced idleness of all classes, profligacy must be the inevitable result of the system.

Two places are open to the operative, the kirk and the whiskey-shop. There are many things to prevent his frequenting the former,—the expense of pew-rents, the want of decent clothes, or the less innocent, though not absolutely guilty causes, dislike of the minister or the elders. On the other hand, admission to the whiskey-shop is cheap; little regard is paid to dress; indeed, amid the dense smoke of the back parlour, it would be often difficult to discover what kind of dress any visitant wore; and the landlord is all subservience and compliance. That the Sunday is thus spent in brutal smoking and drinking by the majority of the lower orders in Glasgow, no one acquainted with the city will venture to deny. The vice, indeed, is silent and solitary; but on that very account it is the more perilous. It separates the operative from his wife and children,—it hardens his heart against them. The expanding influence of the Book of Nature, which assuredly is not less the work of God than the Book of Revelation, is closed equally against the father and the husband, the child and the wife; its lessons of love are hidden from their eyes, and lessons of hate are inculcated by the darkening process. This is repeated week after week, and year after year; nay, its effects are known and felt by the most vociferous echoers of the cuckoo cry, "Behold the beautiful solemnity of a Scottish Sabbath!"

Before concluding this paper, in which we have had often to tread on perilous ground, it may be permitted us to deprecate giving offence to any individual sect or party. "We have set down nothing in malice." On the contrary, feeling grateful for much kindness received in Glasgow, delighted with its natural and artificial beauties, and interested in its continued prosperity, we have endeavoured to perform the useful, but not always acceptable, service of pointing out the flaws and defects in its social machinery, which may not only impede its progress, but produce some perilous fracture as it moves forward in its present rapid and, we trust, prosperous career.

THE WASHERWOMAN.

BY HAL. WILLIS, STUDENT AT LAW.

THE pine-apple, the most delicious and rarest of fruits that grace the dessert, the fragrant melon, and the cool cucumber, are alike the delicate produce of a dunghill!

The stiff-starched, smart, and spotless frill, the snowy ducks, and trim shirt-collar derive their dazzling and cleanly beauty from the dexterous and spongy hands of the tea-quaffing and Geneva-bibbing washerwoman!

Let no man, then, and especially the refined exquisite, who delights to adorn his sweet person in all the luxury of clean linen, despise the presiding priestess of the washing-tub. Draggled-tailed drab as she may appear to his refined vision, it is to the exercise of her saponaceous ablutions that he owes the major part of his attractions. For his sake she patiently dooms herself, with the resignation of a martyr, to be continually "in the suds,"—and in "hot water." The vocation is of so ancient a date, that the commencement of her toilsome art is lost in the vanishing point of time, extending far, far beyond the memory of man! The earliest mention extant we believe to be in that exquisite classic poem, commencing with the euphonious line,

"Sing a song for sixpence,"

in the third verse of which we find it particularly mentioned, that

"The maid was in the garden
A-hanging out the clothes;"

and we have no hesitation in asserting in the teeth of all commentators, past, present, and to come, that the "maid" therein mentioned was none other than the King's washerwoman; for although now-a-days the majority of washerwomen is composed of wives and widows, yet there is no tenable objection why a maid should not be of the fraternity,—or rather the sorority, or sisterhood!

In this age, however, the class usually consists of women of five-and-twenty to fifty.

Frequently dining with "Duke Humphrey" from necessity, they are unacquainted with his namesake, Sir Humphrey Davy; yet are they undeniably practical chemists,—well knowing that soda and potash are not to be indiscriminately used, and are thoroughly initiated in the knowledge of the various aqueous solutions and compounds, suited to the garments to be submitted to their cleansing operations.

The "sorting" of the clothes into white and coloured portions is their primary care; for even the colours that are "warranted" will "run," if not washed with the greatest circumspection. While they know from experience that linen and stockings may be "biled," they are aware that flannels, if put in the copper, will "s'rink up to nothink," and be "spiled."

So delicate, too, is their vision, that they pretend to discover "co-

lour"—even in white garments; for nothing is more common than to hear them exclaim, "that the white 'things' is a werry bad colour." Although they know this may arise from their own negligent handling, they generally attribute it to the age of the article.

In London and its vicinity, the "washing" forms a considerable item in the domestic expenses, especially when "given out" to those laundresses who profess "to do" for gentlemen and families. The economical housewife, therefore, is compelled to hire a woman by the day, to "get up the things" at home, to the woeful annoyance of all the males in the establishment, who nauseate, with a sort of hydrophobic feeling, the steamy odours sent forth by coppers, washing-tubs, and drying linen. A six-week's wash is in truth an awful visitation!

Happy, thrice happy are those who are able to escape the chilling horrors of a horse full of wet clothes steaming before a roasting kitchen-range!—or, when they open their eyes and their bed-room windows on a summer's morning, behold their "trim garden" eclipsed by transverse lines, extending "from pole to pole," with a formidable array of bleaching linens "pegged" thereon, and fluttering in the breeze!

Such a sight is enough to make a man cut himself in shaving, although priding himself in the possession of the best-tempered razor, and the steadiest hand in the world!

A "dab-wash" is bad enough of all conscience; but a regular six-weeks' one is enough to send a man clean out of his seven senses, and make him exclaim in an ecstasy,

"Oh! the good old days of Adam and Eve!"

—turn his milk of human kindness to—curds and whey,—and make his whole composition as "motherly"—as a jar of uncovered preserves!

Washerwomen and chimney-sweepers are the earliest disturbers of domestic repose. It almost infallibly happens, however, that the serving lassie is *never* stirring when the poor little sweep applies his sooty fingers to the noisy knocker, and the base accompaniment of the dull single knock, to his shrill and prolonged cry of "Swee-ee-ep!" generally arouses the inmates of the house and the neighbours, before the sleepy and slip-shod girl shuffles down the creaking stairs to let in the shivering child, who is only too punctual in his appointment.

The washerwoman, however, is usually more fortunate; for she is a much more welcome visitor to the kitchen; and, notwithstanding the place is "cluttered up" with heaps of clothes and wash-tubs, a blazing fire gives a cheerful glow to the busy region, while a bright copper tea-kettle singing on the hob greets her with its refreshing harmony, and a pleasing anticipation of a "dish of tea," preparatory to commencing operations.

The washerwoman *par excellence* is generally a sort of round bundle of a figure, habited in a cotton dress, with short sleeves, provided with a capacious pair of pockets, for the reception and concealment of candle-ends, bits of soap, or broken victuals, just as chance, opportunity, or the generosity of the maid may determine. A mob-cap, with a very full border, conceals her tresses when in the

suds ; and an apron or two protects her dress from the accidental sprinklings of the wash-tub.

The effects of her steamy occupation gives to her physiognomy a par-boiled complexion, relieved occasionally by a rosy hue, which partially tinges her nasal promontory, consequent on certain libations of Geneva, or other strong waters. The elbows of her brawny arms are red, her hands unnaturally white and spongy, arising from the continual immersion in hot water, to which her arduous vocation subjects them. The tongue is peculiarly well-hung, and appears indefatigable. She soaps, and rubs, and souses, and rattles on with unabated energy, apparently thinking with the immortal bard of Avon that

“ Silence is alone commendable
In a neat’s tongue or maid not vendable.”

She is the peripatetic chronicle of domestic intelligence,—the “snapper up of unconsidered trifles,” which she ingeniously works up with farther particulars, *on dits*, and rumours, drawing her inferences and conclusions to suit the taste of her hearers, with all the tact and one-sided policy of one experienced in the concoction of “impartial news.” She is a perfect register of births, deaths, and marriages for the district in which she moves and washes ; and, generally speaking, her narrations are about as faithful and veracious as those embellished romances given to the world under the title of histories.

The confidant and adviser of the maids-of-all-work, she is looked upon by them in the light of a prime-minister ; for, like that great functionary, she has always some snug place in her gift, or, as she phrases it, “in her eye,” which, although it may prove no sinecure, is still desirable. Her recommendation, however, is by no means disinterested ; for through these humble agents she politically expects to gain a footing in the family, and to come in for the “loaves and fishes,” in the humble shape of the fragmentary portions of the hospitable board,—indeed, “wheels within wheels,”—form the intricate machinery of her truly political system, selfishness being the main-spring which sets the whole in motion.

Between four and five o’clock on one of those thick and saffron-tinted foggy mornings, in the suicidal month of November, the melancholy mugginess of which was only partially refreshed by a gentle drizzling rain, an old woman, in a huge wrapping-cloak, and a tattered black chip bonnet, tied over her ears with a dingy-coloured cotton handkerchief, was cautiously picking her way through the streets, to the “clink-clanking” accompaniment of a pair of pattens, bearing in her hand a horn lantern of most formidable dimensions. This precaution at the period of our veracious record was indisputably necessary ; for those modern *illuminati*, the gas companies, had not then put forth their claims to the applause of an “enlightened British public,” and the parish-lamps, whose feeble rays were scarcely sufficient to render “darkness visible,” were blinking and flickering, and vainly endeavouring to shoot their friendly rays through the globular glasses which surrounded them, like a very little intelligence in a very thick head !

For our own part, although we abhor all innovation, yet do we rejoice in real improvement, and certainly do not repine that—

"The *light* of other days"

hath departed. The sharp and monotonous "clink-clank" of the said patters was alone interrupted by the drowsy tone of the watchman calling the hour. Swinging his lantern in his hand, which was very much like a younger branch of the same family as the old woman's—

"Half-past fo-ur a-clock—and a fog-gy—morn-ing!" bawled the ancient guardian of the night. "Half-past—"

"Watchman," said the old woman, cutting short his useless information, "pray, vich ind o' this here street is number siventysix?"

"T'other."

"Thank'ee," replied the old woman. "Mussy! vot a mornin' it is!"

"Mother Naggs?—It is, I do declare," said the watchman, holding up his lantern to her shrouded visage. "Vell, that's cur'us. I knowed ye by y'ur voice."

"Vot, Davis!—vell, that's funny, now—who'd ha' thought it!" exclaimed the washerwoman, in her turn elevating her dim luminary. "Vell, and how's Mother Davis and the little uns?" And, without waiting for a reply to her kind inquiry, continued, "Do you happen to know them people, the Dickens's, at siventysix. Are they well to do, and all that?—for this 'ere's the fust time as I've bin engaged to do for 'em."

"Seventy-six?" repeated the watchman. "Yes—Oh, yes! Them's werry respectable hinhabitants—leastways they al'ays tips half-a-crown at Christmas time, vich ve reckon raythur hansom as things go, Missis Naggs."

Hereupon Missis Naggs sagely remarked that "times was sadly changed;" and then her old acquaintance politely volunteered to see her to the door, leaving half his "round" unfinished; and they had "such a gossip"—enjoying their chat in spite of the weather.

The door of number seventy-six is reached, and the "rappant appendage to the ligneous barricade" modestly applied in a single knock.

A "good mornin'" between the washerwoman and the watchman is exchanged, and she is "let in."

"Dear me, vot a miserable mornin'!" says the sympathising maid-of-all-work. "For goodness' sake come in, and warm yourself."

Blowing out her end of candle, and delicately pinching out the red snuff with those primitive snuffers and extinguishers, her fingers, the old woman proceeds to take off her "things," while the maid rams the huge kitchen poker into the blazing fire, to expedite the boiling of the kettle.

A glance round the room is sufficient to satisfy the experienced eye of the washerwoman that she has got into good quarters. The tea-tackle is already displayed, and some thick rounds of buttered toast are "frizzling" on the hob.

"You've a comfortable place here, my dear. There doesn't seem no want o' nothin' neither," observes Mrs. Naggs.

"You're right, marm. It's the most liberallest family—plenty to eat and drink; and thof I've enough to do, of all conscience, seeing there's only myself, I've no cause to complain."

"Is there many in family?"

"On'y master and missus. He's at office through the day, and missus reads pretty well all her time; and there ain't no visiters, and neither chick nor child. Children is such plagues, I can't bear 'em. Verever they are, vun's al'ays doing, and never done. The werry last place as I had there was six on 'em, and a pretty life I had on't—half starved into the bargain. I hope your tea's to your liking?"

Mrs. Naggs nodded, and sipped, and stretched out her black-worsted ankles, and placed her thick shoes on the iron fender,—the very picture of comfort,—while the maid continued her narrative of the "last family"—with six children.

"I found they not only grudged vot I *did* eat, but purvided shamefully. And then she vos al'ays poking her nose into the kitchen, and a-routing out the closet and drawers, — and took away the kitchen-stuff and the doctors' bottles, vich you know al'ays comes riglar to the servant."

"Shameful! shameful!" cried the washerwoman, putting her teeth with a feeling of indignation into the hot toast.

"Warn't it?"

"Beats everythink as I ever heerd."

"Vell, at last I vos so 'riled, I up'd and told her her place you'dn't suit—vorn't I right?"

"I think so, indeed; a servant as knows herself couldn't never put up with the like o' that. I really believe as some people think other people ar'n't made of flesh and blood like theirselves. There's the Cummins's, as I do for, I do think as they're the nippingest set in the world. There's no need o' cats in that house, I'm sure, for all the mice must die a *nat'ral* death by starvation. Of all the people as ever I came a-nigh to they cut the closest. Sure as ever I go there's a new face; for, vot vith the nagging o' the missus—who's never satisfied, and the horrid wittles—for I never seed nothink but salt-beef on the table from one year's end to the other—the poor girls have a precious time on it. I'm sure my heart bleeds for 'em. But they're so well known, thank goodness! that neither the grocer nor the butcher vill send 'em any more sarvants, and they're 'bliged for to go to the register-office, and get anythink they can catch. I'm sure I should think it a sin to recommend any girl to 'em—for they're treated more like beasts o' burden than humane-beans, and that's the blessed truth. In course, people as has got to get their living must know on vich side their bread's buttered; and, in course, when Mrs. Cummins rates the gals I'm obleeged to side with her, and say as she says; for, thof the pay is no great shakes, the vork's rig'lar, and von's loaf to lose a customer—for, you know, vun person's money's as good as another's, and times is sich as vun can't pick and choose, and ve must take the rough vith the smooth, you know, or starve."

Mary expressed her approval of this political philosophy, and poured out another cup of strong tea. A fit of coughing cut short the volubility of the washerwoman, who when she had recovered her breath, declared that she believed the nasty fog had got into her "stommick."

"P'r'aps a drop o' gin, or summat, vould be agreeable?" observed the maid. The washerwoman, of course, thought that it would;

and, if she had it "handy," would accept "jist the smallest drop" of the prescribed remedy.

Mrs. Naggs's tongue, if possible, now ran on more glibly than before, and Mary "did laugh so," that if the sanctum wherein the savoury gossip was carried on had not been a "lean-to," the family would inevitably have been aroused from their morning slumbers by the loud and startling cachinnations of the delighted maid, who loudly declared that Mrs. Naggs was the "funniest soul as she ever did come across in all her born days."

Mary was, in truth, an excellent "audience;" and, as in similar cases, the chief actor in the scene was not only flattered by her unbounded applause, but induced in some instances to o'erstep the bounds of veracity, and embellished her narratives with a colouring that certainly did run rather counter to the candour of the oft-quoted

"Nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."

"You knows them 'ere Norris's?" said Mrs. Naggs.

"The pork-shop people?" said Mary, pointing her finger to the quarter of the compass in which they dwelt.

"That 's 'em."

"Ha! to be sure! everybody knows little Norris; the particularist little feller as ever anybody clapped eyes on. He's quite a dandy, and al'ays as neat as ninepence. We buys sassage on 'em sometimes on Saturdays and cleaning-days, when ve vant a make-shift. I do think he's the very littlest chap in the neighbour-wood."

"Small as a quartern o' soap a'ter a week's wash," said the washerwoman.

At this sally Mary was so tickled that she laughed "fit to bu'st her stay-lace," as she elegantly expressed it.

"Vell, I vashed for 'em a matter o' two year or so," continued Mrs. Naggs.

"And I'm sure it does you credit, for I never see'd a tradesman's linen so got up afore."

"Dickeys and collars — nothing but dickeys and collars, child; them Norris's is all outside show, like a booth at Bart'lemy Fair. Linen, indeed! vy the principal part o' the vash vas caliker and long-cloth."

"Vell, now, on'y think how deceptious!" cried the enlightened Mary; "and sich stuck-up people too!"

"I should only ha' liked you to have see'd the dabs and rags. I vos a'most ashamed to hang 'em out, for they vos the colour o' pagles, or saffron; all the b'iling in the world varn't o' no use, letting alone the blue I put in 'em. No woman breathin' ever slaved more nor I did to please 'em; but, the more one does for some people the less one pleases 'em. And, as for Mother Norris, lor'-a-mussy! talk o' sperrit—"

"I al'ays said as she vos a wixen."

"A wixen! a downright fury! vonce put her up, and, my goodness! ther' isn't no standing it."

"Ha! I should be fright'ed out o' my siven sinses. She 's sich a strapper, too!"

"She couldn't come over me, though," said Mrs. Naggs, elevating

her head, and compressing her lips with a mock-dignity, that might have done credit to a caricaturist of Mrs. Siddons. "I knows my business; and thof, perhaps, no one knows better on which side their bread 's butter'd than myself, let me tell you, it would take a better 'ooman nor Mrs. Norris to get the upper hand o' me. No; I'd sooner starve outright than lick the shoes of man, 'ooman, or child; and so, when she began a-blustering and a-rating o' me about the things, I up'd and told her a bit o' my mind in a twinkling. I said, says I, 'Mrs. Norris, I'm werry sorry I ain't pleased you,' says I; 'but, if the truth must be spoke, the things ain't vorth the soap they're vash'd in. They're fitterer,' says I, 'to put in the rag-bag, ma'am,' says I, 'than the wash-tub.' My gracious! the bu'st o' passion as followed! the blowin' up of a copper-hole is child's play to it. Little Norris put his head in, thinking some dreadful haccident vos the matter, and she, findin' she couldn't do nothink vith me, turned upon the little hop-o'-my-thumb like a tiger-cat. And I heerd 'em at it pell-mell in the parlour—least-ways Mrs. Norris—for the poor man dar'n't say as his soul's his own."

"And you left, in course?"

"Di-rectly!" emphatically replied Mrs. Naggs, "ay, afore the wash vos got up, too, and left 'em to finish it in the best vay they could; for, thof I am a poor 'ooman, I'm flesh and blood as well as Mother Norris, vith all her hairs and graces, and, thank goodness! while I've a pair o' hands I can al'ays 'arn my living, and keep the wolf from the door!"

"Vell! for the life o' me I sha'n't soon forget little Norris poking his head in!" exclaimed Mary. "It must ha' bin a funny thing to ha' seen him bolt; but it's a sin, and a pity too as he cotch'd sich a clapper-clawing for his good-natur'."

"'Deed, did he," said Mrs. Naggs, "for he shook in his shoes, and hadn't a vord to throw at a dog."

"Well, if ever I marry I'll have a man at any rate," said Mary; "but, somehow or another, I don't know how it is, but I all'ays thought that that 'ooman vore the——"

The bedroom bell rang, and effectually startled the gossips. Mary scuttled up stairs, and Mrs. Naggs poked the copper-fire, and rolled about the washing-tubs with a noise and bustle loud enough to intimate to the family that she was there, and busily occupied in her vocation.

About a week after this grand wash Mrs. Naggs was intent on her domestic concerns, in her humble and dirty lodging up three pair, in a narrow crowded alley, when a young woman, dressed in a flaunting, many-coloured gingham-gown, a "decent" shawl, and a straw-bonnet set off with new crisp ribbons, a pair of tight black kid gloves on her large ruddy hands, tapped gently at her door.

Mrs. Naggs rose from her knees—for she was scrubbing the floor—and, approaching the door, brush in hand, she put forth her grubby countenance, surmounted by a smoke-discoloured cap.

"Is Missis Naggs at home?" enquired the young woman.

"Yes, marm," replied Mrs. Naggs. Then scrutinizing the countenance of her visitor, suddenly exclaimed, "Well, to be sure! and it is you, Mary? Bless me! I really, now, didn't know you. Come in, child—do. Why, you're as smart as a carrot, I do de-

clare. Take care of the pail. On'y to think you should catch me in this preshus muddle. I'm all sixes and sevens."

"Don't make no ceremony o' me, I beg," said Mary — for it was that identical lass. "I insist you don't put yourself out o' the way on my account."

"Don't set down. Let me dust the chair, or you'll spile your gownd," said Mrs. Naggs, applying a duster to the chair. "Vot a sweet pretty pattern it is," continued she, sitting *vis-à-vis* to her visiter, and placing her hands upon her knees, began to examine her from top to toe.

"Vot 's this, child?" said she, receiving a small parcel from the maid.

"On'y a trifle of tea and sugar," said Mary.

"Dear me! that 's werry thoughtful o' you. I'm sure I'm obleeged to you, my dear," replied Mrs. Naggs.

"It 's my day out," continued Mary, "and I says to myself, says I, I'll jist go and drop in on Mrs. Naggs."

"You're werry kind, I'm sure," said Mrs. Naggs; "but, can I do nothink for you? "Von't you take a snack, or a drop of anythink?"

"No, thankye; I'm off in a jiffy," said Mary. "On'y vun vord — you know I'm werry comfortable."

"Partic'ler nice people them Dickens's."

"But they don't allow no follerers."

"Werry onreasonable," said Mrs. Naggs. "As if gals hadn't nobody to care nothink about 'em as vell as other people. It 's quite onnat'ral, and I've al'ays said so; for, as I told Mrs. Norman, — 'Marm,' says I, '(excuse my boldness, 'but it 's my mind, if so be as how you shut the door ag'in servant's follerers,' says I; 'depend on 't, marm, they 'll be hanging their heads out o' vinder, or gossiping over the vall, for Natur' 's Natur', and it vill have it 's vay vun vay or another, take my vord for it, marm;' for I al'ays puts in a vord for you gals ven I can, for it 's no more nor grateful o' me, for many 's the good turn I owes 'em."

Having exhausted her breath, Mary had an opportunity of continuing her communication, the prime object of her visit. "You see, Mrs. Naggs, (I'm quite open vith you, 'cos I knows you can keep a secret,) there 's a young feller—a bricklayer he is—as come to mend our copper; he 's bin werry partic'ler. I'm sure I don't know vot the man sees in me."

"Oh! don't say so," chimed in Mrs. Naggs. "I'm sure as any young feller as has his eyes about him—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Mary, blushing "rosy red, love's proper hue" through the shining varnish of her plump cheeks, which were highly polished with yellow soap. "I'm sure he might do better, for he 's a very likely young man, and earns a matter of a guinea a week at his trade, and dresses—even he does dress—so genteel; I'm sure you 'll like him."

"I'm sure I shall," said the accommodating Mrs. Naggs; "a guinea a week, my dear, is not to be sneezed at. But, are you quite sure he 's in 'arnest? I know'd a young bricklayer as kept company vith Mrs. Villiams's Susan as behaved shameful — shocking indeed! Vot 's your sweetheart's name, my dear?"

"Davis," said Mary, anxiously, "William Davis."

"Ah! Susan's bricklayer's name vos Ryan," said Mrs. Naggs. "He vos a young Hirishman."

"I can't a-bear a Hirishman," said Mary; "they've too much flummery about 'em for my money!"

"So they have, my dear,—you're right," said Mrs. Naggs.

And then Mary proceeded to unfold to her obliging confidant all the particulars of her amour, and finally, expressed a desire that she would permit her and her swain to meet at her lodgings, which were so conveniently situated, that she had many opportunities of just running out, and seeing him for a few brief moments; and which accommodation was, of course, most willingly accorded, but the washerwoman, however, extorted so much from the generous lover, as well as the confiding Mary, that she ultimately lost all in endeavouring to grasp too much, and they both considered her demands so exorbitant, that, at the expiration of her "warning" to Mrs. Dickens, they got married one sunshiny morning without even inviting Mrs. Naggs to partake of the wedding-feast, who bitterly exclaimed against the "ingratitude of people who made cat's paws of other people, just to serve their own ends, and then turned a cold shoulder upon 'em; and if she had on'y a-know'd it she'd have up'd and told her missus of their 'goings on,' and put a spoke in their wheels—that she vou'd!"

But, fortunately, the bricklayer turned out a "true lover," and made Mary an excellent husband, in spite of the political but short-sighted manœuvres of the washerwoman, who would fain have prolonged the courtship to an indefinite period!

THE FALSE LOVER.

A BALLAD.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I DREAD the time, ye forests hoar,
 When ye shall flourish green once more.
 Ye happy birds that wake the spring,
 Sad shall I be when next ye sing!
 For then my shame, no longer hidden,
 The cold unfeeling world shall see,
 And scorn'd of all, disgraced, and chidden,
 A very by-word I shall be,
 And weep and sigh the live-long day,
Woe's me! Woe's me!

But with the Spring that decks the plain,
 Should my false love return again,
 Then should his presence cure my smart,
 And birds make music to my heart,
 Should he return to soothe my sadness,
 And love my hapless babe and me,
 My soul should re-awake to gladness,
 And all the earth be fair to see,
 And I no more would weep and sigh,
Woe's me! Woe's me!

THE VISIONARY.

“Stay for me there! I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.”

ILL-FATED and mysterious man! Bewildered in the brilliancy of thine own imagination, and fallen in the flames of thine own youth! Again in fancy I behold thee! Once more thy form hath risen before me!—not—oh! not as thou art—in the cold valley and shadow—but as thou *shouldst be*—squandering away a life of magnificent meditation in that city of dim visions, thine own Venice—which is a star-beloved elysium of the sea, and the wide windows of whose Palladian palaces look down with a deep and bitter meaning upon the secrets of her silent waters. Yes! I repeat it—as thou *shouldst be*. There are surely other worlds than this—other thoughts than the thoughts of the multitude—other speculations than the speculations of the sophist. Who then shall call thy conduct into question? who blame thee for thy visionary hours, or denounce those occupations as a wasting away of life, which were but the overflowings of thine everlasting energies?

It was at Venice, beneath the covered archway there, called the Ponte di Sospiri, that I met for the third or fourth time the person of whom I speak. It is with a confused recollection that I bring to mind the circumstances of that meeting. Yet I remember—ah! how should I forget?—the deep midnight, the Bridge of Sighs, the beauty of woman, and the demon of romance, who stalked up and down the narrow canal.

It was a night of unusual gloom. The great clock of the piazza had sounded the fifth hour of the Italian evening. The square of the Campanile lay silent and deserted, and the lights in the old Ducal Palace were dying fast away. I was returning home from the Piazzetta, by way of the Grand Canal. But as my gondola arrived opposite the mouth of the canal San Marco, a female voice from its recesses broke suddenly upon the night, in one wild, hysterical, and long-continued shriek. Startled at the sound, I sprang upon my feet: while the gondolier, letting slip his single oar, lost it in the pitchy darkness beyond a chance of recovery, and we were consequently left to the guidance of the current which here sets from the greater into the smaller channel. Like some huge and sable-feathered condor we were slowly drifting down towards the Bridge of Sighs, when a thousand flambeaux flashing from the windows, and down the staircases of the Ducal Palace, turned all at once that deep gloom into a livid and supernatural day.

A child, slipping from the arms of its own mother, had fallen from an upper window of the lofty structure into the deep and dim canal. The quiet waters had closed placidly over their victim; and, although my own gondola was the only one in sight, many a stout swimmer, already in the stream, was seeking in vain upon the surface the treasure which was to be found, alas! only within the abyss. Upon the broad black marble flagstones at the entrance of

the palace, and a few steps above the water, stood a figure which none who then saw can have ever since forgotten. It was the Marchesa Aphrodite—the adoration of all Venice—the gayest of the gay—the most lovely where all were beautiful—but still the young wife of the old and intriguing Mentoni—and the mother of that fair child, her first and only one, who now, deep beneath the murky water, was thinking in bitterness of heart upon her sweet caresses, and exhausting its little life in struggles to call upon her name.

She stood alone. Her small, bare, and silvery feet gleamed in the black mirror of marble beneath her. Her hair, not as yet more than half loosened for the night from its ball-room array, clustered amid a shower of diamonds round and round her classical head, in curls like the young hyacinth. A snowy-white and gauze-like drapery seemed to be nearly the sole covering to her delicate form, but the midsummer and midnight air was hot, sullen, and still, and no motion—no shadow of motion in the statue-like form itself, stirred even the folds of that raiment of very vapour which hung around it, as the heavy marble hangs around the Niobe. Yet—strange to say!—her large lustrous eyes were not turned downwards upon that grave wherein her brightest hope lay buried—but riveted in a widely different direction. The prison of the Old Republic is, I think, the stateliest building in all Venice; but how could that lady gaze so fixedly upon it, when beneath her lay stifling her only child? Yon dark, gloomy niche, too, yawns right opposite her chamber-window; what, then, *could* there be in its shadows—in its architecture—in its ivy-wreathed and solemn cornices that the Marchesa di Mentoni had not wondered at a thousand times before? Nonsense! Who does not remember that at such a time as this, the eye, like a shattered mirror, multiplies the images of its sorrow, and sees in innumerable far-off places, the woe which is close at hand.

Many steps above the Marchesa, and within the arch of the water-gate, stood in full dress the satyr-like figure of Mentoni himself. He was occasionally occupied in thrumming a guitar, and seemed *ennuied* to the very death, as at intervals he gave directions for the recovery of his child. Stupified and aghast, I had myself no power to move from the upright position I had assumed upon first hearing the shriek, and must have presented to the eyes of the agitated group a spectral and ominous appearance, as, with pale countenance and rigid limbs I floated down among them in that funereal gondola.

All efforts proved in vain. Many of the most energetic in the search were relaxing their exertions, and yielding to a gloomy sorrow. There seemed but little hope for the child, — but now, from the interior of that dark niche which has been already mentioned as forming a part of the old Republican prison, and as fronting the lattice of the Marchesa, a figure muffled in a cloak stepped out within reach of the light, and pausing a moment upon the verge of the giddy descent, plunged headlong into the canal. As, in an instant afterwards he stood with the still-living and breathing child within his grasp upon the marble flagstones by the sides of the Marchesa; his cloak, heavy with the drenching water, became unfastened, and, falling in folds about his feet, discovered to the wonder-stricken spectators the graceful person of a very young man, with the sound of whose name the greater part of Europe was then ringing.

No word spoke the deliverer. But the Marchesa! She will now receive her child,—she will press it to her heart,—she will cling to its little form, and smother it with her caresses! Alas! *another's* arms have taken it from the stranger—*another's* arms have taken it away, and borne it afar off, unnoticed, into the palace! And the Marchesa! Her lip—her beautiful lip trembles: tears are gathering in her eyes—those eyes which, like Pliny's own Acanthus, are "soft and almost liquid." Yes! tears are gathering in those eyes; and see! the entire woman thrills throughout the soul, and the statue has started into life! The pallor of the marble countenance, the swelling of the marble bosom, the very purity of the marble feet, we behold suddenly flushed over with the tide of ungovernable crimson; and a slight shudder quivers about her delicate frame, as a gentle air at Napoli about the rich silver lilies in the grass. Why *should* that lady blush? To this demand there is no answer—except that, having left in the eager haste and terror of a mother's heart, the privacy of her own boudoir, she has neglected to enthrall her tiny feet in their slippers, and utterly forgotten to throw over her Venetian shoulders that drapery which is their due. What other possible reason could there have been for her so blushing?—for the glance of those wild appealing eyes?—for the unusual tumult of that throbbing bosom?—for the convulsive pressure of that trembling hand?—that hand which fell, as Mentoni turned into the palace, accidentally, upon the hand of the stranger. What reason could there have been for the low—the singularly low tone of those unmeaning words which the lady uttered hurriedly in bidding him adieu? "Thou hast conquered," she said, or the murmurs of the water deceived me,— "thou hast conquered. One hour after sunrise—we shall meet—so let it be."

* * * *

The tumult had subsided, the lights had died away within the palace, and the stranger, whom I now recognised, stood alone upon the flags. He shook with inconceivable agitation, and his eye glanced around in search of a gondola. I could not do less than offer him the service of my own; and he accepted the civility. Having obtained an oar at the water-gate, we proceeded together to his residence, while he rapidly recovered his self-possession, and spoke of our former slight acquaintance in terms of great apparent cordiality.

There are some subjects upon which I take pleasure in being minute. The person of the stranger—let me call him by this title, who to all the world was still a stranger—the person of the stranger is one of these subjects. In height he might have been below rather than above the medium size: although there were moments of intense passion when his frame actually *expanded*, and belied the assertion. The light, almost slender symmetry of his figure promised more of that ready activity which he evinced at the Bridge of Sighs, than of that Herculean strength which he has been known to wield without an effort, upon occasions of more dangerous emergency. With the mouth and chin of a deity—singular, wild, full, liquid eyes, whose shadows varied from pure hazel to intense and brilliant jet, and a profusion of glossy, black hair, from which a forehead, rather low than otherwise, gleamed forth at intervals all light and ivory. His were features than which I have seen none more classic-

ally regular, except perhaps the marble ones of the Emperor Commodus. Yet his countenance was, nevertheless, one of those which all men have seen at some period of their lives, and have never afterwards seen again. It had no peculiar — I wish to be perfectly understood — it had no *settled predominant expression* to be fastened upon the memory; a countenance seen and instantly forgotten—but forgotten with a vague and never-ceasing desire of recalling it to mind. Not that the spirit of each rapid passion failed at any time to throw its own distinct image upon the mirror of that face—but that the mirror, mirror-like, retained no vestige of the passion when the passion had departed.

Upon leaving him on the night of our adventure he solicited me, in what I thought an urgent manner, to call upon him *very* early the next morning. Shortly after sunrise I found myself accordingly at his palazzo, one of those huge piles of gloomy, yet fantastic grandeur, which tower above the waters of the Grand Canal in the vicinity of the Rialto. I was shown up a broad, winding staircase of mosaics, into an apartment whose unparalleled splendour burst through the opening door with an actual glare, making me sick and dizzy with luxuriousness.

I knew my acquaintance to be wealthy. Report had spoken of his possessions in terms which I had even ventured to call terms of ridiculous exaggeration. But as I gazed about me I could not bring myself to believe that the wealth of any subject in Europe could have supplied the far more than imperial magnificence which burned and blazed around.

Although, as I say, the sun had arisen, yet the room was still brilliantly lighted up. I judged from this circumstance, as well as from an air of exhaustion in the countenance of my friend, that he had not retired to bed during the whole of the preceding night. In the architecture and embellishments of the chamber, the evident design had been to dazzle and astound. Little attention had been paid to the *decora* of what is technically called *keeping*, or to the proprieties of nationality. The eye wandered from object to object, and rested upon none — neither the *grotesques* of the Greek painters — nor the sculptures of the best Italian days — nor the huge carvings of untutored Egypt. Rich draperies in every part of the room trembled to the vibration of low, melancholy music, whose unseen origin undoubtedly lay in the recesses of the crimson trellis-work which tapestried the ceiling. The senses were oppressed by mingled and conflicting perfumes, reeking up from strange convolute censers, which seemed actually endowed with a monstrous vitality, as their particoloured fires writhed up and down, and around about their extravagant proportions. The rays of the newly-risen sun poured in upon the whole, through windows formed each of a single pane of crimson-tinted glass. Glancing to and fro, in a thousand reflections, from curtains which rolled from their cornices like cataracts of molten silver, the beams of natural glory mingled at length fitfully with the artificial light, and lay weltering in subdued masses upon a carpet of rich, liquid-looking cloth of Chili gold. Here, then, had the hand of genius been at work. A chaos—a wilderness of beauty lay before me. A sense of dreamy and incoherent grandeur took possession of my soul, and I remained within the doorway speechless.

"Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!" laughed the proprietor, motioning me to a seat, and throwing himself back at full length upon an ottoman. "I see," said he, perceiving that I could not immediately reconcile myself to the *bienseance* of so singular a welcome,—"I see you are astonished at my apartment—at my statues—my pictures—my originality of conception in architecture and upholstery—absolutely drunk, eh? with my magnificence. But pardon me, my dear sir,"—(here his tone of voice dropped to the very spirit of cordiality,)—"pardon me, my dear sir, for my uncharitable laughter. You appeared so *utterly* astonished. Besides, some things are so completely ludicrous, that a man *must* laugh or die. To die laughing must be the most glorious of all glorious deaths! Sir Thomas More—a very fine man was Sir Thomas More—Sir Thomas More died laughing, you remember. Also there is a long list of characters who came to the same magnificent end, in the *Absurdities* of Ravius Textor. Do you, know, however," continued he, musingly, "that at Sparta (which is now Palæochori), at Sparta, I say, to the west of the citadel, among a chaos of scarcely visible ruins, is a kind of *socle* upon which are still legible the letters ΛΑΞΜ. They are undoubtedly part of ΓΕΛΛΑΞΜΑ. Now, at Sparta were a thousand temples and shrines to a thousand different divinities. How exceedingly strange that the altar of Laughter should have survived all the others! But in the present instance"—he resumed, with a singular alteration of voice and manner—"in the present instance I have no right to be merry at your expense. You might well have been amazed. Europe cannot produce anything so fine as this, my little regal cabinet. My other apartments are by no means of the same order—mere *ultras* of fashionable insipidity. This is better than fashion—is it not? Yet this has but to be seen to become the rage,—that is with those who could afford it at the cost of their entire patrimony. I have guarded, however, against any such profanation. With one exception, you are the only human being besides myself who has been admitted within the mysteries of these imperial precincts."

I bowed in acknowledgment; for the overpowering sense of splendour, and perfume, and music, together with the unexpected eccentricity of his address and manner, prevented me from expressing in words my appreciation of what I might have construed into a compliment.

"Here,"—he resumed, arising and leaning on my arm as he sauntered around the apartment,—“here are paintings from the Greeks to Cimabué, and from Cimabué to the present hour. Many are chosen, as you see, with little deference to the opinions of virtú. They are all, however, fitting tapestry for a chamber such as this. Here, too, are some *chefs d'œuvres* of the unknown great—and here unfinished designs by men, celebrated in their day, whose very names the perspicacity of the academies has left to silence and to me. What think you," said he, turning abruptly as he spoke,—“what think you of this Madonna della Pietà?”

"It is Guido's own!" I said, with all the enthusiasm of my nature, for I had been poring intently over its surpassing loveliness. "It is Guido's own! How could you have obtained it? She is undoubtedly in painting what the Venus is in sculpture."

"Ha!" said he, thoughtfully, "the Venus?—the beautiful Venus?"

—the Venus of the Medici? — she of the gilded hair? Part of the left arm” (here his voice dropped so as to be heard with difficulty) “and all the right are restorations; and in the coquetry of that right arm lies, I think, the quintessence of all affectation. The Apollo, too! — is a copy — there can be no doubt of it. Blind fool that I am, who cannot behold the boasted inspiration of the Apollo! I cannot help — pity me! — I cannot help preferring the Antinous. Was it not Socrates who said that the *statuary found his statue in the block of marble*? Then Michael Angelo was by no means original in his couplet! —

‘ Non ha l’ottimo artista alcun concetto
Chè un marmo solo in se non circonscriva.’”

* * * *

It has been, or should be remarked, that in the manner of the true gentleman we are always aware of a difference from the bearing of the vulgar, without being at once precisely able to determine in what such difference consists. Allowing the remark to have applied in its full force to the outward demeanour of my acquaintance, I felt it, on that eventful morning, still more fully applicable to his moral temperament and character. Nor can I better define that peculiarity of spirit which seemed to place him so essentially apart from all other human beings, than by calling it a *habit* of intense and continual thought, pervading even his most trivial actions, intruding upon his moments of dalliance, and interweaving itself with his very flashes of merriment, — like adders which writhe from out the eyes of the grinning masks in the cornices around the temples of Persepolis.

I could not help, however, repeatedly observing, through the mingled tone of levity and solemnity with which he rapidly desiccated upon matters of little importance, a certain air of trepidation — a degree of nervous *unction* in action and in speech — an unquiet excitability of manner, which appeared to me at all times unaccountable, and upon some occasions even filled me with alarm. Frequently, too, pausing in the middle of a sentence, whose commencement he had apparently forgotten, he seemed to be listening in the deepest attention, as if either in momentary expectation of a visitor, or to sounds which must have had existence in his imagination alone.

It was during one of these reveries or pauses of apparent abstraction that, in turning over a page of the poet and scholar Politian’s beautiful tragedy, “The Orfeo,” (the first native Italian tragedy,) which lay near me upon an ottoman, I discovered a passage underlined in pencil. It was a passage towards the end of the third act — a passage of the most heart-stirring excitement — a passage which, although tainted with impurity, no man shall read without a thrill of novel emotion, no woman without a sigh. The whole page was blotted with fresh tears, and upon the opposite interleaf were the following lines, written in a hand so very different from the peculiar characters of my acquaintance, that I had some difficulty in recognising it as his own.

Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,

All wreathed around about with flowers ;
 And the flowers — they all were mine.

But the dream—it could not last ;
 And the star of Hope did rise
 But to be overcast.

A voice from out the Future cries
 “ Onward ! ”—while o’er the Past
 (Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies,
 Mute, motionless, aghast !

For alas ! — alas !—with me
 Ambition — all — is o’er.
 “ No more — no more — no more,”
 (Such language holds the solemn sea
 To the sands upon the shore)
 Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
 Or the stricken eagle soar !

And all my hours are trances,
 And all my nightly dreams
 Are where thy dark eye glances,
 And where thy footstep gleams,
 In what ethereal dances,
 By what Italian streams.

Alas ! for that accursed time
 They bore thee o’er the billow,
 From Love to titled age and crime,
 And an unholy pillow—
 From me, and from our misty clime,
 Where weeps the silver willow.

That these lines were written in English—a language with which I had not believed their author acquainted—afforded me little matter for surprise. I was too well aware of the extent of his acquirements, and of the singular pleasure he took in concealing them from observation, to be astonished at any similar discovery ; but the place of date, I must confess, occasioned me no little amazement. It had been originally written *London*, and afterwards carefully overscored ; but not, however, so effectually as to conceal the word from a scrutinizing eye. I say this occasioned me no little amazement ; for I well remember that, in a former conversation with my friend, I particularly inquired if he had at any time met in London the Marchesa di Mentoni (who for some years previous to her marriage had resided in that city), when his answer, if I mistake not, gave me to understand that he had never visited the metropolis of Great Britain. I might as well here mention, that I have more than once heard (without, of course, giving credit to a report involving so many improbabilities) that the person of whom I speak was not only by birth, but in education, an *Englishman*.

* * * *

“ There is one painting,” said he, without being aware of my notice of the tragedy,—“ there is still one painting which you have not seen.” And throwing aside a drapery, he discovered a full-length portrait of the Marchesa Aphrodite.

Human art could have done no more in the delineation of her superhuman beauty. The same ethereal figure which stood before

me the preceding night upon the steps of the Ducal Palace stood before me once again ; but in the expression of the countenance, which was beaming all over with smiles, there still lurked (incomprehensible anomaly !) that fitful stain of melancholy, which will ever be found inseparable from the perfection of the beautiful. Her right arm lay folded over her bosom ; with her left she pointed downwards to a curiously fashioned vase ; one small fairy foot alone visible, barely touched the earth ; and, scarcely discernible in the brilliant atmosphere which seemed to encircle and enshrine her loveliness, floated a pair of the most delicately imagined wings. My glance fell from the painting to the figure of my friend, and the vigorous words of Chapman's *Bussy D'Ambois* quivered instinctively upon my lips :—

“ He is up
There like a Roman statue! He will stand
Till Death hath made him marble!”

“Come,” he said at length, turning towards a table of richly enamelled and massive silver, upon which were a few goblets fantastically stained, together with two large Etruscan vases, fashioned in the same extraordinary model as that in the fore-ground of the portrait, and filled with what I supposed to be Johannisberger—“Come,” he said abruptly, “let us drink ! It is early ; but let us drink ! It is *indeed* early,” he continued thoughtfully, as a cherub with a heavy golden hammer, made the apartment ring with the first hour after sunrise—“It is *indeed* early ; but what matters it ? Let us drink ! Let us pour out an offering to the solemn sun, which these gaudy lamps and censers are so eager to subdue !” And, having made me pledge him in a bumper, he swallowed in rapid succession several goblets of the wine.

“To dream,” he continued, resuming the tone of his desultory conversation, as he held up to the rich light of a censer one of the magnificent vases — “to dream has been the business of my life. I have therefore framed for myself, as you see, a bower of dreams. In the heart of Venice could I have erected a better ? You behold around you, it is true, a medley of architectural embellishments. The chastity of Iona is offended by antediluvian devices, and the sphynxes of Egypt are stretching upon carpets of gold. Yet the effect is incongruous to the timid alone. Proprieties of place, and especially of time, are the bugbears which terrify mankind from the contemplation of the magnificent. *Once* I was myself a *decorist* ; but that sublimation of folly has palled upon my soul. All this is now the fitter for my purpose. Like these arabesque censers, my spirit is writhing in fire, and the delirium of this scene is fashioning me for the wilder visions of that land of real dreams, whither I am now rapidly departing.”

Thus saying, he confessed the power of the wine, and threw himself at full length upon an ottoman.

A quick step was now heard upon the staircase, and a loud knock at the door rapidly succeeded. I was hastening to anticipate a second disturbance, when a page of Mentoni's household burst into the room, and faltered out, in a voice choking with emotion, the incoherent words, “My mistress!—my mistress! — poisoned! — poisoned! Oh! beautiful — oh! beautiful Aphrodite!”

Bewildered, I flew to the ottoman, and endeavoured to arouse the sleeper to a sense of the startling intelligence ; but his limbs were rigid—his lips were livid—his lately beaming eyes were riveted in *death*. I staggered back towards the table, — my hand fell upon a cracked and blackened goblet, — and a consciousness of the entire and terrible truth flashed suddenly over my soul.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DUCK.

BY HAL. WILLIS.

SOME men are said to make "ducks and drakes" of their fortune ; my provident master, on the contrary, made his fortune of ducks and drakes.

A large weedy pond on the borders of his little patrimony was the scene of my youthful pleasures. The place was surrounded by sedgy banks, agreeably shaded by willows which they call "weeping," although I can assert from personal observation that they never added a single tear-drop to our aquatic demesne. People may "cry them up," but they never cry themselves.

In a snug nest, on the borders of this secluded place, I first "saw the light," with eight brothers and sisters. Led by our dear mother, we might be seen on our birthday rushing instinctively towards the cooling element, as *bright* and *yellow* as a new *issue* of gold from the *Bank* !

My mother was congratulated upon the appearance of her family by all except an old duck, who was dabbling solitarily in the distance. "That old duck in the *weeds* yonder," observed my mother, "is a *widow*, she has lately lost her drake, and feels no sympathy in my pleasure." We rapidly gained strength, and were soon able to provide for ourselves ; in fact no family ever went on more *swimmingly*. We were very gay, and sported about, with all the heedlessness of youth, during the day ; and in the evening, harboured by her downy breast, we lay as snug as a little fleet in Brest harbour !

One day, in the midst of our pastime, the whole community was thrown into the utmost confusion by the bark of a dog, and the next minute the monster leaped into the water.

My mother, with her usual presence of mind, dived, and we, following her example, reached the opposite bank in safety. I do not know what might have been the consequences of this intrusion if our master and a friend had not arrived immediately, and expelled the dog ; who went howling away to his owner, — a shabby-genteel fellow, who appeared on the opposite bank to our asylum ; and so the affair ended with our master beating the dog, and our beating a retreat.

"Do you know that fellow ?" inquired our master.

"O ! very well," replied his friend. "'Tis Tim Consol, the stock-broker. I suppose he wanted a pair of 'white ducks,' for he is very much out of 'feather.' What a 'dabbler' he has been ! You know that he is a *lame duck*, I suppose ? Yes ; he lately *waddled* ; but, though a *lame duck*, he is a great *bettor*, and still *lays* !"

"Do you hear that, my ducklings ?" said my mother ; "that fellow is a bad character. There is no doubt, from what our master's

friend asserts, that *he is a duck*, and changed to a man for some sin he has committed. What a punishment! I dare say he would give something to be *afloat* again."

"He cannot provide for his bills—"

"Thank goodness, *we* can!" interjected my mother.

"And so," continued our master's friend, "he is at present on the wing."

"Feeding on the air, I suppose," said my mother.

"Having once lost his feet, he will never keep his head above water."

"No more should we!" sighed my mother. "Alas! he must have been a *wild* duck, indeed!"

"He used to take spirit with his water," continued the friend; but now he takes it neat, and he must sink!"

"There's a lesson!" said my moralizing mother. "I wish all my children to be of the 'temperance society.' Never abandon the water. Take to the water with spirit, but never spirit with the water! I shall call a meeting to-morrow while this water's in my head—this moral, I mean,—and I have no doubt my resolutions on the subject will be approved by an universal *quack*! I shall conclude my address by proposing this appropriate sentiment:—May every duck die with *water on his chest*!"

THE OLD MAN'S LOVE.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

I KNEW thee ere thy heart had felt
 The breathing of a single sigh—
 Before thy spirit's joy did meet
 Within the cup of misery:
 Yes! ere the veil of life was drawn,
 Ere Beauty's smile was Passion's dawn.
 Ay! like the breath of summer's day,
 When light of gold and silver hue
 Rains from the east, o'er flower and spray,
 To drink from each the crystal dew,
 Wert thou,—but ah! the tender flower
 Has lost its bloom in Sorrow's bower.
 And still I know thee! and I feel,
 How sad soe'er the change is now,
 A light through memory's cavern steal,
 That frights Care's furrows from my brow:
 And I can smile with calmness yet,
 Remembering when first we met.
 For, shall we not at evening's close,
 Look out beyond the mid-day storm,
 And see the morning as it *rose*,
 Clad in its glowing multiform?
 Though Time has breathed upon thy face,
 Thy mirror'd heart has Virtue's grace.
 Yes! though thine eyes have lost their fire,
 For ever fled the raven tress;
 Yet there's within thee pure desire,
 A life of faith and godliness:
 My love is deeper for thee now
 Than when youth smiled upon thy brow.

COLIN CLINK.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER IV.

Introduces certain new characters upon the stage, and amongst them the real heroine of this history. Besides containing a love-story far superior to the last.

WHILE the loves of Miss Sowersoft and Mr. Palethorpe yet leave their tender impress on the mind, let me take advantage of the opportunity to mention another delicate matter which has been making some progress, although no allusion has been hitherto made to it.

Notwithstanding the little amours in which our hero has been engaged, it must have been evident that the opportunity which promised the most appropriate match for him had not yet arrived. Towards Fanny, it is true, he had never entertained any love, nor professed any; on that unfortunate girl herself lay all the pain of having nourished an affection for one who was insensible of it: while, with respect to Miss Wintlebury, not only had she herself withdrawn from his knowledge, but the altered circumstances in which he was placed by Mr. Lupton, could scarcely fail to influence him in his decisions upon this important point.

While in this uncertainty, Mr. Lupton had taken an opportunity of introducing him to one Mr. Henry Calvert, a gentleman of fortune, residing in the suburbs of London, and in whose family he soon found—as his father had secretly desired,—a companion much after the heart of any young man of sense and sensibility. This was Miss Jenny Calvert, the youngest of two sisters, and within a year or two of his own age. Well-educated, sensible, and good-tempered, she was one of those creatures who, as they grow up, become unconsciously the life and light of the household. To whom parents, brothers, and sisters,—all instinctively look up; one of those happy things that would be most missed if taken away; but who was least felt while present, save in the quiet and gentle sense of unobtrusive happiness which her presence ever occasioned. She was sufficiently tall to give dignity to an elegant figure, while a brilliant complexion, associated with hair and eyes of a hue which nature had coloured in admirable correspondence, gave no fairer a representation exteriorly than the soul within deserved.

Miss Jenny had seen our hero but few times before she became conscious that, happy as she was, she might yet be happier. Up to this time she had never dreamed of love beyond the circle of her own home: now she felt that loveable creatures exist out in the world, that the heart is capable of other affection than that of parents, sisters, and brothers: and that such may become too necessary to its happiness, ever to be happy without it.

Her family lived in that quiet retirement which sought not the excitement of company to enable them to get through life without *ennui*. A tasteful home afforded them higher pleasures than the conventional affectations of happiness which occupy so much of that

class in which they might have shone conspicuous. But Mr. Calvert was too much a man of mind to precipitate his family into the whirl of fashionable life. At the risk of having his daughters neglected, and his sons regarded as "unlike what one expects young men would be," he preferred to all other pleasures that pure domestic training, and quiet attention to his estate, which never fails to produce real happiness. Hence, his daughters had never been carried to market, neither had his two sons any knowledge of those vices which, though they might have added to their character as young men of spirit, could not have done them credit on any other account.

This happy family found abundant recreation in an admirably-selected library, as well as amusement in an extensive garden, which enclosed the house on three sides, and threw a quiet air of English comfort over the scene.

With such a man, and in a family with such an attraction it is not to be wondered at that Colin soon found himself happier than ever.

Happiness, however, especially in love, seems like sunlight in the world, as too bright to endure without intervals of shade. Not long had Colin and Jenny been acquainted; they had just learned to speak confidingly, and to tell each other those thoughts which before had been stifled, when our hero was astonished to find in the behaviour of Mr. Calvert a marked difference from that which hitherto he had pursued towards him. It was not less kind, but seemed marked by regret, as though the bosom in which it originated felt like that of a friend who knows that he *must* part, — not that he wishes to do so. Miss Jenny, too, seemed downcast. And sometimes, when her father chanced to catch a glance of her countenance, he would find those pretty eyes wet, as if the well-spring within *would* overflow in spite of her. Did he ask what was the matter? she smiled, and replied "Nothing;" but instantly would leave the room, thus telling there *was* something, though something not to be told.

These things, it was observed by Colin, first occurred after Mr. Lupton and Mr. Calvert had had an interview; during which, he now felt little doubt, his union with Jenny had been discussed.

Still it was not easy to imagine the cause of this difference. All that he knew was that all the family, with the exception of Roger Calvert, even Jenny herself—and that was worst of all—conducted themselves in a manner which left little doubt that some cause appeared to render the continuance of his acquaintance with the young lady inadvisable. Still there was no offensive carriage from any party.

One day, as he was rambling with Roger, the most open-hearted friend he had in the family, Colin mentioned the subject, and ventured to ask the cause of this coldness.

"Perhaps," replied Roger, "I am not doing right by telling you, —though, for my own part, I think you ought to know. But, since you require me to name the reason, I will. Mark, however, that I do not agree in the opinion; nor do I see how we, at all events, ought to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children."

Conviction flashed on Colin's mind. His cheek became pale, then red, he would have burst into tears had not his pride forbidden.

"I told you," continued Roger, "that I did not know whether it was right to tell you; but I am no keeper of secrets. Frankly I tell you, it is owing to the story of your birth, which your father told to mine some days ago, with all he meant to do for you, that there might be no misunderstanding between the families. My father and mother like you; as for myself, I think you a good-hearted fellow, and should have no objection to your wedding Jenny; but their notions are not mine. I assure you it is nothing else; for though such a match would be equal to anything Jenny could expect, as Mr. Lupton volunteered to give you a handsome fortune; yet, with them, especially with my mother, it is a sort of matter of conscience, which cannot readily be overcome. Yet it is the source of a deal of grief to them, especially as Jenny seems to have taken a liking to you.—However, I can only say this, that if *I* were in your place, and in love with any young lady, I would make up my mind to have her, and HAVE HER I WOULD."

In this strange speech Colin saw at once the cause of all his fear, combined with something which yet inspired hope. Surely he could not fail with perseverance, and the assistance of such a spirited auxiliary as Roger.

That same night, as he was on the eve of departure for the liberation of Woodruff, our hero obtained an interview with the lady of his heart. It was about eight in the evening, when this unhappy couple walked along the garden in view of Mr. Calvert's house. It was a soft, autumnal night; while an increasing moon seemed to sail, like a lone wreck, amongst white and billowy clouds. Jenny leaned more lovingly, he thought, upon his arm than ever; and during some minutes they paced to and fro, without either venturing to speak. At length that meaning silence became insupportable. Colin stopped, and bent his face earthward, as he said,

"Young lady, there is no farther occasion for disguise. I know all. We must part—and for ever. I am thought unworthy of you; but I will not render myself so by persisting in attentions which even she to whom they are offered, thinks proper to reject."

"Oh! no—do not say so!" exclaimed Miss Calvert. "It is not so, indeed!"

"I speak," replied Colin, "from what I have seen. I *have*—I do love you. The rest you know as well as I."

"In truth," answered Jenny, "I know nothing. Only a few days ago I thought we were *so* happy, and now——" A flow of tears told the painful difference between then and now.

"You know nothing?" demanded Colin.

"Nothing, I assure you," answered his companion.

"Then why shun me?"

"My father," sobbed the lady, "told me I must forget you."

"And you will do so?"

"I must *try*, for it is my duty."

"But will you?—can you?"

"Oh! if you love me, do not ask me. I ought not to say it. But I feel—yes, dear Colin, I feel that what they demand is impossible."

If ever the reader have been in love, he or she must be aware that a climax of feeling of the kind described is not arrived at without involving ulterior consequences of a physical nature, which philo-

sophers designate by the verb *to kiss*. It must, therefore, be understood that no sooner had Miss Calvert expressed the sentiments here recorded, than our hero, with becoming alacrity, converted that verb into a substantive. This experiment had never been tried between them before; but, as Colin made it a rule to act according to the proverb that "what is worth doing, is worth doing well," I am happy in having to record that it perfectly succeeded. Declarations of eternal attachment were afterwards repeated, and vows of love made, such as Diana, who was listening over their heads, hath seldom heard excelled. Mr. Clink and the lady eventually tore themselves asunder, with the understanding that neither would ever love another so long as the moon continued to shine or the seasons to change.

CHAPTER V.

Relates one of the best adventures in which Colin Clink has yet signalised himself.

THE sun was setting behind the westward extreme of Sherwood forest; when Jerry Clink, silent and alone, might have been seen sitting by the door of a sort of half hut, half cavern, in a dell, down in the heart of the waste, far below those horizontal lines of light that now only tinged the tops of the higher hills. By his side stood a pitcher containing his favourite compound, and out of his mouth ascended in spires the smoke of the immortal herb; beside him lay a heap of bright purple heath, which he had cut during the day. The old man looked the personification of solitary enjoyment; a being to whom cloud and mountain were as friends. Solitude had no pain for him; day no pleasures, nor night any fears. The crow that flew overhead would caw as it cast an eye downwards, and saw him below; and the cuckoo utter his notes from the tree closest upon his habitation. He never molested them, but seemed, as it were, a part of the wild nature around him. A tame jackdaw, that hopped and chattered about his dwelling, was the only sound he heard there, save only one human voice, that sometimes cried in complaint or pain from a part of the cavern behind — that of James Woodruff.

As Jerry sat thus, sipping, smoking, or talking to his saucy jackdaw, which had now perched itself on the point of one of his toes, the figure of a man half seen amongst the heath, appeared at a distance, winding a devious path amongst the irregularities of the ground; anon he would stand still, and look around, as though irresolute which course to pursue. Jerry watched a long time, but at length lost sight of him, owing to the broken nature of the earth, and the approach of night. As darkness fell upon the world, Jerry retired into his hut: and having lit an oil lamp, which shed as much light as might have been comprised within the circumference of a tolerably-sized table, he sat down, with a huge pair of spectacles on, to the perusal of apparently the only book on the premises. Well nigh had he read himself to sleep when the phenomenon of a rap at the door was heard.

Were some learned gentleman meditating in his study, suddenly to receive a clout beside the head from an unseen hand, he could not start with more abruptness than did Jerry, on hearing that unusual summons. Throwing the door wide open, he beheld the spare figure of a man before him.

"Well! what do you want here?" gruffly demanded Jerry.

"I'm lost in the forest," replied the stranger; "and should thank you to direct me elsewhere, or give me shelter."

"No!" interrupted Jerry, "I shall have nobody here."

And he was about to shut the door in Mr. Peter Veriquear's face had not that gentleman made it his business to clap his foot against it: Jerry flew into a towering passion, and with a fearful oath threatened to run his knife through him if he did not give way immediately. Peter replied that he had no intention to affront him, or to force himself into the house of any man who did not think it his duty to admit him; but at the same time he appealed to him as a Christian to give him shelter. Jerry denied that he was a Christian, and swore that no man should ever cross his threshold—especially at that time of night. Saying which, he kicked Mr. Veriquear's shins, and set him dancing an original hornpipe of his own composition, while old Clink slammed to the door, and bolted it.

Here seemed an end to be put to the stratagem of which Mr. Veriquear was deputed to carry out the first part. The plan had been, that Peter should introduce himself to Jerry as a travelling merchant who had lost himself. That he should contrive to learn the localities of the place; and during the night, while Jerry was asleep, open the door to Colin and Roger Calvert, who should be waiting not far off, in readiness to take advantage of the opportunity at once to secure old Jerry, and effect the liberation of James Woodruff without disturbance. But as Jerry's caution had rendered this design ineffectual at its commencement, Peter had no other course to pursue but to wait in the neighbourhood of the cottage until such time as his confederates should come up, and other modes of operation be devised.

Accordingly he selected as comfortable a spot as the ground would admit within sight of the hut, where he crouched amongst the heath, and waited until at length he heard some village church-clock strike twelve. In the stillness it seemed as though that sound might have been heard across an infinite space; but it was the more welcome to Peter's ears as the signal time which had been agreed upon for the appearance of his associates. Shortly he discerned indistinctly two figures cautiously approaching, and apparently on the look-out for their pre-concerted signal. Peter rose, and advanced to meet them. It was with some difficulty at first he prevented their retreating, as thinking they were discovered; but, having contrived to make himself known, they approached, and heard with dismay the story of his ineffectual attempt to get admitted within Jerry's cottage.

Under these circumstances, how to get in without disturbing the inmate was the question. They had come on a ticklish enterprise, and to remain in the neighbourhood long might excite so much suspicion as would render their efforts nugatory. It was not, therefore, advisable to delay; while the daring spirit incident to young men incited them to an attempt, which the more sober Veriquear considered rash in the extreme.

The hut which Jerry inhabited being built up at, and partly within, the mouth of a rock-hole, its roof reached scarcely so high as the ground behind, while a chimney of wood and clay, rose some twelve inches above it at one end. Having taken as accurate ob-

servation as the darkness of the night would permit, Colin proposed that all three should descend the chimney, himself taking the lead,—with as much silence as possible, in order to surprise the old man, while asleep. This done, a light was to be procured; and either by promises, threats, or search, the place in which poor Woodruff was imprisoned could then be discovered. Although Mr. Veriquear at first objected that it was a sweep's business, not his, to go down chimneys, yet he eventually agreed to Colin's proposition, on the condition that himself should be the last to descend, in order that the chimney might be swept, and his clothes saved for him by those who went before.

Accordingly our hero, as a preliminary caution, crept upon the moss-grown roof, and placing his head over the top of the chimney, listened. The light and fire, according to Peter's statement, had long been put out, but the air of the funnel was yet hot and sulphureous. It would be a stifling undertaking to get down; although the shortness of the distance to the fire-place promised but a brief continuance to the struggle. As Colin attentively listened he distinctly heard old Jerry snoring; and at every inspiration growling not unlike some jealous bull-dog when just aroused to the consciousness that his master's property is about to be invaded. Still he listened.—Could it be? Yes, distinctly he heard the voice of

“A soul that pray'd in agony,
Miserere Domine!”

He heard in that awful midnight silence the whisperings of poor Woodruff to his God, for freedom, and for patience until that freedom came! That sound wrought upon his brain like madness; it nerved him doubly for his enterprise, and urged him to effect his object or perish in the attempt. His sense of justice overcame every other consideration; and all the anticipated delights of his future life, when, with Jenny Calvert as a happy wife by his side, he should perhaps walk the lord of Bramleigh manor, vanished before the determination to set poor Fanny's father free, or die.

Having arranged with his companions that they should follow, and taken off his boots to prevent noise, he crept cautiously into the chimney. After considerable trouble, and many pauses in order to assure himself that Jerry continued in slumber, Colin landed with his feet one on each side the fire-place, and thence stealthily crept down upon the floor. The whole place seemed as dark as though he had been sightless; and every movement required to be made with that slowness and care as should render noise impossible even in case he should meet with any obstacle in his endeavours to gain the open portion of the apartment. Woodruff's voice was now still. Perhaps he had sunk to the silence of despair, unthinking that Providence had that moment sent him a deliverer.

But, though Colin heard nothing of Mr. Woodruff, the busy tongue of old Jerry began to prate in his sleep unconnected words against some one who had offended him, that turned our hero cold with horror. Had Jerry been awake, and uttered such knowingly, little would it have affected him. But asleep,—the body in its time of rest, jabbering thus of horrors; it seemed as though some evil spirit was speaking, through the mouth of a corpse, the language of a darker world.

As he stood thus, listening, Colin found that his friend Roger had reached the hearthstone. Gradually they groped their way, directed by the nasal music which the old man played, close to his bedside, without disturbing him. Scarcely were they so stationed ere a noise in the chimney, loud enough to have wakened the seven sleepers, frightened old Jerry from his pillow. In a clumsy attempt to make his descent, Peter had so far lost all foothold that nothing remained to support him but his hands, by which he hung from the chimney-top. This, not being of sufficient material to support so weighty a personage, gave way at once. Peter fell with his feet plump into the ashes, which flew up in a cloud that almost choked him, while a very uncomfortable quantity of rubbish fell upon his head from the funnel-top.

Unfortunately, it is impossible to tell two circumstances at the same moment; or I should have informed my reader before, that simultaneously with the fall of Mr. Veriquear was the up-springing of Jerry Clink. With the sudden and desperate energy of a giant, with which the circumstance of being so awakened supplied him, he leapt from his bed; and in all probability would have been the next instant on his feet, had it not happened that the suddenness of his spring allowed him not time to recollect a heavy beam, which projected above him. Against this he chanced to strike his head with a violence that sent him back insensible before his lips had power to utter a cry. Our adventurers immediately proceeded to take advantage of the circumstance.

Peter Veriquear still stood within the grate, ready to ascend again in case his disaster had rendered such a step advisable; but as his feet had stirred up the ashes Colin observed a few live coals yet glimmering at the bottom. These he contrived to blow into sufficient heat to light a piece of half-burnt stick that chanced to lie on the hearth; and in the next moment the room was illuminated. The first step was to light a candle on the table, the next to see to the security of old Jerry. Peter now descended from his situation, considerably shaken, though otherwise unhurt, the only complaint he made being that it was the builder's business to have constructed the chimney-top more solidly, and then it would never have been any concern of his to have tumbled down it.

On proceeding to the bed our hero found Jerry lying, with his white hair covered with blood, and himself senseless. Under all circumstances, there was no time to be thrown away. He left, therefore, his friend Roger and Mr. Veriquear to patch the old man's head with his own shirt, at the same time instructing them to secure him the moment he might revive, while he himself went in search of the den where Woodruff was confined. As the best guide to this, he demanded in a loud voice,

"Mr. Woodruff!—where are you?—where are you?"

There was no reply. Again he repeated the words, but in a state of feeling which left him almost unconscious of all he said.

"Here—here I am!" at length was answered in a melancholy tone, from a place far back, and apparently beyond a door of small dimensions, fastened into the rock, and bound with iron.

Colin flew to the spot. The door was as fast as the rock it was built in. He strove to burst it, but with as little effect as rain might beat against a precipice. Almost in a frenzy of excitement he rushed

back, and searched the whole cottage for the key. He found it under Jerry's pillow. That strange being was still insensible, and had much the appearance of a corpse.

Colin hastened again to the door,—he inserted the key,—he turned it. A damp sweat stood upon his brow. He dashed the door open, and beheld James Woodruff standing with his hands chained together before him.

“You are free!” cried Colin, almost hysterically—“You are free!”

Poor James looked at him doubtfully,—and replied,

“Do not play with me. It is cruel to trifle with sorrow like mine.”

“You are free!” again cried Colin. “Come forth!—you are free!”

James looked at him as though those deep black eyes would pierce his very soul, and asked,

“Is it—is it TRUE?”

“It is!” exclaimed Colin.

Poor Woodruff placed his hand upon his forehead, as though those words had planted insanity where reason was before. When he removed it again, his eyes were fixed on Colin. He staggered towards him with the feebleness of a child,—stretched out his arms,—strove to speak,—failed,—strove a second time, and a second time he found no words. At last he *shrieked*,—as might a woman, and fell on his face in a swoon.

It would be unnecessary to detail the circumstances that afterwards took place. Suffice it to state, that Mr. Woodruff was raised, and placed on the bottom of Jerry Clink's bed; that a bottle of the old man's Geneva was discovered in a cupboard, and brought forth, in order that a portion of it might be applied in the restoration of the poor captive.

This purpose achieved, Mr. Woodruff sat up, and looking wildly about him, again asked doubtfully if it really were true that he was free? Our hero eagerly assured him that he was amongst friends, who would take care that no harm should again befall him. He reminded him that he himself was that same Colin Clink who had once before concerted a plan for his escape; entreated him to be calm; gave him the fullest assurances that all his troubles were now at an end, and that he should be conveyed to a place where his enemies should never touch him again. But poor James still seemed incredulous,—lost in uncertainty, and scarcely decided whether to believe his senses, or to conclude that they had conspired with evil men to persuade him into the belief of a state which had no real existence. Colin informed him that the villain Rowel, his brother-in-law, was now in prison, so that nothing was to be feared from that quarter: while his friends would not only secure the liberty he at present possessed, but take steps to recover everything of which he and his daughter had been, during so long a period, dispossessed. At the name of his daughter James started,—for the memory of her had not before, from over-excitement, awakened in his mind; but when he heard her name, tears gushed from his eyes, and he sobbed convulsively.

Colin knew that this passion would give relief, and therefore let his tears flow on.

Meantime, measures were adopted for an immediate evacuation of the premises. The night was advancing, and every advantage ought

to be taken of the darkness. The chain was soon knocked off, while Jerry's long coat — that identical garment which we have seen him purchase in the Goswell Road — was forced on the late prisoner's back, in order to enable him to resist that open air to which he was now so unaccustomed.

It must not be supposed that during this time old Jerry had been neglected. While precautions to prevent any violence on his recovery were carefully adopted, his condition yet demanded attention. Every means had been used to bring him to a state of sensibility, and at length their efforts had the desired effect. The old man opened his eyes, at first gradually, but at length turned them in piercing scrutiny on the people about him. When he saw Veriquear, who held firmly one of his feet down upon the mattress, the self-same stranger he had that night turned from his door,—when he beheld his own grandson standing at his head, and James Woodruff himself, sitting free at the foot of the bed,—then old Jerry made an effort to get up; but the exertion caused his wound to burst out afresh,—he fell back, deeply cursing all around him, and became again insensible.

Whatever might be Colin's opinion of the old man's deserts, it was not by any means in accordance with his feelings to leave him in this state alone, whatever advantages it might afford him for making a safe retreat. He therefore begged Roger and Veriquear to use their utmost exertions in restoring him to permanent consciousness before they took their departure. Accordingly, after some trouble, he was a second time brought round; and when in a fit state to be questioned, Colin told him what their purpose had been, and demanded to know whether, if they left him at liberty, he would agree neither to follow, nor to give any alarm? — observing at the same time, that unless he would consent to this, he should find himself under the necessity of tying him down to his own bedstead, and so leaving him. On this, Jerry fell to cursing in a manner truly fearful, and declared that he would follow them wherever they went, as long as he had strength. Nay, he declared that, if possible, he would track their footsteps as a spirit, after his body had dropped dead, as it might do, upon the road.

Finding argument useless, Colin at length determined to set out, trusting to the old man's bodily condition for security against pursuit, without resorting to any coercive measures for detaining him.

Accordingly, a short time found Mr. Woodruff and his three friends on the forest, tracking their way in the dark northwards; while Jerry Clink, in a state bordering on delirium, rolled himself out of bed after their departure, with a resolution to make his way up to the house of Rowel's brother, and give the alarm.

ON THE PAINTED BETULLA.

BY KLEIST.

Thou lookest young! despite thy borrowed grace,
Thou 'rt older far, Betulla, than thy face.



MR. HYENA SMIRKE.

“Wer immer lächeln kann, der ist gewiss ein schalk.”

A LITTLE, soft-headed, bald-headed old man, whose face was wrinkled, and as full of fine lines as a cobweb, induced by the continual twitchings and grimace of forced facetiousness, was detailing, with an accompaniment of appropriate pantomime, some very reverend “Joe Millers ;” so grey, indeed, that had not the narrator dyed them with the preparation of his own invention they would inevitably have been recognised on the first introduction, and died purely of old age.

Like the antiquarian traveller in Egypt, all his subjects seemed drawn from the pyramids ! Now wine and wit differ in this respect, that the age which improves the one infallibly destroys the other. Mungs, however, had neither *nous* nor gumption enough to make this discovery, and the consequence was, that he frequently bored his indulgent auditors with a “twice told tale.” Woe to the polite stranger who lent him his ears, for he had no mercy upon his victim, but kept poking his fun at him the whole evening, while he, mentally blind as a mole, fancied that he had been doing the amiable.

But, remarkable as the jocose gesticulator was, his auditor was still more so. He was a fat, ungainly youth, about five-and-twenty ; of a slouching and slovenly appearance, with a round, unmeaning visage. His little sharp grey eyes alone could boast of any definite expression, which to a close observer of the human face divine conveyed a meaning both sly and sinister.

At every point and poke of his untiring friend, however, his insipid physiognomy assumed a grin more flattering than beautiful ; it

was, in fact, a sort of human mirror, which truthfully reflected every verbose expression of the other's fun.

However sharp the infliction might be, he seemed resolved, like a martyr, "to grin and bear it." He said nothing, for he was one of those taciturn receivers of other men's retorts who appear invariably to shelter themselves and their opacity of intellect, under the maxim that a silent tongue maketh a wise head, and he obtained the character of being a very clever youth by dint of being a smiling listener; for although he could not set the table in a roar, he could command the ready smile and dental developing grin to admiration; but he had, at least, the merit of giving the first impetus to a round of applause, having, in fact, about as much pretension to facetiousness and good humour as the key has to be a watch; for he only "wound them up," and set them going.

Besides that eternal smile which rendered him so great a favourite with the whole tribe of bores, there was an exciting rumour abroad that Mr. Hyena Smirke had great — very great expectations, which made a wonderful diversion in his favour among a certain class of dowagers who had daughters to be disposed of. Some of the latter were so dazzled by his prospects that they actually went so far as to declare that Smirke was good-looking (an extraordinary fib!) the fruit of their blind idolatry of Mammon, for there was not a single feature in his flat physiognomy that could possibly give a countenance to such a flattering assertion.

There was certainly a probability of his inheriting a large fortune, but there was a contingency, and that was neither more nor less than the uncertain favour of an eccentric uncle, a shrewd man in money-matters, and a very stupid one in all others.

He had also a rival in the person of a clever, good-hearted, careless cousin; a gay youth, who was more fond of company than cash, which unworldly predilection, it is probable, arose principally from his more intimate acquaintance with the former than the latter.

Unfortunately for *his* prospects, the only company in which he was dull was that of his uncle, for of all prozers old Septimus Smirke was a concentrated essence, and Master Arthur certainly made considerable lee-way in the favour of his uncle by interrupting him in one of his best stories with the startling information that he had told it at least three times before to the same party.

This was very rude, and can only be excused in consideration of the provocation, for the opening of the old man's budget was at all times a sore infliction, and the repetition of any single dose was consequently intolerable, except, indeed, to Hyena Smirke, who invariably endured the torture with the equanimity of an Indian warrior.

Herein consisted the advantage he enjoyed over his hare-brained cousin. Yet Hyena was neither an amiable nor a good-humoured man, — for he was really one of those who can smile, and murder while they smile, — and far from entertaining the slightest regard for his opulent relative, coolly calculated that every day that he continued to cumber the earth he was depriving him, his lawful heir, of a certain portion of enjoyment.

An old gentleman who witnessed the rebuff which Arthur had so imprudently given his uncle, and who was really a sincere friend, took him to task for his impertinence.

"My dear sir," said Arthur, "I thank you heartily for your advice, and confess my error. My uncle is a very worthy, honest man; but he must not so far presume on his wealth as to become a bore; alone I can endure pretty patiently his most threadbare narratives; but I have too much respect for him to allow others to yawn or laugh in his face; as his relation I feel my pride hurt. As for his money, a fig for it! he has done me many a kindness, much more, indeed, than such a reckless, good-for-nothing nephew deserves. I hope he will live long to enjoy the honey he has hived. You know I am not one to hunt after dead men's shoes, and I esteem him too much to flatter him. I admire his good qualities, but I will not join in the laugh at his follies. The other day I related to him a tale of distress—a widow left with an only son, the husband died in debt,—and told him a five-pound note would be of infinite service. 'Let them work,' said he, 'as I have done. I don't like people to be eating the bread of idleness.'"

"But he is charitable?" said his friend.

"Listen," continued Arthur, his eyes glistening with pleasure. "What do you think the selfish old fellow did? Why, he actually sought out the widow, and, finding the story true, not only put the son apprentice to a first-rate tradesman, but furnished a little shop for the poor old woman. Would have the pleasure all to himself, and thinks I don't know it—but I do—and esteem him accordingly; but he had no right to cheat me out of my share of the pleasure! Come, fill!—here's his jolly good health, and I'll take care no one shall have an opportunity of laughing at him in my presence, though I am compelled to tread on his tenderest corn to check him."

Then the hopeful nephew tossed off his glass and departed, when Mr. Hyena Smirke was announced.

He saluted the old gentleman with his usual grin.

"Did you meet your cousin?" demanded the old gentleman.

"Yes," replied Hyena; "and hasn't he put his foot in it? Quite offended uncle; bet a wager there was a new will made the following morning, the old fellow was so confoundedly popped—shouldn't wonder if he takes it to heart, and slips his cable. Doubly obliged to cousin Arthur, that's all! Treat the poor devil with a decent suit of mourning; that's the least I can do for the double obligation of offending my uncle, and putting out his brief candle. Ha! ha! ha!" and here Hyena laughed with most savage delight.

"Excellent!" exclaimed the merry old gentleman. "But I really thought you enjoyed his stories?"

"Fudge! You could not be deluded? Well, I am certainly flattered in having deceived you. As for uncle, he's an old pump, and there's little merit in throwing dust in his eyes."

The old gentleman cordially joined in the expression of the other's delight.

"Take a bumper! Come, push about the bottle, and give us a toast," said he.

"Well, then," said the loving nephew, "here's an Irish benediction,—Happy death to his honour! and may he soon take possession of his landed estate—of six feet by two!"

"Very good!" exclaimed the old gentleman, tossing off his glass. "Why, faith, Hyena, you're quite a wit."

"Why, yes; I've a bit of the devil in me, eh?"

"You certainly have," replied his companion slyly, at which the other laughed immoderately.

"People think I'm a fool," continued Hyena; "but I know on which side my bread's buttered."

"I should think nunkey will cut up for a good round sum?" said the old gentleman.

"Who doubts it?" replied Hyena. "He's as close as a poor-box. What a charity 'twill be to scatter his dibs!"

"I am sure no one deserves it more than yourself; for the unwearied attention you pay him is extraordinary."

"Is it not?" said Hyena. "But I do assure you my jaws ache amazingly sometimes with the force of grinning at his vapid nonsense; and I'm sure I've earned all I shall get."

"By your sincerity?"

"Nay, that costs no effort. It is the compulsion of appearing pleased when you are disgusted. That is a virtue that deserves reward."

"Very good!" cried the old gentleman, in a rapture. "By Jove! you were born to be a diplomatist!"

After finishing the bottle, Hyena shook hands with his very pleasant old friend, who was one of those extraordinary men endowed with a good constitution and a happy disposition, who never appear to meet the advances of Time, and are ever-green and youthful in their tastes and pursuits. No sooner had he bowed out the smiling and expectant heir than he bolted the door, and retreating to his chair, burst forth into such a peal of laughter that made the glasses ring again.

Having somewhat expended his breath in this jubilant effort, he turned towards a closet in the room, and with the convulsions of his violent cackinnation still curling up the corners of his mouth, and half closing his eyes, he exclaimed, "Snail! snail! come out of your hole!"

Slowly the door moved at his invitation, and forth peered the ro-tund countenance of no less a personage than—old Smirke! looking very flushed and conflagrasticated.

"Well?" cried the old gentleman.

Old Smirke shook his head, and then thrusting the fore-finger of his right hand under his brown bob-wig, by which action he set it comically awry, and scratched over his ear as diligently as a cat is wont (according to our grannams) before a forthcoming shower—in him, however, plainly indicating perplexity, embarrassment, and vexation!

Seating himself plump down in a chair exactly opposite his friend, he said, with a tone of determination that bore the stamp of truth,

"Glanville, I'm a fool!—an ass!—yes, sir, an ass!" Glanville extended his palms and bowed, as much as to say, "Have it your own way: I would not contradict you for the world."—"And this fellow—this—"—continued Smirke—"Glanville, I haven't patience!"

"Glad of it," replied Glanville. "You will no longer put up with the insufferable flattery of this grinning booby. Told you how it was—knew I was right."

"I confess it," replied old Smirke. "The light breaks in upon me!—I feel as if I had been blind all my days, and were just coughed!"

"Couched, but not bed-ridden," exclaimed Glanville, laughing.

"No, not yet, thank heaven!" said old Smirke. "Glanville, I'll not quit this house till I've altered my will."

"Having already changed your mind," said Glanville, laughing, "you know I always said, that although I never complained of your personal disposition, I protested against the injustice of the disposition of your property. And you have to thank me, old boy, for having made you uncomfortable; for I have shown you your errors; and it is only an old friend like myself that can venture upon such an experiment with impunity. But I rejoice in the deed—although I may lose a legacy."

"You sha'nt," interrupted old Smirke.

"I won't have it," cried Glanville. "I hate duplicity!"

* * * * *

Three years and nine months after this strange eventful history old Smirke died!

A host of expectant relatives swarmed from all parts, and crowded the gloomy mansion, wishing to pay the last tribute of respect to their dear and much-lamented kinsman!

Hyena was there—an important smile, dashed with an expression of sorrow, flickered over his countenance like a ray of diluted moonlight, as he officiously did the honours of the house, as if he were already in possession of the long-coveted wealth of his uncle. He regarded his cousin Arthur with a look of mingled contempt and pity; but still he smiled, for long custom had rendered his muscles incapable of any other expression.

The funeral over, Glanville, the oldest friend and executor of the deceased opened the will. What a moment of intense anxiety! With the exception of a few trifling legacies, and considerable bequests to charitable institutions, which Hyena felt as so many deductions from his purse, the whole of the real and personal property of the deceased was bequeathed to his nephew Arthur! Did Hyena smile? No: reader, he laughed—on the wrong side of his mouth!

ALFRED CROWQUILL.

SILENT LOVE.

BY SIMON DACH.*

WHAT is Love's sweetest, truest bliss?
 For Beauty's charms to glow and die,
 Would you seek other joys than this,
 And for a fairer fortune sigh,
 You may torment yourselves in vain,
 But what you wish you'll never gain.
 He that is loved, and loves again,
 Can easily his faith display;
 But he is blest who suffers pain,
 Who grieves, and yet is ever gay.
 If you another game would try,
 You still may love, but Hope will fly.
 He who would Love's high meed obtain,
 And thus his long-sought bliss insure,
 One single heart should strive to gain,
 With patience hope, with joy endure.
 His constancy he thus will prove,
 And merit well the prize of Love.

* Born 1605, at Memel—died 1659.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND. No. 6.

THE LAY OF ST. ALOYS.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQUIRE.

S. Heloïus in hac urbe fuit episcopus, qui, defunctus, sepulturus est a fidelibus. Nocte autem sequenti, veniens quidam paganus lapidem qui sarcophagum tegebat revolvit, erectumque contra se corpus Sancti spoliare conatur. At ille, lacertis constrictum, ad se hominem fortiter amplexatur, et usque mane, populis spectantibus, tanquam constipatum loris, ita miserum brachiis detinebat. * * * * Judex loci sepulchri violatorem jubet abstrahi, et legali pœnæ sententiâ condemnari; sed non laxabatur a Sancto. Tunc intelligens voluntatem defuncti, Judex, factâ de vitâ promissione, absolvit, deinde laxatur, et sic incolumis redditur: non vero fur demissus quin se vitam monastericam amplexurum spondisset.

Greg: Turonens: de Gloriâ Confessorum.

SAINT ALOYS

Was the Bishop of Blois,
 And a pitiful man was he,
 He grieved and he pined
 For the woes of mankind,
 And of brutes in their degree.—
 He would rescue the rat
 From the claws of the cat,
 And set the poor captive free;
 Though his cassock was swarming
 With all sorts of vermin,
 He 'd not take the life of a flea!—
 Kind, tender, forgiving
 To all things living,
 From injury still he 'd endeavour to screen 'em,
 Fish, flesh, or fowl,—no difference between 'em—
 NIHIL PUTAVIT A SE ALIENUM.

The Bishop of Blois was a holy man,—
 A holy man was he!
 For Holy Church
 He 'd seek and he 'd search
 As a Bishop in his degree.
 From foe and from friend
 He 'd "rap and he 'd rend,"
 To augment her treasure.
 Nought would he give, and little he 'd lend,
 That Holy Church might have more to spend.—
 "Count Stephen" * (of Blois) "was a worthy Peer,
 His breeches cost him but a crown,
 He held them sixpence all too dear,
 And so he call'd the Tailor lown."

* *Teste* Messire Iago, a distinguished subaltern in the Venetian service, *circiter* A.D. 1750. His biographer, Mr. William Shakspeare, a contemporary writer of some note, makes him say "King Stephen," inasmuch as the "worthy peer" subsequently usurped the crown of England. The anachronism is a pardonable one.—*Mr. Simpkinson of Bath.*

Had it been the Bishop instead of the Count,
 And he 'd overcharged him to half the amount,
 He had knock'd that Tailor down!—
 Not for himself!—
 He despised the pelf;
 He dress'd in sackcloth, he dined off delf;
 And, when it was cold, in lieu of a *surtout*,
 The good man would wrap himself up in his virtue.*
 Alack! that a man so holy as he,
 So frank and free in his degree,
 And so good and so kind, should mortal be!

Yet so it is—for loud and clear
 From St. Nicholas' tower, on the listening ear,
 With solemn swell,
 The deep-toned bell
 Flings to the gale a funeral knell;
 And hark!—at its sound,
 As a cunning old hound,
 When he opens, at once causes all the young whelps
 Of the cry to put in their less dignified yelps,
 So—the little bells all,
 No matter how small,
 From the steeples both inside and outside the wall,
 With bell-metal throat
 Respond to the note,
 And join the lament that a prelate so pious is
 Forced thus to leave his disconsolate diocese,
 Or, as Blois' Lord May'r
 Is heard to declare,
 “Should leave this here world for to go to that there.”

And see, the portals opening wide,
 From the Abbey flows the living tide;—
 Forth from the doors
 The torrent pours,
 Acolytes, Monks, and Friars in scores,
 This with his chasuble, that with his rosary,
 This from his incense-pot turning his nose awry,
 Holy Father, and Holy Mother,
 Holy Sister, and Holy Brother,
 Holy Son, and Holy Daughter,
 Holy Wafer, and Holy Water;
 Every one drest
 Like a guest in his best,
 In the smartest of clothes they're permitted to wear,
 Serge, sackcloth, and shirts of the same sort of hair
 As now we make use of to stuff an arm-chair,
 Or weave into gloves, at three shillings a pair,

* ————— Mea
 Virtute me involvo.—HOR.

And employ for shampooing in cases rheumatic,—a
Special specific, I'm told, for Sciatica.

Through groined arch, and by cloister'd stone,
With mosses and ivy long o'ergrown,
 Slowly the throng
 Come passing along,
With many a chaunt and solemn song,
Adapted for holidays, high-days, and Sundays,—
 Dies iræ, and *De profundis*,
 Miserere, and *Domine dirige nos*,—
Such as, I hear, to a very slow tune are all
Commonly chaunted by Monks at a funeral,
 To secure the defunct's repose,
And to give a broad hint to Old Nick, should the news
Of a prelate's decease bring him there on a cruise,
That he'd better be minding his P's and his Q's,
And not come too near,—since they can, if they choose,
Make him shake in his hoofs—as he does not wear shoes.

 Still on they go,
 A goodly show,
With footsteps sure, though certainly slow,
Two by two, in a very long row ;
 With feathers, and Mutes
 In mourning suits,
Undertaker's men walking in hat-bands and boots,—
Then comes the Crosier, all jewels and gold,
Borne by a lad about eighteen years old ;
Next, on a black velvet cushion, the Mitre,
Borne by a younger boy, 'cause it is lighter.
 Eight Franciscans sturdy and strong
 Bear in the midst the good Bishop along ;
 Eight Franciscans stout and tall
 Walk at the corners, and hold up the pall,
 Eight more hold a canopy high over all,
With eight Trumpeters, tooting the Dead March in Saul.—
Behind, as Chief Mourner, the Lord Abbot goes, his
Monks coming after him all with posies,
And white pocket-handkerchiefs up at their noses,
Which they blow whenever his Lordship blows his.—
And oh ! 'tis a comely sight to see
 How Lords and Ladies of high degree
 Vail, as they pass, upon bended knee,
While quite as polite are the Squires and the Knights,
In their helmets, and hauberks, and cast-iron tights.

 Aye, 'tis a comely sight to behold,
 As the company march
 Through the rounded arch
 Of that Cathedral old !—

Singers behind 'em, and singers before 'em,
 All of them ranging in due decorum,
 Around the inside of the *Sanctum Sanctorum*,
 While, brilliant and bright,
 An unwonted light
 (I forgot to premise this was all done at night)
 The links, and the torches, and flambeaux shed
 On the sculptured forms of the Mighty Dead
 That rest below, mostly buried in lead,
 And above, recumbent in grim repose,
 With their mailed hose,
 And their dogs at their toes,
 And little boys kneeling beneath them in rows,
 Their hands join'd in pray'r, all in very long clothes,
 With inscriptions on brass, begging each who survives,
 As they some of them seem to have led so-so lives,
 To Prate for the Souls of themselves and their wives.—
 —The effect of the music, too, really was fine,
 When they let the good prelate down into his shrine,
 And by old and young
 The 'Requiem' was sung ;
 Not vernacular French, but a classical tongue,
 That is—Latin—I don't think they meddled with Greek—
 In short, the whole thing produced—so to speak—
 What in Blois they would call a *Coup d'œil magnifique !*

Yet, surely, when the level ray
 Of some mild eve's descending sun
 Lights on some village pastor, grey
 In years ere ours had well begun—

As there—in simplest vestment clad
 He speaks, beneath the churchyard tree,
 In solemn tones,—but yet not sad,—
 Of what Man is — what Man shall be !

While, clustering round the grave, half hid
 By that same quiet churchyard yew,
 The rustic mourners bend, to bid
 The dust they loved a last adieu—

—That ray, methinks, that rests so sheen
 Upon each briar-bound hillock green,
 So calm, so tranquil, so serene,
 Gives to the eye a fairer scene,—
 Speaks to the heart with holier breath
 Than all this pageantry of Death.—

But *Chacun à son goût*—this is talking at random—
 We all know "*De gustibus non disputandum !*"
 So canter back, Muse, to the scene of your story,
 The Cathedral of Blois—
 Where the Sainted Aloys
 Is by this time, you'll find, "left alone in his glory."

"In the dead of the night," though with labour opprest,
 Some "mortals" disdain "the calm blessings of rest,"
 Your cracksman, for instance, thinks night-time the best
 To break open a door, or the lid of a chest;
 And the gipsy who close round your premises prowls,
 To get into your hen-roost, and steal all your fowls,
 Always sneaks out at night with the bats and the owls,
 —So do Witches and Warlocks, Ghosts, Goblins, and Gouls,
 To say nothing at all of those troublesome "Swells"
 Who come from the playhouses, "flash-kens," and "hells,"
 To pull off people's knockers, and ring people's bells.

Well—'tis now the hour
 When ill things have power;
 And all who, in Blois, entertain honest views,
 Have long been in bed, and enjoying a snooze,—
 Nought is waking
 Save Mischief, and "Faking,"*
 And a few who are sitting up brewing or baking,
 When an ill-looking Infidel, sallow of hue,
 Who stands in his slippers some six feet two,
 (A rather remarkable height for a Jew.)
 Creeps cautiously out of the churchwarden's pew,
 Into which, during service, he'd managed to slide himself
 While all were intent on the anthem, and hide himself.

From his lurking place,
 With stealthy pace,
 Through the "long-drawn aisle" he begins to crawl,
 As you see a cat walk on the top of a wall,
 When it's stuck full of glass, and she thinks she shall fall,
 —He proceeds to feel
 For his flint and his steel,
 (An invention on which we've improved a great deal
 Of late years—the substitute best to rely on
 's what Jones of the Strand calls his *Pyrogeneion*,)
 He strikes with despatch!—his
 Tinder catches!—
 Now where is his candle?—and where are his matches?—
 'Tis done!—they are found!—
 He stands up, and looks round
 By the light of a "dip" of sixteen to the pound!
 —What is it now makes his nerves to quiver?—
 His hand to shake—and his limbs to shiver?—
 Fear?—Pooh!—it is only a touch of the liver—
 All is silent—all is still—
 It's "gammon"—it's "stuff!"—he may do what he will!

* "Nix my dolly, pals, *Fake away!*"—words of deep and mysterious import in the ancient language of Upper Egypt, and recently inscribed on the sacred standard of Mehemet Ali. They are supposed to intimate, to the initiated in the art of Abstraction, the absence of all human observation, and to suggest the propriety of making the best use of their time—and fingers.—*Vide* Messrs. Urquhart, Thiers, &c. *passim*.

Carefully now he approaches the shrine,
 In which, as I've mentioned before, about nine,
 They had placed in such state the lamented Divine!
 But not to worship—No!—No such thing!—
 His aim is—TO “PRIG” THE PASTORAL RING!!

Fancy his fright,
 When, with all his might
 Having forced up the lid, which they'd not fasten'd quite,
 Of the marble sarcophagus—“All in white”
 The dead Bishop started up, bolt upright
 On his hinder end,—and grasp'd him so tight,
 That the clutch of a kite,
 Or a bull-dog's bite
 When he's most provoked and in bitterest spite,
 May well be conceived in comparison slight,
 And having thus “tackled” him—blew out his light!!

Oh, dear!—Oh, dear!—
 The fright and the fear!—
 No one to hear!—nobody near!
 In the dead of the night!—at a bad time of year!—
 A defunct Bishop squatting upright on his bier,
 And shouting so loud, that the drum of his ear
 He thought would have split as these awful words met it—
 “AH, HA! MY GOOD FRIEND!—DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET
 IT?”—
 Oh, dear! Oh, dear!
 'Twas a night of fear!
 I should just like to know if the boldest man here,
 In his situation, would not have felt queer?

The wretched man bawls,
 And he yells, and he squalls,
 But there's nothing responds to his shrieks, save the walls,
 And the desk, and the pulpit, the pews, and the stalls.
 Held firmly at bay,
 Kick and plunge as he may,
 His struggles are fruitless—he can't get away,
 He really can't tell what to do or to say,
 And being a Pagan, don't know how to pray;
 Till through the east window a few streaks of grey
 Announce the approach of the dawn of the day!

Oh, a welcome sight
 Is the rosy light,
 Which lovelily heralds a morning bright,
 Above all to a wretch kept in durance all night
 By a horrid dead gentleman holding him tight,—
 Of all sorts of gins that a trespasser can trap,
 The most disagreeable kind of a man-trap!
 Oh! welcome that bell's
 Matin chime, which tells

To one caught in this worst of all possible snares,
That the hour is arrived to begin Morning Prayers,
And the monks and the friars are coming down stairs!

Conceive the surprise
Of the Choir—how their eyes
Are distended to twice their original size,—
How some begin bless,—some anathematize,—
And all look on the thief as Old Nick in disguise.
While the mystified Abbot cries, “Well!—I declare!—
—This is really a very mysterious affair!—
Bid the bandy-legg’d Sexton go run for the May’r!”

The May’r and his *suite*
Are soon on their feet,—
(His worship kept house in the very same street,—)
At once he awakes,
“His compliments” makes,
“He’ll be up at the Church in a couple of shakes!”
Meanwhile the whole Convent is pulling and hauling,
And bawling, and squalling,
And terribly mauling
The thief, whose endeavour to follow his calling
Had thus brought him into a grasp so entralling.—
Now high, now low,
They drag “to and fro,”—
Now this way, now that way they twist him—but, No!—
The glazed eye of St. Aloys distinctly says “Poh!
“You may pull as you please, I shall *not* let him go!”—
Nay, more;—when his Worship at length came to say
He was perfectly ready to take him away,
And fat him to grace the next *Auto-da-fé*,
Still closer he prest
The poor wretch to his breast,
While a voice—though his jaws still together were jamm’d—
Was heard from his chest, “If you do, I’ll——” Then slamm’d
The great door of the Church,—with so awful a sound
That the close of the good Bishop’s sentence was drown’d!

Then out spake *Frere Jehan*,
A pitiful man,
Oh! a pitiful man was he!
And he wept, and he pined
For the sins of mankind,
As a Friar in his degree.
“Remember, good gentlefolks,” so he began,
“Dear Aloys was always a pitiful man!—
That voice from his chest
Has clearly exprest
He has pardon’d the culprit—and as for the rest,
Before you shall burn him—he’ll see you all blest!”
The Monks, and the Abbot, the Sexton, and Clerk
Were exceedingly struck with the Friar’s remark,

And the Judge, who himself was by no means a shark
Of a Lawyer, and did not do things in the dark,
But still leaned, (having once been himself a gay spark.)
To the merciful side, like the late Alan Park.

Agreed that, indeed,
The best way to succeed,

And by which this poor caitiff alone could be freed,
Would be to absolve him, and grant a free pardon,
On a certain condition, and that not a hard one.
Viz.—“ That he, the said Infidel, straightway should ope
His mind to conviction, and worship the Pope,
And ‘ ev’ry man Jack ’ in an amice or cope ;—

And that, to do so,
He should forthwith go

To Rome, and salute there his Holiness’s toe ;—

And never again

Read Voltaire, or Tom Paine,

Or Percy Byshe Shelley, or Lord Byron’s Cain ;—

His pilgrimage o’er, take St. Francis’s habit ;—

If anything lay about, never to ‘ nab ’ it ;—

Or, at worst, if he *should* light on articles gone astray,

To be sure and deposit them safe in the Monast’ry !”

The oath he took—

As he kiss’d the book,

Nave, transept, and aisle with a thunder-clap shook !

The Bishop sank down with a satisfied look,

And the Thief, releas’d

By the Saint deceas’d,

Fell into the arms of a neighbouring Priest !

It skills not now

To tell you how

The transmogrified Pagan perform’d his vow ;

How he quitted his home,

Travell’d to Rome,

And went to St. Peter’s and look’d at the Dome,

And obtain’d from the Pope an assurance of bliss,

And kiss’d whatever he gave him to kiss,

Toe, relic, embroidery, nought came amiss ;

And how Pope Urban

Had his turban

Hung up in the Sistine chapel, by way

Of a relic—and how it hangs there to this day.—

Suffice it to tell,

Which will do quite as well,

That the whole of the Convent the miracle saw,

And the Abbot’s report was sufficient to draw

Ev’ry *bon Catholique* in *la belle France* to Blois,

Among others, the Monarch himself, François,

The Archbishop of Rheims, and his “ Pious Jack-daw,” *

* See Golden Legend, No. I. Bent. Mis. vol. i. p. 529.

And there was not a man in Church, Chapel, or Meeting-house,
 Still less in *Cabaret*, Hotel, or Eating-house,
 But made an oration,
 And said, "In the nation
 If ever a man deserved canonization,
 It was the kind, pitiful, pious Aloys."—
 So the Pope says,—says he,
 "Then a Saint he shall be!"—
 So he made him a Saint, and remitted the fee.

What became of the Pagan I really can't say;
 But I think I've been told,
 When he'd enter'd their fold,
 And was now a Franciscan some twenty days old,
 He got up one fine morning before break of day,
 Put the *Pyx* in his pocket—and then ran away.

MORAL.

I think we may coax out a moral or two
 From the facts which have lately come under our view.
 First—Don't meddle with Saints!—for you'll find if you do,
 They're, what Scotch people call, "kittle cattle to shoe!"
 And when once they have managed to take you in tow,
 It's a deuced hard matter to make them let go!

Now to you, wicked Pagans!—who wander about,
 Up and down Regent Street every night, "on the scout,"—
 Recollect the Police keep a sharpish look-out,
 And if once your suspected your skirts they will stick to,
 Till they catch you at last *in flagrante delicto!*

 Don't the inference draw
 That because he of Blois
 Suffer'd *one* to bilk "Old father Antic the Law,"
 That our May'rs, and our Aldermen—and we've a City full—
 Show themselves, at our Guildhall, quite so pitiful!

Lastly, as to the Pagan who play'd such a trick,
 First assuming the tonsure, then cutting his stick,
 There's but one thing which occurs to me—that
 Is,—Don't give too much credit to people who "rat!"

 Never forget
 Early habit's a net
 Which entangles us all, more or less, in its mesh,
 And "What's bred in the bone won't come out of the flesh!"
 We must all be aware Nature's prone to rebel, as
 Old Juvenal tells us, *Naturam expellas,*

Tamen usque recurrat!—
 There's no making her rat!
 So that all that I have on this head to advance
 Is,—whatever they think of these matters in France,
 There's a proverb, the truth of which each one allows here,
 "YOU NEVER CAN MAKE A SILK PURSE OF A SOW'S EAR!"

T. I.

A DISINTERESTED REVIEW.

WE have much pleasure in announcing to our readers the publication of a new and interesting work, entitled "THE COMIC ENGLISH GRAMMAR;" and we feel that we should neither be doing justice to ourselves nor to the public if we did not recommend every one to be provided with a copy of it at the very earliest opportunity. The author is well known to the world by the facetious introduction to the Latin tongue, with which he has provided the youth of these kingdoms; indeed, it might have been said that he is personally known to everybody by means of the portrait prefixed as a frontispiece to that work, had that same portrait been at all like him — which it is not. But, let it not be supposed from this assertion that we are ourselves acquainted with him, — such a supposition would materially invalidate our credit for impartiality; we certainly have seen him, however, and therefore can speak with some confidence. We are the more earnest upon this point, inasmuch as we know, from good authority, that more than one young lady has already declined an introduction to him, declaring herself certain that he must be a horrid fright. We hear that he is yet a bachelor, and we strongly recommend him to consider what may be the consequences of allowing wrong impressions respecting his personal appearance to get about. *Verb. sat.* Before we quit this topic we will just observe, that our author, in allowing this portrait to be exhibited to the world, has not by any means laid himself open, like some people whom we could name, to the charge of vanity: he having merely followed the example of Vyse, Dilworth, and even Dr. Johnson, with various other writers on different branches of education, whose miniatures, most of them presenting, like his own, a slightly comic character, have accompanied their respective publications.

The principal reason assigned in the Preface to the "Comic English Grammar," for the production of that work, is the very proper one that all previous grammars have proved inadequate to the attainment of their object, — *i. e.* the promotion of conversational elegance. This assertion is substantiated by a passing reference to the language commonly employed by the "useful" members of society; and we must admit that the language of the Sovereign people has no pretension to be called the King's English. We do not wish to forestall the author in his exemplifications of this great truth, but will simply take the liberty of calling the attention of our readers to the singularly infelicitous mode in which certain itinerant vendors of green-grocery, drivers and conductors of public vehicles, and benevolent individuals, who amuse themselves by removing superfluities from our public streets, are in the habit of communicating their ideas to each other. We would, also, direct their notice to the dialects prevalent in Whitechapel, Spitalfields, and St. Giles's, and would put it to them, as enlightened persons, whether all of these are not appalling. Then, too, there are the countless vulgarisms which infest our provinces. The comparatively minor, but positively shocking improprieties of Pentonville, Islington, Woolwich, Peckham-Rye, and Camberwell, must also be taken into account. These facts having been duly digested, let it be considered

how many natives of this country, cockneys and countrymen, (to say nothing of people who call themselves "genteel," and of various literary characters,) there are, who constantly talk and write bad English: and then, let the question be asked, "In what condition is Great Britain with respect to Grammar?" We do not *pause* for a reply, because we feel convinced that we shall receive one in less time than the vernacular pronunciation of the name of Mr. John Robinson would occupy. We shall be told that the language of the country is in an alarming state. This being admitted, no one will deny that any attempt to reform it is in the highest degree commendable. "In great attempts——" Our readers know the rest, and therefore well understand us when we say that no worse fate could possibly have awaited our author than a "glorious" failure; but, should any one fancy that he *has* failed, all we can say is, that our opinion — may we be pardoned for a little bit of "Comic English"? — is "quite different." To the Senate, the Bar, — for, if we may trust the reporters, mistakes *will* sometimes be made in the best-regulated assemblies, — to the world of fashion, to the nobility, clergy, gentry, and public in general, we confidently recommend this little work. On students in law, linen-drapery, and medicine, on the swell mob, on mayors and aldermen, on hospital committee-men, and on all others who occasionally fall into inaccuracies of language, we would press its diligent perusal. But, more especially do we solicit towards it the attention of select vestries, and of all manner of parochial boards and authorities, who, more than any other sorts and conditions of men, perhaps, stand in need of the instructions which it contains. And now, (we address ourselves more particularly to the classes of readers last-mentioned, and to the agricultural population,) that the public may not, on our mere recommendation, purchase "a pig in a poke," we will exhibit a few samples of the work. Of the achievements both of the author and artist we shall allege no more than that, were we in their places we should say, as the clown in the pantomime last year expressively remarked, "We think we've done it *rayther*—just a few!"

One of the chief merits of the Comic English Grammar consists in the profound spirit of philosophy which pervades its pages. We have often had occasion to find fault with grammars in general, for dealing so largely as they do in mere assertion, unsupported by any shadow of proof. One thing is called masculine, another feminine, and a third neuter; and to the question Why? or Wherefore? we obtain no other answer than, "Because it is." If grammarians will give old women's reasons, they deserve, and must be content to be looked upon as old women. It is to be hoped, however, that they will hereafter imitate the illustrious example now set them by our author, who, in Etymology, for instance, Chapter III. Section 2, while treating of the very subject just alluded to, viz.: "Gender," endeavours to frame a rational hypothesis in order to account for the peculiarities which distinguish certain words in reference to it. The Sun, as some of our readers are probably aware, rejoices in the masculine, the Moon in the feminine gender. This instead of being stated in the Comic English Grammar as a mere dry fact destined to effect an ingress at one ear of the student only to make its exit at the other, or else to be thrown by into some odd ventricle or corner of the brain, where it might be hid among a heap

of rubbish, and probably not be forthcoming when wanted, is impressed upon the mind by a theory which, to say the least of it, is ingenious.

Astronomy tells us that the Moon's light is derived from the Sun,—and our author teaches us that we are enabled by that fact to understand the principle on which different genders are ascribed to these two heavenly bodies. The Sun, he says, like a rich husband, affords the Moon the means of *shining*; those means consisting, of course, in the *golden rays* which he so profusely lavishes upon her. These the Moon, who, like the sex in general, is fond of *change*, reflects towards the Earth and elsewhere, in the shape of *silvery light*, and, to make the analogy more perfect, the time that she chooses for shining is the night; just as all fine ladies do in making their toilet for the ball or the opera. So much for the author. How the artist has illustrated the idea, the reader shall judge in an instant.



We have already hinted at the *Science* which will be found, here and there, to enrich the pages of the work. It will also be seen to contain sundry hints with regard to morality, and reflections on human nature, suggested by the various subjects particularly discussed. Thus in Chapter III. Section 4, of Case, we are informed that—



"Fools furnish Quacks with Cases."

And Section 1 of Chapter V, treating of personal pronouns, gives occasion for a glance at the *personal* language sometimes employed at



A "Select Vestry."

So, towards the conclusion of the Etymology, it is remarked, with regard to *Conjunctions*, that they are sometimes effected by the Reverend members of the Clerical profession in *joining hands*; but the too romantic reader has, at the same time, the salutary caution impressed upon him, that hearts are not always in such cases conjoined as well; as in the following specimen of



A Coniunction.

In the political allusions which, among other things, are made in the course of the work, much less prejudice and illiberality are manifested than, we are sorry to say, the generality of modern productions exhibit. For instance, in an example under the head of "Conjunctions Disjunctive," we are informed that,—"*Though Lord John is as cunning as a Fox, yet Sir Robert is as deep as a Pitt.*" The author evidently desires to be fair; and with Queen Dido (in a double sense of the word a *fair* one), might have said

"Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur."

A little further on, too, in illustration of the same subject, he remarks, with reference to a recent legislative measure, "We pay less for our letters, *but* shall have to pay more for our panes; they have lightened our postage, but they will darken our rooms."

Then again, the principles of what is called "Artificial Memory" have been consulted, in the endeavours, constantly discernible, both on the part of the author and the artist, to facilitate the retention of grammatical axioms by all sorts of pleasing and familiar allusions in connection with them. In this way, the impropriety of omitting the nominative case to the verb is exemplified by a quotation from a well-known song.—



"Ven as the Captain com'd for to hear on't,
Wery much applauded vot she'd done."

The most inattentive youth, after perusing the above will scarcely forget that the proper reading would be, "*He* very much," &c. We believe that the writer of "*Billy Taylor*" has long departed this life. Now we put it to all candid minds, whether it is not more humane, as well as more amusing, to anatomise authors dead, than it is to dissect them, as some grammarians have done, alive. Besides, "*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili,*" as Orfila said when he poisoned the dog. We apply the maxim to criticism; and we certainly do think that absurd and worthless compositions are much better subjects for cutting up than the writings of men of genius. We may smile at the blunders of an ass; but we respect the infirmities of an Addison.—Thus, in the *Comic English Grammar*, we should think (were we in the author's place) that we had avoided a rock on which even Blair was so unfortunate as to split.

A joke is now and then ventured, at the expense of conventional fallacies. In the *Prosody* the word "respectable" occurs as an example of a rule relating to Accent. The artist seizes the opportunity to give a cut of, or rather *at*,



"A highly respectable man."

It were unjust to pass unnoticed the delicacy with which public attention is called, on fitting emergencies, to existing improprieties, abuses, or evils. We meet, in the *Prosody*, with a description and exemplification of the several kinds of English verse. Among these (for the sake of completeness), that peculiar sort of measure entitled *doggerel* is included. This, it is observed, is a metre very appropriate to such subjects as "Love and Murder," and the observation is illustrated by a cut, of which we can only say, that we wish we had room for it.

We could willingly have protracted still further our notice of this interesting, instructive, scientific, moral, reprehensive, admonitory—in one word, comprehensive work; but "space and time cannot be annihilated even to make—writers happy." For this reason, once more (disinterestedly) recommending every one who can afford it to buy the book which we have been reviewing, we shall now bring our critical labours to an end.

A SAILOR'S TRIP UP THE RHINE.

BY CAPTAIN CHAMIER, R.N.

At the Belgian frontier the douaniers behaved civilly. The examination was not more rigid than was requisite, and they turned over the contents of the carriage with considerate hands. I recollect when at Cronstadt having all my wardrobe tossed about the room, and being told to pack them up again as soon as I could, as the space was wanted for another victim's haberdashery!

However, I never grumble; I am one of Nature's good-tempered fellows; I take everything as it comes, and never say or act hastily; but in vain I have bestowed time and patience upon Scamp. No sooner did the man in office show his nose at the carriage window, than Scamp endeavoured to bite it. If the officer had mistaken Cayenne pepper for snuff, he could not have tossed his head with more celerity; at the same time growling out something in Flemish which was never manufactured in a drawing-room. Scamp maintained his post at the window, in spite of being called a *scélérat*, a *vaut rien*, a *sacré chien*; he bore it all bravely until they called him an "animal," upon which he shrank down, and silently confessed his degradation. There was no fear of his being *seized*, however much they might *condemn* him, and my little black and tan, something like the devil in fire-coloured inexpressibles, was admitted into Belgium.

I now got sight of Ostend, and made the high sand-hills about three o'clock. The very sight of the town was enough for me, and more than enough for my wife. We tumbled out for a minute at the Hotel de la Cour Imperiale; left the carriage under the care of my host; who detained me so long in eliciting particulars concerning Boulogne that I nearly lost my passage by the railroad; on which I shipped myself and companions, dog, and portmanteau, and steamed up a gallop for Brussels.

Blessings upon the inventors of steam-engines and rail-roads! Hero of Alexandria, when he (150 B.C.) invented his horizontal steam wheel, never imagined how the power might be applied to other wheels, and now, under the management of skilful engineers, with care and vigilance from all concerned, a man may be whisked to Brussels—a distance of one hundred and five miles—in five hours, for the clock struck nine as I left the railroad in the Belgian capital.

I do not know anything more dangerous, excepting children playing with gunpowder or aquafortis, than for an ignorant person to assume a knowledge of paintings. I was skating through the Prince of Orange's palace with a pair of list shoes on the glassy floors, accompanied by all my household but Scamp, when I espied a portly lady, with a coloured petticoat and slovenly garb, accompanied by a lanky girl, pushing by us with aristocratic dignity, and gaining the place nearest the guide,—who, by the by, might stand a chance of meeting the fate of Tom Pepper if ever he goes to the next world.

The old lady took out a pair of gold spectacles, and, standing before the famous picture of the Holy Family, declared it a most magnificent Raphael. She ran on with feminine fluency upon her

knowledge of the various schools, when the guide requested her to raise her spectacles. She looked higher. "Look on the frame, madam." Alas! it was a Rubens! Any one else would have been silent after this modest rebuke; but she, with uncommon good generalship, declared it *was* a Raphael, and maintained her point. She vowed that the portrait called Diana of Poitiers was a Carlo Dolce, and endeavoured to annihilate the guide with a sneer when he declared it to be a Perugino. Thinks I to myself, silly vanity might gain a valuable hint from this old fool's pompous ignorance.

In this shell of a palace there are some specimens of malachite, one in the shape of a vase, the other a table. The unblushing guide declared the table to be worth twelve thousand pounds, and the vase forty thousand pounds sterling. The largest malachite vase in the world *in one piece* is in Demidoff's house, 105, Rue St. Dominic, in Paris: this vase is only valued at ten thousand pounds. The large vase which stands in his malachite room would contain at least six of those to be found in the palace of the Prince of Orange, and is not valued at one quarter of this insignificant piece of workmanship. For malachite to be extremely valuable, it must be in one piece, as the stone chips off like slate in the working, and these small chips are usually veneered on wooden frames. When so veneered, which those both in the Prince's palace are, they cease to have that extraordinary value.

I was much struck with the appearance of St. Gudule, and went to examine it carefully. The first thing I saw surprised me; for I do not consider the people of Brussels either extra-religious, or remarkably superstitious. I saw *affiche'd* at the door that on the following morning, at ten o'clock, a mass was to be celebrated to the patron saint of cutaneous disorders, and that to all people so afflicted the bones of the saint would afterwards be shown. I would not have believed it possible in this enlightened age that such ridiculous superstitions could be practised or allowed unless I had seen it.

I do not intend to imitate the best guide of the place, Edward Cotton, late sergeant-major of the 7th Hussars, and run into a description of a battle which at this moment is fresh in the memory of those who gained it, and quite as fruitful of bitter hatred in those who lost it. I had been shown the church at Hougoumont, and the gate which Macdonald so well defended—that when a legacy was left to the bravest man in the army, the Duke of Wellington decided that he who defended that post was the man who best merited the reward. I had scanned the various names of persons, from that of Wordsworth to Smith, who had visited the scene of former desolation, and was busily employed robbing an orchard, which Cotton said the proprietor never censured, as he made more by his chapel than his apples, when I heard a well-known voice behind me.

"Well, Spunyarn," said I, "you have come at last. Where have you been all this time?"

"Bless your honour! this morning, when I arrived at Brussels, I saw as many people as would have manned Exmouth's fleet in the war-time, all huddling, and scrambling, and pushing, to get to a big church. Thinks I, there may be a double allowance ordered to-day, and I'll see how they sarve out the provisions; so I gets into the thick of them; and there, to be sure, I began to think it was the

loplolly boy's bell that was ringing for the sick, for I never saw such a set of scoundrels in my life. 'Avaust heaving, shipmates!' said I, and I began to heave all aback, to get clear of the crowd; but I was too late. I was bundled neck and crop into a large building, but took advantage of an eddy-tide to sweep round a pillar, where I stood, and saw the performance. Your honour, it's as true as that you are there by the side of that little gentleman in a gold-laced scraper, and dingle-dangle to his button-hole" (this was Cotton, with his round cap, and Waterloo medal,) "that they never asked me to pay one farthing for seeing the show. First of all, when all hands were in the place, came round an ugly-looking chap, with a purser's bread-bag over him, and a kind of chimney-sweeper's brush in his hand; what does he do but he shakes this at everybody, and by and by he shakes it at me, and I felt some water on my face, and says I, 'thank you for that!' Then the performance began, and there was such a shouldering of candlesticks, and such a flinging about of smoke, that I began to think the three gentlemen in gold coats were trying a steam-engine; then came some music and some singing, but nothing like what your honour has heard on the fore-castle of a night, when the wind was fair, and the ship was making a homeward course, and we used to sing,

"To England, when with favouring gale
The gallant ship up Channel steered;"

but it was more like the last verse of Tom Bowling, when the singer had more water in his eyes than grog in his throat. When this was all over (and they gave us a good hour's singing) there was a general move; the gentlemen with the gold coats bowed and scraped to us all; the little youngsters, whose rigging hung about them like pursers' shirts on handspikes, and who had been ringing bells, and shying smoke at the gold-laced gentlemen, shouldered the candle, like the sentry on the gangway does his musket, when the Captain's going out of the ship; the loplolly-boy's bell was set a-ringing, and all hands started a-head to the back of the stage; and, as I had seen the play, I thought I might as well take something to drink before I parted company. Every one before me knelt down as they came up to a small nook, not half large enough for a jolly-boat to swing at her grappling, and the water-sprinkler gave them another taste from his brush, and each, as he or she passed on, touched an old bone, and muttered something which would have puzzled any one but a horse or a German to have understood. So, when I came up I knelt on one knee, said 'Grog, if you please, your honour,' and touched the leg-bone of a dead man. 'Here's a start!' thought I to myself; but before I could get the water-brush men to give me a drop, I was hurried on, and got out."

I beg leave shortly to introduce my old valued servant, Jack Spunyarn to my readers. Jack is the build of a milestone, about forty-five years of age. His tail had been docked, and the produce of his face considerably sheared; but he always wore a round jacket, long-quartered shoes, with a vast superfluity of ribbon therein; and, in spite of some modifications of his trim, and his rigging, no one could take him for anything but a sailor; he had seen a great deal of service, and had been my servant for twenty-five years.

We all walked round to mount the hill on which stands the Lion,

but were interrupted in our intentions by a fat, portly, good-tempered looking man, who in vain endeavoured, as he grumbled, to make his face the index of his mind. "Torn from my native country," said he, "lugged over seas, jolted to death over railroads, clothes spoiled by the iron-dust, eyes inflamed for a week, face hot and burning for a month, bundled about from inn to inn like an old portmanteau, — and, what for? — to come and see a lion stuck on a mound of earth on the Plains of Waterloo, when I could have seen just as good a one, with a longer tail, and gilt in the bargain, on the top of Goding's brewery near Waterloo-Bridge. I'm a miserable slave to the world's opinion, sir," said he, addressing me; "and because all the world come to see this lion, I am told I *must* see it."

When I had reached the top, I was very glad to take a seat, and as Spunyard remarked, get a fresh cargo of wind. I confess I derived but little satisfaction from seeing a field covered with corn nearly ripe, and about as flat and uninteresting as any of the worst parts of Cambridgeshire, especially where no hedge intervenes to change or to beautify the scene.

Both Jack and myself soon gave over bothering our brains about that which we never could understand. Scamp tumbled down the mound in pursuing a bird; and the fat gentleman's dander was raised, as Sam Slick says, at the everlasting bother of a parcel of fellows, who had every relic, from an 18th shot to a musket-ball for sale, and every species of antiquity, from a mutilated eagle to an old rusty button.

"It's all nonsense from beginning to end," said the fat man. "Twenty-five years have passed since the battle, and the guide-book says that all these relics are humbugs. You'll find me obstinate. I won't buy one."

"And yet," said Cotton, "the earth frequently throws up musket balls; and often, as I walk across a newly-ploughed furrow, I pick up some that must have been fired on that day."

"You never put them there the day before you pick them up," said Jack, "of course?"

"You may talk to eternity," said the fat man, "but you'll find me obstinate; I don't believe a word of the matter. And now, having seen Waterloo, I'll return to Brussels." And away he went grumbling, and wondering how he could have been such a fool as to leave his snug house in England to be pilfered by foreigners at every step, cheated at every hotel, gulled and cajoled by every adventurer. "But," said he aloud, "they will find me obstinate, and home I *will* go."

The comfortable beds at the Hotel Belle Vue soon gave us an opportunity of fetching up our leeway in regard to sleep; and the next morning I prepared to start for Liege by the railroad, taking leave of the dullest capital in Europe. On taking possession of our places in the first-class carriages, — for the English somehow always pay the best prices, and try for the best places, — I was much gratified at finding my fat friend of yesterday jammed into a corner intended for two persons, and evidently prepared to be displeased with everything but the society of the ladies. To them he paid great attention, and seemed to think with Byron, "A pretty woman is a welcome guest." He was a thorough specimen of that class who,

having never turned over any of the leaves of the great book of life but that of their own country, are full of prejudice, nurse in the narrowness of their minds contempt for all other nations, and remark with bitterness upon foreign societies, fashions, and customs.

"I am glad, sir," I remarked, "that railroads are becoming universal, and that the lingering pace of five miles an hour over a paved road is changed for a twenty miles' gallop over a smooth surface."

"Becoming universal!" said he, with surprise. "Why, in France they have only got a plaything between Paris and Versailles; and although they have made as much noise in their Chamber of Deputies as a pack of parrots in cages, and chattered about their advancements and their improvements, not one inch of a railroad has been done, or is doing, to connect the two greatest capitals in the European world; and yet these fellows have the impudence to tell us that they are the most civilised people on earth. They are all action, all grimace, all capers and kicks, like monkeys, and are fifty years behind us in everything but caterwauling and dancing: a nation of pompous projectors, and, like Goldsmith's magpie, all chatter, pride, and talk. And yet I am torn from my native country, and told I cannot die like a gentleman until I have visited Paris and seen Naples! They will find me obstinate, though. All the Frenchified buffoonery in the world shall never make me discontented with the little island. Just look here, sir, and then talk of liberty. Here are as many police at this railway station as would keep London quiet."

"And beautifully it is managed, sir," I replied. "Here every one approaches you with civility; here your luggage is carefully preserved, and it will be by your own negligence only if it be lost. From the excellent management of this railroad, every one in England might take a most wholesome lesson."

"You'll find me obstinate, sir. I say again there is nothing in the whole world like England, English manners, English freedom, English liberty. Why, d—n, it, sir!" said he, his face purple with exertion and pride, "a Frenchman cannot drink a glass of salt water out of the sea without leave from the mayor of the town, and yet they have the impudence to talk of freedom! Let a Frenchwoman come down to bathe to Boulogne, and her friend fall sick in London, she cannot go over without sending to Paris for a foreign passport. Liberty indeed! the police can enter their houses, search their drawers, rummage their desks, and then walk out again without deigning to say why or wherefore. O Liberty!" said the old gentleman, with a fervour truly laughable, "how thy temple is profaned by those republican revolutionary democrats."

I thought my wife would have gone into fits at the wholesale denunciation which the obstinate gentleman fulminated against France and the French; and, willing to save a nation from overwhelming disgrace, came to their aid by remarking, that no English mantuamaker could invent a fashion, and that the names of Victorine, Palmyre, Baudron, and Camille gave laws to all the world, and all the world obeyed them.

"Yes," said the fat gentleman, "and pretty figures you look when you are stuffed, and padded, and wadded, before and behind. Nothing is natural, from your hair soaped back and nailed against your head so tight that you cannot shut your eyes, to the miserable

subterfuge of the boot purposely made to make your feet look like Chinese deformities. Madam, you would look twice as beautiful, if it were possible, without making the inside of your bonnet like the top of a May-pole; and your figure would be better seen if you did as your Caliban of a servant remarked, have less spare canvass dangling about you."

The horns now blew, and the train instantly started.

"All military tyranny, you see. A train cannot start without a score of trumpets puffing and blowing in one's ears. I wonder they did not sound the charge. But that's prohibited, I suppose, lest the omnibus horses should follow or lead the train; and, since last night's affray at Brussels, all military appearances are dangerous. What a miserable pace!—about eighteen miles an hour! In England six-and-thirty is hardly called fast. Why, a spavined yankee trotting-pony would run alongside of this, and do the journey in less time."

Very different, however, was the remark of Spunyard, who for the first time in his life was boiled up into a gallop. Nothing could persuade him there were no horses; and when he found he actually was going over the ground at the rate of eighteen knots an hour, without any assistance but that derived from hot water, he wondered no contrivance was invented by which a man could carry his own apparatus, and walk ten knots an hour without being fatigued.

Before we reached Liege, I asked my fat acquaintance which inn he purposed to patronise.

"Hôtel d'Angleterre, of course," said he. "Do you imagine I would go to anything else?"

"We go to the Pavillon Anglais," I remarked.

"You'll suffer for it, sir," said he; "deserting your own country for a Frenchified house, because your Red-book places it first; they will victimize you."

By the excellent arrangements of these railroads, travellers cannot be robbed of their luggage, or inadvertently possess themselves of that which belongs to another; and when the fat gentleman found that he had got his, and placed it on a wheelbarrow, he incautiously threw away the paper which he had received, and which specified the number of trunks which belonged to him. He ran to inflict his load on the nearest omnibus, when the Cerberus at the gate stopped his baggage, and the red face became purpled upon being told that he must produce the ticket, in order that his baggage might be ascertained to be correct. Quite in vain he swore in good English, or vociferated in bad French; the wheelbarrow was placed under arrest, and his servant was detained. It was to no purpose that he declared he had thrown away his ticket; the object of the guard was to ascertain that every man had only his own luggage. We left the ponderous mass of humanity, condemned to wait until every soul had passed out, when he would be allowed to follow. The omnibuses all had a dread of the load; they drove off, and left him obstinately resolved not to stir a step until the return train should take him to England, or at least to Ostend.

Wherever I went, I seemed either to herald or follow an *emeute*. At Boulogne, Prince Louis's laughable attempt to subvert a government began the train; at Brussels, there was an attempt made by a priest to resist an arrest, and a fight ensued; and at Liege there was

a grand gathering of the discontented and unemployed workmen to get bread without paying for it. I began to think the police would inquire after my doings, and I looked out of the windows of the Pavillon Anglais with some dismay, when I saw the troops of the line drawn up in front of the house, and my stout friend, who had some military knowledge, passing the regiment in review order.

Liege will before long become a favourite place of residence, the railroad communication with Ostend being only seven hours. Thus this city, verging on the boundary of Belgium and Prussia, is brought as it were nearer to London than Abbeville; whilst the price of provisions being much cheaper, the carriage-roads better, the town cleaner, possessing a good theatre, and magnificent inns, it is decidedly to be preferred to the dull, monotonous, dirty town to which I have compared it, and which, as yet, has carried off many more of the flock of geese who nurture their goslings in France.

Liege besides possesses her advantages. It is situated at a trifling distance from Spa, and in the summer there is no prettier road than that which passes Chaud Fontaine, and winds along the valley of the Vesdra. To this delightful spot many of the richer class of Liege repair during the summer. A man may reside at Liege for a trifle, and be able to hold up his head amongst the most affluent; for foreign affluence, excepting in Russia, seems to be a modest competency, sufficient to support a family without being forced to hold some situation of employment. That word *rentier* has a great charm upon foreigners, and gives a certain degree of respect quite gratifying to the bearer.

I now began to cast about with Spun yarn for a carriage to take us to Aix-la-Chapelle; not that I derived any assistance from Jack's knowledge of the Walloon language, but he had a capital eye for stowing the luggage.

I at last fixed on a carriage, and on agreement, desired Jack to lend a hand and get it out, that we might overhaul it; and a pretty miserable-looking conveyance it was.

"Here 's a rattle-trap!" said Jack. "I'm blessed if they would put in one of the afterguard of a ten-gun brig into such a thing as this with his lady,—no, not even if he was going to be married. Why, it 's all glass in front, and no shape abaft, like a thin woman in spectacles. It will capsize if we carry any sail; and it 's so weak in its timbers, that any head-sea will make it go to pieces. I say, shipmate, how are we to stow four in the cabin and two on deck in this crazy craft of yours? and how are the stores and provisions to go?"

With these *vellurino* gentlemen there are few difficulties; and certainly any inconvenience to the horses in the way of a load is never one of them. Trunks and portmanteaus, bandboxes, dog-kennels, and carpet-bags were piled up upon the stern frame to a height above the roof; whilst underneath the carriage a long swinging wooden tray carried the superfluities. We left Liege at ten o'clock; and Jack, who took a last look at the carriage and luggage, expressed his fervent wish that the wind might be fair and the sea smooth, or otherwise we might sleep in the nearest gutter for a fortnight before we should arrive. Oh! this horrible mode of travelling! You have ample time to admire from the summit of the elevated ridge, which takes some hours to surmount, the valley of the Meuse on

one side, and that of the Vesuvius on the other; and even Hope cannot be flattered that a temporary trot will reduce the many hours required to convey you thirty miles. No, no; trot or no trot, you will be at least ten hours on the journey; and if you are charitably disposed, and are a member of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals, you will have to walk at least ten out of the thirty miles.

Jack, who considered himself on the fore-castle, sung songs and smoked with the coachman; told him long yarns about battles, fires, and wrecks, scarcely a word of which did his companion understand; and when he got down to walk, he seemed quite to forget that he was in foreign parts, and distributed his blessings in undeniable English to any one of the hundred beggars who solicited his charity. Whenever they came near, Jack put his hands in his pockets, and recommended them to go to Brussels and get sprinkled with the brush and touch the bone of the dead man.

Knowing, alas! from experience, that all men are kindly disposed to receive money, I gave Jack a five-franc piece, telling him to slip it into the hand of the man who was to examine our baggage at the frontier.

On drawing up at the Prussian barrier, we were civilly invited to show our passports, which Jack called the sailing orders. We were now told that our luggage must be taken down, whereupon I gave Jack a wink, and indicated as well as I could the man to whom the bribe was to be given. As this was rather a plainly dressed individual, Jack considered the money too much for him; so he slides up to the officer, and giving him a touch of the elbow, said,

"I say, Monsieur, put this in your pouch, and pass our examination, and save detention."

The officer looked cautiously round, and allowed the sovereign remedy to glide into his hands.

"You have nothing contraband?" said he.

"Nothing," I replied.

"The ladies look tired," he added. "You may go on."

MARINE MEMORANDA BY A SUB-MARINE.

1st Nov. 1840, at Spithead, on board H.M.S. Howe, destination the Mediterranean: the ship under orders of Rear-Admiral Sir John Ommaney, whose flag is flying in the Britannia.

The signal made for the Howe to follow the motions of the flag-ship, the said flag-ship weighs anchor, and makes sail; whereupon the capstan of the Howe goes merrily round to the most familiar airs. The "Girl we left behind us" leads the way, followed by "Rory O'More!" The very idea of the thing makes a man jealous! The wind is contrary, and the Howe tacks, and tacks again, till she apparently gets quite weary and disgusted at being bothered so.

The old ship, urged to make more haste,
 No more her helm obeys ;
 She says her strength 's all going to waste,
 And then she *misses stays*.

Thus passes the morning. Then there is a whisper, which becomes a rumour, and at length takes the form of a confirmed report, that the ship has sprung a leak,—and so she has, in the gunner's store-room. The *Britannia* at this time makes signal to anchor, just as the *Howe* is going to mention, by the same medium, the delicate fact that the "head" of the ship—not the captain—had taken to drinking. The *Howe* anchors once more at Spithead, and we pass the night in contemplating—those who are not asleep—the possibility of being considerably delayed in our voyage—perhaps, the whole crew turned over to another ship—the only way to stop ourselves being to stop the leak.

Meditating in a cockpit cabin, it appears an extraordinary coincidence that the last ship in which we took a voyage—the *Romney* troop-ship—suffered from water in the "head;" on which occasion we perpetrated some doggerel that has never yet seen print. There is not much chance of our taking up the old moorings of the *Royal George*, at the bottom of the sea, to-night; so let us recal to memory

THE LAY OF THE LABOURING TROOPER.

My bonny bark, why won't you sail?
 Your leak 's the cause, I fear:
 No matter; if the pumps don't fail,
 We must get home—next year.

You once could run ten knots an hour,
 When now you scarce go seven;
 Poor *Romney*! you've outlived your power,
 But you must be forgiven.

It is supposed your "fore-foot's" * sore,
 And this has spoilt your running;
 I mean this as a fact—no more—
 I'm quite averse to punning.

To see your noble frame, you'd think
 That nothing could excel you;
 But then, you wretch! you're given to drink;
 Excuse me what I tell you.

No wonder now and then it seems
 You've sunk into a stupor;
 I've seen you lying on your beams—
 Yes, "lying like a Trooper."

'Tis very sad, each sailor vows,
 When ships disgrace their banners;
 There's something wrong about your bows—
 O *Romney*! mend your manners.

Pray take me home—I hate the sea,
 And long to get of land a sight;
 Your *see-saw* motion suits not me,
 When *saucy* winds won't blow aright.

* The fore-foot,—the foot of the ship's stem.

But, see ! oh, see ! in ceaseless rhyme,
 Instead of being on sea-scenes funning,
 I am *a-ssailing* all the time
 You're going—what a vice is punning !

But, Romney, take a hint, I pray,
 And let your course be quickly sped,
 Nor, Welshman like, on Taffy's day
 Pride in the *leak* that's in your "head."

I was not to the sea brought up,
 Nor would I go down in the sea ;
 Nor should I like the sharks to sup
 In *sub-marine* repast on me :

Then speed, oh ! speed along the wave,
 For who knows but a storm is brewing,
 And we may, with your Purser, have
 To pay for leakage, to our ruin.*

And now good-night to thee, Bentley's Miscellany ! Thou hast the first day's memoranda of our present voyage, with a slight dash of our last, just as your Xeres merchant puts in the old flavouring ere he ships his wines.

RICHARD JOHNS.

* Leakage, of spirits ; often a considerable loss to Purser's.

 I'M TIRED.

I'm tired of all news that I read or hear told ;
 I'm tired of the drain on our silver and gold ;
 I'm tired of the Sultan and Mehemet Ali ;
 I'm tired of the horrors on railways now daily ;
 I'm tired of apprentices smoking cigars ;
 I'm tired of the feuds of Prince Albert's hussars ;
 I'm tired of Courts Martial, of which we've had plenty,
 But chiefly of that upon Carpenter Henty ;
 I'm tired of poor boys having chimneys to mount,
 When machines are much better on ev'ry account ;
 I'm tired of the fortifications round Paris ;
 I'm tired of th' alleged lady thief, Mrs. Harris ;
 I'm tired of our actors, their wages, and airs ;
 I'm tired of French journals and Monsieur Thiers ;
 I'm tired of the schemes at St. Martin's le Grand ;
 I'm tired of my letters not coming to hand ;
 I'm tired of the murrain 'mongst oxen and sheep ;
 I'm tired of the shootings at Louis Philippe ;
 I'm tired of stone pavements and wood changing places ;
 I'm tired of the sports known as omnibus races ;
 I'm tired of renewing my knockers and bells,
 Oft wrench'd from my door by some highly-bred swells ;
 I'm tired of the nephew and ashes of Boney ;
 I'm tired of the death at Sierra Leone ;
 I'm tired of the tunnel not being complete ;
 I'm tired of the gout, which I've now in both feet ;
 I'm tired of my brandy and salt as a dram ;
 I'm tired of Laffarges, Monsieur and Madame ;
 I'm tired of what's old, and I'm tired of what's new,
 And I think, patient reader ! I've now tired you.

Nov. 21, 1840.

J. S.

STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Nomination.

WHEN the expressed determination of the independent band had been communicated by Bob to the committee, they knew at once how to proceed; for as Stanley was to be the first candidate applied to, only in the event of no proposal to purchase being made, it was clearly expedient to wait for such application, as the value of property, and more especially that peculiar species of property, so varies by circumstances, that in general a difference of something like a hundred per cent fluctuates between an offer to buy and an offer to sell.

Bob was therefore instructed to keep an extremely sharp eye upon the patriots still; and, stimulated by the applause lavished upon him for his vigilance, he continued to watch them with indefatigable zeal, albeit deprived of the companionship of his friend, through that venerable gentleman's unhappy indiscretion.

From day to day, as no offer from either party had been made, the anxiety of the independent people increased; for although they possessed intact the power to punish either of the candidates, and thereby to have their revenge, they did not — looking at the thing in a purely commercial point of view — prefer that revenge, however sweet *per se*, to the more substantial coin of the realm; which was indeed extremely natural, as well as very provident, inasmuch as the majority of them having an appropriate contempt for the meanness of labour, lived in an enviable state of independence from year to year upon the golden produce of their electoral rights. Their indignation at the backwardness of those who had come forward can therefore astonish no right-minded man, nor is it surprising that on the day of nomination they should have become so incensed at the ungenerous, unjust, and ungentlemanlike behaviour of the candidates, that they resolved to show him whom they conceived to be the richer, and therefore the more reprehensible of the two, that they were not with impunity to be swindled.

Now, although philosophical persons may carp at the novel knowledge about to be imparted, it may be held to be highly necessary that all the civilised nations of the earth should know, that in England, previously to the conscientious votes of a constituency being recorded, the candidates have to go through a sound constitutional ordeal, involving the high and indisputable privilege of pelting, and hooting, and yelling at those candidates, — a privilege which forms one of the most characteristic and strongly-developed features of pure liberty with which a perfectly free and enlightened people can be blessed. That the glorious process of nomination throws a halo of security around our sacred institutions is a fashionable fact, plainly demonstrable by our very adherence to that process, and that the speeches delivered on that interesting occasion are essential to the existence of a good understanding between candidates and electors, is abundantly proved by the mere circumstance of those speeches being made. So also is

the show of hands a glorious transaction, and as valuable as it is glorious, inasmuch as it amounts to a mighty demonstration of public opinion, which is of itself so conclusive, that it is in no slight degree remarkable that in a country like this the unpopular practice of demanding a poll should be tolerated at all.

It is however true, very true, that there may exist two rational opinions about that ; but it is also true that there cannot exist two opinions about this, that when on the day of nomination the returning officer had deliberately read the writ, Stanley was proposed by a locally influential person, in a most brilliant speech, of which not a single syllable could be heard beyond " Brother Electors ! "—" Stanley Thorn, Esquire "—" honour to represent "—" rampant faction "—" purity of election "—" the eye of Europe "—and " the last drop of blood in his veins ! "

As it is just possible that it may be observed that this was rather extraordinary, considering Stanley was the popular candidate, it will be proper to explain that the independent portion of the constituency—utterly disgusted with the prospect of being unbought—proceeded *en masse* to the hustings, with aprons, hats, and pockets full of turnips, carrots, cabbage-stalks, potatoes, and other equally handy vegetables, with the view of giving expression to the feelings by which they were animated in a manner the most striking and effective. They hated Stanley with a most correct hate ; they felt that they had, by him especially, been treated with contempt ; and as contempt is about the last thing which true patriots in general are disposed to endure, they resolved *in limine* to bring him to his senses ; and when they had assembled, Bob, cognisant of this high resolve, pressed with unexampled zeal through the crowd to inspire them with additional ardour. Unhappily, they did not know Stanley, and a loud cry arose from time to time of " Which is he ? "—some, pointing, in reply, to one devoted individual, and some to another. Bob was well aware of their lamentable ignorance in this particular, and resolving to take advantage of it, rushed with great presence of mind through the mass, shouting just as the person who had nominated Stanley retired, " Now then !—look ut, brother boroughmongers !—fire ! "

In an instant the hands of the independents grasped their ammunition, and as a gentleman stepped forward to second the nomination, they, mistaking him for the nominee, charged, and the air was darkened with vegetable matter.

In vain the unhappy gentleman thus assailed—being utterly unable to understand it, for he was sure that he had done nothing to offend the constituency—protested against this popular expression of public opinion ; in vain the returning officer appealed to their deliberate sense of justice !—they answered by discharging fresh volleys of vegetables : they would not be influenced ; their spirit could not be subdued ; they were men, independent men, good men and true ; in short, men who knew their rights, and would maintain them.

" Fire !—fire ! " reiterated Bob. " Wot ! is Britons goin' for to be slaves ! "

" No ! " responded the patriots in a chorus of thunder, and again their ammunition partially shut out the light.

Now, it may well be known by experienced men, that there is nothing in a siege of this character so efficient as a turnip. It requires but a powerful aim and a strictly correct eye to make it go straight to

the point proposed. Carrots are all very well in their way; but in general their flight is extremely irregular, while in unpractised hands they are apt to snap in the throwing; but turnips pierce the air in the most steady style; and albeit many inexperienced persons may prefer a potato, there seems to be no just or legitimate ground for such preference; for a potato has not half the moral influence of a turnip, because it does not, in proportion to its size, carry with it half the weight.

On this occasion the turnips did great execution. They went with force and dignity at the heads of the individuals by whom the platform was crowded and whose gestures were in consequence less graceful than grotesque. With the exception of the returning officer, who for a small man was highly indignant, not one upon the hustings dared to face the besiegers. Some, with great self-possession, stooped down, and took a retrospective view through their legs; some witnessed the exciting scene by peeping occasionally over their shoulders; while others formed themselves into picturesque groups, each modestly striving to give the precedence to his friend by placing that friend just before him. Stanley, who enjoyed the thing exceedingly, was in a corner, properly panoplied by a beadle, who, being an excessively corpulent person, shielded him with very great effect.

The platform, of course, was soon covered with vegetables; sufficient, indeed, had been poured in to stock a metropolitan market; but Bob, perceiving that the patriots had plenty still in store, was indefatigable in his efforts to urge them on.

"Keep it up!" he cried; "never give in! Now—now, brother-boroughmongers, at him! Hurrah!—I say," he added privately, turning to his venerable friend, "just cut away, and put missis up to it, will you, or else she'll be fit to break her heart. There she is, with old missis, and the Captain, in the carriage."

As the patriots, with deafening shouts, poured in their reserved ammunition, the venerable gentleman pressed towards the carriage; and, the instant Amelia saw him, she exclaimed,

"Joseph, for goodness sake! run to the hustings, and——"

"Don't be oneasy, ma'm, about it," said the venerable gentleman; "Bob's arrangin' on it beautiful, ma'm, a hinsinniwatin' into 'em that t'other genelman is him, so as the swells may hexhorst theirselves of every hindividual wegeble afore his master comes forrard."

"What, was this attack intended for him?" cried the widow.

"It vos, ma'm: it's werry onreg'lar, but it vos."

"The brutes!" exclaimed the widow indignantly. "The wretches! Where on earth are the police? Why don't they do their duty? Run, Joseph, and tell him from me to leave the hustings this instant. Be quick, Joseph: there's a good man!"

The venerable gentleman at once started off to deliver his message to Stanley, while the Captain was endeavouring to calm the ladies' fears by explaining precisely the effect of Bob's *ruse*.

Stanley, however, felt that he had a great public duty to perform. He had to address the independent electors, which is so indispensable on the day of nomination, that it may with great propriety be questioned whether the wanton violation of that duty would not only ensure individual defeat, but strike at the very root of the British Constitution. It is no answer to this, nor is it a sufficient proof of the inutility of the practice, to show that of the speeches delivered on those

high occasions it frequently happens that no syllable can be heard: it may be held to be distinctly and absolutely essential to the noble institutions of this country nevertheless. Individuals, it is true, may pelt. Why, let them pelt! Are free and intelligent men to be deprived of their liberties? They may drown every word—let them drown every word; are members of a civilised community to be gagged? is the public voice to be stifled? are the people of this country to be prohibited from giving full expression to the sentiments and feelings with which they are inspired? He who would contend for the expediency of adopting such a course is no statesman. Besides, there cannot by any possibility be a stronger proof of the practical virtue of delivering speeches on these great occasions, in defiance of the people to whom those speeches are addressed, than that afforded by the fact that the ancient and fine constitutional custom is still adhered to by the most brilliant men of the age.

When, therefore, Mr. Swansdown had been nominated and seconded, and the whole of the vegetables had been duly discharged, Stanley came forth, and boldly faced the electors; but when the independent band perceived the error into which they had been led, when they found that they had been lavishing their favours upon the wrong man, and that they had not so much as a root of mangel-wurzel with which to honour the right one, they became at once so thoroughly disgusted with themselves that they scarcely knew how to give expression to their rage.

"Gentlemen!" said Stanley,—“gentlemen!—gentlemen!”

He could get no further. The patriots were resolved not to hear another word: they shouted, and bellowed, and yelled, and felt strongly disposed to make a rush, with a view to the restoration of their vegetable ammunition.

"Oh! *I'm* not going to talk to these vile dirty wretches," said Stanley, with great impropriety, addressing Sir William, who stood beside him.

"You had better say something."

"Of what earthly use is it when they'll not hear me?"

"Go on; never mind: tell them how you love them: you are sure to be faithfully reported in the papers. *They'll* make a speech for you. Do but keep at it for a time, and appear to be dreadfully energetic: that's the way."

Stanley accordingly set to work like an alarm bell, firmly determined that nothing should stop him. He shouted, and looked extremely fierce, and clenched his fist tightly, and sent in the crown of his hat, and assumed a variety of very imposing attitudes, apparently inspired with unexampled fervour; in short, he performed his part to so much perfection that at length even the independent patriots became amazed, and wished to hear what this palpable enthusiasm was all about; but the moment this natural wish became manifest,—the moment they were sufficiently silent to hear him—he concluded by saying, in a firm, loud voice,

"It therefore follows, that if you do but your duty to yourselves, my return will be triumphant!"

Mr. Swansdown then nobly stepped forward, and the contrast between him and Stanley was striking in the extreme. Mr. Swansdown was a man of mild and gentlemanlike bearing, but he was at the same time remarkably short.

"Gentlemen," said he, at the very top of a very high voice, "I am proud——"

"Vot!" exclaimed Venerable Joe, who had stationed himself near the hustings, "air yer goin' for to 'ear that air leetle Lilliprushman speak arter yer voodn't 'ear the t'other! Look at the little swell! Vy he 'd have to clamber up upon a cheer to scratch his blessed leetle head he's sich a werry onreg'lar leetle dodger."

"Now, my brother boroughmongers!" promptly exclaimed Bob, "three reg'lar boroughmongering groans for the Lilliprushman!"

Three groans were accordingly started, but they were drowned by the cheers of the patriotic band.

"Gentlemen!" screamed Mr. Swansdown.

"Gentlemen!" echoed Bob, with a shriek which rent the air; and, as similar echoes were established among the crowd, they produced loud and long-continued laughter.

Again Mr. Swansdown tried back, and again; but these trials had no other effect than that of exciting a spirit of emulation among masses, for each man strove to make his echo the most perfect. And it certainly was an unfortunate voice for an eloquent public speaker; but even this was not all, for, while his tones resembled those of an indignant cockatoo, his refined articulation partook of the character of that of Demosthenes before he had recourse to the pebbles.

At length, after making a series of unsuccessful attempts he was clearly inclined to give it up in disgust for the popular reflections upon his physical faculties wounded his private feelings deeply: as, however, an extremely judicious friend represented to him the absolute necessity for going on, and explained that, as these imitations were simply the development of their undoubted constitutional privileges as free and devoted Britons, they ought not to be contemned, he tried again to enlighten them; but, as the more energetic he became the more laughter he created, he had no sooner thrown them all into convulsions than he thanked them fervently for the patient and deliberate attention with which they had honoured him, complimented them highly upon the manifestation of their surpassingly intellectual characteristics, and with a striking expression of gratitude, withdrew.

The awful moment now arrived for the highly-constitutional show of hands to be demanded, and all living men by whom the importance of this terrific process is appreciated properly, will admit that it is one of the most intense interest, inasmuch as the result involves the dreadful responsibility of demanding a poll. On this occasion the show was decidedly ten to one in favour of Swansdown, which was very remarkable, and, being quite unexpected, had a powerful effect. Stanley, however, by no means dismayed, demanded a poll on the spot; when the masses, having given him three terrific groans, and Swansdown three highly-enthusiastic cheers, formed themselves into groups to review the chief points, and dispersed without striking a blow.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Election.

ALTHOUGH Stanley's committee had been again and again assured that no offer had been made to the independent patriots, they now felt convinced that the Swansdown party had purchased them under

the rose. The show of hands had amazed them; it afforded in their view an incontrovertible proof of a purchase having been effected, and, as without the support of the patriotic band success was utterly hopeless, they naturally thought that the time had arrived for their opponents to be boldly outbid.

On the other hand, the Swansdown party were equally amazed at the mighty demonstration in their favour. They had concluded that the patriots had been secured by Stanley, and that, therefore, they should lose the election by means which would ensure their eventual success. Their energies had, in consequence, been devoted to the accumulation of sufficient facts to support a petition against Stanley's return; but the show of hands threw a new light upon the subject, and tended to inspire them with the conviction not only that the patriots had not been corrupted, but that they had resolved to adhere firmly to those pure principles by which alone it was supposed the strict integrity of the British empire could at that particular period be maintained.

Stanley's committee, notwithstanding, at once opened a negotiation with the Independents, and assuming that their votes had already been bought, their first object was to learn the exact price at which the property had been sold. There was much tact and judgment in this, forasmuch as experience had proved to the committee that when electors have been bought by both parties, a great deal depends upon their honour, they knew that the development of that fine moral attribute could be ensured only by giving the highest price. The patriots, however, solemnly declared that their property had not been purchased, which was repudiated at once as being utterly absurd by the committee; who, nevertheless, agreed with them as to the price, and proposed that the payment should be made when the votes had been recorded; but the patriots, exalted by the purity of their principles, spurned this proposal with flashing indignation as a direct and unwarrantable imputation upon their strictly public virtue. They would have the money down; and they had it.

The great point now to be considered was, how to secure them. This puzzled the committee for some considerable time; but at length having consulted the best authorities on the subject, they inclined to the belief that the patriots would never dream of leaving a house while they were able to procure liquor gratis, and that, therefore, on being made particularly bacchanalian, they would have no disposition to violate their honour.

A supper was accordingly provided at their own head-quarters, and, touching the liquor, the host was instructed to let the supply at least equal the demand. This was done. A bottle of wine was placed by the side of each patriot to begin with, and jugs of ardent spirits were established at regular intervals in the most tempting manner that could be conceived. Accustomed as they had been to the liberality of candidates this display quite surprised them. It won all their hearts; and, as they partook of the wines and spirits with the most perfect freedom and with an energy which was clearly indicative of the existence of an idea that they had not a moment to lose, they soon became in a most glorious state of affectionate philanthropy. Nothing could surpass their enthusiasm in favour of Stanley. He was a prince: his health was drunk fifty times, for each patriot felt himself bound to propose it the moment he had arrived at the verge of oblivion.

Having soaked themselves up to this point with wine, rum, gin, and

brandy, punch was introduced, which, being a new and unexpected feature, was laddled out with great spirit, while it drank so excessively smooth that even those who had retained sufficient sense to suspect that they had had quite enough, were unable to resist the flowing bowl. They therefore drank, and drank, and dropped off as they drank, and as they dropped they were thrust beneath the table by the survivors, who gradually followed to a man.

When this consummation had arrived, the landlord extinguished the lights, and locked them up, and there they remained snoring snugly until eight in the morning, when Bob and his venerable friend came down with a company of musicians, who aroused them by their correct and energetic execution of "*Hail, smiling morn.*"

At first the patriots felt rather confused, and looked about as if they did not exactly comprehend the true meaning of the extraordinary state of things which then existed. The host, however, supplied them with excellent purl, and their faculties, in consequence, became somewhat clearer; indeed, before an hour had elapsed, they were enabled to entertain a faint notion that they had been at head-quarters all night, which was really very singular. Still they kept drinking the purl—it was so strong and so refreshing—until the clock struck nine, when down came the carriages to convey them to the poll before it was possible for them to be tampered with by the Swansdown faction. Not a patriot, however, thought for a moment of deserting his colours then! They were all too happy—too glorious! "Thorn for ever!" was perpetually upon their lips. They would have voted for him for nothing if put to the test!—the purl was so good, and the music so enchanting. They were, indeed, all fervour, all enthusiasm; the excitement was delightful, and hence with joy they entered the carriages to place their votes upon record, surrounded by an enthusiastic mob of embryo patriots, and preceded by a banner, on which was inscribed in letters of gold, "THORN, AND PURITY OF ELECTION."

This was the first grand step, and the consequence was, that at ten o'clock Stanley was eighty a-head. The moral influence of this majority was powerfully felt: at eleven it had increased to one hundred and fifty, and at twelve it had reached two hundred.

The Swansdown party perceiving that, in order to succeed, they must make a mighty effort, now put forth the whole of their strength. The masters ran about like wild Indians to bring their men up to the poll, and so successfully were their energies brought into play, that at one o'clock Stanley's majority had been reduced to seventy-five. This was hailed as a glorious reaction; but more glorious still was it deemed when at three o'clock Swansdown was seven a-head.

Now came the grand struggle. The excitement was hot. The supporters of each party darted from house to house in a state of intense perspiration, while the utmost anxiety pervaded the town. The agents of Swansdown would not bribe. It was amazing how immensely in their estimation the value of sundry small articles increased, and with how much avidity snuff-boxes, knives, pipes, paper-caps, sticks, and old stockings were purchased; but nothing on earth could induce them to bribe.

At this time both parties felt sure of success, although driven to the point of desperation. Bob, acting upon instructions, secured four electors who were reeling towards the poll to vote for Swansdown, and

having, with the assistance of his venerable friend, got them into a carriage, drove out of the town. The widow saw this from the room she had engaged, and waved her handkerchief to express her admiration. She also saw, or imagined she saw, Mr. Ripstone displaying the utmost zeal in Stanley's favour; but her faculties were so much confused at the time, that on reflection she felt that she must have been deceived. Just, however, as the poll was about to close, there burst forth an enthusiastic cheer, and, on rushing to the window, she saw him again leading on half a dozen electors. She could not be mistaken: it was indeed he—the kind-hearted, dear, good soul!—she felt ready to sink into the earth. He led them boldly to the booth; they wore Stanley's colours—their votes were recorded amidst loud cheers—they were the last. The poll finally closed.

In due time the numbers were proclaimed. Stanley had triumphed!—he was fifteen a-head, and the announcement was hailed with reiterated shouts of exultation; but the result was no sooner communicated to Amelia and the widow, who had been in a most painful state of excitement throughout the day, than they sank upon the sofa, and instantly fainted. The attendants were alarmed: they conceived that the nature of the communication had been misunderstood, and tried with zeal to bring them back to a state of consciousness in order to undeceive them; but they remained for some time insensible as statues. At length, however, by virtue of the application of restoratives, their perception returned, and again they had the happiness to hear that he in whom their hearts were centred had indeed been victorious. And oh! with what delight they felt inspired! They embraced; and while affectionately mingling their tears of joy, each chid the other for weeping.

Another mighty shout now arose, and on reaching the window they saw Stanley thanking the electors for the zealous exertions they had made in his behalf, and how noble he looked then in the judgment of Amelia may be conceived.

A messenger was instantly despatched to urge his return to them the moment he had concluded his address; and as this was but a short one, he soon obeyed the summons, and by doing so deprived them of the power to utter one word of congratulation. They flew to him as he entered the room, and embraced him, and kissed him with fervour, and sobbed like children upon his breast, but they could *not* speak.

"God bless you!" said Stanley, who felt nearly overpowered, when, on turning to the window, he saw his opponent standing in the pillory by prescription, seeing that the electors of that enlightened borough held the process of pelting the defeated candidate to be one of their highest constitutional privileges, and they certainly did on this particular occasion exercise that privilege, not only with unexampled zeal, but without the slightest feeling of remorse, in consequence of Swansdown having dared to threaten a petition against Stanley's return. They had therefore no mercy; they pelted him with all their characteristic ardour, and continued to pelt him until he deemed it expedient to retire from the scene, when they marked his retreat with three glorious groans.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Chairing.

As success had been held from the commencement of the contest to be sure, the chief preliminaries for the chairing had already been accomplished; and as from the hour the poll closed until midnight, Stanley, Amelia, the widow, and the committee were occupied in giving additional instructions, the whole arrangements for the pageant were before the time appointed complete.

The returning officer had named twelve o'clock for the official declaration of the poll, and at that hour Stanley, accompanied by the General, the Captain, and Sir William, proceeded to the Hall in an open carriage, drawn by a mob of remarkably muscular electors, and surrounded by a patriotic multitude anxious to do him all possible honour.

On arriving at the Hall, Stanley entered with his friends, and took his station upon the platform, and almost immediately afterwards the final state of the poll was declared by the returning officer, who proclaimed Stanley "duly elected;" whereupon there were loud cries of "No, no, no!" but the voices of the dissentients were drowned in the general applause that succeeded.

Stanley then came forward, and in a brief but pointed speech, in which he acknowledged the high honour conferred on him, announced it to be "the proudest day of his life," and so on; after which he gracefully offered Mr. Swansdown his hand, which was taken in a gentlemanlike spirit,—and having led him forward to address the electors, begged of them to give him a fair and impartial hearing.

The very moment, however, Swansdown stood before them, he was assailed with the most approved expressions of popular disapprobation. They would not hear a word he had to utter. Nothing could induce them for an instant to defer the active exercise of their constitutional power to groan. They would groan, and they did, until he became well convinced that any farther attempt to address them would be useless, when thanks were voted to the Mayor for his urbanity and general good behaviour, and amidst loud acclamations the Hall was dissolved.

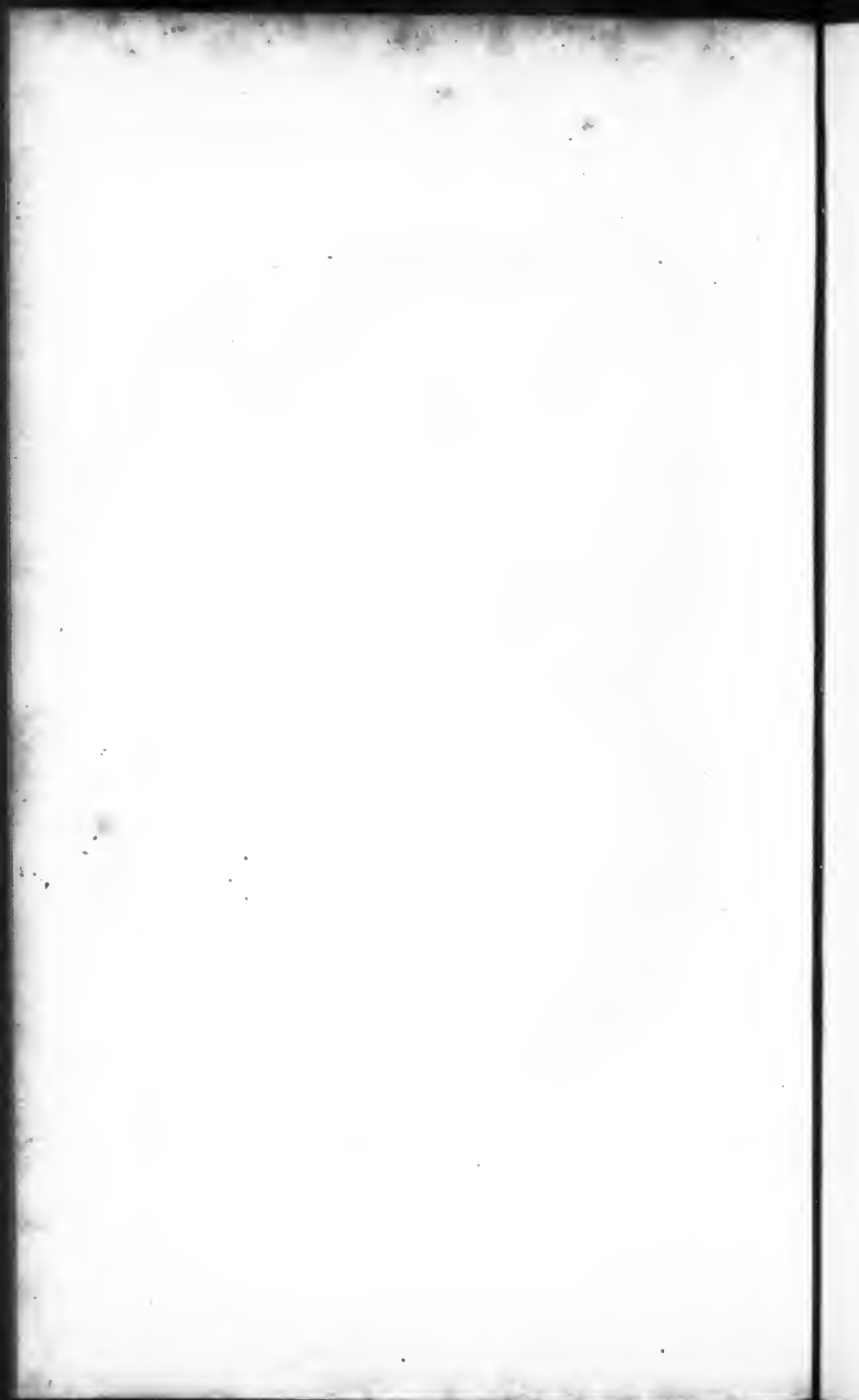
Now came the great business of this memorable day. During the official declaration, and the important proceedings which were consequent thereon, the procession had been arranged with an appropriate view to the greatest possible effect; and, on leaving the Hall with his immediate friends, Stanley was yielded up to the patriots, who led him at once to his brilliant car, and raised him in triumph aloft.

For some moments, having lost the point of sight, he was somewhat unsteady; but he was soon able to reconcile himself to his exalted position, and when he had done so, the glorious pageant passed in array before him.

First came two stout well-mounted trumpeters, each of whom rejoiced in a pair of balloon cheeks, which were blown out until in the annals of cheeks nothing like them could ever be found upon record. Then came the committee wearing scarfs and rosettes, while their horses—with their bridles and manes decorated with ribbons—were prancing and champing their bits with delight, apparently proud beyond all other animals in creation. A magnificent banner followed, with "THORN AND LIBERTY" thereon inscribed. Then a



Illustration of the...



military band playing up with great power and precision ; then various other banners, with appropriate inscriptions, the principal bearing the arms of the town ; then a line of open carriages, with the Mayor, the chief members of the corporation, and Stanley's private friends ; then another extremely powerful band ; then a company of morris dancers, duly arrayed in a style the most grotesque, and performing evolutions of a character the most fantastic ; then twelve blooming damsels attired in white, each bearing a basket of flowers, which they strewed with due foresight and skill.

When all these had passed in most admirable order, the triumphal car was turned, and Stanley joined the procession. It was then that he had a full view of the scene, which was indeed on the whole most imposing. Independently of the regular inhabitants of the town, streams of gaily-dressed persons had poured in from the surrounding villages ; and while the trumpets were sounding, and the bands were playing, and the bells were ringing, and the cannon at intervals roaring in the distance ; the colours were flying, and the masses were cheering, and all seemed inspired with joy.

It is, however, necessary to mention that this was not the end of the pageant. A vehicle drawn by two severe-looking donkeys immediately succeeded the car, and in front of this vehicle a machine was fixed, bearing a powerful resemblance to a gibbet, from which a well-conceived effigy of Mr. Swansdown was suspended in a picturesque position, with a short pipe firmly established in his mouth, and his person thickly studded with crackers, while beneath him sat a gentleman in the similitude of an unearthly personage, grinning with truly ferocious delight, and fiddling away as if he then strongly felt that he had not many minutes to live.

It may be added as an extraordinary fact, that Stanley did not much approve of this highly characteristic exhibition, and therefore actually intimated something like a desire to have it suppressed ; but the patriots, possessing a more exquisite taste for the sublime, and being consequently far more delighted with that than with any other portion of the pageant, would not hear of its suppression for one moment, and hence, having the power in their own hands then, the thing was preserved in all its pristine integrity, while the truly Satanic musician kept fiddling fit to break his heart, and thus the imposing procession moved on.

The reception Stanley met with as he passed was highly flattering. The ladies were especially delighted with his appearance, and waved their handkerchiefs in an absolute state of rapture, he was such a remarkably fine young man, such a really charming fellow, so handsome, so graceful, so excessively elegant. In nearly every window his colours appeared, while with the crowd he was an idol, he did distribute the handfulls of half-crowns and shillings at the corner of each street with so much liberality.

These scrambles were a source of great amusement, he having learned the art of making them to perfection from the chief of the Sons of Glory. It is true there was no mud, which was certainly unfortunate as far as it went ; but there was plenty of dust, which, when duly commingled with the perspiration of the patriots, had a very good effect, and more especially as during the whole of the morning they had been paying their best respects to the barrels of beer which were freely established in all parts of the town.

Having passed through nearly all the principal streets, the procession reached the inn at which Amelia, and the most *distingué* ladies of the borough, had taken up their quarters. Here a splendid triumphal arch had been erected, with the trellis-work of which wreaths of ribbons and flowers had been ingeniously and effectively interwoven, while the whole was surmounted with an elegant banner, presented to Stanley by the ladies of the town.

Beneath this arch, as had been previously arranged, the car stopped; and, as Stanley was acknowledging the joyous greeting of all around, a trumpet sounded, when the music and the cheering simultaneously ceased, and in an instant, as if by magic, a dead silence prevailed. Stanley, from whom this arrangement had been kept a strict secret, looked amazed; but, before he had time to inquire the cause, the poor children belonging to the various schools to which the widow had sent munificent donations in his name, and who had been stationed upon platforms on either side of the arch, commenced singing a hymn, in which the blessing of Heaven was fervently invoked on the head of their benefactor. The effect of this was electrical: all were touched deeply: the handkerchiefs of the ladies were no longer waving, and even the hardy crowd, as the strains of the children fell like heavenly music upon their ears, and thus realised their conception of a choir of angels, were awed, and hundreds of men, whom few calamities could have softened, hundreds who had been shouting, and drinking, and acting in a manner the most reckless but a moment before, were seen wiping their eyes with the sleeves of their coats as the tears trickled into their bosoms.

Stanley was much affected: he tried to conceal it, but could not; while Amelia wept and sobbed like a child: her heart was so full, and she felt so happy.

The moment the strains of the children had ceased the trumpet again sounded, and again the enlivening music was heard; and when Stanley had directed the largest coin of the realm to be given to each child to be worn as a medal in remembrance of him, the pageant continued its course.

At length it arrived at head-quarters — the inn at which Stanley's committee had been held — when the Mayor, and the members of the corporation, alighted, and having received their representative in form, they conducted him at once to the principal room.

The crowd had not, however, seen sufficient of him yet; albeit he had been in his perilous position for nearly two hours — and that position really was one of peril, inasmuch as the patriots by whom the car was borne had been taking a little too much strong ale — they loudly summoned him again to appear, and he eventually obeyed that summons: he appeared upon the balcony, and the shouts with which they hailed him were tremendous. He then addressed them, and in his address thanked them for the enthusiasm they had displayed; and, having intimated to them that it was nearly three o'clock — an intimation which was well understood — he begged of them all to be merry and wise.

A circle was then formed in front of the inn, and when the wretched-looking effigy of Mr. Swansdown had been placed in the centre, the crackers with which his devoted person had been filled were ignited, and blew him to atoms.

The patriots, bearing in mind the highly palatable intimation they had received, then repaired to the various houses of entertainment at

which really enormous quantities of beef and plum-pudding had been provided; and at six o'clock Stanley sat down to dinner, with two hundred of the principal inhabitants of the town.

Here the utmost enthusiasm prevailed up to the hour of nine, when — that being the time appointed for dancing to commence — the whole party retired from the table. Stanley opened the ball with the lady of the Mayor, and was delighted to see his guests so joyous and happy. Here, again, he was the admiration of the whole of the ladies, and Amelia won the hearts of all the gentlemen present. Sir William danced with the widow the greater part of the evening, and nothing could exceed her delight: he was so graceful, so attentive, so kind: she was in raptures. Mr. Ripstone was absent, which she could not but think very odd; but, then, Sir William was present; and, although Mr. Ripstone was a dear, good creature, Sir William surpassed him in every point.

Having danced with spirit until twelve o'clock, Stanley, worn out with fatigue and excitement, retired with his party almost unperceived; and when the carriages were ordered, the crowd, who were waiting outside to do him honour, insisted upon drawing him themselves to his residence, which was situated nearly a mile from the town. All opposition to this was, of course, vain, and the horses were accordingly removed from both carriages, the traces and poles only remaining attached; and, when Stanley and his party had entered, three cheers were given as the signal for starting, and off they went, preceded by a military band. Instead, however, of taking them directly home, they drew them round the town, which was brilliantly lighted up, and it was not until they imagined that their chosen representative had seen enough of the general illumination that they would consent to proceed towards his mansion.

Having once got upon the road, they were not long before they reached the gates, and here they were met by enthusiastic thousands, who, by the light of large bonfires, had been dancing on the lawn. The committee had arranged this quite unknown to Stanley, and had instructed their agents to regale the happy multitude with boiled beef and beer.

This was, of course, a fresh source of delight to Stanley, who not only encouraged the dancers to proceed, but by way of acknowledging the compliment they had paid him, took the hand of one of the lasses, and having placed her at the head of about two hundred couples, led off the next dance, *The Triumph!* — much to the amusement of Amelia and her friends, who were enjoying the sport at the drawing-room window. This, however, settled him. The line for nearly an hour seemed interminable, for even those who had before no intention to dance, stood up to have the honour of dancing with him. He did, however, at length, reach the bottom, when, feeling quite sure that he had had enough of it, he restored his proud partner to her friends, and left the lawn.

A signal was now given, and in an instant it was answered by a grand and unexpected flight of rockets, and as this was succeeded by a really magnificent display of fireworks of every description, it was rationally supposed that the enthusiastic guests would withdraw; but, no, nothing of the sort: although Stanley and his party retired to rest in an absolute state of exhaustion, the multitude immediately recommenced dancing, and kept it up with infinite spirit until the rosy morning dawned.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.—Something of a prescriptive right attaches to this theatre, giving it precedence over its rivals, at least in point of place. Mr. Eliason's Winter Concerts are got up with great taste, presenting morsels of music suited to all palates. The leading favourites in these entertainments are the solo performers. Herr König on the cornet-a-piston; M. Prospere on the ophicleide; and M. Dantonet on the trombone. A pleasanter lounge can hardly be found in "the great metropolis" than this for all who have any taste for good music. These detached musical gems are exactly the thing that can be heard all through with pleasure.

We are promised the German opera soon after Christmas. When we remember that to the performance of the German opera introduced by M. Laporte to an English audience, a good deal of the present taste for good music is attributable, we trust that nothing will arise to deprive us of a source of so much refined amusement.

COVENT GARDEN.—Madame Vestris is proceeding with great spirit, and, we believe, corresponding success, in testing the taste of the town by presenting to it the legitimate drama. Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* has been produced, with all the additions of splendid scenery, attention to costume, and taste in the minor appurtenances, which have always characterised her excellent stage management. The result of this is that on the four evenings on which the play is performed weekly, the house is filled in every part. The cast includes nearly every performer of merit in the company; and the rich and unctuous scenes in which Bottom the Weaver and his companions exhibit, are given with a depth and gusto thoroughly Shaksperian. Let us not omit a well-deserved tribute to the Messrs. Grieve for their share in this triumph; the scenes they have introduced alone will amply repay the visiter. It is something that although the stage has lost Clarkson Stanfield, his former master still remains to paint such scenes as those of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. *The Critic* has been revived here, and thanks to the admirable taste of Ma-

dame Vestris for the manner in which it is produced, is deservedly popular. A smartly written, though not very original, farce, called *Fashionable Arrivals*, has had temporary success.

THE HAYMARKET.—Webster merits success, for he has done as much as any living manager to raise the profession in public estimation. He has accomplished all that could be done to restore the little theatre in the Haymarket to what it once was: and aided as he has been by the taste and good acting of Charles Kean, worthy the name he bears, Wallack, and others, the natural result of a full treasury has followed.

THE ADELPHI.—The new architectural front of this theatre, executed with Mr. Beazley's well known taste, is alone worth a visit. It is, however, too beautiful to be exposed to the smoky atmosphere of the Strand. The present successful performance—and nearly everything that is brought out here we might almost say necessarily becomes successful—are *Madam Laffarge*—a rather dangerous subject, cleverly handled, however, and *The Old Curiosity Shop*, one of those dramas from an unfinished production too frequent of late.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—This elegant house has just reopened under the auspices of Messrs. Barnett, one of them the composer of *The Mountain Sylph*, the other also well known as *Monsieur Jacques*. The performances commenced with the production of an opera called *Fridolin*, written by Mark Lemon, and composed by F. Romer. The story is derived from Schiller's dramatic ballad. The following song is worth transferring to our pages:—

"The young spring bringeth songs and flowers
To glad the groves, to deck the bowers;
She sends her sweet breath o'er the streams,
And wakes them from their icy dreams:
Oh, all that's bright and glad appear
To hail the coming of the year;
And minstrel's touch their blithest string
To welcome thee, O lovely spring!

And youth's life spring hath golden words,
That sound as sweet as song of birds;
And streams of thought as pure as those
The fountain in its gladness throws.
O, every thought and feeling prove
That youth was made alone for love.
And when doth life sue gladness bring
As in the young heart's lovely spring?"

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