

Lizzie Adams.

THE
CHOICE WORKS
OF
THOMAS HOOD.

VOL. II.

Whimsicalities.
Whims and Oddities.

New York:
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1854.

WHIMSICALITIES.

BY

THOMAS HOOD.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW YORK:
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| A Tale of Terror | |
| Hydropathy, or The | |
| Mr. Chubb: A Piscatory | |
| A Very So-so Character | |
| Epigram. On the Superiority of | |
| A Custom-house Breeze | |
| Notes by Shakspeare | |
| New Harmony | |
| The Happiest Man in England | |
| Horse and Foot | |
| A Hard Case | |

Mouse!"

Other know you're Out?"

amp.

Gentleman.

ull Habit.

PUBLISHER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THE favourable reception of the comprehensive selection from THOMAS HOOD's writings in the volumes of "Poems," and "Prose and Verse," published a few years since by the subscriber—in a form of general similarity to the present series—has induced the undertaking of the completion, in this popular style, of the most important of this author's numerous productions. The author of "The Pugsley Papers," "The Dream of Eugene Aram," and "The Song of the Shirt," left much behind him engrafted with the humour, the gaiety, sentiment, the deep feeling of these well-known writings. In the few years which have elapsed since his death, it has been abundantly proved that in his peculiar walk he has left no successor. No man furnishes us, with so free a hand, such innocent light hearted mirth, no one's jests play more gracefully, in the happy illustration of the old poet, *about the heart*.

It was well remarked at the time of his death by an able critic in the *Athenæum* :—"The secrets of these effects, if analysed, would give the characteristics of one of the most original and powerful geniuses which ever was dropped by Faëry into infant's cradle, and oddly nursed up by man into a treasure, quaint, special, cameleon-coloured in the changefulness of its tints, yet complete and self consistent. Of all the humorists Hood was the most poetical. When dealing with the most familiar subjects, whether it might be a Sweep bewailing the suppression of his cry, or a Mother searching through St. Giles's for her lost infant, or a Miss Kilmansegg's golden child-

hood—there was hardly a verse in which some touches of heart, or some play of fancy, did not beckon the laughing reader away into far other worlds than the Jester's."

This is the spirit of all Hood's volumes, playful and poetical; light as gossamer, but profound enough too, if you look into them; and, above all other jesting—innocent.

The volumes of Hood which will appear immediately in this series are, "Whimsicalities, a Periodical Gathering;" made by himself, of some of his best papers; the capital volume of the school of Humphrey Clinker, "Up the Rhine;" with a new collection of Miscellaneous Prose and Verse under the author's title of "Hood's Own."

These will be illustrated with the author's quaint and humorous designs, which are frequently independent of the text, and always laughable epigrams in themselves.

New-York, February, 1852.

P R E F A C E .

It is proper to state that the majority of the papers in the present Volumes were contributed to the New Monthly Magazine during the Author's late Editorship of that periodical. Whether they deserved reprinting or repressing, must be determined between the public and the literary Court of Review.

As usual the Reader will vainly look in my pages for any startling theological revelations, profound political views, philological disquisitions, or scientific discoveries. As fruitlessly will he seek for any Transcendental speculations, Antiquarian gossip, or Statistical Table Talk. And least of all will he find any discussion of those topics which occupy the leaders and misleaders of the daily prints:—for any enlightenment, Bude or Boccius, on the dark ways of Parliament and Downing Streets, or the dangerous crossing between the Church and the Catholic Chapel. He might as well expect to have his cigar lighted by the Sun or his "Arms Found" by the Morning Herald.

As little will the anticipations be realized of the feminine reader, who seeks for love rhapsodies, higher flown than the Aerial Carriage; for scenes of what is called Fashionable Life; or the serious sentimentalities of that new Paradoxurus the Religious Novel. She might as well go to St. Benet Sherehog for Berlin wool; or hope to dance, at the Ball of St. Paul's, to Weippert's last New Quadrilles.

My humble aim has been chiefly to amuse; but the liberal Utilitarian will, perhaps, discern some small attempts to instruct at the same time. He will, maybe, detect in "The Defaulter," a warning against rash and uncharitable judgments; in the "Black Job," a "take care of your pockets," from the Pseudo-Philanthropists; and in the "Omnibus" a lesson to Prudery. He may, possibly, discover

in "The Earth-Quakers," a hit at the astrological quackery, not only of Doctor Dee, but of more modern Zadkiels; and recognise in the "Grimsby Ghost," the correction of a Vulgar Error, that Spirits come and go on very immaterial errands. In the "Schoolmistress Abroad," a deliberate design is acknowledged, to show up that system of Boarding School Education which renders a Young Lady as eligible for a wife, as a strange female would be for a Housekeeper, with only a Twelfth Night character.

Here this Preface might end: but old associations, and the approach of a season specially devoted to hospitality, good-fellowship, charity, and the Christian virtues, irresistibly impel me to the expression of a few benevolent wishes towards the World in general, and my own Country, nay, my own Country in particular. We have all an open, or sneaking kindness, for our peculiar province, as the sporting yeomanry well knew, and felt, when they translated Pitt's regimental motto which they pronounced "Pro Haris et Focis,"—for our Hares and Foxes.

In this spirit, my kindest aspirations are offered to my Readers, and in particular to those nearest home. If there be any truth in the statistics of publication, my Comic Annuals, heretofore, have afforded some slight diversion to the cares of Man, Woman, and Middlesex, and it is my earnest hope and ambition that my "Whimsicalities" may still serve the same purpose in the same "trumpery sphere."

If a word may be added, it is a good one in favour of the Artist who has supplied the illustrations; and who promises, by his progressive improvement, that hereafter our "Leech Gatherers" shall not only collect in bags or baskets, but in portfolios.

THOMAS HOOD.

December 4, 1843.

The Schoolmistress Abroad.
AN EXTRAVAGANZA.



DISCOVERING THE POLE.

CHAPTER I.

She tawght 'hem to sew and marke,
All manner of sylkyn werke,
Of her they were full fayne.

ROMANCE OF EMARE.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS ought not to travel—

No, sir!

No, madam—except on the map. There, indeed, she may

skip from a blue continent to a green one—cross a pink isthmus—traverse a Red, Black, or Yellow Sea—land in a purple island, or roam in an orange desert, without danger or indecorum. There she may ascend dotted rivers, sojourn at capital cities, scale alps, and wade through bogs, without soiling her shoe, rumpling her satin, or showing her ankle. But as to practical travelling,—real journeying and voyaging,—oh, never, never, never!

How, sir! Would you deny to a Preceptress all the excursive pleasures of locomotion?

By no means, miss. In the summer holidays, when the days are long and the evenings are light, there is no objection to a little trip by the railway—say to Weybridge or Slough—provided always—

Well, sir?

That she goes by a special train, and in a first-class carriage.

Ridiculous!

Nay, madam—consider her pretensions. She is little short of a Divinity!—Diana, without the hunting!—a modernized Minerva!—the Representative of Womanhood in all its purity!—Eve, in full dress, with a finished education!—a Model of Morality!—a Pattern of Propriety!—the Fugle-woman of her Sex! As such she must be perfect. No medium performance—no ordinary good-going, like that of an eight-day clock or a Dutch dial—will suffice for the character. She must be as correct as a prize chronometer. She must be her own Prospectus personified. Spotless in reputation, immaculate in her dress, regular in her habits, refined in her manners, elegant in her carriage, nice in her taste, faultless in her phraseology, and in her mind like—like—

Pray what, sir?

Why, like your own chimney-ornament, madam—a pure crystal fountain, sipped by little doves of alabaster.

A sweet pretty comparison ! Well, go on, sir !

Now, look at travelling. At the best, it is a rambling, scrambling, shift-making, strange-bedding, irregular-mealing, foreign-habiting, helter-skelter, higgledy-piddledy sort of process. At the very least, a female must expect to be rumpled and dusted ; perhaps draggled, drenched, torn, and roughcasted—and if not bodily capsized or thrown a summerset, she is likely to have her straightest-laced prejudices upset, and some of her most orthodox opinions turned topsyturvy. An accident of little moment to other women, but to a schoolmistress productive of a professional lameness for life. Then she is certain to be stared at, jabbered at, may be jeered at, and poked, pushed, and hauled at, by curious or officious foreigners—to be accosted by perfect and imperfect strangers—in short, she is liable to be revolted in her taste, shocked in her religious principles, disturbed in her temper, disordered in her dress, and deranged in her decorum. But you shall hear the sentiments of a Schoolmistress on the subject.

Oh ! a made-up letter.

No, miss,—a genuine epistle, upon my literary honour. Just look at the writing—the real copy-book running-hand—not a *t* uncrossed—not an *i* undotted—not an illegitimate flourish of a letter, but each *j* and *g* and *y* turning up its tail like the pug dogs, after one regular established pattern. And pray observe her capitals. No sprawling K with a kicking leg—no troublesome W making a long arm across its neighbour, and especially no great vulgar D unnecessarily sticking out its stomach. Her H, you see, seems to have stood in the stocks, her I to have worn a backboard, and even her S is hardly allowed to be crooked !

CHAPTER II.

“Phoo! phoo! it’s all banter,” exclaims the Courteous Reader.

Banter be hanged! replies the Courteous Writer. But possibly, my good sir, you have never seen that incomparable schoolmistress, Miss Crane, for a Miss she was, is, and would be, even if Campbell’s Last Man were to offer to her for the preservation of the species. One sight of her were, indeed, as good as a thousand, seeing that nightly she retires into some kind of mould, like a jelly shape, and turns out again in the morning the same identical face and figure, the same correct, ceremonious creature, and in the same costume to a crinkle. But no—you never can have seen that She-Mentor, stiff as starch, formal as a Dutch hedge, sensitive as a Daguerreotype, and so tall, thin, and upright, that supposing the Tree of Knowledge to have been a poplar, she was the very Dryad to have fitted it! Otherwise, remembering that unique image, all fancy and frost work—so incrustated with crisp and brittle particularities—so bedecked allegorically with the primrose of prudence, the daisy of decorum, the violet of modesty, and the lily of purity, you would confess at once that such a Schoolmistress was as unfit to travel—*unpacked*—as a Dresden China figure.

Excuse me, sir, but is there actually such a real personage?

Real! Are there real Natives—Real Blessings to Mothers—Real Del Monte shares, and Real Water at the Adelphi? Only call her * * * * instead of Crane, and she is a living, breathing, flesh and blood, skin and bone individual! Why, there are dozens, scores, hundreds of her Ex-Pupils, now grown women, who will instantly recognise their old Governess in the form with

which, mixing up Grace and Gracefulness, she daily prefaced their rice-milk, butter-puddings, or raspberry-bolsters. As thus :

“For what we are going to receive—elbows, elbows!—the Lord make us—backs in and shoulders down—truly thankful—and no chattering—amen.”



MISS CRANE

CHAPTER III.

“But the letter, sir, the letter——”

“Oh, I do so long,” exclaims one who would be a stout young woman if she did not wear a pinafore, “oh, I do so long to hear how a governess writes home!”

“The professional epistle,” adds a tall, thin Instructress, genteelly in at the elbows, but shabbily out at the fingers’ ends, for she has only twenty pounds per annum, with five quarters in arrear.

“The Schoolmistress’s letter,” cries a stumpy Teacher—only a helper, but looking as important as if she were an educational coachwoman, with a team of her own, some five-and-twenty skittish young animals, without blinkers, to keep straight in the road of propriety.

“The letter, sir,” chimes in a half-boarder, looking, indeed, as if she had only half-dined for the last half-year.

“Come, the letter you promised us from that paragon, Miss Crane.”

That’s true. Mother of the Muses, forgive me! I had forgotten my promise as utterly as if it had never been made. If any one had furnished the matter with a file and a rope ladder it could not have escaped more clearly from my remembrance. A loose tooth could not more completely have gone out of my head. A greased eel could not more thoroughly have slipped my memory. But here is the letter, sealed with pale blue wax, and a device of the Schoolmistress’s own invention—namely, a note of interrogation (?) with the appropriate motto of “an answer required.” And in token of its authenticity, pray observe that the cover is duly stamped, except that of the foreign post-

mark only the three last letters are legible, and yet even from these one may *swear* that the missive has come from Holland; yes, as certainly as if it smelt of Dutch cheese, pickle-herrings and Schie * * *! But hark to Governess!

“My dear Miss Parfitt,

“Under the protection of a superintending Providence we have arrived safely at this place, which as you know is a sea-port in the Dutch dominions—chief city Amsterdam.

“For your amusement and improvement I did hope to compose a journal of our continental progress, with such references to Guthrie and the School Atlas as might enable you to trace our course on the Map of Europe. But unexpected vicissitudes of mind and body have totally incapacitated me for the pleasing task. Some social evening hereafter I may entertain our little juvenile circle with my locomotive miseries and disagreeables; but at present my nerves and feelings are too discomposed for the correct flow of an epistolary correspondence. Indeed, from the Tower-stair to Rotterdam I have been in one universal tremor and perpetual blush. Such shocking scenes and positions, that make one ask twenty times a day, is this decorum?—can this be morals? But I must not anticipate. Suffice it that as regards foreign travelling it is my painful conviction, founded on personal experience, that a woman of delicacy or refinement cannot go out of England without going out of herself!

“The very first step from an open boat up a windy ship-side is an alarm to modesty, exposed as one is to the officious but odious attentions of the Tritons of the Thames. Nor is the steamboat itself a sphere for the preservation of self-respect. If there is any feature on which a British female prides herself, it is

a correct and lady-like carriage. In that particular I quite coincide with Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Hannah More, and other writers on the subject. But how—let me ask—how is a dignified deportment to be maintained when one has to skip and straddle over cables, ropes, and other nautical *hors d'œuvres*—to scramble up and down impracticable stairs, and to clamber into inaccessible beds? Not to name the sudden losing one's centre of gravity, and falling in all sorts of unstudied attitudes on a sloppy and slippery deck. An accident that I may say reduces the elegant and the awkward female to the same level. You will be concerned, therefore, to learn that poor Miss Ruth had a fall, and in an unbecoming posture particularly distressing—namely, by losing her footing on the cabin flight, and coming down with a destructive launch into the steward's pantry.

“For my own part it has never happened to me within my remembrance to make a false step, or to miss a stair: there is a certain guarded carriage that preserves one from such sprawling *dénouemens*—but of course what the bard calls the ‘poetry of motion,’ is not to be preserved amidst the extempore rollings of an ungovernable ship. Indeed, within the last twenty-four hours, I have had to perform feats of agility more fit for a monkey than one of my own sex and species. Par example: getting down from a bed as high as the copybook-board, and what really is awful, with the sensation of groping about with your feet and legs for a floor that seems to have no earthly existence. I may add, the cabin-door left ajar, and exposing you to the gaze of an obtrusive cabin-boy, as he is called, but quite big enough for a mat. Oh, *je ne jamais!*”

“As to the Mer Maladie, delicacy forbids the details; but as Miss Ruth says, it is the height of human degradation; and to

add to the climax of our letting down, we had to give way to the most humiliating impulses in the presence of several of the rising generation—dreadfully rude little girls who had too evidently enjoyed a bad bringing up.

“To tell the truth, your poor Governess was shockingly indisposed. Not that I had indulged my appetite at dinner, being too much disgusted with a public meal in promiscuous society, and as might be expected, elbows on table, eating with knives, and even picking teeth with forks! And then no grace, which assuredly ought to be said both before and after, whether we are to retain the blessings or not. But a dinner at sea and a school dinner, where we have even our regular beef and batter days, are two very different things. Then to allude to indiscriminate conversation, a great part of which is in a foreign language, and accordingly places one in the cruel position of hearing, without understanding a word of, the most libertine and atheistical sentiments. Indeed, I fear I have too often been smiling complacently, not to say engagingly, when I ought rather to have been flashing with virtuous indignation, or even administering the utmost severity of moral reproof. I did endeavour, in one instance, to rebuke indelicacy; but unfortunately from standing near the funnel, was smutty all the while I was talking, and as school experience confirms, it is impossible to command respect with a black on one’s nose.

“Another of our Cardinal Virtues, personal cleanliness, is totally impracticable on ship-board: but without particularizing, I will only name a general sense of grubbiness; and as to dress, a rumpled and tumbled *tout ensemble*, strongly indicative of the low and vulgar pastime of rolling down Greenwich-hill! And then, in such a costume to land in Holland, where the natives get

up linen with a perfection and purity, as Miss Ruth says, quite worthy of the primeval ages! *That*, surely is bad enough—but to have one's trunks rummaged like a suspected menial—to see all the little secrets of the toilette, and all the mysteries of a female wardrobe exposed to the searching gaze of a male official—Oh shocking! shocking!

“In short, my dear, it is my candid impression, as regards foreign travelling, that except for a masculine tally-hoying female, of the Di Vernon genus, it is hardly adapted to our sex. Of this at least I am certain, that none but a born romp and hoyden, or a girl accustomed to those new-fangled pulley-hauling exercises, the Calisthenics, is fitted for the boisterous evolutions of a sea-voyage. And yet there are creatures calling themselves Women, not to say Ladies, who will undertake such long marine passages as to Bombay in Asia, or New-York in the New World! Consult Arrowsmith for the geographical degrees.

“Affection, however, demands the sacrifice of my own personal feelings, as my Reverend Parent and my Sister are still inclined to prosecute a Continental Tour. I forgot to tell you that during the voyage, Miss Ruth endeavoured to *parlez françois* with some of the foreign ladies, but as they did not understand her, they must all have been Germans.

“My paper warns to conclude. I rely on your superintending vigilance for the preservation of domestic order in my absence. The horticultural department I need not recommend to your care, knowing your innate partiality for the offspring of Flora—and the dusting of the fragile ornaments in the drawing-room you will assuredly not trust to any hands but your own. Blinds down of course—the front-gate locked regularly at 5 P.M.—and I must particularly beg of your musical *penchant*, a total abstinence on

Sundays from the pianoforte. And now adieu. The Reverend T. C. desires his compliments to you, and Miss Ruth adds her kind regards with which believe me,

“ My dear Miss Parfitt,

“ Your affectionate Friend and Preceptress,

“ PRISCILLA CRANE.

“ P. S.—I have just overheard a lady describing, with strange levity, an adventure that befell her at Cologne. A foreign postman invading her sleeping-apartment, and not only delivering a letter to her on her pillow, but actually staying to receive his money, and to give her the change! And she laughed and called him her *Bed Post!* *Fi donc!* *Fi donc!*”

CHAPTER IV.

Well—there is the letter—

“ And a very proper letter too,” remarks a retired Seminarian, Mrs. Grove House, a faded, demure-looking old lady, with a set face so like wax, that any strong emotion would have cracked it to pieces. And never, except on a doll, was there a face with such a miniature set of features, or so crowned with a chaplet of little string-coloured curls.

“ A proper letter!—what, with all that fuss about delicacy and decorum!”

Yes, miss. At least proper for the character. A Schoolmistress is a prude by profession. She is bound on her reputation to detect improprieties, even as he is the best lawyer who discovers the most flaws. It is her cue where she cannot find an indecorum to imagine it;—just as a paid Spy is compelled, in a

dearth of High Treason, to invent a conspiracy. In fact, it was our very Miss Crane who poked out an objection, of which no other woman would have dreamt, to those little button-mushrooms called Pages. She would not keep one, she said, for his weight in gold.

“But they are all the rage,” said Lady A.

“Every body has one,” said Mrs. B.

“They are so showy!” said Mrs. C.

“And so interesting!” lisped Miss D.

“And so useful,” suggested Miss E.

“I would rather part with half my servants,” declared Lady A., “than with my handsome Cherubino!”

“Not a doubt of it,” replied Miss Crane, with a gesture of the most profound acquiescence. “But if *I* were a married woman, I would not have such a boy about me for the world—no, not for the whole terrestrial globe. A Page is unquestionably very *à la mode*, and very dashing, and very pretty, and may be very useful—but to have a youth about one, so beautifully dressed, and so indulged, not to say pampered, and yet not exactly treated as one of the family—I should certainly expect that every body would take him——”

“For what, pray, what?”

“Why, for a *natural son in disguise*.”

CHAPTER V.

But to return to the Tour.—

It is a statistical fact, that since 1814 an unknown number of persons, bearing an indefinite proportion to the gross total of the population of the British empire, have been more or less

“abroad.” Not politically, or metaphysically, or figuratively, but literally out of the kingdom, or as it is called in foreign parts.

In fact, no sooner was the Continent *opened* to us by the Peace, than there was a general rush towards the mainland. An Alarmist, like old Croaker, might have fancied that some of our disaffected Merthyr Tydvil miners or underminers were scuttling the Island, so many of the natives scuttled out of it. The outlandish secretaries who sign passports, had hardly leisure to take snuff.

It was good, however, for trade. Carpet-bags and portmantaus rose one hundred per cent. All sorts of Guide-books and Journey Works went off like wildfire, and even Sir Humphrey Davy’s “Consolations in Travel” was in strange request. Servants, who had “no objection to go abroad” were snapped up like fortunes—and as to hard-riding “Curriers,” there was nothing like leather.

It resembled a geographical panic—and of all the Country and Branch Banks in Christendom, never was there such a run as on the Banks of the Rhine. You would have thought that they were going to break all to smash—of course making away beforehand with their splendid furniture, unrivalled pictures, and capital cellar of wines! However, off flew our countrymen and countrywomen, like migrating swallows, but at the wrong time of year; or rather like shoals of salmon, striving up, up, up against the stream, except to spawn Tours and Reminiscences, hard and soft, instead of roe. And would that they were going up, up, up still—for when they came down again, Ods, Jobs, and patient Grizels! how they did *bore* and *Germanize* us, like so many flutes.

It was impossible to go into society without meeting units,

tens, hundreds, thousands of Rhenish Tourists—travellers in Ditchland, and in Deutchland. People who had seen Nimagen and Nim-Again—who had been at Cologne, and at Koeln, and at Colon—at Cob-longs and Coblence—at Swang Gwar and at Saint Go-er—at Bonn—at Bone—and at Bong!

Then the airs they gave themselves over the untravelled! How they bothered them with Bergs, puzzled them with Bads, deafened them with Dorfs, worried them with Heims, and pelted them with Steins! How they looked down upon them, as if from Ehrenbreitstein, because they had not eaten a German sausage in Germany, sour krout in its own country, and drunk seltzer-water at the fountain-head! What a donkey they deemed him who had not been to Assmanshauser—what a cockney who had not seen a Rat's Castle besides the one in St. Giles's! He was, as it were, in the kitchen of society, for to go "up the Rhine," was to go up stairs!

Now this very humiliation was felt by Miss Crane; and the more that in her establishment for Young Ladies she was the Professor of Geography, and the Use of the Globes. Moreover, several of her pupils had made the trip with their parents, during the vacations, and treated the travelling part of the business so lightly, that in a rash hour the Schoolmistress determined to go abroad. Her junior sister, Miss Ruth, gladly acceded to the scheme, and so did their only remaining parent, a little, sickly, querulous man, always in black, being some sort of dissenting minister, as the "young ladies" knew to their cost, for they had always to mark his new shirts, in cross-stitch, with the Reverend T. C. and the number—"the Reverend" at full length.

Accordingly, as soon as the Midsummer holidays set in, there was packed—in I don't know how many trunks, bags, and cap-

House, Establishment for Young Ladies. By the Misses Crane." Why it should be called Lebanon House appears a mystery, seeing that the building stands not on a mountain, but in a flat; but the truth is, that the name was bestowed in allusion to a remarkably fine Cedar, which traditionally stood in the fore court, though long since cut down as a tree, and cut up in lead pencils.

The front gate is carefully locked, the hour being later than 5 P. M., and the blinds are all down—but if any one could peep through the short Venetians next the door, on the right hand into the Music Parlour, he would see Miss Parfitt herself stealthily playing on the grand piano (for it is Sunday) but with no more sound than belongs to that tuneful whisper commonly called "the ghost of a whistle." But let us pull the bell.

"Sally, are the ladies at home?"

"Lawk! sir!—why haven't you heard? Miss Crane and Miss Ruth are a pleasuring on a Tower up the Rhind—and the Reverend Mr. C. is enjoying hisself in Germany along with them."

* * * * *

Alas! poor Sally! Alas! for poor short-sighted human nature!

"Why, in the name of all that's anonymous, what is the matter?"

Lies! lies! lies! But it is impossible for Truth, the pure Truth, to exist, save with Omnipresence and Omniscience. As for mere mortals, they must daily vent falsehoods in spite of themselves. Thus, at the very moment, while Sally was telling us—but let Truth herself correct the Errata.

For—"The Reverend Mr. C. enjoying himself in Germany—"

Read—" *Writhing with spasms in a miserable Prussian inn.*"

For—"Miss Crane and Miss Ruth a-pleasuring on a Tour up the Rhine—"

Read—" *Wishing themselves home again with all their hearts and souls.*"

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a grievous case!

After all the troubles of the Reverend T. C. by sea and land—his perplexities with the foreign coins at Rotterdam—with the passports at Nimeguen—with the Douane at Arnheim—and with the Speise-Karte at Cologne—

To be taken ill, poor gentleman, with his old spasms, in such a place as the road between Todberg and Grabheim, six good miles at least from each, and not a decent inn at either! And in such weather too—unfit for anything with the semblance of humanity to be abroad—a night in which a Christian farmer would hardly have left out his scarecrow!

The groans of the sufferer were pitiable—but what could be done for his relief? on a blank desolate common without a house in sight—no, not a hut! His afflicted daughters could only try to sooth him with words, vain words—assuasive perhaps of mental pains, but as to any discourse arresting a physical ache,—you might as well take a pin to pin a bull with. Besides, the poor women wanted comforting themselves. Gracious Heaven! Think of two single females, with a sick, perhaps an expiring parent—shut up in a hired coach, on a stormy night, in a foreign land—ay, in one of its dreariest places. The sympathy of a third party, even a stranger, would have been some support to

them, but all they could get by their most earnest appeals to the driver was a couple of unintelligible syllables.

If they had only possessed a cordial—a flask of *eau de vie*! Such a thing had indeed been proposed and prepared, but alas! Miss Crane had wilfully left it behind. To think of Propriety producing such a travelling accompaniment as a brandy-bottle was out of the question. You might as well have looked for claret from a pitcher-plant!

In the mean time the sick man continued to sigh and moan—his two girls could feel him twisting about between them.

“Oh, my poor dear papa!” murmured Miss Crane, for she did not “father” him even in that extremity. Then she groped again despairingly in her bag for the smelling-bottle, but only found instead of it an article she had brought along with her, Heaven knows why, into Germany—the French mark!

“Oh—ah—ugh!—hah!” grumbled the sufferer. “Am I—to—die—on—the road!”

“Is he to die on the road!” repeated Miss Crane through the front window to the coachman, but with the same result as before; namely, two words in the unknown tongue.

“Ruth, what is *yar vole*?”

Ruth shook her head in the dark.

“If he would only drive faster!” exclaimed Miss Crane, and again she talked through the front window. “My good man—” (*Gefallig*?) “Ruth, what’s *gefallish*?” But Miss Ruth was as much in the dark as ever. “Do, do, do, make haste to somewhere—” (*Ja wohl!*) That phlegmatic driver would drive her crazy!

Poor Miss Crane! Poor Miss Ruth! Poor Reverend T. C.!

My heart bleeds for them—and yet they must remain perhaps for a full hour to come in that miserable condition. But no—hark—that guttural sound which like a charm arrests every horse in Germany as soon as uttered—“Burr-r-r-r-r!”

The coach stops; and looking out on her own side through the rain Miss Crane perceives a low dingy door, over which by help of a lamp she discovers a white board, with some great black fowl painted on it, and a word underneath that to her English eyes suggests a difficulty in procuring fresh eggs. Whereas the Alder, instead of adding, hatches brood after brood every year, till the number is quite wonderful, of little red and black eagles.

However, the Royal Bird receives the distressed travellers under its wing; but my pen, though a steel one, shrinks from the labour of scrambling and hoisting them from the Lohn Kutch into the Gast Haus. In plump, there they are—in the best inn’s best room, yet not a whit preferable to the last chamber that lodged the “great Villiers.” But hark, they whisper,

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| Gracious powers! Ruth! | } What a wretched hole! |
| Gracious powers! Priscilla! | |

CHAPTER IX.

I take it for granted that no English traveller would willingly lay up—unless particularly *inn-disposed*—at an Inn. Still less at a German one; and least of all at a Prussian public-house, in a rather private Prussian village. To be far from well, and far from well lodged—to be ill, and ill attended—to be poorly, and poorly fed—to be in a bad way, and a bad bed.—But let us pull

up, with ideal reins, an imaginary nag, at such an outlandish Hostelrie, and take a peep at its "Entertainment for Man and Horse."

Bur-r-r-r-rrrr!

The nag stops as if charmed—and as cool and comfortable as a cucumber—at least till it is peppered—for your German is so tender of his beast that he would hardly allow his greyhound to *turn a hair*—

Now then, for a shout; and remember that in Kleinewinkel, it will serve just as well to cry "Boxkeeper!" as "Ostler!" but look, there is some one coming from the inn-door.

'Tis Katchen herself—with her bare head, her bright blue gown, her scarlet apron—and a huge rye-loaf under her left arm. Her right hand grasps a knife. How plump and pleasant she looks! and how kindly she smiles at every body, including the horse! But see—she stops, and shifts the position of the loaf. She presses it—as if to sweeten its sourness—against her soft, palpitating bosom, the very hemisphere that holds her maiden heart. And now she begins to cut—or rather hagggle—for the knife is blunt, and the bread is hard; but she works with good will, and still hugging the loaf closer and closer to her comely self, at last severs a liberal slice from the mass. Nor is she content to merely give it to her client, but holds it out with her own hand to be eaten, till the last morsel is taken from among her ruddy fingers by the lips—of a sweet little chubby urchin?—no—of our big, bony iron-gray post-horse!

Now then, Courteous Reader, let us step into the Stube, or Traveller's Room; and survey the fare and the accommodation prepared for us bipeds. Look at that bare floor—and that dreary stove—and those smoky dingy walls—and for a night's lodging,

yonder wooden trough—far less desirable than a shake-down of clean straw.

Then for the victualling, pray taste that Pythagorean soup—and that drowned beef—and the rotten pickle-cabbage—and those terrible Hog-Cartridges—and that lump of white soap, flavoured with carraways, *alias* ewe-milk cheese—

And now just sip that Essigberger, sharp and sour enough to provoke the “*dura ilia Messorum*” into an Iliac Passion—and the terebinthine Krug Bier! Would you not rather dine at the cheapest ordinary at one, with all its niceties and nastities, plain cooked in a London cellar? And for a night’s rest would you not sooner seek a bed in the Bedford Nursery? So much for the “Entertainment for Man and Horse”—a clear proof, ay, as clear as the Author’s own proof, with the date under his own hand—



GOOD ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND HORSE.

Of what, sir?

Why that Dean Swift's visit to Germany—if ever he did visit Germany—must have been prior to his inditing the Fourth Voyage of Captain Lemuel Gulliver,—namely to the Land of the Houyhnhnms and the Yahoos, where the horses were better boarded and lodged than mankind.

CHAPTER X.

To return to the afflicted trio—the horrified Miss Crane, the desolate Ruth, and the writhing Reverend T. C.—in the small sordid, smoky, dark, dingy, dirty, musty, fusty, dusty best room at the Alder. The most miserable “party in a parlour——”

“’Twas their own faults!” exclaims a shadowy Personage, with peculiarly hard features—and yet not harder than they need to be, considering against how many things, and how violently, she sets her face. But when did Prejudice ever look prepossessing? Never—since the French wore shoes *à la Dryade!*

“’Twas their own faults,” she cries, “for going abroad. Why couldn’t they stay comfortably at home, at Laburnam House?”

“Lebanon, Ma’am.”

“Well, Lebanon. Or they might have gone up the Wye, or up the Thames. I hate the Rhine. What business had they in Prussia? And of course they went through Holland. I hate flats!”

“Nevertheless, madam, I have visited each of those countries, and have found much to admire in both. For example——”

“Oh, pray don’t! I hate to hear you say so. I hate every body who doesn’t hate every thing foreign.”

“Possibly, madam, you have never been abroad?”

“ Oh, yes! I once went over to Calais—and have hated myself ever since. I hate the Continent!”

“ For what reason, madam?”

“ Pshaw! I hate to give reasons. I hate the Continent—because it’s so large.”

“ Then you would, perhaps, like one of the Hebrides?”

“ No—I hate the Scotch. But what has that to do with your Schoolmistress abroad?—I hate governesses—and her Reverend sick father with his ridiculous spasms—I hate Dissenters—They’re not High Church.”

“ Nay, my dear madam, you are getting a little uncharitable.”

“ Charity! I hate its name. It’s a mere shield thrown over hateful people. How are we to love those we like properly, if we do not hate the others? As the Corsair says,

‘ My very love to thee is hate to them.’

But I hate Byron.”

“ As a man, ma’am, or as an author?”

“ Both. But I hate all authors—except Dr. Johnson.”

“ True—he liked ‘ a good hater.’”

“ Well, sir, and if he did! He was quite in the right, and I hate that Lord Chesterfield for quizzing him. But he was only a Lord among wits. Oh, how I hate the aristocracy!”

“ You do, madam!”

“ Yes—they have such prejudices. And then they’re so fond of going abroad. Nothing but going to Paris, Rome, Naples, Old Jerusalem, and New York. I hate the Americans—don’t you?”

“ Why, really, madam, your superior discernment and nice taste may discover national bad qualities that escape less vigilant observers.”

“Phoo, phoo—I hate flummery. You know as well as I do what an American is called—and if there’s one name I hate more than another, it’s Jonathan. But to go back to Germany, and those that go there. Talk of Pilgrims of the Rhine!—I hate that Bulwer. Yes, they set out, indeed, like Pilgrim’s Progress, and see Lions and Beautiful Houses, and want Interpreters, and spy at Delectable Mountains—but there it ends; for what with queer caps and outlandish blowses—I hate smock-frocks—they come back hardly like Christians. There’s my own husband, Mr. P.—I quite hate to see him!”

“Indeed!”

“Yes—I hate to cast my eyes on him. He hasn’t had his hair cut these twelvemonths—I hate long hair—and when he shaves he leaves two little black tails on his upper lip, and another on his chin, as if he was a real ermine.”

“A moustache, madam, is in fashion.”

“Yes, and a beard, too, like a Rabbi—but I hate Jews. And then Mr. P. has learnt to smoke—I hate smoke—I hate tobacco—and I hate to be called a Frow—and to be spun round and round till I am as sick as a dog—for I hate waltzing. Then don’t he stink the whole house with decayed cabbage for his sour crout—I hate German cookery—and will have oiled melted butter because they can’t help it abroad?—and there’s nothing so hateful as oiled butter. What next? Why, he won’t drink my home-made wine—at least if I don’t call it Hock, or Rude-something, and give it him in a green glaas. I hate such nonsense. As for conversing, whatever we begin upon, if it’s Harfordshire, he’s sure to get at last to the tiptop of Herring-Brightshine—I hate such rambling. But that’s not half so hateful as his Monomanium.”

“ His what, madam ?”

“ Why his hankering so after suicide (I *do* hate Charlotte and Werter,) that one can't indulge in the least tiff but he threatens to blow out his brains !”

“ Seriously ?”

“ Seriously, sir. I hate joking. And then there are his horrid noises ; for since he was in Germany he fancies that every body must be musical—I hate such wholesale notions—and so sings all day long, without a good note in his voice. So much for Foreign Touring ! But pray go on, sir, with the story of your Schoolmistress Abroad. I hate suspense.”

CHAPTER XI.

Now the exclamation of Miss Crane—“ Gracious heavens, Ruth, what a wretched hole !”—was not a single horse-power too strong for the occasion. Her first glance round the squalid room at the Alder convinced her that whatever might be the geographical distance on the map, she was morally two hundred and thirty-seven thousand miles from Home. That is to say, it was about as distant as the Earth from the Moon. And truly had she been transferred, no matter how, to that Planet, with its no-atmosphere, she could not have been more out of her element. In fact, she felt for some moments as if she must sink on the floor—just as some delicate flower, transplanted into a strange soil, gives way in every green fibre, and droops to the mould in a vegetable fainting-fit, from which only time and the water-pot can recover it.

Her younger sister Miss Ruth, was somewhat less disconcerted. She had by her position the greater share in the active duties at

Lebanon House : and under ordinary circumstances, would not have been utterly at a loss what to do for the comfort or relief of her parent. But in every direction in which her instinct and habits would have prompted her to look, the materials she sought were deficient. There was no easy-chair—no fire to wheel it to—no cushion to shake up—no cupboard to go to—no female friend to consult—no Miss Parfitt—no Cook—no John to send for the Doctor. No English—no French—nothing but that dreadful “Gefällig” or “Ja wohl”—and the equally incomprehensible “Gnadige Frau !”

As for the Reverend T. C., he sat twisting about on his hard wooden chair, groaning, and making ugly faces, as much from peevishness and impatience as from pain, and indeed sometimes plainly levelled his grimaces at the simple Germans who stood round, staring at him, it must be confessed, as unceremoniously as if he had been only a great fish, gasping and wriggling on dry land.

In the mean time, his bewildered daughters held him one by the right hand, the other by the left, and earnestly watched his changing countenance, unconsciously imitating some of its most violent contortions. It did no good, of course ; but what else was to be done ? In fact, they were as much puzzled with their patient as a certain worthy tradesman, when a poor shattered creature on a shutter was carried into his Floor-cloth Manufactory by mistake for the Hospital. The only thing that occurred to either of the females was to oppose every motion he made,—for fear it should be wrong, and accordingly whenever he attempted to lean towards the right side, they invariably bent him as much to the left.

“Der herr,” said the German coachman, turning towards Miss

Priscilla, with his pipe hanging from his teeth, and venting a puff of smoke that made her recoil three steps backwards—"Der herr ist sehr krank."

The last word had occurred so frequently, on the organ of the Schoolmistress, that it had acquired in her mind some important significance.

"Ruth, what is krank?"

"How should I know," retorted Ruth, with an asperity apt to accompany intense excitement and perplexity, "In English, it's a thing that helps to pull the bell. But look at papa—do help to support him—you're good for nothing."

"I am indeed," murmured poor Miss Priscilla, with a gentle shake of her head, and a low, slow, sigh of acquiescence. Alas! as she ran over the catalogue of her accomplishments, the more she remembered what she *could* do for her sick parent, the more helpless and useless she appeared. For instance, she could have embroidered him a nightcap—

Or netted him a silk purse—
 Or plaited him a guard-chain—
 Or cut him out a watch-paper—
 Or ornamented his braces with bead-work—
 Or embroidered his waistcoat—
 Or worked him a pair of slippers—
 Or open-worked his pocket-handkerchief.

She could even—if such an operation would have been **comforting** or **salutary**—have rough-casted him with shell-work—

Or coated him with red or black seals—
 Or enerusted him with blue alum—
 Or stuck him over with coloured wafers—
 Or festooned him—

But alas! alas! alas! what would it have availed her poor dear

papa in the spasmodics, if she had even festooned him, from top to toe, with little rice-paper roses!

CHAPTER XII.

“Mercy on me!”

[N. B. Not on Me, the Author, but on a little dwarfish “smooth legged Bantam” of a woman, with a sharp nose, a shrewish mouth, and a pair of very active black eyes—and withal as brisk and bustling in her movements as any Parlet with ten chicks of her own, and six adopted ones from another hen.]

“Mercy on me! Why the poor gentleman would die while them lumpish foreigners and his two great helpless daughters were looking on! As for that Miss Priscilla—she’s like a born idiot. Fancy-work him, indeed! I’ve no patience—as if with all her Berlin wools and patterns, she could fancy-work him into a picture of health. Why didn’t she think of something comforting for his inside, instead of embellishing his out—something as would agree, in lieu of filagree, with his case? A little good hot brandy-and-water with a grate of ginger, or some nice red-wine negus with nutmeg and toast—and then get him to bed, and send off for the doctor. I’ll warrant, if I’d been there, I’d have unspasmed him in no time. I’d have whipped off his shoes and stockings, and had his poor feet in hot water afore he knew where he was.”

“There can be no doubt, ma’am, of the warmth of your humanity.”

“Warmth! it’s every thing. I’d have just given him a touch of the warming-pan, and then smothered him in blankets. Stick him all over with little roses! stuff and nonsense—stick him into

his grave at once! Miss Crane? Miss Goose rather. A poor helpless Sawney! I wonder what women come into the world for if it isn't to be good nusses. For my part, if he had been my sick father, I'd have had him on his legs again in a jiffy—and then he might have got crusty with blue alum or whatever else he preferred.”

“But madam—”

“Such perfect apathy! Needlework and embroidery, forsooth!”

“But madam—”

“To have a dying parent before her eyes—and think of nothing but trimming his jacket!”

“But—”

“A pretty Schoolmistress, truly, to set such an example to the rising generation! As if she couldn't have warmed him a soft flanning! or given him a few Lavender Drops, or even got down a little real Turkey or calcined Henry.”

“Of course, madam—or a little Moxon. And in regard to Conchology.”

“Conk what?”

“Or as to Chronology. Could you have supplied the Patient with a few prominent dates?”

“Dates! what those stony things—for a spasmodic stomach!”

“Are you really at home in Arrowsmith?”

“You mean Arrow-root.”

“Are you an adept in Butler's Exercises?”

“What, drawing o' corks?”

“Could you critically examine him in his parts of speech—the rudiments of his native tongue?”

“To be sure I could. And if it was white and furry, there's fever.”

“Are you acquainted, madam, with Lindley Murray?”

“Why no—I can’t say I am. My own medical man is Mr. Prodgers.”

“In short, could you prepare a mind for refined intellectual intercourse in future life, with a strict attention to religious duties?”

“Prepare his mind—religious duties?—Phoo, phoo! he warn’t come to that!”

“Excuse me, I mean to ask, ma’am, whether you consider yourself competent to instruct Young Ladies in all those usual branches of knowledge and female accomplishments——”

“Me! What me keep a ’Cademy! Why, I’ve hardly had an edecation myself, but was accomplished in three quarters and a bit over. Lor, bless you, sir! I should be as much at sea, as a finishing-off Governess, as a bear in a boat!”

Exactly, madam. And just as helpless, useless, and powerless as you would be in a school-room, even so helpless, useless, and powerless was Miss Crane whenever she happened to be out of one.—Yea, as utterly flabbergasted when out of her own element, as a Jelly Fish on Brighton beach!

CHAPTER XIII.

Relief at last!

It was honest Hans the hired Coachman, with a glass of something in his hand, which after a nod towards the Invalid, to signify the destination of the dose, he held out to Miss Priscilla, at the same time uttering certain gutturals, as if asking her approval of the prescription.

“Ruth—what is Snaps?”

“Take it and smell it,” replied Miss Ruth, still with some

asperity, as if annoyed at the imbecility of her senior : but secretly worried by her own deficiency in the tongues. The truth is, that the native who taught French with the Parisian accent at Lebanon House, the Italian Mistress in the Prospectus, and Miss Ruth who professed English Grammar and Poetry, were all one and the same person : not to name a lady, not so distinctly put forward, who was supposed to know a little of the language which is spoken at Berlin. Hence her annoyance.

“ I think,” said Miss Priscilla, holding the wine-glass at a discreet distance from her nose, and rather prudishly sniffing the liquor, “ it appears to me that it is some sort of foreign G.”

So saying, she prepared to return the dram to the kindly Kutscher, but her professional delicacy instinctively shrinking from too intimate contact with the hand of the strange man, she contrived to let go of the glass a second or two before he got hold of it, and the Schnaps fell, with a crash, to the ground.

The introduction of the cordial had, however, served to direct the mind of Miss Ruth to the propriety of procuring some refreshment for the sufferer. He certainly ought to have something, she said, for he was getting quite faint. What the something ought to be was a question of more difficulty—but the scholastic memory of Miss Priscilla at last supplied a suggestion.

“ What do you think, Ruth, of a little horehound tea ?”

“ Well, ask for it,” replied Miss Ruth, not indeed from any faith in the efficacy of the article, but because it was as likely to be obtained for the asking for—in English—as any thing else. And truly, when Miss Crane made the experiment, the Germans, one and all, man and woman, shook their heads at the remedy, but seemed unanimously to recommend a certain something else.

“Ruth—what is forstend nix?”

But Ruth was silent.

“They all appear to think very highly of it however,” continued Miss Priscilla, “and I should like to know where to find it.”

“It will be in the kitchen, if anywhere,” said Miss Ruth, while the invalid—whether from a fresh access of pain, or only at the tantalizing nature of the discussion—gave a low groan.

“My poor dear papa! He will sink—he will perish from exhaustion!” exclaimed the terrified Miss Priscilla; and with a desperate resolution, quite foreign to her nature, she volunteered on the forlorn hope, and snatching up a candle, made her way without thinking of the impropriety into the strange kitchen. The House-wife and her maid slowly followed the Schoolmistress and whether from national phlegm or intense curiosity, or both together, offered neither help nor hindrance to the foreign lady, but stood by, and looked on at her operations.

And here be it noted, in order to properly estimate the difficulties which lay in her path, that the Governess had no distinct recollection of having ever been in a kitchen in the course of her life. It was a *Terra Incognita*—a place of which she literally knew less than of Japan. Indeed, the laws, customs, ceremonies, mysteries, and utensils of the kitchen were more strange to her than those of the Chinese. For aught she knew the Cook herself was the dresser; and a rolling-pin might have a head at one end and a sharp point at the other. The Jack, according to Natural History, was a fish. The flour-tub, as Botany suggested, might contain an Orange-tree, and the range might be that of the Barometer. As to the culinary works, in which almost every female dabbles, she had never dipped into one of them, and knew

no more how to boil an egg than if she had been the Hen that laid it, or the Cock that cackled over it. Still a natural turn for the art, backed by a good bright fire, might have surmounted her rawness.

But Miss Crane was none of those natural geniuses in the art who can extemporize Flint Broth—and toss up something out of nothing at the shortest notice. It is doubtful if, with the whole Midsummer holidays before her, she could successfully have undertaken a pancake—or have got up even a hasty-pudding without a quarter's notice. For once, however, she was impelled by the painful exigency of the hour to test her ability, and finding certain ingredients to her hand, and subjecting them to the best or simplest process that occurred to her, in due time she returned, cup in hand, to the sick room, and proffered to her poor dear papa the result of her first maiden effort in cookery.

“What is it?” asked Ruth, naturally curious, as well as anxious as to the nature of so novel an experiment.

“Pah! puh! poof—pew! chut!” spluttered the Reverend T. C., unceremoniously getting rid of the first spoonful of the mixture. “It's paste—common paste!”

CHAPTER XIV.

Poor Miss Crane!

The failure of her first little culinary experiment reduced her again to despair. If there be not already a Statue of Disappointment she would have served for its model. It would have melted an Iron Master to have seen her with her eyes fixed intently on the unfortunate cup of paste, as if asking herself mentally, was it possible that what she had prepared with such pains for the re-

freshment of a sick parent, was only fit for what?—Why, for the false tin stomach of a healthy bill sticker!

Dearly as she rated her professional accomplishments and acquirements, I verily believe that at that cruel moment she would have given up all her consummate skill in Fancy Work, to have known how to make a basin of gruel! Proud as she was of her embroidery, she would have exchanged her cunning in it for that of the plainest cook,—for oh! of what avail her Tent Stitch, Chain Stitch, German Stitch, or Satin Stitch, to relieve or soothe a suffering father, afflicted with back stitch, front stitch, side stitch and cross stitch into the bargain?

Nay, of what use was her solider knowledge?—for example, in History, Geography, Botany, Conchology, Geology, and Astronomy? Of what effect was it that she knew the scientific names for coal and slate,—or what comfort that she could tell him how many stars there are in Cassiopeia's Chair whilst he was twisting with agony on a hard wooden one?

“It's no use *talking!*” exclaimed Miss Ruth, *after a long silence*, “we must have medical advice!”

But how to obtain it? To call in even an apothecary, one must call in his own language, and the two sisters between them did not possess German enough, High or Low, to call for a Doctor's boy. The hint, however, was not lost on the Reverend T. C., who, with a perversity not unusual, seemed to think that he could diminish his own sufferings by inflicting pain on those about him. Accordingly, he no sooner overheard the wish for a Doctor, than with renewed moanings and contortions he muttered the name of a drug that he felt sure would relieve him. But the physic was as difficult to procure as the physician. In vain Miss Ruth turned in succession to the Host, the Hostess, the Waiter,

and Hans the Coachman, and to each, separately, repeated the word "Ru-bub." The Host, the Hostess, the Maid, the Waiter, and Hans the Coachman, only shook their heads in concert, and uttered in chorus the old "forstend nicht."

"Oh I *do* wish," exclaimed Miss Crane, with a tone and a gesture of the keenest self-reproach, "how I *do* wish that I had brought Buchan's Domestic Medicine abroad with me, instead of Thomson's Seasons!"

"And of what use would that have been without the medicine-chest?" asked Miss Ruth; "for I don't pretend to write prescriptions in German."

"That's very true," said Miss Crane, with a long deep sigh—whilst the sick man, from pain or wilfulness, Heaven alone knew which—gave a groan, so terrific that it startled even the phlegmatic Germans.

"My papa!—my dear papa!" shrieked the agitated governess; and with some confused notions of a fainting-fit—for he had closed his eyes,—and still conscious of a cup in her hand, though not of its contents, she chucked the paste—that twice unfortunate paste!—into the face of her beloved parent!

CHAPTER XV.

"And serve him right too!" cries the little smart bantamlike woman already introduced to the Courteous Reader. "An old good-for-nothing! to sham worse than he was, and play on the tender feelings of two affectionate daughters! I'd have pasted him myself if he had been fifty fathers! Not that I think a bit the better of that Miss Crane, who after all, did not do it on purpose. She's as great a gawky as ever. To think with all her

schooling she couldn't get a doctor fetched for the old gentleman!"

"But, my dear madam, she was ignorant of the language."

"Ignorant of fiddlesticks! How do the deaf and dumb people do? If she couldn't talk to the Germans she might have made signs."

Impossible! Pray remember that Miss Crane was a schoolmistress, and of the *ancien régime*, in whose code all face-making, posturing, and gesticulations, were high crimes and misdemeanours. Many a little Miss Gubbins or Miss Wiggins she had punished with an extra task, if not with the rod itself, for nodding, winking, or talking with their fingers; and is it likely that she would personally have had recourse to signs and signals for which she had punished her pupils with such severity? Do you think that with *her* rigid notions of propriety, and *her* figure, she would ever have stooped to what she would have called buffoonery?

"Why to be sure, if you haven't high-coloured her picture she is starched and frumpish enough, and only fit for a place among the wax-work!"

And besides, supposing physiognomical expression as well as gesticulation to be included in sign-making, this Silent Art requires study and practice, and a peculiar talent! Pray did you ever see Grimaldi?

"What, Joey? Did I ever see Lonnon! Did I ever go to the Wells?"

O rare Joe Grimaldi! Great as was my admiration of the genius of that inimitable clown, never, never did it rise to its true pitch till I had been cast all abroad in a foreign country without any knowledge of its language! To the richness of his fun—to

his wonderful agility—to his unique singing and his grotesque dancing, I perhaps had done ample justice—but never, till I had broken down in fifty pantomimical attempts of my own—nay, in twice fifty experiments in dumb show—did I properly appreciate his extraordinary power of making himself understood without being on speaking terms with his company. His performance was never, like mine, an Acted Riddle. A living Telegraph, he never failed in conveying his intelligence, but signalled it with such distinctness, that his meaning was visible to the dullest capacity.

“And your attempts in the line, sir?”

Utter failures. Often and often have I gone through as many physical manœuvres as the Englishman in “Rabelais,” who argued by signs; but constantly without explaining my meaning, and consequently without obtaining my object. From all which, my dear madam, I have derived this moral, that he who visits a foreign country, without knowing the language, ought to be prepared beforehand either to act like a Clown, or to look like a Fool.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a good-natured act of honest Hans the coachman—and especially after the treatment of his Schnapps—but seeing the Englishers at a dead lock, and partly guessing at the cause of their distress—he quietly went to the stable, saddled one of his own horses, and rode off in quest of a medical man. Luckily he soon met with the personage he wanted, whom with great satisfaction he ushered into the little dim, dirty parlour at the Black Eagle, and introduced, as well as he could, to the Foreigners in Distress.

Now the Physician who regularly visited at Lebanon House, was, of course, one of the Old School ; and in correctness of costume and professional formality was scarcely inferior to the immaculate lady who presided over that establishment. There was no mistaking him, like some modern practitioners, for a merchant or a man about town. He was as carefully made up as a prescription—and between the customary sables, and a Chesterfieldian courtesy, appeared as a Doctor of the old school always used to do—like a piece of sticking-plaster—black, polished, and healing.

Judge then, of the horror and amazement of the Schoolmistress, when she saw before her a great clumsy-built M. D. enveloped in a huge gray cloak, with a cape that fell below his elbows, and his head covered with what she had always understood was a jockey-cap !

“Gracious Heaven !—why, he’s a horse-doctor !”

“Doctor ?—ja wohl,” said Hans, with a score of affirmative little nods ; and he then added the professional grade of the party, which happened to be one of a most uncouth sound to an English ear.

“Ruth, what’s a medicine rat !”

“Lord knows,” answered Miss Ruth, “the language is as barbarous as the people !”

In the mean time the Medicin Rath threw off his huge cloak and displayed a costume equally at variance with Miss Crane’s notions of the proper uniform of his order. No black coat, no black smalls, no black silk stockings—why any undertaker in London would have looked more like a doctor ! His coat was a bright brown frock, his waistcoat as gay and variegated as her own favourite parterre of larkspurs, and his trowsers of plum colour ! Of her own accord she would not have called him in to

a juvenile chicken-pock or a nettlerash—and there he was to treat full grown spasms in an adult!

“Je suis medecin, monsieur, a votre service,” said the stranger, in French more guttural than nasal, and with a bow to the sick gentleman.

“Mais, docteur,” hastily interposed Miss Ruth, “vous êtes un docteur à cheval.”

This translation of “horse-doctor” being perfectly unintelligible to the German, he again addressed himself to his patient, and proceeded to feel his pulse.

“Papa is subject to spasms in his chest,” explained Miss Crane.

“Pshaw—nonsense!” whined the Reverend T. C., “they’re in my stomach.”

“They’re in his stomach,” repeated Miss Crane, delicately laying her calm hand, by way of explanation, on her sternum.

“Monsieur a mangé du diner?”

“Only a little beef,” said Miss Crane, who “understood” French but “did not speak it.”

“Seulement un petit bœuf,” translated Miss Ruth, who spoke French but did not understand it.

“Oui—c’est une indigestion, sans doute,” said the Doctor.

CHAPTER XVII.

Hark!—

“It’s shameful! abominable! atrocious! It’s a skit on all the schoolmistresses—a wicked libel on the whole profession!”

“But my dear Mrs.—”

“Don’t ‘dear’ me, sir! I consider myself personally insulted!”

‘Manger un petty boof!’ As if a governess couldn’t speak better French than that! Why, it means eating a little bullock!”

“Precisely. *Bœuf*, singular, masculine, a bullock or ox.”

“Ridiculous! And from one of the heads of a seminary! Why, sir, not to speak of myself or the teachers, I have a pupil at Prospect House, and only twelve years of age, who speaks French like a native.”

“Of where, madam?”

“Of where, sir?—why of all France to be sure, and Paris in particular!”

“And with the true accent?”

“Yes, sir, with *all* the accents—sharp, grave and circumbendibus—I should have said circumflex, but you have put me in a fluster. French! why it’s the corner-stone of female education. It’s universal, sir, from her ladyship down to her cook. We could neither dress ourselves nor our dinners without it! And that the Miss Cranes know French I am morally certain, for I have seen it in their Prospectus.”

“No doubt of it, madam. But you are of course aware that there are two sorts—French French and English French—and which are as different in quality as the foreign cogniac and the British Brandy.”

“I know nothing about ardent spirits, sir. And as to the French language, I am acquainted with only one sort, and that is what is taught at Prospect House—at three guineas a quarter.”

“And do all your young ladies, ma’am, turn out such proficient in the language as the little prodigy you have just mentioned?”

“Proficient, sir?—they can’t help it in my establishment. Let me see—there’s Chambaud on Mondays—Wanostrocht on

Wednesdays—Telemaque on Fridays, and the French mark every day in the week.”

“Madame, I have no doubt of the excellency of your system. Nevertheless it is quite true that the younger Miss Crane made use of the very phrase which I have quoted. And what is more, when the doctor called on his patient the next morning, he was treated with quite as bad language. For example, when he inquired after her papa—

“Il est très mauvais,” replied Miss Ruth with a desponding shake of her head. “Il a avalé son médecin,—et il n’est pas mieux.”



DOCTOR'S COMMONS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

To return to the sick chamber.

Imagine the Rev. T. C. still sitting and moaning in his uneasy chair, the disconsolate Miss Crane helplessly watching the parental grimaces, and the perplexed Miss Ruth standing in a brown study, with her eyes intently fixed on a sort of overgrown child's crib, which occupied one dark corner of the dingy apartment.

"It's very well," she muttered to herself, "for a foreign doctor to say '*laissez le coucher*,' but where is he to *coucher*?" Not surely in that little crib of a thing, which will only add the cramp in his poor legs to the spasms in his poor stomach! The Mother of Invention was however at her elbow, to suggest an expedient, and in a trice the bedding was dragged from the bedstead and spread upon the floor. During this manœuvre Miss Crane of course only looked on: she had never in her life made a bed, even in the regular way, and the touzling of a shakedown on the bare boards was far too Margery Dawish an operation for her precise nature to be concerned in. Moreover, her thoughts were fully occupied by a question infallibly associated with a strange bed, namely, whether it had been aired. A speculation which had already occurred to her sister, but whose more practical mind was busy in contriving how to get at the warming-pan. But in vain she asked for it by name of every German, male or female, in the room, and as vainly she sought for the utensil in the inn kitchen, and quite as vainly might she have hunted for it throughout the village, seeing that no such article had ever been met with by the oldest inhabitant. As a last resource she caught up a walking-stick, and thrusting one end under the blanket, endeavoured pantomimically to imitate a chambermaid in the act of

warming a bed. But alas! she “took nothing by her motion” —the Germans only turned towards each other, and shrugging their shoulders and grinning, remarked in their own tongue, “What droll people they were those Englishers!”

The sensitive imagination of Miss Crane had in the interim conjured up new and more delicate difficulties and necessities, amongst which the services of a chamberlain were not the least urgent. “Who was to put her papa to bed? Who was to undress him?” But from this perplexity she was unexpectedly delivered by that humble friend in need, honest Hans, who no sooner saw the bed free from the walking-stick, than without any bidding, and in spite of the resistance of the patient, he fairly stripped him to his shirt, and then taking him up in his arms, like a baby, deposited him, willy nilly, in the nest that had been prepared for him.

The females, during the first of these operations, retired to the kitchen—but not without a certain order in their going. Miss Crane went off simultaneously with the coat—her sister with the waistcoat, and the hostess and the maid with the small-clothes and the shoes and stockings. And when, after a due and decent interval, the two governesses returned to the sick chamber,—for both had resolved on sitting up with the invalid—lo! there lay the Reverend T. C., regularly littered down by the coachman with a truss of clean straw to eke out the bedding,—no longer writhing or moaning—but between surprise and anger as still and silent as if his groans had been astonished away like the “hiccups!”

You may take a horse to the water, however, but you cannot make him drink,—and even thus, the sick man, though bedded perforce, refused obstinately to go to sleep.

"Et monsieur a bien dormi?" inquired the German doctor the next morning.

"Pas un—" began Miss Crane, but she ran aground for the next word, and was obliged to appeal to the linguist of Lebanon House.

"Ruth—what's a wink?"

"I don't know," replied Miss Ruth, who was absorbed in some active process. "Do it with your eye."



BAD FRENCH.

The idea of winking at a strange gentleman was however so obnoxious to all the schoolmistress's notions of propriety, that she at once resigned the explanation to her sister, who accordingly informed the physician that her "pauvre père n'avoit pas dormi un morçeau toute la nuit longue."

CHAPTER XIX.

"Stop, sir! Pray change the subject. By your leave we have had quite enough of bad French."

As you please, madam—and as the greatest change I can devise, you shall now have a little bad English. Please, then, to lend your attention to Monsieur De Bourg—the subject of his discourse ought indeed to be of some interest to you, namely, the education of your own sex in your own country.

"Well, sir, and what does he say of it?"

Listen, and you shall hear. Proceed, Monsieur.

"Sare, I shall tell you my impressions when I am come first from Paris to London. De English Ladies, I say to myself, must be de most best educate women in de whole world. Dere is schools for dem every wheres—in a hole and in a corner. Let me take some walks in the Fauxbourgs, and what do I see all around myself? When I look dis way I see on a white house's front a large bord wid some gilded letters, which say Seminary for Young Ladies. When I look dat way, at a big red house, I see anoder bord which say Establishment for Young Ladies by Miss Someones. And when I look up at a little house, at a little window, over a barber-shop, I read on a paper Ladies School. Den I see Prospect House, and Grove House, and de Manor House—so many, I cannot call dem names, and also all schools

for de young females. Day Schools besides. And in my walks, always I meet some Schools of Young Ladies, eight, nine, ten times in one day, making dere promenades, two and two and two. Den I come home to my lodging's door, and below the knocker I see one letter—I open it, and I find a Prospectus of a Lady School. By and bye I say to my landlady, where is your oldest of daughters, which used to bring to me my breakfast, and she tell me she is gone out a governess. Next she notice me I must quit my appartement. What for I say. What have I done? Do I not pay you all right like a weekly man of honour? O certainly, mounseer, she say, you are a gentleman quite, and no mistakes—but I wants my whole of my house to myself for to set it up for a Lady School. Noting but Lady Schools!—and de widow of de butcher have one more over de street. Bless my soul and my body, I say to myself, dere must be nobody born'd in London except leetle girls!”

CHAPTER XX.

There is a certain poor word in the English language which of late years has been exceedingly ill-used—and it must be said, by those who ought to have known better.

To the disgrace of our colleges, the word in question was first perverted from its real significance at the very head-quarters of learning. The initiated, indeed, are aware of its local sense,—but who knows what cost and inconvenience the duplicity of the term may have caused to the more ignorant members of the community? Just imagine, for instance, a plain, downright Englishman who calls a spade a spade,—induced perhaps by the facilities of the railroads—making a summer holiday, and repairing to

Cambridge or Oxford, may be with his whole family, to see he does not exactly know what—whether a Collection of Pictures, Wax-Work, Wild Beasts, Wild Indians, a Fat Ox, or a Fat Child—but at any rate an “*Exhibition!*”

More recently the members of the faculty have taken it into their heads to misuse the unfortunate word, and by help of its misapplication, are continually promising to the ear what the druggists really perform to the eye—namely, to “exhibit” their medicines. If the Doctors talked of hiding them, the phrase would be more germane to the act: for it would be difficult to conceal a little Pulv. Rhei—Magnes. sulphat.—or tinct. jalapæ, more effectually than by throwing it into a man’s or woman’s stomach. And pity it is that the term has not amongst medical men a more literal significance; for it is certain that in many diseases, and especially of the hypochondriac class—it is certain, I say, that if the practitioner actually made “a show” of his *material*, the patient would recover at the mere sight of the “Exhibition.”

This was precisely the case with the Rev. T. C. Had he fallen into the hands of a Homœopathist with his infinitesimal doses, only fit to be exhibited like the infinitesimal insects through a solar microscope, his recovery would have been hopeless. But his better fortune provided otherwise. The German Medecin Rath, who prescribed for him, was in theory diametrically opposed to Hahnemann, and in his tactics he followed Napoleon, whose leading principle was to bring masses of all arms, horse, foot, and artillery, to bear on a given point. In accordance with this system, he therefore prescribed so liberally that the following articles were in a very short time comprised in his “Exhibition:”

A series of powders to be taken every two hours.

A set of draughts, to wash down the powders.

A box of pills.

A bag full of certain herbs for fomentations.

A large blister, to be put between the shoulders.

Twenty leeches, to be applied to the stomach.

As *Macheath* sings, “a terrible show!”—but the doctor, in common with his countrymen, entertained some rather exaggerated notions as to English habits, and our general addiction to high feeding and fast living—an impression that materially aggravated the treatment.

“He *must* be a horse-doctor!” thought Miss Crane, as she looked over the above articles—at any rate she resolved—as if governed by the proportion of four legs to two—that her parent should only take one half of each dose that was ordered. But even these reduced quantities were too much for the Rev. T. C. The first instalment he swallowed—the second he smelt, and the third he merely looked at. To tell the truth, he was fast transforming from a *Malade Imaginaire*, into a *Malade Malgré Lui*. In short, the cure proceeded with the rapidity of a *Hohenlohe* miracle—a result the doctor did not fail to attribute to the energy of his measures, at the same time resolving that the next English patient he might catch should be subjected to the same decisive treatment. Heaven keep the half, three quarters, and whole lengths of my dear countrymen and countrywomen from his Exhibitions!

His third visit to the Englishers at the Adler was his last. He found the Convalescent in his travelling dress,—Miss Ruth engaged in packing,—and the Schoolmistress writing the letter which was to prepare Miss Parfitt for the speedy return of the family party to Lebanon House. It was of course a busy time and the *Medecin Rath* speedily took his fees and his leave.

There remained only the account to settle with the landlord of the Adler; and as English families rarely stopped at that wretched inn, the amount of the bill was quite extraordinary. Never was there such a realization of the "large reckoning in a little room."

"Well, I must say," murmured the Schoolmistress, as the coach rumbled off towards home, "I do wish we had reached Gotha, that I might have got my shades of wool."

"Humph!" grunted the Rev. T. C., still sore from the recent disbursement. "They went out for wool, and they returned shorn."

"We went abroad for pleasure," grumbled Miss Ruth, and have met with nothing but pain and trouble."

"And some instruction too," said Miss Crane, with even more than her usual gravity. "For my own part I have met with a lesson that has taught me my own unfitness for a Governess. For I cannot think that a style of education which has made me so helpless and useless as a daughter, can be the proper one for young females who are hereafter to become wives and mothers, a truth that every hour has impressed on me since I have been a Schoolmistress Abroad."

N !

No sun—no moon!
 No morn—no noon—
 No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
 No sky—no earthly view—
 No distance looking blue—
 No road—no street—no “t’other side the way”—
 No end to any Row—
 No indications where the Crescents go—
 No top to any steeple—
 No recognitions of familiar people—
 No courtesies for showing ’em—
 No knowing ’em!
 No travelling at all—no locomotion,
 No inkling of the way—no notion—
 “ No go ”—by land or ocean—
 No mail—no post—
 No news from any foreign coast—
 No Park—no Ring—no afternoon gentility—
 No company—no nobility—
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
 No comfortable feel in any member—
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
 No fruits, no flow’rs, no leaves, no birds,
 November !

The Tower of Lahneck.

A ROMANCE.

AMONGST the many castled crags on the banks of the Rhine, one of the most picturesque is the ruin of Lahneck, perched on a conical rock, close to that beautiful little river the Lahn. The Castle itself is a venerable fragment, with one lofty tower rising far above the rest of the building—a characteristic feature of a feudal stronghold—being in fact the Observatory of the Robber-*Baron*, whence he watched not the motions of the heavenly bodies, but the movements of such earthly ones as might afford him a booty, or threaten him with an assault. And truly, Lahneck is said to have been the residence of an order of Teutonic Knights exactly matching in number the famous band of Thieves in the Arabian Tale.

However, when the sun sets in the broad blaze behind the heights of Capellen, and the fine ruin of Stolzenfels on the opposite banks of the Rhine, its last rays always linger on the lofty tower of Lahneck. Many a time, while standing rod in hand on one or other of the brown rocks which, narrowing the channel of the river, form a small rapid, very favourable to the fisherman—many a time have I watched the rich warm light burning beacon-like on the very summit of that solitary tower, whilst all the river lay beneath in deepest shadow, save the golden circles that marked where a fish rose to the surface, or the bright corruscations made by the screaming swallow as it sportively dipped its wing in the dusky water, like a gay friend breaking in on the

cloudy reveries of a moody mind. And as these natural lights faded away, the artificial ones of the village of Lahnstein began to twinkle—the glowing windows of Duquet's hospitable pavilion, especially, throwing across the stream a series of dancing reflections that shone the brighter for the sombre shadows of a massy cluster of acacias in the tavern-garden. Then the myriads of chafers, taking to wing, filled the air with droning—whilst the lovely fire-flies with their fairy lamps began to flit across my homeward path, or hovered from osier to osier, along the calm waterside. But a truce to these personal reminiscences.

It was on a fine afternoon, towards the close of May, 1830, that two ladies began slowly to climb the winding path which leads through a wild shrubbery to the ruined Castle of Lahneck. They were unaccompanied by any person of the other sex; but such rambles are less perilous for unprotected females in that country than in our own—and they had enjoyed several similar excursions without accident or offence. At any rate, to judge from their leisurely steps, and the cheerful tone of their voices, they apprehended no more danger than might accrue to a gauze or a ribbon from an overhanging branch or a stray bramble. The steepness of the ascent forced them occasionally to halt to take breath, but they stopped quite as frequently to gather the wild flowers, and especially the sweet valley lilies, there so abundant—to look up at the time-stained Ruin from a new point, or to comment on the beauties of the scenery.

The elder of the ladies spoke in English, to which her companion replied in the same language, but with a foreign accent, and occasional idioms, that belonged to another tongue. In fact, she was a native of Germany, whereas the other was one of those many thousands of British travellers whom the long peace, the

steamboat, and the poetry of Byron had tempted to visit the "blue and arrowy" river. Both were young, handsome, and accomplished; but the Fraulein Von B. was unmarried; whilst Mrs. ——— was a wife and a mother, and with her husband and her two children had occupied for some weeks a temporary home within the walls of Coblenz. It was in this city that a friendship had been formed between the German Girl and the fair Islander—the gentle pair who were now treading so freely and fearlessly under the walls of a Castle where womanly beauty might formerly have ventured as safely as the doe near the den of the lion. But those days are happily gone by—the dominion of Brute Force is over—and the Wild Baron who doomed his victims to the treacherous abyss, has dropped into an *Oubliette* as dark and deep as his own.

At last the two ladies gained the summit of the mountain, and for some minutes stood still and silent, as if entranced by the beauty of the scene before them. There are elevations at which the mind loses breath as well as the body—and pants too thickly with thought upon thought to find utterance. This was especially the case with the English woman, whose cheek flushed, while her eyes glistened with tears; for the soul is touched by beauty as well as melted by kindness, and here Nature was lavish of both—at once charming, cheering, and refreshing her with a magnificent prospect, the brightest of sunshine, and the balmiest air. Her companion, in the meantime, was almost as taciturn, merely uttering the names of the places—Ober-Lahnstein—Cappellen—Stolzenfels—Neider-Lahnstein—St. John's Church—to which she successively pointed with her little white finger. Following its direction, the other lady slowly turned round, till her eyes rested on the Castle itself, but she was too near to see the

ruin to advantage, and her neck ached as she strained it to look up at the lofty tower which rose almost from her feet. Still she continued to gaze upward, till her indefinite thoughts grew into a wish that she could ascend to the top, and thence, as if suspended in air, enjoy an uninterrupted view of the whole horizon. It was with delight, therefore, that on turning an angle of the wall she discovered a low open arch which admitted her to the interior, where after a little groping, she perceived a flight of stone steps, winding as far as the eye could trace, up the massy walls.

The staircase, however, looked very dark, or rather dismal, after the bright sunshine she had just quitted, but the whim of the moment, the spirit of adventure and curiosity, induced her to proceed, although her companion, who was more phlegmatic, started several difficulties and doubts as to the practicability of the ascent. There were, however, no obstacles to surmount beyond the gloom, some trifling heaps of rubbish, and the fatigue of mounting so many gigantic steps. But this weariness was richly repaid, whenever through an occasional loophole she caught a sample of the bright blue sky, and which like samples in general appeared of a far more intense and beautiful colour than any she had ever seen in the whole piece. No, never had heaven seemed so heavenly, or earth so lovely, or water so clear and pure, as through those narrow apertures—never had she seen any views so charming as those exquisite snatches of landscape, framed by the massive masonry into little cabinet pictures, of a few inches square—so small indeed, that the two friends, pressed cheek to cheek, could only behold them with one eye apiece! The Englishwoman knew at least a dozen of such tableaux, to be seen through particular loopholes in certain angles of the walls of Co

blenz—but these “pictures of the Lahneck gallery,” as she termed them, transcended them all! Nevertheless it cost her a sigh to reflect how many forlorn captives, languishing perhaps within those very walls, had been confined to such glimpses of the world without—nay, whose every prospect on this side the grave had been framed in stone. But such thoughts soon pass away from the minds of the young, the healthy and the happy, and the next moment the fair moralist was challenging the echoes to join with her in a favourite air. Now and then indeed the song abruptly stopped, or the voice quavered on a wrong note, as a fragment of mortar rattled down to the basement, or a disturbed bat rustled from its lurking-place, or the air breathed through a crevice with a sound so like the human sigh, as to revive her melancholy fancies. But these were transient terrors, and only gave rise to peals of light-hearted merriment, that were mocked by laughing voices from each angle of the walls.

At last the toilsome ascent was safely accomplished, and the two friends stood together on the top of the tower, drawing a long, delicious breath of the fresh, free air. For a time they were both dazzled to blindness by the sudden change from gloom to sunshine, as well as dizzy from the unaccustomed height; but these effects soon wore off, and the whole splendid panorama,—variegated with mountains, valleys, rocks, castles, chapels, spires, towns, villages, vineyards, cornfields, forests, and rivers,—was revealed to the delighted senses. As the Englishwoman had anticipated, her eye could now travel unimpeded round the entire horizon, which it did again and again and again, while her lips kept repeating all the superlatives of admiration.

“It is mine Faderland,” murmured the German girl with a natural tone of triumph in the beauty of her native country

“Speak—did I not well to persuade you to here, by little bits, and little bits, instead of a stop at Horcheim?”

“You did indeed, my dear Amanda. Such a noble prospect, would well repay a much longer walk.”

“Look!—see—dere is Rhense—and de Marxberg”—but the finger was pointed in vain, for the eyes it would have guided continued to look in the opposite direction across the Lahn.

“Is it possible from here,” inquired the Englishwoman, “to see Coblenz?”

Instead of answering this question, the German girl looked up archly in the speaker’s face, and then smiling and nodding her head, said slyly, “Ah, you do think of a somebody at home!”

“I was thinking of him, indeed,” replied the other, “and regretting that he is not at this moment by my side to enjoy——”

She stopped short—for at that instant a tremendous peal, as of the nearest thunder, shook the tower, to its very foundation. The German shrieked, and the ever ready “Ach Cott!” burst from her quivering lips; but the Englishwoman neither stirred nor spoke, though her cheek turned of the hue of death. Some minds are much more apprehensive than others, and hers was unusually quick in its conclusions,—the thought passed from cause to consequence with the rapidity of the voltaic spark. Ere the sound had done rumbling, she knew the nature of the calamity as distinctly as if an evil spirit had whispered it in her ear. Nevertheless, an irresistible impulse, that dreadful attraction which draws us in spite of ourselves to look on what is horrible and approach to the very verge of danger, impelled her to seek the very sight she most feared to encounter. Her mind, indeed, recoiled, but her limbs, as by a volition superior to her own, dragged her to the brink of the abyss she had prophetically

painted, where the reality presented itself with a startling resemblance to the ideal picture.

Yes, *there* yawned that dark chasm, unfathomable by the human eye, a great gulf fixed—perhaps, eternally fixed—between herself and the earth, with all it contained of most dear and precious to the heart of a wife and a mother. Three—only the three uppermost steps of the gigantic staircase still remained in their place, and even these as she gazed at them suddenly plunged into the dreary void; and after an interval which indicated the frightful depth they had to plumb, reached the bottom with a crash that was followed by a roll of hollow echoes from the subterranean vaults!

As the sound ceased, the Englishwoman turned away, with a gasp and a visible shudder, from the horrid chasm. It was with the utmost difficulty that she had mastered a mechanical inclination to throw herself after the falling mass—an impulse very commonly induced by the unexpected descent of a large body from our own level. But what had she gained? Perhaps but a more lingering and horrible fate—a little more time to break her heart in—so many more wretched hours to lament for her lost treasures—her cheerful home—her married felicity—her maternal joys, and to look with unavailing yearnings towards Coblenz. But that sunny landscape had become intolerable; and she hastily closed her eyes and covered her face with her hands. Alas! she only beheld the more vividly the household images, and dear familiar faces that distractingly associated the happiness of the past with the misery of the present—for out of the very sweetness of her life came intenser bitterness, and from its brightest phases an extremer darkness, even as the smiling valley beneath her had changed into that of the Shadow

of Death! The Destroyer had indeed assumed almost a visible presence, and like a poor trembling bird, conscious of the stooping falcon, the devoted victim sank down and cowered on the hard, cold, rugged roof of the fatal Tower!

The German girl, in the meanwhile, had thrown herself on her knees, and with her neck at full stretch over the low parapet, looked eagerly from east to west for succour—but from the mill up the stream to the ferry down below, and along the road on either side of the river, she could not descry a living object. Yes—no—yes—there was one on the mountain itself, moving among the brushwood, and even approaching the castle; closer he came—and closer yet, to the very base of the Tower. But his search, whatever it was, tended earthwards, for he never looked up.

“Here!—come!—gleich!—quick!” and the agitated speaker hurriedly beckoned to her companion in misfortune—“we must make a cry both togeder, and so loud as we can,” and setting the example she raised her voice to its utmost pitch; but the air was so rarified that the sound seemed feeble even to herself.

At any rate it did not reach the figure below—nor would a far louder alarm, for that figure was little Kranz, the deaf and dumb boy of Lahnstein, who was gathering bunches of the valley-lilies for sale to the company at the inn. Accordingly, after a desultory ramble round the ruins, he descended to the road, and slowly proceeded along the water side towards the ferry, where he disappeared.

“Lieber Gott!” exclaimed the poor girl; “it is too far to make one hear!”

So saying she sprang to her feet, and with her white handkerchief kept waving signals of distress, till from sheer exhaustion

her arms refused their office. But not one of those pleasure-parties so frequent on fine summer days in that favourite valley had visited the spot. There was a Kirch-Weih at Neundorf, down the Rhine, and the holiday-makers had all proceeded with their characteristic uniformity in that direction.

"Dere is nobody at all," said the German, dropping her arms and head in utter despondence, "not one to see us!"

"And if there were," added a hollow voice, "what human help could avail us at this dreadful height?"

The truth of this reflection was awfully apparent; but who when life is at stake can resign hope, or its last fearful contingency though frail as a spider's thread encumbered with dew drops?

The German, in spite of her misgivings, resumed her watch; till after a long, weary, dreary hour, a solitary figure issued from a hut a little lower down on the opposite side of the Lahn, and stepping into a boat propelled it to the middle of the stream. It was one of the poor fishermen who rented the water, and rowing directly to the rapid, he made a cast or two with his net, immediately within the reflection of the Castle. But he was too distant to hear the cry that appealed to him, and too much absorbed in the success or failure of his peculiar lottery to look aloft. Like the deaf and dumb boy, he passed on, but in the opposite direction, and gradually disappeared.

"It will never be seen!" ejaculated the German girl, again dropping her arm—a doubtful prophecy, however, for immediately afterwards the Rhenish steamboat passed the mouth of the lesser river, and probably more than one telescope was pointed to the romantic ruin of Lahneck. But the distance was great, and even had it been less, the waving of a white handkerchief would have been taken for a merry or a friendly salute.

In the meantime the steamboat passed out of sight behind the high ground; but the long streamer of smoke was still visible, like a day-meteor, swiftly flying along, and in a direction that made the Englishwoman stretch out her arms after the fleeting vapour as if it had been a thing sensible to human supplication.

“It is gone also!” exclaimed her partner in misery. “And in a short while my liebe Mutter will see it come to Coblenz!”

The Englishwoman groaned.

“It is *my* blame,” continued the other, in an agony of self-reproach; “it was my blame to come so wide—not one can tell where. Nobody shall seek at Lahneck,—dey will think we are dropped into de Rhine. Yes—we must die both! We must die of famishmen—and de cornfields, and de vines is all round one!”

And thus hour passed after hour, still watching promises that budded and blossomed and withered—and still flowered again and again without fruition—till the shades of evening began to fall, and the prospect became in every sense darker and darker.

Barge after barge had floated down the river, but the steersman had been intent on keeping his craft in the middle of the current in the most difficult part of his navigation—the miller had passed along the road at the base of the mountain, but his thoughts were fixed on the home within his view—the female peasant drove her cows from the pasture—the truant children returned to the village, and the fisherman drifting down the stream, again landed, and after hanging his nets up to dry between the trees on the opposite meadows, re-entered his hut. But none saw the signal, none heard the cry, or if they did it was supposed to be the shrill squeak of the bat. There was even company at the inn, for the windows of Duquet’s pavilion began to sparkle, but the enjoyments of the party had stopped short of the romantic

and the picturesque—they were quaffing Rhein wein, and eating thick sour cream sweetened with sugar, and flavoured with cinnamon.

“It is hard, mine friend,” sobbed the German, “not one thinks but for themselves.”

“It is unjust,” might have retorted the wife and mother, “for I think of my husband and children, and *they* think of me.”

Why else did her sobs so disturb the tranquil air, or wherefore did she paint her beloved Edward and her two fair-haired boys with their faces so distorted by grief? The present and the future—for time is nothing in such visions—were almost simultaneously before her, and the happy home of one moment was transfigured at the next instant into the house of mourning. The contrast was agonizing but unspeakable—one of those stupendous woes which stupify the soul, as when the body is not pierced with a single wound, but mortally crushed. She was not merely stricken but stunned.

“Mein Gott!” exclaimed the German girl, after a vain experiment on the passiveness of her companion, “why do you not speak something—what shall we do?”

“Nothing,” answered a shuddering whisper, “except—die!”

A long pause ensued, during which the German girl more than once approached and looked down the pitch black orifice which had opened to the fallen stairs. Perhaps it looked less gloomy than by daylight in the full blaze of the sun,—perhaps she had read and adopted a melancholy, morbid tone of feeling too common to German works, when they treat of voluntary death, or perhaps the Diabolical Prompter was himself at hand with the desperate suggestion, fatal alike to body and to soul,—but the wretched creature drew nearer and nearer to the dangerous verge.

Her purpose, however, was checked. Although the air was perfectly still, she heard a sudden rustle amongst the ivy on that side of the Tower, which even while it made her start, had whispered a new hope in her ear. Was it possible that her signals had been observed—that her cries had been heard? And again the sound was audible, followed by a loud harsh cry, and a large Owl, like a bird of ill omen, as it is, fluttered slowly over the heads of the devoted pair, and again it shrieked and flapped round them, as if to involve them in a magical circle, and then with a third and shriller screech sailed away like an Evil Spirit, in the direction of the Black Forest.

Nor was that boding fowl without its sinister influence on human destiny. The disappointment it caused to the victim was mortal. It was the drop that overbrimmed her cup.

“No,” she muttered, “there is no more hope. For myself I will not starve up here—I know my best friend, and will cast my troubles on the bosom of my mother earth.”

Absorbed in her own grief the Englishwoman did not at first comprehend the import of these words; but all at once their meaning dawned on her with a dreadful significance. It was, however, too late. Her eye caught a glimpse of the skirt of a garment, her ear detected a momentary flutter—and she was alone on that terrible tower!

* * * * *

And did she too perish? Alas! ask the peasants and the fishermen who daily worked for their bread in that valley or on its river; ask the ferryman who hourly passed to and fro, and the bargeman, who made the stream his thoroughfare, and they will tell you, one and all, that they heard nothing and saw nothing, for Labour looks downward and forward, and round about, but

not upward. Nay, ask the angler himself, who withdrew his fly from the circling eddies of the rapids to look at the last beams of sunshine glowing on the lofty Ruin—and he answers that he never saw living creature on its summit, except once, when the Crow and the Raven were hovering about the building, and a screaming Eagle, although it had no nest there, was perched on the Tower of Lahneck.

NOTE.—This story—(which some hardy critic affirmed was “an old Legend of the Rhine, to be found in any Guide-book,”)—was suggested by the recital of two ladies, who attempted to ascend to the top of the Tower of Lahneck, but were deterred by the shaking of the stone stairs. They both consider, to this day, that they narrowly escaped a fate akin to the catastrophe of poor Amy Robsart; and have visible shudderings when they hear, or read, of old Rhenish castles and *oubliettes*.

To my Daughter.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

DEAR Fanny! nine long years ago,
 While yet the morning sun was low,
 And rosy with the Eastern glow
 The landscape smil'd—
 Whilst low'd the newly-wakened herds—
 Sweet as the early song of birds,
 I heard those first, delightful words,
 “Thou hast a Child!”

Along with that uprising dew
 Tears glisten'd in my eyes, though few
 To hail a dawning quite as new
 To me, as Time:
 It was not sorrow—not annoy—
 But like a happy maid, though coy,
 With grief-like welcome even Joy
 Forestalls its prime.

So mayst thou live, dear! many years,
 In all the bliss that life endears,
 Not without smiles, nor yet from tears
 Too strictly kept:
 When first thy infant littleness
 I folded in my fond caress,
 The greatest proof of happiness
 Was this—I wept.

The Defaulter.

"AN OWRE TRUE TALE."

CHAPTER I.

————— Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And after we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

HAMLET.

"WHAT is the matter with Mr. Pryme?"

The speaker was a tall, dark man, with grizzled hair, black eyes, a long nose, a wide mouth, and the commercial feature of a pen behind his right ear. He had several times asked himself the same question, but without any satisfactory solution, and now addressed it to a little sandy-haired man, who was standing with his back to the office fire. Both were clerks in a government office, as well as the party whose health or deportment was involved in the inquiry.

"What is the matter with Mr. Pryme?"

"Heaven knows," said the sandy Mr. Phipps, at the same time lifting up his eyebrows towards the organs of wonder, and shrugging his shoulders.

"You have observed how nervous and fidgety he is?"

"To be sure. Look at the fireplace; he has done nothing all the morning but put on coals and rake them out again."

"Yes, I have been watching him and kept count," interposed Mr. Trent, a junior official; "he has poked the fire nineteen

times, besides looking five times out of the window, and twice taking down his hat and hanging it up again."

"I got him to change *mé* a sovereign," said the dark Mr. Grimble, "and he first gave me nineteen, and then twenty-one shillings for it. But look here at his entries," and he pointed to an open ledger on the desk, "he has dipped promiscuously into the black ink and the red!"

The three clerks took a look a-piece at the book, and then a still longer look at either. None of them spoke: but each made a face, one pursing up his lips as if to blow an imaginary flageolet, another frowning as if with a distracting headache, and the third drawing down the corners of his mouth, as if he had just taken, or was about to take, physic.

"What can it be?" said Mr. Phipps.

"Let's ask him," suggested Mr. Trent.

"Better not," said Grimble, "you know how hot and touchy he is. I once ventured to cut a joke on him, and he has never thoroughly forgiven it to this day."

"What was it about?" inquired the junior.

"Why he has been married about a dozen years without having any children, and it was the usual thing with us, when he came of a morning, to ask after the little Prymes,—but the joke caused so many rows and quarrels, that we have given it up."

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Phipps, with a glance round the office.

"In the Secretary's private room. But hush! here he comes."

The three clerks hastily retreated to their several desks, and began writing with great apparent diligence; yet vigilantly watching every movement of the nervous and fidgety Mr. Pryme, who entered the room with an uneven step, looking rather flushed

and excited, and vigorously rubbing his bald head with his silk handkerchief. Perhaps he noticed that he was observed, for he looked uneasily and suspiciously from one clerk to the other; but each face preserved a demure gravity, and the little, stout, bald, florid gentleman repaired to his own place. The *Morning Post*, damp, and still unfolded, was lying on his desk; he took it up, dried it at the fire, and began to read—but the next minute he laid down the paper, and seizing the poker made several plunges at the coals, as often against the bars as between them, till the metal rang again. Then he resumed the *Post*—but quickly relinquished it—quite unable to fix his attention on the type—an incompetence perfectly astounding to the other clerks, who considered reading the newspaper as a regular and important part of the official duties.

“By Jove,” whispered Mr. Phipps to Mr. Grimble, whom he had approached under the pretence of delivering a document, “he cannot Post the news any more than his ledger.”

Mr. Grimble acquiesced with a grave nod and a grimace; and Mr. Phipps returning to his desk, a silence ensued, so profound that the scratching of the pens at work on the paper was distinctly audible. The little bald cashier himself had begun to write, and for some minutes was occupied so quietly that curiosity gave way to business, and the three clerks were absorbed in their calculations, when a sudden noise caused them to look up. Mr. Pryme had jumped from his high stool, and was in the act of taking down his hat from its peg. He held it for a while in his hand, as if in deep deliberation, then suddenly clapped it on his head, but as suddenly took it off again—thrust the *Morning Post* into the crown, and restored the beaver to its place on the wall. The next moment he encountered the eye of Phipps—a suspicion that

he was watched seemed to cross him, and his uneasiness increased. He immediately returned to his desk, and began to turn over the leaves of an account-book—but with unnatural haste, and it was evident that although his eyes were fixed on the volume, his thoughts were elsewhere, for by degrees he went off into a reverie, only rousing now and then while he took huge pinches of snuff. At last, suddenly waking up, he pulled out his watch—pored at it—held it up to his ear—replaced it in his fob, and with a glance at his hat, began drawing on his gloves. Perhaps he would have gone off—if Mr. Grimble had not crossed over from his desk, and placed an open book before him, with a request for his signature. The little bald, florid man, without removing his glove, attempted to write his name, but his hand trembled so that he could hardly guide the pen. However, he tried to carry off the matter as a joke—but his laugh was forced, and his voice had the quavering huskiness of internal agitation.

“Ha! ha!—rather shaky—too much wine last night—eh, Mr. Grimble?”

The latter made no reply, but as he walked off with the book under his arm, and his back towards Mr. Pryme, he bestowed a deliberate wink on each of his associates, and significantly imitated with his own hand the aspen-like motion he had just observed. The others responded with a look of intelligence, and resumed their labours; but the tall, dark man fell into a fit of profound abstraction, during which he unconsciously scribbled on his blotting paper, in at least a score of places, the word **EMBEZZLEMENT.**

CHAPTER II.

“And do you really mean to say, Mr. Author, that so respectable a bald man had actually appropriated the public money?”

Heaven forbid, madam. My health is far too infirm, and my modesty much too delicate to allow me to undertake, off-hand, the work of twelve men; and who sometimes are not strong enough, the whole team, to draw a correct inference. As yet, Mr. Pryme only labours under suspicion, and a very hard labour it is to be sentenced to before conviction. But permit me to ask, do you really associate baldness with respectability?

“Of course, sir. All bald men are respectable.”

It is indeed a very general impression—so much so, that were I a criminal, and anxious to propitiate a Judge and a Jury at my trial, I would have my head shaved beforehand as clean as a monk's. And yet it is a strange prepossession, that we should connect guilt with a fell of hair, and innocence with a bare sounce! Why, madam, why should we conceive a bald man to be less delinquent than another?

“I suppose, sir, because he has less for a *catchpole* to lay hold of?”

Thank you, ma'am! The best reason I have heard for a prejudice in all my life!

CHAPTER III.

The little bald, florid man, in the mean time, continued his nervous and fidgety evolutions—worrying the fire, trying on his hat and gloves, snuffing vehemently, coughing huskily, and

winking perpetually—now scurrying through folios—then drumming what is called the Devil's tattoo on his desk, and moreover, under pretence of mending his pens, had slashed half-a-dozen of them to pieces—when he received a fresh summons to the Secretary's room.

The moment the door closed behind him, the two clerks, Phipps and Trent, darted across to Mr. Grimble, who silently exhibited to them the shaky autograph of the agitated cashier. They then adjourned to the fire, where a pause of profound cogitation ensued; the Junior intensely surveying his bright boots—Mr. Phipps industriously nibbling the top of his pen—while Mr. Grimble kept assiduously breaking the bituminous bubbles which exuded from the burning coals with the point of the poker.

“It is very extraordinary!” at last muttered Mr. Phipps.

“Very,” chimed in the Junior Clerk.

Mr. Grimble silently turned his back to the fire, and fixed his gaze on the ceiling, with his mouth firmly compressed, as if meaning to signify, “that whatever he might think, he would say nothing”—in case of any thing happening to Mr. Pryme, he was the next in seniority for the vacant place, and delicacy forbade his being the first to proclaim his suspicions.

“You don't think he is going off, do you?” inquired Mr. Phipps.

Mr. Grimble turned his gaze intently on the querist as though he would look him through—hemm'd—but said nothing.

“I mean off his head.”

“Oh—I thought you meant off to America.”

It was now Mr. Phipps's turn to look intently at Mr. Grimble, whose every feature he scrutinized with the studious interest of a *Lavater*.

“Why you surely don’t mean to say——”

“I do.”

“What that he has——”

“Yes.”

“Is it possible!”

Mr. Grimble gave three distinct and deliberate nods, in reply to which, Mr. Phipps whistled a long phe-e-e-e-ew!

All this time the Junior had been eagerly listening to the mysterious conference, anxiously looking from one speaker to the other, till the hidden meaning suddenly revealed itself to his mind, and with the usual indiscretion of youth he immediately gave it utterance.

“Why then, Grimble, old Pryme will be transported, and you will walk into his shoes.”

Mr. Grimble frowned severely, and laid one forefinger on his lips, while with the other he pointed to the door. But Mr. Pryme was still distant in the Secretary’s private room.

“Well, I should never have thought it!” exclaimed Mr. Phipps. “He was so regular in his habits, and I should say very moderate in his expenses. He was never given to dress (the young clerk laughed at the idea), and certainly never talked like a gay man with the other sex (the Junior laughed again). I don’t think he gambled, or had any connexion with the turf. To be sure he may have dabbled a little in the Alley—or perhaps in the Discounting line.”

To each of these interrogative speculations Mr. Grimble responded with a negative shake of the head, or a doubtful shrug of the shoulders, till the catalogue was exhausted, and then, with his eyes cast upward, uttered an emphatic “God knows!”

“But have you any proof of it?” asked Mr. Phipps.

“None whatever—not a particle. Only what I may call a strong—a *very* strong presentiment.”

And as if to illustrate its strength, Mr. Grimble struck a blow with the poker that smashed a large Staffordshire coal into shivers.



BROKE BY A FALL OF THE STOCKS.

“Then there may be nothing wrong after all!” suggested the good-natured Mr. Phipps. “And really Mr. Pryme has always seemed so respectable, so regular, and so correct in business——”

“So did Fauntleroy, and the rest of them;” muttered Mr. Grimble, “or they would never have been trusted. However, it’s a comfort to think that they had no children, and that the capital punishment for such offences has been abolished.”

“I can hardly believe it!” ejaculated Mr. Phipps.

“My dear fellow,” said the young clerk, “there is no mistake about it. I was watching him when the messenger came to fetch him to the secretary, and he started and shook as if he had expected a policeman.”

Mr. Phipps said no more, but retreated to his place, with his elbows on his desk, and his head between his hands, began sorrowfully to ruminate on the ruin and misery impending over the unfortunate cashier. He could well appreciate the nervous alarm and anxiety of the wretched man, liable at any moment to detection, with the consequent disgrace, and a punishment scarcely preferable to death itself. His memory reminded him that Mr. Pryme had done him various services, while his imagination pictured his benefactor in the most distressing situations—in the station-house—at Bow-street—in Newgate—at the Bar of the Old Baily—in a hulk—in a convict-ship, with the common herd of the ruffianly and the depraved—and finally toiling in life-long labour in a distant land. And as he dwelt on these dreadful and dreary scenes, the kind-hearted Phipps himself became quite unhinged; his own nerves began to quiver, whilst his muscles sympathizing with the mental excitement, prompted him to such restless activity, that he was soon almost as fidgety and perturbed as the object of his commiseration.

Oh! that the guilty man, forewarned of danger by some providential inspiration, might have left the office never to return! But the hope was futile: the door opened—the doomed Mr. Pryme hastily entered—went to his own desk, unbuttoned his waistcoat, and clutching his bewildered bald head with one fevered hand, began with the other to turn over the leaves of a journal, without perceiving that the book was upside down.

“Was there ever,” thought Phipps, “such an infatuation! He has evidently cause for alarm, and yet lingers about the fatal spot.”

How he yearned to give him a hint that his secret was known—to say to him, “Go!—Fly! ere it be too late! Seek some other country where you may live in freedom and repent.”

But alas! the eyes of Grimble and Trent were upon him, and above all the stern figure of inexorable Duty rose up before him, and melting the wax of Silence at the flaming sword of Justice, imposed a seal upon his lips.

CHAPTER IV.

“Gracious Goodness!” exclaims Female Sensibility, “and will the dear fresh-coloured bald little gentleman be actually transported to Botany Bay!”

My dear Miss—a little patience. A criminal before such a consummation has to go through more processes than a new pin. First, as Mrs. Glasse says of her hare, he has to be caught, then examined, committed, and true-billed—arraigned, convicted, and sentenced. Next, he must, perhaps, be cropped, washed, and clothed—hulked and shipped, and finally, if he does not die of sea-sickness, or shipwreck, or get eaten by the natives, he may toil out his natural term in Australia, as a stone-breaker, a cattle-keeper, or a domestic servant!

“Dear me, how dreadful! And for a man, perhaps, like Mr. Pryme, of genteel habits and refined notions, accustomed to all the luxuries of life, and every delicacy of the season. I should really like to set on foot a little private subscription, for providing him with the proper comforts in prison and a becoming outfit for his voyage.”

My dear young lady, I can appreciate your motives and do honour to your feelings. But before you go round with your book among relations, acquaintance, and strangers, soliciting pounds, shillings, and pence, from people of broad, middling, and narrow incomes, just do me the favour to look into yonder garret, exposed to us by the magic of the Devil on Two Sticks, and consider that respectable young woman, engaged past midnight, by the light of a solitary rush-light, in making shirts at three-half-pence a piece, and shifts for nothing. Look at her hollow eyes, her withered cheeks, and emaciated frame, for it is a part of the infernal bargain that she is to lose her own health and find her own needles and thread. Reckon, if you can, the thousands of weary stitches it will require to sew, not gussets and seams, but body and soul together: and perhaps, after all her hard sewing, having to sue a shabby employer for the amount of her pitiful earnings. Estimate, if you may, the terrible wear and tear of head and heart, of liver and lungs. Appraise, on oath, the value of youth wasted, spirits outworn, prospects blasted, natural affections withered in the bud, and all blissful hopes annihilated except those beyond the grave——

“What! by that horrid, red-faced, bald-pated, undersized little monster!”

No Miss—but by a breach of trust on the part of a banker of genteel habits and refined notions; accustomed to all the luxuries of life, and every delicacy of the season.

“Oh, the abominable villain! And did he ruin himself as well as the poor lady?”

Totally.

“And was transported?”

Quite.

“What, to Botany?”

No, Miss. To the loveliest part of Sussex, where he is condemned to live in a commodious Cottage Residence, with pleasure-ground and kitchen-garden annexed—capital shooting and fishing, and within reach of two packs of hounds!

“Shameful! Scandalous!—why it’s no punishment at all.”

No, Miss. And then to think of the hundreds and thousands of emigrants—English, Scotch, and Irish—who for no crime but poverty are compelled to leave their native country—the homes and hearths of their childhood—the graves of their kindred—the land of their fathers, and to settle—if settling it may be called—in the houseless woods and wildernesses of a foreign clime.

“Oh, shocking! shocking! But if I was the government the wicked fraudulent bankers and trust-breakers should be sent abroad too. Why shouldn’t they be punished with passage-money and grants of land as well as the poor innocent emigrants, and be obliged to settle in foreign parts?”

Ah! why, indeed, Miss—except—

“Except what, sir?”

Why, that Embezzlers and Swindlers, *by all accounts*, are such very bad *Settlers*.

CHAPTER V.

But Mr. Pryme?—

That little bald, florid, fidgety personage was still sitting on his high stool at his desk, snuffing, coughing, winking, and pretending to examine a topsyturvy account book—sometimes, by way of variation, hashing up a new pen, or drumming a fresh march with his fingers—

Mr. Grimble was making some private calculations, which had reference to his future income-tax, on a slip of office-paper—

Mr. Trent was dreaming over an imaginary trial, in which he was a witness at the Old Baily—

And Mr. Phipps was fretting over the predestined capture of the infatuated cashier—when all at once there was a noise that startled the clerkly trio from their seats.

The nervous Mr. Pryme, by one of his involuntary motions, had upset his leaden inkstand—in trying to save the inkstand he knocked down his ruler—in catching at the ruler he had let fall the great journal—and in scrambling after the journal he had overturned his high stool. The clatter was prodigious, and acting on a nature already over-wrought sufficed to discompose the last atom of its equanimity.

For a moment the bewildered author of the work stood and trembled as if shot—then snatching his hat, and clapping it “skow-wow any how” on his head, rushed desperately out of the office.

“Thank God!” ejaculated Mr. Phipps, drawing a long breath, like a swimmer after a dive.

“I say, Grimble,” exclaimed the Junior Clerk—“it’s a true bill!”

But Mr. Grimble was already outside the door, and running down the stone-stairs into the hall seized on the first office-messenger that offered.

“Here--Warren!--quick!--Run after Mr. Pryme--don’t let him out of your sight—but watch where he goes to—and let me know.”

CHAPTER VI.

Now according to the practice of the regular drama, which professes to represent the greater stage of the world, whenever a robber, murderer, or traitor has escaped, it is a rule for theatrical policemen, constables, runners, guards, alguazils, sbirri, or gendarmes, to assemble and agree to *act in concert*—that is to say, by singing in chorus that the villain has bolted, and musically exhorting each other to “follow, follow, fol-de-rol-de-rol-O!” without a moment’s delay.



An arrangement perhaps conducive to dramatic convenience and stage effect, but certainly quite inconsistent with the usages of real life or the dictates of common or uncommon sense.

Messrs. Grimble, Phipps, and Trent, however, were not theatrical, so instead of joining in a trio or a catch, they first held a consultation, and then proceeded in a body to the Secretary, to whom they described the singular behaviour of Mr. Pryme.

"Very singular, indeed," said the Secretary. "I observed it myself, and inquired if he was in good health. No—yes—no. And Mrs. Pryme? Yes—no—yes. In short, he did not seem to know what he was saying."

"Or doing," put in Mr. Trent. "He threw a shovel of coals into the iron safe."

"With other acts," added Mr. Grimble, "the reverse of official."

"Tell him at once," whispered Mr. Trent.

"In short, sir," said Mr. Grimble, with a most sepulchral tone, and the face of an undertaker, "I am sorry, deeply sorry and concerned to say that Mr. Pryme has suddenly departed."

"Indeed! But he was just the sort of man to do it."

The three clerks stared at each other, for they had all thought exactly the reverse of the little, bald, florid, ex-cashier.

"Short-necked, sanguine, and of a full habit, you know," continued the Secretary. "Poor fellow!"

"I am sorry, deeply sorry and concerned to say," repeated Mr. Grimble, "that I mean he has absconded."

"The devil he has!" exclaimed the Secretary, at once jumping to his feet, and instinctively buttoning up his pockets—"but no—it's impossible!" and he looked towards Trent and Phipps for confirmation.

"It's a true bill, sir," said the first, "he has bolted sure enough."

The other only shook his head.

"It's incredible!" said the Secretary. "Why, he was as

steadily as a quaker, and as correct as clock-work ! Mr. Grimble, have you inspected his books ?”

“ I have, sir.”

“ Well, sir ?”

“ At present, sir, all appears correct. But as the accounts are kept in this office it is easier to embezzle than to detect any defalcation.”

“ Humph ! I do not think we are worse in that respect than other public offices ! Then, if I understand you, there is no distinct evidence of fraud ?”

“ None whatever, sir,” replied Mr. Phipps.

“ Except his absconding,” added Mr. Grimble.

“ Well, gentlemen, we will wait till ten o’clock to-morrow morning, and then if Mr. Pryme does not make his appearance we shall know how to act.”

The three clerks made three bows and retired, severally pleased, displeased, and indifferent at the result of their audience.

“ We may wait for him,” grumbled Mr. Grimble, “ till ten o’clock on doomsday.”

At this moment the door re-opened, and the Secretary put out his head.

“ Gentlemen, I need not recommend you to confine this matter, for the present, to your own bosoms.”

But the caution was in vain. Warren, the messenger, had given a hint of the affair to a porter, who had told it to another, and another, and another, till the secret was as well buzzed and blown as if it had been confided to a swarm of blue-bottles. In fact, the flight of Mr. Pryme was known throughout the several offices, where, according to English custom, the event became a

subject for betting, and a considerable sum was laid out at 6 to 4, and afterwards at 7 to 2, against the re-appearance of the cashier.

CHAPTER VII.

“ Well, Warren ?”

“ Well, Mr. Grimble, sir !”

The three clerks on returning to their office, had found the messenger at the door, and took him with them into the room.

“ Well, I followed up Mr. Pryme, sir, and the first thing he did were to hail a cab.”

“ And where did he drive to ?”

“ To nowheres at all—coz why, afore the cab could pull round off the stand, away he goes—that’s Mr. Pryme—walking at the rate of five miles an hour, more or less, so as not easy to be kept up with, straight home to his own house, number 9, where instid of double knocking at the door, he ring’d to be let in at the hairy bell.”



A DOUBLE KNOCK.

“ Very odd !” remarked Mr. Grimble.

"Well, he staid in the house a goodish while—as long as it might take him, like, to collect his porterble property and vallybles—when all at once out he comes, like a man with his head turned, and his hat stuck on hind part afore, for you know he'd wore it up at the back like a curricie one."

"A clerical one—go on."

"Why then, away he cuts down the street, as hard as he can split without busting, and me arter him, but being stiffish with the rheumatiz, whereby I soon found I was getting nowheres at all in the race, and in consekence pulled up."

"And which way did he run?"

"Why then, he seemed to me to be a-making for the bridge."

"Ah, to get on board a steamer," said Mr. Grimble.

"Or into the river," suggested Mr. Trent.

Mr. Phipps groaned and wrung his hands.

"You're right, you are, Mr. Trent, sir," said the Messenger with a determined nod and wink at the junior clerk. "There was a gemman throwed himself over last Friday, and they did say it was becoss he had made away with ten thousand Long Annuitants."

"The poor, wretched, misguided creature!"

"Yes he did, Mr. Phipps, sir—right over the senter harch. And what's wus, not leaving a rap behind him except his widder and five small little children, and the youngest on em's a suckin' babby."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mr. Phipps, "that Mr. Pryme is not a family man."

CHAPTER VIII.

Poor Mr. Phipps!

As soon as the office was closed he walked home to his lodgings in Westminster, but at a slower pace than usual, and with a heavy heart, for his mind was full of sorrow and misgiving at the too probable fate of the unfortunate Defaulter. The figure of Mr. Pryme followed him wherever he went: it seemed to glance over his shoulder in the looking-glass; and when he went to wash his hands, the pale drowned face of the cashier shone up through the water, instead of the pattern at the bottom of the basin.

For the first time since his clerkship he could not enjoy that favourite meal, his tea. The black bitterness in his thoughts overpowered the flavour of the green leaf—it turned the milk, and neutralized the sugar on his palate. He took but one bite out of his crumpet, and then resigned it to the cat. Supper was out of the question. His mental agitation, acting on the nerves of the stomach, had brought on a sick headache, which indisposed him to any kind of food. In the mean while for the first strange time he became intensely sensible that he was a bachelor, and uncomfortably conscious of his loneliness in the world. The company of a second person, another face, only to look at, would have been an infinite relief to him—by diverting his attention from the one dreadful thought and the one horrible image that, do what he would, kept rising up before him—sometimes like a shadow on the wall, sometimes like a miniature figure amid the intricate veins of the marble mantelpiece—and anon in the chiaro-oscuro of the fire. To get rid of these haunting illusions, he caught up a book which happened to be the second volume of

“Lamb’s Letters,” and stumbled on the following ominous passage :

“Who that standeth, knoweth but he may yet fall? Your hands, as yet, I am most willing to believe, have never deviated into other’s property. You think it impossible that you could ever commit so heinous an offence; but so thought Fauntleroy once; so have thought many besides him, who at last have expiated as he hath done.”

The words read like a fatal prophecy! He dropped the book in horror, and falling on his knees, with tearful eyes and uplifted hands, besought Providence, if it saw fit, to afflict him with the utmost miseries of sickness and poverty, but to save him—even by stroke of sudden death to save him—from ever becoming a Defaulter!

This devotional act restored him in some degree to tranquillity; but with night and sleep all his horrors returned. The face of Mr. Pryme, no longer florid but pale as a plaster-cast, was continually confronting him, now staring at him through transparent waters, and now between massive iron bars. Then the dismal portrait would abruptly change to a full-length, which was as suddenly surrounded by a cluster of children, boys and girls of different ages, including one or two infants,—a family he understood, by the intuition of dreams, to be illegitimate, and that they were solemnly consigned by the Suicide to his care and maintenance. Anon the white figure vanished, and a black one appeared in its place, a female, with the very outline, as if cut in paper, of the widowed Mrs. Pryme, and who by some mysterious but imperative obligation he felt that he must espouse. The next moment this phantom was swept away by a mighty rush of black waters, like those in Martin’s grand picture of the Deluge,

and on or beneath the dark flood again floated the pale effigy of the Suicide entire and apparently struggling for dear life, and sometimes shattered he knew not how, and drifting about in passive fragments. Then came a fresh rush of black waters, gradually shaping itself into an immense whirlpool, with the white, corpse-like figure, but magnified to a colossal size, rapidly whirling in the centre of the vortex, whilst obscure forms, black and white, of children, females, savages, and alas! not a few gigantic Demon shapes, revolved more slowly around it.

In short, the poor fellow never passed so wretched a night since he was born !

CHAPTER IX.

“And did Mr. Pryme really drown himself?”

My dear Felicia, if Female Curiosity had always access, as you have, to an author's sanctorum,—if she could stand or sit, as you can, at his elbow whilst composing his romances of real or unreal life,—if she might ask, as you do, at the beginning or in the middle of the plot, what is to be its *dénouement*—

“Well, sir, what then?”

Why, then, Messieurs Colburn, Saunders and Otley, Bentley, Churton, and Newby—not forgetting A. K. Newman—might retire for good to their country boxes at Ponder's End, Leatherhead, and Balham Hill, for there would be no more novels in three volumes.—Nay, the authors themselves, serious and comic, both or neither, might retreat forever into the Literary Almshouses, if there are any such places—for there would be no more articles of sixteen pages—and “to be continued”—in the magazines. All would be over with us, as with the Bourbons, could

Female Curiosity thus foresee, as Talleyrand said, "Le commencement de la fin!"

"Well, but—if your story as you say is 'an owre true tale, then Mr. Pryme must have been a real man—an actual living human being—and it is positive cruelty to keep one in suspense about his fate!"

Dearest!—the tale is undoubtedly true, and there was such a personage as Mr. Pryme—

"*Was!* Why then he did embezzle the money, and he did throw himself off Westminster Bridge? But had he really an illegitimate family? And did Mr. Phipps actually marry the widow according to his dream?"

Patience!—and you shall hear.

CHAPTER X.

The morrow came, and the Hour—but not the Man.

Messrs. Grimble, Phipps, and Trent were assembled round the office-fire—poor Phipps looking as white as a sheet, for ten o'clock had struck, and there was no Mr. Pryme.

At five minutes past ten the Secretary came in from his own room with his golden repeater in his hand—he looked anxiously round the office, and then in turn at each of the three clerks. Mr. Phipps sighed, Mr. Trent shook his head, and Mr. Grimble shrugged up his shoulders.

"Not here yet?"

"Nor won't be," muttered Mr. Grimble.

"What odds will you lay about it?" whispered the giddy Mr. Trent.

"The office-clock is rather fast," stammered out Mr. Phipps.

“No—it is exact by my time,” said the Secretary, and he held out his watch for inspection.

“He was always punctual to a minute,” observed Mr. Grimble.

“Always. I fear, gentlemen, we must apply for a war——”

The Secretary paused, for he heard the sound of a foot at the door, which hastily opened, and in walked Mr. Pryme!!!

An apparition could scarcely have caused a greater trepidation. The Secretary hurriedly thrust his repeater into his breeches-pocket. Mr. Grimble retreated to his own desk—Mr. Phipps stood stock-still, with his eyes and mouth wide open—while Mr. Trent, though he was a loser on the event, burst into a loud laugh.

“I am afraid, gentlemen,” said Mr. Pryme, looking very foolish and stammering, “I am afraid that my—my—my ridiculous behaviour yesterday has caused you some—some—uneasiness—on my account.”

No answer.

“The truth is—I was excessively anxious and nervous—and agitated—very agitated indeed!”

The little florid man coloured up till his round, shiny, bald head was as scarlet as a love-apple.

“The truth is—after so many disappointments—I did not like to mention the thing—the affair—till it was quite certain—till it was all over—for fear of being quizzed. The truth is—the truth is——”

“Take time, Mr. Pryme,” said the Secretary.

“Why, then, sir—the truth is—after fifteen years—I’m a Father—a happy Father, sir—a fine chopping boy, gentlemen—and Mrs. P. is as charming—that’s to say, as well—as can be expected!”

S u n n e t .

THE world is with me, and its many cares,
 Its woes—its wants—the anxious hopes and fears
 That wait on all terrestrial affairs—
 The shades of former and of future years—
 Foreboding fancies, and prophetic tears,
 Quelling a spirit that was once elate—
 Heavens ! what a wilderness the earth appears,
 Where Youth, and Mirth, and Health are out of date !
 But no—a laugh of innocence and joy
 Resounds, like music of the fairy race,
 And gladly turning from the world's annoy
 I gaze upon a little radiant face,
 And bless, internally, the merry boy
 Who “ makes a *son-shine* in a shady place.”



MY SON AND HAIR.

The Earth-Quakers.*

Now's the time and now's the hour !
 To be worried, toss'd, and shaken,
 Down—down—down, derry down—
 Let us take to the road !
 Amanda, let us quit the town—
 Together let us range the fields—
 Over the hills and far away,
 Life let us cherish.

OLD BALLADS.

THE Earth-quakers are by no means a new Sect. They have appeared at various times in England, and particularly in 1750, when they were so numerous that, according to Horace Walpole, "within three days, seven hundred and thirty coaches were counted passing Hyde-park-corner with whole parties removing into the country!" The same pleasant writer has preserved several anecdotes of the persuasion, and especially records that the female members, to guard against even a shock to their constitutions, made "earthquake gowns" of a warm stuff, to sit up in at night, in the open air! Nor was the alarm altogether unfounded, for the earth, he says, actually shook twice at regular intervals, so that fearing the terrestrial ague fit would become periodical, the noble wit proposed to treat it by a course of bark. However, there were some slight vibrations of the soil, and supposing them only to have thrown down a platter from the shelf to the floor, the Earth-quakers of 1750 have an infinite advantage over those of 1842, when nothing has fallen to the ground but a fiddle-de-Dee prediction.

Still, if the metropolis has not exhibited any extraordinary

* In 1842, according to the prediction of Dr. Dee, an astrologer of the time of Queen Elizabeth, London was to be destroyed by an earthquake. Hood here whimsically hits off the half-earnest alarm which was considerably prevalent as the predicted day approached.

physical convulsion, its inhabitants have presented an astounding Moral Phenomenon. Messrs. Howell and James best know whether they have vended or been asked for peculiarly warm fabrics—the court milliner alone can tell if she has made up any new-fashioned *robes de nuit, à la bivouac, or coiffures* adapted to a nocturnal *fête champêtre*. The coaches, public and private, which have passed Hyde-park-corner have not perhaps been counted, but it is notorious that the railway carriages have been crammed with passengers, and the Gravesend steamers were almost swamped by the influx of rapid Earth-quakers, all rushing, *sauve qui peut!* from the most ridiculous bugbear ever licked into shape by the vulgar tongue. Nor yet was the “Movement Party” composed exclusively of the lower classes; but comprised hundreds of respectable Londoners, who never halted till they had gone beyond the Lord Mayor’s jurisdiction, a flight unworthy even of Cockneyism, which implies at least a devoted attachment to London, and an unshaken confidence in the stability of St. Paul’s.

The Irish indeed, the poor blundering, bull-making Irish, had some excuse for their panic. The prophecy came from a prophet of their own religion, and appealed to some of their strongest prejudices. They had perhaps even felt some precursory agitation not perceptible to us English—whilst the rebuilding of the ruined city promised a famous job for the Hibernian bricklayers and hodmen. Nay, after all, they only exhibited a truly national aptitude to become April fools in March. But for British backbone Protestants, who have shouted “No Popery,” and burnt Guy Fauxes, to adopt a Roman Catholic legend—for free and independent householders who would not move on for a live policeman, to move off, bag and baggage, at the dictum of a

very dead monk—who can doubt, after such a spectacle, that a Nincom Tax would be very productive!

As a subject for a comic picture, there could be no richer scene for a modern Hogarth than the return of a party of Earthquakers to the metropolis—that very metropolis which was to have been knocked down, as Robins would say, in one lot—that devoted City which Credulity had lately painted as lying prostrate on its Corporation!

In the mean time, good luck enables me to illustrate the great earthquake of 1842 by a few letters obtained, no matter how, or at what expense. It is to be regretted that type can give no imitation of the hand-writings; suffice it that one of the notes has actually been booked by a well-known collector, as a genuine autograph of St. Vitus.

NO. I.

TO PETER CRISP, ESQ.

Ivy-Cottage, Sevenoaks.

DEAR BROTHER,—You are of course aware of the awful visitation with which we are threatened.

As to F. and myself, business and duties will forbid our leaving London, but Robert and James will be home for the usual fortnight at Easter, and we are naturally anxious to have the dear boys out of the way. Perhaps you will make room for them at the cottage?

I am, dear Brother,

Yours affectionately,

MARGARET FADDY.

THE ANSWER.

DEAR SISTER,—As regards the awful visitation, the last time the dear boys were at the Cottage they literally turned it topsyturvy.

As such, would rather say—keep Robert and James in town, and send me down the Earthquake.—Your loving brother,

PETER CRISP.

NO. II.

TO MESSRS. H. STALEY AND CO.

Camomile-street, City.

GENTLEMEN,—As a retired tradesman of London to rural life, but unremittingly devoted to the metropolis and its public buildings, am deeply solicitous to learn, on good mercantile authority, if the alarming statements as to a ruinous depression in the Custom-house, St. Paul's, and other fabrics, stands on the undeniable basis of fact. An early answer will oblige,

Your very obedient servant,

JOHN STOKES.

Postscriptum.—My barber tells me the Monument has been done at Lloyd's.

THE ANSWER.

SIR,—In reply to your favour of the 14th inst., I beg to subjoin for your guidance the following quotations from a supplement to this day's "Price Current:"

"MARCH 16.—In Earthquakes—nothing stirring. Strong Caracca shocks partially inquired for, but no arrivals. Lisbons ditto. A small lot of slight Chichesters in bond have been brought forward, but obtained no offers. Houses continue firm, and the holders are not inclined to part with them. In Columns and Obelisks no alteration. Cathedrals as before. Steeples keep up, and articles generally are not so flat as anticipated by the speculators for a fall."—I am, sir, for Staley and Co.,

Your most obedient servant,

CHARLES STUCKEY.

NO. III.

TO DOCTOR DODGE, F.A.S., LONDON.

DEAR DOCTOR,—As you are an Antiquarian, and as such well acquainted, of course, with Ancient MSS. and Monkish Chronicles, perhaps you will be so obliging as to give me your opinion of the Earthquake predicted by Dr. Dee and the Monk of Dree, and whether it is mentioned in Doomsday Book, or Icon Basilisk, or any of the old astrological works.—Yours, dear Doctor,

ANASTASIA SHREWSBURY.

THE ANSWER.

DEAR MADAM,—I have no recollection of such a Prediction in any of the books you mention ; but I will make a point of looking into the old chronicles. In the mean time it strikes me, that if any one should have foretold an Earthquake it was *Ingulphus*.

I am, dear Madam, your very humble Servant,

T. DODGE.

NO. IV.

TO MR. BENJAMIN HOCKIN.

Barbican.

DEAR BEN,—About this here hearthquack. According to advice I rit to Addams who have bean to forin Parts, and partickly sow Amerikey, witch is a shockin country, and as to wat is dun by the Natives in the like case, and he say they all run out of their Howses, and fall down on their nees and beat their brests like mad, and cross theirselves and call out to the Virgin, and all the popish Saints. Witch in course with us Christians is out of the question, so there we are agin at a non plush—and our minds perfectly miserable for want of making up. One minit it's go and the next minit stay, till betwixt town and country, I allmost wish I was no wheres at all. But how is minds to be made up when if you ax opinions, theres six of one and half a duzzen of the

tother—for I make a pint of xtracting my customers sentiments pro and con, and its as ni a ti as can be. One books the thing to cum off as shure as the Darby or Hoax, while another suspends it till the Day of Judgment. And then he's upset by a new cummur in with the news that half St. Giles is cast down, and the inhabbitants all Irish howling, quite dredful, and belabbering their own buzzums and crossing themselves all over as if it saved the Good Friday buns from being swallered up. So there we are agin. All dubbious. As for Pawley he wont have it at anny price but says its clear agin Geology and the Wolcanic stratuses; which may sarve well enuff to chaff about at Mekanical Innstitu-shuns but he wont gammon me that theres any such remmedy for a Hearth Quack as a basun of chork—no nor a basun of gruel nayther. Well wat next. Why Podmore swares when he past the Duck of York he see his hiness anoddin at the Athenium Club as if he ment to drop in pervided he didnt pitch in to the Unitid Servis. So there we are agin. For my own share I own to sum misgivins and croakins, and says you, not without caws wen six fammilis in our street has gone off alreddy and three more packin up in case. Besides witch Radley the Bilder have knocked off work at his new Howsis for fear of their gettin floored and missis Sims have declined her barril of tabel beer till arter the shakin. Wen things cum to sich aspects they look serus. But suppose in the end as Gubbins says its all a error of that Dr. Dee—wat a set of Dee'd spooneys we shall look. So there we are agin. Then theres Books. It appear on reading the great Lisbon catstrophy were attendid by an uncommon rush of the See on the dry Land and they do say from Brighton as how the Breakers have reached as far as Wigney's Bank. That's

in favor agin of the world losing its ballance. Howsomever I have twice had the shutters up, and once got as fur as the hos in the Shay cart for a move off, but was stopt by the Maid and the Prentis both axin a hole holliday for the sixtenth and in sich a stile as convinced if I didnt grant they would take french leaves. And then who is to mind the house and Shop not to name two bills as cum doo on the verry day and made payable on the premmises. Whereby if I dont go to smash in booddy I must in bisness. So there we are agin. In the interum theres my Wife who keeps wibratin between hopes and fears like the pendulum of a Dutch Clock and no more able to cum to a conclusion. But she inclines most to favor the dark side of the Pieter and compares our state to Purgatory, to Dam someboddy with a sword hanging over his head by a single hair. As a nateral consekens she cant eat her wittels and hears rumblins and has sich tremblins she dont know the hearth's agitatings from her own. Being squeemish besides, as is reckoned by her a verry bad sign, becos why theres a hearthquaek in Robbinson Cruso who describe the motion to have made his Stomich as sick as anny one as is tost at See. Well in course her flutters aggravates mine till between our selves I'm reddy to bolt out of house and home like a Rabbit and go and squat in the open Fields. And wats to end all this suspense. Maybe a false alarm—and maybe hall to huttums indoors or else runnin out into a gapin naberhood and swallerd up in a crack. Whereby its my privit opinion we shall end by removing in time like the Rats from a fallin house even if we have to make shift with a bed in the garden, but witch is prefferable to an everlastin sleep in the great shake down that nater is preparing. Thats to say if the profesy keeps its word—for if it dont we are

better in our own beds than fleaing elsewhere. And praps ketch our deaths besides. Witch reminds me our Medical Doctor wont hear of hearthquackery and says theres no simtoms of erupshun. So there we are agin. But St. Pauls, and all Saint Giles's is per contra. And to be sure as Pat Hourigan says of the Irish, ant we seven fifts of us hod carriers and bricklairs, and do you think as we'd leave the same, if we did'nt expect more brick and bilding materials than we carry on our heads and sholders. Witch sartingly would strongly argy to the pint, if so be their being Roman Cathliks did'nt religiously bind one watever they beleave, to beleave quite the reverse. And talking of religion, if one listened to it like a Christin, instid of dispondin it would praps say trust in Providence and shore up the premisis. And witch may be the piusest and cheapest plan arter all. But bisness interrupts——

Its the Gibbenses maid for an Am. Ive pumpt out on her that the fammily is goin to Windser for Change of air. And Widder Stradlin is goin to Richmond for change of Scene. Yes as much as I am goin to the Lands end for change of a shilling. And now I think on it there were a suspishus mark this morning on the Public House paper, namely Edgingtons advertisement about Tents. So arter all the open Air course of conduct—but annother cum in——

Poor Mrs. Hobson, in the same perplext state as myself. To be sure as she say a slite shock as wouldnt chip a brass or iron man would shatter a chaney woman all to smash. But wats the use of her cummin to me to be advised wen I carnt advize myself? Howsomer a word or two from your Ben would go fur to convict me—Only beggin you to considder that Self Preseva-shun is the fust law of Nater, and the more binding as its a law

a man is allowed to take into his own hands. As the crisis approach, a speedy answer will releave the mind of

Your loving Brother,

JAMES HOCKIN.

P.S.—Since riting the abuv the Reverend Mister Crumpler, as my wife sits under, have dropt in and confirmed the wust. He



THE REV. MR. CRUMPLER.

say its a Judgment on the Citty and by way of Cobberrobberation has named several partis in our naberhood as is to be ingulphed. That settles us, and in course will excuse cuttin short.

NO. V.

TO MRS. * * * *

No. 9, — Street.

MADAM,—It may seem stooping to take up a dropped correspondence, but considering that an Earthquake ought to bury all animosities, and enjoying the prospect of an eternal separation Christian charity induces to say I am agreeable on my part for the breach between us to be repaired by a shaking of hands.

I am, Madam,

Yours, &c.,

BELINDA HUFFIN.

THE ANSWER.

MADAM,—I trust I have as much Christian charity as my neighbours—praps more—and hope I have too much *true* religion to believe in judicious astronomy. And if I did, havæ never heard that earthquakes was remarkable for repairing breaches.

When every thing else shakes, I will shake hands, but not before.

I am, Madam,

Yours, &c.,

MATILDA PERKS.

NO. VI.

FOR REBECCA SLACK.

2, Fisher's Plaice, Knightsbridge.

DEAR BECKY,—If so be when you cum to Number 9, on Sunday and Me not there don't be terrifide. Its not suicide and the Surpentine but the Earthquake. John is the same as ever but Ive allmost giv meself Warning without the Munths notis. Last nite there cum a ring at the Bel, a regular chevy and Nobody there. Cook sed a runaway Lark but I no better. And John says Medicle Studints but I say shox. Howsumaver if the bel

ring agen of its own Hed I'm off quake or no quake to my muther at Srewsberry Srops. One may trust to drunken yung gentlemen too long and mistake a rumbel at the Anti Pods for skrewin off the nocker. No, no. So as I sed afore another ring will be a hint to fly tho one thing is ockard, namely the crisis fixt for the 16 and my quarter not up til the 20. But wats waxis? Their no object wen yure an Objec yurself for the Ospittle. To be shure Missus may complain of a Non Plush but wat of that. Self preservin is the law of Nater and is wat distinguishes reasoning Beings from Damsuns and Bullises.

Mister Butler is of my own friteful way of thinkin and quite retchid about the shakin up of his port wine for he always calls it hisn and dreadful low his Hart being in his celler. But Cook chooses to set her Face agin the finomunon. Don't tell me says she of the earth quakin—its crust isnt made so light and shivvery. So weve cum to Wurds on the subject and even been warm but its impossible to talk with sang fraw of wat freezes ones Blud. But wot can one expec as Mister Butler says but Convulsions of Nater wen we go boring into the Erths bowils witch as all the world nose is chock full of Combustibuls as ketching as Congrevs and Lucefirs. We might have tuck warning by the French he says witch driv irun pipes and tooobs down and drew them up again all twisted by the stratums into Cork skrews with the Ends red hot or melted off. So much for pryin into the innfurnel reguns.

As you may suppose I am melancholly enuf at sich a prospict. But if a Erth Quake isnt to cast one down wat is? I never go to my Piller but I pray to sleep without rockin or having the roof come down atop of me like a sparrer in a brick Trap. And then sich horrible Dreams! Ony last nite I dremt the hole super-structer was on my chest and stomak but luckily it were ony the

Nite Mare and cold Pork. And in the day time its nothin but takin in visitter cards with Poor Prender Congy witch you know means French leave and not a bit to erly if correct that Saint Pauls have sunk down to its Doom. To be shure I over heerd Master say that even Saint Faith don't beleave in it. But she is no rule for Me. Why shudn't we be over-whelmed as Mister Butler says as well as the Herculeans and Pompy? I'm shure we deserve it for our sins and piccadillies.

Well time will show. But its our duty all the same to look arter our savings. John thinks Mister Green have the best chance by assenting on the day in his Voxall baloon but gud gracious as Mister Butler says suppose the wurld was to anniliate itself while he was up in the Air. One had better trust to the most aggitated Terry Firmer. Wat sort of soil is most propperest for the purpus has been debated among us a good deal. One thinks mountin tops is safest and anuther considders we ort all to be in a Mash. Lord nose. The Baker says his Master has insured hisself agin the erth quake and got the Globe to kiver him.

There Missus bel so adew in haste.

MARY SAWKINS.

Proscrip.—While I was up in the drawin room master talkt very misterus about St. Pauls. Its all a resport says he from one of the Miner Cannons.

NO. VII.

TO SIR W. FLINSY, BART., AND CO.

Lombard-street, City.

GENTLEMEN,—I beg respectfully to inform you that placing implicit confidence in the calamity which will come due on the 16th instant, I have felt it my duty to remove myself and the cash balance to a place of security. It is my full intention, how-

ever, to return to my post after the Earthquake; and, I trust, instead of condemning, you will thank me for preserving your property, when I come back and restore it.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your very faithful and obedient,
Servant and cashier,
SAMUEL BOULTER

NO. VIII.

TO MR. BENJAMIN HOCKIN.

(Vide No. IV.)

DEAR BENJAMIN,—In my last I broke short through sitting off—and now have to inform of our safe Return and the Premises all sound. The wus luck to have let Meself be Shay carted off on a April Fool's arrand, as bad as piggins milk. For wat remanes in futer but to become a laffing stock to our nabers and being ninny-hammered at like nails. As for the parler at the Crown that's shut agin me for ever, for them quizzical fellers as frequents could rost a Ox whole in the way of banterin. So were I'm to spend my evinins except with my wife Lord nose. There misery in prospect at once.

Has for servin in the shop I couldnt feel more sheapish and shamfaced if I had bean out in short wait and adulterin. Its no odds my customers houlding their Tungs about it—the more they don't say the more I know wat they mean, and witch as silent contempt is wus than even a little blaggard cumming as he did just now, and axing for a small hapenny shock. Not that I mind Sarce so much as make believe pitty. Its the wimmin with their confoundid simperthisin as agrivates sich as hoping no cold was cotched from the nite dues and lammenting our trouble and expense for nothink. With all respect to the sex if it pleas

God to let one see them now and then with their jaws tide up for the Tung Ake as well as the Tooth Ake wood be no harm. There's that Missis Mummery wood comfort a man into a brain Fever. And indeed well ni soothd me into a fury wat with condoling on our bamboozilment and her sham abram concern for our unlucky step. She cum for Pickels and its lucky for both there was no Pison handy. But I ort to take an assiduous draft meself for swallering such stuff. As praps I shall if dont fly to hard drinking insted. Becos why, I know I've sunk meself in public opinnion and indeed feel as if all Lonnon was takin a sight at me. Many a man have took his razer and cut his stick for less.

Has for my wife her fust move on cumming Home was up stares and into Bed where she remained quite inconsoluble, being more hurt in her Mind she say then if she had had a leg broke by the Herth quake. And witch I really think could not more have upset her. Howsumever there she lays almost off her Hed and from wat I know of her cute feelings and temper is likely to never be happy agin nor to let anny one else. There's a luck out—and no children of our own to vent on.

In course its more nor I dares to tell her of the nonimus Letter like a Walentine with a pieter of a Cock and Bull, and that's only a four runner. Well, its our hone falts, if that anny comfort which it ant, but all the hevier, like sum loves and tee cakes, for bein home made.

The sum totle on it is Ime upset for Life. I harnt got Brass enuf to remane in Bisness nor yet made Tin enuf to retire out on it. Otherwis Ide take a Willer in Stanter and keap dux. My ony cumfit is I arnt a citty Maggystrut and obleegd to sit in Gild all arter bein throwd into sich a botomless panikin. How

his Washup Mister Bowlbee can sit in Publick I dont know for he was one of the verry fust to cut away. Ketch me says he astayin in Crippelgit. I know it's my ward but it won't ward off a shock.

So much for Hearth Quacks. The end will be I shall turn to a Universal Septic and then I suppose watever I dont beleave will come to pass. Indeed I am almost of the same mind alreddy with Dadley the Baker. Dont trust nothing, says he, till it happen, and not even then if it don't suit to give credit.

Dear Ben, pray rite if you can say anny thing consoling under an ounce—for witch a Stamp inclosed

Your luving Bruther,

JAMES HOCKIN.

P. S.—The Reverind Mister Crumpler have just bean, and explained to me the odds betwixt Old and New stiles, whereby the real Day for the Hearth Quack is still to cum, name Monday the 28th Instant. So there we are agin!

The Flower.

ALONE, across a foreign plain,
 The Exile slowly wanders,
 And on his Isle beyond the main
 With saddened spirit ponders :

This lovely Isle beyond the sea,
 With all its household treasures;
 Its cottage homes, its merry birds,
 And all its rural pleasures :

Its leafy woods, its shady vales,
 Its moors, and purple heather ;
 Its verdant fields bedeck'd with stars
 His childhood loved to gather :

When lo ! he starts with glad surprise,
 Home-joys come rushing o'er him,
 For "modest, wee, and crimson-tipp'd,"
 He spies the flower before him !

With eager haste he stoops him down,
 His eyes with moisture hazy,
 And as he plucks the simple bloom,
 He murmurs, "Lawk-a-daisy !"

The Grimly Ghost.

CHAPTER I.

IN the town of Grimsby—

“But stop,” says the Courteous and Prudent Reader, “are there any such things as Ghosts?”

“Any Ghostesses!” cries Superstition, who settled long since in the country, near a churchyard, on a *rising* ground, “any Ghostesses! Ay, man—lots on ’em! bushels on ’em! sights on ’em! Why, there’s one as walks in our parish, reg’lar as the clock strikes twelve—and always the same round—over church-stile, round the corner, through the gap, into Short’s Spinney, and so along into our close, where he takes a drink at the pump,—for ye see he died in liquor,—and then arter he’s squentched hisself wanishes into waper. Then there’s the ghost of old Beales, as goes o’ nights and sows tears in his neighbor’s wheats—I’ve often seed un in seed time. They do say that Black Ben, the Poacher, have riz, and what’s more, walked slap through all the Squire’s steeltraps without springing on ’em. And then there’s Bet Hawkey as murdered her own infant—only the poor babby hadn’t larned to walk, and so can’t appear agin her.”

But not to refer only to the ignorant and illiterate vulgar, there are units, tens, hundreds, thousands of well-bred and educated persons, Divines, Lawyers, military, and especially naval officers, Artists, Authors, Players, Schoolmasters and Governesses, and fine ladies, who secretly believe that the dead are on visiting terms

with the living—nay, the great Doctor Johnson himself affirmed solemnly that he had a call from his late mother, who had been buried many years. Ask at the right time, and in the right place, and in the right manner—only affect a belief, though you have it not, so that the party may feel assured of sympathy and insured against ridicule—and nine-tenths of mankind will confess a faith in Apparitions. It is in truth an article in the creed of our natural religion—a corollary of the recognition of the immortality of the soul. The presence of spirits—visible or invisible—is an innate idea, as exemplified by the instinctive night terrors of infancy, and recently so touchingly illustrated by the evidence of the poor little colliery-girl, who declared that “she sang, whiles, at her subterranean task, but never when she was alone in the dark.”

It is from this cause that the Poems and Ballads on spectral subjects have derived their popularity: for instance, Margaret’s Ghost—Mary’s Dream—and the Ghost of Admiral Hosier—not to forget the Drama, with that awful Phantom in “Hamlet,” whose word in favour of the Supernatural, we all feel to be worth “a thousand pound.”

“And then the Spectre in ‘Don Giovanni?’”

No. That Marble Walker, with his audible tramp, tramp, tramp, on the staircase, is too substantial for my theory. It was a Ghost invented expressly for the Materialists; but is as inadmissible amongst genuine Spirits as that wooden one described by old W. the shipowner—namely, the figure head of the Britannia, which appeared to him, he declared, on the very night that she found a watery grave off Cape Cod.

“Well—after that—go on.”

CHAPTER II.

In the town of Grimsby, at the corner of Swivel-street, there is a little chandler's shop, which was kept for many years by a widow of the name of Mullins. She was a careful, thrifty body, a perfect woman of business, with a sharp gray eye to the main chance, a quick ear for the ring of good or bad metal, and a close hand at the counter. Indeed, she was apt to give such scrimp weight and measure, that her customers invariably manœuvred to be served by her daughter, who was supposed to be more liberal at the scale, by a full ounce in the pound. The man and maid servants, it is true, who bought on commission, did not care much about the matter; but the poor hungry father, the poor frugal mother, the little ragged girl, and the little dirty boy, all retained their pence in their hands, till they could thrust them, with their humble requests for ounces or half-ounces of tea, brown sugar, or single Gloster, towards "Miss Mullins," who was supposed to better their dealings,—if dealings they might be called, where no deal of any thing was purchased. She was a tall, bony female, of about thirty years of age, but apparently forty, with a very homely set of features, and the staid, sedate carriage of a spinster who feels herself to be set in for a single life. There was indeed "no love nonsense" about her: and as to romance, she had never so much as looked into a novel, or read a line of poetry in her life—her thoughts, her feelings, her actions, were all like her occupation, of the most plain, prosaic character—the retailing of soap, starch, sand-paper, red-herrings, and Flanders brick. Except Sundays, when she went twice to chapel, her days were divided between the little back-parlour and the front shop—between a patchwork counterpane which she had been stitching at for ten

long years, and that other counter work to which she was summoned, every few minutes, by the importunities of a little bell that rang every customer in, like the new year, and then rang him out again like the old one. It was her province, moreover, to set down all unready money orders on a slate, but the widow took charge of the books, or rather the book, in which every item of account was entered, with a rigid punctuality that would have done honour to a regular counting-house clerk.

Under such management the little chandler's shop was a thriving concern, and with the frugal, not to say parsimonious habits of mother and daughter, enabled the former to lay by annually her one or two hundred pounds, so that Miss Mullins was in a fair way of becoming a fortune, when towards the autumn of 1838 the widow was suddenly taken ill at her book, in the very act of making out a little bill, which alas! she never lived to sum up. The disorder progressed so rapidly that on the second day she was given over by the doctor, and on the third by the apothecary, having lost all power of swallowing his medicines. The distress of her daughter, thus threatened with the sudden rending of her only tie in the world, may be conceived; while, to add to her affliction, her dying parent, though perfectly sensible, was unable, from a paralysis of the organs of speech, to articulate a single word. She tried nevertheless to speak, with a singular perseverance, but all her struggles for utterance were in vain. Her eyes rolled frightfully, the muscles about the mouth worked convulsively, and her tongue actually writhed till she foamed at the lips, but without producing more than such an unintelligible sound as is sometimes heard from the deaf and dumb. It was evident from the frequency and vehemence of these efforts that she had something of the utmost importance to

communicate, and which her weeping daughter at last implored her to make known by means of signs.

“Had she any thing weighing heavy on her mind?”

The sick woman nodded her head.

“Did she want any one to be sent for?”

The head was shaken.

“Was it about making her will?”

Another mute negative.

“Did she wish to have farther medical advice?”

A gesture of great impatience.

“Would she try to write down her meaning?”

The head nodded, and the writing-materials were immediately procured. The dying woman was propped up in bed, a lead-pencil was placed in her right hand, and a quire of foolscap was set before her. With extreme difficulty she contrived to scribble the single word MARY; but before she could form another letter, the hand suddenly dropped, scratching a long mark, like what the Germans call a Devotion Stroke, from the top to the bottom of the paper,—her face assumed an intense expression of despair—there was a single deep groan—then a heavy sigh—and the Widow Mullins was a corpse!

CHAPTER III.

“Gracious! how shocking!” cries Morbid Curiosity. “And to die, too, without telling her secret! What *could* the poor creature have on her mind to lay so heavy! I’d give the world to know what it was! A shocking murder, perhaps, and the remains of her poor husband buried Lord knows where—so that

nobody can enjoy the horrid discovery—and the digging of him up!”

No, Madam—nor the boiling and parboiling of his viscera to detect traces of poison.

“To be sure not. It’s a sin and shame, it is, for people to go out of the world with such mysteries confined to their own bosom. But perhaps it was only a hoard of money that she had saved up in private?”

Very possibly, madam. In fact Mrs. Humphreys, the carpenter’s wife, who was present at the death, was so firmly of that persuasion, that before the body was cold, although not the searcher, she had exercised the right of search in every pot, pan, box, basket, drawer, cupboard, chimney—in short, every hole and corner in the premises.

“Ay, and I’ll be bound discovered a heap of golden guineas in an old teapot.”

No, Madam—not a dump. At least not in the teapot—but in a hole near the sink—she found—

“What, sir?—pray what?”

Two black-beetles, ma’am, and a money-spinner.

CHAPTER IV.

Well, the corpse of the deceased Widow received the usual rites. It was washed—laid out—and according to old provincial custom, strewed with rosemary and other sweet herbs. A plate full of salt was placed on the chest—one lighted candle was set near the head, and another at the feet, whilst the Mrs. Humphreys, before-mentioned, undertook to sit up through the night and “watch the body.” A half-dozen of female neighbours also

volunteered their services, and sat in the little back-parlour by way of company for the bereaved daughter, who, by the mere force of habit, had caught up and begun mechanically to stitch at the patchwork-counterpane, with one corner of which she occasionally and absently wiped her eyes—the action strangely contrasting with such a huge and harlequin handkerchief. In the discourse of the gossips she took no part or interest, in reality she did not hear the conversation, her ear still seeming painfully on the stretch to catch those last dying words which her poor mother had been unable to utter. In her mind's eye she was still watching those dreadful contortions which disfigured the features of her dying parent during her convulsive efforts to speak—she still saw those desperate attempts to write, and then that leaden fall of the cold hand, and the long scratch of the random pencil that broke off for ever and ever the mysterious revelation. A more romantic or ambitious nature would perhaps have fancied that the undivulged secret referred to her own birth ; a more avaricious spirit might have dreamed that the disclosure related to hidden treasure ; and a more suspicious character might have even supposed that death had suppressed some confession of undiscovered guilt.

But the plain matter-of-fact mind of Mary Mullins was incapable of such speculations. Instead of dreaming, therefore, of an airy coronet, or ideal bundles of bank-notes, or pots full of gold and silver coin, or a disinterred skeleton, she only stitched on, and then wept, and then stitched on again at the motley coverlet, wondering amongst her other vague wonders why no little dirty boys, or ragged little girls, came as usual for penny candles and rushlights. The truth being that the gossips had considerably muffled up the shop-bell, for vulgar curiosity had caused a considerable influx of extra custom, so that thanks to another precau-

tion in suppressing noises, the little chandler's shop presented the strange anomaly of a roaring trade carried on in a whisper.

Owing to this circumstance it was nearly midnight before the shop-shutters were closed, the street door was locked, the gas turned off, and the sympathising females prepared to sit down to a light, sorrowful supper of tripe and onions.

In the mean time the candles in the little back parlour had burned down to the socket, into which one glimmering wick at last suddenly plunged, and was instantly drowned in a warm bath of liquid grease. This trivial incident sufficed to arouse Miss Mullins from her tearful stupor; she quietly put down the patch-work, and without speaking, passed into the shop, which was now pitch-dark, and with her hand began to grope for a bunch of long sixes, which she knew hung from a particular shelf. Indeed, she could blindfolded have laid her hand on any given article in the place; but her fingers had no sooner closed on the cold clammy tallow, than with a loud shrill scream that might have awakened the dead—if the dead were ever so awakened—she sank down on the sandy floor in a strong fit!

“La! how ridiculous! What from only feeling a tallow-candle?”

No, ma'am; but from only seeing her mother, in her habit as she lived, standing at her old favourite post in the shop; that is to say, at the little desk, between the great black coffee-mill and the barrel of red-herrings.

CHAPTER V.

“What! a Ghost—a regular Apparition?”

Yes, sir, a disembodied spirit, but clothed in some ethereal

substance, not tangible, but of such a texture as to be visible to the ocular sense.

“Bah! ocular nonsense! All moonshine! Ghosts be hanged!—no such things in nature—too late in the day for them, by a whole century—quite exploded—went out with the old witches. No, no, sir, the ghosts have had their day, and were all laid long ago, before the wood pavement. What should they come for? The potters and the colliers may rise for higher wages, and the chartists may rise for reform, and Joseph Sturge may rise for his health, and the sun may rise, and the bread may rise, and the sea may rise, and the rising generation may rise, and all to some good or bad purpose; but that the dead and buried should rise, only to make one’s hair rise, is more than I can credit.”

They may have some messages or errands to the living.

“Yes, and can’t deliver them for want of breath; or can’t execute them for the want of physical force. Just consider yourself a ghost——”

Excuse me.

“Pshaw! I only meant for the sake of argument. I say, suppose yourself a ghost. Well, if you come up out of your grave to serve a friend, how are you to help him? And if it’s an enemy, what’s the use of appearing to him if you can’t pitch into him?”

Why, at least it is *showing your Spirit*.

“Humph! that’s true. Well, proceed.”

CHAPTER VI.

There is nothing more startling to the human nerves than a female scream. Not a make-believe squall, at a spider or a

mouse, but a real, shrill, sharp, ear-piercing shriek, as if from the very pitchpipe of mortal fear. Nothing approaches it in thrilling effect, except the railway whistle; which, indeed, seems only to come from the throat of a giantess, instead of that of an ordinary woman.

The sudden outcry from the little shop had therefore an appalling effect on the company in the little back parlour, who for the moment were struck as dizzy and stupified by that flash of sound, as if it had been one of lightning. Their first impulse was to set up a chorus of screams, as nearly as possible in the same key; the next, to rush in a body to the shop, where they found the poor orphan, as they called her, insensible on the floor.

The fit was a severe one; but, luckily the gossips were experienced in all kinds of swoons, hysterics, and faintings, and used each restorative process so vigourously, burning, choking, pinching, slapping, and excoriating, that in a very few minutes the patient was restored to consciousness, and a world of pain. It was a long time, however, before she became collected enough to give an account of the Apparition—that she had seen her Mother, or at least her Ghost, standing beside her old desk; that the figure had turned towards her, and had made the same dreadful faces as before, as if endeavouring to speak to her—a communication which took such effect on the hearers that, with one exception, they immediately put on their bonnets and departed; leaving old Mrs. Dadley, who was stone deaf, and had only imperfectly heard the story, to sleep with Miss Mullins in what was doomed thenceforward to be a Haunted House. The night, nevertheless, passed over in quiet; but towards morning the ghostly Mother appeared again to the daughter in a dream, and with the same contortions of her mouth attempted to speak her mind, but with the same ill

success. The secret, whatever it was, seemed irrevocably committed to Silence and Eternity.

In the mean time, ere breakfast, the walking of Widow Mullins had travelled from one end of Grimsby to the other; and for the rest of the day the little chandler's shop at the corner of Swivel-street was surrounded by a mob of men, women, and children who came to gaze at the Haunted House—not without some dim anticipations of perhaps seeing the Ghost at one of the windows. Few females in the position of Mary Mullins would have remained under its roof; but to all invitations from well-meaning people she turned a deaf ear, she had been born and bred on the premises—the little back-parlour was her home—and from long service at the counter, she had become—to alter a single letter in a line of Dibdin's—

All one as a piece of the shop.

As to the Apparition, if it ever appeared again, she said, “the Ghost was the Ghost of her own Parent, and would not harm a hair of her head. Perhaps, after the funeral, the Spirit would rest in peace: but at any rate, her mind was made up, not to leave the house—no, not till she was carried out of it like her poor dear Mother.”

CHAPTER VII.

“And pray, Mr. Author, what is your own private opinion? Do you really believe in Ghosts, or that there was any truth in the story of this Grimsby Apparition?”

Heaven knows, madam! In ordinary cases I should have ascribed such a tale to a love of the marvellous; but, as I before

stated, Miss Mullins was not prone to romance, and had never read a work of fiction in her whole life. Again, the vision might have been imputed to some peculiar nervous derangement of the system, like the famous spectral illusions that haunted the Berlin Bookseller,—but then the young woman was of a hardy constitution, and in perfect health. Finally, the Phantom might have been set down as a mere freak of fancy, the offspring of an excited imagination, whereas she had no more imagination than a cow. Her mind was essentially common-place, and never travelled beyond the routine duties and occurrences of her every-day life. Her very dreams, which she sometimes related, were remarked as being particularly prosaic and insipid; the wildest of them having only painted a swarm of overgrown cockroaches, in the shop-drawer, that was labelled “Powder Blue.” Add to all this, that her character for veracity stood high in her native town; and on the whole evidence the verdict must be in favour of the supernatural appearance.

“Well—I will never believe in Ghosts!”

No madam. Not in this cheerful drawing-room, whilst the bright sunshine brings out in such vivid colours the gorgeous pattern of the Brussels carpet—no, nor whilst such a fresh westerly air blows in at the open window, and sets the Columbine a-dancing in that China vase. But suppose, as King John says, that

The midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night:
If this same were a churchyard, where we stand—

the grass damp—the wind at east—the night pitch dark—a strangely ill odour, and doubtful whistlings and whisperings wafted on the fitful gust.

“ Well, sir ?— ’

Why, then, madam, instead of disbelieving in Ghosts, you would be ready, between sheer fright and the chill of the night air—

“ To do what, sir ?—”

To swallow the first spirits that offered.

CHAPTER VIII.

The second night, at the same hour, the same Melodrama of “ domestic interest ” was repeated, except that this time the maternal Phantom confronted her daughter on the landing-place at the top of the stairs. Another fainting-fit was the consequence ; but before her senses deserted her, the poor creature had time to observe the identical writhings and twitchings of the distorted mouth, the convulsive struggles to speak which had so appalled her, whilst her departed parent was still in the flesh. Luckily, the gossips, backed by two or three she skeptics, had ventured to return to the Haunted House, where they were startled as before by a shrill feminine scream, and again found Miss Mullins on the ground in a state of insensibility. The fit, however, was as treatable as the former one, and the usual strong measures having been promptly resorted to, she again became alive to external impressions,—and in particular that a pint of aquafortis, or something like it, was going down her throat the wrong way—that her little-finger had been in a hand-vice—her temples had been scrubbed with sand and cayenne pepper, or some other such stimulants, and the tip of her nose had been scorched with a salamander or a burning feather. A conscious-

ness, in short, that she was still in this lower sphere, instead of the realms of bliss.

The story she told on her recovery was little more than a second edition of the narrative of the preceding night. The Ghost had appeared to her, made all sorts of horrible wry mouths and after several vain attempts at utterance, all ended in a convulsive gasp, had suddenly clasped its shadowy hands around its throat, and then clapped and pressed them on its palpitating bosom, as if actually choking or bursting with the suppressed communication. Of the nature of the secret she did not offer the slightest conjecture; for the simple reason that she had formed none. In all her days she had never attempted successfully to guess at the commonest riddle, and to solve such an enigma as her mother had left behind her was, therefore, quite out of the question. The gossips were less diffident; their Wonder was not of the Passive, but of the Active kind, which goes under the *alias* of Curiosity. Accordingly, they speculated amongst themselves without stint or scruple, on the matter that the Spirit yearned so anxiously to reveal;—for instance, that it related to money, to murder, to an illegitimate child, to adulterated articles, to a forged will, to a favourite spot for burial; nay, that it concerned matters of public interest, and the highest affairs of the state, one old crone expressing her decided conviction that the Ghost had to divulge a plot against the life of the Queen.

To this excitement as to the Spectre and its mystery, the conduct of the Next of Kin afforded a striking contrast: instead of joining in the conjectural patchwork of the gossips, she silently took up the old variegated coverlet, and stitched, and sighed, and stitched on, till the breaking up of the party left her at liberty to go to bed.

“And did she dream again of the Ghost?”

She *did*, Miss; but with this difference; that the puckered mouth distinctly pronounced the word *Mary*, and then screwed and twisted out a few more sounds or syllables, but in a gibberish as unintelligible as the chatter of a monkey, or an Irvingite sentence of the Unknown Tongue.

CHAPTER IX.

The third night came—the third midnight—and with it the Apparition. It made the same frightful grimaces, and, strange to relate, contrived to pronounce in a hollow whisper the very word which it had uttered in *Mary's* last dream. But the jumble of inarticulate sounds was wanting—the jaws gaped, and the tongue visibly struggled, but there was a dead, yes, literally a *dead* silence.

On this occasion, however, the daughter did not faint away; she had privately taken care to be at the hour of twelve in the midst of her female friends, and her Mother appeared to her in the doorway between the little back-parlour and the shop. The Shadow was only revealed to herself. One of the gossips, indeed, declared afterwards that she had seen widow Mullins, “as like as a likeness cut out in white paper, but so transparent that she could look right through her body at the chancy *Jemmy Jessamy* on the mantel-piece.”

But her story, though accepted as a true bill by nine-tenths of the inhabitants of Grimsby, was not honoured by any one who was present that night in the little back-parlour. The two staring green eyes of Miss Mullins had plainly been turned, not on the fire-place, but towards the door, and her two bony fore-fingers

had wildly pointed in the same direction. Nevertheless, the more positive the contradiction, the more obstinately the storyteller persevered in her statement, still adding to its circumstantialities, till in process of time she affirmed that she had not only seen the Ghost, but that she knew its secret; namely, that the undertaker and his man had plotted between them to embezzle the body, and to send it up in a crate, marked "Chaney—this side upwards," to Mr. Guy in the Borough.

CHAPTER X.

On the fourth night the Ghost appeared at the usual time, with its usual demeanour,—but at the shop instead of the parlour-door, close to the bundle of new mops.

On the fifth, behind the counter, near the till.

On the sixth night, again behind the counter, but at the other end of it beside the great scales.

On the seventh night which closed the day* of the funeral, in the little back-parlour. It had been hoped and predicted, that after the interment, the Spirit would cease to walk—whereas at midnight, it re-appeared, as aforesaid, in the room behind the shop, between the table and the window.

On the eighth night it became visible again at the old desk between the great black coffee-mill and the herring barrel. In the opinion of Miss Mullins, the Spectre had likewise crossed her path sundry times in the course of the day—at least she had noticed a sort of film or haze that interposed itself before sundry objects—for instance, the great stone-bottle of vinegar in the shop and the framed print of "the Witch of Endor calling up Samuel," in the back room. On all these occasions the Phan-

tom had exhibited the same urgent impulse to speak, with the same spasmodic action of the features, and if possible, a still more intense expression of anxiety and anguish. The despairing gestures and motions of the visionary arms and hands were more and more vehement. It was a tragic pantomime, to have driven any other spectator raving mad!

Even the dull phlegmatic nature of Miss Mullins at last began to be stirred and excited by the reiteration of so awful a spectacle: and her curiosity, slowly but surely, became interested in the undivulged secret which could thus keep a disembodied spirit from its appointed resting place, the weighty necessity which could alone recall a departed soul to earth, after it had once experienced the deep calm, and quiet of the grave. The sober sorrow of the mourner was changed into a feverish fretting—she could no longer eat, drink, or sleep, or sit still,—the patchwork quilt was thrust away in a corner, and as to the shop, the little dirty boy, and the little ragged girl were obliged to repeat their retail orders thrice over to the bewildered creature behind the counter, who even then was apt to go to the wrong box, can, or cannister,—to serve them out train-oil instead of treacle, and soft-soap in lieu of Dorset butter.

What wonder a rumour went throughout Grimsby that she was crazy? But instead of going out of her mind, she had rather come into it, and for the first strange time was exercising her untrained faculties, on one of the most perplexing mysteries that had ever puzzled a human brain. No marvel, then, that she gave change twice over for the same sixpence, and sent little Sniggers home with a bar of soap instead of a stick of brimstone. In fact, between her own absence of mind, and the presence of mind of her customers, she sold so many good bargains;

that the purchasers began to wish that a Deaf and Dumb Ghost would haunt every shop in the town!

CHAPTER XI.

According to the confession of our first and last practitioners, the testimony of medical works, and the fatal results of most cases of Trismus, there is no surgical operation on the human subject so difficult as the picking of a Locked Jaw. No skeleton key has yet been invented by our body-smiths that will open the mouth thus spasmodically closed. The organ is in what the Americans call an everlasting-fix—the poor man is booked—and you may at once proceed to put up the rest of his shutters.

This difficulty, however, only occurs in respect to the physical frame. For a spiritual lock-jaw there is a specific mode of treatment, which, according to tradition, has generally proved successful in overcoming the peculiar Trismus to which all Apparitions are subject, and which has thus enabled them to break that melancholy silence, which must otherwise have prevailed in their intercourse with the living. The *modus operandi* is extremely simple, and based on an old-fashioned rule, to which, for some obscure reason, ghosts as well as good little boys seem bound to adhere, *i. e.*, not to speak till they are spoken to. It is only necessary, therefore, if you wish to draw out a dumb Spirit, to utter the first word.

Strange to say, this easy and ancient prescription never occurred to either Miss Mullins or her gossips till the ninth day, when Mrs. Humphreys, happening to stumble on the old rule in her son's spelling-book, at the same time hit on the true cause of the silence of the "Mysterious Mother." It was immediately determined

that the same night, or at least the very first time the Spirit re-appeared, it should be spoken to; the very terms of the filial address, like those of a Royal Speech, being agreed on beforehand, at the same council. Whether the orator, the appointed hour and the expected auditor considered, would remember so long a sentence, admitted of some doubt: however it was learned, by rote, and having fortified herself with a glass of cordial and her backers having fortified themselves with two, the trembling Mary awaited the awful interview, conning over to herself the concerted formula, which to assist her memory had been committed to paper.

“Muther, if so be you ar my muther, and as such being spoke to, speak I conjer you, or now and ever after hold your Tung.”

CHAPTER XII.

One—Two—Three—Four—Five—Six—Seven—Eight—Nine—Ten—Eleven—TWELVE!

The Hour was come and the Ghost. True to the last stroke of the clock, it appeared like a figure projected from a magic lantern, on the curtain at the foot of the bed—for, through certain private reasons of her own, Miss Mullins had resolved not only to be alone, but to receive her visiter—as the French ladies do—in her *chambre à coucher*—Perhaps she did not care that any ear but her own should receive a disclosure which might involve matters of the most delicate nature: a secret, that might perchance affect the reputation of her late parent, or her own social position. However, it was in solitude and from her pillow, that with starting eyeballs, and outstretched arms, she gazed for the ninth time on the silent Phantom, which had assumed a listeniNg

expression, and an expectant attitude, as if it had been invisibly present at the recent debate, and had overheard the composition of the projected speech. But that speech was never to be spoken. In vain poor Mary tried to give it utterance; it seemed to stick, like an apothecary's powder, in her throat—to her fauces, her palate, her tongue, and her teeth, so that she could not get it out of her mouth.

The Ghost made a sign of impatience.

Poor Mary gasped.

The Spirit frowned and apparently stamped with its foot.

Poor Mary made another violent effort to speak, but only gave a sort of tremulous croak.

The features of the Phantom again began to work—the muscles about the mouth quivered and twitched.

Poor Mary's did the same.

The whole face of the Apparition was drawn and puckered by a spasmodic paroxysm, and poor Mary *felt* that she was imitating the contortions, and even that hideous grin, the *risus sardonicus*, which had inspired her with such horror.

At last with infinite difficulty, she contrived by a desperate effort to utter a short ejaculation—but brief as it was it sufficed to break the spell.

The Ghost, as if it had only awaited the blessed sound of one single syllable from the human voice, to release its own vocal organs from their mysterious thralldom, instantly spoke.

But the words are worthy of a separate chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

“Mary! it arn’t booked—but there’s tuppence for sand-paper at number nine!”

NOTE —“It is much to the Discredit of Ghosts,”—says Johannes Lanternus, in his “Treatise of Apparitions,”—“that they doe so commonly revisit the Earth on such trivial Errands as would hardly justify a Journey from London to York, much less from one World to another. Grave and weighty ought to be the Matter that can awaken a Spirit from the deep Slumbers of the Tomb: solemn and potent must be the Spell, to induce the liberated Soul, divorced with such mortal Agony from its human Clothing, to put on merely such flimsy Atoms, as may render it visible to the Eye of Flesh. For neither willingly nor wantonly doth the Spirit of a Man forsake its subterrane Dwelling, as may be seen in the awful Question by the Ghost of Samuel to the Witch of Endor—“Wherefore hast Thou disquieted Me,



A NON SEQUITUR.

and called Me up?" And yet, forsooth, a walking Phantom shall break the Bonds of Death, and perchance the Bonds of Hell to boot, to go on a Message, which concerns but an Individual, and not a great one either, or at most a Family, nor yet one of Note,—for Example, to disclose the lurking Place of a lost Will, or of a Pot of Money in Dame Perkins her back Yard, - -Whereas such a Supernatural Intelligencer hath seldom been vouchsafed to reveal a State Plot—to prevent a Royal Murther, or avert the Shipwreck of an whole Empire. Wherefore, I conclude, that many or most Ghost Stories have had their rise in the Self-Conceit of vain ignorant People, or the Arrogance of great Families, who take Pride in the Belief, that their mundane Affairs are of so important a Pitch, as to perturb departed Souls, even amidst the Pains of Purgatory, or the Pleasures of Paradise."

E p i g r a m

O N T H E A R T - U N I O N S .

That Picture-Raffles will conduce to nourish
Design, or cause good Colouring to flourish,
Admits of logic-chopping and wise sawing,
But surely Lotteries encourage Drawing!

A Black Sub.



SOURCE OF THE NIGER.

No doubt the pleasure is as great,
Of being cheated as to cheat.

HUDIBRAS.

THE history of human-kind to trace
Since Eve—the first of dupes—our doom unriddled,
A certain portion of the human race
Has certainly a taste for being diddled.

Witness the famous Mississippi dreams!
A rage that time seems only to redouble—
The Banks, Joint-Stocks, and all the flimsy schemes,
For rolling in Pactolian streams,
That cost our modern rogues so little trouble.

No matter what,—to pasture cows on stubble,
 To twist sea-sand into a solid rope,
 To make French bricks and fancy bread of rubble,
 Or light with gas the whole celestial cope—
 Only propose to blow a bubble,
 And Lord! what hundreds will subscribe for soap!

Soap!—it reminds me of a little tale,
 Tho' not a pig's, the hawbuck's glory,
 When rustic games and merriment prevail—
 But here's my story:

Once on a time—no matter when—
 A knot of very charitable men
 Set up a Philanthropical Society,
 Professing on a certain plan,
 To benefit the race of man,
 And in particular that dark variety
 Which some suppose inferior—as in vermin,
 The sable is to ermine,
 As smut to flour, as coal to alabaster,
 As crows to swans, as soot to driven snow,
 As blacking, or as ink to “milk below,”
 Or yet a better simile to show,
 As ragman's dolls to images in plaster!

However, as is usual in our city,
 They had a sort of managing Committee,
 A board of grave responsible Directors—
 A Secretary, good at pen and ink—
 A Treasurer, of course, to keep the chink,
 And quite an army of Collectors!
 Not merely male, but female duns,
 Young, old, and middle-aged—of all degrees—
 With many of those persevering ones,
 Who mite by mite would beg a cheese!

And what might be their aim?
 To rescue Afric's sable sons from fetters—
 To save their bodies from the burning shame
 Of branding with hot letters—

Their shoulders from the cowhide's bloody strokes,
 Their necks from iron yokes?
 To end or mitigate the ills of slavery,
 The Planter's avarice, the Driver's knavery?
 To school the heathen Negroes and enlighten 'em,
 To polish up and brighten 'em,
 And make them worthy of eternal bliss?
 Why, no—the simple end and aim was this—
 Reading a well-known proverb much amiss—
 To wash and whiten 'em!

They look'd so ugly in their sable hides;
 So dark, so dingy, like a grubby lot
 Of sooty sweeps, or colliers, and besides,
 However the poor elves
 Might wash themselves,
 Nobody knew if they were clean or not—
 On Nature's fairness they were quite a blot!
 Not to forget more serious complaints
 That even while they joined in pious hymn,
 So black they were and grim,
 In face and limb,
 They look'd like Devils, though they sang like Saints!
 The thing was undeniable!
 They wanted washing! not that slight ablution
 To which the skin of the White Man is liable,
 Merely removing transient pollution—
 But good, hard, honest, energetic rubbing
 And scrubbing,
 Sousing each sooty frame from heels to head
 With stiff, strong, saponaceous lather,
 And pails of water—hottish rather,
 But not so boiling as to turn 'em red!
 So spoke the philanthropic man
 Who laid, and hatch'd, and nursed the plan—
 And oh! to view its glorious consummation!
 The brooms and mops,
 The tubs and slops,
 The baths and brushes in full operation!

To see each Crow, or Jim, or John,
Go in a raven and come out a swan!

While fair as Cavendishes, Vanes, and Russels,
Black Venus rises from the soapy surge,
And all the little Niggerlings emerge
As lily-white as mussels.

Sweet was the vision—but alas!

However in prospectus bright and sunny,
To bring such visionary scenes to pass
One thing was requisite, and that was—money!
Money, that pays the laundress and her bills,
For socks and collars, shirts and frills,
Cravats and kerchiefs—money, without which
The negroes must remain as dark as pitch;
A thing to make all Christians sad and shivery,
To think of millions of immortal souls
Dwelling in bodies black as coals,
And living—so to speak—in Satan's livery!

Money—the root of evil,—dross, and stuff!
But oh! how happy ought the rich to feel,
Whose means enabled them to give enough
To blanch an African from head to heel!
How blessed—yea thrice blessed—to subscribe
Enough to scour a tribe!

While he whose fortune was at best a brittle one,
Although he gave but pence, how sweet to know,
He helped to bleach a Hottentot's great toe,
Or little one!

Moved by this logic, or appall'd,
To persons of a certain turn so proper,
The money came when call'd,
In silver, gold, and copper,
Presents from "Friends to blacks," or foes to whites,
"Trifles," and "offerings," and "widow's mites,"
Plump legacies, and yearly benefactions,
With other gifts
And charitable lifts,
Printed in lists and quarterly transactions.

As thus—Elisha Brettel,
 An iron kettle.
 The Dowager Lady Scannel,
 A piece of flannel.
 Rebecca Pope,
 A bar of soap.
 The Misses Howels,
 Half-a-dozen towels.
 The Master Rush's,
 Two scrubbing-brushes.
 Mr. T. Groom,
 A stable broom,
 And Mrs. Grubb,
 A tub.

Great were the sums collected !
 And great results in consequence expected.
 But somehow, in the teeth of all endeavour,
 According to reports
 At yearly courts,
 The blacks, confonud them ! were as black as ever !

Yes ! spite of all the water sous'd aloft,
 Soap, plain and mottled, hard and soft,
 Soda and pearlash, huckaback and sand,
 Brooms, brushes, palm of hand,
 And scourers in the office, strong and clever,
 In spite of all the tubbing, rubbing, scrubbing,
 The routing and the grubbing,
 The blacks, confound them, were as black as ever !

In fact, in his perennial speech,
 The Chairman own'd the niggers did not bleach,
 As he had hoped,
 From being washed and soaped,
 A circumstance he named with grief and pity ;
 But still he had the happiness to say,
 For self and the Committee,
 By persevering in the present way,

And scrubbing at the Blacks from day to day,
 Although he could not promise perfect white,
 From certain symptoms that had come to light,
 He hoped in time to get them gray !

Lull'd by this vague assurance,
 The friends and patrons of the sable tribe
 Continued to subscribe,
 And waited, waited on with much endurance—
 Many a frugal sister, thrifty daughter—
 Many a stinted widow, pinching mother—
 With income by the tax made somewhat shorter,
 Still paid implicitly her crown per quarter,
 Only to hear as ev'ry year came round,
 That Mr. Treasurer had spent her pound ;
 And as she loved her sable brother,
 That Mr. Treasurer must have another !

But, spite of pounds or guineas,
 Instead of giving any hint
 Of turning to a neutral tint,
 The plaguy negroes and their piccaninies
 Were still the colour of the bird that caws—
 Only some very aged souls
 Showing a little gray upon their polls,
 Like daws !

However, nothing dashed
 By such repeated failures, or abash'd,
 The Court still met ;—the Chairman and Directors,
 The Secretary, good at pen and ink,
 The worthy Treasurer, who kept the chink,
 And all the cash collectors ;
 With hundreds of that class, so kindly credulous,
 Without whose help, no charlatan alive,
 Or Bubble Company could hope to thrive,
 Or busy Chevalier, however sedulous—
 Those good and easy innocents in fact,
 Who willingly received chaff for corn,
 As pointed out by Butler's tact,
 Still find a secret pleasure in the act
 Of being pluck'd and shorn !

However, in long hundreds there they were,
 Thronging the hot, and close, and dusty court,
 To hear once more addresses from the Chair,
 And regular Report.
 Alas! concluding in the usual strain,
 That what with everlasting wear and tear,
 The scrubbing brushes hadn't got a hair—
 The brooms—mere stumps—would never serve again—
 The soap was gone, the flannels all in shreds,
 The towels worn to threads,
 The tubs and pails too shattered to be mended—
 And what was added with a deal of pain,
 But as accounts correctly would explain,
 Tho' thirty thousand pounds had been expended—
 The Blackamoors had still been washed in vain!

"In fact, the negroes were as black as ink,
 Yet, still as the Committee dared to think,
 And hoped the proposition was not rash,
 A rather free expenditure of cash—"
 But ere the prospect could be made more sunny—
 Up jump'd a little, lemon coloured man,
 And with an eager stammer, thus began,
 In angry earnest, though it sounded funny:
 "What! More subscriptions! No—no—no—not I!
 You have had time—time—time enough to try!
 They won't come white! then why—why—why—why—why,
 More money?"

"Why!" said the Chairman, with an accent bland,
 And gentle waving of his dexter hand,
 "Why must we have more dross, and dirt, and dust,
 More filthy lucre, in a word, more gold?—
 The why, sir, very easily is told,
 Because Humanity declares we must!
 We've scrubb'd the negroes, till we've nearly killed 'em,
 And finding that we cannot wash them white,
 But still their nigritude offends the sight,
 We mean to gild 'em!"

Mrs. Gardiner.

A HORTICULTURAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks.

L. HUNT

Each flow'r of tender stalk whose head, tho' gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unsustain'd, them she upstays.

MILTON.

How does my lady's garden grow ?

OLD BALLAD.

Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars.

RICHARD II.

I LOVE a Garden !

“ And so do I, and I, and I,” exclaim in chorus all the he and she Fellows of the Horticultural Society.

“ And I,” whispers the philosophical Ghost of Lord Bacon.

“ And I,” sings the poetical Spirit of Andrew Marvel.

“ Et moi aussi,” chimes in the Shade of Delille.

“ And I,” says the Spectre of Sir William Temple, echoed by Pope, and Darwin, and a host of the English Poets, the sonorous voice of Milton resounding above them all.

“ And I,” murmurs the apparition of Boccaccio.

“ And I, and I,” sob two Invisibles, remembering Eden.

“ And I,” shouts Mr. George Robins, thinking of Covent Garden.

“ And I,” says Mr. Simpson—formerly of Vauxhall.

“And I,” sing ten thousand female voices, all in unison, as if drilled by Hullah,—but really, thinking in concert of the Gardens of Gul.

[What a string I have touched!]

“We all love a Garden!” shout millions of human voices, male, female, and juvenile, bass, tenor, and treble. From the East, the West, the North, and the South, the universal burden swells on the wind, as if declaring in a roll of thunder that we all love a Garden.

But no—one solitary voice—that of Hamlet’s Ghostly Father, exclaims in a sepulchral tone, “I don’t!”

No matter—we are all but unanimous; and so, Gentle Readers, I will at once introduce to you my Heroine—a woman after your own hearts—for she is a Gardiner by name and a Gardiner by nature.

CHAPTER II.

At Number Nine, Paradise Place, so called probably because every house stands in the middle of a little garden, lives Mrs. Gardiner. I will not describe her, for looking through the green rails in front of her premises, or over the dwarf wall at the back, you may see her any day, in an old poke bonnet, expanded into a gipsy-hat, and a pair of man’s gloves, tea-green at top, but mouldy-brown in the fingers, raking, digging, hoeing, rolling, trowelling, pruning, nailing, watering, or otherwise employed in her horticultural and floricultural pursuits. Perhaps, as a neighbour, or acquaintance, you have already seen her, or conversed with her, over the wooden or brick-fence, and have learned in answer to your kind inquiries about her health, that she was

pretty well, only sadly in want of rain, or quite charming, but almost eaten up by vermin. For Mrs. Gardiner speaks the true "Language of Flowers," not using their buds and blossoms as symbols of her own passions and sentiments, according to the Greek fashion, but lending words to the wants and affections of her plants. Thus, when she says that she is "dreadful dry," and longs for a good soaking, it refers not to a defect of moisture in her own clay, but to the parched condition of the soil in her parterres: or if she wishes for a regular smoking, it is not from any unfeminine partiality to tobacco, but in behalf of her blighted geraniums. In like manner she sometimes confesses herself a little backward, without allusion to any particular branch, or twig, of her education, or admits herself to be rather forward, quite irrelevantly to her behavior with the other sex. Without this key her expressions would often be unintelligible to the hearer, and sometimes indecorous, as when she told her neighbour, the bachelor at Number Eight, *à propos* of a plum-tree, that "she was growing quite wild, and should come some day over his wall." Others again, unaware of her peculiar phraseology, would give her credit, or discredit, for an undue share of female vanity, as well as the most extraordinary notions of personal beauty.

"Well," she said one day, "what do you think of Mrs. Mapleson?" meaning that lady's hydrangea. "Her head's the biggest—but I look the bluest."

In a similar style she delivered herself as to certain other subjects of the rivalry that is universal amongst the suburban votaries of Flora: converting common blowing and growing substantives into horticultural verbs, as thus:

"Miss Sharp crocussed before me—but I snow-dropped sooner than any one in the Row."

But this identification of herself with the objects of her love was not confined to her plants. It extended to every thing that was connected with her hobby—her gardening implements, her garden-rails, and her garden-wall. For example, she complained once that she could not rake, she had lost so many of her teeth—she told the carpenter the boys climbed over her so, that he should stick her all over tenter-hooks—and sent word to her landlord, a builder, the snails bred so between her bricks, that he must positively come and new point her.

“Phoo! phoo!” exclaims an incredulous Gentle Reader—
“she is all a phantom!”

Quite the reverse, sir. She is as real and as substantial as Mrs. Baines. Ask Mr. Cherry, the newsman, or his boy, John Loder, either of whom will tell you—on oath if you require it—that he serves her every Saturday with the *Gardiner's Chronicle*.

CHAPTER III.

My first acquaintance with Mrs. Gardiner was formed when she was “in populous city pent,” and resided in a street in the very heart of the city. In fact, in Bucklersbury. But even there her future bent developed itself as far as her limited ways and means permitted. On the leads over the back warehouse, she had what she delighted to call shrubbery: viz.—

A Persian Lilao in a tea-chest,
A Guelder Rose in a washing-tub,
A Laurustinus in a butter-tub,
A Monthly Rose in a Portugal grape-jar,

and about a score of geraniums, fuchsias, and similar plants in pots. But besides shrubs and flowers, she cultivated a few vege-

tables—that is to say, she grew her own sallads of “mustard and crest” in a brown pan ; and in sundry crockery vessels that would hold earth, but not water, she reared some half dozen of Scarlet Runners, which in the proper season, you might see climbing up a series of string ladders, against the back of the house, as if to elope with the Mignonette from its box in the second-floor window. Then indoors, on her mantel-shelf, she had hyacinths and other bulbs in glasses—and from a hook in the ceiling, in lieu of a chandelier, there was suspended a wicker-basket, containing a white biscuitware garden-pot, with one of those pendant plants, which as she described their habits and sustenance, are “fond of hanging themselves, and living on hare.” But these experiments rather tantalized than satisfied her passion. Warehouse-leads, she confessed, made but indifferent gardens or shrubberies, whilst the London smoke was fatal to the complexion of her mop rose and the fragrance of her southernwood, or in her own words,

“ I blow dingy—and my old man smells stutty.”

Once, indeed, she pictured to me her *beau idéal* of “a little Paradise,” the main features of which I forget, except that with reference to a cottage *ornée*, she was to have “a jessamy in front, and a creeper up her back.” As to the garden, it was to have walks, and a lawn of course, with plenty of rich loam, that she might lay herself out in squares, and ovals, and diamonds—butter-tubs and tea-chests were very well for town, but she longed for elbow-room, and earth to dig, to rake, to hoe, and trowel up,—in short, she declared, if she was her own missis, she would not sleep another night before she had a bed of her own—not with any reference to her connubial partner, but she longed, she did, for a bit of ground, she did not care how small. A wish that her

husband at last gratified by taking a bit of ground, *he* did not care how small, in Bunhill Fields.

The widow, selling off the town house, immediately retired to a villa in the country, and I had lost sight of her for some months, when one May morning taking a walk in the suburbs, whilst passing in front of Number Nine, Paradise Place, I overheard a rather harsh voice exclaiming, as if in expostulation with a refractory donkey—

“Come up! Why don’t you come up?”

It was Mrs. Gardiner, reproaching the tardiness of her seeds.

I immediately accosted her, but as she did not recognise me, determined to preserve my incognito, till I had drawn her out a little to exhibit her hobby.

“Rather a late spring, ma’am!”

“Werry, sir,—werry much so indeed. Lord knows when I shall be out of the earth, I almost think I’m rotted in the ground.”

“The flowers are backward, indeed, ma’am. I have hardly seen any except some wall-flowers further down the row.”

“Ah, at Number two—Miss Sharp’s. She’s poor and single—but I’m double and bloody.”

“You seem to have some fine stocks.”

“Well, and so I have, though I say it myself. I’m the real Brompton—with a stronger blow than any one in the place, and as to sweetness, nobody can come nigh me. Would you like to walk in, sir, and smell me?”

Accepting the polite invitation, I stepped in through the little wicket, and in another moment was rapturously sniffing at her stocks, and the flower with the sanguinary name. From the walls I turned off to a rosebush, remarking that there was a very fine show of buds.

“Yes, but I want sun to make me bust. You should have seen me last June, sir, when I was in my full bloom. None of your wishy washy pale sorts (this was a fling at the white roses at the next door)—none of your Provincials, or pale pinks. There’s no maiden blushes about me. I’m the regular old red cabbage!”

And she was right, for after all that hearty, glowing, fragrant rose is the best of the species—the queen of flowers, with a ruddy *embonpoint*, reminding one of the goddesses of Rubens. Well, next to the rosebush there was a clump of *Polyanthus*, from which, by a natural transition, we come to discourse of *Auriculas*. This was delicate ground, for it appeared there was a rivalry between Number Nine and Number Four, as to that mealiness which in the eye of a fancier is the chief beauty of the flower. However, having assured her, in answer to her appeal, that she was “quite as powdery as Mr. Miller,” we went on very smoothly through *Johnquils*, *Narcissuses*, and *Ranunculus*, and were about to enter on “*Anymonies*,” when Mrs. Gardiner suddenly stopped short, and with a loud “whist!” pitched her trowel at the head of an old horse, which had thrust itself over the wooden fence.

“Drat the animals! I might as well try flowering in the Zoological, with the beasts all let loose! It’s very hard, sir, but I can’t grow nothing tall near them front rails. There was last year,—only just fancy me, sir—with the most beautiful Crown Imperial you ever saw—when up comes a stupid hass and crops off my head.”

I condoled with her of course on so cruel a decapitation, and recovered her trowel for her, in return for which civility she plucked and presented to me a bunch of *Heartsease*, apologizing that “she was not *Bazaar* (pro *Bizarre*) but a very good sort.”

“It’s along of living so near the road,” she added, recurring

to the late invasion. "Yesterday I was bullocked, and to-morrow I suppose I shall be pigged. Then there's the blackguard men and boys, picking and stealing as they go by. I really expect that some day or other they'll walk in and strip me!"

I sympathized again; but before the condolment was well finished there was another "whist!" and another cast of the missile.

"That's a dog! They're always rampaging at my front, and there goes the cat to my back, and she'll claw all my bark off in scrambling out of reach! Howsomever that's a fine lupin, ain't it?"

I assured her that it deserved to be exhibited to the Horticultural Society.

"What, to the flower show? No thankee. Miss Sharp *did*, and made sure of a Bankside Medal, and what do you think they gave her? Only a cerkittift!"

"Shameful!" I ejaculated, "why't it was giving her nothing at all," and once more I restored the trowel, which, however, had hardly settled in its owner's hand, than with a third "whist!" off it flew again like a rocket, with a descriptive announcement of the enemy.

"Them horrid poultry! Will you believe it, sir, that 'ere cock flew over, and gobbled up my Hen-and-Chickens!"

"What! 'all your pretty chickens and their dam?'"

"Yes, all my daisy."

[Reader!—if ever there was a verbal step from the Sublime to the Ridiculous—*that was it.*]

CHAPTER IV.

My mask fell off. That destructive cock was as fatal to my incognito as to the widow's flowers: for coming after the cat and the dog, and the possible pigs, and the positive bullock, and the men, and the boys, and the horse, and the ass, I could not help observing that my quondam acquaintance would have been better off in Bucklersbury.

"Lord! and is it you?" she exclaimed with almost a scream; "well, I had a misgiving as to your voice," and with a rapid volley of semiarticulate sounds the Widow seized my right hand in one of her own, whilst with the other she groped hurriedly in her pocket. It was to search for her handkerchief, but the cambric was absent, and she was obliged to wipe off the gushing tears with her gardening glove. The rich loam on the fingers, thus irrigated, ran off in muddy rivulets down her furrowed cheeks, but in spite of her ludicrous appearance I could not help sympathizing with her natural feelings, however oddly expressed.

"She could not help it," she sobbed—"the sight of me overcame her. When she last saw me,—*He* was alive—who had always been a kind and devoted husband—as never grudged her nothing—and had given her that beautiful butter-tub for her laurustiny. She often thought of him—yes, often and often—while she was gardening—as if she saw his poor dear bones under the mould—and then to think that *she* came up, year after year—"flourishing in all her beauty and fragrance"—and *he* didn't.—"But look there"—and smiling through her tears, she pointed towards the house, and told me a tale, that vividly reminded me of her old contrivances in Bucklersbury.

"It's a table-beer barrel. I had it sawed in half, and there it

is, holding them two hollows, on each side of the door. But I shan't blow, you know, for a sentry!"

Very handsome indeed!

"Ain't they? And there's my American creeper. Miss Sharp pretends to creep, but Lor bless ye, afore ever she gets up to her first floor window, I shall be running all over the roof of the willa. You see I'm over the portico already."

A compliment to her climbing powers was due of course, and I paid it on the spot; but we were not yet done with creepers. All at once the Widow plucked off her garden bonnet, and dashing it on the gravel began dancing on it like a mad woman, or like a Scotch lassie tramping her dirty linen. At last when it was quite flat, she picked the bonnet up again, and carefully opening it, explained the matter in two words.

"A near-wig!"

And then she went on to declare to me that they were the plagues of her life—and there was no destroying them.

"It's unknown the crabs and lobsters I've eaten on purpose, but the nasty insects won't creep into my claws. And in course you know what enemies they are to carnations. Last year they ruined my Prince Albert, and this year I suppose they'll spoil the Prince of Wales!"

CHAPTER V.

A propos of names.

I do wish that our Botanists, Concologists, and Entomologists, and the rest of our scientific Godfathers and Godmothers would sit soberly down, a little below the clouds, and revise their classical, scholastical, and polyglottical nomenclatures. Yea, that

our Gardeners and Florists especially would take their watering pots and rebaptize all those pretty plants, whose bombastical and pedantical titles are enough to make them blush, and droop their modest heads for shame.

The Fly-flapper is bad enough, with his Agamemnon butterfly and Cassandra moth—

What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba ?

but it is abominable to label our Flowers with antiquated, outlandish, and barbarous flowers of speech. Let the Horticulturists hunt through their Dictionaries, Greek and Latin, and Lempriere's Mythology to boot, and they will never invent such apt and pleasant names as the old English ones, to be found in Chaucer, Spencer, and Shakspeare.

Oh, how sweetly they sound, look, and smell in verse—charming the eye and the nose, according to the Rosicrucian theory, through the ear! But what is a *Scutellaria Macrantha* to either sense? Day's Eyes, Oxeyes, and Lippes of Cowes have a pastoral relish and a poetical significance—but what song or sonnet would be the sweeter for a *Brunsvigia*?

There is a meaning in Windflowers, and Cuckoo-buds, and Shepherd's Clocks, whilst the Hare-bell is at one associated with the breezy heath and the leporine animal that frequents it. When it is named, Puss and the blue-bell spring up in the mind's eye together—but what image is suggested by hearing of a *Schizanthus retusus*!

Then, again, Forget-me-Not sounds like a short quotation from Rogers' "Pleasures of Memory," Love-lies-Bleeding contains a whole tragedy in its title—and even Pick-your-Mothers-heart-out involves a tale for the novelist. But what story, with or without a moral, can be picked out of a *Dendrobium*, even if it were sur-

named Clutterbuckii, after the egotistical or sycophantical fashion of the present day ?

There was a jockey once who complained bitterly of the sale of a race-horse, just when he had learned to pronounce its name properly—Roncesvalles ; but what was that hardship, to the misfortune of a petty nurseryman, perhaps, losing his Passion-Flower, when he had just got by heart Tacksonia Pinnatistipula ?

“ Reform it altogether !”

It looks selfish, in the learned, to invent such difficult nomenclatures, as if they wished to keep the character, habits, origin, and properties of new plants to themselves. Nay, more, it implies a want of affection for their professed favourites—the very objects of their attentions.

“ How—a want of affection, sir ?”

Yes—even so, my worthy Adam ! For mark me—if you really loved your plants and flowers—

“ Well, sir ?”

Why, then, you wouldn't call them such *hard names*.

CHAPTER VI.

To return to Mrs. Gardiner.

The widow having described the ravages of the earwigs, beckoned me towards her wall, and was apparently about to introduce me to a peach-tree, when abruptly turning round to me, she inquired if I knew anything of Chemicals ; and without giving time to reply, added her reason to the question.

“ Cos I want you to pison my Hants.”

Your aunts !

“ Yes, the hemmets. As to Dr. Watts, he don't know nothing

about 'em. They won't collect into troops to be trod into dust, they know better. So I was thinking if you could mix up sum-mut luscious and dillyterious—"

She stopped, for a man's head suddenly appeared above the dwarf wall, and after a nod and a smile at the widow, saluted her with a good morning. He was her neighbour—the little old bachelor at Number Eight. As he was rather hard of hearing, my companion was obliged to raise her voice in addressing him, and indeed aggravated it so much that it might have been heard at the end of the row.

"Well, and how are *you*, Mr. Burrel, after them East winds?"

"Very bad, very bad indeed," replied Mr. Burrel, thinking only of his rheumatics.

"And so am I," said Mrs. Gardiner, remembering nothing but her blight: "I'm thinking of trying tobacco-water and a squinge."

"Is that good for it?" asked Mr. B., with a tone of doubt and surprise.

"So they say: but you must mix it strong, and squirt it as hard as ever you can over your affected parts."

"What, my lower limbs?"

"Yes, and your upper ones too. Wherever you are mag-gotty."

"Oh!" grunted the old gentleman, "you mean vermin."

"As for me," bawled Mrs. G., "I'm swarming! And Miss Sharp is wus than I am."

"The more's the pity," said the old gentleman, "we shall have no apples and pears."

"No, not to signify. How's your peaches?"

"Why, they set kindly enough, ma'am, but they all dropped off in the last frosty nights."

“ Ah, it ain’t the frost,” roared Mrs. G. “ You’ve got down to the gravel—I know you have—you look so rusty and scrubby !”

“ I wish you a good morning, ma’am,” said the little old bachelor, turning very red in the face, and making rather a precipitate retreat from the dwarf wall—as who wouldn’t thus attacked at once in his person and his peach-trees ?

“ To be sure he was dreadful unproductive,” the Widow said ; “ but a good sort of body, and ten times pleasanter than her next-door neighbour at Number Ten, who would keep coming over her wall till she cut off his pumpkin.”

She now led me round the house to her “ back,” where she showed me her grassplot, wishing she was greener, and asking if she ought not to have a roll. I longed to say, on Greenwich authority, that about Easter Monday was the proper season for the operation, but the joke might have led to a check in her horticultural confidences. In the centre of the lawn there was an oval bed, with a stunted shrub in the middle, showing some three or four clusters of purple blossoms, which the Widow regarded with intense admiration.

“ You have heard, I suppose, of a masy soil for roddydandums ? Well, look at my bloom,—quite as luxurus as if I’d been stuck in a bog !”

There was no disputing this assertion ; and so she led me off to her vegetables, halting at last, at her peas, some few rows of Blue Prussians, which she had probably obtained from Waterloo, they were so long in coming up.

“ Backard, an’t I ?”

Yes, rather.

“ Wery—but Miss Sharp is backarder than me. She’s hardly

out of the ground yet—and please God, in another fortnight I shall want sticking.”

There was something so comic in the last equivoque, that I was forced to slur over a laugh as a sneeze, and then contrived to ask her if she had no assistance in her labours.

“What, a gardener? Never! I did once have a daily jobber, and he jobbed away all my dahlias. I declare I could have cried! But’s very hard to think you’re a valuable bulb, and when summer comes you’re nothing but a stick and a label.”

Very provoking indeed!

“Talk of transplanting, they do nothing else but transplant you from one house to another, till you don’t know where you are. There was I, thinking I was safe and sound in my own bed, and all the while I was in Mr. Jones’s.”

It’s scandalous!

“It is. And then in winter when they’re friz out, they come round to one a beggin’ for money. But they don’t freeze any charity out of me.”

All ladies, however, are not so obdurate to the poor Gardeners in winter—or even in summer, in witness whereof here follows a story.

CHAPTER VII.

An elderly gentlewoman of my acquaintance, on a visit at a country house in Northamptonshire, chanced one fine morning to look from her bed-chamber, on the second story, into the pleasure-ground, where Adam, the Gardener, was at work at a flower-border, directly under her window. It was a cloudless day in July, and the sun shone fervidly, on the old man’s bald, glossy

pate, from which it reflected again in a number of rays, as shining and pointed as so many new pins and needles.

“ Bless me ! ” ejaculated the old lady, “ it’s enough to broil all the brains in his head ; ” and unable to bear the sight, she withdrew from the casement. But her concern and her curiosity were too much excited to allow her to remain in peace. Again and again she took a peep, and whenever she looked, there, two stories below, shone the same bare round cranium, supernaturally red, and almost intolerably bright, as if it had been in the very focus of a burning glass. It made her head ache to think of it !

Nevertheless she could not long remove her eyes, she was fascinated towards that glowing sconce, as larks are said to be by the dazzling of a mirror.

In the mean time, to her overheated fancy, the bald pate appeared to grow redder and redder, till it actually seemed red hot. It would hardly have surprised her if the blood, boiling a gallop, had gushed out of the two ears, or if the head, after smoking a little, had burst into a flame by spontaneous combustion. It would never have astonished her had he danced off in a frenzy of brain fever, or suddenly dropped down dead from a stroke of the sun. However he did neither, but still kept work, work, working on in the blazing heat, like a salamander.

“ It don’t signify,” muttered the old lady, “ if he can stand it I can’t,” and again she withdrew from the spectacle. But it was only for a minute. She returned to the window, and fixing her eyes on the bald, shining, glowing object, considerably pitched on it a cool pot of beer—not literally, indeed, but in the shape of five penny pieces, screwed up tight in brown-paper.

MORAL.—There is nothing like *well-directed* benevolence !

CHAPTER VIII.

“Yes, all gardeners is thieves!”

As I could not dispute the truth of this sweeping proposition from practical experience, I passed it over in silence, and contented myself with asking the Widow whence she acquired all her horticultural knowledge, which she informed me came “out of her Mawe.”

“It was *him* as give me that too,” she whimpered, “for he always humoured my flowering; and if ever a grave deserved a strewing over it’s his’n—There’s a noble old helm?”

Very, indeed.

“Yes, quite an old antique, and would be beautiful if I could only hang a few parachutes from its branches.”

I presume you allude to the parasites?

“Well, I suppose I do. And look there’s my harbour. By and by, when I’m honey-suckled I shall be water-proof, but I ain’t quite growed over enough yet to sit in without an umbrella.”

As I had now pretty well inspected her back, including one warm corner, in which she told me she had a good mind to cucumber—we turned toward the house, the Widow leading the way, when wheeling sharply round, she popped a new question.

“What do you think of my walk?”

Why that it is kept very clean and neat.

“Ah, I don’t mean my gravel, but my walk. At present you see I go in a pretty straight line, but suppose I went a little more serpentine—more zigzaggy—and praps deviating about among the clumps—don’t you think I might look more picturesque?”

I ventured to tell her, at the risk of sending her ideas to her front, that if she meant her *gait*, it was best as it was; but that if

she alluded to her path, a straight one was still the best, considering the size of her grounds.

“Well, I dare say you’re right,” she replied, “for I’m only a quarter of a haker if you measure me all round.”

By this time we were close to the house, where the appearance of a vine suggested to me the query whether the proprietor ever gathered any grapes.

“Ah, my wine, my wine,” replied the Widow, with as grave a shake of the head, and as melancholy a tone as if she had really drunk to fatal excess of the ruby juice. “That wine will be the death of me, if somebody don’t nail me up. My poor head won’t bear ladder work, and so all training or pruning myself is out of the question. Howsomever, Miss Sharp is just as bad, and so I’m not the only one whose wine goes where it should’nt.”

Not by hundreds of dozens, thought I, but there was no time allowed for musing over my own loss by waste and leakage: I was roused by a “now come here,” and lugged round the corner of the house to an adjacent building, which bore about the same proportion to the villa as a calf to a cow.

“This here’s the washus.”

So I should have conjectured.

“Yes, it’s the washus now—but it’s to be a greenus. I intend to have a glazed roof let into it for a conservatory, in the winter, when I can’t be stood out in the open air. They’ve a greenus at Number Five, and a hottus besides—and thinks I, if so be I do want to force a little, I can force myself in the copper!”

The Copper!

“Yes. I’m uncommon partial to foreign outlandish plants—and if I’m an African, you know, or any of them tropicals, I shall almost want baking.”

These schemes and contrivances were so whimsical, and at the same time so Bucklersburyish, that in spite of myself, my risible muscles began to twitch, and I felt that peculiar internal quiver about the diaphragm which results from suppressed laughter. Accordingly, not to offend the Widow, I hurried to take my leave, but she was not disposed to part with me so easily.

“Now come, be candid, and tell me before you go, what you think of me altogether. Am I shrubby enough? I fancy sometimes that I ought to be more deciduous.”

Not at all. You are just what you ought to be—shrubby and flowery, and gravelly and grassy—and in summer you must be a perfect nosegay.

“Well—so I am. But in winter, now,—do you really think I am green enough to go through the winter?”

Quite. Plenty of yews, hollies, box, and lots of horticultural laurels.

[I thought now that I was off—but it was a mistake.]

“Well, but—if you really must go—only one more question—and it’s to beg a favour. You know last autumn we went steaming up to Twitnam?”

Yes—well?

“Well, and we went all over Mr. What’s-his-name’s Willa.”

Pope’s—well?

“Well then, somebody told us how Mr. Pope was very famous for his Quincunx. Could you get one a slip of it?”

CHAPTER IX.

“Well, for my part,” exclaims Fashion, “those who please may garden; but I shall be quite satisfied with what I get from my Fruiterer, and my Greengrocer, and my bouquets. For it seems to me, Sir, according to your description of that Widow, and her operations, that gardening must be more of a trouble than a pleasure. To think of toiling in a most unfashionable bonnet and filthy gloves, for the sake of a few flowers, that one may buy as good or better, and made artificially by the first hands in Paris! Not to name the vulgarity of their breeding. Why I should faint if I thought my orange flowers came out of a grocer’s tea-chest, or my camellia out of the butter-tub!”

No doubt of it, Madam, and that you would never come to if sprinkled with common water instead of Eau de Cologne.

“Of course not. I loathe pure water—ever since I have heard that all London bathes in it—the lower classes and all. If *that* is what one waters with, I could never garden. And then those nasty creeping things, and the earwigs! I really believe that one of them crawling into my head, would be enough to drive out all my intellects!”

Beyond question, Madam.

“I did once see a Lady gardening, and it struck me with horror! How she endured that odious caterpillar on her clothes without screaming, surpasses my comprehension. No, no—it is not Lady’s work, and I should say not even Gentlemen’s, though some profess to be very fond of it.”

Why as to that, Madam, there is a style of gardening that might even be called aristocratical, and might be indulged in by the very first Exquisite in your own circle.

“Indeed, Sir?”

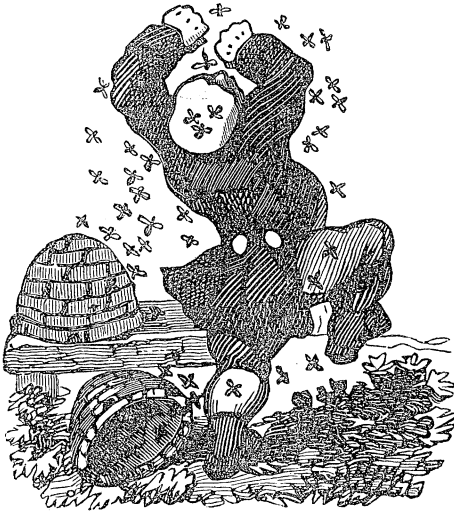
Yes, in the mode, Madam, that was practised in his own garden by the Poet Thomson, the Author of the “Seasons.”

“And pray how was that, Sir?”

Why by eating the peaches off the wall, with his hands in his pockets; or in other words, gobbling up the fruits of industry, without sharing in the labour of production.

“Oh, fie! that’s Radical! What do you say, my Lord?”

“Why, ’pon honour, your ladyship, it doesn’t touch me—for I only eat other people’s peaches—and without putting my hands in my pockets at all.”



AN UNFORTUNATE BEE-ING.

CHAPTER X.

"But do you really think, Sir," asks Chronic Hypochondriasis, "that gardening is such a healthy occupation?"

I do. But better than my own opinion, I will give you the sentiments of a celebrated but eccentric Physician on the subject, when he was consulted by a Patient afflicted with your own disease.

"Well, Sir, what's the matter with you?" said the bluff Doctor.

"Why nothing particular, Doctor, if you mean any decided complaint. Only I can't eat, and I can't drink, and I can't sleep, and I can't walk—in short, I can't enjoy any thing except being completely miserable."

It was a clear case of Hypochondriasis, and so the Physician merely laid down the ordinary sanitary rules.

"But you haven't prescribed, Doctor," objected the Patient. "You haven't told me what I am to take."

"Take exercise."

"Well, but in what shape, Doctor?"

"In the shape of a spade."

"What—dig like a horse?"

"No—like a man."

"And no physic?"

"No. You don't want draughts, or pills, or powders. Take a garden—and a Sabine farm after it—if you like."

"But it is such hard work?"

"Phoo, phoo. Begin with crushing your caterpillars—that's soft work enough. After that you can kill snails, they're harder—and mind, before breakfast."

"I shall never eat any!"

“Yes you will when you have earned your grub. Or hoe, and rake, and make yourself useful on the face of the earth.”

“But I get so soon fatigued.”

“Yes, because you are never tired of being tired. Mere indolence. Commit yourself to hard labour. It’s pleasanter than having it done by a Magistrate, and better in private grounds than on public ones.”

“Then you seriously suppose, Doctor, that gardening is good for the constitution?”

“I do. For King, Lords, and Commons. Grow your own cabbages. Sow your own turnips,—and if you wish for a gray head, cultivate carrots.”

“Well, Doctor, if I thought—”

“Don’t think, but do it. Take a garden, and dig away as if you were going to bury all your care in it. When you’re tired of digging, you can roll—or go to your walls, and set to work at your fruit-trees, like the Devil and the Bag of Nails.”

“Well, at all events, it is worth trying; but I am sadly afraid that so much stooping—”

“Phoo, phoo! The more pain in your back, the more you’ll forget your *hyps*. Sow a bed with thistles, and then weed it. And don’t forget cucumbers.”

“Cucumbers!”

“Yes, unwholesome to eat, but healthy to grow, for then you can have your *frame* as strong as you please, and regulate your own *lights*. Melons still better. Only give your melon to the melon bed, and your colly to the collyflowers, and your Melancholy’s at an end.”

“Ah! you’re joking, Doctor!”

“No matter. Many a true word is said in jest. I’m the only

physician, I know, who prescribes it, but take a garden—the *first remedy in the world*—for when Adam was put into one he was *quite a new man!*”

But Mrs. Gardiner.

I had taken leave of her, as I thought, by the wash-house door, and was hurrying towards the wicket gate, when her voice apprized me that she was still following me.

“There is one thing that *you* ought to see at any rate, if nobody else does.”

And with gentle violence she drew me into a nook behind a privet hedge, and with some emotion asked me if I knew where I was. My answer of course was in the negative.

“It’s Bucklersbury.”

The words operated like a spell on my memory, and I immediately recognised the old civic shrubbery. Yes, there they were, The Persian Lilac, the Guelder Rose, the Monthly Rose, and the Laurustinus, but looking so fresh and flourishing, that it was no wonder I had not known them; and besides the chests and tubs were either gone, or plunged in the earth.

“Not quite so grubby as I were in town,” said the Widow, “but the same plants. Old friends like, with new faces. Just take a sniff of my laylock—it’s the same smell as I had when in London, except the smoke. And there’s my monthly rose—look at my complexion now. You remember how smudgy I was afore. Perhaps you’d like a little of me for old acquaintance,” and plucking from each, she thrust into my hand a bouquet big enough for the Lord Mayor’s coachman on the Ninth of November.

“Yes, we’ve all grown and blown together,” she continued, looking from shrub to shrub, with great affection. “We’ve withered

and budded, and withered and budded, and blossomed and sweetened the air. We're interesting, ain't we?"

O very—there's a sentiment in every leaf.

"Yes, that's exactly what I mean. I often come here to enjoy 'em, and have a cry—for you know *he* smelt 'em and admired 'em as well as us," and the mouldy glove might again have had to wipe a moistened eye, but for an alarm familiar to her ear, though not to mine, except through her interpretation.

"My peas! my peas! old Jones's pigeons!"

And rushing off to the defence of her Blue Prussians, she gave me an opportunity of which I availed myself by retreating in the opposite direction, and through the wicket. It troubles me to this day that I cannot remember the shutting it: my mind misgives me that in my haste to escape it was most probably left open, like Abon Hassan's door, and with as unlucky consequences.

Even as I write, distressing images of a ruined Eden rise up before my fancy—cocks and hens scratching in flower borders—pigs routing up stocks or rolling in tulips—a horse cropping rose-buds, and a bullock in Bucklersbury! and all this perhaps not a mere vision! That woeful Figure, with starting tears and clasped hands contemplating the scene of havoc, not altogether a fiction!

Under this doubt, it will be no wonder that I have never revisited the Widow, or that when I stroll in the suburbs my steps invariably lead me in any other direction than towards Paradise Place.

CHAPTER XI.

I have told a lie!

I have written the thing that is not, and the truth came not from my pen. There was deceit in my ink, and my paper is stained with a falsehood. Nevertheless, it was in ignorance that I erred, and consequently the lie is white.

When I told you, Gentle Reader, that any day you pleased you might behold my heroine, Mrs. Gardiner, I was not aware that Mrs. Gardiner was no more.

“No more!”

No—for by advices just received, she is now Mrs. Burrel, the wife of the quondam little old Bachelor at Number Eight.

“What!—married! Why then she did go over the wall to him as she promised.”

No, miss—he came over to her.

“What!—By a rope ladder?”

No—there was no need for so romantic an apparatus. The wall, as already described, was a dwarf one, about breast high, over which an active man, putting one hand on the top, might have vaulted with ease. How Mr. Burrel, unused to such gymnastics, contrived to scramble over it, he did not know himself; but as he had scraped the square toes of each shoe—damaged each drab knee—frayed the front of his satin waistcoat—and scratched his face, the probability is, that after clambering to the summit, he rolled over, and pitched headlong into the scrubby holly bush on the other side.

For a long time it appears, without giving utterance to the slightest sentiment of an amorous nature, he had made himself particular, by constantly haunting the dwarf wall that divided

him from the widow,—overlooking her indeed more than was proper or pleasant. For once, however, he happened to look at the right moment, for casting his eyes towards Number Nine, he saw that his fair neighbour was in a very disagreeable and dangerous predicament—in short, that she was in her own water-butt, heels upwards.



He immediately jumped over the brick partition, and bellowing for help, succeeded, he knew not how, in hauling the unfortunate lady from her involuntary bath.

“Then it was not a suicide?”

By no means, madam. It was simply from taking her hobby

to water. In plainer phrase, whilst endeavouring to establish an aquatic lily in her water-butt, she overbalanced herself and fell in.

The rest may be guessed. Before the Widow was dry, Mr. Burrel had declared his passion—Gratitude whispered that without him she would have been “no better than a dead *lignum vitæ*”—and she gave him her hand.

The marriage day, however, was not fixed. At the desire of the bride, it was left to a contingency, which was resolved by her “orange-flowering” last Wednesday—and so ended the “Horticultural Romance” of Mrs. Gardiner.

A SKETCH IN THE HAND.

“All have their exits and their entrances.”

It is a treat to see Prudery get into an omnibus. Of course she rejects the hand that is held out to her by male Civility. It might give her a squeeze. Neither does she take the first vacant place; but looks out for a seat, if possible, between an innocent little girl and an old woman. In the mean time the omnibus moves on. Prudery totters—makes a snatch at Civility’s nose—or his neck—or anywhere—and missing her hold rebounds to the other side of the vehicle, and plumps down in a strange gentleman’s lap. True modesty would have escaped all these indecorums.

A Tale of Terror.

THE following story I had from the lips of a well-known Aero-
naut, and nearly in the same words.

It was on one of my ascents from Vauxhall, and a gentleman of the name of Mavor had engaged himself as a companion in my aerial excursion. But when the time came his nerves failed him, and I looked vainly around for the person who was to occupy the vacant seat in the car. Having waited for him till the last possible moment, and the crowd in the gardens becoming impatient, I prepared to ascend alone; and the last cord that attached me to the earth was about to be cast off, when suddenly a strange gentleman pushed forward and volunteered to go up with me into the clouds. He pressed the request with so much earnestness, that having satisfied myself by a few questions of his respectability, and received his promise to submit in every point to my directions, I consented to receive him in lieu of the absentee; whereupon he stepped with evident eagerness and alacrity into the machine. In another minute we were rising above the trees; and in justice to my companion, I must say that in all my experience, no person at a first ascent had ever shown such perfect coolness and self-possession. The sudden rise of the machine, novelty of the situation, the real and exaggerated dangers of the voyage, and the cheering of the spectators, are apt to cause some trepidation, or at any rate excitement in the boldest individuals; whereas the stranger was as composed and comfortable as if he had been sitting quite at home in his own library chair. A bird could not have seemed more at ease, or more in

its element, and yet he solemnly assured me upon his honour, that he had never been up before in his life. Instead of exhibiting any alarm at our great height from the earth, he evinced the liveliest pleasure whenever I emptied one of my bags of sand, and even once or twice urged me to part with more of the ballast. In the mean time, the wind, which was very light, carried us gently along in a north-east direction, and the day being particularly bright and clear, we enjoyed a delightful bird's-eye view of the great metropolis, and the surrounding country. My companion listened with great interest, while I pointed out to him the various objects over which we passed, till I happened casually to observe that the balloon must be directly over Hoxton. My fellow-traveller then for the first time betrayed some uneasiness, and anxiously inquired whether I thought he could be recognised by any one at our then distance from the earth. It was, I told him, quite impossible. Nevertheless he continued very uneasy, frequently repeating "I hope they don't see me," and entreating me earnestly to discharge more ballast. It then flashed upon me for the first time that his offer to ascend with me had been a whim of the moment, and that he feared the being seen at that perilous elevation by any member of his own family. I therefore asked him if he resided at Hoxton, to which he replied in the affirmative; urging again and with great vehemence, the emptying of the remaining sand-bags.

This, however, was out of the question, considering the altitude of the balloon, the course of the wind, and the proximity of the sea-coast. But my comrade was deaf to these reasons—he insisted on going higher; and on my refusal to discharge more ballast, deliberately pulled off and threw his hat, coat, and waist-coat overboard.

"Hurrah, that lightened her!" he shouted; "but it's not enough yet," and he began unloosening his cravat.

"Nonsense," said I, "my good fellow, nobody can recognise you at this distance, even with a telescope."

"Don't be too sure of that," he retorted rather simply; "they have sharp eyes at Miles's."

"At where?"

"At Miles's Madhouse!"

Gracious Heaven!—the truth flashed upon me in an instant. I was sitting in the frail car of a balloon at least a mile above the earth, with a Lunatic. The horror of the situation, for a minute, seemed to deprive me of my own senses. A sudden freak of a distempered fancy—a transient fury—the slightest struggle, might send us both, at a moment's notice, into eternity! In the mean time, the Maniac, still repeating his insane cry of "higher, higher, higher," divested himself successively, of every remaining article of clothing, throwing each portion, as soon as taken off, to the winds. The inutility of remonstrance, or rather the probability of its producing fatal irritation, kept me silent during these operations: but judge of my terror, when having thrown his stockings overboard, I heard him say, "We are not yet high enough by ten thousand miles—one of us must throw out the other."

To describe my feelings at this speech is impossible. Not only the awfulness of my position, but its novelty, conspired to bewilder me—for certainly no flight of imagination—no, not the wildest nightmare dream had ever placed me in so desperate and forlorn a situation. It was horrible!—horrible! Words, pleadings, remonstrances were useless, and resistance would be certain destruction. I had better have been unarmed, in an American wilderness, at the mercy of a savage Indian! And now, without

daring to stir a hand in opposition, I saw the Lunatic deliberately heave first one, and then the other bag of ballast from the car, the balloon of course rising with proportionate rapidity. Up, up, up it soared—to an altitude I had never even dared to contemplate—the earth was lost to my eyes, and nothing but the huge clouds rolled beneath us! The world was gone I felt for ever! The Maniac, however, was still dissatisfied with our ascent, and again began to mutter.

“Have you a wife and children?” he asked abruptly.

Prompted by a natural instinct, and with a pardonable deviation from truth, I replied that I was married, and had fourteen young ones who depended on me for their bread.

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed the Maniac, with a sparkling of his eyes that chilled my very marrow. “I have three hundred wives, and five thousand children; and if the balloon had not been so heavy by carrying double, I should have been home to them by this time.”

“And where do they live?” I asked, anxious to gain time by any question that first occurred to me.

“In the moon,” replied the Maniac; “and when I have lightened the car I shall be there in no time.”

I heard no more, for suddenly approaching me, and throwing his arms around my body——

Hydrapathy, or the Cold Water Cure.

AS PRACTISED BY VINCENT PRIESSNITZ, AT GRAFENBERG.

BY R. T. CLARIDGE, ESQ.

The element that never tires
 BASIL HALL.

THE greatest danger to the health or life in Foreign Travelling, at least in Germany, is notoriously from damp linen. A German-Ofen is not adapted for the process vulgarly called "airing," and the "Galloping Horse," alluded to by Wordsworth in his poem on a Hanoverian Stove, is any thing but a clothes-horse. If you send your linen to be washed, therefore, you must expect in return a shirt as damp as a Dampschiff—stockings as dripping as the hose of a fire-engine, and a handkerchief with which you cannot dry your eyes. As a matter of course, you must look, now and then, for a wet blanket, or a moist sheet; and should that be the case, there is only one warming-pan to our knowledge in the Rhenish Provinces—and that one is at Coblence.

Now this drawback would alone provꝑ a damper to many an English Tourist, who would otherwise go up the Rhine: for of what avail are all his Patent Waterproof articles—his umbrella, his Mackintosh, his galoshes, India-rubber shoes, and Perring's beaver, whilst he is thus liable to wet next his skin? In fact, we believe this danger, more than any sea risk or land peril, has

deterred thousands of Valetudinarians from repairing to Germany to drink the waters—accompanied by the unwholesome probability of chilling the skin, closing the pores, and checking the insensible, invisible perspiration by putting on humid garments; than which nothing can be more injurious to even the strongest constitution,—witness the fatal shirt that clung so to Hercules, and which, allowing for mythological embellishment, was no doubt simply a clean one—sent to him wringing wet by that jade Dejanira.

The catastrophe of the great Alcides rests, however, on the very doubtful testimony of Greek historians. It is true, that by our English sanatory notions he ought to have died—say of inflammation on the lungs—but according to the Hydropathists, the Strong Man ought to have been only the stronger for a “Cold Wet Bandaging.” Instead of cutting his stick—or rather club—he ought merely to have broken out in salutary boils, which would have removed all his complaints, if he had any—for example, one Mr. Rausse names all chronic diseases of the lungs, all organic defects, and all diseases in *people whose muscles and sinews are past all power of action, and from whom the vital principle has passed beyond recovery*—which said people, if we know any thing of plain English, must be neither more nor less than “*Stiff-uns!*” And to confirm this cadaverous view of them, p. 74 declares that these assertions of Mr. Rausse are supported by a Mr. *Raven!*

Professor Mundé, however, who was cured of a painful complaint during his residence at Gräfenberg, stops short of the cure of Death by light or heavy wet, but enumerates Gout, Rheumatism, Tic Doloureux, Hernia, Hypochondria, Piles, Fevers of all kinds, Inflammations, Cholera, &c., &c., &c., to which Mr. Cla-

ridge adds a list, by the Reverend John Wesley, of some hundred of diseases, in man, woman, and child, to be cured by "Primitive Physic," *alias* Aqua Pumpy. Nay, we have cases of Illustrious Patients—Baron Blank, Count Dash, General Asterisk, the Marquis de Anonymous, and others, who were all well washed, and all washed well,—and so far from suffering from wet linen, were actually swaddled in it; and instead of being chilled, actually *heated* from being put up damp, like haystacks. It follows that Hercules could not be carried off in the way supposed,—and especially if he enjoyed such *indelicate* health as he exhibits in his pictures and statues.

The common dread of water and wetting seems certainly to be rather overstrained. We think little, indeed, of the instance of Thomas Cam, aged 207, of whose burial registry Mr. Claridge furnishes an extract from the parish books; first, because there is no evidence that this very "Old Tom" was in the habit of soaking his clay with water; and secondly, because 207 *was very probably the way with an ignorant Clerk of setting down* 27. Neither do we attach much weight to the opinions of the Travelers, who "assure us that amongst the Arabs this age is not unfrequently attained, and that men are frequently married at a hundred years of age; first, because the Desert is not particularly well supplied with water; and secondly, that consequently the Arabs must be of rather dry habits. But looking at another animal which lives in the wet, and is one of the greatest of water-drinkers, namely, the whale, we are quite ready to allow, as to its longevity, that it is "the longest creature as lives."

Take courage, then, ye Valetudinarians, and apply for your passports. Go fearlessly up the Rhine, into swampy Holland, or Belgium, or wherever you will. Your old bugbears are actually

benefits—real reforms to the constitution. Write on yourselves if you choose, “This side uppermost,” but omit the fellow direction, “To be kept dry.” You will thrive like the hydrangeas the more you are watered. Ride outside, and forget your umbrella. Prefer soaked coach-boxes and sloppy boats—and if you even go overboard, remember that the mother of Achilles, to make him invulnerable, ducked him in a river. Ask for damp sheets, and pay extra for a wet blanket—nay, never say die, though after a jolly night you find the next morning that you have slept in a dewy meadow, with the moon for a warming-pan. If, in walking on St. Swithin’s day, you happen to get under a spout, stay there—it’s a Douch-Bad—*vide* Frontispiece, figure 4, and you are lucky in getting it gratis. Should you chance to trip and throw yourself a fair backfall, with your head in a puddle, don’t rise, but lie there as contentedly as a drunkard, for that—see figure 2—is a Kopf-Bad. Instead of striding over a kenel, step into it,—for it is as good as a Fuss-Bad. And when a tub of cold water comes in your way, squat down in it like Parson Adams, when he played at “the Ambassador,” for that is a Sitz-Bad—as you may see in figure 3, where a gentleman is sitting, as happy as a Merman, with his tail in a tub, and reading Claridge on the “Cold Water Cure!”

And should you experience, though you ought not, any aguish chills, or rheumatic pains from this mode of conduct—push on at once to Gräfenberg, where Vincent Priessnitz will soak all complaints out of you, like salt from a ling. As the preface says, it is “only eight or ten days’ journey from London,” and you may go either by Ostend or Hamburg; but the first route is the best, because you can *wet* your thirst by the way at the spring of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the Brunnens of Nassau. For our own

parts we prefer our washing done at home ; but never mind us.

Push on for the great Fountain Tavern in Silesia, for depend upon it whatever you feel, whether flushes, shudderings, gnawings, cravings, creepings, shootings, throbbings, dartings and prickings—it is only nature *bor-ing* for water.

Never stop, then, except perhaps for a minute or so to look at the votive fountain the Wallachian and Moldavian patients have erected, dedicated “ Au Génie de l’Eau Froide,”—never halt till you have reached the famous House of Call for Watermen, and pledged the great Aquarius himself in a goblet of his own Adam’s ale. If you are faint it will revive you, if thirsty it will refresh you, and if you have broken a bone or two by the upsetting of a diligence, the very man for a fracture stands before you. In fact his first exploit in Hydropathy was with cold water and wet bandages, and some little assistance from a table, to set and mend two of his own broken-ribs ! After that if you are so unreasonable as still to require any evidence of the peculiar virtues of the fluid, know that by drinking and dispensing it, ice cold though it be, Vincent Priessnitz has made himself so *warm* that he is worth 50,000*l.*

The above advice, it must be remembered, is not ours, but drawn from the book before us. We should be loth to be responsible personally for any lady or gentleman going so far off as Silesia to drown themselves, and by the awfully premeditated process of taking “ twenty glasses of water a day.” Neither should we like to have to answer to a visitor to Gräfenberg for the discomfort of a room like “ a soldier’s chamber in a barrack,” so low that Mr. Gross could not stand upright in it—with no better furniture than a bedstead with a straw mattress—a chest of deal drawers, a table, two chairs, a decanter and glass (for water

only) and an "enormous washhand basin." It would vex us to have commended any one to a table where it is generally complained that the food "though plentiful is coarse." He might not be pleased either with the remedy of drinking so much water, that there was little room for the solids. And, above all, he would naturally cry out against the heart-burnings incurred by Mr. Claridge himself, and which were relieved by a cure certainly worse than the disease.

"The burning liquid which rises from the stomach to the throat is often caused at Gräfenberg by the abundance of the greasy food with which the table is supplied. At the period of the crisis it frequently makes its appearance at the termination of humours, of which part is discharged by the first courses. I was sharply attacked by it at this period of the treatment, and '*a diarrhœa which I brought on in gorging myself with cold water during two days completely cured me.*'"—P. 237.

Now, it may be very well for Priessnitz, who boards and lodges his patients, to prescribe water by the pailful to prevent gluttony; or to give them such beds and rooms as must necessarily promote early-rising and encourage exercise out of doors. It may be quite consistent with his theory to neither light nor pave his neighborhood, so that his clients are sure on a rainy day of a Mud-bath in addition to their other ones. But, as we said before, we should not like to advise any one we love or like to put themselves under his wet hands, unless inordinately fond of duck and cold pig. Moreover, many parts of his treatment are practised, if not openly at least secretly, in our own country; and at a consequent saving of all the trouble and expense to the patients of a journey to Silesia. The damp sheet system is no secret to the chambermaids at our provincial inns, and the metropolitan publi-

cans and milkmen are far from blind to the virtues of cold water as a beverage. A fact that probably accounts for the peculiar healthiness of London compared with other capitals.

To be candid, we have besides a private prejudice against anything like a Grand Catholicon—not the Pope, but a universal remedy for all diseases, from elephantiasis down to pip. And we become particularly skeptical when we meet with a specific backed by such a testimonial as that of the Rev. John Wesley in favor of Water *versus* Hydrophobia.

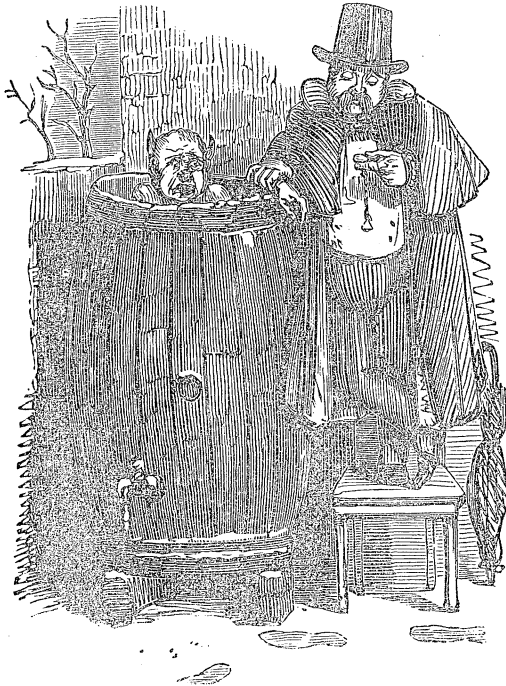
“And this, I apprehend, accounts for its *frequently curing* the bite of a mad-dog, especially if it be repeated for twenty-five or thirty days successively.”—P. 81.

Of which we can only say, that on the production of certificates of three such cures, signed by a respectable turncock, we will let whoever likes it be worried by a mad pack of hounds, and then cure him by only showing him Aldgate-pump.

Moreover, we are aware of the aptitude of our cousins the Germans to go the whole way “and a bittock” in their theories. As Mr. Puff says of the theatrical people, “Give those fellows a good thing and they never know when to have done with it.” Thus allowing the element to be wholesome, for ablution or as a beverage, they order you not only to swig, sit, stand, lie, and soak in it, but actually to snuff it up your nose—what is a bridge without water?—for a cold in the head!—p. 228.

It was our intention to have quoted a case of fever which was got under much as Mr. Braidwood would have quenched an inflammation in a house. But our limits forbid. In the mean time it has been our good fortune, since reading Claridge on Hydropathy, to see a sick drake avail himself of the “Cold Water Cure” at the dispensary in St. James’s-park. First, in waddling in, he took a Fuss-

Bad; then he took a Sitzbad, and then, turning his curly tail up into the air, he took a Kopf-Bad. Lastly, he rose almost upright on his latter end, and made such a triumphant flapping with his wings that we really expected he was going to shout "Priessnitz for ever!" But no such thing. He only cried, "Quack! quack! quack!"



Mr. Chubb.

A PISCATORY ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

“ Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
 Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling place,
 Where I may see my quill or cork down sink
 With eager bite of Perch, or Bleak, or Dace.”

J. DAVORS.

“ I care not, I, to fish in seas,
 Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
 Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
 And seek in life to imitate.”

PISCATOR'S SONG.

“ The ladies, angling in the crystal lake,
 Feast on the waters with the prey they take,
 At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
 They make the fishes and the men their prize.”

WALLER.

MR. CHUBB was not, by habit and repute, a fisherman. Angling had never been practically his hobby. He was none of those enthusiasts in the gentle craft, who as soon as close time comes to an end, are sure to be seen in a punt at Hampton Deep, under the arches of Kew Bridge, or on the banks of the New River, or the Lea, trolling for jack, ledgering for barbel, spinning for trout, roving for perch, dapping for chub, angling for gudgeon, or whipping for bleak. He had never fished but once in his life, on a chance holiday, and then caught but one bream, but that once sufficed to attach him to the pastime; it was so still, so quiet, so lonely; the very thing for a shy, bashful, nervous man,

as taciturn as a post, as formal as a yew hedge, and as sedate as a quaker. Nevertheless he did not fall in love with fishing, as some do, rashly and madly, but as became his character, discreetly and with deliberation. It was not a hasty passion, but a sober preference founded on esteem, and accordingly instead of plunging at once into the connexion, he merely resolved, in his heart, that at some future time he would retire from the hosiery line, and take to one of gut, horsehair, or silk.

In pursuance of this scheme, whilst he steadily amassed the necessary competence, he quietly accumulated the other requisites; from time to time investing a few more hundreds in the funds, and occasionally adding a fresh article to his tackle, or a new guide, or treatise to his books on the art. Into these volumes, at his leisure, he dipped, gradually storing his mind with the piscatory rules, "line upon line, and precept upon precept," till in theory he was a respectable proficient. And in his Sunday walks, he commonly sought the banks of one or other of our Middlesex rivers, where, glancing at sky and water, with a speculative eye, he would whisper to himself—"a fine day for the perch," or "a likely hole for a chubb;" but from all actual practise he religiously abstained, carefully hoarding it up, like his money, at compound interest, for that delicious Otium-and-Water, which, sooner or later, Hope promised he sould enjoy.

In the mean time, during one of these suburban rambles, he observed, near Enfield Chase, a certain row of snug little villas, each with its own garden, and its own share of the New River, which flowed between the said pleasure grounds on one side, and a series of private meadows on the other. The houses, indeed, were in pairs, two under one roof, but each garden was divided from the next one by an evergreen fence, tall and thick enough

to screen the proprietor from neighbourly observation; whilst the absence of any public footpath along the fields equally secured the residents from popular curiosity. A great consideration with an angler, who, near the metropolis, is too liable to be accosted by some confounded hulking fellow with "what sport,—how do they bite?"—or annoyed by some pestilent little boy, who will intrude in his swim.

"Yes, *that's* the place for me," thought Mr. Chubb, especially alluding to a green lawn which extended to the water's edge—not forgetting a tall *lignum vitæ* tree, against which, seated in an ideal arm chair, he beheld his own Eidolon, in the very act of pulling out an imaginary fish, as big and bright as a fresh herring.

"Yes, that *is* the place for me!" muttered Mr. Chubb: "so snug—so retired—so all to one's self! Nobody to overlook, nothing to interrupt one!—No towing-path—no barges—no thoroughfare—Bless my soul! it's a perfect little Paradise!"

And it was the place for him indeed—for some ten years afterwards the occupant died suddenly of apoplexy—whereupon Mr. Chubb bought the property, sold off his business, and retiring to the villa, which he christened "Walton Cottage," prepared to realize the long water-soucyish dream of his middle age.

"And did he catch any thing?"

My dear Miss Hastie—do, pray, allow the poor gentleman a few moments to remove, and settle himself in his new abode, and in the mean while, let me recommend you to the care of that allegorical Job in petticoats, who is popularly supposed to recreate herself, when she is not smiling on a monument, by fishing in a punt.

CHAPTER II.

Eureka!

The day, the happy day is come at last, and no bride, in her pearl silk and orange flowers, after a protracted courtship, ever felt a more blissful flutter of spirits than Mr. Chubb, as in a brand new white hat, fustian jacket, and drab leggings, he stands on the margin of the New River, about to become an angler for better or worse.

The morning is propitious. The sky is slightly clouded, and a gentle southerly zephyr just breathes, here and there, on the gray water, which is thickly studded with little dimples that dilate into rings,—signs, as sure as those in the zodiac, of Aquarius and Pisces. A comfortable arm-chair is planted in the shadow of the tall *lignum vitæ*—to the right, on the grass, lies a landing net, and on the left, a basket big enough to receive a Salmon. Mr. Chubb stands in front of the chair; and having satisfied his mind, by a panoramic glance, of his complete solitude, begins precipitately to prepare his tackle, by drawing the strings of a long brown nolland case into a hard double knot. But he is too happy to swear, so he only blesses his soul, patiently unravels the knot, and complacently allows the rod to glide out of the linen cover. With deliberate care he fits each joint in its socket,—from the butt glittering with bright brass, to the tapering top—and then with supple wrist, proves the beautiful pliancy of the “complete thing.” Next from the black leather pocket book he selects a line of exquisite fineness, and attaches it by the loop to the small brazen wire ring at the point of the whalebone. The fine gut, still retaining its angles from the reel, like a long zigzag of gossamer, vibrates to the elastic rod, which in turn quivers to the

agitated hand tremulous with excitement. But what ails Mr. Chubb? All at once he starts off into the strangest and wildest vagaries,—now clutching like Macbeth at the air drawn dagger, and then suddenly wheeling round like a dog trying to catch his own tail—now snatching at some invisible blue bottle buzzing about his nose,—next flea-hunting about his clothes, and then staring skywards with goggle eyes, and round open mouth, as if he would take a minnow! A few bars rest—and off he goes again,—jumping,—spinning,—skipping right and left—no urchin striving to apprehend Jack O’Lantern ever cut more capers.

He is endeavouring to catch his line that he may bait the hook; but the breeze carries it far a-field, and the spring of the rod jerks it to and fro, here and there and every where but into his eager hand. Sometimes the shot swing into his eye, sometimes the float bounces into his mouth or bobs against his nose, and then, half caught, they spring up perpendicularly, and fall down again, with the clatter of hail, on the crown of his white beaver. At last he succeeds—at least the hook anchors in the skirts of his jacket. But he is in too good humour to curse. Propping the rod upright against the tall *lignum vitæ*, he applies both hands to the rescue, and has just released the hook from the fustian, when down drops the rod, with a terrible lash of its top-joint in the startled stream,—whilst the barbed steel, escaping from his right finger and thumb, flies off like a living insect, and fastens its sting in the cuff of his left sleeve with such good will, that it must be cut out with a penknife. Still he does not blaspheme. At some damage to the cloth, the Kirby is set free—and the line is safe in hand. A little more cautiously he picks up the dripping rod, and proceeds to bait the hook—not without

great difficulty and delay, for a worm is a wriggling slippery thing, with a natural aversion to being lined with wire, and when the fingers are tremulous besides—the job is a stiff one. Nevertheless he contrives ill or well, to impale a small brandling; but remembering that he ought first to have plumbed the depth of the water, removes the worm and substitutes a roll of thin lead. Afterwards he adjusts the float to the proper soundings, and then there is all the wriggling slippery nervous process to be gone through over again. But Patience, the angler's virtue, still supports him. The hook is baited once more,—he draws a long deep sigh of satisfaction, and warily poisoning his rod, lets the virgin line drop gently into the rippling stream!

Now then all is right! Alas, no! The float instead of swimming erect, sinks down on its side for want of sufficient ballast; a trying dilemma, for the cure requires a rather delicate operation. In fact, six split shot successively escape from his trembling fingers—a seventh he succeeds in adjusting to the line, on which he rashly attempts to close the gaping lead with his teeth; but unluckily his incisors slip beside the leaden pellet, and with a horrid cranch go clean through the crisp gut!

Still he does not blaspheme; but blessing his body, this time, as well as his soul, carefully fits a new bottom on the line, and closes the cleft shot with the proper instrument, a pair of pliers. Then he baits again, and tries the float, which swims with the correct cock—and all is right at last! The dreams, the schemes, the hopes, the wishes of a dozen long years are realized; and if there be a little pain at one end of the line, what enormous pleasure at the other!

Merrily the float trips, again and again, from end to end of the swim, and is once more gliding down with the current, when

suddenly the quill stops—slowly revolves—bobs—bobs again—and dives under the water.

The Angler strikes convulsively—extravagantly—insanely ; and something swift and silvery as a shooting star, flies over his head. It should, by rights, be a fish—yet there is none on his hook ; but searching farther and farther, all up the lawn, there certainly lies something bright and quivering on the stone step—something living, scaly, and about an inch long—in short, Mr. Chubb's first bleak !

CHAPTER III.

Happy Mr. Chubb ! Happy on Thursday, happier on Friday, and happier on Saturday !

For three delightful days he had angled, each time with better success, and increasing love for the art, when Sunday intervened—the longest *dry* Sunday he had ever spent in his life. This short fast, however, only served to whet his appetite for the sport, and to send him the earlier on Monday to the river's edge, not without some dim superstitious notion of catching the fine hog-backed perch he had hooked in a dream over night.

By this time practice had made him perfect in his manipulations. His rod was put together in a crack—the line attached to it in a jiffy, the hook baited in a twinkling, and all ready to begin. But first he took his customary survey, to assure him that his solitude was inviolate—that there was no eye to startle his *mauvaise honte*, for he was as sensitive to observation, as some skins to new flannel : but all was safe. There was not a horse or cow even to stare at him from the opposite meadow—no human creature within ken, to censure his performance or criticise

his appearance. He might have fished, if he had pleased, in his night-cap, dressing-gown, and slippers.

The ineffable value of such a privacy is only appreciable by shy, sensitive men, who ride hobbies. But Toby Shandy knew it when he gave *a peep over the horn-beam hedge* before he took a first whiff of the ivory pipe attached to his smoking artillery. And so did Mr. Chubb, as after a preliminary pinch of snuff, and an extatic rub of his hands, he gently swung the varnished float, shotted line, and baited hook, from his own freehold lawn, into the exclusive water.

The weather was lovely, the sky of an unclouded blue, and the whole landscape flooded with sunshine, which would have been too bright but that a westerly breeze swept the gloss off the river, and allowed the Angler to watch, undazzled, his neat tip-capped float. Thrice the buoyant quill had travelled from end to end of the property, and was midway on its fourth voyage, when—without the least hint of bite or nibble—it was violently twitched up, and left to dangle in the air, whilst Mr. Chubb distractedly stared on a new object in the stream.

A strange float had come into his swim!

And such a float!—A great green and white pear-shaped thing—of an extra size, expressly manufactured for the most turbulent waters; but magnified by the enormity of the tresspass into a ship's buoy!

Yes—there it was in his own private fishing-place, down which it drifted five or six good yards before it brought up, on its side, when the force of the current driving the lower part of the line towards the surface, disclosed a perfect necklace of large swan-shot, and the shank of a No. 1 hook, baited as it seemed, with a small hard dumpling!

Mr. Chubb was petrified—Gorgonized—basilisked! His heart and his legs gave way together, and he sank into the elbow-chair; his jaw locked, his eyes protruding in a fixed stare, and altogether in physiognomy extremely like the fish called a Pope or Ruff, which, on being hooked, is said to go into a sort of spasmodic fit, through surprise and alarm.

However, disappointment and vexation gradually gave way to indignation, and planting the chair against the evergreen hedge, he mounted on the seat, with a brace of objurgations on his lips—the one adapted to a great hulking fellow, the other for an infernal little boy; but before either found vent, down he scrambled again, with breakneck precipitation, and dropped into the seat. To swear was impossible—to threaten or vituperate quite out of the question, or even to remonstrate. He who had not the courage to be polite to a lady, to be rude or harsh to one?—never. What then could he do? Nothing, but sit staring at the great green and white float, as it lay on its side, making a fussy ripple in the water, till SHE chose to withdraw it.

At last, after a very tedious interval, the obnoxious object suddenly began to scud up the stream, and then rising, with almost as much splutter as a wild duck, flew into the neighbouring garden. The swanshot and the hook flew after it, but the little dumpling, parting asunder, had escaped from the steel, and the halves separately drifted down the current, each nibbled at by its own circle of New River bleak.

Mr. Chubb waited a minute, and then fell to angling again; but as silently, stealthily, and sneakingly, as if instead of fishing in his own waters he had been poaching in those of Cashiobury—

“Because Lord Essex wouldn't give him leave.”

But even this faint enjoyment was short-lived. All at once

he heard, to the left, a splash as if a bull-frog or water-rat had plumped into the river, and down came the great green and white nuisance, again dancing past the private hedge, and waltzing with every little eddy that came in its way. Of course it would stop at the old spot—but no, its tether had been indefinitely prolonged, and on it came, bobbing and becking, till within a foot of the little slim tipcapped quill of our Fisherman. He instantly pulled up, but too late—the bottoms of the two lines had already grappled. There was a hitch and then a jerk—the swanshot with a centrifugal impulse went spinning round and round the other tackle, till silk and gut were complicated in an inveterate tangle. The Unknown, feeling the resistance, immediately struck, and began to haul in. The perplexed Bachelor, incapable of a “Hallo!” only blessed his own soul in a whisper, and opposed a faint resistance. The strain increased; and he held more firmly, desperately hoping that his own line would give way: but, instead of any such breakage, as if instinct with the very spirit of mischief, the top joint of his rod suddenly sprang out of its socket, and went flying as the other lithe-top seemed to beckon it into HER garden!

It was gone, of course, for ever. As to applying for it, little Smith would as soon have asked for the ball that he had pitched through a pane of plate glass into Mrs. Jones’s drawing-room.

All fishing was over for the day; and the discomfitted Angler was about to unscrew his rod and pack up, when a loud “hem!” made him start and look towards the sound—and lo! the unknown Lady, having mounted a chair of her own, was looking over the evergreen hedge and holding out the truant top joint to its owner. The little shy bashful Bachelor, still in a nervous agony, would fain have been blind to this civility; but the cough

became too importunate to be shirked, and blushing till his very hair and whiskers seemed to redden into carotty, he contrived to stumble up to the fence and stammer out a jumble of thanks and apologies.

“Really ma’am—I’m extremely sorry—you’re too good—so very awkward—quite distressing—I’m exceedingly obliged, I’m sure—very warm indeed,”—and seizing the top-joint he attempted to retreat with it, but he was not to escape so easily.

“Stop, sir!” cried one of the sweetest voices in the world, “the lines are entangled.”

“Pray don’t mention it,” said the agitated Mr. Chubb, vainly fumbling in the wrong waistcoat pocket for his penknife. “I’ll cut it, ma’am—I’ll bite it off.”

“Oh, pray, don’t!” exclaimed the lady; “it would be a sin and a shame to spoil such a beautiful line. Pray what do you call it?”

What an unlucky question. For the whole world Mr. Chubb would not have named the material—which he at last contrived to describe as “a very fine sort of fiddlestring.”

“Oh, I understand,” said the Lady. “How fine it is—and yet how strong. What a pity it is in such a tangle! But I think with a little time and patience I can unravel it!”

“Really, ma’am, I’m quite ashamed—so much trouble—allow me, ma’am.” And the little Bachelor climbed up into his elbow-chair, where he stood tottering with agitation, and as red in the face, and as hot all over, as a boiling lobster.

“I think, sir,” suggested the Lady, “if you would just have the goodness to hold these loops open while I pass the other line through them—”

“Yes, ma’am, yes—exactly—by all means—” and he endeav-

oured to follow her instructions, by plunging the short thick fingers of each hand into the hank; the Lady mean while poking her float, like a shuttle, up and down, to and fro, through the intricacies of the tangled lines.

“Bless my soul!” thought Mr. Chubb, “what a singular situation! A lady I never saw before—a perfect stranger!—and here I am face to face with her—across a hedge—with our fingers twisting in and out of the same line, as if we were playing at cat’s-cradle!”

CHAPTER IV.

“Heyday! It is a long job!” exclaimed the Lady, with a gentle sigh.

“It is indeed, ma’am,” said Mr. Chubb, with a puff of breath as if he had been holding it the whole time of the operation.

“My fingers quite ache,” said the Lady.

“I’m sure—I’m very sorry—I beg them a thousand pardons,” said Mr. Chubb, with a bow to the hand before him. And what a hand it was! So white and so plump, with little dimples on the knuckles,—and then such long taper fingers, and filbert-like nails!

“Are you fond of fishing, sir?” asked the Lady, with a full look in his face for the answer.

“O, very, ma’am—very partial indeed!”

“So am I, sir. It’s a taste derived, I believe, from my reading.”

“Then mayhap, ma’am,” said Mr. Chubb, his voice quivering at his own boldness, “if it isn’t too great a liberty—you have read the ‘Complete Angler?’”

“What, Izaak Walton’s? O, I dote on it! The nice, dear old man! So pious, and so sentimental!”

“Certainly, ma’am—as you observe—and so uncommonly skilful.”

“O! and so natural! and so rural! Such sweet green meadows, with honeysuckle hedges; and the birds, and the innocent lambs, and the cows, and that pretty song of the milkmaid’s!”

“Yes, ma’am, yes,” said Mr. Chubb, rather hastily, as if afraid she would quote it; and blushing up to his crown, as though she had actually invited him to “live with her and be her love.”

“There was an answer written to it, I believe, by Sir Walter Raleigh?”

“There was, ma’am—or Sir Walter Scott—I really forget which,” stammered the bewildered Bachelor, with whom the present tense had completely obliterated the past. As to the future, nothing it might produce would surprise him.

“Now, then, sir, we will try again!” And the Lady resumed her task, in which Mr. Chubb assisted her so effectually, that at length one line obtained its liberty, and by a spring so sudden, as to excite a faint scream.

“Gracious powers!” exclaimed the horrified little man, almost falling from his chair, and clasping his hands.

“I thought the hook was in my eye,” said the Lady; “but it is only in my hair.” From which she forthwith endeavoured to disentangle it, but with so little success, that in common politeness Mr. Chubb felt bound to tender his assistance. It was gratefully accepted; and in a moment the most bashful of bachelors found himself in a more singular position than ever—namely, with his short thick fingers entwined with a braid of

the glossiest, finest, softest auburn hair that ever grew on a female head.

“Bless my soul and body!” said Mr. Chubb to himself; “the job with the gut and silk lines was nothing to this!”

CHAPTER V.

That wearisome hook! It clung to the tress in which it had fastened itself with lover-like pertinacity! In the mean time the Lady, to favour the operation, necessarily inclined her head a little downwards and sideways, so that when she looked at Mr. Chubb, she was obliged to glance at him from the corners of her eyes—as coquettish a position as female artifice, instead of accident, could have produced. Nothing, indeed, could be more bewitching! Nothing so disconcerting! It was a wonder the short thick fingers ever brought their task to an end, they fumbled so abominably—the poor man forgot what he was about so frequently! At last the soft glossy braid, sadly disarranged, dropped again on the fair smooth cheek.

“Is the hook out?” asked the Lady.

“It *is*, ma’am—thank God!” replied the little Bachelor, with extraordinary emphasis and fervour; but the next moment making a grimace widely at variance with the implied pleasure.

“Why it’s in your own thumb!” screamed the Lady, forgetting in her fright that it was a strange gentleman’s hand she caught hold of so unceremoniously.

“It’s nothing, ma’am—don’t be alarmed; nothing at all—only—bless my soul,—how very ridiculous!”

“But it must hurt you, sir.”

“Not at all, ma’am—quite the reverse. I don’t feel it—I don’t,

indeed!—Merely through the skin, ma'am,—and if I could only get at my penknife.—”

“Where is it, sir?”

“Stop, ma'am—here—I've got it,” said Mr. Chubb, his heart beating violently at the mere idea of the long taper fingers in his left waistcoat-pocket—“But unluckily it's my right hand!”

“How very distressing!” exclaimed the lady; “and all through extricating me!”

“Don't mention it, ma'am, pray don't—you're perfectly welcome.”

“If I thought,” said the lady, “that it *was* only through the skin—I had once to cut one out for poor dear Mr. Hooker,” and she averted her head as if to hide a tear.

“She's a widow, then!” thought Mr. Chubb to himself. “But what does that signify to me—and as to her cutting out the hook, it's a mere act of common charity.”

And so, no doubt, it was; for no sooner was the operation performed, than dropping his hand as if it had been a stone, or a brick, or a lump of clay, she restored the penknife, and cutting short his acknowledgments with a grave “Good morning, sir,” skipped down from her chair, and walked off, rod in hand, to her house.

Mr. Chubb watched her till she disappeared, and then getting down from his own chair, took a seat in it, and fell into a reverie, from which he was only roused by putting his thumb and finger into the wrong box, and feeling a pinch of gentles, instead of snuff.

CHAPTER VI.

The next day Mr. Chubb angled as usual; but with abated

pleasure. His fishery had been disturbed; his solitude invaded—he was no longer Walton and Zimmerman rolled into one. From certain prophetic misgivings he had even abandoned the costume of the craft,—and appeared in a dress more suited to a public dinner than his private recreation—a blue coat and black kersey-mere trowsers—instead of the fustian jacket, shorts, and leathern gaiters.

The weather was still propitious, but he could neither confine his eye to his quill nor his thoughts to the pastime. Every moment he expected to hear the splash of the great green and white float,—and to see it come sailing into his swim. But he watched and listened in vain. Nothing drifted down with the current but small sticks and straws or a stray weed,—nothing disturbed the calm surface of the river, except the bleak, occasionally rising at a fly. A furtive glance assured him that nobody was looking at him over the evergreen fence—for that day, at least, he had the fishery all to himself, and he was beginning, heart and soul to enjoy the sport,—when, from up the stream, he heard a startling plunge, enough to frighten all the fish up to London or down to the Ware! The flop of the great green and white float was a whisper to it—but before he could frame a guess at the cause, a ball of something, as big as his own head, plumped into his swim, with a splash that sent up the water into his very face! The next moment a sweet low voice called to him by his name.

It was the Widow! He knew it without turning his head. By a sort of mental clairvoyance he saw her distinctly looking at him, with her soft liquid hazel eyes, over the privet hedge. He immediately fixed his gaze more resolutely on his float, and determined to be stone deaf. But the manœuvre was of no avail!

Another ball flew bomb-like through the air, and narrowly missing his rod, dashed—saluting him with a fresh sprinkle—into the river!

“Bless my soul,” thought Mr. Chubb, carefully laying his rod across the arms of his elbow-chair, “when shall I get any fishing!”

“A fine morning, Mr. Chubb.”

“Very, ma’am—very, indeed—quite remarkable,” stammered Mr. Chubb, bowing as he spoke, plucking off his hat, and taking two or three unsteady steps towards the fence.

“My gardener has made me some ground bait, Mr. Chubb, and I told him to throw the surplus towards your part of the river.”

“You’re very good, ma’am,—I’m vastly obliged I’m sure,” said the little Bachelor, quite overwhelmed by the kindness, and wiping his face with his silk handkerchief, as if it had just received the favour of another sprinkle. “Charming weather, nfa’am!”

“Oh, delightful!—It’s quite a pleasure to be out of doors. By-the-bye, Mr. Chubb, I’m thinking of strolling—do you ever stroll, sir?”

“Ever what?” asked the astounded Mr. Chubb, his blood suddenly boiling up to Fever Heat.

“For jack and pike, sir—I’ve just been reading about it in the Complete Angler.”

“O, she means *trolling*,” thought Mr. Chubb, his blood as rapidly cooling down to temperate. “Why, no, ma’am—no. The truth is,—asking your pardon,—there are no jack or pike, I believe, in this water.”

“Indeed! That’s a pity. And yet, after all, I don’t think I

could put the poor frog on the hook—and then sew up his mouth,—I'm sure I couldn't!"

"Of course not, ma'am—of course not," said the little Bachelor, with unusual warmth of manner,—“You have too much sensibility.”

“Do you think, then, sir, that angling is cruel?”

“Why really, ma'am”—but the poor man had entangled himself in a dilemma, and could get no farther.

“Some persons say it is,” continued the Lady,—“and really to think of the agonies of the poor worm on the hook—but for my part I always fish with paste.”

“Yes—I know it,” thought Mr. Chubb,—“with a little hard dumpling.”

“And then it is so much cleaner,” said the lady.

“Certainly, ma'am, certainly,” replied Mr. Chubb, with a particular reference to a certain very white hand with long taper fingers. “Nothing like paste, ma'am—or a fly—if it was not a liberty, ma'am, I should think you would prefer an artificial fly.”

“An artificial one!—O, of all things in the world!” exclaimed the Lady with great animation. “*That* cannot feel!—But then”—and she shook her beautiful head despondingly—“they are so hard to make. I have read the rules for artificial flies in the book,—and what with badger's hair, and cock's cackles (she meant hackles,) and whipping your shanks (she meant the hooks,) and then dubbing your fur (she meant drubbing with fur,) O, I never could do it!”

Mr. Chubb was silent. He had artificial flies in his pocket-book, and yearned to offer one—but, deterred by certain recollections, he shrank from the task of affixing it to her line. And yet to oblige a lady—and such a fine woman too—

and besides the light fall of a fly on the water would be so much better than the flopping of that abominable great green and white float!—Yes, he would make the offer of it, and he did. It was graciously accepted,—the rod was handed over the hedge, and the little Bachelor,—at a safe distance,—took off, with secret satisfaction, the silk line, its great green and white float, its swanshot, the No. 1 hook and its little hard dumpling. He then substituted a fine fly-line, with a small black ant-fly, and when all was ready, presented the apparatus to the lovely Widow, who was profuse in her acknowledgments. “There never was such a beautiful fly,” she said, “but the difficulty was how to throw it. She was only a Tryo (she meant a Tyro,) and as such must throw herself on his neighbourly kindness, for a little instruction.”

This information, as well as he could by precept and example, with a hedge between, the little Bachelor contrived to give; and then dismissed his fair pupil to whip for bleak; whilst with an internal “Thank Heaven!” he resumed his own apparatus, and began to angle for perch, roach, dace, gudgeons,—or any thing else.

But his gratitude was premature—his float had barely completed two turns, when he heard himself hailed again from the privet hedge.

“Mr. Chubb! Mr. Chubb!”

“At your service, ma’am.”

“Mr. Chubb, you will think me shockingly awkward, but I’ve switched off the fly,—your beautiful fly,—somewhere among the evergreens.”

Slowly the Angler pulled up his line—at the sacrifice of what seemed a very promising nibble—and carefully deposited his rod again across the arms of the elbow chair.

“Bless my soul and body!” muttered Mr. Chubb, as he selected another fly from his pocket-book,—“when shall I ever get any fishing!”

CHAPTER VII.

Poor Mr. Chubb!

How little he dreamt—in all his twelve years dreaming, of ever retiring from trade into such a pretty business as that in which he found himself involved! How little he thought, whilst studying the instructive dialogues of Venator and Viator with Piscator, that he should ever have a pupil in petticoats hanging on his own lips for lessons in the gentle art! Nor was it seldom that she required his counsel or assistance. Scarcely had his own line settled in the water, when he was summoned by an irresistible voice to the evergreen fence, and requested to perform some trivial office for a fair Neophyte, with the prettiest white hand, the softest hazel eyes, and the silkiest auburn hair he had ever seen. Sometimes it was to put a bait on her hook—sometimes to take off a fish—now to rectify her float—and now to screw or unscrew her rod. Not a day passed but the little Bachelor found himself *tête à tête* with the lovely Widow, across the privet hedge.

Little he thought, the while, that she was fishing for him, and that he was pouching the bait! But so it was:—for exactly six weeks from the day when Mr. Chubb caught his first Bleak—Mrs. Hooker beheld at her feet her first Chubb!

What she did with him needs not to be told. Of course she did not give him away, like Venator’s chub, to some poor body; or baste him, as Piscator recommends, with vinegar or verjuice. The probability is that she blushed, smiled, and gave him her

hand; for if you walk, Gentle Reader, to Enfield, and inquire concerning a certain row of snug little villas, with pleasure-grounds bounded by the New River, you will learn that two of the houses, and two of the gardens, and two of the proprietors have been "thrown into one."

"And did they fish together, sir, after their marriage?" Never! Mr. Chubb, indeed, often angled from morning till night, but Mrs. C. never wetted a line from one year's end to another.

A v e r y s o - s o C h a r a c t e r .

"I TAKE it for granted," said Mrs. Wiggins, inquiring as to the character of a certain humble companion, "that she is temperate, conversible, and willing to make herself agreeable?"

"Quite," replied Mrs. Figgins, "Indeed, I never knew a young person *so sober, so sociable, and so solicitous to please.*"

Epigram.

THE SUPERIORITY OF MACHINERY.

A Mechanic his labour will often discard
 If the rate of his pay he dislikes ;
 But a clock—and its *case* is uncommonly hard—
 Will continue to work though it *strikes*.

A Custom-House Breeze.

ONE day—no matter for the month or year,
 A Calais packet, just come over,
 And safely moor'd within the pier,
 Began to land her passengers at Dover
 All glad to end a voyage long and rough,
 And during which,
 Through roll and pitch,
 The Ocean-King had *sickophants* enough !

Away, as fast as they could walk or run,
 Eager for steady rooms and quiet meals,
 With bundles, bags, and boxes at their heels,
 Away the passengers all went, but one,
 A female, who from some mysterious check,
 Still linger'd on the steamer's deck,
 As if she did not care for land a tittle,
 For horizontal rooms, and cleanly victual—
 Or nervously afraid to put
 Her foot
 Into an Isle described as “tight and little.”

In vain commissioner and touter,
 Porter and waiter throug'd about her ;
 Boring, as such officials only bore—
 In spite of ropè and barrow, knot, and truck,
 Of plank and ladder, there she stuck,
 She couldn't, no she wouldn't go on shore.

“ But, ma'am,” the steward interfered,
 “ The wessel must be cleared.
 You musn't stay aboard, ma'am, no one don't!
 It's quite agin the orders so to do—
 And all the passengers is gone but you.”
 Says she, “ I cannot go ashore and won't !”
 “ You ought to !”
 “ But I can't !”
 “ You must !”
 “ I shan't !”

At last, attracted by the racket
 'Twixt gown and jacket,
 The captain came himself, and cap in hand,
 Begg'd very civilly to understand
 Wherefore the lady could not leave the packet.

“ Why then,” the lady whispered with a shiver,
 That made the accents quiver,
 “ I've got some foreign silks about me pinn'd,
 In short so many things, all contraband,
 To tell the truth I am afraid to land,
 In such a *searching* wind !”

Notes on Shakespeare.

It is singular that none of the commentators on "The Merry Wives of Windsor" have hitherto attributed to *Sir John Falstaff* a tampering with the Black Art of Magic. There are at least as plausible grounds for such a supposition, as for some of the most elaborate of their conjectures, for not only does the Fat Knight undertake to personate that Witch the Wise Woman of Brentford, but he expressly hints to us that he himself was a Wizard, and popularly known as "Jack with his *familiars*."

A proof of the antiquity of the practice of letting lodgings, or offices for merchants and lawyers, has been equally overlooked by the Annotators. It occurs, indeed, more than once, and in words that might serve for a bill in a modern window—namely, "*Chambers let off*."

NOTE ON "KING JOHN."

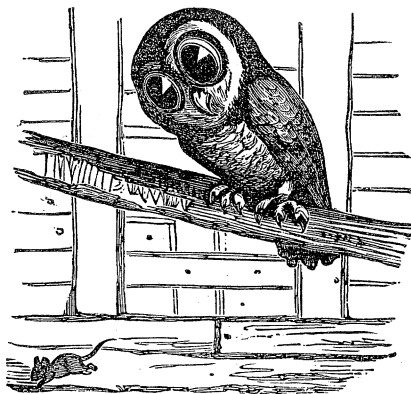
Prince Arthur.—Must you with hot irons burn out both my eyes?

Hubert.—Young boy, I must.

In the barbarous cruelty proposed to be practised on Prince Arthur there appears to be some coincidence with a theory brought forward of late years, in reference to the Hanoverian Heir-Apparent; namely that by the ancient laws of Germany the sovereignty could not be exercised by a person deprived of the sense of sight. Although "death" was indicated by the royal uncle in his conference with Hubert, it would seem as if John, shrinking from the guilt of actual murder, had subsequently con-

tented himself with ordering that the young "serpent on his path" should be rendered incapable of reigning by the loss of his eyes. It was a particular act, intended for an especial purpose, expressly commanded by warrant, and Hubert was "sworn to do it."

Supposing, therefore, that the intention was simply to blind the victim, to disable him from the throne, not to inflict unnecessary torture, or endanger life, it is humbly suggested to future painters and stage-managers, that the inhuman deed would not have been performed with great clumsy instruments like plumber's irons, but more probably with heated metal skewers or bodkins, as the eyes of singing birds have been destroyed by fanciers—though for a different reason—with red-hot knitting-needles.



'MY EYES! THERE'S A MOUSE!'

In Harmony.

“I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.”

CORIOLANUS.

A few days since while passing along the Strand, near Exeter Hall, my ear was suddenly startled by a burst of sound from the interior of that building:—a noise which, according to a by-stander, proceeded from the “calling out of the vocal Militia.”

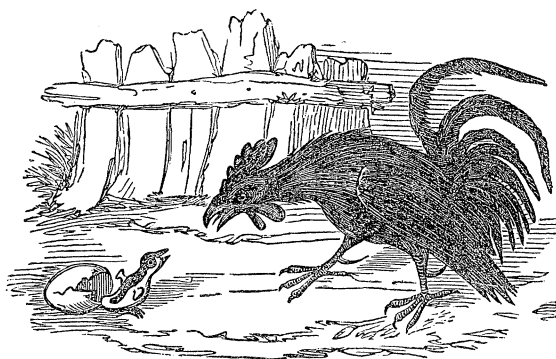


HULLAH-BALOO.

This explanation rather exciting than allaying my curiosity, induced me to make further inquiries into the matter; when it appeared that the Educational Committee had built a plan, on a German foundation, for the instruction of the middle and lower orders in Music, and that a Mr. Hullah was then engaged in drilling one of the classes in singing.

As an advocate for the innocent amusement of the lower classes, and the people in general, the news gave me no small pleasure; and even the distant chorus gratified my ear more than a critical organ ought to have been pleased by the imperfect blending of a number of unpractised voices of very various qualities, and as yet not quite so tuneable as the hounds of Theseus in giving tongue. Indeed, one or two voices seemed also to be "out of their time" in the very beginning of their apprenticeship. But to a patriotic mind, there was a moral sweetness in the music that fully atoned for any vocal irregularities, and would have reconciled me even to an orchestra of Dutch Nightingales. To explain this feeling, it must be remembered that no Administration but one which intended to be popular and paternal, would ever think of thus encouraging the exercise of the *Vox Populi*; and especially of teaching the million to lift up their voices *in concert*, for want of which, and through discordances amongst themselves, their political choruses have hitherto been so ineffective. It was evident therefore, that our Rulers seriously intended, not merely to imbue the people with musical knowledge, but also to give them good cause to sing,—and of course hoped to lend their own ministerial ears to songs and ballads very different from the satirical *chansons* that are chanted on the other side of the English Channel. In short, we are all to be as merry and as tuneful as Larks, and to enjoy a Political and Musical Millenium!

This idea so transported me, that like a grateful canary I incontinently burst into a full-throated song, and with such thrills and flourishes as recurred to me, commenced a Bravura, which in a few minutes might have attracted an audience more numerous than select, if my performance had not been checked in its very prelude by an occurrence peculiarly characteristic of a London street. It was, in fact, the abrupt putting to me of a question, which some pert cockney of the Poultry first addressed to the unfledged.



"DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE OUT?"

The Happiest Man in England.

A SKETCH ON THE ROAD.

“It is the Soul that sees ; the outward eyes
Present the object ; but the Mind descrys,
And thence delight, disgust, and cool indifference rise.”

CRABBE.

“A CHARMING morning, sir,” remarked my only fellow-passenger in the Comet, as soon as I had settled myself in the opposite corner of the coach.

As a matter of course and courtesy I assented ; though I had certainly seen better days. It did not rain ; but the weather was gloomy, and the air felt raw, as it well might with a pale dim sun overhead, that seemed to have lost all power of roasting.

“Quite an Italian Sky,” added the Stranger, looking up at a sort of French gray coverlet that would have given a Neapolitan fancy the ague.

However, I acquiesced again, but was obliged to protest against the letting down of both windows in order to admit what was called the “fresh invigorating breeze from the Surrey Hills.”

To atone for this objection, however, I agreed that the coach was the best, easiest, safest, and fastest in England, and the road the most picturesque out of London. Complaisance apart, we were passing between two vegetable screens, of a colour converted by dust to a really “invisible green,” and so high, that they excluded any prospect as effectually as if they had been

Venetian blinds. The stranger, nevertheless, watched the monotonous fence with evident satisfaction.

“No such hedges, sir, out of England.”

“I believe not, sir!”

“No, sir, quite a national feature. They are peculiar to the inclosures of our highly cultivated island. You may travel from Calais to Constantinople without the eye reposing on a similar spectacle.”

“So I have understood, sir.”

“Fact, sir: they are unique. And yonder is another rural picture unparalleled, I may say, in continental Europe—a meadow of rich pasture, enamelled with the indigenous daisy and a multiplicity of buttercups!”

The oddity of the phraseology made me look curiously at the speaker. A pastoral poet, thought I—but no—he was too plump and florid to belong to that famishing fraternity, and in his dress, as well as his person, had every appearance of a man well to do in the world. He was more probably a gentleman farmer, an admirer of fine grazing-land, and perhaps delighted in a well dressed paddock and genteel haystack of his own. But I did him injustice, or rather to his taste—which was far less exclusive—for the next scene to which he invited my attention, was of a totally different character—a vast, bleak, scurvy-looking common, too barren to afford even a picking to any living creatures, except a few crows. The view, however, elicited a note of admiration from my companion:

“What an extensive prospect! Genuine, uncultivated nature—and studded with rooks!”

The stranger had now furnished me with a clew to his character; which he afterwards more amusingly unravelled. He was

an Optimist ;—one of those blessed beings (for they are blessed) who think that whatever is, is beautiful as well as right :—practical philosophers who make the best of everything ; imaginative painters, who draw each object *en beau*, and deal plentifully in *couleur de rose*. And they are right. To be good—in spite of all the old story-books, and all their old morals,—is not to be happy. Still less does it result from Rank, Power, Learning, or Riches ; from the single state or a double one, or even from good health or a clean conscience. The source of felicity, as the poet truly declares, is in the Mind—for like my fellow-traveller, the man who has a mind to be happy will be so, on the plainest commons that nature can set before him—with or without the rooks.

The reader of Crabbe will remember how graphically he has described, in his “*Lover’s Journey*,” the different aspects of the same landscape to the same individual, under different moods—on his outward road, an Optimist, like my fellow-traveller, but on his return a malcontent like myself.

In the mean time, the coach stopped—and opposite to what many a person, if seated in one of its right-hand corners, would have considered a very bad look out,—a muddy square space, bounded on three sides by plain brick stabling and wooden barns, with a dwarf wall and a gate, for a foreground to the picture. In fact, a strawyard, but untenanted by any live stock, as if an Owenite plan amongst the brute creation, for living in a social parallelogram, had been abandoned. There seemed no peg here on which to hang any eulogium ; but the eye of the Optimist detected one in a moment :

“What a desirable pond for Ducks !”

He then shifted his position to the opposite window, and with equal celerity discovered “a capital Pump ! with oceans of excel-

lent Spring Water, and a commodious handle within reach of the smallest Child!"

I wondered to myself how he would have described the foreign Fountains, where the sparkling fluid gushes from groupes of Sculpture into marble basins, and without the trouble of pumping at all, ministers to the thirst and cleanliness of half a city. And yet I had seen some of our Travellers pass such a superb water-work with scarcely a glance, and certainly without a syllable of notice! It is such Headless Tourists, by the way, who throng to the German Baths and consider themselves Bubbled because, without any mind's eye at all, they do not see all the pleasant things which were so graphically described by the Old Man of the Brunens. For my own part, I could not help thinking that I must have lost some pleasure in my own progress through life by being difficult to please.

For example, even during the present journey whilst I had been inwardly grumbling at the weather, and yawning at the road, my fellow-traveller had been revelling in Italian skies, salubrious breezes, verdant enclosures, pastoral pictures, sympathizing with wet habits and dry, and enjoying desirable duck-ponds, and parochial Pumps!

What a contrast, methought, between the cheerful contented spirit of my present companion, and the dissatisfied temper and tone of Sir W. W., with whom I once had the uncomfortable honour of travelling *tête-à-tête* from Leipzig to Berlin. The road, it is true, was none of the most interesting, but even the tame and flat scenery of the Lincolnshire Fens may be rendered still more wearisome by sulkily throwing yourself back in your carriage and talking of Switzerland! But Sir W. W. was far too nice to be wise—too fastidious to be happy—too critical to be contented.

Whereas my present coach-fellow was not afraid to admire a commonplace inn—I forget its exact locality—but he described it as “superior to any oriental Caravansery—and with a Sign that, in the Infancy of The Art, might have passed for a *Chef d’œuvre*.”

Happy Man! How he must have enjoyed the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy, whereas to judge by our periodical critics on such Works of Modern Art, there are scarcely a score out of the thousand annual Pictures that ought to give pleasure to a Connoisseur. Nay, even the Louvre has failed to satisfy some of its visitants, on the same principle that a matchless collection of Titians has been condemned for the want of a good Teniers.

But my fellow traveller was none of that breed: he had nothing in common with a certain Lady, who with half London, or at least its Londoners, had inspected Wanstead House, prior to its demolition, and on being asked for her opinion of that princely mansion, replied that it was “short of cupboards.”

In fact he soon had an opportunity of pronouncing on a Country Seat—far, very, very far inferior to the House just mentioned, and declared it to be one which “Adam himself would have chosen for a family Residence, if Domestic Architecture had flourished in the primeval Ages.”

Happy man, again! for with what joy, and comfort, and cheerfulness, for his co-tenants, would he have inhabited the enviable dwelling; and yet, to my private knowledge, the Proprietor was one of the most miserable of his species, simply because he chose to go through life like a pug-dog—with his nose turned up at every thing in the world. And truly, flesh is grass, and beauty is dust, and gold is dross, nay, life itself but a vapour; but instead of dwelling on such disparagements, it is far wiser and happier, like the florid gentleman in one corner of the Comet, to remem-

ber that one is not a Sworn Appraiser, nor bound by oath like an Ale-Conner to think small beer of small beer.

From these reflections I was suddenly roused by the Optimist, who earnestly begged me to look out of the Window at a prospect which, though pleasing, was far from a fine one, for either variety or extent.

“There, sir,—there’s a Panorama! A perfect circle of enchantment! realising the Arabia Felix of Fairy Land in the County of Kent!”

“Very pretty, indeed.”

“It’s a gem, sir, even in our Land of Oaks—and may challenge a comparison with the most luxuriant Specimens of what the great Gilpin calls Forest Scenery!”

“I think it may.”

“By the bye, did you ever see Scrublands, sir, in Sussex?”

“Never, Sir.”

“Then, sir, you have yet to enjoy a romantic scene of the Sylvan Character, not to be paralleled within the limits of Geography! To describe it would require one to soar into the regions of Poetry, but I do not hesitate to say, that if the celebrated Robinson Crusoe were placed within sight of it, he would exclaim in a transport, ‘Juan Fernandez!’”

“I do not doubt, sir.”

“Perhaps, sir, you have been in Derbyshire?”

“No, sir.”

“Then, sir, you have another splendid treat *in futuro*—Braggins—a delicious amalgamation of Art and Nature,—a perfect Eden, sir,—and the very spot, if there be one on the Terrestrial Globe, for the famous Milton to have realised his own ‘Paradise Regained!’”

“And if the sea could,” I retorted, “it seems to me very doubtful whether it would care to enter on the premises.”

“Perhaps not as a matter of Marine taste,” said the Optimist. “Perhaps not, sir. And yet, in my pensive moments, I have fancied that a place like this with a sombre interest about it, would be a desirable sort of Wilderness, and more in unison with an *Il Penseroso* cast of feeling, than the laughing beauties of a Villa in the Regent’s Park, the Cynosure of Fashion and Gaity, enlivened by an infinity of equipages. But excuse me, sir, I perceive that I am wanted elsewhere,” and the florid gentleman went off at a trot towards a little man in black, who was beckoning to him from the door of the Swiss Villa.

“Yes,” was my reflection as he turned away from me, if he can find in such a swamp as this a Fancy Wilderness, a sort of Shenstonian Solitude for a sentimental fit to evaporate in, he must certainly be the Happiest Man in England.

As to his pensive moments, the mere idea of them sufficed to set my risible muscles in a quiver. But as if to prove how he would have comported himself in the Slough of Despond, during a subsequent ramble of exploration round the estate, he actually plumped up to his middle in a bog;—an accident which only drew from him the remark that the place afforded “a capital opportunity for a spirited proprietor to establish a Splendid Mud Bath, like the ones so much in vogue at the German Spaws!”

“If that gentleman takes a fancy to the place,” I remarked to the person who was showing me round the property, “he will be a determined bidder.”

“Him bid!” exclaimed the man, with an accent of the utmost astonishment—“Him bid!—why he’s the Auctioneer that’s to sell us! I thought you would have remarked that in his speech,

for he imitates in his talk the advertisements of the famous Mr. Robins. He's called the Old Gentleman."

"Old! why he appears to be in the prime of life."

"Yes, sir, but it's the other Old Gentleman—"

"What! the Devil!"

"Yes, sir,—because you see, he's always a *knocking down of somebody's little Paradise.*"



Worse and First.

Fain would I climbe
But that I fear to fall.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

It requires some degree of moral courage to make such a confession, for a horse-laugh will assuredly take place at my expense, but I never could sit on any thing with four legs, except a chair, a table, or a sofa. Possibly my birthplace was adverse, not being raised in Yorkshire, with its three Ridings—perhaps my education was in fault, for of course I was put to my feet like other children, but I do not remember being ever properly taken off them in the riding-school. It is not unlikely that my passion for sailing has been inimical to the accomplishment; there is a roll about a vessel so different from the pitch of a horse, that a person accustomed to a fore and aft sea-saw, or side lurch, is utterly disconcerted by a regular up-and-down motion—at any rate, seamen are notorious for riding at anchor better than at any thing else. Finally, the Turk's principle, Predestination, may be accountable for my inaptitude. One man is evidently born under what Milton calls a "mounted sign," whilst another comes into the world under the influence of Aries, predoomed to perform on no saddle but one of mutton. Thus we see one gentleman who can hardly keep his seat upon a pony, or a donkey; when another shall turn and wind a fiery Pegasus, or back a Bucephalus; to say nothing of those professional equestrians, who tumble *on* a horse instead of *off*. It has always seemed to me, therefore, that our Astleys and Ducrows, whether they realized fortunes

or not, deserved to do so, besides obtaining more honorary rewards. It would not, perhaps, have been out of character, if they had been made Knights of, or Cavaliers; especially considering that many Mayors, Aldermen, and Sheriffs have been so dubbed, whose pretensions never stood on more than two legs, and sometimes scarcely on one.

The truth is, I have always regarded horsemen with something of the veneration with which the savages beheld, for the first time, the Spanish chivalry—namely, as superior beings. With all respect then to our gallant Infantry, I have always looked on our Cavalry as a grade above them—indeed, the feat of Widdrington, who “fought upon his stumps,” and so far, on his own legs, has always appeared to me comparatively easy, whereas for a charge of cavalry,

Charge, Chester, charge,
Off, Stanley off,

has always seemed to me the most natural reading.

The chase of course excites my admiration and wonder, and like Lord Chesterfield I unfeignedly marvel—but for a different reason—that any gentleman ever goes to it a second time. A chapter of Nimrod’s invariably gives me a crick in the neck. I can well believe that “it is the pace that kills,” but why rational beings with that conviction should ride to be killed exceeds my comprehension. For my own part could such a pace ever come into fashion, it would be suicidal in me to attempt to hunt at a trot or even in a walk. Ride and tie, perhaps, if, as I suppose, it means one’s being tied on—but no, my evil genius would evade even that security.

Above all, but for certain visits to Epsom and Ascot I should have set down horse racing as a pleasant fiction. That Buckle, without being buckled on, should have reached the age he

attained to—or that Day should have had so long a day—are to my mind “remarkable instances of longevity” far more wonderful than any recorded in the newspapers. How a jockey can bestride, and what is more, start with one of those thorough-bred steeds, is to me a standing, or rather running, or rather flying miracle. Were I a Robinson or a Rogers, I should certainly think of the plate as a coffin-plate, and that the stakes were such as those that were formerly driven through self-murderers’ bodies.

It would appear, then, that a rider, like a poet, must be born and not made—that there are two races of men as differently fated as the silver-spooned and the wooden-ladled—some coming into the world, so to speak, at *Ryde*, others, like myself, at *Footscray*, and thus by necessity, equestrians or pedestrians. In fact, to corroborate this theory, there is the Championship, which being hereditary, is at least one instance of a gentleman being ordained to horseback from his birth. As to me, instead of retrograding through Westminster Hall on Cato, I must have backed out of the office.

It is probable, however, that beside the causes already enumerated, something of my inaptitude may be due to my profession. It has been remarked elsewhere as to riding, that “sedentary persons seldom have a good seat,” and literary men generally appear to have been on a par, as to Horsemanship, with the sailors. The Author of “Paul Pry,” in an extremely amusing paper,* has recorded his own quadrupedal mischances. Coleridge, for a similar or a still greater incapacity, was discharged from a dragoon regiment. Lamb avowedly never went “horse-pickaback” in his life. Byron, for all his ambition to be thought a bold cavalier, and in spite of his own hints on the subject, ap-

* A Cockney’s Rural Sports.

pears to have been but an indifferent performer—and Sir Walter Scott, as we read in his life, tumbled from his gallows, and Sir Humphrey Davy jumped over him. Even Shakspeare, as far as we have any account of his knowledge of horses, never got beyond holding them. Lord Chesterfield has described Doctor Johnson's appearance in the saddle; but the catalogue would be too tedious. Suffice it, if riding be the "poetry of motion," authors excel rather in its prose.

To affirm, however, that I never ventured on the quadruped in question would be beside the truth, having a dim notion of once getting astride a Shetland pony in my boyhood, but how or where it carried me, or how I sat, if I did sit on it for any distance, is in blank, having been picked up insensible within twenty yards of the door. I have a distinct recollection however of mounting a full-grown mahogany-coloured animal of the same genus, after coming to man's estate, which I may be pardoned for relating, as it was my only performance of the kind.

It was during my first unfortunate courtship, when I had the brief happiness of three weeks' visit at the residence of the lady's father in the county of Suffolk. I had made considerable progress, I flattered myself, in the affections of his "eldest daughter," when alas! a letter arrived from London, which summoned me on urgent business to the metropolis. There was no neat post-chaise to be procured in the neighbourhood, nor indeed any other vehicle on account of the election; and my host kindly pressed upon me the use of one of his saddle-horses to carry me to the next market-town where I should meet the mail. The urgency of the case induced me to accede to the proposal, and with feelings that all lovers will duly estimate, I took leave of my adored Honoria.

She evidently felt the parting—we might not meet again for

an age, or even two or three ages, *alias* weeks, and to be candid, I fully participated in her feelings of anxiety, and something more, considering the perilous nature of the expedition. But the Horse came, and the last adieus—no, not the last, for the animal having merely taken me an airing across a country of his own choosing, at last brought me back of his own head, for I was unable to direct it, safe to the house, or rather to the door of his own stable. At the time, despite some over-severe raillery, I rather enjoyed the untoward event; but on mature reflection, I have since found reason to believe that the change which afterwards took place in the young lady's sentiments towards me, was greatly attributable to my equestrian failure. The popular novel of "Rob Roy" made its appearance soon afterwards, and along with a certainly over-fervent admiration of its heroine, Di Vernon, a notable horsewoman, it is not improbable that Honoria imbibed something of an opposite feeling towards her humble servant who was only a Foot-Man.

Since then, I have contrived to get married, to a lady of a more pedestrian taste; an escape from celibacy that might have been more difficult had my bachelorship endured till a reign when the example of the Sovereign has made riding so fashionable an exercise with the fair sex. Indeed, I have invariably found that every female but one, whom I might have liked or loved, was a capital horsewoman. How oftier timid or inapt gentlemen are to procure matrimonial partners, is a problem that remains to be solved. They must seek companions, as W. says, in the humbler *walks* of life. Poor W.! He was deeply devotedly attached to a young lady of family and fortune, to whom he was not altogether indifferent, but he could not ride out with her on horseback, and the captain could, which determined her choice. The rejected

lover has had a twist in his brain and a warp in his temper ever since : but his bitterness, instead of falling on the sex as usual, has settled on the whole equine race. He hates them all, from the steed of sixteen hands high down to the Shetland pony, and insists, against Mr. Thomas, and his Brutally-Humane-Society,



that horses are never ill-used. There is a "bit of raw" in his own bosom that has made him regard their galled withers with indifference : a sore at his heart which has made him callous to their sufferings. They deserve all they get. The Dog is man's best friend, he says, and the horse his worst.

* * * * *

Since writing the above, word has been brought to me that poor W. is no more. He deceased suddenly, and the report says, of apoplexy ; but I know better. His death was caused, indeed, by a *full habit*—but it was a *blue one*.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES,

In Prose and Verse.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

A NEW EDITION.

NEW YORK:
KIGGINS AND KELLOGG.
1854.

Dedication,

TO THE REVIEWERS.



WHAT is a modern Poet's fate?
To write his thoughts upon a slate;—
The Critic spits on what is done,—
Gives it a wipe,—and all is gone.

P R E F A C E.

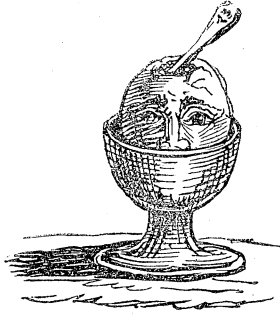
WHEN I last made my best bow in this book, I imagined that the public, to use a nautical phrase, had "parted from their best bower;" but it was an agreeable mistake. The First and Second Series being now, like Colman's "Two Single Gentlemen rolled into one," a request is made to me, to furnish the two-act piece with a new prologue. Possibly, as I have declared the near relationship of this work to the COMIC ANNUAL, the Publisher wishes, by this unusual number of Prefaces, to connect it also with the Odes and *Addresses*. At all events, I accede to his humour, in spite of a reasonable fear that, at this rate, my Sayings will soon exceed my Doings.

To tell the truth, an Author does not much disrelish the call for these "more last words;" and I confess at once that I affix this preliminary postscript with some pride and pleasure. A modern book, like a modern race-horse, is apt to be reckoned aged at six years old; and an Olympiad and a half have nearly elapsed since the birth of my first editions. It is pleasant, therefore, to find that what was done in black and white has not become quite gray in the interval;—to say nothing of the comfort, at such an advanced age, of still finding friends in public, as well as in private, to put up with one's Whims and Oddities.

Seriously, I feel very grateful for the kindness which has exhausted three impressions of this work, and now invites another. Come what may, this little book will now leave four imprints behind it,—and a horse could do no more.

T. HOOD.

WINCHEMORE HILL,
January, 1832.



IN presenting his Whims and Oddities to the Public, the Author desires to say a few words, which he hopes will not swell into a Memoir.

It happens to most persons, in occasional lively moments, to have their little chirping fancies and brain crotchets, that skip out of the ordinary meadow-land of the mind. The Author has caught *his*, and clapped them up in paper and print, like grasshoppers in a cage. The judicious reader will look upon the trifling creatures accordingly, and not expect from them the flights of poetical winged horses.

At a future time, the Press may be troubled with some things of a more serious tone and purpose,—which the Author has resolved upon publishing, in despite of the advice of certain critical friends. His forte, they are pleased to say, is decidedly humorous; but a gentleman cannot always be breathing his comic vein.

It will be seen, from the illustrations of the present work, that the Inventor is no artist;—in fact, he was never “meant to draw”—any more than the tape-tied curtains mentioned by Mr. Pope. Those who look at his designs, with Ovid’s Love of Art, will therefore be disappointed;—his sketches are as rude and artless to other sketches, as Ingram’s rustic manufacture to the polished chair. The designer is quite aware of their defects; but when Raphael has bestowed seven odd legs upon four Apostles, and Fuseli has stuck in a great goggle head without an owner,—

when Michael Angelo has set on a foot the wrong way, and Hogarth has painted in defiance of all the laws of nature and perspective, he does hope that his own little enormities may be forgiven—that his sketches may look interesting, like Lord Byron's Sleeper,—“with all their errors.”

Such as they are, the Author resigns his pen-and-ink fancies to the public eye. He has more designs in the wood; and if the present sample should be relished, he will cut more, and come again, according to the proverb, with a New Series.

1*

ADDRESS

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE first edition of *Whims and Oddities* being exhausted, I am called forward by an importunate publisher to make my best bow, and a new address, to a discerning and indulgent public. Unaffectedly flattered by those who have bought this little work, and still more bound to those who have bound it, I adopt the usual attitude of a Thanksgiver, but with more than usual sincerity. Though my head is in Cornhill, my hand is not on my Cheapside, in making these professions. There is a lasting impression on my heart, though there is none on the shelves of the publisher.

To the Reviewers in general, my gratitude is eminently due, for their very impartial friendliness. It would have sufficed to reconcile me to a far greater portion than I have met with of critical viper-tuperation. The candid journalists, who have condescended to point out my little errors, deserve my particular thanks. It is comely to submit to the hand of taste and the arm of discrimination; and with the head of deference I shall endeavour to amend (with one exception) in a New Series.

I am informed that certain monthly, weekly, and very many every-day critics have taken great offence at my puns:—and I can conceive how some Gentlemen with one idea must be perplexed by a double meaning. To my own notion, a pun is an accommodating word, like a farmer's horse,—with a pillion for an extra sense to ride behind;—it will carry single, however, if required. The Dennises are merely a sect, and I had no design to please, exclusively, those verbal Unitarians.

Having made this brief explanation and acknowledgment, I beg leave, like the ghost of the royal Dane, to say “Farewell at once,” and commend my remembrance and my book together, to the kindness of the courteous reader.

ADDRESS

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

IT is not usual to have more than one grace before meat—one prologue before a play—one address before a work,—Cerberus and myself are perhaps the only persons who have had three prefaces. I thought, indeed, that I had said my last in the last impression; but a new Edition being called for, I came forward for a new exit, after the fashion of Mr. Romeo Coates—a Gentleman, notorious, like Autumn, for taking a great many leaves at his departure.

As a literary parent, I am highly gratified to find that the elder volume of Whims and Oddities does not get snubbed, as happens with a first child at the birth of a second; but that the Old and New Series obtain fresh favour and friends for each other, and are likely to walk hand in hand, like smiling brothers, towards posterity.

Whether a third volume will transpire, is a secret still “warranted undrawn” even to myself;—there is, I am aware, a kind of nonsense indispensable,—or sine qua non-sense,—that always comes in welcome to relieve the serious discussions of graver authors, and I flatter myself that my performances may be of this nature; but having parted with so many of my vagaries, I am doubtful whether the next November may not find me sobered down into a political economist.

CONTENTS.

| | Page | | Page |
|---|------|--|------|
| December and May - - - | 13 | A Legend of Navarre - - - | 105 |
| Moral Reflections on the Cross of St. Paul's - - - - - | 14 | The Progress of Art - - - - - | 113 |
| The Prayse of Ignorance - - - | 16 | A School for Adults - - - - - | 117 |
| A Valentine - - - - - | 19 | The Demon-ship - - - - - | 123 |
| A Recipe—for Civilization - - - | 21 | Sally Holt, and the Death of John Hayloft - - - - - | 127 |
| Love - - - - - | 27 | A True Story - - - - - | 132 |
| “Please to ring the Belle” - - - | 28 | The Decline of Mrs. Shakerly - - - | 139 |
| My Son, Sir - - - - - | 29 | The Monkey-Martyr - - - - - | 142 |
| On the Popular Cupid - - - - - | 30 | Banditti - - - - - | 147 |
| The Spoiled Child - - - - - | 32 | Craniology - - - - - | 150 |
| “Sally Brown, and Ben the Carpen- ter” - - - - - | 36 | An Affair of Honour - - - - - | 154 |
| A Complaint against Greatness - - - | 39 | “Nothing but Hearts!” - - - - - | 156 |
| The Mermaid of Margate - - - - - | 43 | A Parthian Glance - - - - - | 160 |
| A Fairy Tale - - - - - | 47 | The Wee Man - - - - - | 163 |
| Fancies on a Tea-cup - - - - - | 51 | A Sailor's Apology for Bow-legs - - - | 165 |
| Equestrian Courtship - - - - - | 54 | Pythagorean Fancies - - - - - | 168 |
| “She is far from the Land” - - - - - | 55 | “Don't you smell Fire?” - - - - - | 173 |
| The Stag-eyed Lady - - - - - | 60 | An Absentee - - - - - | 175 |
| Walton Redivivus - - - - - | 65 | A Marriage Procession - - - - - | 179 |
| A New Life-preserver - - - - - | 71 | The Widow - - - - - | 183 |
| “Love Me, love my Dog” - - - - - | 74 | A Mad Dog - - - - - | 187 |
| A Dream - - - - - | 79 | A May-day - - - - - | 191 |
| The Sea-spell - - - - - | 88 | Ode to the Cameleopard - - - - - | 198 |
| Faithless Nelly Gray - - - - - | 94 | Ode to Dr. Hahnemann - - - - - | 201 |
| Fancy Portraits - - - - - | 97 | The Fresh Horse - - - - - | 206 |
| The Morning Call - - - - - | 102 | An Intercepted Despatch - - - - - | 212 |

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

December and May.

“Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together.”

SHAKSPEARE.

I.

SAID Nestor, to his pretty wife, quite sorrowful one day,
“Why, dearest, will you shed in pearls those lovely eyes away?
You ought to be more fortified;”—“Ah, brute, be quiet, do,
I know I’m not so fortyfied, nor fiftyfied, as you!”

II.

“Oh, men are vile deceivers all, as I have ever heard,
You’d die for me, you swore, and I—I took you at your word.
I was a tradesman’s widow then—a pretty change I’ve made;
To live, and die the wife of one, a widower by trade!”

III.

“Come, come, my dear, these flighty airs declare, in sober truth,
You want as much in age, indeed, as I can want in youth;
Besides, you said you liked old men, though now at me you huff.”
“Why, yes,” she said, “and so I do—but you’re not old enough!”

IV.

“Come, come, my dear, let’s make it up, and have a quiet hive;
I’ll be the best of men,—I mean—I’ll be the best *alive*!
Your grieving so will kill me, for it cuts me to the core.”—
“I thank ye, Sir, for telling me—for now I’ll grieve the more!”

Moral Reflections on the Cross of St. Paul's.

THE man that pays his pence, and goes
 Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,
 Looks over London's naked nose,
 Women and men :
 The world is all beneath his ken,
 He sits above the *Ball*.
 He seems on Mount Olympus' top,
 Among the Gods, by Jupiter! and lets drop
 His eyes from the empyreal clouds
 On mortal crowds.
 Seen from these skies,
 How small those emmets in our eyes!
 Some carry little sticks—and one
 His eggs—to warm them in the sun :
 Dear! what a hustle,
 And bustle!
 And there's my aunt. I know her by her waist,
 So long and thin,
 And so pinch'd in,
 Just in the pismire taste.
 Oh! what are men?—Beings so small,
 That, should I fall
 Upon their little heads, I must
 Crush them by hundreds into dust!
 And what is life? and all its ages—
 There's seven stages!
 Turnham Green! Chelsea! Putney! Fulham!
 Brentford! and Kew!
 And Tooting, too!
 And oh! what very little nags to pull 'em.

Yet each would seem a horse indeed,
 If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em ;
 Although, like Cinderella's breed,
 They're mice at bottom.
 Then let me not despise a horse,
 Though he looks small from Paul's high-cross !
 Since he would be,—as near the sky,
 —Fourteen hands high.
 What is this world with London in its lap ?
 Mogg's Map.
 The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its broad channel ?
 A *tidy* kennel.
 The bridges stretching from its banks ?
 Stone planks.
 Oh me ! hence could I read an admonition
 To mad Ambition !
 But that he would not listen to my call,
 Though I should stand upon the cross, and *ball* !



VERY DEAF, INDEED.

The Praise of Ignorance.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE MOST GRAVE AND
LEARNED FACULTY OF PADUA, BY THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

NOW your Clowne knoweth none of the Booke-man's troubles, and his dayes be the longer: for he doth not vault upon the fierie Pegasus, but jumpes merrilye upon old Ball, who is a cart-horse, and singeth another man's song, which hath, it may be, thirty and six verses, and a burden withal, and goes to a tune which no man knows but himself. Alsoe, he woos the ruddye Cicely, which is not a Muse, but as comely a maide of fleshe as needes be, and many daintye ballades are made of their loves, as may be read in our Poets, their Pastoralls; only that therein he is called Damon, which standes for Roger, and Cicely belike is cyleped Sylvia, as belongs to their pastorall abodes. Where they lead soe happye life as to stir up envye in the towne's women, who would faine become Shepherdesses, by hook and by crook, and get green gownes, and lay down upon the sweet verdant grass. Oh, how pleasauntly they sit all the daye long under a shady tree, to hear the young lambes; but at night they listen to the plaintive Philomell, and the gallaunts doe make them chappelets: or, if it chance to be May, they goe a Mayinge, whilst the yonge buds smell sweetlye, ar l the littel birdesare whistlynge and hopynge all about.

Then Roger and Cicely sit adowne under the white hawthorne, and he makes love to her in a shepherdlike waye, in the midst of her flocke. She doth not minde sheepes'eyes. Even like Cupid and Psyche, as they are set forthe by a

cunning Flemishe Limner, as hath been my hap to behold in the Low Countrey, wherein Cupid, with his one hand, is a toyinge with the haire of his head; but with the other he handleth the fair neck of his mistresse, who sitteth discreetlye upon a flowerie bank, and lookes down as beseemes upon her shoon; for she is vain of her modestye. This I have seen at the Hague.

And Roger sayth, O Cicely, Cicely, how prettye you be; whereat she doth open her mouth, and smiles loudly; which, when he heares, he sayth again, Nay, but I doe love thee passing well, and with that lays a loud buss upon her cheek, which cannot blushe by reason of its perfect ruddynesse. Anon, he spreadeth in her lap the pink ribbands which he bought at the wake, for her busking, and alsoe a great cake of ginger brede, which causeth her heart to be in her mouthe. Then, quoth he, The little Robins have got their mates, and the pretty Finches be all paired, and why sholde not we? And, quoth she, as he kisseth her, O Robin, Robin, you be such a sweet billed bird, that I must needes crye "Aye." Wherefore, on the Sundaye, they go to the Parishe Church, that they may be joynd into one, and be no more single. Whither they walk tenderlye upon their toes, as if they stepped all the waye upon egges. And Roger hath a brave bowpot at his bosom, which is full of Heart's Ease; but Cicely is decked with ribbands, a knot here and a knot there, and her head is furnished after a daintye fashion, soe that she wishes, belike, that she was Roger to see herselfe all round about, and content her eyes upon her own devices. Whereas, Roger smells to his nosegaye; but his looks travel as the crabbe goeth, which is side-wayes, towards Cicely; and he smiles sweetlye, to think how that he is going to be made a husband-man, and alsoe of the good cheere which there will be to eat that daye. Soe he walks up to the altar with a

stoute harte ; and when the parson hath made an ende, he kisseth Cicely afreshe, and their markes are registered as man and wife in the church bokes.

After which, some threescore yeares, it may befall you to light on a grave-stone, and, on the wood thereof, to read as followeth :—

“ Here I bee Roger Rackstrawe, which did live at Dipmore Ende, of this parishe—but now in this tomb.

“ Time was that I did sowe and plough,
That lyes beneath the furrowes now ;
But though Death sowes me with his graine,
I knowe that I shall spring againe.”

Now, is not this a life to be envyde which needeth so many men's paynes to paint its pleasures ? For, saving the Law clerkes, it is set forth by all that write upon sheepe's skins, even the makers of pastoralls : wherein your Clown is constantly a figure of Poetry—being allwayes amongst the leaves. He is their Jack-i'-the-Green.—Wherefore I crye, for my owne part, O ! that I were a Boore ! Oh ! that I were a Boore ! that troubleth no man, and is troubled of none. Who is written, wherein he cannot reade, and is mayde into Poetry, that yet is no Poet ; for how sholde he make songs that knoweth not King Cadmus, his alphabet to prickle them down withal ?

Seeing that he is nowayes learnede, nor hath never bitten of the Apple of Knowledge—which was but a sowre crabbe apple, whereby Adam his wisdom-teeth were set on edge. Wherefore, he is much more a happye man, saying unto his lusty yonge Dame, We twaine be one fleshe.—But the Poet sayth to his mate, Thou art skin of my skin, and bone of my bone ; soe that this saying is not a paradoxe,—That the Boke Man is a Dunce in being Wise,—and the Clowne is Wise, in being a Dunce.



MISS TREE.

A Valentine.

OH! cruel heart! ere these posthumous papers
 Have met thine eyes, I shall be out of breath;
 Those cruel eyes, like two funereal tapers,
 Have only lighted me the way to death.
 Perchance, thou wilt extinguish them in vapours,
 When I am gone, and green grass covereth
 Thy lover, lost; but it will be in vain—
 It will not bring the vital spark again.

Ah! when those eyes, like tapers, burn'd so blue,
 It seem'd an omen that we must expect
 The sprites of lovers: and it boded true,
 For I am half a sprite—a ghost elect;

Wherefore I write to thee this last adieu,
 With my last pen—before that I effect
 My exit from the stage; just stopp'd before
 The tombstone steps that lead us to death's door.

Full soon these living eyes, now liquid bright,
 Will turn dead dull, and wear no radiance, save
 They shed a dreary and inhuman light,
 Illum'd within by glow-worms of the grave;
 These ruddy cheeks, so pleasant to the sight,
 These lusty legs, and all the limbs I have,
 Will keep Death's carnival, and, foul or fresh,
 Must bid farewell, a long farewell to flesh!

Yea, and this very heart, that dies for thee,
 As broken victuals to the worms will go;
 And all the world will dine again but me—
 For I shall have no stomach;—and I know,
 When I am ghostly, thou wilt sprightly be
 As now thou art: but will not tears of woe
 Water thy spirits, with remorse adjunct,
 When thou dost pause, and think of the defunct?

And when thy soul is buried in a sleep,
 In midnight solitude, and little dreaming
 Of such a spectre—what, if I should creep,
 Within thy presence in such dismal seeming?
 Thine eyes will stare themselves awake, and weep,
 And thou wilt cross thyself with treble screaming
 And pray with mingled penitence and dread
 That I were less alive—or not so dead.

Then will thy heart confess thee, and reprove
 This wilful homicide which thou hast done:
 And the sad epitaph of so much love
 Will eat into my heart, as if in stone:

And all the lovers that around thee move,
 Will read my fate, and tremble for their own ;
 And strike upon their heartless breasts, and sigh,
 “ Man, born of woman, must of woman die !”

Mine eyes grow dropsical—I can no more—
 And what is written thou may’st scorn to read,
 Shutting thy tearless eyes.—’Tis done—’tis o’er—
 My hand is destin’d for another deed.
 But one last word wrung from its aching core,
 And my lone heart in silentness will bleed ;
 Alas ! it ought to take a life to tell
 That one last word—that fare—fare—fare thee well !

A Recipe—for Civilization.

The following Poem—is from the pen of DOCTOR KITCHENER!—the most heterogeneous of authors, but at the same time—in the Sporting Latin of Mr. Egan—a real *Homo-genius*, or a Genius of a Man ! In the Poem, his CULINARY ENTHUSIASM, as usual—*boils over!* and makes it seem written, as he describes himself (see The Cook’s Oracle) —with the Spit in one hand!—and the Frying Pan in the other,—while in the style of the rhymes it is Hudibrastic,—as if in the ingredients of Versification, he had been assisted by his BUTLER !

As a Head Cook, Optician—Physician, Music Master—Domestic Economist and Death-bed Attorney!—I have celebrated The Author elsewhere with approbation ;—and cannot now place him upon the Table *as a Poet*, —without still being his LAUDER, a phrase which those persons whose course of classical reading recalls the INFAMOUS FORGERY on the *Immortal Bard of Avon!*—will find easy to understand.

SURELY, those sages err who teach
 That man is known from brutes by speech,
 Which hardly severs man from woman,
 But not th’ inhuman from the human—

Or else might parrots claim affinity,
 And dogs be doctors by latinity,—
 Not t' insist, (as might be shown,)

That beasts have gibberish of their own,
 Which once was no dead tongue, tho' we
 Since Esop's days have lost the key ;
 Nor yet to hint dumb men,—and, still, not
 Beasts that could gossip though they will not,
 But play at dummy like the monkeys,
 For fear mankind should make them flunkies.

Neither can man be known by feature
 Or form, because so like a creature,
 That some grave men could never shape
 Which is the aped and which the ape,
 Nor by his gait, nor by his height,
 Nor yet because he's black or white,
 But *rational*,—for so we call
 The only COOKING ANIMAL !
 The only one who brings his bit
 Of dinner to the pot or spit,
 For where's the lion e'er was hasty,
 To put his ven'son in a pasty ?
 Ergo, by logic, we repute,
 That he who cooks is not a brute,—
 But *Equus brutum est*, which means,
 If a horse had sense he'd boil his beans,
 Nay, no one but a horse would forage
 On naked oats instead of porridge,
 Which proves, if brutes and Scotchmen vary,
 The difference is culinary.

Further, as man is known by feeding
 From brutes,—so men from men, in breeding
 Are still distinguished as they eat,
 And raw in manners, raw in meat,—
 Look at the polish'd nations, hight
 The civilized—the most polite

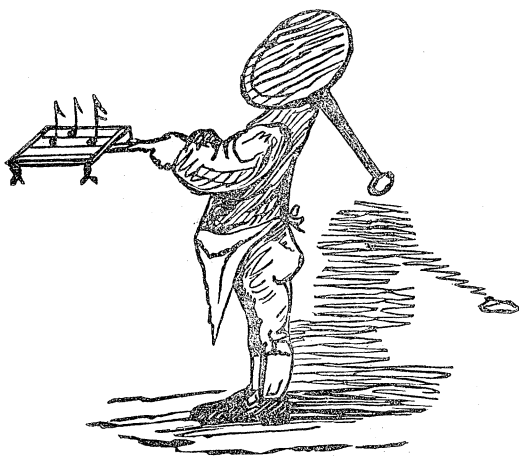
Is that which bears the praise of nations
 For dressing eggs two hundred fashions,
 Whereas, at savage feeders look,—
 The less refined the less they cook;
 From Tartar grooms that merely straddle
 Across a steak and warm their saddle,
 Down to the Abyssinian squaw,
 That bolts her chops and collops raw,
 And, like a wild beast, cares as little
 To dress her person as her victual,—
 For gowns, and gloves, and caps, and tippets,
 Are beauty's sauces, spice, and sippets,
 And not by shamble bodies put on,
 But those who roast and boil their mutton;
 So Eve and Adam wore no dresses
 Because they lived on water cresses,
 And till they learn'd to cook their crudities,
 Went blind as beetles to their nudities.
 For niceness comes from th' inner side,
 (As an ox is drest before his hide,)
 And when the entrail loathes vulgarity
 The outward man will soon cull rarity,
 For 'tis th' effect of what we eat
 To make a man look like his meat,
 As insects show their food's complexions;
 Thus fopling clothes are like confections.
 But who, to feed a jaunty coxcomb,
 Would have an Abyssinian ox come?
 Or serve a dish of fricassees.
 To clodpoles in a coat of frize?
 Whereas a black would call for buffalo
 Alive—and, no doubt, eat the offal too.
 Now, (this premised,) it follows then
 That certain culinary men
 Should first go forth with pans and spits
 To bring the heathens to their wits,

(For all wise Scotchmen of our century
 Know that first steps are alimentary ;
 And, as we have prov'd, flesh pots and saucepans
 Must pave the way for Wilberforce plans ;)
 But Bunyan err'd to think the near gate
 To take man's soul, was battering Ear gate,
 When reason should have work'd her course
 As men of war do—when their force
 Can't take a town by open courage,
 They steal an entry with its forage.
 What reverend bishop, for example,
 Could preach horn'd Apis from his temple ?
 Whereas a cook would soon unseat him,
 And make his own churchwardens eat him.
 Not Irving could convert those vermin
 Th' Anthropophages, by a sermon ;
 Whereas your Osborne,* in a trice,
 Would “take a shin of beef and spice,”—
 And raise them such a savoury smother,
 No negro would devour his brother,
 But turn his stomach round as loth
 As Persians, to the old black broth,—
 For knowledge oftenest makes an entry,
 As well as true love, thro' the pantry,
 Where beaux that came at first for feeding
 Grow gallant men and get good breeding ;—
 Exempli gratia—in the West,
 Ship-traders say there swims a nest
 Lin'd with black natives, like a rookery,
 But coarse as carrion crows at cookery.—
 This race, though now call'd O. Y. E. men,
 (To show they are more than A. B. C. men,)
 Was once so ignorant of our knacks
 They laid their mats upon their backs,

* Cook to the late Sir John Banks.

And grew their quartern loaves for luncheon
On trees that baked them in the sunshine.
As for their bodies, they were coated,
(For painted things are so denoted;)
But, the naked truth is stark primevals,
That said their prayers to timber devils,
Allow'd polygamy—dwelt in wig-wams—
And, when they meant a feast, ate big yams.—
And why?—because their savage nook
Had ne'er been visited by Cook,—
And so they fared till our great chief,
Brought them, not Methodists, but beef
In tubs,—and taught them how to live,
Knowing it was too soon to give,
Just then, a homily on their sins,
(For cooking ends ere grace begins,)
Or hand his tracts to the untractable
Till they could keep a more exact table—
For nature has her proper courses,
And wild men must be back'd like horses,
Which, jockeys know, are never fit
For riding till they've had a bit
I' the mouth; but then, with proper tackle,
You may trot them to a tabernacle,
Ergo (I say) he first made changes
In the heathen modes, by kitchen ranges,
And taught the king's cook, by convincing
Process, that chewing was not mincing,
And in her black fist thrust a bundle
Of tracts abridg'd from Glasse and Rundell,
Where, ere she had read beyond Welsh rabbits,
She saw the spareness of her habits,
And round her loins put on a striped
Towel, where fingers might be wiped,
And then her breast clothed like her ribs,
(For aprons lead of course to bibs,)

And, by the time she had got a meat-
Screen, veil'd her back, too, from the heat—
As for her gravies and her sauces,
(Tho' they reform'd the royal fauces,
Her forcemeats and ragouts,—I praise not,
Because the legend further says not,
Except, she kept each Christian high-day,
And once upon a fat good Fry-day
Ran short of logs, and told the Pagan,
That turn'd the spit, to chop up Dagon!—



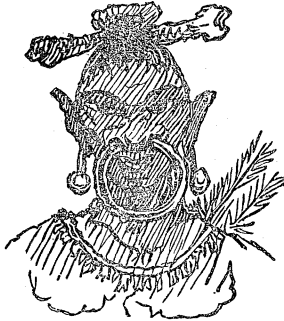
“THE COOK’S ORACLE.”

Love.

O LOVE! what art thou, Love? the ace of hearts,
 Trumping earth's kings and queens, and all its suits;
 A player, masquerading many parts
 In life's odd carnival;—a boy that shoots,
 From ladies' eyes, such mortal woundy darts;
 A gardener, pulling heart's-ease up by the roots;
 The Puck of Passion—partly false—part real—
 A marriageable maiden's "beau ideal."

O Love! what art thou, Love? a wicked thing,
 Making green misses spoil their work at school?
 A melancholy man, cross-gartering?
 Grave ripe-fac'd wisdom made an April fool?
 A youngster tilting at a wedding ring?
 A sinner, sitting on a cuttie stool?
 A Ferdinand de Something in a hovel?
 Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel?

O Love! what art thou, Love? one that is bad
 With palpitations of the heart—like mine—
 A poor bewilder'd maid, making so sad
 A necklace of her garters—fell design!
 A poet, gone unreasonably mad,
 Ending his sonnets with a hempen line?
 O Love!—but whither, now? forgive me, pray;
 I'm not the first that Love hath led astray.



"RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE."

"Please to ring the Belle."

I.

TILL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:—
 Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door:
 So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
 Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

II.

Now a hand-maid, whatever her fingers be at,
 Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat-tat*:
 So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
 Had questioned the stranger and answer'd the door.

III.

The meeting was bliss; but the parting was woe:
 For the moment will come when such comers must go;
 So she kiss'd him, and whisper'd—poor innocent thing—
 "The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."



My Son, Sir.

IT happened, the other evening, that, intending to call in L— Street, I arrived a few minutes before Hyson; when W.—, seated beside the Urn, his eyes shaded by his hand, was catechising his learned progeny, the Master Hopeful, as if for a tea-table degree. It was a whimsical contrast, between the fretful, pouting visage of the urchin, having his gums rubbed so painfully, to bring forward his wisdom-tooth, and the parental visage, sage, solemn, and satisfied, and appealing ever and anon, by a dramatic side look, to the circle of smirking auditors.

W.— was fond of this kind of display, eternally stirring up the child for exhibition with his troublesome long pole,— besides lecturing him through the diurnal vacations so tediously, that the poor urchin was fain,—for the sake of a little play,—to get into school again.

I hate all forcing-frames for the young intellect,—and the *Locke* system, which after all is but a *Canal* system for rais-

ing the babe-mind to unnatural levels. I pity the poor child, that is learned in alpha beta, but ignorant of top and taw—and was never so maliciously gratified, as when, in spite of all his promptings and leading questions, I beheld W——, reddening, even to the conscious tips of his tingling ears, at the boy's untimely inaptitude. Why could he not rest contented, when the poor imp had answered him already "What was a Roman Emperor?"—without requiring an interpretation of the *Logos*?



"TELL ME, MY HEART, CAN THIS BE LOVE."

On the Popular Cupid.

THE figure above was copied, by permission, from a lady's Valentine. To the common apprehension, it represents only a miracle of stall-feeding—a babe Lambert—a caravan-

prodigy of grossness; but, in the romantic mythology, it is the image of the Divinity of Love.

In sober verity, Does such an incubus oppress the female bosom? Can such a monster of obesity be coeval with the gossamer natures of Sylph and Fairy in the juvenile faith? Is this he—the buoyant Camdeo—that, in the mind's eye of the poetess, drifts adown the Ganges in a lotus?—

“Pillow'd in a lotus flow'r,
Gather'd in a summer hour,
Floats he o'er the mountain wave,
Which would be a tall ship's grave!”

Is this personage the disproportionate partner for whom Pastorella sigheth—in the smallest of cots? Does the platonic Amanda (who is all soul) refer, in her discourses on Love, to this palpable being, who is all body? Or does Belinda indeed believe that such a substantial Sagittarius lies ambush'd in her perilous blue eye?

It is in the legend, that a girl of Provence was smitten once, and died, by the marble Apollo: but did impassioned damsel ever dote, and wither, beside the pedestal of this preposterous effigy? or rather, is not the unseemly emblem accountable for the coyness and proverbial reluctance of maidens to the approaches of Love?

I can believe in his dwelling alone in the heart—seeing that he must occupy it to repletion: in his constancy—because he looks sedentary, and not apt to roam. That he is given to melt—from his great pingitude. That he burneth with a flame—for so all fat burneth; and hath languishings—like other bodies of his tonnage. That he sighs—from his size.

I dispute not his kneeling at ladies' feet—since it is the posture of elephants; nor his promise that the homage shall remain eternal. I doubt not of his dying—being of corpulent

habit, and a short neck. Of his blindness—with that inflated pig's cheek. But for his lodging in Belinda's blue eye, my whole faith is heretic—for *she hath never a sty in it.*



“SON OF THE SLEEPLESS!”

The Spoiled Child.

MY Aunt Shakerly was of enormous bulk. I have not done justice to her hugeness in my sketch, for my timid pencil declined to hazard a sweep at her real dimensions. There is a vastness in the outline, of even moderate proportions, till the mass is rounded off by shadows, that makes the hand hesitate, and apt to stint the figure of its proper breadth: how, then, should I have ventured to trace, like mapping in a Continent, the surpassing boundaries of my Aunt Shakerly!

What a visage was hers!—the cheeks, a pair of hemispheres; her neck literally swallowed up by a supplementary chin. Her arm, cased in a tight sleeve, was as the bolster,—her body, like the feather-bed of Ware. The waist, which in other trunks is an isthmus, was in hers only the middle zone of a continuous tract of flesh: her ankles overlapped her shoes.

With such a figure, it may be supposed that her habits were sedentary. When she did walk, the Tower Quay, for the sake of the fresh river-breeze, was her favourite resort. But never, in all her waterside promenades, was she hailed by the uplifted finger of the Waterman. With looks purposely averted, he declined tacitly such a Fairloopian Fair. The Hackney-coach driver, whilst she halted over against him, mustering up all her scanty puffings for an exclamation, drove off to the nether pavement, and pleaded a prior call. The chairman, in answer to her signals, had just broken his poles. Thus her goings were cramped within a narrow circle: many thoroughfares, besides, being strange to her and inaccessible—such as Thames Street—through the narrow pavements; others—like the Hill of Holborn—from their impracticable steepness. How she was finally to master a more serious ascension, (the sensible incumbrance of the flesh clinging to her even in her spiritual aspirations,) was a matter of her serious despondency,—a picture of Jacob's Ladder, by Sir F. Bourgeois, confirming her that the celestial staircase was without a landing.

For a person of her elephantine proportions, my Aunt was of a kindly nature,—for I confess a prejudice against such Giantesses. She was cheerful and eminently charitable to the poor,—although she did not condescend to a personal visitation of their very limited abodes. If she had a fault, it was in her conduct towards children—not spoiling them by

often repeated indulgences and untimely severities, the common practice of bad mothers: it was by a shorter course that the latent and hereditary virtues of the infant Shakerly were blasted in the bud.

Oh, my tender cousin!—(for thou wert yet unbaptized.) Oh! would thou hadst been—my little babe-cousin—of a savager mother born! For then, having thee comfortably swaddled upon a backboard with a hole in it, she would have hung thee up out of harm's way above the mantel-shelf, or behind the kitchen-door; whereas, thy parent was no savage, and so, having her hands full of other matters, she laid thee down, helpless, upon the parlour chair!

In the mean time, the "Herald" came. Next to an easy seat, my Aunt dearly loved a police newspaper: when she had once plunged into its columns, the most vital question obtained from her only a random answer—the world and the roasting-jack stood equally still. So, without a second thought, she dropped herself on the nursing-chair. One little smothered cry—my cousin's last breath—found its way into the upper air: but the still small voice of the reporter engrossed the maternal ear.

My Aunt never skimmed a newspaper, according to some people's practice. She was as solid a reader as a sitter, and did not get up, therefore, till she had gone through the "Herald" from end to end. When she did rise, which was suddenly, the earth quaked—the windows rattled—the ewers splashed over—the crockery fell from the shelf—and the cat and rats ran out together, as they are said to do from a falling house.

"Heyday!" said my uncle, above stairs, as he staggered from the concussion; and, with the usual curiosity, he referred to his pocket-book for the Royal Birthday. But the almanac not accounting for the explosion, he ran down the stairs at the

heels of the housemaid, and there lay my Aunt, stretched on the parlour floor, in a fit. At the very glimpse, he explained the matter to his own satisfaction in three words:

“ Ah—the apoplexy !”

Now the housemaid had done her part to secure him against this error by holding up the dead child ; but as she turned the body *edgeways*, he did not perceive it. When he did see it—But I must draw a curtain over the parental agony—

* * * * *

About an hour after the catastrophe, an inquisitive she-neighbour called in, and asked if we should not have the Coroner to sit on the body : but my uncle replied, “ There was no need.” “ But in cases, Mr. Shakerly, where the death is not natural.” “ My dear Madam,” interrupted my uncle, “ it was a natural death enough.”



THE SPOILED CHILD.



CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

THE BALLAD OF

"Sally Brown, and Ben the Carpenter."

I HAVE never been vainer of any verses than of my part in the following Ballad. Dr Watts, amongst evangelical nurses, has an enviable renown, and Campbell's Ballads enjoy a snug genteel popularity. "Sally Brown" has been favoured, perhaps, with as wide a patronage as the Moral Songs, though its circle may not have been of so select a class as the friends of "Hohenlinden." But I do not desire to see it amongst what are called Elegant Extracts. The lamented Emery, drest as Tom Tug, sang it at his last mortal benefit at Covent Garden; and, ever since, it has been a great favourite with the watermen of Thames, who time their oars to it, as the

wherry-men of Venice time theirs to the lines of Tasso. With the watermen, it went naturally to Vauxhall; and, overland, to Sadler's Wells. The Guards—not the mail coach, but the Life Guards—picked it out from a fluttering hundred of others, all going to one air, against the dead wall at Knightsbridge. Cheap Printers of Shoe Lane and Cow-cross (all pirates!) disputed about the copyright, and published their own editions; and in the mean time, the Authors, to have made bread of their song, (it was poor old Homer's hard ancient case!) must have sung it about the street. Such is the lot of Literature! the profits of "Sally Brown" were divided by the Balladmongers: it has cost, but has never brought me, a half-penny.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

An Old Ballad.

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,
 A carpenter by trade;
 And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
 That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
 They met a press-gang crew;
 And Sally she did faint away,
 Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
 Enough to shock a saint,
 That though she did seem in a fit,
 'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
 He'll be as good as me;
 For when your swain is in our boat,
 A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She rous'd, and found she only was
A-coming to herself.

“And is he gone, and is he gone?”
She cried, and wept outright:
“Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight.”

A waterman came up to her,
“Now, young woman,” said he,
“If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea.”

“Alas! they've taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow;”
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said Gee woe!

Says he, “They've only taken him
To the Tender ship, you see;”
“The Tender ship,” cried Sally Brown,
“What a hard-ship that must be!

“O! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But Oh!—I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

“Alas! I was not born beneath
The virgin and the scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales.”

Now Ben had sail'd to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furl'd.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

“O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so,
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow :”

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heav'd a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing “All's Well,”
But could not though he tried ;
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his birth,
At forty-odd befell :
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.



A Complaint against Greatness.

I AM an unfortunate creature, the most wretched of all that groan under the burden of the flesh. I am fainting, as they say of kings, under my oppressive greatness. A miserable Atlas, I sink under the world of—myself.

But the curious will here ask me for my name. I am then,

or they say I am, "The Reverend Mr. Farmer, a four year's old Durham Ox, fed by himself, upon oil-cake and mangel-wurzel:" but I resemble that worthy agricultural Vicar only in my fat living. In plain truth, I am an unhappy candidate for the show at Sadler's, not "the Wells," but the Repository. They tell me I am to bear the bell, (as if I had not enough to bear already!) by my surpassing tonnage—and, doubtless, the prize-emblem will be proportioned to my uneasy merits. With a great Tom of Lincoln about my neck—alas! what will it comfort me to have been "commended by the judges."

Wearisome and painful was my Pilgrim-like progress to this place, by short and tremulous steppings, like the digit's march upon a dial. My owner, jealous of my fat, procured a crippled drover, with a withered limb, for my conductor; but even *he* hurried me beyond my breath. The drawling hearse left me labouring behind; the ponderous fly-wagon passed me like a bird upon the road, so tediously slow is my pace. It just sufficeth, Oh ye thrice happy Oysters! that have no locomotive faculty at all, to distinguish that I am not at rest. Wherever the grass grew by the way-side, how it tempted my natural longings—the cool brook flowed at my very foot, but this short thick neck forbade me to eat or drink: nothing but my redundant dewlap is likely ever to graze on the ground!

If stalls and troughs were not extant, I must perish. Nature has given to the Elephant a long flexible tube, or trunk, so that he can feed his mouth, as it were, by his nose; but is man able to furnish me with such an implement? Or would he not still withhold it, lest I should prefer the green herb, my natural delicious diet, and reject his rank, unsavoury condiments? What beast, with free will, but would repair to the sweet meadow for its pasture; and yet how grossly is he

labelled and libelled? Your bovine servant—in the catalogue—is a “Durham Ox, *fed by himself*, (as if he had any election,) upon oil-cake.”

I wonder what rapacious Cook, with an eye to her insatiable grease-pot and kitchen perquisites, gave the hint of this system of stall-feeding! What unctuous Hull merchant or candle-loving Muscovite, made this grossness a desideratum? If mine were, indeed, like the fat of the tender sucking pig, that delicate gluten! there would be reason for its unbounded promotion; but to see the prize steak loaded with that rank yellow abomination, (the lamplighters know its relish,) might wean a man from carnivorous habits for ever. Verily, it is an abuse of the Christmas holly, the emblem of Old English and wholesome cheer, to plant it upon such blubber. A gentlemanly entrail must be driven to extreme straits, indeed, (Davis's Straits,) to feel any yearnings for such a meal; and yet I am told that an assembly of gentry, with all the celebrations of full bumpers and a blazing chimney-pot, have honoured the broiled slices of a prize bullock, a dishful of stringy fibres, an animal cabbage-net, and that rank even hath been satisfied with its rankness.

Will the honourable club, whose aim it is thus to make the beastly nature more beastly, consider of this matter? Will the humane, when they provide against the torments of cats and dogs, take no notice of our condition? Nature, to the whales, and creatures of their corpulence, has assigned the cool deeps; but we have no such refuge in our meltings. At least, let the stall-feeder confine his system to the uncleanly swine which chews not the cud; for let the worthy members conceive on the palate of imagination, the abominable returns of the refuse-linseed in our after ruminations. Oh! let us not suffer in vain! It may seem presumption in a brute to question the human wisdom; but, truly, I can perceive no

beneficial ends, worthy to be set off against our sufferings. There must be, methinks, a nearer way of augmenting the perquisites of the kitchen-wench and the fireman,—of killing frogs,—than by exciting them, at the expense of us poor blown-up Oxen, to a mortal inflation.



“O, THAT THIS TOO TOO SOLID FLESH WOULD MELT!”



“ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.”

The Mermaid of Margate.

“Alas ! what perils do environ
That man who meddles with a siren !”

HUDIBRAS

ON Margate beach, where the sick one roams,
And the sentimental reads ;
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes—
Like the ocean—to cast her weeds ;—

Where urchins wander to pick up shells,
And the Cit to spy at the ships,—
Like the water gala at Sadler’s Wells,—
And the Chandler for watery dips ;—

There's a maiden sits by the ocean brim,
As lovely and fair as sin!
But woe, deep water and woe to him,
That she snareth like Peter Fin!

Her head is crown'd with pretty sea-wares,
And her locks are golden and loose:
And seek to her feet, like other folks' heirs,
To stand, of course, in her shoes!

And, all day long, she combeth them well,
With a sea-shark's prickly jaw;
And her mouth is just like a rose-lipp'd shell,
The fairest that man e'er saw!

And the Fishmonger, humble as love may be,
Hath planted his seat by her side;
"Good even, fair maid! Is thy lover at sea,
To make thee so watch the tide?"

She turn'd about with her pearly brows,
And clasp'd him by the hand;
"Come, love, with me; I've a bonny house
On the golden Goodwin Sand."

And then she gave him a siren kiss,
No honeycomb e'er was sweeter:
Poor wretch! how little he dreamt for this
That Peter should be salt-Peter:

And away with her prize to the wave she leapt,
Not walking, as damsels do,
With toe and heel, as she ought to have stept,
But she hopt like a Kangaroo;

One plunge, and then the victim was blind,
Whilst they galloped across the tide;
At last, on the bank he waked in his mind,
And the beauty was by his side.

One half on the sand, and half in the sea,
 But his hair all began to stiffen ;
 For when he look'd where her feet should be,
 She had no more feet than Miss Biffen !

But a scaly tail, of a dolphin's growth,
 In the dabbling brine did soak :
 At last she open'd her pearly mouth,
 Like an oyster, and thus she spoke :

“ You crimpt my father, who was a skate ;—
 And my sister you sold—a maid ;
 So here remain for a fish'ry fate,
 For lost you are, and betray'd !”

And away she went, with a sea-gull's scream,
 And a splash of her saucy tail ;
 In a moment he lost the silvery gleam
 That shone on her splendid mail !

The sun went down with a blood-red flame,
 And the sky grew cloudy and black,
 And the tumbling billows like leap-frog came,
 Each over the other's back !

Ah, me ! it had been a beautiful scene,
 With the safe terra-firma round ;
 But the green water hillocks all seem'd to him,
 Like those in a churchyard ground ;

And Christians love in the turf to lie,
 Not in watery graves to be ;
 Nay, the very fishes will sooner die
 On the land than in the sea.

And whilst he stood, the watery strife
 Eroached on every hand,
 And the ground decreas'd—his moments of life
 Seem'd measur'd, like Time's, by sand ;

And still the waters foam'd in, like ale,
In front, and on either flank,
He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail,
There was such a run on the bank.

A little more, and a little more,
The surges came tumbling in ;
He sang the evening hymn twice o'er,
And thought of every sin !

Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his heart,
As cold as his marble slab ;
And he thought he felt in every part,
The pincers of scalded crab.

The squealing lobsters that he had boil'd,
And the little potted shrimps,
All the horny prawns he had ever spoil'd,
Gnawed into his soul, like imps !

And the billows were wandering to and fro,
And the glorious sun was sunk,
And Day, getting black in the face, as though
Of the nightshade she had drunk !

Had there been but a smuggler's cargo adrift,
One tub, or keg, to be seen ;
It might have given his spirits a lift
Or an *anker* where *Hope* might lean !

But there was not a box or a beam afloat.
To raft him from that sad place ;
Not a skiff, nor a yawl, or a mackerel boat,
Nor a smack upon Neptune's face.

At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,
He saw a sail and a mast,
And called " Ahoy !"—but it was not a hoy,
And so the vessel went past.

And with saucy wing that flapp'd in his face,
 The wild bird about him flew,
 With a shrilly scream, that twitted his case,
 "Why, thou art a sea-gull too!"

And lo! the tide was over his feet;
 O! his heart began to freeze,
 And slowly to pulse:—in another beat
 The wave was up to his knees!

He was deafen'd amidst the mountain tops,
 And the salt spray blinded his eyes,
 And wash'd away the other salt drops
 That grief had caused to arise:—

But just as his body was all afloat,
 And the surges above him broke,
 He was saved from the hungry deep by a boat,
 Of Deal—(but builded of oak).

The skipper gave him a dram, as he lay,
 And chafed his shivering skin;
 And the Angel return'd that was flying away
 With the spirit of Peter Fin!



A Fairy Tale.

ON Hounslow Heath—and close beside the road,
 As western travellers may oft have seen—
 A little house some years ago there stood,
 A minikin abode;
 And built like Mr. Birkbeck's, all of wood:
 The walls of white, the window shutters green;—
 Four wheels it had at North, South, East, and West,
 (Tho' now at rest,)

On which it used to wander to and fro,
 Because its master ne'er maintain'd a rider,
 Like those who trade in Paternoster Row;
 But made his business travel for itself,
 Till he had made his pelf,
 And then retired—if one may call it so,
 Of a roadsider.

Perchance, the very race and constant riot
 Of stages, long and short, which thereby ran,
 Made him more relish the repose and quiet
 Of his now sedentary caravan;
 Perchance, he lov'd the ground because 'twas common,
 And so he might impale a strip of soil,
 That furnish'd, by his toil,
 Some dusty greens, for him and his old woman;—
 And five tall hollyhocks, in dingy flower,
 Howbeit, the thoroughfare did no ways spoil
 His peace, unless, in some unlucky hour,
 A stray horse came and gobbled up his bow'r.

But tir'd of always looking at the coaches,
 The same to come,—when they had seen them one day!
 And, used to brisker life, both man and wife
 Began to suffer N U E's approaches,
 And feel retirement like a long wet Sunday,—
 So, having had some quarters of school breeding,
 They turn'd themselves, like other folks, to reading;
 But setting out where others nigh have done,
 And being ripen'd in the seventh stage,
 The childhood of old age,
 Began, as other children have begun,—
 Not with the pastorals of Mr. Pope,
 Or Bard of Hope,
 Or Paley ethical, or learned Porson,—
 But spelt, on Sabbaths, in St. Mark, or John,
 And then relaxed themselves with Whittington,

Or Valentine and Orson—
 But chiefly fairy tales they loved to con,
 And being easily melted in their dotage,
 Slobber'd,—and kept
 Reading,—and wept
 Over the White Cat, in their wooden cottage.

Thus reading on—the longer
 They read, of course, their childish faith grew stronger
 In Gnomes, and Hags, and Elves, and Giants grim,—
 If talking Trees and Birds reveal'd to him,
 She saw the flight of Fairyland's fly-wagons,
 And magic fishes swim
 In puddle ponds, and took old crows for dragons,—
 Both were quite drunk from the enchanted flagons;
 When as it fell upon a summer's day,
 As the old man sat a-feeding
 On the old babe-reading,
 Beside his open street-and-parlour door,
 A hideous roar
 Proclaim'd a drove of beasts was coming by the way

Long-horned, and short, of many a different breed,
 Tall, tawny brutes, from famous Lincoln-levels
 Or Durham feed;
 With some of those unquiet black dwarf devils
 From nether side of Tweed,
 Or Firth of Forth;
 Looking half wild with joy to leave the North,
 With dusty hides, all mobbing on together,—
 When,—whether from a fly's malicious comment
 Upon his tender flank, from which he shrank;
 Or whether
 Only in some enthusiastic moment,—
 However, one brown monster, in a frisk,
 Giving his tail a perpendicular whisk,
 Kick'd out a passage thro' the beastly rabble;

And after a pas seul,—or, if you will, a
 Horn-pipe before the Basket-maker's villa,
 Leapt o'er the tiny pale,—
 Back'd his beef-steaks against the wooden gable,
 And thrust his brawny bell-rope of a tail
 Right o'er the page,
 Wherein the sage
 Just then was spelling some romantic fable.

The old man, half a scholar, half a dunce,
 Could not peruse—who could?—two tales at once;
 And being huff'd
 At what he knew was none of Riquet's Tuft,
 Bang'd-to the door,
 But most unluckily enclosed a morsel
 Of the intruding tail, and all the tassel:—
 The monster gave a roar,
 And bolting off with speed increased by pain,
 The little house became a coach once more,
 And, like Macheath, “took to the road” again!

Just then, by fortune's whimsical decree,
 The ancient woman stooping with her crupper
 Towards sweet home, or where sweet home should be,
 Was getting up some household herbs for supper;
 Thoughtful of Cinderella, in the tale,
 And quaintly wondering if magic shifts
 Could o'er a common pumpkin so prevail,
 To turn it to a coach,—what pretty gifts
 Might come of cabbages, and curly kale;
 Meanwhile she never heard her old man's wail,
 Nor turn'd, till home had turn'd a corner, quite
 Gone out of sight!

At last, conceive her, rising from the ground,
 Weary of sitting on her russet clothing,
 And looking round
 Where rest was to be found,

There was no house—no villa there—no nothing!

No house!

The change was quite amazing;
 It made her senses stagger for a minute,
 The riddle's explication seem'd to harden;
 But soon her superannuated *nous*
 Explained the horrid mystery;—and raising
 Her hand to heaven, with the cabbage in it,
 On which she meant to sup,—
 "Well! this *is* Fairy Work! I'll bet a farden,
 Little Prince Silverwings has ketch'd me up,
 And set me down in some one else's garden!"

Fancies on a Tea-cup.

I LOVE to pore upon old china—and to speculate, from the images, on Cathay. I can fancy that the Chinese manners betray themselves, like the drunkard's, in their cups.

How quaintly pranked and patterned is their vessel!—exquisitely outlandish, yet not barbarian. How daintily transparent! It should be no vulgar earth that produces that superlative ware, nor does it so seem in the enamelled landscape.

There are beautiful birds; there, rich flowers and gorgeous butterflies, and a delicate clime, if we may credit the porcelain. There be also horrible monsters, dragons, with us obsolete, and reckoned fabulous; the main breed, doubtless, having followed Fohi (our Noah) in his wanderings thither from the Mount Ararat. But how does that impeach the loveliness of Cathay? There are such creatures even in Fairy-land.

I long often to loiter in those romantic Paradises—studded with pretty temples—holiday pleasure-grounds—the true Tea-Gardens. I like those meandering waters, and the abounding little islands.

And here is a Chinese nurse-maid, Ho-Fi, chiding a fretful little Pekin child. The urchin hath just such another toy, at the end of a string, as might be purchased at our own Mr. Dunnett's. It argues an advanced state of civilization where the children have many playthings; and the Chinese infants,—witness their flying fishes and whirligigs, sold by the stray natives about our streets—are far gone in such juvenile luxuries.

But here is a better token. The Chinese are a polite people; for they do not make household, much less husbandry, drudges of their wives. You may read the women's fortune in their tea-cups. In nine cases out of ten, the female is busy only in the lady-like toils of the toilette. Lo! here, how sedulously the blooming Hy-son is pencilling the mortal arches and curving the cross-bows of her eyebrows. A musical instrument, her secondary engagement, is at her almost invisible feet. Are such little extremities likely to be tasked with laborious offices? Marry, in kicking, they must be ludicrously impotent,—but then she hath a formidable growth of nails.

By her side, the obsequious Hum is pouring his soft flatteries into her ear. When she walketh abroad, (here it is on another sample,) he shadeth her at two miles off with his umbrella. It is like an allegory of Love triumphing over space. The lady is walking upon one of those frequent petty islets, on a plain, as if of porcelain, without any herbage; only a solitary flower springs up, seemingly by enchantment, at her fairy-like foot. The watery space between the lovers is

aptly left as a blank, excepting her adorable shadow, which is tending towards her slave.

How reverentially is yon urchin presenting his flowers to the Gray-Beard! So honourably is age considered in China! There would be some sense, *there*, in birthday celebrations.

Here, in another compartment, is a solitary scholar, apparently studying the elaborate didactics of Con-Fuse-Ye.

The Chinese have, verily, the advantage of us upon earthenware! They trace themselves as lovers, contemplatists, philosophers: whereas, to judge from our jugs and mugs, we are nothing but sheepish piping shepherds and fox-hunters.



PERE LA CHAISE.

Equestrian Courtship.

I.

IT was a young maiden went forth to ride,
 And there was a wooer to pace by her side;
 His horse was so little, and hers so high,
 He thought his Angel was up in the sky.

II.

His love was great, tho' his wit was small;
 He bade her ride easy—and that was all;
 The very horses began to neigh,—
 Because their betters had naught to say.

III.

They rode by elm, and they rode by oak,
 They rode by a churchyard, and then he spoke :—
 “ My pretty maiden, if you'll agree,
 You shall always amble through life with me.”

IV.

The damsel answer'd him never a word,
 But kick'd the gray mare, and away she spur'd.
 The wooer still follow'd behind the jade,
 And enjoy'd—like a wooer—the dust she made.

V.

They rode thro' moss, and they rode thro' moor,—
 The gallant behind and the lass before :—
 At last they came to a miry place,
 And there the sad wooer gave up the chase.

VI.

Quoth he, “ If my nag was better to ride,
 I'd follow her over the world so wide,
 Oh, it is not my love that begins to fail,
 But I've lost the last glimpse of the gray mare's tail!”



"SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND."

"She is far from the Land."

IT has been my fortune, or misfortune, sometimes to witness the distresses of females upon shipboard;—that is, in such fresh-victual passages as to Ramsgate—or to Leith. How they can contemplate or execute those longer voyages, beyond Good Hope's Cape—even with the implied inducements of matrimony—is one of my standard wonders. There is a natural shrinking, a cat-like antipathy to water, in the lady constitution, (as the false Argonaut well remembered when he shook off Ariadne,) that seems to forbid such sea adventures. Betwixt a younger daughter in Hampshire, for example, and a Judge's son of Calcutta, there is, apparently, a great gulf fixed.

How have I felt and shuddered, for a timid, shrinking, anxious female, full of tremblings as an aspen, about to set her first foot upon the stage: but it can be nothing to a maiden's *débüt* on the deck of an East Indiaman.

Handkerchiefs waving—not in welcome, but in farewell; crowded boxes—not filled with living Beauty and Fashion,

but departing luggage. Not the mere noisy Gods of the gallery to encounter—but those more boisterous, of the wind and wave. And then, all before her, the great salt-water Pit!

As I write this, the figure of Miss Oliver rises up before me, just as she looked on her first introduction, by the Neptune, to the Ocean. It was her first voyage—and she made sure would be her last. Her storms commenced at Gravesend—her sea began much higher up. She had qualms at Blackwall. At the Nore, she came to the mountain-billows of her imagination; for however the ocean may disappoint the expectation from the land, on shipboard, to the uninitiated, it hath all its terrors. The sailor's capful of wind was to her a Northwester. Every splash of a wave shocked her, as if each brought its torpedo. The loose cordage did not tremble and thrill more to the wind than her nerves. At every tack of the vessel, on all-fours—for she would not trust to her own feet and the outstretched hand of courtesy—she scrambled up to the higher side. Her back ached with straining against the bulwark, to preserve her own and the ship's perpendicular: her eyes glanced right, left, above, beneath, before, behind, with all the alacrity of alarm. She had not organs enough of sight, or hearing, to keep watch against all her imagined perils; her ignorance of nautical matters, in the mean time, causing her to mistake the real sea-dangers for subjects of self-congratulation. It delighted her to understand that there were barely three fathoms of water between the vessel and the ground,—her notion had been that the whole sea was bottomless. When the ship struck upon a sand, and was left there high and dry by the tide, her pleasure was, of course, complete. "We could walk about," she said, "and pick up shells." I believe she would have been as well contented if our Neptune had been pedestaled upon a rock—deep water and sea-room were the only subjects of her dread. When the vessel, therefore, got afloat again, the old

terrors of the landswoman returned upon her with the former force. All possible marine difficulties and disasters were huddled, like an auction medley, in one lot, into her apprehension:

Cables entangling her,
Shipspars for mangling her,
Ropes, sure of strangling her;
Blocks over-dangling her;
Tiller to batter her,
Topmast to shatter her,
Tobacco to spatter her;
Boreas blustering,
Boatswain quite flustering,
Thunder-clouds mustering
To blast her with sulphur—
If the deep don't engulf her;
Sometimes fear's scrutiny
Pries out a mutiny,
Sniffs conflagration,
Or hints at starvation :—
All the sea dangers,
Buccaneers, rangers,
Pirates, and Sallee-men,
Algerine galley-men,
Tornadoes and typhons,
And horrible syphons,
And submarine travels
Thro' roaring sea-navels;
Every thing wrong enough,
Long-boat not long enough,
Vessel not strong enough;
Pitch marring frippery,
The deck very slippery,
And the cabin—built sloping,
The Captain a-toping,
And the Mate a blasphemmer,
That names his Redeemer—

With inward uneasiness ;
 The cook, known by greasiness,
 The victuals beslobber'd,
 Her bed—in a cupboard ;
 Things of strange christening,
 Snatch'd in her listening,
 Blue lights and red lights,
 And mention of dead lights,
 And shrouds made a theme of,
 Things horrid to dream of,—
 And *buoys* in the water
 To fear all exhort her ;
 Her friend no *Leander* ;
 Herself no sea gander,
 And ne'er a cork jacket
 On board of the packet ;
 The breeze still a-stiffening,
 The trumpet quite deafening ;
 Thoughts of repentance,
 And doomsday and sentence ;
 Every thing sinister,
 Not a church minister,—
 Pilot a blunderer,
 Coral reefs under her,
 Ready to sunder her ;
 Trunks tipsy-topsy,
 The ship in a dropsy ;
 Waves oversurging her,
 Sirens a dirgeing her,
 Sharks all expecting her,
 Sword-fish dissecting her,
 Crabs with their hand-vices
 Punishing land vices ;
 Sea-dogs and unicorns,
 Things with no puny horns,
 Mermen carnivorous—
 " Good Lord deliver us ! "

The rest of the voyage was occupied—excepting one bright interval—with the sea malady and sea horrors. We were off Flamborough Head. A heavy swell, the consequence of some recent storm to the eastward, was rolling right before the wind upon the land; and, once under the shadow of the bluff promontory, we should lose all the advantage of a saving westerly breeze. Even the seamen looked anxious: but the passengers (save one) were in despair. They were, already, bones of contention, in their own misgivings, to the myriads of cormorants and water-fowl inhabiting that stupendous cliff. Miss Oliver alone was sanguine: she was all nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles: her cheeriness increased in proportion with our dreariness. Even the dismal pitching of the vessel could not disturb her unseasonable levity—it was like a lightning before death;—but, at length, the mystery was explained. She had springs of comfort we knew not of. Not brandy—for that we shared in common; nor supplications—for these we had all applied to; but her ears, being jealously vigilant of whatever passed between the mariners, she had overheard from the captain—and it had all the sound to her of a comfortable promise—that, “if the wind held, we should certainly *go on shore.*”



“COME O’ER THE SEA.”

The Stag-eyed Lady.

A MOORISH TALE.

Scheherazade immediately began the following story.

ALI BEN ALI (did you never read
 His wondrous acts that chronicles relate,—
 How there was one in pity might exceed
 The sack of Troy?) Magnificent he sat
 Upon the throne of greatness—great indeed,
 For those that he had under him were great—
 The horse he rode on, shod with silver nails,
 Was a Bashaw—Bashaws have horses' tails.

Ali was cruel—a most cruel one!

'Tis rumour'd he had strangled his own mother—
 Howbeit such deeds of darkness he had done,
 'Tis thought he would have slain his elder brother
 And sister too—but happily that none
 Did live within *harm's* length of one another,
 Else he had sent the Sun in all its blaze
 To endless night, and shortened the Moon's days.

Despotic power, that mars a weak man's wit,
 And makes a bad man—absolutely bad,
 Made Ali wicked—to a fault:—'tis fit
 Monarchs should have some check-strings; but he had
 No curb upon his will—no, not a *bit*—
 Wherefore he did not reign well—and full glad
 His slaves had been to hang him—but they falter'd,
 And let him live unhang'd—and still unalter'd.

Until he got a sage bush of a beard,
 Wherein an Attic owl might roost—a trail
 Of bristly hair—that, honour'd and unshear'd,
 Grew downward like old women and cow's tail :
 Being a sign of age—some gray appear'd,
 Mingling with duskier brown its warnings pale ;
 But yet not so poetic as when Time
 Comes like Jack Frost, and whitens it in rime.

Ben Ali took the hint, and much did vex
 His royal bosom that he had no son,
 No living child of the more noble sex,
 To stand in his Morocco shoes—not one
 To make a negro-pollard—or tread necks
 When he was gone—doom'd, when his days were done,
 To leave the very city of his fame
 Without an Ali to keep up his name.

Therefore he chose a lady for his love,
 Singling from out the herd one stag-eyed dear ;
 So called, because her lustrous eyes, above
 All eyes, were dark, and timorous, and clear ;
 Then, through his Muftis piously he strove,
 And drummed with proxy-prayers Mohammed's ear,
 Knowing a boy for certain must come of it,
 Or else he was not praying to his *Profit*.

Beer will grow *mothery*, and ladies fair
 Will grow like beer ; so did that stag-eyed dame :
 Ben Ali, hoping for a son and heir,
 Boyed up his hopes, and even chose a name
 Of mighty hero that his child should bear ;
 He made so certain ere his chicken came :
 But oh ! all worldly wit is little worth,
 Nor knoweth what to-morrow will bring forth.

To-morrow came, and with to-morrow's sun
 A little daughter to this world of sins,
Miss-fortunes never come alone—so one
 Brought on another, like a pair of twins :
 Twins! female twins!—it was enough to stun
 Their little wits and scare them from their skins,
 To hear their father stamp, and curse and swear,
 Pulling his beard because he had no heir.

Then strove their stag-eyed mother to calm down
 This his paternal rage, and thus address :
 Oh! Most Serene! why dost thou stamp and frown,
 And box the compass of the royal chest?
 Ah! thou wilt mar that portly trunk, I own
 I love to gaze on!—Pr'ythee, thou hadst best
 Pocket thy fists. Nay, love, if you so thin
 Your beard, you'll want a wig upon your chin!

But not her words, or e'en her tears, could slack
 The quicklime of his rage, that hotter grew :
 He called his slaves to bring an ample sack
 Wherein a woman might be *poked*—a few
 Dark grimly men felt pity and look'd black
 At this sad order; but their slaveships knew
 When any dared demur, his sword so bending
 Cut off the "head and front of their offending."

For Ali had a sword, much like himself,
 A crooked blade, guilty of human gore—
 The trophies it had lopp'd from many an elf
 Were stuck at his *head*-quarters by the score—
 Nor yet in peace he laid it on the shelf,
 But jested with it, and his wit cut sore ;
 So that (as they of Public Houses speak)
 He often did his dozen *butts* a week.

Therefore his slaves, with most obedient fears,
 Came with the sack the lady to enclose ;
 In vain from her stag-eyes " the big round tears
 Coursed one another down her innocent nose ;"
 In vain her tongue wept sorrow in their ears ;
 Though there were some felt willing to oppose,
 Yet when their heads came in their heads, that minute,
 Though 'twas a piteous *case*, they put her in it.

And when the sack was tied, some two or three
 Of these black undertakers slowly brought her
 To a kind of Moorish Serpentine ; for she
 Was doom'd to have a *winding sheet of water*.
 Then farewell, earth—farewell to the green tree—
 Farewell, the sun—the moon—each little daughter !
 She's shot from off the shoulders of a black,
 Like a bag of Wall's-End from a coalman's back.

The waters oped, and the wide sack full-fill'd
 All that the waters oped, as down it fell ;
 Then closed the wave, and then the surface rill'd
 A ring above her, like a water-knell ;
 A moment more, and all its face was still'd,
 And not a guilty heave was left to tell
 That underneath its calm and blue transparence
 A dame lay drowned in her sack, like Clarence.

But Heaven beheld, and awful witness bore,
 The moon in black eclipse deceased that night,
 Like Desdemona smother'd by the Moor
 The lady's natal star with pale affright
 Fainted and fell—and what were stars before,
 Turn'd comets as the tale was brought to light ;
 And all look'd downward on the fatal wave,
 And made their own reflections on her grave.

Next night, a head—a little lady head,
 Push'd through the waters a most glassy face,
 With weedy tresses, thrown apart and spread,
 Comb'd by 'live ivory, to show the space
 Of a pale forehead, and two eyes that shed
 A soft blue mist, breathing a bloomy grace
 Over their sleepy lids—and so she rais'd
 Her *aqualine* nose above the stream, and gazed.

She oped her lips—lips of a gentle blush,
 So pale it seem'd near drowned to a white,—
 She oped her lips, and forth there sprang a gush
 Of music bubbling through the surface light;
 The leaves are motionless, the breezes hush
 To listen to the air—and through the night
 There come these words of a most plaintive ditty,
 Sobbing as they would break all hearts with pity :

THE WATER PERI'S SONG.

Farewell, farewell, to my mother's own daughter,
 The child that she wet-nursed is lapp'd in the wave
 The *Mussulman* coming to fish in this water,
 Adds a tear to the flood that weeps over her grave.

This sack is her coffin, this water's her bier,
 This grayish *bath* cloak is her funeral pall,
 And, stranger, O stranger! this song that you hear
 Is her epitaph, elegy, dirges, and all!

Farewell, farewell, to the child of Al Hassan,
 My mother's own daughter—the last of her race—
 She's a corpse, the poor body! and lies in this basin,
 And sleeps in the water that washes her face.



“MY BANKS THEY ARE FURNISHED.”

Walton Redivivus.

A NEW-RIVER ECLOGUE.

“My old New River hath presented no extraordinary novelties lately. At there Hope sits, day after day, speculating on tradictionary gudgeons. I think she hath taken the Fisheries. I now know the reasons why our forefathers were denominated East and West Angles. Yet is there no lack of spawn, for I wash my hands in fishets that come through the pump, every morning, thick as motelings—little things that perish untimely, and never taste the brook.”—*From a Letter of C. Lamb.*

[Piscator is fishing, near the Sir Hugh Middleton’s Head, without either basket or can. Viator cometh up to him, with an angling-rod and a bottle.]

Via. Good morrow, Master Piscator. Is there any sport afloat?

Pis. I have not been here time enough to answer for it. It is barely two hours agone since I put in.

Via. The fishes are shyer in this stream than in any water that I know.

Pis. I have fished here a whole Whitsuntide through without a nibble. But then the weather was not so excellent as to-day. This nice shower will set the gudgeons all agape.

Via. I am impatient to begin.

Pis. Do you fish with gut?

Via. No—I bait with gentles.

Pis. It is a good taking bait: though my question referred to the nature of your line. Let me see your tackle. Why, this is no line, but a ship's cable. It is a six-twist. There is nothing in this water but you may pull out with a single hair.

Via. What! are there no dace, nor perch?—

Pis. I doubt not but there have been such fish in former ages. But now-a-days there is nothing of that size. They are gone extinct like the mammoths.

Via. There was always such a fishing at 'em. Where there was one Angler in former times, there is now a hundred.

Pis. A murrain on 'em!—A New-River fish, now-a-days, cannot take his common swimming exercise without hitching on a hook.

Via. It is the natural course of things, for man's populousness to terminate other breeds. As the proverb says, "The more Scotchmen the fewer herrings." It is curious to consider the family of whales growing thinner according to the propagation of parish lamps.

Pis. Aye, and withal, how the race of man, who is a terrestrial animal, should have been in the greatest jeopardy of extinction by the element of water; whereas the whales, living in the ocean, are most liable to be burnt out.

Via. It is a pleasant speculation. But how is this?—I thought to have brought my gentles comfortably in an old snuff-box, and they are all stark dead!

Pis. The odour hath killed them. There is nothing more mortal than tobacco, to all kinds of vermin. Wherefore, a new box will be indispensable, though for my own practice I prefer my waistcoat pockets for their carriage. Pray, mark this :—and in the mean time I will lend you some worms.

Via. I am much beholden : and when you come to Long Acre, I will faithfully repay you. But, look you, my tackle is still amiss. My float will not swim.

Pis. It is no miracle—for here is at least a good ounce of swanshots upon your line. It is overcharged with lead.

Via. I confess, I am only used to killing sparrows, and such small fowls, out of the back-casement. But my ignorance shall make me the more thankful for your help and instruction.

Pis. There. The fault is amended. And now, observe,—you must watch your cork very narrowly, without even an eye-wink another way ;—for, otherwise, you may overlook the only nibble throughout the day.

Via. I have a bite already !—my float is going up and down like a ship at sea.

Pis. No. It is only that housemaid dipping in her bucket, which causes the agitation you perceive. 'Tis a shame so to interrupt the honest Angler's diversion. It would be but a judgment of God, now, if the jade should fall in !

Via. But I would have her only drowned for some brief twenty minutes or so—and then restored again by the Surgeons. And yet I have doubts of the lawfulness of that dragging of souls back again, that have taken their formal leaves. In my conscience, it seems like flying against the laws of predestination.

Pis. It is a doubtful point ;—for, on the other hand, I have heard of some that were revived into life by the Doctors, and came afterwards to be hanged.

Via. Marry! 'tis pity such knaves' lungs were ever puffed up again! It was good tobacco-smoke ill-wasted. Oh! how pleasant, now, is this angling, which furnishes us with matter for such agreeable discourse! Surely it is well called a contemplative recreation, for I never had half so many thoughts in my head before!

Pis. I am glad you relish it so well.

Via. I will take a summer lodging hereabouts, to be near the stream. How pleasant is this solitude! There are but fourteen a-fishing here—and of those but few men.

Pis. And we shall be still more lonely on the other side of the City Road. Come, let's across. Nay, we'll put in our lines lower down. There was a butcher's wife dragged for at this bridge in the last week.

Via. Have you, indeed, any qualms of that kind?

Pis. No; but hereabouts 'tis likely the gudgeons will be gorged. Now, we are far enough. Yonder is the row of Colebrook. What a balmy wholesome gust is blowing over to us from the cow-lair.

Via. For my part, I smell nothing but dead kittens—for here lies a whole brood in soak. Would you believe it, to my phantasy, the nine days' blindness of these creatures smacks somewhat of a type of the human pre-existence. Methinks, I have had myself such a mysterious being before I beheld the light,—my dreams hint at it. A sort of world before eye-sight.

Pis. I have some dim sympathy with your meaning. At the Creation, there was such a kind of blindman's-buff work. The atoms jostled together, before there was a revealing sun. But are we not fishing too deep?

Via. I am afeard on't! Would we had a plummet! We shall catch weeds.

Pis. It would be well to fish thus at the bottom, if we

were fishing for flounders in the sea. But there you must have forty fathom, or so, of stout line; and then, with your fish at the end, it will be the boy's old pastime carried into another element. I assure you, 'tis like swimming a kite!

Via. It should be pretty sport—but hush! My cork has just made a bob. It is diving under the water!—Holla!—I have catch'd a fish!

Pis. Is it a great one?

Via. Purely, a huge one! Shall I put it into the bottle?

Pis. It will be well,—and let there be a good measure of water, too, lest he scorch against the glass.

Via. How slippery and shining it is! Ah, he is gone!

Pis. You are not used to the handling of a New-River fish; and, indeed, very few be. But hath he altogether escaped?

Via. No; I have his chin here, which I was obliged to tear off, to get away my hook.

Pis. Well, let him go: it would be labour wasted to seek for him amongst this rank herbage. 'Tis the commonest of Anglers' crosses.

Via. I am comforted to consider he did not fall into the water again, as he was without a mouth, and might have pined for years. Do you think there is any cruelty in our Art?

Pis. As for other methods of taking fish, I cannot say: but I think none in the hooking of them. For, to look at the gills of a fish, with those manifold red leaves—like a house-wife's needle-book,—they are admirably adapted to our purpose, and manifestly intended by Nature to stick our steel in.

Via. I am glad to have the question so comfortably resolved—for, in truth, I have had some misgivings. Now, look how dark the water grows! There is another shower towards.

Pis. Let it come down, and welcome. I have only my working-day clothes on. Sunday coats spoil holidays. Let every thing hang loose, and time, too, will sit easy.

Via. I like your philosophy. In this world we are the fools of restraint. We starch our ruffs till they cut us under the ear.

Pis. How pleasant it would be to discuss these sentiments over a tankard of ale! I have a simple bashfulness against going into a public tavern; but I think we could dodge into the Castle, without being much seen.



PISCATOR.

Via. And I have a sort of shuddering about me, that is willing to go more frankly in. Let us put up then. By my

halidom! here is a little dead fish hanging at my hook; and yet I have never felt him bite.

Pis. 'Tis only a little week-old gudgeon, and he had not strength enough to stir the cork. However, we may say boldly that we have caught a fish.

Via. Nay, I have another here in my bottle. He was sleeping on his back at the top of the water, and I got him out nimbly with the hollow of my hand.

Pis. We have caught a brace, then,—besides the great one that was lost among the grass. I am glad on't, for we can bestow them upon some poor hungry person in our way home. It is passable good sport for the place.

Via. I am satisfied it must be called so. But the next time I come hither, I shall bring a reel with me, and a ready-made minnow, for I am certain there must be some marvellous huge pikes here; they always make a scarcity of other fish. However, I have been bravely entertained, and, at the first holiday, I will come to it again.

A New Life-preserver.

“Of hair-breadth 'scapes.”—OTHELLO.

I HAVE read somewhere of a Traveller, who carried with him a brace of pistols, a carbine, a cutlass, a dagger, and an umbrella, but was indebted for his preservation to the umbrella; it grappled with a bush, when he was rolling over a precipice. In like manner, my friend W——, though armed with a sword, rifle, and hunting-knife, owed his existence—to his wig!

He was specimen-hunting, (for W—— is a first-rate naturalist,) somewhere in the backwoods of America, when, happening to light upon a dense covert, there sprang out upon him,—not a panther or catamountain,—but, with a terrible whoop and yell, a wild Indian,—one of a tribe then hostile to our settlers. W——'s gun was mastered in a twinkling, himself stretched on the earth, the barbarous knife, destined to make him balder than Granby's celebrated Marquis, leaped eagerly from its sheath.

Conceive the horrible weapon making its preliminary flourishes and circumgyrations; the savage features, made savager by paint and ruddle, working themselves up to a demoniacal crisis of triumphant malignity; his red right-hand clutching the shearing-knife; his left, the frizzle top-knot; and then, the artificial scalp coming off in the Mohawk grasp!

W—— says, the Indian catchpole was, for some moments, motionless with surprise; recovering, at last, he dragged his captive along, through brake and jungle, to the encampment. A peculiar whoop soon brought the whole horde to the spot. The Indian addressed them with vehement gestures, in the course of which W—— was again thrown down, the knife again performed its circuits, and the whole transaction was pantomimically described. All Indian sedateness and restraint was overcome. The assembly made every demonstration of wonder; and the wig was fitted on, rightly, askew, and hind part before, by a hundred pair of red hands. Captain Gulliver's glove was not a greater puzzle to the Houyhnhms. From the men, it passed to the squaws, and from them, down to the least of the urchins; W——'s head, in the mean time, frying in a midsummer sun. At length, the phenomenon returned into the hands of the chief—a venerable graybeard: he examined it afresh, very attentively, and, after a long deliberation, maintained with true Indian silence and gravity,

made a speech in his own tongue that procured for the anxious trembling captive very unexpected honours. In fact, the whole tribe of women and warriors danced round him, with such unequivocal marks of homage, that even W—— comprehended that he was not intended for sacrifice. He was then carried in triumph to their wigwams; his body daubed with their body-colours of the most honourable patterns; and he was given to understand that he might choose any of their marriageable maidens for a squaw. Availing himself of this privilege, and so becoming, by degrees, more a proficient in their language, he learned the cause of this extraordinary respect. It was considered that he had been a great warrior; that he had, by mischance of war, been overcome and tufted; but that, whether by valour or stratagem, each equally estimable amongst the savages, he had recovered his liberty and his scalp.

As long as W—— kept his own counsel, he was safe; but trusting his Indian Delilah with the secret of his locks, it soon got wind amongst the squaws, and from them became known to the warriors and chiefs. A solemn sitting was held at midnight by the chiefs, to consider the propriety of knocking the poor wig-owner on the head; but he had received a timely hint of their intention, and when the tomahawks sought for him, he was far on his way, with his Life-preserver, towards a British settlement.



"Love Me, love my Dog,"

SEEMS, at first sight, an unreasonable demand. May I profess no tenderness for Belinda without vowing an attachment to Shock? Must I feel an equal warmth towards my bosom friend and his greyhound? Some country gentlemen keep a pack of dogs. Am I expected to divide my personal regard for my Lord D. amongst all his celebrated fox-hounds?

I may be constitutionally averse to the whole canine species; I have been bitten, perhaps, in my infancy by a mastiff, or pinned by a bull-dog. There are harrowing tales on record of hydrophobia, of human barkings, and inhuman smotherings. A dog may be my bugbear. Again, there are differences in taste. One man may like to have his hand licked all over by a grateful spaniel; but I would not have *my* extremity served so—even by the human tongue.

But the proverb, so arrogant and absolute in spirit, becomes harmless in its common application. The terms are seldom enforced, except by persons that a gentleman is not likely to embrace in his affection—rat-catchers, butchers and bull-baiters, tinkers and blind mendicants, beldames and witches. A slaughterman’s tulip-eared puppy is as likely to engage one’s liking as his chuckle-headed master. When a courtier makes friends with a drover, he will not be likely to object to a sheep-dog as a third party in the alliance.

“Love me,” says Mother Sawyer, “love my dog.”

Who careth to dote on either a witch or her familiar? The proverb thus loses half of its oppression: in other cases, it may become a pleasant fiction, an agreeable confession. I forget what pretty Countess it was, who made confession of her tenderness for a certain sea-captain, by her abundant caresses of his Esquimaux wolf-dog. The shame of the avowal became milder (as the virulence of the small-pox is abated after passing through the constitution of a cow) by its transmission through the animal.

In like manner, a formal young Quaker and Quakeress—perfect strangers to each other, and who might otherwise have sat mum-chance together for many hours—fell suddenly to romping, merely through the maiden’s playfulness with Obadiah’s terrier. The dog broke the ice of formality,—and, as a third party, took off the painful awkwardness of self-introduction.

Sir Ulic Mackilligut, when he wished to break handsomely with Mistress Tabitha Bramble, kicked her cur. The dog broke the force of the affront, and the knight’s gallantry was spared the reproach of a direct confession of disgust towards the spinster; as the lady took the aversion to herself only as the brute’s ally.

My stepmother Hubbard and myself were not on visiting terms for many years. Not, we flattered ourselves, through any hatred or uncharitableness, disgraceful between relations, but from a constitutional antipathy on the one side, and a doting affection on the other—to a dog. My breach of duty and decent respect was softened down into my dread of hydrophobia: my second-hand parent even persuaded herself that I was jealous of her regard for Bijou. It was a comfortable self-delusion on both sides,—but the scapegoat died, and then, having no reasonable reason to excuse my visits, we came to an open rupture. There was no hope of another favourite.—My stepmother had no general affection for the race, but only for that particular cur. It was one of those incongruous attachments, not accountable to reason, but seemingly predestined by fate. The dog was no keepsake—no



"POOR-TRAY CHARMANT."

favourite of a dear deceased friend ;—ugly as the brute was, she loved him for his own sake,—not for any fondness and fidelity, for he was the most ungrateful dog, under kindness, that I ever knew,—not for his vigilance, for he was never wakeful. He was not useful, like a turnspit ; nor accomplished, for he could not dance. He had not personal beauty even, to make him a welcome object ; and yet, if my relation had been requested to display her jewels, she would have pointed to the dog, and have answered in the very spirit of Cornelia,—“ There is my Bijou.”

Conceive, Reader, under this endearing title, a hideous dwarf-mongrel, half pug and half terrier, with a face like a frog’s—his goggle-eyes squeezing out of his head :—a body like a barrel-churn, on four short bandy legs,—as if, in his puppyhood, he had been ill-nursed,—terminating in a tail like a rabbit’s. There is only one sound in nature, similar to his barking :—to hear his voice, you would have looked, not for a dog, but for a duck. He was fat, and scant of breath. It might have been said, that he was stuffed alive ;—but his loving mistress, in mournful anticipation of his death, kept a handsome glass case to hold his mummy. She intended, like Queen Constance, to “ stuff out his vacant garment with his form ;”—to have him ever before her, “ in his habit as he lived ;”—but that hope was never realized.

In those days there were dog-stealers, as well as slave-dealers,—the kidnapping of the canine, as of the Negro victim, being attributable to his skin.

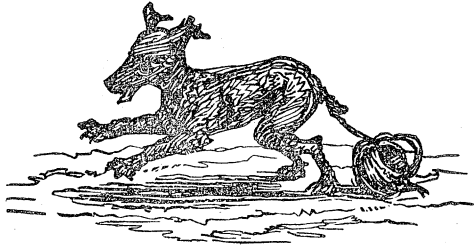
One evening, Bijou disappeared. A fruitless search was made for him at all his accustomed haunts,—but at daybreak the next morning,—stripped naked of his skin,—with a mock paper frill,—and the stump of a tobacco-pipe stuck in his nether jaw,—he was discovered, set upright against a post !

My stepmother’s grief was ungovernable. Tears, which

she had not wasted on her deceased step-children, were shed then. In her first transport, a reward of £100 was offered for the apprehension of the murderers, but in vain.

The remains of Bijou, such as they were, she caused to be deposited under the lawn.

I forget what popular poet was gratified with ten guineas for writing his epitaph; but it was in the measure of the "Pleasures of Hope."



"O LIST UNTO MY TALE OF WO!"



A Dream.

IN the figure above,—(a medley of human faces, wherein certain features belong in common to different visages, the eyebrow of one, for instance, forming the mouth of another,)—I have tried to typify a common characteristic of dreams, namely, the entanglement of divers ideas, to the waking mind distinct or incongruous, but, by the confusion of sleep, inseparably ravelled up, and knotted into Gordian intricacies. For, as the equivocal feature in the emblem belongs indifferently to either countenance, but is appropriated by the head that happens to be presently the object of contemplation; so, in a dream, two separate notions will naturally involve some convertible incident, that becomes, by turns, a symptom of both in general, or of either in particular. Thus are begotten the most extravagant associations of thoughts and images,—unnatural connexions, like those marriages of forbidden relationships, where mothers become cousin to their own sons or daughters, and quite as bewildering as such genealogical embarrassments.

I had a dismal dream once, of this nature, that will serve well for an illustration, and which originated in the failure of my first, and last, attempt as a dramatic writer. Many of my readers, if I were to name the piece in question, would remember its signal condemnation. As soon as the Tragedy of my Tragedy was completed, I got into a coach, and rode home. My nerves were quivering with shame and mortification. I tried to compose myself over "Paradise Lost," but it failed to soothe me. I flung myself into bed, and at length slept! but the disaster of the night still haunted my dreams; I was again in the accursed theatre, but with a difference. It was a compound of the Drury-Lane Building, and Pandemonium. There were the old shining green pillars, on either side of the stage, but, above, a sublimer dome than ever overhung mortal play-house. The wonted families were in keeping of the forespoken seats, but the first companies they admitted were new and strange to the place. The first and second tiers,

"With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms,"

showed like those purgatorial circles sung of by the ancient Florentine. Satan was in the stage-box. The pit, dismally associated with its bottomless namesake, was peopled with fiends. Mehu scowled from the critic's seat. Belial, flushed with wine, led on with shout and cat-call the uproar of the one-shilling infernals. My hair stood upright with dread and horror; I had an appalling sense, that more than my dramatic welfare was at stake—that it was to be not a purely literary ordeal. An alarming figure, sometimes a newspaper reporter, sometimes a devil, so prevaricating are the communications of sleep, was sitting, with his note-book, at my side. My play began. As it proceeded, sounds indescribable arose from the infernal auditory, increasing till the end of the first act. The familiar cry of "Choose any oranges!" was then intermingled

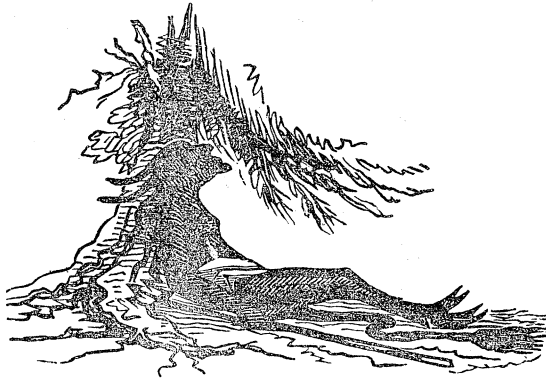
with the murmurings of demons. The tumult grew with the progress of the play. The last act passed in dumb show, the horned monsters bellowing, throughout, like the wild bulls of Bashan. Prongs and flesh-hooks showered upon the stage. Mrs. Siddons—the human nature thus jumbling with the diabolical—was struck by a brimstone ball. Her lofty brother, robed in imperial purple, came forward towards the orchestra to remonstrate, and was received like the Arch-devil in the Poem:

“—————he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn.”

He bowed to the sense of the house, and withdrew. My doom was sealed; the recording devil noted down my sentence. A suffocating vapour, now smelling of sulphur, and now of gas, issued from the unquenchable stage-lamps. The flames of the Catalonian Castle, burning in the back scene, in compliance with the catastrophe of the piece, blazed up with horrible import. My flesh crept all over me. I thought of the everlasting torments, and at the next moment, of the morrow's paragraphs. I shrunk from the comments of the Morning Post, and the hot marl of Malebolge. The sins of authorship had confounded themselves, inextricably, with the mortal sins of the law. I could not disentangle my own from my play's perdition. I was damned: but whether spiritually or dramatically, the twilight intelligence of a dream was not clear enough to determine.

Another sample, wherein the preliminaries of the dream involved one portion, and implicitly forbade the other half of the conclusion, was more whimsical. It occurred when I was on the eve of marriage—a season, when, if lovers sleep sparingly,

they dream profusely. A very brief slumber sufficed to carry me in the night-coach to Bognor. It had been concerted, between Honoria and myself, that we should pass the honeymoon at some such place upon the coast. The purpose of my solitary journey was to procure an appropriate dwelling, and which, we had agreed, should be a little pleasant house, with an indispensable look-out upon the sea. I chose one accordingly ; a pretty villa, with bow-windows, and a prospect delightfully marine. The ocean murmur sounded incessantly from the beach. A decent elderly body, in decayed sables, undertook, on her part, to promote the comforts of the occupants by every suitable attention, and, as she assured me, at a very reasonable rate. So far, the nocturnal faculty had served me truly. A day-dream could not have proceeded more orderly ; but alas ! just here, when the dwelling was selected, the sea view secured, the rent agreed upon, when every thing was plausible, consistent, and rational, the incoherent fancy crept in and confounded all,—by marrying me to the old woman of the house !



“OH, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.”

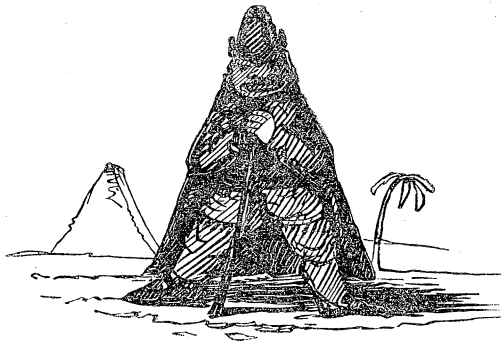
A large proportion of my dreams have, like the preceding, an origin more or less remote in some actual occurrence. But, from all my observation and experience, the popular notion is a mistaken one, that our dreams take their subject and colour from the business or meditations of the day. It is true that sleep frequently gives back real images and actions, like a mirror; but the reflection returns at a longer interval. It extracts from pages of some standing, like the "Retrospective Review." The mind, released from its connexion with external associations, flies off, gladly, to novel speculations. The soul does not carry its tasks out of school. The novel, read upon the pillow, is of no more influence than the bridecake laid beneath it. The charms of *Di Vernon* have faded, with me, into a vision of *Dr. Faustus*; the bridal dance and festivities, into a chase by a mad bullock.

The sleeper, like the felon, at the putting on of the night-cap, is about to be turned off from the affairs of this world. The material scaffold sinks under him; he drops—as it is expressively called—asleep; and the spirit is transported, we know not whither!

I should like to know that, by any earnest application of thought, we could impress its subject upon the midnight blank. It would be worth a day's devotion to Milton,—“from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,”—to obtain but one glorious vision from the “*Paradise Lost*;” to Spenser, to purchase but one magical reflection—a *Fata Morgana*—of the “*Faery Queen*!” I have heard it affirmed, indeed, by a gentleman, an especial advocate of *Early Rising*, that he could procure whatever dream he wished; but I disbelieve it, or he would pass far more hours than he does in bed. If it were possible, by any process, to bespeak the night's entertainment, the theatres, for me, might close their uninviting doors. Who would care to sit at the miserable parodies of “*Lear*;”

“Hamlet,” and “Othello,”—to say nothing of the “Tempest,” or the “Midsummer Night’s Phantasy,”—that could command the representation of either of those noble dramas, with all the sublime personations, the magnificent scenery, and awful reality of a dream?

For horrible fancies, merely, nightmares and incubi, there is a recipe extant, that is currently attributed to the late Mr. Fuseli. I mean a supper of raw pork; but, as I never slept after it, I cannot speak as to the effect.



“MY NATURE IS SUBDUED TO WHAT IT WORKS IN.”

Opium I have never tried, and, therefore, have never experienced such magnificent visions as are described by its eloquent historian. I have never been buried for ages under pyramids; and yet, methinks, have suffered agonies as intense as *his* could be, from the commonplace inflictions. For example, a night spent in the counting of interminable numbers,—an Inquisitorial penance—everlasting tedium—the Mind’s treadmill!

Another writer, in recording his horrible dreams, describes himself to have been sometimes an animal pursued by hounds;

sometimes a bird, torn in pieces by eagles. They are flat contradictions of my Theory of Dreams. Such Ovidian Metamorphoses never yet entered into my experience. I never translate myself. I must know the taste of rape and hempseed, and have cleansed my gizzard with small gravel, before even Fancy can turn me into a bird. I must have another nowl upon my shoulders, ere I can feel a longing for "a bottle of chopt hay, or your good dried oats." My own habits and prejudices, all the symptoms of my identity, cling to me in my dreams. It never happened to me to fancy myself a child or a woman, dwarf or giant, stone-blind, or deprived of any sense.

And here, the latter part of the sentence reminds me of an interesting question, on this subject, that has greatly puzzled me, and of which I should be glad to obtain a satisfactory solution, viz. :—How does a blind man dream? I mean a person with the opaque crystal from his birth. He is defective in that very faculty, which, of all others, is most active in those night passages, thence emphatically called Visions. He has had no acquaintance with external images, and has, therefore, none of those transparent pictures, that, like the slides of a magic lantern, pass before the mind's eye, and are projected by the inward spiritual light upon the utter blank. His imagination must be like an imperfect kaleidoscope, totally unfurnished with those parti-coloured fragments, whereof the complete instrument makes such interminable combinations. It is difficult to conceive such a man's dream.

Is it a still benighted wandering—a pitch-dark night progress—made known to him by the consciousness of the remaining senses? Is he still pulled through the universal blank, by an invisible power, as it were, at the nether end of the string?—regaled, sometimes, with celestial voluntaries and unknown mysterious fragrances, answering to our romantic flights; at

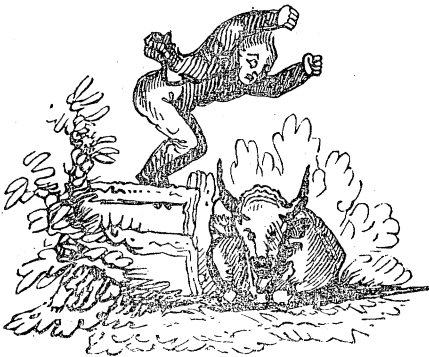
other times, with homely voices and more familiar odours; here, of rank-smelling cheeses; there, of pungent pickles or aromatic drugs, hinting his progress through a metropolitan street. Does he over again enjoy the grateful roundness of those substantial droppings from the invisible passenger,—palpable deposits of an abstract benevolence,—or, in his nightmares, suffer anew those painful concussions and corporeal buffetings, from that (to him) obscure evil principle, the Parish Beadle?

This question I am happily enabled to resolve, through the information of the oldest of those blind Tobits that stand in fresco against Bunhill Wall; the same who made that notable comparison, of scarlet, to the sound of a trumpet. As I understood him, harmony, with the gravel-blind, is prismatic as well as chromatic. To use his own illustration, a wall-eyed man has a *palette* in his ear, as well as in his mouth. Some stone-blinds, indeed,—dull dogs,—without any *ear* for colour, profess to distinguish the different hues and shades by the touch; but *that*, he said, was a slovenly, uncertain method, and in the chief article of Paintings not allowed to be exercised.

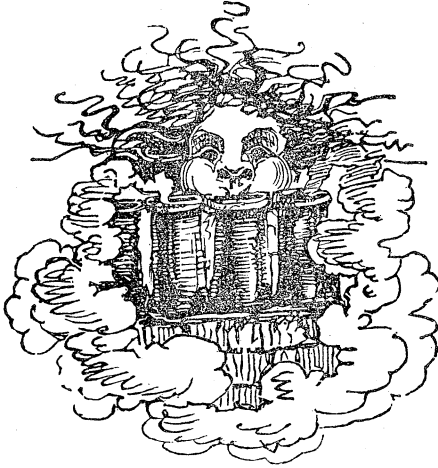
On my expressing some natural surprise at the aptitude of his celebrated comparison,—a miraculous close likening, to my mind, of the known to the unknown,—he told me, the instance was nothing, for the least discriminative among them could distinguish the scarlet colour of the mail guards' liveries, by the sound of their horns: but there were others, so acute their faculty! that they could tell the very features and complexion of their relatives and familiars, by the mere tone of their voices. I was much gratified with this explanation; for I confess, hitherto, I was always extremely puzzled by that narrative in the "Tattler," of a young gentleman's behaviour after the operation of couching, and especially at the wonderful promptness with which he distinguished his

father from his mother—his mistress from her maid. But it appears that the blind are not so blind as they have been esteemed in the vulgar notion. What they cannot get in one way they obtain in another: they, in fact, realize what the author of Hudibras has ridiculed as a fiction, for they set up

—— communities of senses,
To chop and change intelligences.
As Rosierucian Virtuosis
Can see *with ears*—and hear with noses.”



SPRING AND FALL.



PANDEANS.

The Sea-spell.

“Cauld, cauld, he lies beneath the deep.”—Old Scotch Ballad.

I.

IT was a jolly mariner!
 The tallest man of three,—
 He loosed his tail against the wind,
 And turned his boat to sea:
 The ink-black sky told every eye,
 A storm was soon to be!

II.

But still that jolly mariner
 Took in no reef at all,
 For, in his pouch, confidently,
 He wore a baby’s caul;
 A thing, as gossip-nurses know,
 That always brings a squall!

III.

His hat was new, or, newly glaz'd,
Shone brightly in the sun ;
His jacket, like a mariner's,
True blue as e'er was spun ;
His ample trowsers, like Saint Paul,
Bore forty stripes save one.

IV.

And now the fretting foaming tide
He steer'd away to cross ;
The bounding pinnace play'd a game
Of dreary pitch and toss ;
A game that, on the good dry land,
Is apt to bring a loss !

V.

Good Heaven befriend that little boat,
And guide her on her way !
A boat, they say, has canvass wings,
But cannot fly away !
Though like a merry singing-bird,
She sits upon the spray !

VI.

Still east by south the little boat,
With tawny sail kept beating :
Now out of sight, between two waves,
Now o'er th' horizon fleeting :
Like greedy swine that feed on mast,—
The waves her mast seem'd eating !

VII.

The sullen sky grew black above,
The wave as black beneath ;

Each roaring billow show'd full soon
A white and foamy wreath;
Like angry dogs that snarl at first,
And then display their teeth.

VIII.

The boatman looked against the wind,
The mast began to creak,
The wave, per saltum, came and dried,
In salt, upon his cheek!
The pointed wave against him rear'd,
As if it own'd a pique!

IX.

Nor rushing wind, nor gushing wave,
That boatman could alarm,
But still he stood away to sea,
And trusted in his charm;
He thought by purchase he was safe,
And arm'd against all harm!

X.

Now thick and fast and far aslant,
The stormy rain came pouring,
He heard upon the sandy bank,
The distant breakers roaring,—
A groaning intermitting sound,
Like Gog and Magog snoring!

XI.

The sea-fowl shriek'd around the mast,
Ahead the grampus tumbled,
And far off, from a copper cloud,
The hollow thunder rumbled;
It would have quail'd another heart,
But his was never humbled.

XII.

For why? he had that infant's caul;
And wherefore should he dread?
Alas! alas! he little thought,
Before the ebb-tide sped,—
That, like that infant, he should die,
And with a watery head!

XIII.

The rushing brine flowed in apace:
His boat had ne'er a deck;
Fate seemed to call him on, and he
Attended to her beck;
And so he went, still trusting on,
Though reckless—to his wreck!

XIV.

For as he left his helm, to heave
The ballast-bags a-weather,
Three monstrous seas came roaring on,
Like lions leagued together.
The two first waves the little boat
Swam over like a feather.—

XV.

The two first waves were past and gone,
And sinking in her wake;
The hugest still came leaping on,
And hissing like a snake,
Now helm a-lee! for through the midst,
The monster he must take!

XVI.

Ah, me! it was a dreary mount!
Its base as black as night,

THE SEA-SPELL.

Its top of pale and livid green,
 Its crest of awful white,
 Like Neptune with a leprosy,—
 And so it rear'd upright!

XVII.

With quaking sails the little boat
 Climb'd up the foaming heap;
 With quaking sails it paused awhile,
 At balance on the steep;
 Then rushing down the nether slope,
 Plunged with a dizzy sweep!

XVIII.

Look, how a horse, made mad with fear,
 Disdains his careful guide;
 So now the headlong headstrong boat,
 Unmanaged, turns aside,
 And straight presents her reeling flank
 Against the swelling tide!

XIX.

The gusty wind assaults the sail;
 Her ballast lies a-lee!
 The sheets to windward taugt and stiff!
 Oh! the Lively—where is she?
 Her capsized keel is in the foam,
 Her pennon 's in the sea!

XX.

The wild gull, sailing overhead,
 Three times beheld emerge
 The head of that bold mariner,
 And then she screamed his dirge!
 For he had sunk within his grave,
 Lapp'd in a shroud of surge!

XXI.

The ensuing wave, with horrid foam,
Rush'd o'er and covered all,—
The jolly boatman's drowning scream
Was smother'd by the squall,
Heaven never heard his cry, nor did
The ocean heed his *caul*.



“DE GUSTIBUS NON EST DISPUTANDUM.”



“A MAN’S A MAN FOR A’ THAT!”

Faithless Nelly Gray.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
 And used to war’s alarms :
 But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
 So he laid down his arms !

Now as they bore him off the field,
 Said he, “ Let others shoot,
 For here I leave my second leg,
 And the Forty-second Foot !”

The army-surgeons made him limbs :
 Said he,—“ They’re only pegs :
 But there’s as wooden members quite,
 As represent my legs !”

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray ;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he'd devoured his pay !

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff,
And when she saw his wooden legs—
Began to take them off !

“ O, Nelly Gray ! O, Nelly Gray !
Is this your love so warm ?
The love that loves a scarlet coat,
Should be more uniform !”

Said she, “ I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave ;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave !”

“ Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now !”

“ O, Nelly Gray ! O, Nelly Gray !
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs
In Badajcs's *breaches* !”

“ Why, then,” said she, “ you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms !”

“ O, false and fickle Nelly Gray ;
I know why you refuse :—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes !”

“I wish I ne'er had seen your face ;
But, pow, a long farewell !
For you will be my death ;—alas !
You will not be my *Nell* !”

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot !

So round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line !

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off—of course,
He soon was off his legs !

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down !

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside !



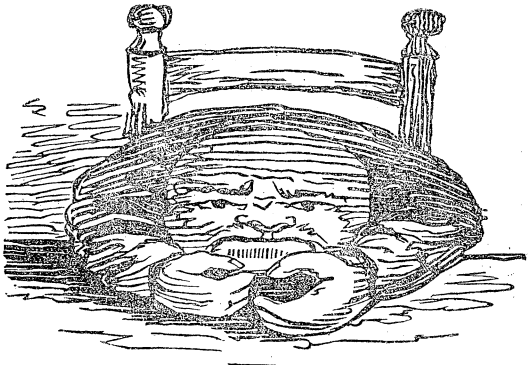
THE BARD OF HOPE.

Fancy Portraits.

MANY authors preface their works with a portrait, and it saves the reader a deal of speculation. The world loves to know something of the features of its favourites:—it likes the Geniuses to appear bodily as well as the Genii. We may estimate the liveliness of this curiosity by the abundance of portraits, masks, busts, china and plaster casts, that are extant, of great or would-be great people. As soon as a gentleman has proved in print, that he really has a head, a score of artists begin to brush at it. The literary lions have no peace to their manes. Sir Walter is eternally sitting, like Theseus, to some painter or other; and the late Lord Byron threw out more heads before he died than Hydra. The first novel of Mr. Galt had barely been announced in the second edition.

when he was requested to allow himself to be taken "in one minute;" Mr. Geoffrey Crayon was no sooner known to be Mr. Washington Irving, than he was waited upon with a sheet of paper and a pair of scissors.

The whole world, in fact, is one Lavater; it likes to find its prejudices confirmed by the Hook nose of the Author of Sayings and Doings, or the lines and angles in the honest face of Izaak Walton. It is gratified in dwelling on the repulsive features of a Newgate ordinary; and would be disappointed to miss the seraphic expression on the Author of the Angel of the World. The Old Bailey jurymen are physiognomists to a fault; and if a rope can transform a malefactor into an Adonis, a hard gallows face as often brings the malefactor to the rope. A low forehead is enough to bring down its head to the dust. A well-favoured man meets with good countenance; but when people are plain and hard-featured, (like the poor, for instance,) we grind their faces,—an expression, I am convinced, that refers to physiognomical theory.



MR. CRABBE.

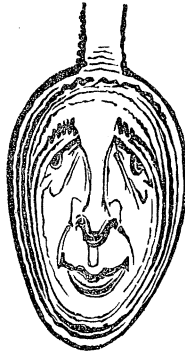
For my part, I confess a sympathy with the common failing. I take likings and dislikings, as some play music—at sight. The polar attractions and repulsions insisted on by the phrenologist, affect me not; but I am not proof against a pleasant or villainous set of features. Sometimes, I own, I am led by the nose (not my own, but that of the other party)—in my prepossessions.

My curiosity does not object to the disproportionate number of portraits in the annual exhibition,—nor grudge the expense of engraving a gentleman's head and shoulders. Like Judith, and the daughter of Herodias, I have a taste for a head in a plate, and accede cheerfully to the charge of the charger. A book without a portrait of the author, is worse than anonymous. As in a churchyard, you may look on any number of ribs and shin-bones, as so many sticks merely, without interest; but if there should chance to be a skull near hand, it claims the relics at once,—so it is with the author's head-piece in front of his pages. The portrait claims the work. The *Arcadia*, for instance, I know is none of mine—it belongs to that young fair gentleman, in armour, with a ruff.

So necessary it is for me to have an outward visible sign of the inward spiritual poet or philosopher, that in default of an authentic resemblance, I cannot help forging for him an effigy in my mind's eye—a *Fancy Portrait*. A few examples of contemporaries I have sketched down, but my collection is far from complete.

How have I longed to glimpse, in fancy, the Great Unknown!—the *Roc of Literature*!—but he keeps his head, like *Ben Lomond*, enveloped in a cloud. How have I sighed for a beau ideal of the author of *Christabel*, and the *Ancient Marinere*!—but I have been mocked with a dozen images, confusing each other, and indistinct as water is in water. My only clear revelation was a pair of *Hessian boots* highly

polished, or what the ingenious Mr. Warren would denominate his "Aids to Reflection!"



MR. BOWLES.



THE AUTHOR OF BROAD GRINS.

I was more certain of the figure, at least, of Dr. Kitchener, (p. 26,) though I had a misgiving about his features, which made me have recourse to a substitute for his head. Moore's profile struck me over a bottle after dinner, and the countenance of Mr. Bowles occurred to me, as in a mirror,—by a tea-table suggestion; Colman's at the same service; and Mr. Crabbe entered my mind's eye with the supper. But the Bard of Hope—the Laureate of promise and expectation—

occurred to me at no meal-time. We all know how Hope feeds her own.

I had a lively image of the celebrated Denon, in a mid-night dream, (p. 84,) and made out the full length of the juvenile Graham, from a hint of Mr. Hilton's.

At a future season, I hope to complete my gallery of Fancy Portraits.



ANACREON, JUNIOR.

The Morning Call.

I CANNOT conceive any prospect more agreeable to a weary traveller than the approach to *Bedfordshire*. Each valley reminds him of Sleepy Hollow; the fleecy clouds seem like blankets; the lakes and ponds are clean sheets; the setting sun looks like a warming-pan. He dreams of dreams to come. His travelling-cap transforms to a nightcap; the coach-lining feels softer squabbed; the guard's horn plays "Lullaby." Every flower by the roadside is a poppy. Each jolt of the coach is but a drowsy stumble up stairs. The lady opposite is the chambermaid; the gentleman beside her is Boots. He slides into imaginary slippers; he winks and nods flirtingly at Sleep, so soon to be his own. Although the wheels may be rattling into vigilant Wakefield, it appears to him to be sleepy Ware, with its great Bed, a whole County of Down spread "all before him where to choose his place of rest."

It was in a similar mood, after a long, dusty, droughty dog-day's journey, that I entered the Dolphin, at Bedhampton. I nodded in at the door, winked at the lights, blinked at the company in the coffee-room, yawned for a glass of negus, swallowed it with my eyes shut, as though it had been "a pint of nappy," surrendered my boots, clutched a candlestick, and blundered, slipshod, up the stairs to number nine.

Blessed be the man, says Sancho Panza, who first invented sleep: and blessed be heaven that he did not take out a patent, and keep his discovery to himself. My clothes dropped off me: I saw through a drowsy haze the likeness of a four-poster: "Great Nature's second course" was spread before me;—and I fell to without a long grace!

Here's a body—there's a bed!
 There's a pillow—here's a head!
 There's a curtain—here's a light!
 There's a puff—and so Good Night!

It would have been gross improvidence to waste more words on the occasion; for I was to be roused up again at four o'clock the next morning, to proceed by the early coach. I determined, therefore, to do as much sleep within the interval as I could; and in a minute, short measure, I was with that mandarin, Morpheus, in his Land of Nod.

How intensely we sleep when we are fatigued! Some as sound as tops, others as fast as churches. For my own part, I must have slept as fast as a cathedral,—as fast as Young Rapid wished his father to slumber:—nay, as fast as the French veteran who dreams over again the whole Russian campaign while dozing in his sentry-box. I must have slept as fast as a fast post-coach in my four-poster—or, rather, I must have slept “like winkin,” for I seemed hardly to have closed my eyes, when a voice cried—“Sleep no more!”

It was that of Boots, calling and knocking at the door, whilst through the keyhole a ray of candlelight darted into my chamber.

“Who's there?”

“It's me, your honour; I humbly ax pardon—but somehow I've overslept myself, and the coach be gone by!”

“The devil it is!—then I have lost my place!”

“No, not exactly, your honour. She stops a bit at the Dragon, 'tother end o' the town; and if your honour wouldn't object to a bit of a run—”

“That's enough—come in. Put down the light—and take up that bag—my coat over your arm—and waistcoat with it—and that cravat.”

Boots acted according to orders. I jumped out of bed—

pocketed my nightcap—screwed on my stockings—plunged into my trowsers—rammed my feet into wrong right and left boots—tumbled down the back stairs—burst through a door, and found myself in the fresh air of the stable yard, holding a lantern, which, in sheer haste, or spleen, I pitched into the horse-pond. Then began the race, during which I completed my toilet, running and firing a verbal volley at Boots, as often as I could spare breath for one.

“And you call this waking me up for the coach. My waistcoat!—Why I could wake myself—too late—without being called. Now my cravat—and be hanged to you!—Confound that stone!—and give me my coat. A nice road—for a run!—I suppose you keep it—on purpose. How many gentlemen—may you do a week?—I’ll tell—you what. If I—run—a foot—further—”

I paused for wind; while Boots had stopped of his own accord. We had turned a corner into a small square; and on the opposite side, certainly stood an inn with the sign of The Dragon, but without any sign of a coach at the door. Boots stood beside me, aghast, and surveying the house from the top to the bottom; not a wreath of smoke came from a chimney; the curtains were closed over every window, and the door was closed and shuttered. I could hardly contain my indignation when I looked at the infernal somnolent visage of the fellow, hardly yet broad awake—he kept rubbing his black-lead eyes with his hands, as if he would have rubbed them out.

“Yes, you may well look—you have overslept yourself with a vengeance. The coach must have passed an hour ago, and they have all gone to bed again!”

“No, there be no coach, sure enough,” soliloquized Boots, slowly raising his eyes from the road, where he had been searching for the track of recent wheels, and fixing them with

a deprecating expression on my face. "No, there's no coach—I ax a thousand pardons, your honour—but you see, sir, what with waiting on her, and talking on her, and expecting on her, and giving notice on her, every night of my life, your honour—why I sometimes dreams on her—and that's the case as is now!"

A Legend of Navarre.

I.

TWAS in the reign of Lewis, call'd the Great,
 As one may read on his triumphal arches,
 The thing befell I'm going to relate,
 In course of one of those "pomposo" marches
 He loved to make, like any gorgeous Persian,
 Partly for war, and partly for diversion.

II.

Some wag had put it in the royal brain
 To drop a visit at an old chateau,
 Quite unexpected, with his courtly train;
 The monarch liked it,—but it happened so,
 That Death had got before them by a post,
 And they were "reckoning without their *host*,"

III.

Who died exactly as a child should die,
 Without one groan or a convulsive breath,
 Closing without one pang his quiet eye,
 Sliding composedly from sleep—to death;
 A corpse so placid ne'er adorn'd a bed,
 He seem'd not quite—but only rather dead.

IV.

All night the widow'd Baroness contriv'd
 To shed a widow's tears; but on the morrow
 Some news of such unusual sort arriv'd,
 There came strange alteration in her sorrow;
 From mouth to mouth it pass'd, one common humming
 Throughout the house—the King! the King is coming!

V.

The Baroness, with all her soul and heart,
 A loyal woman, (now called ultra royal,)
 Soon thrust all funeral concerns apart,
 And only thought about a banquet royal;
 In short, by aid of earnest preparation,
 The visit quite dismiss'd the visitation.

VI.

And, spite of all her grief for the ex-mate,
 There was a secret hope she could not smother,
 That some one, early, might replace "the late"—
 It was too soon to think about another;
 Yet let her minutes of despair be reckon'd
 Against her hope, which was but for *a second*.

VII.

She almost thought that being thus bereft
 Just then, was one of time's propitious touches;
 A thread in such a nick so nick'd, it left
 Free opportunity to be a duchess;
 Thus all her care was only to look pleasant,
 But as for tears—she dropp'd them—for the present.

VIII.

Her household, as good servants ought to try,
 Look'd like their lady—any thing but sad,
 And giggled even that they might not cry,
 To damp fine company; in truth they had

No time to mourn, through choking turkeys' throttles,
Scouring old laces, and reviewing bottles.

IX.

Oh what a hubbub for the house of wo!
All, resolute to one irresolution,
Kept tearing, swearing, plunging to and fro,
Just like another French mob-revolution.
There lay the corpse that could not stir a muscle,
But all the rest seem'd Chaos in a bustle.

X.

The Monarch came: oh! who could ever guess
The Baroness had been so late a weeper!
The kingly grace and more than graciousness,
Buried the poor defunct some fathoms deeper,—
Could he have had a glance—alas, poor Being!
Seeing would certainly have led to *D*—ing.

XI.

For casting round about her eyes to find
Some one to whom her chattles to endorse,
The comfortable dame at last inclin'd
To choose the cheerful Master of the Horse;
He was so gay,—so tender,—the complete
Nice man,—the sweetest of the monarch's suite.

XII.

He saw at once and enter'd in the lists—
Glance unto glance made amorous replies;
They talk'd together like two egotists,
In conversation all made up of *eyes*:
No couple ever got so right consort-ish
Within two hours—a courtship rather shortish.

XIII.

At last, some sleepy, some by wine opprest,
 The courtly company began "nid noddin ;"
 The King first sought his chamber, and the rest
 Instanter followed by the course he trod in.
 I shall not please the scandalous by showing
 The order, or disorder of their going.

XIV.

The old Chateau, before that night, had never
 Held half so many underneath its roof ;
 It task'd the Baroness's best endeavour,
 And put her best contrivance to the proof,
 To give them chambers up and down the stairs
 In twos and threes, by singles, and by pairs.

XV.

She had just lodging for the whole—yet barely ;
 And some, that were both broad of back and tall
 Lay on spare beds that served them very sparsely ;
 However, there were beds enough for all ;
 But living bodies occupied so many,
 She could not let the dead one take up any !

XVI.

The act was, certainly, not over decent :
 Some small respect, e'en after death, she ow'd him,
 Considering his death had been so recent ;
 However, by command, her servants stow'd him,
 (I am asham'd to think how he was slubber'd,)
 Stuck bolt upright within a corner cupboard !

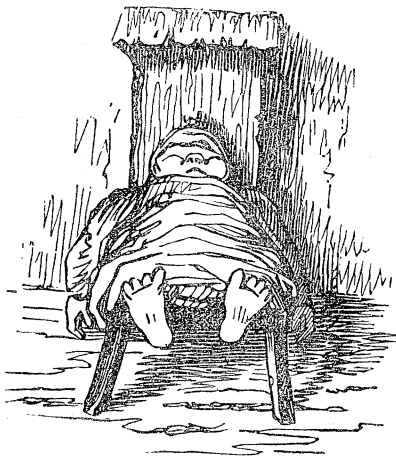
XVII.

And there he slept as soundly as a post,
 With no more pillow than an oaken shelf ;
 Just like a kind accommodating host,
 Taking all inconvenience on himself ;

None else slept in that room, except a stranger,
A decent man, a sort of Forest Ranger.

XVIII.

Who, whether he had gone too soon to bed,
Or dreamt himself into an appetite,
Howbeit, he took a longing to be fed,
About the hungry middle of the night;
So getting forth, he sought some scrap to eat,
Hopeful of some stray pasty, or cold meat.



THE SPARE BED.

XIX.

The casual glances of the midnight moon,
Bright'ning some antique ornaments of brass,
Guided his gropings to that corner soon,
Just where it stood, the coffin-safe, alas!
He tried the door—then shook it—and in course
Of time it opened to a little force.

XX.

He put one hand in, and began to grope ;
 The place was very deep, and quite as dark as
 The middle night ;—when lo ! beyond his hope,
 He felt a something cold,—in fact, the carcase ;
 Right overjoyed, he laugh'd and blest his luck
 At finding, as he thought, this haunch of buck !

XXI.

Then striding back for his couteau de chasse,
 Determin'd on a little midnight lurching,
 He came again and prob'd about the mass,
 As if to find the fattest bit for munching ;
 Not meaning wastefully to cut it all up,
 But only to abstract a little collop.

XXII.

But just as he had struck one greedy stroke,
 His hand fell down quite powerless and weak ;
 For when he cut the haunch it plainly spoke
 As haunch of ven'son never ought to speak ;
 No wonder that his hand could go no further—
 Whose could ?—to carve cold meat that bellow'd, “murther !”

XXIII.

Down came the Body with a bounce, and down
 The Ranger sprang, a staircase at a spring,
 And bawl'd enough to waken up a town ;
 Some thought that *they* were murder'd, some, the King,
 And, like Macduff, did nothing for a season,
 But stand upon the spot and bellow, “Treason !”

XXIV.

A hundred nightcaps gather'd in a mob,
 Torches drew torches, swords brought swords together,
 It seem'd so dark and perilous a job ;
 The Baroness came trembling like a feather

Just in the rear, as pallid as a corse,
Leaning against the Master of the Horse.

XXV.

A dozen of the bravest up the stair,
Well lighted and well watch'd, began to clamber;
They sought the door—they found it—they were there,
A dozen heads went poking in the chamber;
And lo! with one hand planted on his hurt,
There stood the Body bleeding thro' his shirt,—

XXVI.

No passive corse—but like a duellist
Just smarting from a scratch—in fierce position,
One hand advanc'd, and ready to resist;
In fact, the Baron doff'd the apparition,
Swearing those oaths the French delight in most,
And for the second time “gave up the ghost!”

XXVII.

A living miracle!—for why?—the knife
That cuts so many off from grave gray hairs,
Had only carv'd him kindly into life:
How soon it chang'd the posture of affairs!
The difference one person more or less
Will make in families, is past all guess.

XXVIII.

There stood the Baroness—no widow yet:
Here stood the Baron—“in the body” still:
There stood the Horses' Master in a pet,
Choking with disappointment's bitter pill,
To see the hope of his reversion fail,
Like that of riding on a donkey's tail.

XXIX.

The Baron liv'd—'twas nothing but a trance :
The lady died—'twas nothing but a death :
The cupboard-cut serv'd only to enhance
This postscript to the old Baronial breath :—
He soon forgave, for the revival's sake,
A little *chop* intended for a *steak* !



“ WHY DON'T YOU GET UP BEHIND ? ”



INFANT GENIUS.

The Progress of Art.

I.

O HAPPY time! Art's early days!
 "When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,
 Narcissus-like I hung!
 When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
 And such Old Masters all were deem'd
 As nothing to the young!

II.

Some scratchy strokes—abrupt and few,
 So easily and swift I drew,
 Suffic'd for my design;
 My sketchy, superficial hand,
 Drew solids at a dash—and spann'd
 A surface with a line.

III.

Not long my eye was thus content,
 But grew more critical—my bent
 Essay'd a higher walk ;
 I copied leaden eyes in lead—
 Rheumatic hands in white and red,
 And gouty feet—in chalk.

IV.

Anon my studious art for days
 Kept making faces—happy phrase,
 For faces such as mine !
 Accomplish'd in the details then,
 I left the minor parts of men,
 And drew the form divine.

V.

Old Gods and Heroes—Trojan—Greek,
 Figures—long after the antique,
 Great Ajax justly fear'd ;
 Hectors, of whom at night I dreamt,
 And Nestor, fring'd enough to tempt
 Bird-nesters to his beard.

VI.

A Bacchus, leering on a bowl,
 A Pallas, that out-star'd her owl,
 A Vulcan—very lame ;
 A Dian stuck about with stars,
 With my right hand I murder'd Mars—
 (One Williams did the same.)

VII.

But tir'd of this dry work at last,
 Crayon and chalk aside I cast,
 And gave my brush a drink !
 Dipping—"as when a painter dips
 In gloom of earthquake and eclipse,"—
 That is—in Indian ink.

VIII.

Oh then, what black Mont Blancs arose,
Crested with soot, and not with snows :
 What clouds of dingy hue !
In spite of what the bard has penn'd,
I fear the distance did not "lend
 Enchantment to the view."

IX.

Not Radclyffe's brush did e'er design
Black Forests, half so black as mine,
 Or lakes so like a pall ;
The Chinese cake dispers'd a ray
Of darkness, like the light of Day
 And Martin over all.

X.

Yet urchin pride sustain'd me still,
I gazed on all with right good will,
 And spread the dingy tint ;
"No holy Luke help'd me to paint,
The devil surely, not a Saint,
 Had any finger in 't !"

XI.

But colours came !—like morning light,
With gorgeous hues displacing night,
 Or Spring's enliven'd scene :
At once the sable shades withdrew ;
My skies got very, very blue ;
 My trees extremely green.

XII.

And wash'd by my cosmetic brush,
How Beauty's cheek began to blush ;
 With lock of auburn stain—
(Not Goldsmith's Auburn)—nut-brown hair,
That made her loveliest of the fair ;
 Not "loveliest of the plain !"

XIII.

Her lips were of vermilion hue,
 Love in her eyes, and Prussian blue,
 Set all my heart in flame!
 A young Pygmalion, I ador'd
 The maids I made—but time was stor'd
 With evil—and it came!

XIV.

Perspective dawn'd—and soon I saw
 My houses stand against its law;
 And “keeping” all unkept!
 My beauties were no longer things
 For love and fond imaginings;
 But horrors to be wept!

XV.

Ah! why did knowledge ope my eyes?
 Why did I get more artist-wise?
 It only serves to hint
 What grave defects and wants are mine;
 That I'm no Hilton in design—
 In nature no Dewint!

XVI.

Thrice happy time!—Art's early days!
 When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,
 Narcissus-like I hung!
 When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
 And such Old Masters all were deem'd
 As nothing to the young!



"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

A School for Adults.

- Servant.* How well you saw
Your father to school to-day, knowing how apt
He is to play the truant.
- Son.* But is he not
Yet gone to school?
- Servant.* Stand by, and you shall see.

Enter three Old Men with satchels, singing.

- All Three.* Domine, Domine, duster,
Three knaves in a cluster.
- Son.* O this is gallant pastime. Nay, come on;
Is this your school? was that your lesson, ha?
- 1st Old Man.* Pray, now, good son, indeed, indeed—
- Son.* Indeed
You shall to school. Away with him! and take
Their wagships with him, the whole cluster of them.

- 2d Old Man.* You sha'n't send us, now, so you sha'n't—
3d Old Man. We be none of your father, so we be'nt.—
Son. Away with 'em, I say; and tell their school mistress
 What truants they are, and bid her pay 'em soundly.
All Three Oh! oh! oh!
Lady. Alas! will nobody beg pardon for
 The poor old boys?
Traveller. Do men of such fair years here go to school?
Native. They would die dunces else.
 These were great scholars in their youth; but when
 Age grows upon men here, their learning wastes
 And so decays, that, if they live until
 Threescore, their sons send 'em to school again;
 They'd die as speechless else as new-born children.
Traveller. 'Tis a wise nation, and the piety
 Of the young men most rare and commendable;
 Yet give me, as a stranger, leave to beg
 Their liberty this day.
Son. 'Tis granted.
 Hold up your heads; and thank the gentleman,
 Like scholars, with your heels now.
All Three. Gratias! Gratias! Gratias! [*Exeunt Singing.*
 "THE ANTIPODES."—*By R. Brome.*

AMONGST the foundations for the promotion of National Education, I had heard of Schools for Adults; but I doubted of their existence. They were, I thought, merely the fancies of old dramatists, such as that scene just quoted; or the suggestions of philanthropists—the theoretical buildings of modern philosophers—benevolent prospectuses drawn up by warm-hearted enthusiasts, but of schemes never to be realized. They were probably only the bubble projections of a junto of interested pedagogues, not content with the entrance-moneys of the rising generation, but aiming to exact a

premium from the unlettered gray-beard. The age, I argued, was not ripe for such institutions, in spite of the spread of intelligence, and the vast power of knowledge insisted on by the public journalist. I could not conceive a set of men, or gentlemen, of mature years, if not aged, entering themselves as members of preparatory schools and petty seminaries, in defiance of shame, humiliation, and the contumely of a literary age. It seemed too whimsical to contemplate fathers, and venerable grandfathers, emulating the infant generation, and seeking for instruction in the rudiments. My imagination refused to picture the hoary abecedarian,

“With satchel on his back, and shining morning face,
Creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school.”

Fancy grew restive at a patriarchal ignoramus with a fool's cap, and a rod thrust down his bosom; at a palsied truant dodging the palmy inflictions of the cane; or a silver-headed dunce horsed on a pair of rheumatic shoulders for a paralytic flagellation. The picture, notwithstanding, is realized! Elderly people seem to have considered that they will be as awkwardly situated in the other world, as here, without their alphabet,—and Schools for Grown Persons to learn to read, are no more Utopian than New Harmony. The following letter from an old gentleman, whose education had been neglected, confirms me in the fact. It is copied, verbatim and literatim, from the original, which fell into my hands by accident.

Black Heath, November, 1827.

Dear Brother,

My honnerd Parents being Both desist I feal my deuty to give you Sum Account of the Progress I have maid in my studdys since last Vocation. You will be

gratefied to hear I am at the Hed of my Class and Tom Hodges is at its Bottom, tho He was Seventy last Burth Day and I am onely going on for Three Skore. I have begun Gografy and do exsises on the Globbs. In figgers I am all most out the fore Simples and going into Compounds next weak. In the mean time hop you will approve my Hand riting as well as my Speling witch I have took grate panes with as you desid. As for the French Tung Mr. Legender says I shall soon get the pronounciation as well as a Parishiner but the Master thinks its not advisable to begin Lattin at my advanced ears.

With respects to my Pearsonal comfits I am verry happy and midling Well xcept the old Cumplant in my To—but the Master is so kind as to let me have a Cushin for my feat. If their is any thing to cumplane of its the Vittles. Our Cook don't understand Maid dishes her Currys is xcrable. Tom Hodges Foot Man brings him evry Day soop from Birches. I wish you providid me the same. On the hole I wish on menny Accounts I was a Day border, partickly as Barlow sleeps in our Room and coffs all nite long. His brother's Ashmy is wus than his. He has took lately to Snuff and I have wishes to do the like. Its very dull after Supper since Mr. Grierson took away the fellers Pips, and forbid Smock ing, and allmost raized a Riot on that hed, and some of the Boys was to have Been horst for it. I am happy (to) say I have never been floged as yet and onely Caind once and that was for damming at the Cooks chops becous they was so overdun, but there was to have been fore Wiped yeaster day for Playing Wist in skool hours, but was Begd off on acount of their Lumbargo.

I am sorry to say Ponder has had another Stroak of the perrylaticks and has no Use of his Lims. He is Parrs fag—and Parr has got the Roomytix bysides very bad but luckily

its onely stiffind one Arm so he has still Hops to get the Star for Heliocution. Poor Dick Combs eye site has quite gone or he would have a good chance for the Silvur Pen.

Mundy was one of the Fellers Burth Days and we was to have a hole Hollday but he dyed sudnly over nite of the appoplxy and disappinted us verry much. Two moor was fetcht home last Weak so that we are getting very thin partickly when we go out Wauking, witch is seldom more than three at a time, their is allways so menny in the nursry. I forgot to say Garrat run off a month ago he got verry Home-sick ever since his Grandchildren cum to sea him at skool,—Mr. Grierson has expeld him for running away.

On Tuesday a new Schollard cum. He is a very old crusty Chap and not much lick'd for that resin by the rest of the Boys, whom all Teas him, and call him Phig because he is a retired Grosser. Mr. Grierson declind another New Boy because he hadn't had the Mizzles. I have red Gays Febbles and the other books You were so kind to send me—and would be glad of moor partickly the Gentlemans with a Welsh Whig and a Worming Pan when you foreward my Closebox with my clean Lining—like wise sum moor Fleasy Hoshery for my legs and the Cardmums I rit for with the French Grammer &c. Also weather I am to Dance next quarter. The Gymnystacks is being interdeuced into our Skool but is so Voilent no one follows them but Old Parr and He cant get up his Pole.

I have no more to write but hop this letter will find you as Well as me; Mr. Grierson is in Morning for Mr. Linly Murry of whose loss you have herd of—xcept which he is in Quite good Helth and desires his Respective Compliments with witch I remane

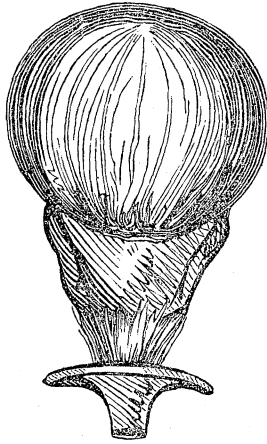
Your deutfil and
loving Brother

S. P. Barlow and Phigg have just had a fite in the Yard about calling names and Phigg has pegged Barlows tooth out But it was loose before. Mr. G. dont allow Puglism if he nose it among the Boys as at their Times of lifes it might be fatle partickly from pulling their Coats of in the open Are.

Our new Husher is cum and is verry well Red in his Mother's tung, witch is the mane thing with Beginers but We wish the French Master was changed on account of his Polly-ticks and Religun. Brassbrige and him is always Squabbling about Bonnyparty and the Pop of Room. Has for Barlow we cant tell weather He is Wig or Tory for he cant express his Sentymints for Coffing.



“O! THERE’S NOTHING HALF SO SWEET IN LIFE.”



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

The Demon-ship.

STORIES of storm-ships and haunted vessels, of spectre-shallops and supernatural Dutch doggers, are common to many countries, and are well attested in both poetry and prose. The adventures of Solway sailors with Mahound, in his bottomless barges, and the careerings of the phantom-ship up and down the Hudson, have hundreds of asserters besides Messrs. Cunningham and Crayon; and to doubt their authenticity may seem like an imitation of the desperate sailing of the haunted vessels themselves against wind and tide. I cannot help fancying, however, that Richard Faulder was but one of those tavern-dreamers recorded by old Heywood, who conceived

“The room wherein they quaff’d to be a pinnacle.”

And as for the Flying Dutchman, my notion is very different from the popular conception of that apparition, as I have ventured to show by the above design. The spectre-ship, bound to Dead Man's Isle, is almost as awful a craft as the skeleton-bark of the Ancient Mariner; but they are both fictions, and have not the advantage of being realities, like the dreary vessel with its dreary crew in the following story, which records an adventure that befell even unto myself.

Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea look'd black and
grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering at the
brim;
Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light!
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky!

Down went my helm—close reef'd—the tack held freely in my
hand—
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.
Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee—my little boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.
Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail!
What darksome caverns yawn'd before! what jagged steeps behind!
Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the wind.
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and gallop'd in its place;
As black as night—they turned to white, and cast against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturn'd a sailor's shroud:—
Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was nearly run!
Behold you fatal billow rise—ten billows heap'd in one!
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling, fast,
As if the scooping sea contain'd one only wave at last!

Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave;
 It seem'd as though some cloud had turn'd its hugeness to a wave?
 Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
 I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base!
 I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine!
 Another pulse—and down it rush'd—an avalanche of brine!
 Brief pause had I on God to cry, or think of wife and home!
 The waters closed—and when I shriek'd, I shriek'd below the
 foam!

Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed,
 For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed!

* * * * *

“Where am I? in the breathing world, or in the world of death?”
 With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath;
 My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—
 And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seemed around?
 A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft
 But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft?
 A face, that mock'd the human face, before me watch'd alone;
 But were those eyes the eyes of man that looked against my own?
 Oh! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
 As met my gaze, when first I look'd, on that accursed night!
 I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
 Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—
 Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with hateful stare—
 Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion, and she-bear—
 Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite—
 Detested features, hardly dimm'd and banish'd by the light!
 Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their tombs—
 All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—
 Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast,—
 But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the mast!

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his eyes and hair as
 dark:

His hand was black, and where it touch'd, it left a sable mark;

His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I looked beneath,
His breast was black—all, all was black, except his grinning teeth.
His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves!
Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that plough'd the inky waves!
"Alas!" I cried, "for love of truth and blessed mercy's sake,
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dreadful lake?
What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal?
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gain'd my soul!
Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows that beguil'd
My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child,—
My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see:
I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's Sea!"

Loud laugh'd that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to stern—
A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once:
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoy'd the merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the Pit.
They crow'd their fill, and then the Chief made answer for the
whole:—
"Our skins," said he, "are black, ye see, because we carry coal;
You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields—
For this here ship has picked you up—the Mary Ann of Shields!"



FANCY PORTRAIT:—CAPTAIN HEAD.

Sally Holt, and the Death of John Bayloft.

FOUR times in the year—twice at the season of the half-yearly dividends, and twice at the intermediate quarters, to make her slender investments—there calls at my Aunt Shakerly's, a very plain, very demure maiden, about forty, and makes her way downward to the kitchen, or upward to my cousin's chamber, as may happen. Her coming is not to do chair-work, or needle-work—to tell fortunes—to beg, steal, or borrow. She does not come for old clothes, or for new. Her simple errand is love—pure, strong, disinterested, enduring love, passing the love of women—at least for women.

It is not often servitude begets much kindness between the two relations; hers, however, grew from that ungenial soil. For the whole family of the Shakerly's she has a strong feudal attachment, but her particular regard dwells with Charlotte, the latest born of the clan. *Her* she doats upon—*her* she fondles—and takes upon her longing, loving lap.

O let not the oblivious attentions of the worthy Domine Sampson, to the tall boy Bertram, be called an unnatural working! I have seen my cousin, a good feeder, and well grown into womanhood, sitting—two good heads taller than her dry-nurse—on the knees of the simple-hearted Sally Holt! I have seen the huge presentation orange, unapp'd from the homely speckled kerchief, and thrust with importunate tenderness into the bashful *marriageable* hand.

My cousin's heart is not so artificially composed, as to let her scorn this humble affection, though she is puzzled sometimes with what kind of look to receive these honest but awkward endearments. I have seen her face quivering with half a laugh.

It is one of Sally's staple hopes, that, some day or other, when Miss Charlotte keeps house, she will live with her as a servant: and this expectation makes her particular and earnest to a fault in her inquiries about sweethearts, and offers, and the matrimonial chances: questions which I have seen my cousin listen to with half a cry.

Perhaps Sally looks upon this confidence as her right, in return for those secrets which, by joint force of ignorance and affection, she could not help reposing in the bosom of her foster-mistress. Nature, unkind to her, as to Dogberry, denied to her that knowledge of reading and writing which comes to some by instinct. A strong principle of religion made it a darling point with her to learn to read, that she might study in her Bible: but in spite of all the help of my cousin, and as ardent a desire for learning as ever dwelt in scholar, poor Sally never mastered beyond A-B-ab. Her mind, simple as her heart, was unequal to any more difficult combinations. Writing was worse to her than conjuring. My cousin was her amanuensis: and from the vague, unaccountable mistrust of ignorance, the inditer took the pains always

to compare the verbal message with the transcript, by counting the number of the words.

I would give up all the tender epistles of Mrs. Arthur Brooke, to have read one of Sally's epistles; but they were amatory, and therefore kept sacred: for plain as she was, Sally Holt had a lover.

There is an unpretending plainness in some faces that has its charm—an unaffected ugliness, a thousand times more bewitching than those would-be pretty looks that neither satisfy the critical sense, nor leave the matter of beauty at once to the imagination. We like better to make a new face than to mend an old one. Sally had not one good feature, except those which John Hayloft made for her in his dreams; and to judge from one token, her partial fancy was equally answerable for his charms. One precious lock—no, not a lock, but rather a remnant of very short, very coarse, very yellow hair, the clippings of a military crop, for John was a corporal—stood the foremost item amongst her treasures. To her they were curls, golden, Hyperion, and cherished long after the parent-head was laid low, with many more, on the bloody plain of Salamanca.

I remember vividly at this moment the ecstasy of her grief at the receipt of the fatal news. She was standing near the dresser with a dish, just cleaned, in her dexter hand. Ninety-nine women in a hundred would have dropped the dish. Many would have flung themselves after it on the floor; but Sally put it up, orderly, on the shelf. The fall of John Hayloft could not induce the fall of the crockery. She felt the blow notwithstanding; and as soon as she had emptied her hands, began to give way to her emotions in her own manner. Affliction vents itself in various modes, with different temperaments: some rage, others compose themselves like monuments. Some weep, some sleep, some prose about death, and

others poetize on it. Many take to a bottle, or to a rope. Some go to Margate, or Bath.

Sally did nothing of these kinds. She neither snivelled, travelled, sickened, maddened, nor ranted, nor canted, nor hung, nor fuddled herself—*she only rocked herself upon the kitchen chair!!*

The action was not adequate to her relief. She got up—took a fresh chair—then another—and another—and another,—till she had rocked on all the chairs in the kitchen.

The thing was tickling to both sympathies. It was pathetic to behold her grief, but ludicrous that she knew no better how to grieve.

An American might have thought that she was in the act of enjoyment, but for an intermitting O dear! O dear! Passion could not wring more from her in the way of exclamation than the toothache. Her lamentations were always the same even in tone. By and by she pulled out the hair—the cropped, yellow, stunted, scrubby hair; then she fell to rocking—then O dear! O dear!—and then Da Capo.

It was an odd sort of elegy, and yet, simple as it was, I thought it worth a thousand of Lord Littleton's!

“Heyday, Sally! what is the matter?” was a very natural inquiry from my Aunt, when she came down into the kitchen; and if she did not make it with her tongue, at least it was asked very intelligibly by her eyes. Now Sally had but one way of addressing her mistress, and she used it here. It was the same with which she would have asked for a holiday, except that the waters stood in her eyes.

“If you please, Ma'am,” said she, rising up from her chair and dropping her old curtsey, “if you please, Ma'am, it's John Hayloft is dead;” and then she began rocking again, as if grief was a baby that wanted joggling to sleep.

My Aunt was posed. She would fain have comforted the

mourner, but her mode of grieving was so out of the common way, that she did not know how to begin. To the violent she might have brought soothing; to the desponding, texts of patience and resignation; to the hysterical, *sal volatile*; she might have asked the sentimental for the story of her woes. A good scolding is useful with some sluggish griefs:—in some cases a cordial. In others—a job.

If Sally had only screamed, or bellowed, or fainted, or gone stupified, or raved, or said a collect, or moped about, it would have been easy to deal with her. But with a woman that only rocked on her chair—

What the devil could my Aunt do?—

Why, nothing:—and she did it as well as she could.



PONY-ATOWSKI.



A SHOOTING TOOTH.

A True Story.

OF all our pains, since man was curst,
 I mean of body, not the mental,
 To name the worst, among the worst,
 The dental sure is transcendental;
 Some bit of masticating bone,
 That ought to help to clear a shelf,
 But let its proper work alone,
 And only seems to gnaw itself;
 In fact, of any grave attack
 On victuals there is little danger,
 'Tis so like coming to the rack,
 As well as going to the manger.

Old Hunks—it seem'd a fit retort
 Of justice on his grinding ways—
 Possess'd a grinder of the sort,
 That troubled all his latter days.
 The best of friends fall out, and so
 His teeth had done some years ago,

Save some old stumps with ragged root,
And they took turn about to shoot;
If he drank any chilly liquor,
They made it quite a point to throb;
But if he warm'd it on the hob,
Why then they only twitch'd the quicker.

One tooth—I wonder such a tooth
Had never kill'd him in his youth—
One tooth he had with many fangs,
That shot at once as many pangs,
It had an universal sting;
One touch of that extatic stump
Could jerk his limbs, and make him jump,
Just like a puppet on a string;
And what was worse than all, it had
A way of making others bad.
There is, as many know, a knack,
With certain farming undertakers,
And this same tooth pursued their track,
By adding *achers* still to *achers*!

One way there is, that has been judg'd
A certain cure, but Hunks was loth
To pay the fee, and quite begrudg'd
To lose his tooth and money both;
In fact, a dentist and the wheel
Of Fortune are a kindred cast,
For after all is drawn, you feel
Its paying for a blank at last;
So Hunks went on from week to week,
And kept his torment in his cheek;
Oh! how it sometimes set him rocking,
With that perpetual gnaw—gnaw—gnaw,
His moans and groans were truly shocking
And loud—altho' he held his jaw.

Many a tug he gave his gum,
 And tooth, but still it would not come,
 Tho' tied by string to some firm thing,
 He could not draw it, do his best,
 By draw'rs, altho' he tried a chest.

At last, but after much debating,
 He joined a score of mouths in waiting,
 Like his, to have their troubles out.
 Sad sight it was to look about
 At twenty faces making faces,
 With many a rampant trick and antic,
 For all were very horrid cases,
 And made their owners nearly frantic.
 A little wicket now and then
 Took one of these unhappy men,
 And out again the victim rush'd,
 While eyes and mouth together gush'd;
 At last arriv'd our hero's turn,
 Who plunged his hands in both his pockets,
 And down he sat prepar'd to learn
 How teeth are charm'd to quit their sockets.

Those who have felt such operations,
 Alone can guess the sort of ache,
 When his old tooth began to break
 The thread of old associations;
 It touch'd a string in every part,
 It had so many tender ties;
 One chord seem'd wrenching at his heart,
 And two were tugging at his eyes;
 "Bone of his bone," he felt of course,
 As husbands do in such divorce;
 At last the fangs gave way a little,
 Hunks gave his head a backward jerk,
 And lo! the cause of all this work,
 Went—where it used to send his victual!

The monstrous pain of this proceeding
 Had not so numb'd his miser wit,
 But in this slip he saw a hit
 To save, at least, his purse from bleeding ;
 So when the dentist sought his fees,
 Quoth Hunks, " Let's finish, if you please."
 " How, finish ! why it's out !"—" Oh ! no—
 I'm none of your beforehand tippers,
 'Tis you are out, to argue so ;
 My tooth is in my head no doubt,
 But as you say you pull'd it out,
 Of course it's there—between your nippers."
 " Zounds ! sir, d'ye think I'd sell the truth
 To get a fee ? no, wretch, I scorn it."
 But Hunks still ask'd to see the tooth,
 And swore by gum ! he had not drawn it.
 His end obtain'd, he took his leave,
 A secret chuckle in his sleeve ;
 The joke was worthy to produce one,
 To think, by favour of his wit,
 How well a dentist had been bit
 By one old stump, and that a loose one !

The thing was worth a laugh, but mirth
 Is still the frailest thing on earth :
 Alas ! how often when a joke
 Seems in our sleeve, and safe enough,
 There comes some unexpected stroke,
 And hangs a weeper on the cuff !
 Hunks had not whistled half a mile,
 When, planted right against a stile,
 There stood his foeman, Mike Mahoney,
 A vagrant reaper, Irish-born,
 That help'd to reap our miser's corn,
 But had not help'd to reap his money,
 A fact that Hunks remembered quickly ;

His whistle all at once was quell'd,
 And when he saw how Michael held
 His sickle, he felt rather sickly.

Nine souls in ten, with half his fright,
 Would soon have paid the bill at sight,
 But misers (let observers watch it)
 Will never part with their delight
 Till well demanded by a hatchet—
 They live hard—and they die to match it.
 Thus Hunks prepar'd for Mike's attacking,
 Resolv'd not yet to pay the debt,
 But let him take it out in hacking;
 However, Mike began to stickle
 In word before he used the sickle;
 But mercy was not long attendant:
 From words at last he took to blows
 And aim'd a cut at Hunks's nose;
 That made it what some folks are not—
 A member very independent.

Heaven knows how far this cruel trick
 Might still have led, but for a tramper
 That came in danger's very nick,
 To put Mahoney to the scamper.
 But still compassion met a damper;
 There lay the sever'd nose, alas!
 Beside the daisies on the grass,
 "Wee, crimson-tipt" as well as they,
 According to the poet's lay:
 And there stood Hunks, no sight for laughter!
 Away ran Hodge to get assistance,
 With nose in hand, which Hunks ran after,
 But somewhat at unusual distance.
 In many a little country place
 It is a very common case
 To have but one residing doctor,

Whose practice rather seems to be
 No practice, but a rule of three,
 Physician—surgeon—drug-decocter ;
 Thus Hunks was forc'd to go once more
 Where he had ta'en his tooth before.
 His mere name made the learn'd man hot,—
 “What! Hunks again within my door!
 I'll pull his nose;” quoth Hunks, “You cannot.”

The doctor look'd and saw the case
 Plain as the nose *not* on his face.
 “O! hum—ha—yes—I understand.”
 But then arose a long demur,
 For not a finger would he stir
 Till he was paid his fee in hand;
 That matter settled, there they were,
 With Hunks well strapp'd upon his chair.

The opening of a surgeon's job—
 His tools, a chestful or a drawerful—
 Are always something very awful,
 And give the heart the strangest throb;
 But never patient in his funks
 Look'd half so like a ghost as Hunks,
 Or surgeon half so like a devil
 Prepar'd for some infernal revel:
 His huge black eye kept rolling, rolling,
 Just like a bolus in a box,
 His fury seem'd above controlling,
 He bellow'd like a hunted ox:
 “Now, swindling wretch, I'll show thee how
 We treat such cheating knaves as thou;
 Oh! sweet is this revenge to sup;
 I have thee by the nose—it's now
 My turn—and I will turn it up.”

Guess how the miser lik'd the scurvy
 And cruel way of venting passion;

The snubbing folks in this new fashion
 Seem'd quite to turn him topsy turvy;
 He utter'd pray'rs, and groans, and curses,
 For things had often gone amiss
 And wrong with him before, but this
 Would be the worst of all *reverses*!
 In fancy he beheld his snout
 Turn'd upward like a pitcher's spout;
 There was another grievance yet,
 And fancy did not fail to show it,
 That he must throw a summerset,
 Or stand upon his head to blow it.
 And was there then no argument
 To change the doctor's vile intent,
 And move his pity?—yes, in truth,
 And that was—paying for the tooth.
 “Zounds! pay for such a stump! I'd rather—”
 But here the menace went no farther,
 For with his other ways of pinching,
 Hunks had a miser's love of snuff,
 A recollection strong enough
 To cause a very serious finching;
 In short, he paid and had the feature
 Replac'd as it was meant by nature;
 For tho' by this 'twas cold to handle,
 (No corpse's could have felt more horrid,)
 And white just like an end of candle,
 The doctor deem'd and prov'd it too,
 That noses from the nose will do
 As well as noses from the forehead;
 So, fix'd by dint of rag and lint,
 The part was bandag'd up and muffled.
 The chair unfasten'd, Hunks arose,
 And shuffled out, for once unshuffled;
 And as he went these words he snuffled—
 “Well, this *is* 'paying through the nose.'”



“WHOLESALE—RETAIL—AND FOR EXPORTATION.”

The Decline of Mrs. Shakerly.

TOWARDS the close of her life, my Aunt Shakerly increased rapidly in bulk: she kept adding growth unto her growth,

“Giving a sum of more to that which had too much,”

till the result was worthy of a Smithfield premium. It was not the triumph, however, of any systematic diet for the promotion of fat,—(except oyster-eating there is no human system of *stall-feeding*,)—on the contrary, she lived abstemiously, diluting her food with pickle-acids, and keeping frequent fasts, in order to reduce her compass; but they failed of this desirable effect. Nature had planned an original tendency in

her organization that was not to be overcome:—she would have fattened on sourkrout.

My uncle, on the other hand, decreased daily; originally a little man, he became lean, shrunken, wizened. There was a predisposition in his constitution that made him spare, and kept him so:—he would have fallen off even on brewers' grains.

It was the common joke of the neighbourhood to designate my aunt, my uncle, and the infant Shakerly, as "WHOLESALE, RETAIL, and FOR EXPORTATION;" and, in truth, they were not inapt impersonations of that popular inscription,—my aunt a giantess, my uncle a pigmy, and the child being "carried abroad."

Alas! of the three departments, nothing now remains but the Retail portion—my uncle, a pennyworth, a mere sample.

It is upon record, that Dr. Watts, though a puny man in person, took a fancy, towards his latter days, that he was too large to pass through a door—an error which Death shortly corrected by taking him through his own portal. My unhappy aunt, with more show of reason, indulged in a similar delusion; she conceived herself to have grown inconveniently cumbersome for the small village of ——, and my uncle, to quiet her, removed to the metropolis. There she lived for some months in comparative ease, till at last an unlucky event recalled all her former inquietude. The Elephant of Mr. Cross, a good feeder, and with a natural tendency to corpulence, thrived so well on his rations, that, becoming too huge for his den, he was obliged to be despatched. My aunt read the account in the newspapers, and the catastrophe with its cause took possession of her mind. She seemed to herself as that Elephant. An intolerable sense of confinement and oppression haunted her by day and in her dreams. First she had a tightness at her chest, then in

her limbs, then all over ; she felt too big for her chair—then for her bed—then for her room—then for the house ! To divert her thoughts my uncle proposed to go to Paris ; but she was too huge for a boat—for a barge—for a packet—for a frigate—for a country—for a continent ! “She was too big,” she said, “for this world—but she was going to one that is boundless.”

Nothing could wean her from this belief : her whole talk was of “cumber grounds :” of the “burthen of the flesh :” and of “infinity.” Sometimes her head wandered, and she would then speak of disposing of the “bulk of her personals.”

In the mean time her health decayed slowly, but perceptibly : she was dying, the doctor said that, by inches.

Now my uncle was a kind husband, and meant tenderly, though it sounded untender : but when the doctor said, she was dying by inches—

“God forbid !” cried my uncle : “consider what a great big creature she is !”



BRUTE EMANCIPATION.

The Monkey-Martyr.

A FABLE.

“God help thee, said I, but I’ll let thee out, cost what it will: so I turned about the cage to get to the door.”—STERNE.

’TIS strange, what awkward figures and odd capers
 Folks cut, who seek their doctrine from the papers;
 But there are many shallow politicians
 Who take their bias from bewilder’d journals—
 Turn state-physicians,
 And make themselves fools’-caps of the diurnals.

One of this kind, not human, but a monkey,
 Had read himself at last to this sour creed—
 That he was nothing but Oppression’s flunkey,
 And man a tyrant over all his breed.

He could not read

Of niggers whipt, or over-trampled weavers,
 But he applied their wrongs to his own seed,
 And nourish'd thoughts that threw him into fevers.
 His very dreams were full of martial beavers,
 And drilling Pugs, for liberty pugnacious,

To sever chains vexatious :

In fact, he thought that all his injured line
 Should take up pikes in hand, and never drop 'em
 Till they had clear'd a road to Freedom's shrine,—
 Unless perchance the turnpike men should stop 'em.

Full of this rancour,

Pacing one day beside St. Clement Danes,

It came into his brains

To give a look in at the Crown and Anchor ;

Where certain solemn sages of the nation

Were at that moment in deliberation

How to relieve the wide world of its chains,

Pluck despots down,

And thereby crown

Whitee- as well as blackee-man-cipation.

Pug heard the speeches with great approbation,

And gaz'd with pride upon the Liberators ;

To see mere coal-heavers

Such perfect Bolivars—

Waiters of inns sublim'd to innovators,

And slaters dignified as legislators—

Small publicans demanding (such their high sense

Of liberty) an universal license—

And patten-makers easing Freedom's clogs—

The whole thing seem'd

So fine, he deem'd

The smallest demagogues as great as Gogs !

Pug, with some curious notions in his noddle,

Walk'd out at last, and turn'd into the Strand,

To the left hand,

Conning some portion of the previous twaddle,
 And striding with a step that seemed design'd
 To represent the mighty March of Mind,
 Instead of that slow waddle
 Of thought, to which our ancestors inclin'd—
 No wonder, then, that he should quickly find
 He stood in front of that intrusive pile,
 Where Cross keeps many a kind
 Of bird confin'd,
 And free-born animal, in durance vile—
 A thought that stirr'd up all the monkey-bile!

 The window stood ajar—
 It was not far,
 Nor, like Parnassus, very hard to climb—
 The hour was verging on the supper-time,
 And many a growl was sent through many a bar.
 Meanwhile Pug scrambled upward like a tar,
 And soon crept in,
 Unnotic'd in the din
 Of tuneless throats, that made the attics ring
 With all the harshest notes that they could bring;
 For like the Jews,
 Wild beasts refuse
 In midst of their captivity—to sing.

 Lord! how it made him chafe,
 Full of his new emancipating zeal,
 To look around upon this brute-bastille,
 And see the king of creatures in—a safe!
 The desert's denizen in one small den,
 Swallowing slavery's most bitter pills—
 A bear in bars unbearable. And then
 The fretful porcupine, with all its quills,
 Imprison'd in a pen!
 A tiger limited to four feet ten;

And, still worse lot,
 A leopard to one spot,
 An elephant enlarg'd,
 But not discharg'd;

(It was before the elephant was shot;)

A doleful wanderow, that wandered not;
 An ounce much disproportion'd to his pound.

Pug's wrath wax'd hot
 To gaze upon these captive creatures round;
 Whose claws—all scratching—gave him full assurance
 They found their durance vile of vile endurance.

He went above—a solitary mounter
 Up gloomy stairs—and saw a pensive group
 Of hapless fowls—
 Cranes, vultures, owls,

In fact, it was a sort of Poultry-Compter,
 Where feather'd prisoners were doom'd to droop:
 Here sat an eagle, forc'd to make a stoop,
 Not from the skies, but his impending roof;

And there aloof,
 A pining ostrich, moping in a coop;
 With other samples of the bird creation,
 All cag'd against their powers and their wills,
 And cramp'd in such a space, the longest bills
 Were plainly bills of least accommodation.
 In truth, it was a very ugly scene
 To fall to any liberator's share,
 To see those winged fowls, that once had been
 Free as the wind, no freer than fix'd air.

His temper little mended,
 Pug from this Bird-cage Walk at last descended
 Unto the lion and the elephant,
 His bosom in a pant
 To see all nature's Free List thus suspended,
 And beasts depriv'd of what she had intended.

They could not even prey
 In their own way ;
 A hardship always reckon'd quite prodigious.
 Thus he resolv'd—
 And soon resolv'd
 To give them freedom, civil and religious.

That night, there were no country cousins, raw
 From Wales to view the lion and his kin :
 The keeper's eyes were fixed upon a saw ;
 The saw was fixed upon a bullock's shin :
 Meanwhile with stealthy paw,
 Pug hastened to withdraw
 The bolt that kept the king of brutes within.
 Now, monarch of the forest ! thou shalt win
 Precious enfranchisement—thy bolts are undone ;
 Thou art no longer a degraded creature,
 But loose to roam with liberty and nature ;
 And free of all the jungles about London—
 All Hampstead's heathy desert lies before thee !
 Methinks I see thee bound from Cross's ark,
 Full of the native instinct that comes o'er thee,
 And turn a ranger
 Of Hounslow Forest, and the Regent's Park—
 Thin Rhodes's cows—the mail-coach steeds endanger—
 And gobble parish watchmen after dark :—
 Methinks I see thee, with the early lark,
 Stealing to Merlin's cave—(*thy* cave)—Alas,
 That such bright visions should not come to pass !
 Alas for freedom, and for freedom's hero !
 Alas, for liberty of life and limb !
 For Pug had only half unbolted Nero,
 When Nero *bolted him* !



Banditti.

OF all the Saints in the Calendar, none has suffered less from the Reformation than St. Cecilia, the great patroness of Music. Lofty and lowly are her votaries—many and magnificent are her holiday festivals—and her common service is performing at all hours of the day. She has not only her regular high-priests and priestesses; but, like the Wesleyans, her itinerants and street-missionaries, to make known her worship in the highways and in the byways. Nor is the homage confined to the people of one creed;—the Protestant exalts her on his barrel-organ—the Catholic with her tambourine—the wandering Jew with his Pan's-pipe and double-drum. The preceding group was sketched from a company of these “Strolling Players.”

It must be confessed that their service is sometimes of a kind rather to drive angels higher into heaven, than to entice

them earthward ; and there are certain retired streets—near the Adelphi, for instance—where such half-hourly deductions from the natural quiet of the situation should justly be considered in the rent. Some of the choruses, in truth, are beyond any but a saintly endurance. Conceive a brace of opposition organs, a fife, two hurdy-gurdies, a clarionet, and a quartette of decayed mariners, all clubbing their music in common, on the very principle of Mr. Owen's *New Harmony!*

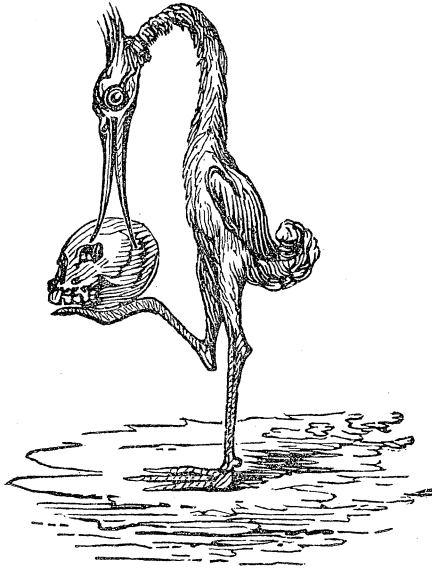
In the Journal of a recent Traveller through the Papal States, there is an account of an adventure with Neapolitan robbers, that would serve, with very slight alterations, for the description of an encounter with our own banditti.

“To-day, Mrs. Graham and I mounted our horses and rode towards Islington. We had not proceeded far, when we heard sounds as of screaming and groaning, and presently a group of men appeared at a turn of the road. It was too certain that we had fallen in with one of these roving bands. Escape was impossible, as they extended across the road. Their leader was the celebrated Flanigan, notorious for his murder of Fair Ellen, and the Bewildered Maid. One of the fellows advanced close up to Mrs. G., and putting his instrument to her ear, threatened to blow out her brains. We gave them what coppers we had, and were allowed to proceed. We were informed by the country-people, that a gentlewoman and her daughter had been detained by them, near the same spot, and robbed of their hearings, with circumstances of great barbarity ; Flanigan, in the mean time, standing by with his pipe in his mouth!

“Innumerable other travellers have been stopped and tortured by these wretches, till they gave up their money : and yet these excesses are winked at by the police. In the mean time, the government does not interfere, in the hope, perhaps,

that some day these gangs may be broken up, and separated, by discord amongst themselves.”

Sometimes, to the eye of fancy, these wandering minstrels assume another character, and illustrate Collins's Ode on the Passions, in a way that might edify Miss Macauley. First, Fear, a blind harper, lays his bewildered hand amongst the chords, but recoils back at the sound of an approaching carriage. Anger, with starting eyeballs, blows a rude clash on the bugle-horn; and Despair, a snipe-faced wight, beguiles his grief with low sullen sounds on the bassoon. Hope, a consumptive Scot, with golden hair and a clarionet, indulges, like the flatterer herself, in a thousand fantastic flourishes beside the tune—with a lingering quaver at the close; and would quaver longer, but Revenge shakes his matted locks, blows a fresh alarum on his pandeans, and thumps with double heat his double-drum. Dejected Pity at his side, a hunger-bitten urchin, applies to his silver-toned triangle; whilst Jealousy, sad proof of his distracted state, grinds on, in all sorts of time, at his barrel-organ. With eyes upraised, pale Melancholy sings retired and unheeded at the corner of the street; and Mirth—yonder he is, a brisk little Savoyard, jerking away at the hurdy-gurdy, and dancing himself at the same time, to render his jig-tune more jigging.



CRANE-IOLOGY.

Craniology.

'TIS strange how like a very dunce,
 Man—with his bumps upon his sconce,
 Has lived so long, and yet no knowledge he
 Has had, till lately, of Phrenology—
 A science that by simple dint of
 Head-combing he should find a hint of,
 When scratching o'er those little poll-hills,
 The faculties throw up like mole-hills;—
 A science that, in very spite
 Of all his teeth, ne'er came to light,
 For tho' he knew his skull had *grinders*,

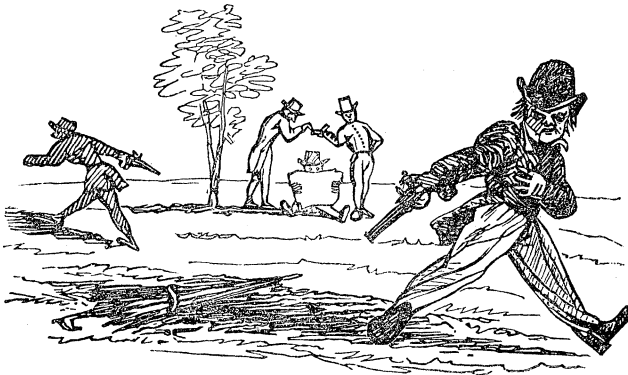
Still there turn'd up no *organ* finders,
 Still sages wrote, and ages fled,
 And no man's head came in his head—
 Not even the pate of Erra Pater,
 Knew aught about its pia mater.
 At last great Dr. Gall bestirs him—
 I don't know but it might be Spurzheim—
 Tho' native of a dull and slow land,
 And makes partition of our Poll-land ;
 At our Acquisitiveness guesses,
 And all those necessary *nesses*
 Indicative of human habits,
 All burrowing in the head like rabbits.
 Thus Veneration, he made known,
 Had got a lodging at the Crown :
 And Music (see Deville's example)
 A set of chambers in the Temple :
 That Language taught the tongues close by,
 And took in pupils thro' the eye,
 Close by his neighbour Computation,
 Who taught the eyebrows numeration.

The science thus—to speak in fit
 Terms—having struggled from its nit,
 Was seiz'd on by a swarm of Scotchmen,
 Those scientific hotch-potch men,
 Who have at least a penny dip
 And wallop in all doctorship,
 Just as in making broth they smatter
 By bobbing twenty things in water :
 These men, I say, made quick appliance
 And close, to phrenologic science :
 For of all learned themes whatever
 That schools and colleges deliver,
 There's none they love so near the bodles,
 As analyzing their own noddles,

Thus in a trice each northern blockhead
 Had got his fingers in his shock head,
 And of his bumps was babbling yet worse
 Than poor Miss Capulet's dry wet-nurse ;
 Till having been sufficient rangers
 Of their own heads, they took to strangers',
 And found in Presbyterians' polls
 The things they hated in their souls ;
 For Presbyterians hear with passion
 Of organs join'd with veneration.
 No kind there was of human pumpkin
 But at its bumps it had a bumpkin ;
 Down to the very lowest gullion,
 And oiliest scull of oily scullion.
 No great man died but this they *did* do,
 They begged his cranium of his widow :
 No murderer died by law disaster,
 But they took off his sconce in plaster ;
 For thereon they could show depending,
 "The head and front of his offending,"
 How that his philanthropic bump
 Was master'd by a baser lump ;
 For every bump (these wags insist)
 Has its direct antagonist,
 Each striving stoutly to prevail,
 Like horses knotted tail to tail ;
 And many a stiff and sturdy battle
 Occurs between these adverse cattle,
 The secret cause, beyond all question,
 Of aches ascribed to indigestion,—
 Whereas 'tis but two knobby rivals
 Tugging together like sheer devils,
 Till one gets mastery good or sinister,
 And comes in like a new prime-minister.

Each bias in some master node is :—
 What takes M'Adam where a road is,

To hammer little pebbles less?
 His organ of Destructiveness.
 What makes great Joseph so encumber
 Debate? a lumping lump of Number:
 Or Malthus rail at babies so?
 The smallness of his Philopro—
 What severs man and wife? a simple
 Defect of the Adhesive pimple:
 Or makes weak women go astray?
 Their bumps are more in fault than they.
 These facts being found and set in order
 By grave M.D.'s beyond the Border,
 To make them for some few months eternal,
 Were enter'd monthly in a journal,
 That many a northern sage still writes in,
 And throws his little Northern Lights in,
 And proves and proves about the phrenos,
 A great deal more than I or he knows.
 How Music suffers, *par exemple*,
 By wearing tight hats round the temple;
 What ills great boxers have to fear
 From blisters put behind the ear:
 And how a porter's Veneration
 Is hurt by porter's occupation:
 Whether shillelahs in reality
 May deaden Individuality:
 Or tongs and poker be creative
 Of alterations in the Amative:
 If falls from scaffolds make us less
 Inclined to all Constructiveness:
 With more such matters, all applying
 To heads—and therefore *headifying*.



“HONOUR CALLS HIM TO THE FIELD.”

An Affair of Honour.

“AND those were the only duels,” concluded the major, “that ever I fought in my life.”

Now the major reminded me strongly of an old boatman at Hastings, who, after a story of a swimmer that was snapped asunder by a “sea-attorney” in the West Indies, made an end in the same fashion:—“And that was the only time,” said he, “I ever saw a man bit in two by a shark.”

A single occurrence of the kind seemed sufficient for the experience of one life; and so I reasoned upon the major’s nine duels. He must, in the first place, have been not only jealous and swift to quarrel; but, in the second, have met with nine intemperate spirits equally forward with himself. It is but in one affront out of ten that the duellist meets with a duellist—a computation assigning ninety mortal disagreements to his single share; whereas I, with equal irritability, and as much courage perhaps, had never exchanged a card in

my life. The subject occupied me all the walk homeward through the meadows:—"To get involved in nine duels," said I: "'tis quite improbable!"

As I thought thus, I had thrust my body halfway under a rough bar that was doing duty for a stile at one end of a field. It was just too high to climb comfortably, and just low enough to be inconvenient to duck under; but I chose the latter mode, and began to creep through with the deliberateness consistent with doubtful and intricate speculation. "To get involved in nine duels"—here my back hitched a little at the bar—" 'tis quite impossible."

I am persuaded that there is a spirit of mischief afoot in the world—some malignant fiend to seize upon and direct these accidents: for just at this nick, whilst I was bogging below the bar, there came up another passenger by the same path: so seeing how matters stood, he made an attempt at once to throw his leg over the impediment; but, mistaking the altitude by a few inches, he kicked me—where I had never been kicked before.

"By Heaven! this is too bad," said I, staggering through head foremost from the concussion; my back was up, in every sense, in a second.

The stranger apologized in the politest terms, but with such an intolerable chuckle, with such a provoking grin lurking about his face, that I felt fury enough, like Beatrice, "to eat his heart in the market-place." In short, in two little minutes from venting my conviction upon duelling, I found myself engaged to a meeting for the vindication of my honour.

There is a vivid description in the history of Robinson Crusoe, of the horror of the solitary Mariner at finding the mark of a foot in the sandy beach of his Desert Island. That abominable token, in a place that he fancied was sacred to himself—in a part, he made sure, never trodden by the sole

of man—haunted him wherever he went. So did mine. I bore about with me the same ideal imprint—to be washed out, not by the ocean-brine, but with blood !

As I walked homeward after this adventure, and reflected on my former opinions, I felt that I had done the gallant major an injustice. It seemed likely that a man of his profession might be called out even to the ninth time—nay, that men of the peaceful cloth might, on a chance, be obliged to have recourse to mortal combat.

As for Gentlemen *at the Bar*, I have shown how they may get into an Affair of Honour in a twinkling.

"Nothing but Hearts!"

IT must have been the lot of every whist-player to observe a phenomenon at the card-table, as mysterious as any in nature: I mean the constant recurrence of a certain trump throughout the night—a run upon a particular suit, that sets all the calculations of Hoyle and Cocker at defiance. The chance of turning-up is equal to the Four Denominations. They should alternate with each other, on the average—whereas a Heart, perhaps, shall be the last card of every deal. King or Queen, Ace or Deuce,—still it is of the same clan. You cut—and it comes again. "Nothing but Hearts!"

The figure herewith might be fancied to embody this kind of occurrence; and, in truth, it was designed to commemorate an evening dedicated to the same red suit. I had looked in by chance at the Royal Institution: a Mr. Professor Pattison, of New York, I believe, was lecturing, and the subject was—"Nothing but Hearts!"

Some hundreds of grave, curious, or scientific personages were ranged on the benches of the Theatre; every one in his solemn black. On a table, in front of the Professor, stood the specimens: hearts of all shapes and sizes—man's, woman's, sheep's, bullock's,—on platters or in cloths,—were lying about as familiar as household wares. Drawings of hearts, in black or blood-red, (dismal valentines!) hung around the fearful walls. Preparations of the organ in wax, or bottled, passed currently from hand to hand, from eye to eye, and returned to the gloomy table. It was like some solemn Egyptian Inquisition—a looking into dead men's hearts for their morals.

The Professor began. Each after each he displayed the samples; the words "auricle" and "ventricle" falling frequently on the ear, as he explained how those "solemn organs" pump in the human breast. He showed, by experiments with water, the operation of the valves with the blood, and the impossibility of its revulsion. As he spoke, an indescribable thrilling or tremor crept over my left breast—thence down my side—and all over. I felt an awful consciousness of the bodily presence of my heart, till then nothing more than it is in song—a mere metaphor—so imperceptible are all the grand vital workings of the human frame! Now I felt the organ distinctly. There it was!—a fleshy core—aye, like *that* on the Professor's plate—throbbing away, auricle and ventricle, the valve allowing the gushing blood at so many gallons per minute, and ever prohibiting its return!

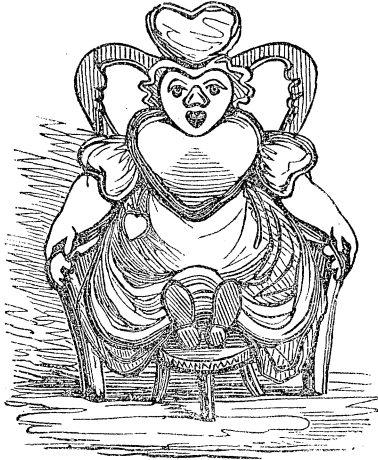
The Professor proceeded to enlarge on the important office of the great functionary, and the vital engine seemed to dilate within me, in proportion to the sense of its stupendous responsibility. I seemed nothing but auricle, and ventricle, and valve. I had no breath, but only pulsations. Those who have been present at anatomical discussions can alone corrob-

orate this feeling—how the part discoursed of, by a surpassing sympathy and sensibility, causes its counterpart to become prominent and all-engrossing to the sense; how a lecture on hearts makes a man seem to himself as all heart; or one on heads causes a Phrenologist to conceive he is "all brain."

Thus was I absorbed:—"my bosom's lord" lording over every thing beside. By and by, in lieu of one solitary machine, I saw before me a congregation of hundreds of human forcing-pumps, all awfully working together—the palpitations of hundreds of auricles and ventricles, the flapping of hundreds of valves! And anon they collapsed—mine—the Professor's—those on the benches—all! all!—into one great auricle—one great ventricle—one vast universal heart!

The lecture ended—I took up my hat and walked out, but the discourse haunted me. I was full of the subject. A kind of fluttering, which was not to be cured even by the fresh air, gave me plainly to understand that my heart was not "in the Highlands,"—nor in any lady's keeping,—but where it ought to be, in my own bosom, and as hard at work as a parish pump. I plainly felt the blood—like the carriages on a birth-night—coming in by the auricle, and going out by the ventricle; and shuddered to fancy what must ensue, either way, from any "breaking the line." Then occurred to me the danger of little particles absorbed in the blood, and accumulating to a stoppage at the valve,—the "pumps getting choked,"—a suggestion that made me feel rather qualmish, and for relief I made a call on Mrs. W——. The visit was ill-chosen and mistimed, for the lady in question, by dint of good-nature, and a romantic turn,—principally estimated by her young and female acquaintance,—had acquired the reputation of being "all heart." The phrase had often provoked my mirth,—but, alas! the description was now over true. Whether nature had formed her in that mould, or my own

distempered fancy, I know not—but there she sate, and looked the Professor's lecture over again. She was like one of those games alluded to in my beginning—"Nothing but Hearts!" Her nose turned up. It was a heart—and her mouth led a trump. Her face gave a heart—and her cap followed suit. Her sleeves puckered and plumped themselves into a heart-shape—and so did her body. Her pincushion was a heart—the very back of her chair was a heart. She was "all heart" indeed!



"SHE IS ALL HEART."



RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

A Parthian Glance.

“Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail.”

ROGERS.

COME, my Crony, let's think upon far-away days,
And lift up a little Oblivion's veil;
Let's consider the past with a lingering gaze,
Like a peacock whose eyes are inclin'd to his tail.

Aye, come, let us turn our attention behind,
Like those critics whose heads are so heavy, I fear,
That they cannot keep up with the march of the mind,
And so turn face about for reviewing the rear.

Looking over Time's crupper and over his tail,
 Oh, what ages and pages there are to revise!
 And as farther our back-searching glances prevail,
 Like the emmets, "how little we are in our eyes!"

What a sweet pretty innocent, half-a-yard long,
 On a dimity lap of true nursery make!
 I can fancy I hear the old lullaby song
 That was meant to compose me, but kept me awake.

Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,
 When my flesh was a cushion for any long pin—
 Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes,
 Oh! how little they dreamt they were driving them in!

Infant sorrows are strong—infant pleasures as weak—
 But no grief was allow'd to indulge in its note;
 Did you ever attempt a small "bubble and squeak,"
 Thro' the Dalby's Carminative down in your throat?

Did you ever go up to the roof with a bounce?
 Did you ever come down to the floor with the same?
 Oh! I can't but agree with both ends, and pronounce
 "Head or tails," with a child, an unpleasantish game?

Then an urchin—I see myself urchin, indeed,
 With a smooth Sunday face for a mother's delight;
 Why should weeks have an end?—I am sure there was need
 Of a Sabbath, to follow each Saturday-night.

Was your face ever sent to the housemaid to scrub?
 Have you ever felt huckaback soften'd with sand?
 Had you ever your nose towell'd up to a snub,
 And your eyes knuckled out with the back of the hand?

Then a school-boy—my tailor was nothing in fault,
 For an urchin will grow to a lad by degrees,—
 But how well I remember that "pepper and salt"
 That was down to the elbows, and up to the knees!

What a figure it cut when as Norval I spoke!
 With a lanky right leg duly planted before;
 Whilst I told of the chief that was kill'd by my stroke,
 And extended *my* arms as "the arms that he wore!"

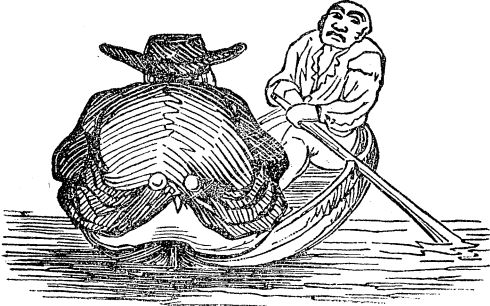
Next a Lover—Oh! say, were you ever in love?
 With a lady too cold—and your bosom too hot?
 Have you bow'd to a shoe-tie, and knelt to a glove?
 Like a *beau* that desired to be tied in a knot?

With the Bride all in white, and your body in blue,
 Did you walk up the aisle—the genteelest of men?
 When I think of that beautiful vision anew,
 Oh! I seem but the *biffin* of what I was then!

I am wither'd and worn by a premature care,
 And my wrinkles confess the decline of my days;
 Old Time's busy hand has made free with my hair,
 And I'm seeking to hide it—by writing for bays!



"HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER."



A HARD ROW.

The Wee Man.

A ROMANCE.

IT was a merry company,
And they were just afloat,
When lo! a man of dwarfish span,
Came up and hail'd the boat.

“Good morrow to ye, gentle folks,
And will you let me in?—
A slender space will serve my case,
For I am small and thin.”

They saw he was a dwarfish man,
And very small and thin;
Not seven such would matter much,
And so they took him in.

They laugh'd to see his little hat,
With such a narrow brim;
They laugh'd to note his dapper coat
With skirts so scant and trim.

But barely had they gone a mile,
When gravely, one and all,
At once began to think the man
Was not so very small.

His coat had got a broader skirt.
His hat a broader brim,
His leg grew stout, and soon plump'd out
A very proper limb.

Still on they went, and as they went,
More rough the billows grew—
And rose and fell, a greater swell,
And he was swelling too!

And lo! where room had been for seven,
For six there scarce was space!
For five!—for four!—for three!—not more
Than two could find a place!

There was not even room for one!
They crowded by degrees—
Aye—closer yet, till elbows met,
And knees were jogging knees.

“Good sir, you must not sit astern,
The wave will else come in!”
Without a word he gravely stirr'd,
Another seat to win.

“Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,
You must not sit a-lee!”
With smiling face, and courteous grace,
The middle seat took he.

But still, by constant quiet growth,
His back became so wide,
Each neighbour wight to left and right,
Was thrust against the side.

Lord! how they chided with themselves,
 That they had let him in;
 To see him grow so monstrous now,
 That came so small and thin.

On every brow a dew-drop stood,
 They grew so scared and hot,—
 “I’ the name of all that’s great and tall,
 Who are ye, sir, and what?”

Loud laugh’d the Gogmagog, a laugh
 As loud as giant’s roar—
 “When first I came, my proper name
 Was Little—now I’m *Moore!*”



A Sailor’s Apology for Bow-legs.

THERE’S some is born with their straight legs by natur—
 And some is born with bow-legs from the first—
 And some that should have grow’d a good deal straighter,
 But they were badly nurs’d,
 And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs
 Astride of casks and kegs:
 I’ve got myself a sort of bow to larboard,
 And starboard,
 And this is what it was that warp’d my legs.—
 Twas all along of Poll, as I may say,
 That foul’d my cable when I ought to slip;
 But on the tenth of May,
 When I gets under weigh,
 Down there in Hartfordshire, to join my ship,
 I sees the mail
 Get under sail,
 The only one there was to make the trip.

Well—I gives chase,
 But as she run
 Two knots to one,
 There warn't no use in keeping on the race!
 Well—casting round about, what next to try on,
 And how to spin,
 I spies an ensign with a Bloody Lion,
 And bears away to leeward for the inn,
 Beats round the gable,
 And fetches up before the coach-horse stable:
 Well—there they stand, four kickers in a row,
 And so
 I just makes free to cut a brown un's cable.
 But riding isn't in a seaman's natur—
 So I whips out a toughish end of yarn,
 And gets a kind of a sort of a land-waiter
 To splice me, heel to heel,
 Under the she-mare's keel,
 And off I goes, and leaves the inn a-starn!
 My eyes! how she did pitch!
 And wouldn't keep her own to go in no line,
 Tho' I kept bowsing, bowsing at her bow-line,
 But always making lee-way to the ditch,
 And yaw'd her head about all sorts of ways.
 The devil sink the craft!
 And wasn't she trimendus slack in stays!
 We couldn't, no how, keep the inn abaft!
 Well—I suppose
 We hadn't run a knot—or much beyond—
 (What will you have on it?)—but off she goes,
 Up to her bends in a fresh-water pond!
 There I am!—all a-back!
 So I looks forward for her bridle-gears,
 To heave her head round on the t'other tack;
 But when I starts,
 The leather parts,
 And goes away right over by the ears:

What could a fellow do,
Whose legs, like mine, you know, were in the bilboes,
But trim myself upright for bringing-to,
And square his yard-arms, and brace up his elbows,
 In rig all snug and clever,
Just while his craft was taking in her water?
I didn't like my burth tho', howsomdever,
Because the yarn, you see, kept getting taughter,—
Says I—I wish this job was rayther shorter!
 The chase had gain'd a mile
Ahead, and still the she-mare stood a-drinking;
 Now, all the while
Her body didn't take of course to shrinking.
Says I, she's letting out her reefs, I'm thinking—
 And so she swell'd, and swell'd,
 And yet the tackle held,
'Till both my legs began to bend like winkin.
My eyes! but she took in enough to founder!
And there's my timbers straining every bit,
 Ready to split,
And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder!
 Well, there—off Hartford Ness,
We lay both lash'd and water-logg'd together,
 And can't contrive a signal of distress;
Thinks I, we must ride out this here foul weather,
Tho' sick of riding out—and nothing less;
When looking round, I sees a man a-starn :—
Hollo! says I, come underneath her quarter!—
And hands him out my knife to cut the yarn.
So I gets off, and lands upon the road,
And leaves the she-mare to her own concarn,
 A-standing by the water.
If I get on another, I'll be blow'd!—
And that's the way, you see, my legs got bow'd!



PENN'S CONFERENCE WITH THE NATIVES.

Pythagorean Fancies.

OF all creeds—after the Christian—I incline most to the Pythagorean. I like the notion of inhabiting the body of a bird. It is the next thing to being a cherub—at least, according to the popular image of a boy's head and wings; a fancy that savours strangely of the Pythagorean.

I think nobly of the soul, with Malvolio, but not so meanly, as he does by implication, of a bird-body. What disparagement would it seem to shuffle off a crippled, palsied, languid, bed-ridden carcass and find yourself floating above the world—in a flood of sunshine—under the feathers of a Royal Eagle of the Andes?

For a beast-body I have less relish—and yet how many men are there who seem predestined to such an occupancy, being in this life even more than semi-brutal! How many human faces that at least countenance, if they do not confirm, this part of the Brahminical Doctrine! What apes, foxes, pigs, curs, and cats, walk our metropolis—to say nothing of him shambling along Carnaby or Whitechapel—

A BUTCHER!

Whoe'er has gone thro' London Street,
 Has seen a butcher gazing at his meat,
 And how he keeps
 Gloating upon a sheep's
 Or bullock's personals, as if his own;
 How he admires his halves
 And quarters—and his calves,
 As if in truth upon his own legs grown;—
 His fat! his suet!
His kidneys peeping elegantly thro' it!
 His thick flank!
 And *his* thin!
 His shank!
 His shin!
 Skin of his skin, and bone too of his bone!

With what an air
 He stands aloof, across the thoroughfare,
 Gazing—and will not let a body by,
 Tho' buy! buy! buy! be constantly his cry;
 Meanwhile with arms akimbo, and a pair
 Of Rhodian legs, he revels in a stare
 At his Joint Stock—for one may call it so,
 Howbeit, without a *Co.*
 The dotage of self-love was never fonder
 Than he of his brute bodies all a-row;

Narcissus in the wave did never ponder,
 With love so strong,
 On his "portrait charmant,"
 As our vain Butcher on his carcass yonder.

Look at his sleek round skull!
 How bright his cheek, how rubicund his nose is!
 His visage seems to be
 Ripe for beef-tea;
 Of brutal juices the whole man is full—
 In fact, fulfilling the metempsychosis,
 The butcher is already half a Bull.



COMPARATIVE PHYSIOLOGY.

Surpassing the Butcher, in his approximation to the brute, behold yon vagrant Hassan—a wandering camel-driver and exhibiter—parading, for a few pence, the creature's outlandish hump, yet burthened himself with a bunch of flesh between the shoulders. For the sake of the implicit moral merely, or

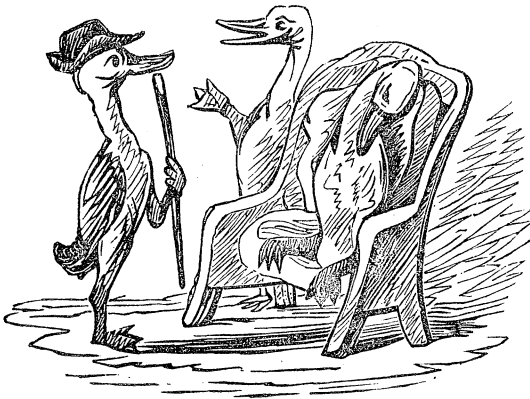
as an illustration of comparative physiology, the show is valuable; but as an example of the Pythagorean dispensation, it is above appraisal. The retributive metamorphosis has commenced—the Beast has set his seal upon the Human Form—a little further, and he will be ready for a halter and a showman.

As there are instances of men thus transmuting into the brute, so there are brutes, that, by peculiar human manners and resemblance, seem to hint at a former and a better condition. The orang-outang, and the monkey, notoriously claim this relationship: and there are other tribes, and in particular some which use the erect posture, that are apt to provoke such Pythagorean associations. For example: I could never read of the great William Penn's interview with the American savages, or look on the painting commemorative of that event, without dreaming that I had seen it acted over again at the meeting of a tribe of Kangaroos and a Penguin. The Kangaroos, sharp-sighted, vigilant, cunning, wild, swift, and active, as the Indians themselves;—the Penguin, very sleek, guiltless of arms, very taciturn, very sedate, except when jumping, upright in its conduct—a perfect Quaker. It confirmed me in this last fancy, to read of the conduct of these gentle birds when assaulted, formerly, with long poles, by the seamen of Captain Cook—buffetings which the Penguins took quietly on either cheek, or side of the head, and died as meekly and passively as the primitive Martyrs of the Sect!

It is difficult to say to what excesses the desire of fresh victual, after long salt junketing, may drive a mariner; for my own part, I could not have handled a pole in that persecution without strong Pythagorean misgivings.

There is a Juvenile Poem, "The Notorious Glutton," by Miss Taylor, of Ongar, in which a duck falls sick and dies in a very human-like way. I could never eat duck for some

time after the perusal of those verses; it seemed as if in reality the soul of my grandam might inhabit such a bird. In mere tenderness to past womanhood, I could never lay the death-scene elsewhere than in a lady's chamber—with the body of the invalid propped up by comfortable pillows on a nursery-chair. The sick attendant seemed one that had relished drams aforetime—had been pompously officious at human dissolutions, and would announce that “all was over!” with the same flapping of paws and duck-like inflections of tone. As for the physician, he was an Ex-Quack of our own kind, just called in from the pond—a sort of Man-Drake, and formerly a brother by nature, as now by name, of the author of “Winter Nights.”



THE LAST VISIT.



"Don't you smell Fire?"

RUN!—run for St. Clements's engine!
For the Pawnbroker's all in a blaze,
And the pledges are frying and singing—
Oh! how the poor pawners will craze!
Now where can the turncock be drinking?
Was there ever so thirsty an elf?—
But he still may tope on, for I'm thinking
That the plugs are as dry as himself.

The engines!—I hear them come rumbling;
There's the Phœnix! the Globe! and the Sun!
What a row there will be, and a grumbling,
When the water don't start for a run!

"DON'T YOU SMELL FIRE?"

See! there they come racing and tearing,
 All the street with loud voices is fill'd;
 Oh! it's only the firemen a-swearing
 At a man they've run over and kill'd!

How sweetly the sparks fly away now,
 And twinkle like stars in the sky;
 It's a wonder the engines don't play now,
 But I never saw water so shy!
 Why there isn't enough for a snipe,
 And the fire it is fiercer, alas!
 Oh! instead of the New River pipe,
 They have gone—that they have—to the gas.

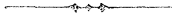
Only look at the poor little P——'s
 On the roof—is there any thing sadder?
 My dears, keep fast hold, if you please,
 And they won't be an hour with the ladder!
 But if any one's hot in their feet,
 And in very great haste to be sav'd,
 Here's a nice easy bit in the street,
 That M'Adam has lately unpav'd!

There is some one—I see a dark shape
 At that window, the hottest of all,—
 My good woman, why don't you escape?
 Never think of your bonnet and shawl:
 If your dress isn't perfect, what is it
 For once in a way to your hurt?
 When your husband is paying a visit
 There, at Number Fourteen, in his shirt!

Only see how she throws out her *chaney*!
 Her basons, and teapots, and all
 The most brittle of *her* goods—or any,
 But they all break in breaking their fall:

Such things are not surely the best
 From a two-story window to throw—
 She might save a good iron-bound chest,
 For there's plenty of people below!

O dear! what a beautiful flash!
 How it shone thro' the window and door;
 We shall soon hear a scream and a crash,
 When the woman falls thro' with the floor!
 There! there! what a volley of flame,
 And then suddenly all is obscur'd!—
 Well—I'm glad in my heart that I came;—
 But I hope the poor man is insur'd!



An Absentee.

IF ever a man wanted a flapper—no Butcher's mimosa, or catchfly, but one of those officers in use at the court of Laputa—my friend W—— should have such a remembrancer at his elbow. I question whether even the appliance of a bladderful of peas, or pebbles, would arouse him from some of his abstractions—fits of mental insensibility, parallel with those bodily trances in which persons have sometimes been coffined. Not that he is entangled in abstruse problems, like the nobility of the Flying Island! He does not dive, like Sir Isaac Newton, into a reverie, and turn up again with a Theory of Gravitation. His thoughts are not deeply engaged elsewhere—they are nowhere. His head revolves itself, top-like, into a profound slumber—a blank doze without a dream. He is not carried away by incoherent rambling fancies, out

of himself; he is not drunk, merely, with the Waters of Oblivion, but drowned in them, body and soul!

There is a story, somewhere, of one of these absent persons, who stooped down, when tickled about the calf by a blue-bottle, and scratched his neighbour's leg—an act of tolerable forgetfulness, but denoting a state far short of W——'s absorptions. He would never have felt the fly.

To make W——'s condition more whimsical, he lives in a small bachelor's house, with no other attendant than an old housekeeper—one Mistress Bundy, of faculty as infirm and intermitting as his own. It will be readily believed that her absent fits do not originate, any more than her master's, in abstruse mathematical speculations—a proof with me that such moods result, not from abstractions of mind, but stagnation. How so ill-sorted a couple contrive to get through the commonplace affairs of life, I am not prepared to say: but it is comical indeed to see him ring up Mistress Bundy to receive orders, which he generally forgets to deliver—or if delivered, this old Bewildered Maid lets slip out of her remembrance with the same facility. Numberless occurrences of this kind—in many instances more extravagant—are recorded by his friends; but an evening that I spent with him recently, will furnish an abundance of examples.

In spite of going by his own invitation, I found W—— within. He was too apt, on such occasions, to be denied to his visitors; but what in others would be an unpardonable affront, was overlooked in a man who was not always at home to himself. The door was opened by the housekeeper, whose absence, as usual, would not allow her to decide upon that of her master. Her shrill, quavering voice went echoing up stairs with its old query,—“Mr. W——! are you within?” then a pause, literally for him to collect himself. Anon came his answer, and I was ushered up stairs. Mrs. Bundy contriving,

as usual, to forget my name at the first landing-place. I had therefore to introduce myself formally to W——, whose old friends came to him always as if with new faces. As for what followed, it was one of the old fitful colloquies—a game at conversation, sometimes with a partner, sometimes with a dummy; the old woman's memory, in the mean time, growing torpid on a kitchen-chair. Hour after hour passed away: no teaspoon jingled, or teacup rattled; no murmuring kettle or hissing urn found its way upward from one Haunt of Forgetfulness to the other. In short, as might have been expected with an Absentee, the Tea was absent.

It happens that the meal in question is not one of my essentials; I therefore never hinted at the In Tea Speravi of my visit; but at the turn of eleven o'clock, my host rang for the apparatus. The Chinese ware was brought up, but the herb was deficient. Mrs. Bundy went forth, by command, for a supply; but it was past grocer-time, and we arranged to make amends by an early supper, which came, however, as proportionably late as the tea. By dint of those freedoms which you must use with an entertainer who is absent at his own table, I contrived to sup sparely; and W——'s memory, blossoming like certain flowers to the night, reminded him that I was accustomed to go to bed on a tumbler of Geneva and water. He kept but one bottle of each of the three kinds, Rum, Brandy, and Hollands, in the house; and when exhausted, they were replenished at the tavern a few doors off. Luckily,—for it was far beyond the midnight hour, when, according to our vapid magistracy, all spirits are evil,—the three vessels were full, and merely wanted bringing up stairs. The kettle was singing on the hob; the tumblers, with spoons in them, stood miraculously ready on the board; and Mrs. Bundy was really on her way from below with the one thing needful. Never were fair hopes so unfairly blighted! I

could hear her step labouring on the stairs to the very last step, when, her memory serving her just as treacherously as her own forgetfulness, or rather both betraying her together, there befell the accident which I have endeavoured to record by the following sketch.

I never ate or drank with the Barmecide again!



“LAWK! I’VE FORGOT THE BRANDY!”



BRIDE AND BRIDESMAID.

A Marriage Procession.

IT never has been my lot to marry—whatever I may have written of one Honoria to the contrary. My affair with that lady never reached beyond a very embarrassing declaration, in return for which she breathed into my dull deaf ear an inaudible answer. It was beyond my slender assurance, in those days, to ask for a repetition, whether of acceptance or denial.

One chance for explanation still remained. I wrote to her mother, to bespeak her sanction to our union, and received by return of post, a scrawl, that, for aught I knew, might be in Sanscrit. I question whether, even at this time, my intolerable bashfulness would suffer me to press such a matter any farther.

My thoughts of matrimony are now confined to occasional day-dreams, originating in some stray glimpse in the Prayer Book, or the receipt of bride-cake. It was on some such oc-

currence that I fell once, Bunyan-like, into an allegory of a wedding.

My fancies took the order of a procession. With flaunting banners it wound its Alexandrine way—in the manner of some of Martin's painted pageants—to a taper spire in the distance. And first, like a band of livery, came the honourable company of Matchmakers, all mature spinsters and matrons—and as like aunts and mothers as may be. The Glovers trod closely on their heels. Anon came, in blue and gold, the parish beadle, *Scarabeus Parochialis*, with the ringers of the hand-bells. Then came the Banns—it was during the reign of Lord Eldon's Act—three sturdy pioneers, with their three axes, and likely to hew down sterner impediments than lie commonly in the path of marriage. On coming nearer, the countenance of the first was right foolish and perplexed; of the second, simpering; and the last methought looked sedate, and as if dashed with a little fear. After the banns—like the judges following the halberts—came the joiners: no rough mechanics, but a portly, full-blown vicar, with his clerk,—both rubicund—a peony paged by a pink. It made me smile to observe the droll clerical turn of the clerk's beaver, scrubbed into *that* fashion by his coat, at the nape. The marriage knot—borne by a ticket-porter—came after the divine, and raised associations enough to sadden one, but for a pretty Cupid that came on laughing and trundling a hoop-ring. The next group was a numerous one, Firemen of the Hand-in-Hand, with the Union flag—the chief actors were near. With a mixture of anxiety and curiosity, I looked out for the impending couple, when—how shall I tell it?—I beheld, not a brace of young lovers—a Romeo and Juliet,—not a “he-moon here, and a she-sun there,”—not bride and bridegroom,—but the happy *pear*, a solitary Bergamy, carried on a velvet cushion by a little foot-page. I could have forsworn my fancy for ever for



JOINERS.

so wretched a conceit, till I remembered that it was intended, perhaps, to typify, under that figure, the mysterious resolution of two into one,—a pair nominally, but in substance single,—which belongs to marriage. To make amends, the high contracting parties approached in proper person—a duplication sanctioned by the practice of the oldest masters in their historical pictures. It took a brace of Cupids, with a halter, to overcome the “sweet reluctant delay” of the Bride, and make her keep pace with the procession. She was absorbed, like a nun, in her veil; tears, too, she dropped, large as sixpences, in her path; but her attendant Bridesmaid put on such a coquettish look, and tripped along so airily, that it cured all suspicion of heartache in such maiden showers. The Bridegroom, dressed for the Honeymoon, was ushered by Hymen—a little link-boy; and the imp used the same importunity for his dues. The next was a motley crew. For nuptial ode, or

Carmen, there walked two carters, or draymen, with their whips; a leash of footmen in livery indicated Domestic Habits! and Domestic Comfort was personated by an ambulating advertiser of "Hot Dinners every day."

I forget whether the Bride's Character preceded or followed her; but it was a lottery placard, and blazoned her as One of Ten Thousand. The parents of both families had a quiet smile on their faces, hinting that their enjoyment was of a retrospective cast; and as for the six sisters of the bride, they would have wept with her, but that six young gallants came after them. The friends of the family were Quakers, and seemed to partake of the happiness of the occasion in a very quiet and Quaker-like way. I ought to mention that a band of harmonious sweet music preceded the Happy Pair. There were none came after—the veteran, Townsend, with his constables, to keep order, making up the rear of the Procession.



THE MAN IN THE HONEYMOON.



“ENGCOMPASS’D IN AN ANGEL’S FRAME.”

The Widow.

ONE widow at a grave will sob
 A little while, and weep, and sigh!
 If two should meet on such a job,
 They’ll have a gossip by and by.
 If three should come together—why,
 Three widows are good company!
 If four should meet by any chance,
 Four is a number very nice,
 To have a rubber in a trice—
 But five will up and have a dance!

Poor Mrs. C—— (why should I not
 Declare her name?—her name was Cross)
 Was one of those the “common lot”
 Had left to weep “no common loss:”—

For she had lately buried then
 A man, the "very best of men,"
 A lingering truth, discover'd first
 Whenever men "are at the worst."
 To take the measure of her woe,
 It was some dozen inches deep—
 I mean in crape, and hung so low,
 It hid the drops she did *not* weep:
 In fact, what human life appears,
 It was a perfect "veil of tears."
 Though ever since she lost "her prop
 And stay,"—alas! he wouldn't stay—
 She never had a tear to mop,
 Except one little angry drop,
 From Passion's eye, as Moore would say;
 Because, when Mister Cross took flight,
 It look'd so very like a spite—
 He died upon a washing-day!
 Still Widow Cross went twice a week,
 As if "to wet a widow's cheek,"
 And soothe his grave with sorrow's gravy,—
 'Twas nothing but a make-believe,
 She might as well have hop'd to grieve
 Enough of brine to float a navy;
 And yet she often seem'd to raise
 A cambric kerchief to her eye—
 A *duster* ought to be the phrase,
 Its work was all so very dry.
 The springs were lock'd that ought to flow—
 In England or in widow-woman—
 As those that watch the weather know,
 Such "backward Springs" are not uncommon.

But why did Widow Cross take pains,
 To call upon the "dear remains,"—
 Remains that could not tell a jot,
 Whether she ever wept or not,

Or how his relief took her losses?
 Oh! my black ink turns red for shame—
 But still the naughty world must learn,
 There was a little German came
 To shed a tear in “Anna’s Urn,”
 At the next grave to Mr. Cross’s!
 For there an angel’s virtues slept,
 “Too soon did Heaven assert its claim!”
 But still her painted face he kept,
 “Encompass’d in an angel’s frame.”

He look’d quite sad and quite depriv’d,
 His head was nothing but a hat-band;
 He look’d so lone, and so *unwiv’d*,
 That soon the Widow Cross contriv’d
 To fall in love with even *that* band;
 And all at once the brackish juices
 Came gushing out thro’ sorrow’s sluices—
 Tear after tear too fast to wipe,
 Tho’ sopp’d, and sopp’d, and sopp’d again—
 No leak in sorrow’s private pipe,
 But like a bursting on the main!
 Whoe’er has watch’d the window-pane—
 I mean to say in showery weather—
 Has seen two little drops of rain,
 Like lovers very fond and fain,
 At one another creeping, creeping,
 Till both, at last, embrace together:
 So far’d it with that couple’s weeping,
 The principle was quite as active—
 Tear unto tear
 Kept drawing near,
 Their very blacks became attractive.
 To cut a shortish story shorter,
 Conceive them sitting tête-à-tête—
 Two cups,—hot muffins on a plate,—
 With “Anna’s Urn” to hold hot water!

The brazen vessel for a while,
 Had lectur'd in an easy song,
 Like Abernethy—on the bile—
 The scalded herb was getting strong ;
 All seem'd as smooth as smooth could be,
 To have a cosy cup of tea ;
 Alas ! how often human sippers
 With unexpected bitters meet,
 And buds, the sweetest of the sweet,
 Like sugar, only meet the nippers !

The Widow Cross, I should have told,
 Had seen three husbands to the mould ;
 She never sought an Indian pyre,
 Like Hindoo wives that lose their loves,
 But with a proper sense of fire,
 Put up, instead, with “three removes :”
 Thus, when with any tender words
 Or tears she spoke about her loss,
 The dear departed, Mr. Cross,
 Came in for nothing but his thirds ;
 For, as all widows love too well,
 She liked upon the list to dwell,
 And oft ripp'd up the old disasters—
 She might, indeed, have been suppos'd
 A great *ship* owner, for she pros'd
 Eternally of her Three Masters !
 Thus, foolish woman ! while she nurs'd
 Her mild souchong, she talk'd and reckon'd
 What had been left her by her first,
 And by her last, and by her second.
 Alas ! not all her annual rents
 Could then entice the little German—
 Not Mr. Cross's Three Per Cents,
 Or Consols, ever make him *her* man ;
 He liked her cash, he liked her houses,
 But not that dismal bit of land

She always settled on her spouses.
 So taking up his hat and band,
 Said he, "You'll think my conduct odd—
 But here my hopes no more may linger;
 I thought you had a wedding-finger,
 But oh!—it is a curtain-rod!"



A Mad Dog

IS none of my bugbears. Of the bite of dogs, large ones especially, I have a reasonable dread; but as to any participation in the canine frenzy, I am somewhat skeptical. The notion savours of the same fanciful superstition that invested the subjects of Dr. Jenner with a pair of horns. Such was affirmed to be the effect of the vaccine matter; and I shall believe what I have heard of the canine virus, when I see a rabid gentleman, or gentlewoman, with flap-ears, dew-claws, and a brush tail!

I lend no credit to the imputed effects of a mad dog's saliva. We hear of none such amongst the West Indian Negroes—and yet their condition is always *slavery*.

I put no faith in the vulgar stories of human beings beta-king themselves, through a dog-bite, to dog-habits; and consider the smotherings and drownings, that have originated in that fancy, as cruel as the murders for witchcraft. Are we, for a few yelpings, to stifle all the disciples of Loyola—Jesuit's Bark—or plunge unto death all the convalescents who may take to bark and wine?

As for the Hydrophobia, or loathing of water, I have it mildly myself. My head turns invariably at thin washy potations. With a dog, indeed, the case is different—he is a

water-drinker, and when he takes to grape-juice, or the stronger cordials, may be dangerous. But I have never seen one with a bottle—except at his tail.

There are other dogs who are born to haunt the liquid element to dive and swim, and for such to shun the lake or the pond would look suspicious. A Newfoundlander, standing up from a shower at a door-way, or a Spaniel with a Parapluie, might be innocently destroyed. But when does such a cur occur?



HYDROPHOBIA.

There are persons, however, who lecture on Hydrophobia very dogmatically. It is one of their maggots, that if a puppy be not wormed, he is apt to go rabid. As if, forsooth, it made so much difference, his merely speaking or not with what Lord Duberley calls his “vermicular tongue;” verily, as Izaak Walton would say, these gudgeons take the worm very kindly!

Next to a neglect of calling in Dr. Gardner, want of water is prone to drive a dog mad. A reasonable saying; but the rest is not so plausible, viz., that if you keep a dog till he is very dry, he will refuse to drink. It is a gross libel on the human-like instinct of the animal, to suppose him to act so clean contrary to human kind. A crew of sailors, thirsting at sea, will suck their pumps or the canvas—any thing that will afford a drop of moisture; whereas a parching dog, instead of cooling his tongue at the next gutter, or licking his own kennel for imaginary relief, runs senselessly up and down to overheat himself, and resents the offer of a bucket like a mortal affront. Away he scuds, straight forward like a marmot—except when he dodges a pump. A glimmering instinct guides him to his old haunts. He bites his ex-master—grips his trainer—takes a snap with a friend or two where he used to visit—and then biting right and left at the public, at last dies—a pitchfork in his eye, fifty slugs in his ribs, and a spade through the small of his back.

The career of the animal is but a type of his victim's—suppose some Bank Clerk. He was not bitten, but only splashed on the hand by the mad foam or dog-spray: a recent flea-bite gives entrance to the virus, and in less than three years it gets possession. Then the tragedy begins. The unhappy gentleman first evinces uneasiness at being called on for his New River rates. He answers the Collector snappishly, and when summoned to pay for his supply of water, tells the Commissioners doggedly, that they may cut it off. From that time he gets worse. He refuses slops—turns up a pug-nose at pump-water—and at last, on a washing day, after flying at the laundress, rushes out, ripe for hunting, to the street. A twilight remembrance leads him to the house of his intended. He fastens on her hand—next worries his mother—takes a bite apiece out of his brothers and sisters—runs a-muck,

“giving tongue,” all through the suburbs—and, finally, is smothered by a pair of bed-beaters in Moorfields.

According to popular theory, the mischief ends not here. The dog’s master—the trainer—the friends, human and canine—the Bank Clerks—the laundresses—sweetheart—mother and sisters—the two bed-beaters—all inherit the rabies, and run about to bite others. It is a wonder, the madness increasing by this ratio, that examples are not running in packs at every turn:—my experience, notwithstanding, records but one instance.

It was my Aunt’s brute. His temper, latterly, had altered for the worse, and in a sullen, or insane fit, he made a snap at the cook’s radish-like fingers. The act demanded an inquest *De Lunatico Inquirendo*—he was lugged neck and crop to a full bucket; but you may bring a horse to the water, says the proverb, yet not make him drink, and the cur asserted the same independence. To make sure, Betty cast the whole gallon over him, a favour that he received with a mood that would have been natural in any mortal. His growl was conclusive. The cook alarmed, first the family, and then the neighbourhood, which poured all its males capable of bearing arms into the passage. There were sticks, staves, swords, and a gun; a prong or two, moreover, glistened here and there. The kitchen-door was occupied by the first rank of the column, their weapons all bristling in advance; and right opposite—at the further side of the kitchen, and holding all the army at bay—stood *Hydrophobia*—“in its most dreadful form!”

Conceive, Mulready! under this horrible figure of speech, a round, goggle-eyed pug-face, supported by two stumpy bandy-legs—the forelimbs of a long, pampered, sausage-like body, that rested on a similar pair of crotchets at the other end! Not without short wheezy pantings, he began to waddle towards the guarded entry—but before he had accomplished

a quarter of the distance, there resounded the report of a musket. The poor Turnspit gave a yell—the little brown bloated body tumbled over, pierced by a dozen slugs, but not mortally; for before the piece could be reloaded, he contrived to lap up a little pool—from Betty's bucket—that had settled beside the hearth.



A May-day.

I KNOW not what idle schemer or mad wag put such a folly in the head of my Lady Rasherly, but she resolved to celebrate a May-day after the old fashion, and convert Porkington Park—her Hampshire Leasowes—into a new Arcadia. Such revivals have always come to a bad end: the Golden Age is not to be regilt; Pastoral is gone out, and Pan extinct—Pans will not last for ever.

But Lady Rasherly's fête was fixed. A large order was sent to Ingram, of rustic celebrity, for nubbly sofas and crooked chairs; a letter was despatched to the Manager of the P——h Theatre, begging a loan from the dramatic wardrobe; and old Jenkins, the steward, was sent through the village to assemble as many male and female, of the barn-door kind, as he could muster. Happy for the Lady, had her Hampshire peasantry been more pig-headed and hoggishly untractable, like the staple animal of the county: but the time came and the tenants. Happy for her, had the good-natured manager excused himself, with a plea that the cottage hats and blue boddices and russet skirts were bespoke, for that very night, by Rosina and her villagers: but the day

came and the dresses. I am told that old Jenkins and his helpmate had a world of trouble in the distribution of the borrowed plumes: this maiden turning up a pug-nose, still pugger, at a faded boddice; that damsel thrusting out a pair of original pouting lips, still more spout-like, at a rusty ribbon; carrotty Celias wanted more roses in their hair, and dumpy Delias more flounces in their petticoats. There is a natural fact, however, in womankind as to matters of dress, that made them look tolerably, when all was done: but pray except from this praise the gardener's daughter, Dolly Blossom,—a born sloven, with her horticultural hose, which she had *pruned* so often at top to *graft* at bottom, that, from long stockings, they had dwindled into short socks; and it seemed as if, by a similar process, she had coaxed her natural calves into her ankles. The men were less fortunate in their toilette: they looked slack in their tights, and tight in their slacks; to say nothing of Johnny Giles, who was so tight all over, that he looked as if he had stolen his clothes, and the clothes, turning King's evidence, were going to "*split* upon him."

In the mean time, the retainers at the Park had not been idle. The old mast was taken down from the old barn, and, stripped of its weathercock, did duty as a May-pole. The trees and shrubs were hung with artificial garlands; and a large marquee made an agreeable contrast, in canvas, with the long lawn. An extempore wooden arbour had likewise been erected for the May Queen; and here stood my Lady Rasherly with her daughters: my Lady, with a full-moon face, and a half-moon tiara, was Diana; the young ladies represented her Nymphs, and they had all bows and arrows, Spanish hats and feathers, Lincoln-green spencers and slashed sleeves,—the uniform of the Porkington Archery. There were, moreover, six younger young ladies—a loan from the parish school—who were to be the immediate attendants on

her Sylvan Majesty, and, as they expressed it in their own simple Doric, “to *shy* flowers at her *fit!*”

And now the nymphs and swains began to assemble: Damon and Phillis, Strephon and Amaryllis—a nomenclature not a little puzzling to the performers, for Delia answered to Damon, and Chloe instead of Colin,—

“And, though I called another, Abra came.”

But I must treat you with a few personalities. Damon was one Darius Dobbs. He was entrusted with a fine tinsel crook, and half-a-dozen sheep, which he was puzzled to keep, by hook or by crook, to the lawn; for Corydon, his fellow-shepherd, had quietly hung up his pastoral emblem, and walked off to the sign of the Rose and Crown. Poor Damon! there he sat, looking the very original of Phillips’s line,—

“Ah, silly I, more silly than my sheep,”—

and, to add to his perplexity, he could not help seeing and hearing Mary Jenks, his own sweetheart, who, having no lambs to keep, was romping where she would, and treating whom she would with a kindness by no means sneaking. Poor Darius Dobbs!

Gregory Giles was Colin; and he was sadly hampered with “two hands out of employ;” for, after feeling up his back and down his bosom and about his hips, he had discovered that, to save time and trouble, his stage-clothes had been made without pockets. But

“Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do;”

and, accordingly, he soon set Colin’s fingers to work so busily, that they twiddled off all the buttons from his borrowed jacket.

Strephon was nothing particular, only a sky-blue body on

a pair of chocolate-coloured legs. But Lubin was a jewel! He had formerly been a private in the Baconfield Yeomanry, and therefore thought proper to surmount his pastoral uniform with a cavalry cap! Such an incongruity was not to be overlooked. Old Jenkins remonstrated, but Lubin was obstinate; the steward persisted, and the other replied with a "positive negative;" and, in the end, Lubin went off in a huff to the Rose and Crown.

The force of *two* bad examples was too much for the virtue of Darius Dobbs: he threw away his crook, left his sheep to any body, and ran off to the ale-house, and, what was worse, Colin was sent after him, and never came back!



A MAY-DUKE.

The chief of the faithful shepherds, who now remained at

the Park, was Hobbino!—one Josias Strong, a notorious glutton, who had won sundry wagers by devouring a leg of mutton and trimmings at a sitting. He was a big lubberly fellow, that had been born great, and had achieved greatness, but had not greatness thrust upon him. It was as much as he could do to keep his trowsers—for he was at once clown and pantaloons—down to the knee, and more than he could do to keep them up to the waist; and, to crown all, having rashly squatted down on the lawn, the juicy herbage had left a stain behind, on his calimancoes, that still occupies the “greenest spot” in the memoirs of Baconfield.

There were some half-dozen of other rustics to the same pattern; but the fancy of my Lady Rasherly did not confine itself to the humanities. Old Joe Bradley, the blacksmith, was Pan; and truly he made a respectable satyr enough, for he came half drunk, and was rough, gruff, tawny and brawny, and bow-legged, and hadn't been shaved for a month. His cue was to walk about in buckskins, leading his own billy-goat, and he was followed up and down by his sister Patty, whom the wags called *Patty Pan*.

The other Deity was also a wet one—a triton amongst mythologists, but Timothy Gubbins with his familiars,—the acknowledged dolt of the village, and remarkable for his weekly slumbers in the parish church. It had been ascertained that he could neither pipe, nor sing, nor dance, nor even keep sheep, so he was stuck with an urn under his arm, and a rush crown, as the God of the fish-pond,—a task, simple as it was, that proved beyond his genius, for, after stupidly dozing a while over his vase, he fell into a sound snoring sleep, out of which he cold-pigged himself by tumbling, urn and all, into his own fountain.

Misfortunes always come pick-a-back. The Rose and Crown happened to be a receiving-house for the drowned,

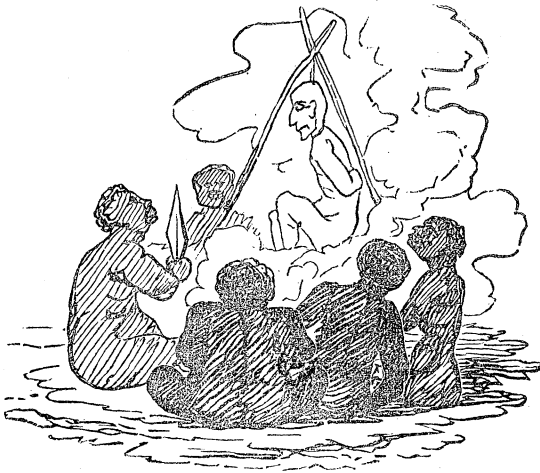
under the patronage of the Humane Society, wherefore the *Water God* insisted on going there *to be dried*; and Cuddy, who pulled him out, insisted on going with him! These two had certainly some slight excuse for walking off to the ale-house, whereas Sylvio thought proper to follow them without any excuse at all!

This mischance was but the prelude of new disasters. It was necessary, before beginning the sports of the day, to elect a MAY QUEEN, and, by the influence of Lady Rasherly, the choice of the lieges fell upon Jenny Acres, a really pretty maiden, and worthy of the honour; but, in the mean time, Dolly Wiggins, a brazen strapping dairy-maid, had quietly elected herself,—snatched a flower-basket from one of the six Floras, strewed her own path, and, getting first to the royal harbour, squatted there firm and fast, and persisted in reigning as QUEEN in her own right. Hence arose civil and uncivil war,—and Alexis and Diggon, being interrupted in a boxing match in the Park, adjourned to the Rose and Crown to have it out; and as two can't make a ring, a round dozen of the shepherds went along with them for that purpose.

There now remained but five swains in Arcadia, and they had five nymphs apiece, besides Mary Jenks, who divided her favour equally amongst them all. There should have been next in order a singing match on the lawn, for a prize, after the fashion of Pope's Pastorals; but Corydon, one of the warblers, had bolted, and Palemon, who remained, had forgotten what was set down for him, though he obligingly offered to sing "Tom Bowling" instead. But Lady Rasherly thought proper to dispense with the song, and there being nothing else, or better, to do, she directed a movement to the marquee, in order to begin, though somewhat early, on the collation. Alas! even this was a failure. During the time of Gubbins's ducking, the Queen's coronation, and the box-

ing match, Hobbinol, that great greedy lout, had been privily in the pavilion, glutting his constitutional voracity on the substantials, and he was now lying insensible and harmless, like a gorged boa constrictor, by the side of the table. Pan, too, had been missing, and it was thought he was at the Rose and Crown,—but no such luck! He had been having a sly pull at the tent tankards, and from half drunk had got so whole drunk, that he could not hinder his goat from having a butt even at Diana herself, nor from entangling his horns in the table-cloth, by which the catastrophe of the collation was completed!

The rest of the fête consisted of a succession of misfortunes which it would be painful to dwell upon, and cruel to describe minutely. So I will but hint, briefly, how the fragments of the banquet were scrambled for by the Arcadians—how they danced afterwards round the May-pole, not tripping themselves like fairies, but tripping one another—how the Honourable Miss Rasherly, out of idleness, stood fitting the notch of an arrow to the string—and how the shaft went off of itself, and lodged, unluckily, in the calf of one of the capers. I will leave to the imagination, what suits were torn past mending, or soiled beyond washing—the lamentations of old Jenkins—and the vows of Lady Rasherly and daughters, that there should be no more May-days at Porkington. Suffice it, that night found *all* the Arcadians at the Rose and Crown: and on the morrow, Diana and her Nymphs were laid up with severe colds—Dolly Wiggins was out of place—Hobbinol in a surfeit—Alexis before a magistrate—Palemon at a surgeon's—Billy in the pound—and Pan in the stocks, with the fumes of last night's liquor not yet evaporated from his gray gooseberry eyes.



WHITE BAIT.

Ode to the Cameleopard.

WELCOME to Freedom's birthplace—and a den!
 Great Anti-climax, hail!
 So very lofty in thy front—but then,
 So dwindling at the tail!—
 In truth, thou hast the most unequal legs!
 Has one pair gallopp'd, whilst the other trotted,
 Along with other brethren, leopard-spotted,
 O'er Afric sand, where ostriches lay eggs?
 Sure thou wert caught in some hard up-hill chase,
 Those hinder heels still keeping thee in check!
 And yet thou seem'st prepar'd in any case,
 Tho' they had lost the race,
 To win it by a neck!

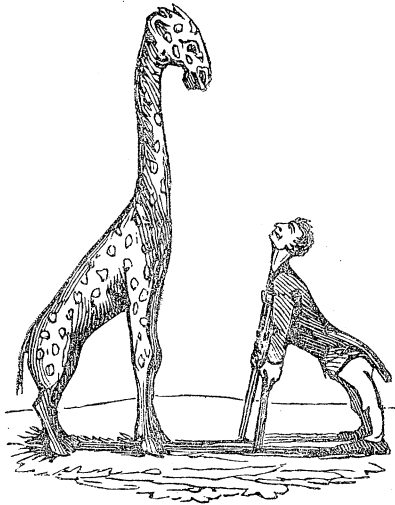
That lengthy neck—how like a crane's it looks!
 Art thou the overseer of all the brutes?
 Or dost thou browse on tip-top leaves or fruits—
 Or go a-birdnesting amongst the rooks?
 How kindly nature caters for all wants;
 Thus giving unto thee a neck that stretches,
 And high food fetches—
 To some a long nose, like the elephant's!



AFRICAN WRECKERS.

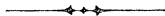
Oh! hadst thou any organ to thy bellows,
 To turn thy breath to speech in human style,
 What secrets thou mightst tell us,
 Where now our scientific guesses fail;
 For instance, of the Nile,
 Whether those Seven Mouths have any tail—
 Mayhap thy luck too,
 From that high head, as from a lofty hill,

Has let thee see the marvellous Timbuctoo—
 Or drink of Niger at its infant rill;
 What were the travels of our Major Denham,
 Or Clapperton, to thine
 In that same line,
 If thou couldst only squat thee down and pen 'em?
 Strange sights, indeed, thou must have overlook'd,
 With eyes held ever in such vantage-stations!
 Hast seen, perchance, unhappy white folks cook'd,
 And then made free of negro corporations!
 Poor wretches saved from cast-away three-deckers—
 By sooty wreckers—
 From hungry waves to have a loss still drearier,
 To far exceed the utmost aim of Park!
 And find themselves, alas! beyond the mark,
 In the *insides* of Africa's Interior!



UNCONSCIOUS IMITATION.

Live on, Giraffe! genteelest of raff kind!
 Admir'd by noble, and by royal tongues!
 May no pernicious wind,
 Or English fog, blight thy exotic lungs!
 Live on in happy peace, altho' a rarity,
 Nor envy thy poor cousin's more outrageous
 Parisian popularity;—
 Whose very leopard-rash is grown contagious,
 And worn on gloves and ribbons all about,
 Alas! they'll wear him out!—
 So thou shalt take thy sweet diurnal feeds—
 When he is stuffed with undigested straw,
 Sad food that never visited his jaw!
 And staring round him with a brace of beads!



Ode to Dr. Hahnemann, the Homœopathist.

WELL, Doctor,
 Great concoctor
 Of medicines to help in man's distress;
 Diluting down the strong to meek,
 And making ev'n the weak more weak,
 "Fine by degrees, and beautifully less"—
 Founder of a new system economic,
 To druggists any thing but comic;
 Fram'd the whole race of Ollapods to fret,
 At profits, like thy doses, very small;
 To put all Doctors' Boys in evil case,
 Thrown out of bread, of physic, and of place,—
 And show us old Apothecaries' Hall
 " To Let."

9*

How fare thy Patients? are they dead or living,
 Or, well as can expected be, with such
 A style of practice, liberally giving
 "A sum of more to that which had too much?"
 Dost thou preserve the human frame, or turf it?
 Do thorough draughts cure thorough colds or not?
 Do fevers yield to any thing that's hot?
 Or hearty dinners neutralize a surfeit?
 Is't good advice for gastronomic ills,
 When Indigestion's face with pain is crumpling,
 To cry, "Discard those Peristaltic Pills,
 Take a hard dumpling!"

Tell me, thou German Cousin,
 And tell me honestly without a diddle,
 Does an attenuated dose of rosin
 Act as a *tonic* on the old *Scotch fiddle*?
 Tell me, when Anhalt-Coethen babies wriggle,
 Like eels just caught by sniggle,
 Martyrs to some acidity internal,
 That gives them pangs infernal,
 Meanwhile the lip grows black, the eye enlarges;
 Say, comes there all at once a cherub-calm,
 Thanks to that soothing homœopathic balm,
 The half of half, of half, a drop of "*varges*?"

Suppose, for instance, upon Leipzig's plain,
 A soldier pillow'd on a heap of slain,
 In urgent want both of a priest and proctor;
 When lo! there comes a man in green and red,
 A featherless cock'd-hat adorns his head,
 In short, a Saxon military doctor—
 Would he, indeed, on the right treatment fix,
 To cure a horrid gaping wound,
 Made by a ball that weigh'd a pound,
 If he well pepper'd it with number six?

Suppose a felon doomed to swing
 Within a *rope*,
 Might friends not hope
 To cure him with a *string* ?
 Suppose his breath arriv'd at a full stop,
 The shades of death in a black cloud before him,
 Would a quintillionth dose of the New Drop
 Restore him ?
 Fancy a man gone rabid from a bite,
 Snapping to left and right,
 And giving tongue like one of Sebright's hounds,
 Terrific sounds,
 The pallid neighbourhood with horror cowing,
 To hit the proper homoeopathic mark ;
 Now, might not " the last taste in life" of *bark*,
 Stop his *bow-wow-ing* ?
 Nay, with a well-known remedy to fit him,
 Would he not mend, if, with all proper care,
 He took " a *hair*
Of the dog that bit him ?"

Picture a man—we'll say a Dutch Meinheer—
 In evident emotion,
 Bent o'er the bulwark of the Batavier,
 Owning those symptoms queer—
 Some feel in a *Sick Transit* o'er the ocean,
 Can any thing in life be more pathetic
 Than when he turns to us his wretched face ?—
 But would it mend his case
 To be decillionth-dos'd
 With something like the ghost
 Of an emetic ?

 Lo ! now a darken'd room !
 Look through the dreary gloom,
 And see that coverlet of wildest form,
 Tost like the billows in a storm,

Where ever and anon, with groans, emerges
 A ghastly head !—
 While two impatient arms still beat the bed,
 Like a strong swimmer's struggling with the surges ;
 There Life and Death are on their battle-plain,
 With many a mortal ecstasy of pain—
 What shall support the body in its trial,
 Cool the hot blood, wild dream, and parching skin,
 And tame the raging Malady within—
 A sniff of Next-to-Nothing in a phial ?

Oh ! Doctor Hahnemann, if here I laugh,
 And cry together, half and half,
 Excuse me, 'tis a mood the subject brings,
 To think, whilst I have crow'd like chanticleer,
 Perchance, from some dull eye the hopeless tear
 Hath gush'd with my light levity at schism,
 To mourn some Martyr of Empiricism
 Perchance, on thy system, I have giv'n
 A pang, superfluous to the pains of Sorrow,
 Who weeps with Memory from morn till even ;
 Where comfort there is none to lend or borrow,
 Sighing to one sad strain,
 " She will not come again,
 To-morrow, nor to-morrow, nor to-morrow !"

Doctor, forgive me, if I dare prescribe
 A rule for thee thyself, and all thy tribe,
 Inserting a few serious words by stealth ;
Above all price of wealth
The Body's Jewel,—not for minds profane,
Or hands, to tamper with in practice vain—
Like to a Woman's Virtue is Man's Health.
A heavenly gift within a holy shrine !
To be approach'd and touch'd with serious fear,
By hands made pure, and hearts of faith severe,
Ev'n as the Priesthood of the ONE divine !

But, zounds! each fellow with a suit of black,
 And, strange to fame,
 With a diploma'd name,
 That carries two more letters pick-a-back,
 With cane, and snuffbox, powder'd wig, and block,
 Invents *his* dose, as if it were a chrism,
 And dares to treat our wondrous mechanism,
 Familiar as the works of old Dutch clock;
 Yet, how would common sense esteem the man,
 Oh how, my unrelated German cousin,
 Who having some such time-keeper on trial,
 And finding it too fast, enfore'd the dial,
 To strike upon the Homœopathic plan
 Of fourteen to the dozen.

Take my advice, 'tis giv'n without a fee,
 Drown, drown your book ten thousand fathoms deep,
 Like Prospero's beneath the briny sea,
 For spells of magic have all gone to sleep!
 Leave no decillionth fragment of your works,
 To help the interest of quacking Burkes;
 Aid not in murdering ev'n widows' mites,—
 And now forgive me for my candid zeal,
 I had **not** said so much, but that I feel
 Should you *take ill* what here my Muse indites,
 An Ode-ling more will set you all to rights.

The Fresh Horse.

STONE HENGE has always been a mystery to Antiquarians, and a puzzle to mechanics and engineers to conceive how such huge masses of stone were transported, and erected, in their celebrated locality. For my own part, I am no antiquarian, but I fully shared in the surprise of the practical men, on one day discovering a Quaker, seated in a four-wheel chaise, without any horse, in the middle of Salisbury Plain. It was a matter of course to stare at him as at a fly in amber, and "wonder how the devil he got there." A member of the society of Friends, could hardly look for friends in such a place; a Quaker might sit long enough in such a region, however silent, without any hope of a Quaker's meeting: it seemed, however, to be a matter of familiar occurrence to the gentleman in drab, who sat as placid and unconcerned in his vehicle, as if he had been at the desk of a snug counting-house in Mincing Lane. Instead of a Price Current, he held in his hand a slender pamphlet, which was probably a religious tract, for whenever his eyes left the paper, they invariably took an upward look, before taking a sweep of the wide verdant horizon. At the first glance it occurred to me that his horse had bolted; but a nearer examination corrected my error: the collar was lying on the ground; the long reins beside it: the shafts were whole, and uninjured; not a single strap was broken, but regularly unbuckled. I felt completely in the dark. Horses are occasionally taken out of carriages, when the mob is in the humour to act as their substitutes; but Salisbury Plain is perhaps the very last place in England for

one to look for popularity. Determined to fathom the mystery, I rode up to the phenomenon, and, with a polite apology, begged to tender my best services, in a case I could not help fearing was one of emergency. The offer was well received, but my assistance declined in the quiet and laconic style supposed to be peculiar to the taciturn sect which owns Fox for its founder.

"I thank thee, friend,—but there is no need."

"I am happy to hear it," I replied, "I was in fear——"

"Friend, we ought to fear nothing but sin."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but——"

"Thou hast not offended."

"It occurred to me, that possibly your present position was the result of some accident——"

"Friend, there is no such thing as *accident* :—all is *Providence*."

I confess I felt rather skeptical on the subject ; there seemed so little of a heavenly dispensation in being planted in his peculiar situation. I could not help thinking, that if one might desire a blessing, ten thousand worldly advantages were preferable to the doubtful one of sitting in a chaise, without a horse, in such a vicinity. In the mean time, the Quaker resumed his reading ; and gave me leisure to look all round, with the inward conviction of seeing some stout, sedate, elderly nag grazing soberly, by permission, on the abundant herbage. I was still mistaken ; there was nothing to be seen, excepting a few sheep, within the whole range of the horizon. My curiosity increased ; I could neither make up my mind to ride off, nor to again accost the taciturn Quaker, who seemed more deeply absorbed than ever in his tract. At last, as he paused, apparently to digest the contents of the last page he had been reading, I ventured on a fresh attack.

"I am afraid, sir, that while you have been engaged with

your book, your horse has strayed farther off than you are aware of."

"I thank thee, friend," said the man of few words, turning over a new leaf,—“my horse is in sure hands;”—and again he buried his mind in the pamphlet. Quaker as he was, I felt somewhat piqued at his quietism, and accordingly determined to oblige him to speak to the matter in hand.

"Possibly, sir," said I, "your horse has cast a shoe, and you have sent him to the next blacksmith's?"

The Quaker read on.

"If so," I continued, "I congratulate you on possessing a book to amuse your leisure."

No answer.

"I wish"—raising my voice—"that I could anticipate better weather for you, sir, than the clouds seem to threaten. I'm very much afraid we shall have a storm."

Still mute as a fish.

"It was once my misfortune," said I, getting quite provoked, "to be caught in one, just about this very spot:—and I assure you, sir, it was very far from pleasant."

Mum as ever.

"What was worse, sir, I got benighted;—and there can't be a wretcheder place in all England for such a dilemma. I was six hours adrift, at the very least, on this infernal waste."

I might as well have talked to Stone Henge itself. The perverse Foxite kept his lips hermetically sealed; and I had gathered up the reins, turned my horse's head, and was about to ride off in a huff, when his voice unexpectedly saluted me.

"Friend, I wish thee a good journey."

It was on the tip of my tongue, according to the common rejoinder, to "wish him the same;" but the absurdity was too palpable, considering his means of travelling; and as it was a question of some difficulty what aspiration to offer,

under such circumstances, I found myself reduced to a very awkward silence. In the days or realms of enchantment, it would have been otherwise; for instance, one might have wished him a pair of flying dragons, or a team of peacocks, or turned half-a-dozen of the field-mice into as many cream-coloured Arabians;—but as wishing has lost all magical power, I was just on the point of merely lifting my hat, as a farewell courtesy, when he again addressed me.

“Friend, shouldst thou meet the man who hath my horse, I will thank thee to bid him make good speed with the work in hand.”

“With the greatest pleasure, sir, provided you will favour me with the means of recognising them.”

“Friend, thou canst not err. The brute creature hath three white legs,—with what is called a blaze on his forehead,—and a long tail, undocked by the cruel abomination of shears. Respecting the rider, I cannot speak, seeing that I did not take the particulars of his outward man.”

“I think, sir, I should know your horse:—but is it possible, my good sir, you can have entrusted him to an utter stranger?”

“Thou shalt hear, friend,”—and stowing away his book, clasping his hands over his waistcoat, and twirling his thumbs round each other, the Quaker began his relation. The boy Jonathan, he said, had lately been sorely extravagant in the articles of oats and beans for his horse, whereof followed not only waste and cost, but likewise the brute creature, according to the Scripture, waxed fat and kicked. Whence it came to pass, amongst other trials and sufferings, for the headstrong spirit of viciousness to possess itself so powerfully of the horse, just at midway of his journey, there or thereabouts, as to be beyond all controlling with the leather contrivances. Whereupon he had resigned himself inwardly to the power

of grace, which had sent present help in need, namely, by raising up a man out of a bush, an utter stranger, indeed, but a Christian, with bowels of mercy, who had grappled the wilful one by the head; moreover, undertaking, before proceeding further, to abate the violent temper thereof, by abundant galloping to and fro upon the plain.

I suppose an involuntary smile must have played across my features at this part of the story, for the worthy Quaker evidently penetrated my thought, and in truth I had my doubts upon the case.

“I perceive, friend, thou thinkest I have entrusted my horse to one of the wicked ones:—but thou ought to have a more charitable opinion of thy brethren in the flesh. I feel as secure of the brute creature, as if I had him here between my thighs. It would have done thee good to see the honest man, how he wrought with him, at peril of his own life and limb, as well as to hear his comfortable discourse. I remember his very words. ‘Only sit still in the shay,’ he saith, ‘and keep your mind easy;—he’s wonderful fresh at present, but I’m used to the sort,—and when you get him in the shafts again, you won’t know him from a mouse.’”

The mention of a mouse, from some sort of association with smelling a rat, here overcame my risible muscles, and my comment on the story took the form of a violent fit of laughter, in which, from mere sympathy, the good-humoured Quaker very heartily joined.

“It was, verily,” he said, “a ludicrous speech enough, to compare a four-footed animal so large, with one so small:—but nevertheless, friend, the poor honest man was quite in earnest. Sundry times he brought the horse unto me, to show his manner of snorting, and whinnying, and uplifting his heels. ‘It’s about as peppery a one,’ he saith, ‘as I ever took in hand: but only sit easy in the shay, and I’ll have it

all out of him, if I gallop him all down to Salisbury and back.’”

“You are sure, sir, he said back?”

“Friend, thou art relapsing into thy uncharitableness;—and if, as St. Paul saith, we lack charity——”

“Excuse me, sir—but I cannot help thinking that a few turns, under your own eye, would have been quite as efficacious, in taking the freshness out of your horse, as a gallop right on and till he was out of sight.”

“It is that very argument, friend, which stirs up my concern. I have sore fears that the vicious horse hath run away with the honest man!”

“And for my part, sir, I have fears too,—that the vicious man has run away with the honest horse.”

The benevolent Quaker gazed earnestly at me for a minute, shook his head, pulled out the tract again from his pocket, hemmed; put on his spectacles, hemmed again, and forthwith, in a most solemn tone, commenced an extempore sermon on the text of “Judge not, lest ye be judged.” As I had lay appointments of some importance, I found myself obliged to interrupt him in the middle of his homily;—and with an appropriate apology, and a reiteration of the hope which had given occasion to the lecture, I took my leave. To a man of the world, I need not say which of us proved to be in the right; but for the sake of the children of simplicity, I will give the sequel. About a year afterwards, I encountered our worthy Quaker at a public meeting in the metropolis; and he shook his head the moment he saw me.

“Thou wast correct, friend,” he said, “alas, too correct, in thy judgment of the honest man upon Salisbury Plain. Of a surety, it was a fresh horse that drew me thither;—and verily, I was necessitated to buy me a *fresh* horse to draw me back again.”

An Intercepted Despatch.

THERE is no subject more deplored in polite circles than the notorious rudeness of what is called *Civil* war. Suavity, it must be confessed, has little to do with its sharp practice; but of course the adjective was prefixed ironically; or intended only to refer to that spurious kind of civility which is professed in domestic feuds, when "my dear" is equivalent to "my devil."

It is a question, however, worthy of an enlightened age, whether Civil War might not be literally civilized, and carried on with a characteristic courtesy. Lumps, thank to the sugar-bakers, have been refined—and why not blows?

Intestinal strife, as at present waged, is a frightful anomaly. It runs counter to every association—moral or anatomical. A well-regulated mind must be unable to connect the idea of polite hostilities with an unmannerly soldiery. It is difficult, for instance, to conceive an Urban Guard devoid of urbanity.

A civil war, to deserve the name and satisfy the Fancy, must have for Commander in Chief, on either side, a finished Gentleman—if of the Old School, the better—as devoted to the *suaviter in modo*, as to the *fortiter in re*. With a punctilious sense of the bland nature of the strife he is engaged in, he will make politeness the order of the day. The password will be "Sir Charles Grandison;" and should he feel compelled to publicly deliver his sentiments, he will make a genteel address do duty for an offensive manifesto. Every officer under him will rank for complaisance and amenity with a Master of the Ceremonies. His dragoons, with their best behaviours, will be mounted on well-bred horses: his cuiras-

siers as polished as their corslets, and as finely tempered as their swords. His infantry, all regulars, will adhere to the standards of propriety, as well as to the regimental colours: the artillery will adopt the tone of good society,—and the band will play the agreeable.

To prove that such a prospect is not altogether Utopian, I am happily enabled to make public the following letter, which develops at least the germ of a new system, that may hereafter make Civil War no more a misnomer than Polite Literature. It is dated from Castille *Senior*, and addressed to a public Functionary at Madrid.

(*Copy.*)

“Your Excellency,

“I had the honour of describing, in my last despatch, a little personal rencontre with the gallant general on the other side; and I have now the pleasure of laying before you the agreeable result of another affair, of the same nature.

“Early on the 19th instant, our picquets, with a becoming deference to their superiors, retired from the presence of a large body of cavalry, and intimated that I might shortly expect the favour of a visit. I immediately sent the light dragoons and lancers to the front, with instructions to give the gentlemen on horseback a hearty welcome, and provide as they best could for their entertainment, till I should be prepared for their reception, as well as of any friends they might bring with them. I flattered myself, indeed, that I should enjoy the company of their whole army, and they were so good as not to disappoint me. A lively cannonade quickly announced their approach by a salute, which was cordially returned from the whole of our batteries; and then a cloud of skirmishers pushed forward to our front, and com-

